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Sweet Norine

"Yes," assented Norine, never dream-ing what her unfortunate answer would for himself, if he had not had a dollar

Her companion had learned all he cared to know. He had intended linger-ing by Norine's side until ha was oblig-love to her; and this annoyed her visibly. by the lateness of the hour to tear himself away from her delightful presence; suddenly he changed his mind.

"It is too cold to permit you to remain longer with me, great as the joy of being near you is to me, little girl," he murmured. "Say that you will meet me here to-morrow at the same hour.

"I am very much afraid I shall not be able to come to-morrow," she answered, "for to-morrow is grandma's birth-day, and all the neighbors will be com-ing to the cottage all day long to see her. For that reason it would be difficult to get away."

"Even for a few moments?" he asked, holding the little hands closer and drawing the slender, girlish form nearer to

Norine shook her golden curls.

"It is best not to make a promise, and then be obliged to break it," she said, thinking to herself he little knew what a hardship it would be to her to let a whole day pass without seeing

"Then I shall surely see you the day after, Norine?" he questioned.
"Yes," she replied, "I will be here."
Cliffod Carlisle suddenly bent down

and touched the lips that had never known a lover's kiss before; and that kiss burned Norine's lips long after she had left him.

"Cold," she murmured. "How could any one think it cold? Why, my heart and every nerve in my body are on fire, throbbing as though the blood in my we're suddenly turned to hot, strong wine."

Meanwhile Clifford Carlisle had walked rapidly in the direction of the Barri-

"Thirty thousand in cash!" he muttered. "Now who will not say that the devil does not help his own?"

Miss Austin was passing through the corrider as he entered. "Mrs. Barrison was just asking for you," she remarked. "I was about to

He did not look any too pleased at the intelligence.

Clifford Carliele had not been under that roof a week as yet, still he had told himself long since that the hardest work he had ever done was to dance attendance on this querulous old woman. He could not endure it much longer, even with the Barrison millions in sight. CHAPTER VIII.

"Have you any what, Mrs. Bar-rison wants of me?" asked Carlisle, throwing off his sealskin coat, impatiently. "That is what I hear every hour in the day, it seems to me.'

Miss Austin laughted a sweet little musical laugh.

"I should not wonder if it was to arrived an hour since. I-I may as well tell you a little tiny secret—the dear old lady is intensely fond of the game. In playing backgammon she never realizes the flight of time. She would play from now until midnight, ceaselessly, even forgetting that there is such a thing as meal time for herself or any one else.' Carlisle groaned.

"I see my finish if she were ever to find out that I understood the game, which, by the way, I have a great horror of," he declared, adding, eagerly: "Will you not come to my rescue in this affair. my dear Miss Austin? Say that I have gone to my room with a raging headsche. Indeed, that would not be an untruth, you know, for the very thought of spending half an hour over that most stupid of games renders me in that condition. Induce her to look for a martyr elsewhere."

"If I play on the guitar for her that will cause her to drop to sleep at once, and that would deprive you of her society the entire evening," she murmured. artfully.

"Never mind me; do not consider me in the matter, I beg of you," he answered quickly. "To my mind, sleep is better than medicine for the indisposed. greenish liquid to it; but she did no-Play your guitar by all means, for this one evening, at least, and I shall appreciate it, I assure you."

Miss Austin blushed deeply. He had not said it in so many words. but she understood from his remarks that he hoped old Mrs. Barrison would fall asleep that they might have a quiet evening to themselves in the parlor.

falling from a man's lips, a woman who is desperately in love with him will build her hopes.

with feverish triumph.

She told herself that the hour was not distant when he would declare him-Already she could see herself in fancy the wife of this handsome, debonair young man, the heir of the vast Barrison

on earth- and while he seemed to admire her as all other men whom she had met They dined together, alone in the big, bleak dining-room, as they had been

accustomed to do. But instead of Clifford Carlisle saun tering to Mrs. Barrison's boudoir, immolating himself upon the altar of duty by passing the evening there, he went instead quickly to his own apartment. Miss Austin lost no time in gathering her music together; not bright, tuneful, inspiriting music, but instead drowsy, dragging melodies, that would have the soporific effect of putting a person to sleep if anything could.

But for the first time since the young girl had been beneath that roof the old

lady proved perverse. "Put down your guitar and talk to me, Florice," she exclaimed, petulantly. "I am not in the mood for music ti-

Miss Austin bit her lip, and a strange,

angry gleam came into her sharp, green blue eyes that the long yellow lashes had shaded so well. "Shall I read the latest magazine to you, or—or would you prefer that I should ring for Mr. Carlisle?"

"Don't trouble yourself to do so just yet; he will come to me directly. You may read until he comes."

Miss Austin read until her throat ached. Mrs. Barrison was slightly deaf, and she had to pitch her voice in a very high key. "Read more distinctly, so that I can understand you. You mumble your words all together. I want particularly to hear that review on Dewey's work at Manila, Commence that page over again, and read slowly and very distinctly,

Another page with quite the same result. How could she read the tiresome old reviews calmly, with her thoughts

"You may as well stop right where you are." exclaimed Mrs. Barrisan angrily. "You murder the king's English in a most shocking manner to-night. Are you tired?'

send up to your room for you, thinking "No, Mrs. Barrison, she murmure, but to tell the truth, I have a very annoying headache I had hoped it would pass away, but I find I am doomed to fant dragged out in the nick of time. disappointment."

"You had better lay down your book and rest a while," said Mrs. Barrison. Again Miss Austin's heart beat with

her devastated hopes.

to go to sleep, whether she would or not. his life to save me?" her difficulty had not occurred to her an person knew who you were." Of course Clifford Carlisle was wait-

ing for her down in the parlor, wondering with all a man's impatience why she did not put in an appearance. With the noiseless, gliding motion peculiar to her, Miss Austin crossed over I am anxious to hear.'

to the cabinet at the other end of the room where the medicines and liquors were kept. "Let me pour you out a glass of wine. my dear Mrs. Barrison," she murmured.

"The night is so cold, it is even perceptible in this warm room; I think it will do you good." 'As you will, my dear Florice," replied

the old lady; "I think myself something stimulating would not come amiss. "Perhaps I had better give you a little brandy," suggested Miss Austin.

"No, the wine will do. The brandy might make me drowsy, and I do not wish to sleep; I have so much to talk with Clifford about."

"You shall sleep, and that speedily, too, if I can have my way about it," muttered Miss Austin, between her tightly shut teeth. She poured out the wine and the woman at the other end of the room did

not see her add a few drops of dark, tice as she raised it to her lips that it girl, ma'am; it would do your

"That is only your fancy, my dear taste is in your mouth after the bit of bird you have just eaten." "Nonsense " exclaimed the other.

sharply. "I say it is the wine. Please do It is strange on what a light remark, not suggest that I could make a mistake about liquors." "Certainly not. I hope you will par-

"I will try to have it as you desire," ity," she remarked, with apparent innoto enter at that moment, detected underneath her words a covert sneer.

"I think I will take advantage of few moments ago, dear Mrs. Barrison," she said, gliding toward the door.

match—the one man on earth whom she distinctly heard Miss Austin going down

CORNS CURED only of healing gums and balms. Fifty years in no. Cure guaranteed. Sold by all druggists the bettles. Refuse adjutitutes. PUTNAM'S PAINLESS **CORN EXTRACTOR**

the stairs, for they creaked audibly even under her cat-like tread. A moment later she heard her

the knob of the parlor door.
"A liar is the last person on earth to be trusted," thought old Esther, who by this time had a most cordial dislike for the strange young woman, who seemed to do pretty much as she liked

with her mistress. "What brings you here at this hour, Esther, asked Mrs. Barrion, wonderingly, for the methodical old servant's hahits were like clockwork. She had never been known to finish her supper dishes thus early and repair to her room. "I thought perhaps you saw the fire, and would like to know about it," she

There has been many a fire in Hadley during the last twenty years, and have I ever had enough interest them to inquire about them?" she asked, curtly.

"No, ma'am-no," responded Esther "but I happened to see this one as was returning from the post-office with

Old Mrs. Barrison saw at once that Esther wished to talk with her of the conflagration. Perhaps it was the wine she had just drunk which prompted her to humor the old servant. "Was it much of a fire?" she asked,

"and what was it, a house, or a shop." "It was the pretty little cottage that you always admire so much from your window. The house where the young mother lived who was teaching her little baby to walk."

"Ah!" exclaimed Mrs. Barrison, her curiosity getting the better of her deep resolve not to allow any of the village happenings to interest her, "the mother and infant escaped of course."

Their lives were saved by almost miracle, ma'am," said Esther, solemnly. "It appears that the young mother was subject to fainting spells. One of these spell same on suddenly as she was putting logs on the kitchen fire and she fell unconscious, with the dear little baby in her arms. Her clothing caught fire and—and the place would have been burned to the ground, and she in it with the baby, if the dense smoke had not been noticed by a gi-person who chanced to be passing; and at the risk of this person's life, an entrance was made through the blinding smoke.

and the poor young mother and little in-"I happened along just then and stood guard over the two while this person went into the burning building and ex-"If Clifford does not come to me soon, tinguished the flames by numerous pails you may ring for Esther to summon him of water, though I called loudly upon

the person to come out." "That was indeed heroism!" exclaimsilent rage. That meant that the quiet ed Mrs. Barrison, greatly excited over evening she had promised herself with old Esther's graphic account of the Clifford Carlisle would begin and end in occurrence. "You must find out who the man was. I have a notion to reward A sudden thought came to her. She such bravery. If I was burning in this would force this tantalizing old woman room, Esther, who on earth would risk

She wondered that this way out of This same person would, if-if the "Who is this of mysteriously as that person?"

"May I dare to tell you, ma'am?" cried the old servant, trembling with excitement. "Certainly, Esther, speak right out;

"This person was your discarded granddaughter, Norine, ma'am," whispered Esther.

CHAPTER IX.

For a moment Mrs. Barrison stood fairly petrified. Have I done wrong in telling you

ma'am, when you expressly forbade me long years ago to never mention the girl's name in your presence?" asked Esther. "I had forgotten her very existence until a few days ago, when her name

was spoken in my presence. Since that hour, do what I would, I have not been able to banish her from my thoughts. The girl's face—as I imagine it must look -haunts me, Esther."

"God knows it should," thought Esther, but she dared not give vent to this though in words, but said instead:

"I know it is an ampossibility, but oh! how I wish you could see the young had a very bitter, brackish taste to good. The lass is so blithe and bonny; she looks the picture of you when you were a lass. I remember you well; your Mrs. Barrison," murmured Florice. "The hair was as bright as gold then, and your cheeks red as my rose-

"Hush!" cut in ner mistress, sharply. "I cannot, I will not, listen to another word on this forbidden subject. How dare you make so bold as to pursue it." "I had hoped time might have softened your heart, ma'am," replied old don me for intimating such a possibil- Esther, sadly, "when you come to remember in your lonely moments that murmured Florice, and her heart beat cence; but old Esther, who happened the girl, Norine, is the only human tie you have on earth-I must have my say out, even though you turn me from your door this day for uttering it. You Esther's presence to retire to my room harbor strangers around you, who do to rest a little while, as you advised a not care a snap of their fingers for you, and are but too anxious for you to die to see what you have left them; and Esther did not tell her mistress that this young girl, your own flesh and instead of going to her room, she had blood, who should love you if anybody on earth would, has never been allowed to darken your door. I say it is a burning shame, ma'am, and you ought to realize it.

"Now I have said all that has been on my mind to say this many a year, and you can do with me as you like. A woman who would turn her own child and her helpless little baby out into the hardships of a bitter cold night to live or die as God saw fit, could have little

compassion for an old servant like me." "Stop, Eather-stop. I cannot hear it; not another word. Leave me. I would be alone. I-I am not angry with you for uttering the convictions of an honest heart. I will ring for you if I want you. But stay, pour me out another glass of wine ere you leave me; my head throbs

strangely, as—as does my heart." Esther did as she was bidden; poured out the wine, but the moment her mistress put it to her lips she set it down ! quickly again, muttering: "This does not taste bitter like the last. I knew there | Union. was something the matter with that last glass of wine, and I told Florice so, Es- doubt than to talk to some one else till ther," she added sharply, "I have taken they go to sleep.

Something that does not agree with me. Give me an antidote, quickly."
Old Esther hastened to obey.
Her prompt action saved her mistress.
She called no one to her aid, though Mrs. Barrison grew strangely ill dur-ing the next few minutes, but in half an hour's time she was so relieved that she was her old self again.

"Leave me now, Esther," she com-manded again. "I—I want to think. As you pass Miss Austin's door, and that f my nephew, tell them that I have retired for the night and do not wish to be disturbed."

Esther never knew what prompted her to pause on the threshold and look back at her mistress; and as she saw her then, she remembered her all the after vears of her life.

Mrs. Barrison had seated herself in an armchair by the fire, and was leaning her head dejectedly on her hands, gazing abstractedly into the glowing sea coal fire. "Good-night, and may God bless you.

maram," murmured Eether below her breath. "You have your faults, but beneath it all you have a tender heart. am sure. Long after the door had closed upon old Esther's bent, retreating form, Mrs.

Barrison sat in the same position, gazing into the fire gazing fixedly, without seeing. "It is eighteen years ago to-night," she muttered. "I -I would give every drop of my heart's blood to turn time back to that never-to-be-forgotten night and live that one hour (which darkened

all my after life) over again. I was mad. Yes mad! "I have ever since hated even the memory of the man who took my treasure from me. It did not occur to me until old Esther spoke so plainly to-night that I should not have let my hatred descend to the child, who was not responsible for what occurred.

"I was the last, but for my child, of proud old race, who valued blue blood above gold; and when she, my idol, forgot the pride of her forefathers so entirely as to wed the village blacksmith,

no wonder I almost lost my reason. "But years mellow all griefs, level all pride. What good are the ancestry to me now, of whom I was so proud. None whatever. If I sent for the girl whom I have neglected so long, they would not let her come to me. Indeed, she would not wish to come. What interest can she have in an aged grandmother who held herself aloof from her all these years, though in the same village?

"No, they would not let Norine cross my threshold. It is too late to make overtures of friendship now. But there is one way that I could retrieve the error of the past, and that is by changing my will-leaving half my fortune to Clifford, and the other half to the neglected Norine."

Rising suddenly to her feet, Mrs. Barrison crossed quickly to her writing desk, and, drawing a long, thin key from her bosom, fitted it to the compartment that was scarcely discernible to even a scrutinizing, searching gaze, this time revealing, as it opened to her touch a small secret drawer, in which lay a folded paper, upon which was printed, "The last will and testament of Frances Bar-

"Here it has lain for nearly eighteen years," she muttered, "all duly signed and witnessed-made out to my child or her heir; that would mean this Norine. destroy this document, strong as my in-

diation was to do so!" Taking it over by the fire, she sat down in her rocker and read it over slowly, carefully, twice—ay, and a third time-to fully refresh her memory as to

its contents "The will I made yesterday, leaving everything to dear Clifford, would make this one null and void," she ruminated. "All that it needs is the signature of the lawyer and witnesses. It is not too late to give half of my fortune in the last one to the child my daughter left. Ah! if I could but see this brave little Norine. My heart cries out so yearningly to look upon her face that I cannot still its pleadings. I must, I will, gratify

it. Ay, and this very night. (To be continued.) WORK IN NATIONAL FORESTS.

Reads, Trails and Telephones Opening Up These Wildernesses. During the present fiscal year \$600,000

will be spent for the construction of roads, trails, telephone lines and other permanent improvements on the national forests. Congress has appropriated the same amount for this purpose for the fiscal year of 1909-10. Trails are being constructed along

routes which give the best control of the areas to be patrolled by the forest rangers. In many districts telephone lines have been built between the supervisor's office and ranger headquarters and to prominent peaks which are used for look. out stations to observe fire. These telephone lines and trail systems are of vital importance, resulting in the remarkably small area burned over since forests have been under Government

supervision. Other necessary improvements provided for and taken up by the forest service, says the Square Deal, are the construction of drift fences for stock protection, the improving of springs and watering places, the fencing of bog or mire holes and the fencing of poisonous plant areas.

The forest service also co-operates with the States, counties and communities in the construction of wagon roads, trails and bridges, making accessible bodies of mature timber. The new Boise-Atlanta ninety-six mile wagon road is an example of this useful co-operation.

The former road follows over high mountains and is snowed in during six or seven months of the year. Atlanta, Idaho, is ninety miles from a railroad, The new road will be snowed in for only two or three months of the year. The scenery along this road rivals that of many of the scenic highways. It opens up a large area of national forest heretofore inaccessible.—New York Sun.

ADAM'S EXCUSE. His Wife-This paper says that a man's hair turns gray five years earl-

ier than a woman's does. Her husband-If it does I'll bet a woman is the cause of it.

Hoe your own row, but don't forget your boundary lines.-Florida Times It is better to talk in your sleep, no

Important as Cause of Nervous Diseases.

The rush and bustle of life-its telehones, automobiles, social obligations, constant nerve strain—all imposes a tremendous drain upon the resources of the human body.

Compare to-day with thirty years ago. Life is a whole lot different.

The thoughts and emotions that crowd hrough your brain so fast are bound to exert an enormous influence on sleep nerves nutrition stomach and brain The mad rush of our time makes such an influence upon the vital functions of

the body as to wreck the health of thou-

sands before they attain the age of

An important electric engineer of Buffalo, Mr. Karl Steiner, gives a clear view of the influence that shattered his nce strong nerves. "It is one of the remarkable features of electrical construction, the frightful haste that is deenanded. It involves mental reflection of great concentration, and the speed at which we work, wears the mind and body almost like fire. When I was only thirty I was useless brain weary anaemic -nervous and sleepless. Diges tion was so poor, food did me little good. A short vacation at Toronto brought "FERROZONE" to my notice. I can say it is a marvellous remedy for such nerve waste and mental exhaustion as bothered me. The effect of Ferrozone upon my system was like sunshine to the flowers in spring. Ferro-

zone built me up, has given me real health." You are sure to be lifted from ill-health and weariness, certain to be brought back to joyous health by Ferrocone; try one or two Ferrozone tablets with meals. All dealers or The Catarrhozone Coy., Kingston, Canada.

ROQUEFORT CHEESE.

Methods of Transforming Sheep's Mill Into an Export Product. The care necessary to secure a good product is astonishing to those who have never been to Roquefort to visit the

various factories. This industry consumes annually about 92,450 gallons of sheep's milk, from which is produced sician, "and that is old age. You must about 3.797 metric tons of cheese (metrie ton, 2.204.6 pounds). This amount of milk is handled in some 360 dairies in the Aveyron and adjoining departments and the herds of sheep from which the supply is obtained are estimated at 600,000.

The milk must be pure unskimmed sheep's milk, unadulterated with water or with any other milk. Inspectors are employed and instruments used to detect fraud. The green hills of the Aveyron, which furnish fine pastures for feeding the sheep, play no small part in the quality of the milk and the celebrity of Roquefort cheese. An average of 100 liters (1 liter, 1.0567

quarts) of sheep's milk will produce about 24 kilos (kilo, 2.2 pounds) of fresh cheese, whereas in the departments of How strange it is that all these long the Rhone, the Puy-de-Dome and the years I have never had the courage to cantal it requires 100 liters of cow's milk to make 15 kilos of imitation Requefort cheese. These imitations comprise the Forme de Cantal Rien d'Anvergne, Bleu de Gex, etc. Roquefort cheese has a more delicate taste and rich butter color, while the imitations have a bitter taste, soon become a deep yellow after cutting, and when exposed to heat turn nearly black. Roquefort cheese can be exported to torrid countries, while it is said that cheese manufactured partly with cow's milk could not withstand the transportation and the temperature.

The dairies are in dry and airy spots, and the whitewashed walls, cemented floors and screened windows all conduce to cleanliness. The dairy consists of three rooms, in the second of which a temperature of 63 degrees F. is recorded by the thermometer the year round. The milk is first heated to a temperature of 90 degrees F. and curdled by the addition of rennet. The curds pass through various processes of draining, salting, mouiding, etc., but to state this generally gives only a slight idea of the time and care necessary. From start to to turn out a satisfactory product. The various operations might be briefly stated as follows: (1) Treatment of the milk-skimming, heating, curdling, dividing the curds, draining, putting into moulds and scattering with powder of stale bread crumbs, tasting, hardening; (2) treatment of cheese at factory-receiving and weighing, first and second salting, brushing, piercing and classifying, placing in caves, first turning, maturing in caves, second turning, second classifying, maturing continued, third

and last turning before expedition. The preparation of the bread is a long and interesting part of the process. A special kind of bread is moistened and left to mould in a cave for about two months. It is then cut into small pieces, dried, ground and boiled. The powder thus obtained is scattered over the layers of curds as they are placed in the moulds. This makes the bluish green streaks noticed in the cheese and helps

to give Roquefort its aroma. The caves perform an important part in the fabrication of this cheese. It is largely by maturing and mellowing in



them that Roquefort cheese is esishrated throughout the world for its delicate flavor and peculiar aroma. These caves are excavations, some natural and some artificial, hollowed out in the side of the steep and rocky mountain which dominates the little village clinging to its side. They are cold and damp, but ventilated by the air which penetrates through the fissures in the stratified rocks. Some caves are very large, measuring 57 meters long by 9 meters wide and 14 me-ters high. There are several storeys in each cave containing shelves on which

the cheese is placed. These storeys communicate by means of stairways and elevators for carrying the merchandise. One is impressed by the strange and mournful silence with which the workers or cabanieres underground carry on their operations. They seem to miss the air and sunlight, the noises of the outside world, and even speak in low tones. They wear a peculiar costume, consisting of a blouse, short skirt reaching to the knees, woollen stockings and usually the sabots or wooden shoes so common among the

peasants of France. After the cheese mellows or ripens for about forty-five days in the cave it is ready for shipment or to be placed in the refrigerating rooms, which are cooled by an ammonia process operated by electric machinery. All Roquefort cheese destined for export is selected with the greatest care. The countries importing the largest quantities of Roquefort cheese are the United States, Germany, Denmark, Sweden, Norway and Canada, which purchase more than \$2,000,000 worth annually. The United States is one of the best customers, the exportations thither in 1908 having reached

No less than 1,500 persons are employed in the Roquefort factories.—Daily onsular and Trade Reports.

Ed. Butler's Legs.

Colonel Ed. Butler, the veteran St. Louis politician, has been in failing health the past few years. On his last visit to Kansas City he was talking to an old friend, a physician.

"Doc," said the colonel, "I wish you would tell me what is the matter with my right leg. The left one is in good shape, but that right one has been grow ing gradually weaker for two years, and at times it pains me a great deal." Questioning developed that he had not had a fall or strain or hurt the suffer-

remember, colonel, that you are no longer a young man." "Old age, —!" exclaimed Butler, "isn't the other leg the same age!"— Kansas City Post.

DISFIGURING, TORTUR-ING SKIN TROUBLE

Cannot be Cured by Salves and

Ointments—The Blood Must

be Purified. A blemished skin, irritating sores, pimples, eczema, salt rheum and other skin disorders are all signals of distress, telling that your blood is impure or weak. You cannot cure eczema and other skin troubles with ointments and outward applications. These things may give temporary relief, but cannot cure, because the trouble is rooted in the blood and can only be removed by purifying and enriching the blood. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills speedily cure skin troubles because they enrich, purify and build up the impoverished blood that caused the trouble. As they feed and cleanse the blood the skins grows fair, the bloom of health returns and new strength is found. No other medicine has ever had such wonderful results in curing all diseases, due to bad blood. Miss Elizabeth Gillis, Kensington, P. E. I., says: "Words can hardly express how grateful I feel for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. For seven years before I began their use I was troubled with salt rheum. My hands and arms were nearly always a mass of torturing cracks and sores. I tried several doctors and spent a great deal of money without getting any benefit. Indeed, my hands seemed to be getting worse shipment it requires fifty to sixty days all the time. Finally, my brother persuaded me to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial, and I am happy to say they have completely cured me. I used in all seven boxes, and I would not

> will be of benefit to some other sufferer from skin trouble." These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 by The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

> be without them in a case of this kind

if they cost five dollars a box instead

of fifty cents. I hope my experience

CAN'T BEAT A TRUSTEE.

August Belmont, at a dinner in New York, adverted to his recent words on the decadence of Uncle Sam.

"There are too many of us," Mr. Pelmont said, "who desire to win, to come out on top, whether by fair or foul means. To win by fair means is splemdid, but to win by foul means-well, it is better to fail. "But too many of us are like the trus-

tee who expected his great uncle to leave him his fortune of \$5,000. The greatuncle died, and a few days later the trustee appeared in his old haunts, dress. ed in deep mourning, with a huge and "'Ah,' said a friend, 'your great-uncie is dead. Sincere sympathy. Left you that legacy, I suppose? But where did

you get that beautiful stone?" 'The trustee smiled grimly. "'My great-uncle,' he explained, 'did not include me among the beneficiaries of his will. He left, in fact, all his money for a stone to commemorate his memory. This is the stone." - Washington

The Mysterious Time.

Boots (who has overslept)-Will ye plaze to get up, sorr? It's an hour later than it was this toime yesterday mornin', sorr.-Punch.

The man who said, "Talk is cheap," never had to pay his wife's relephone

