Right at Last

"Well, somebody has burnt it, anyway," said Royce, pointing his foot at the fire; "there are bits of the wood smouldering now. And there is a lot of paper ashes, too," he added. "Why, Bertie, it's my opinion you flung that precious will on the fire!"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Bertie, impatiently; "I am ont such a fool as to do that! What are you about " for Royce had gone down on his knees and was stirring about the ashes under the grate.

"Looking for the will, my dear boy," he said, lightly. "No, there is no trace of it. Stop- What's this?" and he held out the fragment he had cut off and half burned.

Bertie took it, and his face went pale as he gazed at the scrap of paper.

"Great Heavens, Royce!" he exclaimed, under his breath, "this is it!"

Royce rose and brushed the dust from his trouser knees before answering.

"Are you sure?" he said.

"Sure! Yes! Here are the words, 'Last Wlil and Testament!' Great heavens! what is to be done? I will take my oath that I didn't put it on the fire, Royce!"

Royce looked at his distressed and anxious countenance and laughed easily.

"If not, who did?" he said, lightly.

"It must have been that idiot of a man of mine!" replied Bertie, agitatedly.

"Ring and ask him," said Royce, coolly.

Bertie rang the bell and the valet appeared.

"Have you been burning anything " he asked.

The man looked from one to the other. "Burning? Oh, yes, my lord. I cleaned up the litter and put it on the fire."

"I told you——" said Royce.

Bertie interrupted him.

"The litter, you fool; you mean the pieces of wood, the bits of frame on the table. But did you burn any papers?"

The man began to look anxious.

"Well, yes, my lord, I cleared out the waste-paper basket."

"Didn't I tell you?" murmured Royce.

"Only the waste-paper basket?" demanded Bertie.

"Yes, my lord, only the basket, as—as far as I can remember!"

"There!" interjected Royce.

"As far as you can remember! You idiot, it is only a few minutes ago!" cried Bertie. "What did you burn? Was there a paper, a folded paper amongst it?"

The valet looked confused and distressed.

"Really, my lord——" he began.

Bertie seized a newspaper and folded it up in the shape of the will.

"Look at that," he said. "Was there a paper, a written paper, folded like that?"

The man's face cleared.

"No, my lord, I am certain there was not," he said, positively.

Royce shrugged his shoulders and held up the burnt scrap.

"I am afraid you have made a mistake," he said. "Lord Dawsbury has missed a paper like that he describes, and I find a piece of it in the grate half burned."

The valet colored.

"I don't understand it, my lord," he said, in a troubled voice. "I could almost swear that there was no paper of that description amongst those I burnt."

"'Almost' swear!" remarked Royce, significantly.

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Bertie. "There, get out of my sight!" he added, and the miserable, perplexed valet hastened to obey. "What is to be done, Royce?"

"What do you mean?" said Royce, easily.

"Why, this—this will, you know!" said Bertie; "it may be of the utmost importance. I wish to heaven I'd read it. Great powers! a will, you know, is a serious thing!" and he strode up and down his room.

Royce flung himself into a chair and laughed.

"My dear Bertie!" he said, "you make me laugh! I beg your pardon! Why on earth should you attach any importance to this will?"

"What?" exclaimed Bertie, stopping short and eyeing him in amazeemnt.

"I say, why should you upset yourself about it?" said Royce, coolly. "I don't myself think it was anything but a draft, just the outlines of a will to be copied by the lawyer."

Bertie's face grew less dark.

"But supposing that it was a genuine will, it isn't of any value!"

"Not of any value? Why not?"

"Because the last will Lord Arrowfield made was in favor of Stuart Villiars, and this was a former one, of course, and therefore not worth the ppaer it was written on!"

"Do you think——" said Bertie, doubtfully.

"I don't think—I am sure!" responded Royce. "Evidently it was of no importance, or it wouldn't have been shoved behind that picture. You may depend upon it, someone considered it waste paper, and used it to back up the painting, just as he would have used an old newspaper if it had been handy."

Bertie's face cleared.

"If you think that, why I am less uneasy about it; but perhaps I'd better go and tell old Craddock about it."

"If you take my advice you won't do anything of the kind," said Royce. "What good will it do? You will be making a stir for no purpose! You haven't got the will, you know! And, I don't want to make you angry, my dear Bertie, but lawyers are unbelieving animals, and I shouldn't be surprised if old Craddock declined to credit your story!"

"What?"

"That's my impresaion! See here! Craddock, I happen to know, is agent and attorney for Stuart Villiars. You go to him and tell him that you have discovered a will of Lord Arrowfield's, and he'll say, 'In whose favor is it, and what's the date?' You answer, 'I don't know.' He will say, 'Produce the will!' 'Oh,' you reply, 'I, or my servant have burnt it!' My dear fellow, old Craddock will laugh at you, and, to put it bluntly, so will the rest of the world."

"I don't like saying nothing about it," said Bertie, troubled and perplexed. "Why, Royce, it looks as if—as if I had destroyed it purposely."

Royce laughed.

"So it does, rather; but what does it matter? Depend upon it, you have only done what the man who made the will intended to do, or he wouldn't have used it to back up a picture frame. Make your mind easy. Say nothing to any one; remember, you cannot do any good if you publish the story on the house-tops. What does it amount to?—an old and useless will is discovered by you, and it's burnt. Useful or useless, there it is, or rather, there it isn't!"

"I think you are right," said Bertie. "It stands to reason that old Arrowfield would have sent the will to his lawyer if it really were the last one, and—any way, I'll say nothing about it for the present; but if I meet Stuart Villiers I'll mention it."

Royce shrugged his shoulders.

"You might do that," he said, nonchalently; "but, if you take my advice, you won't even mention it to him. I must be going now, old fellow. Thanks once more! Neither I nor she will ever forget last night and all you did!"

He shook hands and got out into the street.

As he did so his hand went to the breast pocket of his coat where the will lay; it seemed to burn him like a sheet of red-hot iron. He had played his part well, but at a cost which had strained every nerve.

As a man who had been snatched back from the precipice looks down with a shudder at the awful depths below, he looked back at the dreadful moment of doubt and uncertainty while he waited to hear if Bertie had read the will.

But he had not, and the game was in Mordaunt Royce's hands.

He went to his rooms in Mount street, and locking the door, took out the will and read and re-read it. Lord Arrowfield had been something ot a lawyer, and it was drawn up clearly, distinctly and with care. Royce knew enough of wills to feel sure that this would stand in any court of law, and that if Stuart Villiars fought it, he could not upset it.

Joan Ormsby was entitled to the estates and moneys of Lord Arrowfield, and she was to be Mordaunt Royce's wife!

His eyes glittered, his mouth watered. What could he not do with such wealth? He was clever, young, possessed of the kind of ability which goes to make a leader amongst men.

He would get a seat in the House of Commons, would take office, gain a peerage! Lord Royce of Deercombe, or perhaps Earl of Deercombe, for they would live at the grand old mansion in Devonshire and be the great people there! As for Joan, she would have everything in the world that could make her happy. His love should surround her like a guardian and ministering angel! How proud he would be of her! How proud she should be of him! He would become the leading man in the country, he who had once been a boy of the gutter, the lad whom old Craddock had picked out of the city mud! But there was no time to be lost; he was walking, so to speak, in the face of a volcano, and there would be no surety of success, no safety indeed, until Joan was his wife.

That evening Joan was sitting with a book in her hand beside the fire, but not reading. Try as she would she could not concentrate her thoughts upon the printed page. The strange meeting last night with Lord Bertie had brought back the past so plainly, so painfully, that she could not dismiss it from her mind.

Lord Bertie's confession of love had recalled, in its manly tenderness, the passionate avowal of Stuart Villiars. Once more she seemed to be standing on the Deercombe cliffs, listening to his musical voice pouring forth his love for her. Once more she seemed to stand behind the folding doors in the rooms in Piccadilly, listening to Bertie and Lord Pontelere while they made plain to her the character of Stuart Villiars and her own peril.

And once again she asked herself, with an aching heart and perplexing sense of bewilderment, Why had Stuart Villiars attempted her ruin and yet become willing to marry Miss Mazurka?

She strove to put the thoughts from her; she had resolved to forget the past, and more than all else, Stuart Villiars. It was her duty to do so, indeed, for was she not the promised wife of Mordaunt Royce?

On the table beside her were the morning papers containing an account of the play and the unfortunate fire which had destroyed the theatre.

The critics exhausted their adjectives in their praise of her. She was all that was talented and clever—a positive genius, in fact; and her future, so the principal daily declared, must of necessity be a brilliant and triumphant one.

There was also a letter from Mr. Giffard, regretting the fire on his own acount, but remarking that he deplored it as deeply on another, namely, the sudden interruption to Miss Ida Trevelyan's successful career. He was, however, he begged to state already negotiating for the use of another theatre while the Coronet was rebuilding, and trusted soon to have the pleasure of announcing that Miss Trevelyan would soon make her appearance in "A False Love." In another column of the paper was an account of the burning of the theatre and Miss Trevelyan's gallant rescue from a terrible death by Lord Dewsbury. While extolling Bertie's heroism, the reporter was emphatic in his praises of Miss Trevelyan's coolness, and declared that the way in which she had remained on the stage, at the peril of her own life, to adjure the audience to retain their seats was as heroic as Lord Dewsbury's conduct in saving her from a fate which would, so the reporter asserted, "have plunged this metropolis into mourning."

The papers seemed full of her, and Joan, as she recalled the time, so few weeks ago, when she wandered homless and helpless, destitute and forlorn, about the cold London streets, and compared it with the present period of fame and prosperity, felt with self-reproach that she ought to be happy and thankful.

But somehow there was a dull aching at her heart, and in her innermost soul she felt that she would give all she possessed—fame, popularity, and future wealth—to be once more the girl who stood on Deercombe Cliffs with Stuart Villiars' arm around her waist and his vows of love in her ears.

So she sat, with her book in her hand but her eyes fixed on the fire, and it was with a start, and something like a guilty ffush, that she heard the door open and the servant announce Mr. Mordaunt Royce.

What right had she to be dwelling on the past and Stuart Villiars, now that she was betrothed to another?

Royce stood for a moment in the doorway looking at her. It seemed to him that her beauty had increased during the last few weeks, and it struck him at the moment that he had never seen a lovelier picture than she made, sitting there in the glow of the fire, with that soft, war mflush on her face.

"I am back again, like a bad penny," he said, coming to her side and raising her hand to his lips.

"Has anything happened?" she said, glancing up at him and allowing her hand to remain in his. Had he not , indeed, a right to hold it?

"No, nothing!" he said. "But knowing that you were at home, I could not keep away. I should have gone to the theatre if you had been there! I am neve rhappy unless I have you in my sight!"

"Poor theatre!" she said, with a sigh.

"Yes, but the papers' regret for the fire seems to be principally because it removes Miss Ida Trevalyan from the public gaze for awhile."

"Everybody is too good and kind to m," said Joan, softly.

"Yes," he said; "because they seem to think that Miss Trevelyan is their own special property; whereas she is mine, is she not?" he said, bending over her tenderly.

Joan did not reply.

"Sometimes," he went on, in the low voice which he knew so well how to make musical, "sometimes I feel inclined to be jealous of the many-headed public, and to feel that if I had a sword big enough I should like to slay it. Last night, for instance, I left the theatre because I could not bear the thought that so many hundreds of people had the right, by paying for it, to look upon you and regard you as their servant."

Joan still remained silent.

"I don't think you can know, or can feel what I suffer sometimes on that score, my darling!" he went on. "If you did, I think—for I know your tender heart so well!—that you would listen to what I have come to say!"

"What have you come to say?" she asked, in a low voice, an inward shiver running through her.

"What I have scarcely courage enough to put into words, dearest!" ne replied.

As he spoke he put his hand to his breast, against which the will lay burning him, as it seemed, so intensely conscious was he of its presence.

"Don't be angry, Ida," he murmured. "Bear with me, as if I were a jealous boy if you like, but try to realize what a jealous boy must feel who sees the girl he loves standing before a gaping crowd every night, sharing with them what he feels ought to belong only to him, her beauty and the nameless charm of her presence. Ida, dearest, you know I love you?"

"Yes," murmured Joan, almost inaudibly.

"I love you as dearly as a man can love. I am never happy unless I can see and hear you. There is not an hour of the day in which I do not think of you. Ah! if you only loved me half as well as I love you!" and he sighed.

"I know—I know how good and true you are," said Joan, faintly. "I wish—I wish—"

"—That you could love me as I deserve, you were going to say," he said. "Ah, don't wish that, or you would love me so little—my deserts are so small! They consist in loving you with all my heart and soul, that is all."

There was a moment's silence.

Joan sat looking at the fire, feeling as the bird feels who finds itself caught in the fowler's net and sees it captor's hand approach to grasp it.

"And now for my request, for it is a request, dearest," he murmured. "Ida, I want you to take pity on me!"

"Pity!" she faltered.

"Yes, pity!" he said; "for at present I am miserable. I shall always be until you grant me my request. Ida, dearest, I want you to be really mine; I want you to marry me."

Joan turned pale to the lips.

"I—I have promised to marry you," she said.

"Yes, dearest. Do you think that I do not carry that promise about with me, written in my innermost heart? But I want you to marry me soon. Ida, will you be my wife in a fortnight from now?"

He had put it abruptly, almost sternly, in his intense anxiety, and the words seemed to stun Joan.

"A fortnight," she repeated, dully, with a catch in her breath.

"Yes," he said, gently, persuasively; "why should you not? You know that I love you, you know how dearly I look forward to making you my wife; why should we not be married at once? Ah, dearest, I feel that once my wife, I could easily teach you to love me. Ida, say 'yes.'"

"I—I—" faltered Joan, feeling as if the fowler's hand was already grasping her.

"Think, dearest. Fate is on my side; you cannot play for three weeks. I have seen Mr. Giffard; there is a difficulty about a theatre, that will give a week for the honeymoon. Oh, Ida, don't cast me down from my giddy height! I have been dwelling upon my happiness all day, and—Ida, say 'yes.' You are not afraid to trust yourself with me, dearest?", he murmured fervently.

"Afraid?" said Jean, almost hoarsely; "it is of myself I am afraid."

"Do not be," he said ferverently, "I will answer for you. Once you are my wife, I will answer for your happiness. Dearest, do not be afraid. Such love as mine laughs at fear. If I thought that there was any doubt of my making you happy, I would go from you now; yes, and never trouble you more."

What could she say?

She had given her word, she had promised to be his wife: now, a fortnight, a year hence could not matter.

"Say 'yes,' dearest," he whispered. "We will keep it very quiet. It shall be a private wedding—just ourselves and Emily and her father—no more. Say 'yes,' dear Ida."

"Yes," she murmured, faintly. "If you wish it."

"I do," he said, his face turning pale with the sudden feeling of relief and triumph. "I do wish it. I will tell you why afterwards. Ah, dearest, love, how can I thank you? I can only say, 'I love you, I love you!' and that you know already."

He left her a few minutes afterwards and went towards home, feeling as if he were treading on air.

Only a fortnight between him and the beautiful creature with whom half of London was in love; only a fortnight between him and a couple of millions of wealth.

While he had been pursuading Joan an incident had occurred in Mount street which, seemingly commonplace and usual enough, was fated to prove of some importance in Mordaunt Royce's future.

A four-wheeled cab, having a lady and her maid inside and a pile of boxes on the roof, drove down Mount street and stopped at No. 119.

The lady got out and knocked at the door, and a servant opened it.

(To be Continued.)

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

SIX-PIECE PIES.

Restaurants and hotels may find this new device a labor saver where the national pie appetite runs high. It chops up a pie into six neat and equal pieces, at once stroke of the knives.

GUESSING PARTY.

A sheet is hung up.

Celebrities are shown o nit.

A lantern is one of the necessities.

Invitations read, "An evening with celebrities."

Each guest is given a card with a pencil attached.

Somebody represents Mrs. Jarley, making the announcements.

Thirty seconds should be allowed to guests for each answer.

The guesses should vary, some being easy and some difficult.

Queen Elizabeth, Bluebeard and President Taft would rank as easy.

Canal Worker's Experience

Some time ago I came to this place to work on the canal and through inclement weather and exposure contracted the worst kind of neuralgia. The pain would fill my forehead so that I couldn't see; it was just awful. I went to a druggist in town and was advised to use a 50c. bottle of Nerviline. That was the best advice and the best medicine I ever got. I will always recommend Nerviline for any ache or pain. It is so strong and penetrating it is bound to cure.

(Signed) A. B. Giorgi.
Trenton, Ont.

Doctors will tell you that nothing but the purest and most healing antiseptic drugs are used in Nerviline—that's why it is so safe for general family use, for the baby as well as the parent. If you haven't tried Nerviline, do so now—your neighbors are almost sure to know of its manifold merits and uses.

TOOK THE ADVICE OF HER FRIENDS

And Dodd's Kidney Pills Made Mrs. Painchaud Well.

She Inherited Ill-health From Her Parents, and for Seven Years Was a Sufferer From Kidney and Heart Trouble.

Whitworth, Temiscouta Co., Que., Feb. 20. —(Special) — That she took the advice of her friends and used Dodd's Kidney Pills is the reason Mrs. Julien Painchaud, of this place, gives for the perfect health that shows in her every movement.

"I inherited ill-health from my parents," Mrs. Painchaud says in an interview. "For seven years my Heart and Kidneys bothered me. I was always tired and nervous. I could not sleep. My eyes had dark circles round them, and were puffed and swollen.

"I could hardly do my housework when I was advised to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. One box relieved me of pain, and six boxes made me perfectly well."

Every woman who is feeling fagged, tired and worn out, should use Dodd's Kidney Pills. They cure the Kidneys, and every woman's health depends on her Kidneys. Healthy Kidneys mean pure blood, and pure blood carries new life to run down organs which supply the body with energy.

If you're a suffering woman ask your friends. They'll tell you out of their own experience to use Dodd's Kidney Pills.

AMONG THE INSANE

Few Non-English Speaking People Found in the Asylum.

(Brantford Expositor.)

The annual report upon the hospitals for the insane for the Province shows that our lunatic population now amounts to 9,951, of whom 4,634 are males and 5,317 females. Last year Brant county sent nine patients, there are 180 patients from Brant in the insane hospitals, while the total admissions from this county since the beginning have been 387.

There were 843 patients admitted during the year, and the causes assigned for insanity are as follows:

Moral.	
Adverse conditions, such as loss of friends, business troubles, etc.	70
Mental strains, worry and overwork	125
Religious excitement	16
Love affairs, including seduction	19
Fright and nervous shock	12
Physical.	
Alcoholism	58
Sexual excess	1
Venereal diseases	13
Masturbation	10
Insolation	7
Accident or injury	18
Pregnancy	7
Parturition and puerperium	20
Lactation	5
Climacteric period	15
Fevers	13
Privation and overwork	16
Epilepsy	35
Other convulsive diseases	8
Diseases of brain and skull	17
Senility	35
Exophthalmic goitre	3
Epidemic influenza	1
Abuse of drugs	11
Other auto-infection	21
Other bodily diseases	32
Hereditary.	
Congenital defect	63
Unascertained	118
Not insane	2

Of the patients admitted during the year 241 were known to have an hereditary tendency to insanity, 277 had no such tendency, and of 325 no information was obtained on this point.

Of the 843 admissions 392 were single and 404 married, while the religious preferences were as follows:

Baptists	59
Congregationalists	2
Episcopalians	160
Methodists	184
Presbyterians	176
Roman Catholics	161
Other denominations	95
Unascertained	49

The nationalities of the patients admitted during the year were:

Born in Canada	612
Austria	1
France	1
England	88
Germany	13
Greece	1
Ireland	40
Italy	3
Roumania	1
Russia	8
Scotland	34
South America	1
Sweden	4
United States	19
Unascertained	8

A striking feature of the above table is the small number of non-English-speaking people who have found their way into our asylums. Canada alone furnishes 612 out of the 843 patients, while England, Ireland and Scotland furnish most of the others.

Obstinate Open Sores Are Healed by Zam-Buk.

For sores which defy all ordinary remedies, Zam-Buk should be tried. Old wounds, varicose ulcers, cold cracks, blood-poisoning and chronic skin diseases cannot resist the healing influence of this great herbal balm.

Miss Alma Bourque, of Notre Dame, Kent Co., N.B., gives the following account of what Zam-Buk did for her after various other ointments and salves had failed. She writes:

"For months I suffered with a running sore on my leg. I tried several ointments and salves, but none of them could bring about a cure. The sore would just heal over, and then break out again. I read in a newspaper, one day, of the good Zam-Buk had done, and so I determined to try it and see what this balm would do for me. I also purchased some Zam-Buk Soap.

"I washed the sore night and morning with the soap, and then applied the balm. I continued with this treatment, and after using Zam-Buk for a few weeks the sore was completely healed. I have recommended Zam-Buk to one or two of my friends, for sores, and in their cases it has been equally effective."

All druggists and stores sell Zam-Buk at 50c. box or may be had post free from Zam-Buk Co., for price. It is a sure cure for piles, inflamed places, cuts, burns, scalds, chapped hands, ulcers, eczema, scalp sores, and all similar diseases and injuries. Refuse harmful imitations.

WHAT THE POET BROUGHT.

He came and went that day so quietly
I scarce knew he had come ere he was gone.
But, turning, saw that he had left upon
My hearth a casket with a golden key;
And in the box that he had brought to me
I found a crimson sunset and a dawn,
A cloud, a rainbow and a grassy lawn,
A cloth of moonbeams and a honey bee,
A rose, a ribbon and a lock of hair,
A woman's picture and a signet ring,
A silver stream within a woodland wild,
A dewdrop on a lily frail and fair,
The music of a bluebird in the spring—
And best of all, the laughter of a child.
—James William Callahan in The Smart Set.

THOUGHT IT UNLUCKY.

(Philadelphia Record.)

"Are you superstitious?" asked the bachelor.

"Well," replied the father of a large family, wearily. "I certainly think it is unlucky to have 13 children."

LA GRIPPE RAVAGES

The Trouble Sweeping Over Canada is an Epidemic.

Weakened and Broken Constitutions Left Behind—How to Regain New Health and Strength.

La Grippe is one of the most dangerous diseases that annually sweeps over Canada. It starts with a sneeze — a slight cold—and ends with a complication of troubles. It lays the strong man on his back; it tortures him with fevers and chills, with headaches and backaches. Its victims are left low-spirited and depressed, and an easy prey to bronchitis, pneumonia, rheumatism, and often that most dreaded of all diseases—consumption. You can avoid la grippe entirely by keeping the blood rich and red by occasional use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The trouble takes as its victims those whose blood is in a poor condition, and its after-effects are more dangerous and more lasting than the trouble itself. For the after effects of la grippe there is absolutely no other medicine can equal Dr Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make rich, red blood that drives disease from the system, and makes weak, despondent men and women bright, cheerful and strong. If you have suffered in any way from the epidemic of la grippe that has been sweeping over Canada, give this great health-restoring medicine a trial, and it will not disappoint you. Here is a proof of the wonderful power of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills over the after-effects of this disease. Mr. P. E. Paulin, collector of customs at Caraquet, N. B., says: "A few winters ago I had a severe attack of la grippe, which completely broke me down. I had to take to my bed for several weeks, and although during that time I employed a doctor I did not seem to recover from the trouble. I was really a physical wreck. On a former occasion I had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for general debility with such great success that I decided to try them again. I sent for a half dozen boxes and began to take the Pills at once. When taking the second box I began to feel quite a change in my condition. I was able to walk about the house and my appetite was improving. From that on I gained sthength every day and before the six boxes were done I was able to return to the office and attend to my work. I have since enjoyed the best of health, and think Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the best medicine for trouble of this kind."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills not only promptly cure the serious after-effects of la grippe, but they make well and strong all persons suffering from any form of debility or general weakness. These pills have no laxative or purgative action; their mission is to make new rich, red blood, and thus fortify and strengthen every organ and every part of the body. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all medicine dealers, or sent by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

EMBARRASSMENT.

(Puck.)

The Day of Judgment had dawned. Everything was being made right. Yet in the midst of the general rejoicing a meek little man was observed to sink down on a log by the wayside, completely discouraged, and bury his face in his hands despairingly.

"How shall I ever carry away all the umbrellas that have been returned to me?" he moaned, in much distress.

YES, SIR-EE! LAWYERS DO TELL THE TRUTH—SOMETIMES; READ WHY.

Many distinguished lawyers have been in Washington lately attending the sessions of the Supreme Court.

Most of them are brilliantly learned legal lights, and some of them don't mind letting the world in general know that they are b. l. l. l.

The capitol corridor, near the supreme courtroom door, two of them were telling each other about the grand reputation lawyers have for energy and perseverance.

A little lad, standing nearby with his father, looked up to the paternal font of wisdom and asked:

"'Father, do lawyers tell the truth?'

"'Yes, my boy,' the father answered, 'lawyers will do anything to win a case.' And the two b. l. l. l. hurriedly sought the stillness of the courtroom.

Shiloh's Cure

quickly stops coughs, cures colds, heals the throat and lungs. 25 cents.

IT RESTED WITH HIM.

(Utica Globe.)

Upton Sinclair, discussing the fasting cure that he has done so much to advance, said in New York:

"Fasting has become as popular as appendicitis. I hope, though, it won't fall into the same disrepute.

"It's currently believed, you know, that a leading surgeon said to his wife one day:

"'I operated on Mrs. Gobsa Golde for appendicitis last night.'

"'Goodness!' said the lady. 'I wonder who'll have it next!'

"'I don't know,' the surgeon answered absently. 'I haven't decided yet.'"