RMS. le New York

People. Two electrici

ork City to-

re struck by calls for the veral elight without serirough a big

yn, it wreck-ard and stunrove nearly nto the rain, Physiciana ral hysterical

ven o'clock wo bours afrity an dark

E OVER

P., is New

The fifty

the Grand

last night.

ur made a

setting, but

re led them

ring Grand

t Toronto.

Hamitton.

t for the

on, Toron-d May, Ot-

t down in

798. and

h. An ad-

resumed.

hird ballot

of Grand

nmediately

vell, Walk-faileybury.

ners Pur

PED.

terviewed

el Barry

rific coast

veek, past

she was

Cott. ar

y on the

d escapen

d friends

that ton

The stop

item late

to svade

ter train

boy has

Ver since

rohman

COCE De

evergea-

to Can

making

hotels in

peranna.

osal For

pene in

of the

outhi

long a

Quiney

ouble

eting by a

"We must let the separation come from her," she answered, quickly. "It. will not do to send the girl away-that would be put a stimulus to Stuart's determination. No; he must be disillusion ed; and that will not be a difficult mat-

Vone rose hurriedly from her seat.

is impulsive, as strong-willed as yourself,

be separated from you forever? Is it

not wiser to act cautiously, to be care-

ful and politie? I do not advocate too

much warmth on your part; meet Stuart

coldly, but at the same time throw no

obstacle in the way. Believe me, dear

auntie, you will be relieved of all anxiety if you do this."

But what do you propose?" asked

Mrs. Crosbie, resuming her seat, and

Vane saw that her advice had taken

ter, I should imagine." Mrs. Crosbie was silent for a few moments; she was irritated and displeased more than Stuart imagined she would be at the news of his attachment. To her it seemed incredible that a Crosbie should stoop to humiliate himself in this way. Vane's words fell with good effect upon her ears. Had her niece not been at hand to smooth matters with gentle tact. she would not have been to restrain her anger. Something of the wisdom of the girl's advice came home to her as she mused. She saw that Vane was urged by jealousy and pride to break off this terrible connection, but she was quite wrong in her conclusions so to the source of that jealousy. She judged it to be solely the outcome of love for her son, and the thought came as soothing balm at such a moment. Once let them despatch that girl, and the marriage she had planned would

Vane watched her aunt intently. You will consent?" she said softly.

breaking the silence. Yes." Mrs. Crosbie answered abrupt-

Vane made no immediate reply, but her heart thrilled with satisfaction. Now the must conjure up all her power to de-feat Margery Daw. Plan after plan followed each other through her mind; but one could arrive at none better than trampling on this village rival's dignity and wounding her pride with darts the sting of which would linger longest. Before she began the flay, however, she of despair—
must see Student, breathe in his ear that "O God, I am so young, so young! thus allay any suspicion he might enter-thus allay any suspicion he might enter-thus allay any suspicion he might enter-thus allay any suspicion he might enter-with sobbing lips and hands outwrung"; and, uttering a bitter cry, Margery burhad been broken.

"Yee," said Mrs. Crosbie again. "I will act as you suggest. I see plainly the wisdom of such a course. Were I to diaplay the anger I feel, the consequences might be worse than the present state of things. At all hezards we must separate him from this girl!"

Vane bent, and kissed her aunt. "I am giad you see the matter as I do: Aunt Constance, I feet I am right. Stuart must be saved from this; and, if we work well, we shall do it. Now I must start for the vilaige. Remember, you will

net let your anger be seen." "It will be difficult, perhaps," returned Mrs. Crosbie; "but there is too much at stake, and I will control myself."

Vane moved away slowly, leaving the mother plunged in bitter thought, and mounted the stairs to her room. She put on her pretty hat, smiling triumphantly at her own image in the mirror. and, drawing on her gloves, passed along the corridor till she resented Stuart's

She knocked softly, and whispered to the servant-

"Is your master awake?" "Yes, miss."

"Ask him to come to the door for one minute, if he can."

Vane fastened the last button of her glove, and then stood waiting, a picture of grace and beauty, as Stuart moved siowly into the doorway.

"I am going now," ane said, gently; "but, before I start, I wanted to let you know that I have succeeded with Aunt Constance. She "

"She agrees?" interrupted Stuart, rest-

ing against the door for support. Yes, but," continued Vane, "you must not be surprised if she is cold and hard. Of course she was totally unprepared for my news. I expect she will come and see

you directly. Now will you trust me 'Trust!" he echoed, putting out his hand, "I have no words to thank you with, Vane. Margery and I owe all our

happiness to you." I thought I would tell you: and now I must go," Miss Charteris said hurried ly. "You look pale, Stuart."

ly. "You look pale, Stuart."
"My head aches confoundedly! I beg
your pardon. Vane, but I am not used to pain, and I grow impatient. Tell Margery But I leave it at Thank you again and again." - But I leave it all to you.

Vane descended the stairs rapidly; and she felt as she sexted herself 'in the smart pony carriage that she had fought half her battle, and that, with a little care and discrimination, the sictory would be easily and gracefully wan.

CHAPTER XI. Along the hos road, and through the village, where her strange dazed look awoke wonder in the women's minds. and set their tongues wagging in pity, toiled Margery. She was filled with but one thought, one terrible thought, which chilled her heart, and roused her pride.

Sweet Miss Margery

"It is very bitter to me, Vane, to have by false vowe, which were laughed to to stoop to deceit; but it is a deep wound to my pride, that Stuart, my had left her. She did not decept the son, should so far forget his dignity as truth of the words she had just heard: to think of such a girl for his wife. they had been spoken so naturally, the You are prompted by the best and nooutcome of the speaker's knowledge. blest feelings, Vane; but I can not bring myself to submit to this degradation Had be not seen the lovers together? Was he not in the house, with every opeven for a minutes. Stuart must know portunity of judging ? Now all was exthe truth-must know how I judge him plained. Stuart had made his accident a pretext for leaving her in her sorrow without word or sign. Her youth, her "I know you are right, Aunt Conjoy, her light of tife was gone, and stance," she responded quietly, though she was inwardly disturbed by Mrs. enceforth she was alone in the world. Her heart raised a cry against this Crosbie's words; "but consider. Stuart man. Why had he sought her? If you cross him in this, who knows but he so ruthlessly broken the charm of childhood, and givthat he may do something rash per-haps marry the girl without delay, and en her the sorrows of a woman? Why not have left her in her innocence, con-

tent in her humble life? During the last three months Margery had lived in an atmosphere of indescrib able happiness. She did not stop to reason with herself as to whether Stuart Crosbie's comings and goings had not an unspeakable interest for her. She had welcomed him as her friend, the dearest in truth she possessed, until the day in Weald Wood, and then what joy filled her being! Stuart loved her. The truth was revealed to her; the key to her contentment-her joyous spirits never saddened save when by the sick woman't couch —was grasped. And now all was at an end. An indescribable pain pierced her heart; she never realized till now how deeply her affections were centred in him. Her shamed modesty resented the wound he had inflicted. She recalled the words she had spoken, the

looks she had given, the kisses he had stolen from her lips, and at each thought she grew fainter and pressed her small hands against her heart to stay its throbbings. She could think of nothing but the two figures standing in Weald Wood, with the sunshine overhead; and the picture brought a flush of shame the her face, a weight of unspeakable grief

She reached the cottage gate at last, and advanced wearily to the door. The reality of Mrs. Morris' death came to her then in all its bitter force. In all the days of her childhood, whe ntrouble had overtaken her, she had sought the gentlewoman whose couch now stood blank and empty, and had found solace in her soothing love. Now she had none to whom she could turn, none to bring her

flinging herself upon the couch, gave horror—a sacrilege! way to a flood of passionate tears. A thousand thoughts coursed through her mind. Was this the cross of her life! Was all that was beautiful and happy gone forever from her? Was her los henceforth to be but sorrow and tears? Her spirit recoiled from the vision o grief. Some lines she had read a week before rose to her lips with an agony

I am not used to tears at night ied her face in her hands till the paroxysm was passed.

Fatigue and sorrow liad told upon her and she rose from her knees looking with her white tear-stained face, the ghost of the lovely girl a week before. Her tears had relieved her, the dull pain at her heart was gone; but the passion of her grief had weakened her, and for many minutes she lay back in a not same just now! I love y chair, the faint breeze stirring the curls ly; give me one kind word." on her forehead.

Presently the sound of footsteps aroused her, and, looking up, she saw Reuben Morris enter the garden, secompanied by a young man who, despite his handsome face, was certainly of a plebeian stamp. The two men were talking to her heart to cheek its tumultuous earnestly; and Margery noticed with a throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like pang the stoop in the sturdy shoulders, you-you are so good; but love-" the worn face of the bereaved man. She had always loved him, though the link him. that bound her to the dead woman was wanting in her affection for him; and she forgot her own sorrow for the mo-

ment in thinking of his.

She was leaning back in the shadow, and neither perceived her; but her ears caught her own name; and, too weary to move, she remained in her seat.

"Then you have not spoken to Margery yet?" she heard the young man

"No; but I shall do it afore nighttime. I can not bear to think of quitting her, poor lamb! But there's many here as'll be good to her, and I can not stay in the place; it would kill me."

"You will be a foss, Morris," returned the stranger. "Have you sent word to Sir Hubert's steward about going?"

"I've just come from him. He spoke very kindly, and tried to persuade me to stay on; but my mind is fixed, and I was firm. Sir Hubert and my lady are not coming home, after all, he tells me, for which I am sorry, as Margery would

Margery rose and moved into the speaker.

"I have heard what you have been saying, Dad Retinen —calling him by the

Reuben Morris drew her toward him. "My poor lass!" he said, gently. "How! worn and tired you look! I meant to has spoken to you to-night, Margery."

hand to the young man. "I am going away, Margery," Reuben replied. "I can not stay here. The sight of all she loved would kill me; so I am just going to leave it all; and L start realized that the afternoon was nearly for Australia at the end of the week. I have been up to Farmer Bright's and Mr. Robert has walked back with he to talk it all over."

"Australio!" repeaced Margery, draw ing closer to him. "So soon!" "Yes less I must go. I had an offer through Farmer Bright to go up coun-

try to a man who wants a stock-driver. It isn't money that takes me. Margery. Stuart Crowlie had deceived her; he had a money time takes me, margery. I must quit Hurstley, or I shall go mad.

But we must think of you have the remembrance. "I shall be all right," Stargery matt.

with a message to you, Margary," Rob-ert Bright said quickly. "She wants you to come to her for a month or so." "She is very kind."

"Wilt thou go, lass?" asked Reuben

Margery drew a quick breath. "I can not answer now," she said: "to norrow I will tell you; Mr. Robert." "Oh, there is no hurry," Robert returned, heartily. "Mother will welcome

you giadly whenever you come." "Wait till to-morrow and she'll be with you," Reuben said in the young man's ear, and Margery turned indoors again; then he added, in a louder tone. I must go up to the Weald for an hour. to see the men. Get thee some rest,

"I will stay here, if Margery will letme," Robert Bright said, putting one foot on the door-step and glancing into

Reuben had moved away down the path, and the sight of the girl's pate, drawn face, and fistless, drooping figure, stirred the heart of the younger farmer. For weeks past he had grown to watch for this girl. Her rare beauty and daintiness were as something heavenly in his every-day life. .

"You must not fret, Margery," he said, as kindly as he could; sympathy, always difficult to him, was almost impossible now. "You are looking very pale and ill."

The girl raised her hands, and pressed them over her hot eyes; then she rose with a faint smile, and drew nearer to the door, leaning back against it with a weary little sigh. "I am very tired," she said, wistfully,

"and the heat tries me." "Come to my mother, and she will nurse you; you do not know what a clever doctor she is. Come! Let me take you away with me—I will borrow a cart from some one in the village. Do come. Margery!"

Margery shook her head. "I can not go," she answered slowly. "Do not think me unkind; I can not

His face fell, and there was silence take his frail sad being from sorrow to happiness. Suddenly it grew too much and catarrh is assured. for him, and, putting out his hands, he grasped hers tenderly.

'Margery," he said-"my darling!" love—love from him, when every pulse mucous. I am perfectly cured by Cat-

Robert Bright saw her light shudder, and he tried once more to grasp her ment, costs \$1, and guaranced to cure;

"Forgive me, Margery," he said, hurriedly. "I would not have spoken so soon, but something within me forced me to do so. I could not bear to see (By F. C. Langworthy, expert in charge you looking so pale and ill. You want comfort now, and so I spoke. Margery, I love you! My darling, don't be fright. Meat and fish are both flesh foods and ened. Perhaps I am rough; but I love are so similar in chemical composition truly-you can not know how truly, and in methods of preparation that there Margery!"

"Then forget it all," he said, huskily. "Love does not kill. I shall get over it. And yet-" He hesitated, looked once more at her drooping figure, and then went on hurriedly: "Don't let this stop

you from going to my mother, if you care to do so. I have to run up to London to-night. We should not meet."

Margery rose and held out her hands to him. In an instant he had them pressed to his breast, his eyes fixed on her face; but there was no indication of what he sought in her pallid cheeks and trembling lips. He loosened his

Then," he said, slowly, "there is no hope. Margery ?"

"None," she murmured, faintly. Robert Bright pressed his lipe to her lands, and the next minute she heard his step grow fainter and fainter along the path, and then the click of the gate told her that he was gone.

Margery sat on, dazed, almost stupified. Then gradually memory came back to her, bringing, in all its bitterness, the old pain of the morning, with door-way, holding out her hand to the a fresh pang of sorrow for the man who had just left her. She felt as though she had been cruel to him. He had been so earnest, so eager, and vet there was no hope. No hope! Her heart schoed the dismal words. Life that had been so bright and beautiful was now Eark and drear as winter gloom. She sat on, heedless of time's flight, vaguely watching the sun touch the trees with "Fell me now," she urged, giving her its afternoon gold, and sadly musing on the dark mysterious future that stretched before her. At last she woke from her sad thoughts. The click of the gate had eaught her ear, and she

> "It is Dad Reuben!" she murmured; and, rising, she dragged herself from the chair and stood, looking pale and ill, as a shudow fell over the door way.

> > CHAPTER XII.

"You are Margery Daw?" She turned and her eyes rested on Vane | ment. Charteris, looking inexpressibly lovely and graceful in her white toilet. She looked steadily at Margery, noting with The level at the remembrance. "I shall be all vigit," Margory and, eccret pleasure her worn, car stained to be leve, ber pure, innecest fove, quietly. "I have many friends; Mr face and dusty disheveled appearance.

"I retract my first cointen," the mid-te herself; "the girl is absolutely plain." Some vague instinct called Margery's pride to arms. This woman lates her, she felt, though their eyes had met but once before. She drew herself up, and, resting one hand on her chair, faced her unwelcome guest. What had brought her to the cottage? Margery felt her limbs trembling; but her face showed no sign of the agony in her heart.

"Yes," she said, eteadily, "I am Margery Daw. Do you wish."

"First, let me express sympathy for you in your loss," commenced Vane, modulating her voice to soft accents. She saw at once that Margery regarded her as an enemy; but she did not intend to allow that thought to become rooted. She must clothe her darts with kindness, and with her sweetest words thrust her dagger into this girl's heart. "None can know but those who have suffered what your grief must be," she finished gently.

Margery's head drooped. Had sorrow already destroyed all her good impulses? She was prepared for war, and she met with sympathy and tenderness! "You are very good," she faltered.

Vane advanced into the room and "May I sit with you for a while?" she asked. "It is not good for you to

be alone like this." "I like it," answered Margery, turning her lustrous eyes upon her guest; and, as Vane saw their beauty, her brows contracted, and she realized that her first judgment regarding this girl

had been right, after all. Her mood changed. When she had considered Margery plain, a half-contemptuous thought had passed through her mind to wound yet retain her sweetness. Now she felt she cared not how hard she struck to relieve the jealousy and dislike that rankled in her bosom. (To be Continued.)

Slow, but Sure Poison Goes All Through the System When Catarrh Sets In.

It's the poisonous secretions of catarrh that undermine the strength and vitality. Now is the time to get cured. between them for a few minutes. Her Catarrhozone cures thoroughly. Think heavily fringed fids drooped over her of it, a lasting cure, so complete that eyes, and so he gazed, whilst the love no trace of catarrh ever returns! Just raging within his heart urged him to inhale the soothing vapor of Catarrhozone and freedom from colds, bronchitis

Mr. T. Y. MacVicar, of Yarmouth, suffered for many years from catarrh, and says: "In my long experience with this Margery tremblingly withdrew her loathsome disease, I never used any remhands, and her eyes met his glowing edy that relieved and cured so promptly ones, with horror and distress in their as Catarrhozone. When my nostrils depths. She had never disamed of were so stuffed up that I couldn't this. She had liked Robert, thinking breathe I found a few inhalations of Cathim a cheery, good-hearted man; but arrhozone sufficient to clear away the She threw off her hat, and, suddenly in her beat only for Stuart! It was a arrhozone and free from the disease entirely." Use only Catarrhozone. Complete outfit gives two months treatsample size 25c. Sold everywhere.

of nutrition experiments, U. S. department of agriculture.)

is ample reason for the gener But she had drawn back, and, with her that thy serve the same purpose in the

But she had drawn back, and, with her face buried in her hands, had sunk into her chair again. As she felt his touch on her shoulder, her hands dropped, but her head was still lowered.

"You must not say such words," she said faintly. "Dear Mr. Robert, forgive me, but—but I can not hear them. I—"

"I am a brute to tease you," he broke in, quickly; "but, oh. Margery, I am not sane just now! I love you so dearing ly; give me one kind word."

"I can not, I can not!" she cried. "You must not hope. Mr. Robert, I—"

"Not hope!" he repeated, blankly. Not hope! Do you mean that, Margery, is seried. "Yes," she answered, putting one hand to her heart to cheek its tumultuous throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like you—you are so good; but love—"

The sadness of her accent touched him. "Then forget it all," he said, huskily.

"I cannot great to cheek its tumultuous throbbings. "Yes; I mean it. I like bim. "Then forget it all," he said, huskily.

"The sadness of her accent touched him. "Then forget it all," he said, huskily.

"The savoriness of the sait of smoked."

"I can shoulder, her hands dropped, but they convenience of the family. The ble convenience of the family. The ble convenience of the family. The work hout is perhaps worth while to direct attendion particularly to the food value and palatability of salt and smot smile to direct attendion particularly to the food value and palatability of salt and smot smot contain on ly small quantities of the fish, such as creamed fishes which contain on ly small quantities of the fish, such as treamed moved make make divive at the convenience of the family.

The way of preparing fish are so well known that they do not need mention in detail, but it is perhaps worth while to direct attendion particularly to the food value and palatability of salt and smot small palatability of salt and small small palatability of salt and small small small palatability of salt and small smal

Creamed fish is often served with baked or boiled potatoes in place of meat. The savoriness of the sait of smoked fish makes it a favorite dish with many people, but its high nutritive value seems hardly to be appreciative. A quart of milk thickened with flour and mixed with one-half pound of dried fish (codfish or finnan haddle) makes a compound which contains more protein than a pound of round steak and as much as a pound and a half of sirioin steak. The addition of hard boiled egg, which is a common practice, still further increases the proteid value. Two eggs would bring addition of hard boiled egg, which is a common practice, still further increases the proteid value. Two eggs would bring the food value up to that of about 1 1-4 pounds of round steak of about 1 1-1 pounds sirloin steak. The fish dish would serve more persons than the steak and coat lace.

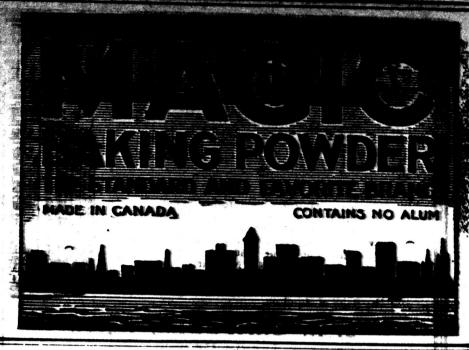
Where Asparagus Grows Wild. Asparagus was not introduced into Britain by the Romans, who applied the term asparagus to tender shoots which, according to Juvenal, grew on mountains (Montani asparagi). The plant is certainly native with us and occurs sparsely on the eastern and southern coasts of England at Anglesey and Pembroke in Wales and around Wexford and Waterford in Ireland. It is no longer found on Asparagus Island, near the Lizard, as all text books of English botany assert, but still grows professly on some neighboring cliffs of Kynai e Cove. -- From the Westminster

Every packet of "Wilson's Fly Pads will kill more flies than can possibly be caught on three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

> UNITIES. (Pack.)

The Rhine Maidens ate notatoes and all manner of starchy foods, "In order to preserve the unities!" they explain-

"The unities!" repeated the A cold voice fell on Margery's car. Rhine Maidens, with prophetic discern-



SPOILED BY COMPOSITOR.

An editor was sitting in his office one day when a man entered whose brow was clothed with thunder. Fiercely geizing a chair, he stammed his hat on the table, huried his umbrella on the lipor, and sat down.

"Are you the editor?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Can you read writing?"
"Of course."
"Read that, then," he said, thrusting at the editor an envelope with an inscription on it.
"B"— said the editor, trying to speil it. "That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S," " said

"That's not a 'B,' it's an 'S,' " said the man.

"S?" Oh, yes, I see. Well it looks li'te 'Soles for Dinner, or 'Souls for Sinters," said the editor.

"No, sir," replied the man; 'nothing of the sort. That's my name Samps Briner. I knew you couldn't read. I called to see about that poem of mine you printed the other day entitled "The Surcease of Sorrow"

"I don't remember it," said the editor.

"Of course you don't, because it went into the paper under the villainous title of 'Smearcase To-morrow."

"A blunder of the compositor, I supore"

"Yes, sir, and that is what I am here to see you about. The way in which that poem was mutilated was simply scandalous. I haven't siept a night since. It exposed me to derision. People think me a fool. (The editor coughed). Let me show you. This first line, when I wrote it, read this way: 'Lying by a weeping willow, underneath a sentle slope.' That is beautiful and poetic. Now, how did your vile sheet represent it to the public? 'Lying to a weeping wildow, induced her to elope.' 'Weeping widow,' mind you! A widow! Oh, thunder and lightning! This is too much!"

"It's hard, sir—very hard," said the Yes, sir, and that is what I am here

"It's hard, sir—very hard," said the editor.

"Then take the fifth verse. In the original manuscript it said, plain as daylight, "Take away the jingling money, it is only glittering dross!" In the printed form you make me say, "Take away the tingling honey; put some files in for the boss." By George! I feel like attacking somebody with your fire showelf But oh, look at the sixth verse. I wrote, 'I'm weary of the tossing of the ocean as it heaves. When I opened your paper and saw the lines transformed into 'I'm wearing out my trousers till they're open at the knees,' I thought that was taking in an inch too far. I fancy I have a right to murder that compositor. Where is he?"

"He is out just now," said the editor. "It's hard, sir-very hard," said the Where is he?"
"He is out just now," said the editor.
"Come in to-morrow."
"I will," said the poet; "and I will come armed."—Tit-Bits.

HOW TO OBTAIN A GOOD COLOR

Treatment to Restore the Blood Supply That Has Been Most Successful

There is only this to tell people who are pale, weak and bloodless. You are pale and weak because you haven't blood enough and you won't be better until your blood supply is increased. You should not lose any time in increasing your blood supply, for people who negleet anaemia, often slip into a deadly decline. When you have increased your blood supply you can reasonably expect to have good color, to have lost that tired, breathless feeling, to have a good appetite and get good nourishment from your food. Now the only quick and always effective way to get a supply of new rich red blood is to take Dr. Wiliams' Pink Pills. Every dose helps to make new blood, and this new blood coursing through the veins, brings health and strength to every organ and every part of the body, making weak, ailing people bright, active and strong. This has been proved in thousands of cases, of which the case of Mrs. George Clark, Abbottsford, B. C., is a fair ample. Mrs. Clark says: "After spending two years and six months in a hospital training for a murse I began to fail in health, was very pale, and the least exertion would leave me out of breath. After graduating I came to British Columbia to take up my profession as a private nurse. The first case I took I found I was not able to go on with my werk. Doctors' tonics failed me and acting on my own judgment I purchased a bottle of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Before I had finished them I was really surprised at the result. The color came back to my face. I gained in strength and by the time I had used nine boxes I was back at my work as a nurse. I have since married, but still have my friendly feeling for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills." 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.

The Hot Spell in South Carolina. Governor Cole L. Blease yesterday addressed two immense and enthusiastic audiences of cotton mill workers in Spartanburg county, at Cowpens in the morning and at Drayton mills in the afternoon. Both actresses were said by those familiar with the Governor to be characteristic of the man.

At Drayton he denounced the negroes whom he called "spes and baboons" and for whom he said the most effective remedy was "a little gunpowder and a few buckshot," openly gave his approval to lynching; succeed at prohibworld, in great perplexity.

"Yes. Only very stout songstresses will be able to do full justice to the tribogies and things which are destined to be written about us!" declared the criticism; slurred Northeners; denounced newspapers, especially the Columbia State and the Spartanburg Herald; applies and the Spartanburg Herald; applies and the Spartanburg Herald; applies the violin with his feet. Living Skeleton—Why shouldn't he? He has sold passages are the solute of the impression of the university; denied that he had sold passage applies and the should be impeached he would go to the university of the university; denied that he had sold passage applies and the should be impeached he would go to the university of the unive

A RISING PROFESSION

(Fliegende Binetter.)

"Oh, he's a discoverer of new the

"What's your friend's busines

EX-PENSIVE (Philadelphia Record.) Blobbs-Bjones always looks so pensive when he speaks of his ex-wife. Slobbs-Well, if you knew the amount of alimony he has to pay I guess you'd

think she was rather expensive HAPPY DAY!

(Life.) Mrs. Benham-I believe in the equal ity of the sexes.

Benham So do I; I am looking forward to the day when your harem skirts are advertised like trousers, at "99 cents a leg."

NOT UP TO HIM. (Puck.)

Teacher-Tell me! How do you prove the earth is round? Dull but Smart Pupil-I never said it

SHREWD PERSUASION. (Washington Star.)

"How did you convert young Mrs. lorkins to your votes for dea?" asked one suffragette. "I designed a perfectly feteching campaign costume and showed it to her.

KNEW HOW TO SELL GOODS. Salesman-You'll find these good

vearing socks, sir. Customer - Rather loud, aint' they? Salesman-Yes, sir. But that keeps the feet from going to sleep. Tit-Bits.

METHOD IN HER TIGHTNESS. (Exchange.)

Nell-When she is so stout I wonder why Ethel laces so tightly.

Belle—The man she is engaged to has such a short arm.

STRENUGUS ACTION. (Pittsburg Gazette.)

Tailor-Has Mr. Owens taken action on that bill of his yet. Collector-Yes; he kicked me out the last time I called to collect it.

ESSENTIAL.

(Washington Star.) "Do you think the study of Greek

has practical value?" "Certainly. Every man should know enough Greek to be able to recognize the name of his college fraternity.

AN EXTREME CASE.

(Boston Transcript.) Jack-How very easily Kitty gets emparrassed. Ever notice it? Tom-Oh, my yes. Why, sac's blush crimson if she saw a pile of undressed

THE VOICE OF DISCONTENT. (Washington Star.)

"Had much rain around here lately?" "No," replied Farmer Corntossei. "Jes" mough to keep the summer boarders kickin' an' not enough to help cropa."

SOME SAY IT'S CROOKED (Baltimore American)

"Pon, is the world round?" "That, my son, depends on who gives the answer. The extreme optimists say it is sometimes square, and the majority of pleasure-seekers declare it is very

UNUSUAL.

(Pathfinder.)

Jorkins-How did you ever come into cossession of such a cheap-looking um-Dorkins-Why, I got this umbrella in

very peculiar way-I bought it." QUICK, WATSON, THE NEEDLE! (Philadelphia Record.) Hoax-Here's an article written by a scientist who says that insects have

emotions. He claims he has frequently seen a mosquito weep. Joax—Well, I've often seen a moth

HE HAD ONLY HEARD. (Buffalo Express.) "Are your neighbors gossipy?" asked

Billings. "Some of them must be," answered Gittings, "judging by the amount of in-formation about them that my wife reports to me."

Valuable Advice to Mothers.

If your child comes in from play