

Saved From the Sea

"Oh, that's right enough with Falc," said the uncle, quickly. "It's only his rascally ways—he's such a favorite, you know, and has knocked about the world so much. He knows that it is his greatest wish that he should settle; and only this time, before he left me, I told him again, that if he would marry a lady I approved, I would do even more than I said before. Look here, Falc, I said, 'if you do this, I'll make over to you by deed all my property, except the old house and a couple of thousands a year, which I'll settle on myself for life, and to you when I'm gone.' What more could I say, now?"

"Nothing indeed, Mr. Orde. What did he say to your generous offer?" asked Dr. Clifford, knowing exactly to what young lady this pointed.

"Thanked me; was grieved he could not promise to meet my wishes; was sure I did not wish him to marry any woman he did not love; and, in fact, got his own way, as he always does, the scamp!" concluded Mr. Orde, vexed, yet proud of the very determination that defeated his wishes.

"Yes, a great deal too much for his own good," thought the astute physician; then, aloud, suggestively: "Perhaps—pardon me—there is some entanglement, Mr. Orde."

"Exactly what I thought last May doctor; and I asked him pat and plain that question; but he gave me his word of honor there was none."

"Ah, well, that settles that point!" rejoined Clifford; "but it is not any ordinary girl, mind you, who could possibly win or hold your nephew."

Mr. Orde turned full to the speaker at that, and came abruptly to his point, like a smart schooner coming sharp up into the wind's eye.

"I know that, Doctor Clifford; and to tell you the truth the wife I should wish him to choose is your charming niece, Blanche."

"My dear Mr. Orde, I was aware of your wish long ago," said the doctor, smiling. "And, since you have now spoken so plainly, I will be equally candid, even at the expense of my niece; but when an illness is likely to result in serious results, it is a duty to dispel it. You are quite mistaken in Blanche Le Roy, of whom you naturally have only seen the pretty, charming surface."

"Really, sir! Doctor Clifford, this is very extraordinary!"

"Not at all," said the doctor, composedly, but his eyes twinkling at the humorous side of the position. "I am not going to make a startling disclosure of youthful depravity, but only make a few remarks apropos to our mutual agreement that Falconer's wife should be a more ordinary girl. Now, Blanche is simply a very ordinary girl indeed, despite the pretty ways, sweetness and charm she evinces in society, but she would make the worst possible wife for such a man as Falc St. Maur, to prove which I need not go beyond a few radical unsuitabilities in her. She is shallow, frivolous, and vain, a desperate flirt, and very jealous-tempered and selfish. I may add that I am tolerably sure your nephew is fully alive to the truth of what I have said, pain fully enough, I admit, but as a duty in your boy's best interests and your own in his behalf."

All that Falconer had said of Blanche in that drive home from Helen's ball came back to Mr. Orde's mind, and stood side by side with her own uncle's words. If this were true—and surely he must know her well—Blanche was indeed not the wife for his beloved boy.

The old man sat dumfounded for several minutes as his house of cards was thus demolished by the doctor's words, and later, with the tenacity of a miser, the idea had quite taken a hold, which had lately promised to become rather overtly troublesome to St. Maur, in positive, not negative, interference with his freedom, which, even if he had not been already married, must have ended in a rupture more or less serious. And perhaps the keen, good-hearted doctor foresaw this.

"Well," said poor Mr. Orde at last—and sadder people are often as keenly disappointed as children—"I am more frank speaking, and I will admit that Falc did see as you do long ago, but I believed he was wrong and I right. Dear, dear, how perverse is human nature! If I hadn't wanted that fellow to marry, he would have gone and done it at once, I've no doubt."

"Poor Falc!" said the doctor, smiling. "I am afraid he is in your bad books."

"No, no, he isn't! My bonny boy, he is never that; only he is so self-willed about not marrying—likes his freedom, he says—thought the doctor: 'but if there is not, present or past, a woman at the bottom of all that in some way, Mr. Falc, I'm a Dutchman.'"

"Well," he said, "I dare say he'll sing another song some day, when he finds the right lady. Ah! I hear my young folks' voices. I don't think, either, that Archer Northcote at all shares your boy's cynical predilection for freedom this afternoon."

Up they came, the lover beaming as he held Mimie's hand, though she needed no such aid; she shy and flushed like a blush rose as Mr. Orde greeted them with a rather wicked little smile as the doctor said, with perfect gravity:

"I suppose you have quite settled the affairs of the nation down there?"

"We've thrown out the separatist bill," said Archer, with perfect gravity, "without one dissentient vote, and passed a resolution that unity is strength."

"Ha! ha! that is good!" cried the doctor, laughing. "I'll play sovereign, and give it my royal assent. Mr. Orde come back with us to high tea, and we'll have a nice evening. Archie, go and find Blanche."

The next day Mrs. Errington got a letter from Dr. Clifford, and another from Mimie, both of which filled her with gladness.

But how different from this had been her own betrothal and marriage! What wonder that her heart ached sorely—the gambler's unwon wife!

blers, if such a moral paradox of expression be permissible, where Satan plays man for his soul.

The saloon was full enough to-night again with its motley crowd of all nations, all more or less wearing the mask of careless gaiety, whatever might be beneath the light surface; the flash of a thousand lights, that gave back the gleam of diamonds and shimmer of satin; the strains of music that floated from the concert room and mingled with the sound of many voices of gay laughter, with the whizz of the fatal roulette wheel as an intermittent accompaniment and the monotonous chant of the croupier dropping in according as the chances went:

"Trente-six! Rouge! Pair et passe!"

"Le jeu est fait! Rien ne va plus!"

"Do you see that tall, very handsome man near the roulette table, my dear?" said an Englishman to his wife, both only on-lookers in the crowded salle.

"He has just played and lost for the third time heavily, and he takes it with the coolest indifference; and now he turns smiling from the table to that pretty, distinguished looking woman—Vivienne, of rank, I was told yesterday, just before you joined me here."

"Who is he, George? He doesn't look exactly English, but he'd do for it."

"I don't know his name, but I think he's been in India, amongst other places, for he has an Indian servant with him. I've passed them out together, as well as here, and heard them both talking Hindoostanee. He—that gentleman—has been here three weeks, and seems very well known. I've seen him here night after night too, mostly at the trente et quarante table, and he wins as coolly as he loses—outwardly, at any rate. By jingo! he goes in for high stakes, too!" added the speaker.

"What a pity!" said the wife. "Such a handsome fellow, and young, too—about thirty, and a gambler. It's to be hoped he's not married. Is he alone here—no lady with him, I mean?"

"I've seen none at all. Ah, look; he is crossing to the trente et quarante table."

Outwardly cool—yes, so is the volcano; but all the same, the fierce fires are burning beneath the fair, vine-clad surface.

Cool within—no, not once in all these three terrible weeks. Heart and brain were indeed as if on fire day and night; waking or in fitful sleep, those burning words were ever surging in his ears, in his heart and soul, tossed on such a tempest of conflicting passions. He was maddened with misery and remorse, and well-nigh despair, and he flung himself into the wild vortex of gambling seething around him with an utter recklessness and desperation that seemed to risk nothing but the mad excitement that strove in vain to drown thought, and the fierce desire to win the gold that should free him to claim his own—his darling! He must play, he had said, in the reaction of the partial self-victory gained, and for the time the demon was making one last infuriated effort to keep its victim, from whom it felt its hold to be slipping before the invisible force of a woman's wonderful love—slipping the faster each night the man who loved her gambled so recklessly, lost so heavily.

For Falconer lost—lost—lost, and this night, with glittering eyes and set teeth, he passed to the trente et quarante table, to fling his last chance at the feet of frowning Fortune.

She smiled a little at first on the handsome sinner who wooed her favor—only at first, then she grew furtive. He lost—he gained—then she scowled. Higher grew the stakes, more reckless the play. He lost; threw down more gold with a careless laugh on his lips and a deadly dread in his soul.

"When the fever of excitement is at its worst, and the mad play, whether for gain or loss, is at its highest, remember that a woman waits in this great city for her prodigal, writing in letters of blood, 'A gambler's wife, loved less than the master-vice.'"

Suddenly, startlingly distinct those words stood out before the gambler's mental vision. All else was a blinding mist—all sight dazed save those blood-red letters, all hearing deafened save to the wild, passionate outcry of his stricken heart's bitter agony.

"Not less, oh, wife—not less, but a thousand times more; and from this hour never more a gambler's wife!"

St. Maur threw down blindly what he held. His brain almost reeled; the faces were an indistinct confusion; the lights a garish blaze.

"My last stake—I have lost again," he said, with intense quiet in the low, soft tones, and rose as twelve struck, laying his delicate hand for a moment on the back of his chair. "Adieu, mes amis."

"Non, non, you surely will not leave yet!" cried several.

"Last night—ten minutes ago, perhaps—he would have drawn the flashing diamond ring from his finger and staked that, but now he only laughed carelessly."

"No, thanks; I have had enough to-night, and the rooms are hot. Adieu!"

He bowed, and passed slowly out into the roulette salle, shivering slightly as the croupier's toneless monotone fell on his ear:

"Make your game, gentlemen—make your game!"

Falconer passed out on the terrace and stood still, dizzy, quivering in every nerve and fibre under the fierce conflict he had just passed through, scarcely conscious yet whether the foe lay vanquished forever, or only driven back for the time. His blood was at fever heat, his face ghastly and haggard, as he turned it instinctively to the cool breeze that fanned the silk locks on his brow, but could not calm the wild emotions in his heart.

He could not realize yet that the desperate battle raging for so long between the good and the evil—the latter forced slowly back step by step—had come suddenly at last to a death-grapple with the ghastly foe, in which each had put forth his utmost strength, and the man, with one concentrated blow, had struck down Vice under his feet; but in the first dizzy exhaustion of the hard-won victory,

he reeled back mentally and morally; he could only feel one mad desire to fling himself at the feet of the one who had surely been with him that night—in whose strength he had crushed her rival, and who waited for her ruined prodigal to come back and blot out forever those blood-red letters—only felt the one insensible heart-hunger for her—only to hear her voice, touch her, lay his aching, penitent head on her bosom, and cling to her.

He had staked the last of his ill-gotten gold, and lost—the game—lost the gold—but had risen up, the winner of a human soul and a future underlying the ruin, perhaps utter wreck, he might have made of fortune.

A light step behind him made the strong man for once start like a woman and turn sharply.

"Ah, you, Rahmnee!" he said, with quick relief in the haggard eyes that met the Indian's affectionately anxious look, and he laid his hand on Rahmnee's shoulder. "Where were you?"

"In the outer salle, sahib, looking on at the play, and when I saw you go I followed. I thought you might want me, sahib."

"Is that all?" something impelled his master to ask, gently. The black eyes dropped, the swarthy cheek flushed.

"No, sahib—not all."

"What, then, Rahmnee?"

"May his servant be forgiven—the sahib looked so troubled in Rahmnee's eyes, that he had to say something."

"I have lost everything to-night, Rahmnee—all the gold, except just enough to take us back to London."

"Sahib! Oh, but see—see!" whispered the Hindoo, eagerly. "The sahib has been so generous always to his poor Rahmnee. He has gold—some jewels. Take it all, sahib, and win back all!"

"Hush, my dear boy!" interrupted St. Maur, deeply touched. "Do you think I would gamble away your money or few treasures? I could have staked this ring of mine, this breast-pin, these jeweled trifles at my watch-guard, if I stopped, then stooped, and added, under his breath—if I had ever meant to gamble again, come back to the Hotel des Anges now, for to-morrow we leave Monte Carlo."

Still resting his hand on the Indian's shoulder, he moved on, striking across so as to avoid those who were leaving the casino, but he did not speak on the way; and when they reached the hotel and their own apartments, all Rahmnee asked was if the sahib would have a glass of wine.

"Wine, boy? Heaven, no! There's fever enough in my veins to-night! Give me something to cool it, not madden me!"

Rahmnee brought a goblet of iced lemonade, and as he received it back empty, said, with the persuasive freedom of a privileged favorite:

"The sahib is weary; he will try to sleep now, for the sake of the one he loves."

"Rahmnee—Rahmnee, you are as artful as a woman! Go, sleep in peace, my boy; for me there is no rest yet, try as I may!"

How could there be to-night, in the strong excitement and restless, unsatisfied longing that made his heart beat to agony, and his temples throb as if the blood in the blue veins were so much liquid fire?

He tried to think; he tried not to think—still more impossible task. Past, present, future, would not be disentangled or freed; it all revolved in a chaos around the one master-passion, the one hope in all the darkness, the one name written in letters of gold—Christine.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Far away in the mighty empire city, where life is so dense and solitude so boundless, a woman sat alone in that same midnight hour.

A book lay open on the table beside her, but her hand had turned no page; her eyes, heavy with unshed tears, had read no line; for hours her whole heart and soul were absorbed in one never absent thought—one central figure, wreathed round with hopes and fears and deadly suspense for the end of the desperate step she had taken. Three weeks had passed, that might have been three times seven years for all this load of misery and dread and constant anguish and patience. She had daringly, at last, worked upon his love for herself, knowing it to be in real truth stronger than the passion for play, and sent him from her half mad, with that very love wounded, humiliated, burning with unceasing shame and agony; she had, in fact, thrown the whole fortune of war on her head, and the perilous test of extremes, and now she wondered what the poor heart, so torn in wondering where it loved, trembled for the result of its own temerity! More than once she had been almost tempted to write, even to fly to him, but had held back in time.

Somehow to-night she was thinking of him, picturing him and his surroundings more vividly than ever, if that were possible, and with what grim fidelity she could see the whole picture of mad gambling! Had she not been there with him, seen it all, known it all? She leaned back and shut her tired eyes with the dear name on her lips.

"My lover, my husband, oh, come back to me, or my heart will break!"

Worn out, she lay still; the troubled breathing grew more regular and quiet. Was she sleeping or waking, or hovering on the mystic borderland between the two, wherein, who shall say, whether we dream, or the spirit frees itself from its mortal trammels—for who shall dare to set a limit to the power of the Almighty, and define the line between the seen and the unseen which He has chosen to leave undefined?

She saw him, her husband, at a table in the garish blaze and glitter of that old, too familiar room. There were others there, but she had only eyes for one; and somehow, as he played, she knew that he had lost all but that pile of gold near him, and saw the reckless despair and misery in his soul as he played on and on; and in a very passion of love and anguish she fancied she saw before her the words with which she had sent him from her. She seemed to hear a passionate cry from his very heart:

"Not less, oh, wife—not less, but a thousand times more; and from this hour never more a gambler's wife!"

The clock struck twelve, and Christine sprung to her feet with wide-open eyes and heaving bosom, lifting her locked hands above her head in passionate joy and gratitude.

"My love, oh, my love, it was not all a dream—it could not be! Heaven's mercy has surely heard a wife's prayers and answered them. Saved! saved at last! My husband! my life's love!"

CHAPTER XXXIV.

One night it had struck eleven by the nearest church clock, and Kanton Morley instinctively glanced up at the little clock on his own mantel-piece to time it, then dropped his gaze again on the fire, and fell back into a reverie.

He had been reading, and he sat by the cheery fire in his sitting room—it was scarcely a drawing room—above the office below, but somehow he, in the last hour, found himself thinking pertinaciously of his "handsome sinner."

"Wonder if he's thinking of old Ken," he said to himself as that chime rang out. "Not likely, though. At this hour he is probably gambling madly at that detestable Monte Carlo, and breaking his own heart and his poor wife's. Ah! what's that? A cab stopped here—and a ring! Who in the world can it be, unless it's a mistake?"

He got up quickly, though, for his old housekeeper had long since retired, and Robinson lived out, of course, and went down to the street door, turning the passage gas up first; then he opened the door.

"Good heavens! you, St. Maur!"

He stood on the step, tall and haggard enough, under the glare of the gas-light, to startle the money-lender, and he gripped his hand and drew him inside.

"You look—I don't know what! What is the matter? Who is that in the hansom?"

"Rahmnee. Give me ten minutes."

"Ten hours, if you like. Come in here."

(To be continued.)



SMART SUIT OF LINEN.

Narrow belted-in skirts are coming steadily into favor, much as they hamper the wearer's steps.

Low-cut collars and very short sleeves are also "the thing" with those who wish to be up-to-date.

The frock in this sketch is of blue linen, and is laced up the side of the bodice with a heavy silk cord.

Long blue silk gloves, blue suede shoes and a drooping Persian-silk-covered hat, trimmed with pastel-shaded roses were worn with this costume.

AN ORGAN FOR 25 CENTS A WEEK

We have on hand thirty-five organs, taken in exchange on Heintzman & Co. pianos, which we must sell regardless of price, to make room in our store. Every instrument has been thoroughly overhauled, and is guaranteed for five years, and full amount will be allowed on exchange. The prices run from \$10 to \$35, for such well-known makes as Thomas, Dominian, Karn, Uxbridge, Goodrich and Bell. This is your chance to save money. A post card will bring full particulars. Heintzman & Co., 71 King Street East, Hamilton.

Difficulties in Gas-Making.

Although it is possible to resolve into gas almost any kind of solid fuel in a gas producer, it is well known that certain fuels—particularly those high in ash and of a caking character—give a good deal of trouble. One of the most serious of these troubles, states a contemporary, is that the fuel welds itself into a large mass, which partially chokes the fire in some places and causes passages or holes to be burnt at others. Hence poking of the fire is necessary, and the poorer the fuel the more the poking. In order to reduce this poking to a minimum some producer makers fit shaking or revolving grates. The latest design of this character is due to Mr. Chapman, an American, and it is a considerable extension of the principle. The lower portion of the producer is divided into two or three rings, which are free of each other and rotate at different speeds, the joints between them being made by water seals. The object is to shake the fuel continuously, so that caking or clogging and holes are equally impossible.

The destruction of the house fly is a public duty.

Almost all boards of health are now carrying on a crusade against it. A bulletin recently issued by the Dominion Government states that no house fly is free from disease germs. Use Wilson's Fly Pads freely and persistently, and do your share towards exterminating this menace to the public health.

When a man has exhausted every thing else to kick about he can kick the bucket.

BROKEN HEALTH BRINGS WRINKLES

How All Women Can Preserve Good Health and Good Looks.

Too many women and girls look old long before they should. In nine cases out of ten it is a matter of health. Work, worry, confinement indoors and lack of exercise cause the health to run down. Then faces become thin and pale; lines and wrinkles appear and a constant feeling of tiredness.

Women and girls who feel well look well. Therefore improve your health and you will look better. It is a fact that thousands of Canadian women and girls owe the robust health they enjoy to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They fell well and enjoy life as only a healthy person can.

The simple reason for this is that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills make new, rich, red blood, which strengthens all the vital organs, brings brightness to the eye, a glow of health to the cheek, and bracing strength to every part of the body. Mrs. Warren Wright, of Sask., says: "I feel that I owe a debt of gratitude to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that nothing I can say in their favor will fully repay. I was so reduced in health and strength that I had hardly able to walk at all, and could do no work whatever. My blood was so thin and watery that my lips and finger tips resembled those of a corpse. I had almost constant headaches, and the smallest exertion would set my heart palpitating violently, and often I would drop in a faint. Nothing I did seemed to help me in the least, and I felt so far gone that I never expected to recover my health. I was in this critical condition when I read in a newspaper of a cure in a case like mine through the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and I decided to try them. I got a half dozen boxes and before I used them all there was a great change in my condition. My appetite returned, the color began to come back to my lips and face, and my strength was increasing. I continued the use of the Pills for some time longer and they restored me to the pink of perfect health. While using the pills I gained twenty pounds in weight. My cure was made in the summer of 1909, and I am now enjoying better health than ever before."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills will do for other weak and worn women just what they did for Mrs. Wright. Sold by all medicine dealers, or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Models of Endurance.

Herodotus tells us that the builders of the Pyramids of Egypt lived chiefly on lentils, onions and garlic. De Lesseps bore witness to the splendid physical work of the non-flesh-eating Arabs and Hindus on the Suez Canal.

Then there are the Chinese porters at Hong Kong, the carriers of Constantinople, of Smyrna, of Athens, of Rio de Janeiro, and of the Bakongo tribe (who can carry from sixty to a hundred pounds weight on their heads, and run twenty miles a day for six days), the South American rubber-gum gatherers and many others. Probably the Saxon Brothers (at present, I believe, in America) are the strongest men in the world.

As to endurance, the walking race between Dresden and Berlin, a distance of 125 miles, was won by Karl Mann in 26 hours 52 minutes; he arrived not at all exhausted. The other non-flesh eaters also easily beat the meat eaters.

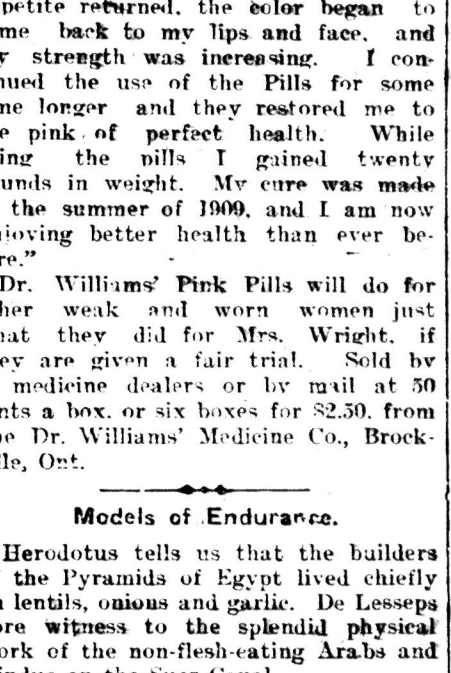
Similar records of endurance have been, and are being, given by cyclists like Olley, runners, swimmers, and so forth.

Your Hanging Baskets.

Are they poor? Have the vines died? Well, there's a remedy. Simply plant nasturtium seeds. And plant them very, very carefully. Simply make holes with a lead pencil. These holes should be rather near the edges of the basket.

Into these holes are dropped the nasturtium seeds.

Presently, if well attended to, they will clothe the basket with greenery.



SUIT 'N LATEST CUT.

A smart little suit of natural colored linen is shown in this sketch. A lace collar, narrow embroidery banding and a pleated flounce make the trimming.

The hat is of straw colored braid trimmed with wings or quills and faced with pongee in Persian design.

SWEDEN FOR PROHIBITION.

By a Vote of 1,865,289 Against 18,471

Germany's Drink Bill.

The question of national prohibition has been submitted to a popular vote in Sweden, and the result was that 1,865,289 votes have been recorded for total and permanent prohibition of the drink traffic throughout the country and only 18,471 voted against. The plebiscite was organized by the Swedish temperance societies, and it arose out of the general strike last year, by which the drink traffic was already considerably minimized.

Every man and woman was entitled to vote. In the Province of Jonkoping 81 per cent. of the population voted for prohibition, while in Stockholm the percentages were only 43.

Some remarkable figures relating to the German drink consumption have just been published by the Imperial Statistical Bureau in the Berlin Reichs-anzeiger. Taking the last four years' average it is shown that every German spends yearly on beer and spirits alone \$2.70, the total for a population of 64,000,000 souls being \$222,880,000.

As regards wine consumption no definite figures are available, but the bureau estimates it at six pints per head per annum, or a total of approximately \$93,000,000. The total amount spent in Germany per annum on alcoholic beverages is therefore well over \$700,000,000. Thus the German drink bill is more than twice the joint expenditure on the imperial army and navy; more than four times the total of the workmen's insurances throughout the empire, and five times the total budget of public instruction.

GRACEFUL GOWNS FOR GIRLS.

A very wide girdle in polished leather is worn with the triple skirted frock in this illustration. Another peculiar feature is that each section of the skirt has different sized dots, but each in the same fabric—satin foulard.

The other dress is a high waisted one of pink linen and is heavily embroidered in a slightly darker shade of pink. The undersleeves in both frocks are of soft creamy batiste.

SKIN BEAUTY PROMOTED.

In the treatment of affections of the skin and scalp which torture, disfigure, itch, burn, scale and destroy the hair, as well as for preserving, purifying and beautifying the complexion, hands and hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are well-nigh infallible. Millions of women throughout the world rely on these pure, sweet and gentle emollients for all purposes of the toilet, bath and nursery, and for the sanative, antiseptic cleansing of ulcerated, inflamed mucous surfaces. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A., sole proprietors of the Cuticura Remedies, will mail free, on request, their latest 32-page Cuticura Book on the skin and hair.

Late Inventions.

An Ohioan has patented a device to turn automobile lamps with the wheels to illuminate the road in rounding corners.

An apparatus has been patented to convey concrete through pipes by air pressure from a tank to the place where it is to be used.

By pressing a button behind the counter a new electrical thief catcher for stores locks all doors and rings a bell in the street.

To deal cards from a pack without danger of misdeals or turning them over is the idea of a machine recently patented by a New York man.

A French aeronaut has patented a balloon which, when deflated, can be packed in its basket and the entire equipment carried on a man's back.

As a space saver for small houses a Kansas man has invented folding stairs, operated on the lazy tongs principle by a hand wheel and gearing.

A baseball with a cork core instead of one of solid rubber, the invention of a Philadelphian, has been officially adopted by one of the big leagues.

A time saver for places where many tickets are sold in a short time is a machine which automatically prints tickets and stamps the hour on them as they are drawn from a roll of cardboard. It is the invention of two Chicago men.

A wire contrivance, patented by an Illinois man, to lift a pea from an oven is designed to operate in such a way that the edge of the crust will not be broken.

A Scotch inventor has perfected a sledlike machine which, when drawn over a road, accurately records on a paper covered cylinder all irregularities in the road's surface.

A MEAN TRICK.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"It was a mean trick to play on a blind man."

"What did they do?"

"Gave him a sheet of sticky flypaper, plentifully sprinkled with flies, and told him it was something in rabid letters by Henry James."