THE DEAREST GIRL IN THE WORLD

She thought this, but she simply said: "Perhaps report is wrong. It frequently is."

He saw Lady Emily and joined her.

"Why do you not dance?" she asked.

"I have been," he replied.

"Miss Staunton has been the most admired of all the girls," she said, in a pleased tone.

"She is certainly lovable and beautiful," he said; then fearing the turn the conversation deemed to be taking, he excused himself to dance.

Night after night it was the same thing.

It was one ceaseless round of balls and parties, and Lord Wedderburn was always the escort of Miss Staunton. Their names had been coupled together, until it was generally understood that they were engaged.

Lord Wedderburn went through it all, mechanically. He had paid the usual compliments, but no more.

He had grown preoccupied and nervous. He must get back to Castle Royal. What on earth was to become of Dorothy, and what would she think. He certainly had treated her shamefully.

The morrow anounced the departure of Lady Marchmont's guests. They had already exceeded their time many days, it was the last evening. After dinner was over, Lady Marchmont and Lady Leith found it convenient to desert Lord Wedderburn and Miss Staunton in the drawing-room. He saw it at once, and knew what was expected of him, and he was pained greatly.

The time flew rapidly, as Miss Staunton told him of America. She had grown interested, and neither noted how rapidly the time passed until the hour came to part.

"You will think of me sometimes, and remember that yours was the dearest friendship I have ever known?" he said. Then he realized how flat this sounded. It was a simple jumble of words and meant nothing. He was ashamed of the part he had played. What a wretch he was!

Miss Staunton understood in a moment that she had been mistaken.

"I will remember," she said, sadly, giving him her hand in token of honest friendship. He grasped both hands in his own, pressed them closely, and she left the room without another word.

The farce was over then, thank God!

He did indeed feel grateful and relieved. His heart was weary of the part that he had played, and his conscience smote him fearfully.

He had a summons from Lady Emily. He went to her room and found her up and waiting for him. Her face shone with pleasure.

"Shall I congratulate you?" she asked with a pleased smile.

"For what reason?" he asked.

It never occurred to Lady Emily that he spoke in earnest.

"On winning the dearest girl in the world."

For a moment he could not speak.

"Then you will have to delay them, awhile."

"You do not mean that Miss Staunton has been trifling with you?" she said, angrily.

"I said no such thing, Aunt Emily. You have made a mistake. We have only been friends."

The tones of his voice were serious and convincing. She arose from her chair, and paced the room excitedly. Then pausing before him she waited awhile before she spoke, that she could control her anger.

"Do you mean, Reginald, that after all this compromising by being her constant companion that you have meant no more than friendship?"

"I could not honorably meant more."

"I question my Lord's sense of honor in this case"—she said, with a sneer.—

"I can not understand Lord Wedderburn's motive in making this a matter of so much sentiment. It is something very unusual in this age."

His face was a study. Grief was written there plainly. How he wanted to tell her it was impossible, since he was already married, but he could not do so, the words would not come.

"Aunt," he said, "think of me as you will. There is no reason why I should not please myself in marriage. I am not obliged to make a marriage de convenience. When I take a wife, I shall take one for love."

Lady Marchmont beat a retreat at once. All her anger melted away before this argument. His words were true. What right had she or anyone else to force his inclinations, even if he were disposed. He was certainly old enough to know his own mind, and she could but admire him for it. Contamination with the world had brought her those words, but in her heart she admired sentiment—love. Who does not?

"Then I shall never be able to look my friends in the face after this. I led that girl to expect a declaration. Honestly, I do not believe she would ever thought of loving me, but I led her to it. What a stupering old idiot I have made of myself. At my age, too! Serves me right for match-making. How can I face such an ordeal, I wonder?"

The much dreaded ordeal passed nicely.

"I am so sorry," began Lady Marchmont.

"Don't speak of it. It was a mistake, and we all make mistakes," and Miss Staunton actually smiled.

"How sweet of her!" thought Lady Emily, as she kissed her lovingly on both cheeks, and when alone she congratulated herself sincerely on the turn affairs had taken. "Imagine what a predicament I should have been in if that had been one of our helpless English girls with her innumerable array of relatives and friends to call Reginald to account, of what is worse, to have given him serious trouble. I must say I am a devoted admirer of the American girls. So self-reliant and lovable, and she actually smiled and said, 'don't speak of it,' as if it were nothing. I am sure, too, she was in love with him, for she almost told me so. Good material in that girl; too independent to let me know she thought of it for a moment. It's a lesson, though, for all that. At my age, too!"

* * * * *

After Lord Wedderbern had left them, Dorothy felt that her paradise had vanished, she was so utterly helpless and alone. What she would do, or what would become of her she had no idea, save that she would live on there at Lenthill alone. There was nothing else left for her to do. She was prostrated with grief. She lay there on the cold stone step, her head on her lap, sobbing her grief out.

Friends they had none. Dame Wynter had lived such an isolated life and had made no friends or acquaintances. Hence there were no willing hands to help them in their trouble. The child had suddenly become a woman. She arose and entered the room of death. There were no sobs now, nor no tears. She set about preparing the dead for burial, which she did. Never before had she realized their poverty. By long search she found a needle and thread, and after taking some things from the black box she found material suitable, and with her own delicate, child hands fashioned a garment for the dead.

"No one will know that we are so poor," she thought.

She cared not for poverty herself, but it would somehow dishonor her dead if that were known. John Boughman was as helpless as a child and depended upon her for everything. She found him sitting out in the night, helpless, his face buried in his arms, and was only aroused to consciousness when she touched his shoulder and bade him follow.

He went with her. There before him lay the pale, dead face. A calm, placid smile resting on it. The hair had been neatly brushed and the body clad in a white woolen robe.

The body was to be buried in the village churchyard, and when daylight came John Boughman went to the village to make the final arrangements for the burial.

As soon as Dorothy was alone, she took off her wedding dress. It was all soiled and bedraggled now. She carefully folded it up, and took them up in the room and placed them away with the dame's worn garments in the black box, and carefully locked it.

She thought of the servants at the castle, as they had seen her upon that day when her vanity had gotten the better of her sense, and she put on her own rags, and resumed again the old life. She had caught one brief glimpse of paradise before it faded. She was thankful for that much.

What a strange funeral that was! There were only two mourners, and the castle servants who had been pursuaded to go at the instance of one of Lord Wedderburn's men servants.

"I shall go," he said, "for didn't my lord say, 'Johnson, do everything you can for the Lenthill folks, and bring that child's boxes here and store them safely in the north tower garret.' He wanted us to go, of course, and help them, and with permission we had all better go." Hence they went.

There was Dorothy in her rags, her fair hair streaming in the winds and no covering on her head. Her hands and feet were bare. She had resumed the old life with the old attire.

When the last sad rites were over and every one turned to leave, Dorothy fell prostrate on the grave, and the last one that looked saw her there still.

Joe Boughman had gone to the village and decided to remain there all night as it was then late.

Dorothy lay on the grave until darkness stole over the earth. On the grave she had sobbed out the last vestige of her childhood. She had all the world to face alone, and she prepared to meet it bravely. No thought that Lord Wedderburn would ever claim her came to her mind. She lived in a different world from him and his.

She arose and walked slowly homeward. When she arrived there, the moon was shining brightly. She entered her cold, bare room, built a fire on the hearth and lay down on the floor to sleep.

She did not know how long she had slept until a knock was heard on the door. She arose and answered it. It was a message from the castle saying she was to go there and stay a few days with the housekeeper.

She would not go now. It seemed a pity to desert the old home all at once. "She would come early to-morrow," she said, relocked the old door, and slept again.

The housekeeper had easily gained permission by saying, "Lord Wedderburn had left word for her to do everything for the comfort of the child, Dorothy."

Nothing was easier. If my lord wished it, it must be.

With the faint rosy streaks of daylight, Dorothy was up. She must go there before any one was up. She had no toilet to make, save bathe her face in water, and run her fingers through her hair. There was a comb, but that had belonged to granny, and was sacred. She started for the castle. How different she felt from the other day, when she went all decked with vanity! She seemed ten years older, and it had only been a few days. The birds were just fluttering from bough to bough, straightening their limbs, and carolling a few snatches of songs, when they recognized their old friend Dorothy, and nearly burst their little throats in welcome. There was no one up yet at the castle but the housekeeper. She espied Dorothy, let her in by a side entrance and took her up to her own room. How comfortable it looked to Dorothy! She had seldom seen anything like it. She sat in a great, easy chair and succumbed to the warmth—fell asleep again. When she arose, the housekeeper was finishing a black woolen gown, plain and simple, with a crepe ruffle at the neck. There beside her lay shoes and all things to complete her toilet and the housekeeper left her to make herself presntable.

When she had finished she caught sight of her face in the large mirror. Since her childhood she had not seen her face distinctly. She could not realize that it was she—Dorothy. There was a beautiful face, great, dark eyes full of expression, and a wreath of golden hair. This, surely, could not be Dorotry!

The housekeeper entered and could not repress her admiration.

"Ah, that's better. I did not want any one to see you before this. How changed you are, Dorothy!"

The man had returned, bringing all those old boxes. "It was Lord Wedderburn's order," he said to the housekeeper, as that lady gave him the keys to the old storage room.

They followed him to the garret. "I want to shew you something there," the housekeeper explained.

She took from its resting place, under a mountain of dust, an old portrait of a young girl.

"Who is it?" asked the housekeeper, not expecting a reply.

"It's me," answered Dorothy.

"Dear me, how strange it all is!" exclaimed the housekeeper, "I never dreamed that she or anyone else would see that resemblance. What strange things do happen, anyway."

Dorothy stood spellbound before it. There before her was a face similar to her own. The same head, the same hair. The housekeeper twisted her hair into a coronet, and placed her beside the portrait for a moment. 'As like as two peas," she said.

"Who is it?" questioned Dorothy.

"I don't know. It belongs to Sir Robert and found its way here. I don't suppose the folks know it's here at all—grand people don't visit garrets often. If you want to see fine pictures I will show you through the picture gallery. It's full of them—grand ladies and gentlemen that have lived hundreds of years ago. There used to be a lot of queer tales about them, but I have forgotten them all now. Mother knew them all, but I have little memory for them anyway, being kept so busy from morning until night."

Dorothy was shown into the great picture gallery. Here she seemed utterly bewildered with pleasure. She gazed on every face until they seemed riveted in her memory. She spent hours here alone.

She would wander back ond forth studying each face. They really seemed like old friends, and they seemed to brighten up and smile as Dorothy gazed up at them. There was old Sir George; he had been created Earl by King William and Queen Mary in 1697. She stood enraptured before the handsome old face; his eyes seemed to move, his lips parted and he seemed to laugh. She heard the laugh clearly.

When the housekeeper entered, she found her lying unconscious on the floor under the old picture. She trembled so violently she could hardly raise Dorothy in her arms.

It's the old story—she has heard the laugh of old Sir George. There is no harm to happen the house then, for the old Earl's laugh means good luck."

Early the next morning Dorothy's visit came to an end. It was just before the twilight hour that John Boughman came for her. Her visit to the castle had given her another glimpse of life and it seemed as if heaven had spurned her and driven her forth—a wanderer.

In a few hours after she had left, Lord Wedderburn returned to the Castle Royal. He had come expecting to find Dorothy there, and as no one volunteered any information, he must wait awhile. He had grown exceedingly restless and nervous. He had paid his mother, Lady Alicia, a visit but he seemed to know little of the outide world.

"What became of the child Dorothy, after Dame Wynter's death?" he asked. He could stand his suspense no longer.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Lory Home. "Really, when I come to think of it, Parkins, the housekeeper, asked permission to bring her here for do something for her. I do not know if she came or not," she said, very carelessly.

Lady Home was not usually a listless or careless woman, but her heart was so sorely grieved about her son, that life had almost become burdensome to her.

To find out something concerning Dorothy, he must see Perkins. After a short time he excused himself on a plea of headache and retired. When he was sure that Parkins was alone he went to her room, where she greeted him cordially. She loved the young lord very dearly. With all his boyish pranks and childish misdoings, she loved him as a child. He had depended on her assistance then, through weal or woe, and many a night found him sitting snugly in Parkins great arm-chair, listening to stories of which he never tired. It had been many a day agone since he had visited her, and when she opened her door and found there Lord Reginald, she was greatly astonished.

There was a comfortable, cheerful look about her room. There was the same old, heavy, dark furniture, but it was lighted by a glowing fire on the hearth. There was the same warm fur rug before the hearth and a cat lay there and snored serenely. There was the great arm-chair, so easy, and there beside it a table with a bottle of ale and some sandwiches.

"Ah!" he said, "I know where to find a cheerful place." Parkins was so surprised she could not speak. She was ashamed that he had seen her bottle of ale.

"Just came to get you to make a wine-whey for me—one of the kind you used to make when I was a boy. It cured every ill I could mention," he said, laughingly, seating himself in the great arm-chair before the fire.

Parkins was complimented and delighted. He had thought of her when he felt ill, just as he used to do when a lad, save he was better behaved now.

"If I were a few feet smaller, you could imagine me a boy again," he said, with good humor.

"If you pulled poor Tom's tail all the time I was making the whey, I could better imagine my Lord a child again."

They both laughed heartily. She set about preparing the whey.

"Poor Dame Wynter died?" he said.

"Yes, my Lord, and was buried at the village church-yard. The castle servants attended the burial. It did seem too heartless to have no other there but that child."

"What became of her?" he asked, and awaited almost breathlessly the reply.

"I had her here with me, the poor thing? She was the most pitiable sight I think it was ever my ill-fortune to see. She was that ragged, my Lord, and not a shoe to her feet, nor a bonnet to her head. I had her come to me and found some old garments in the garret and I made them over for her—just two old black dresses that some one had cast off, and when I dressed her, my Lord, you should have seen her! Beautiful—just every bit as beautiful as a picture! I combed that beautiful hair and dressed her, and she looked like a real lady—and, my Lord, she acted it, too. That sweet and modest, you would not have known it was that ragamuffin Dorothy. See her old clothes there? I intended to burn them up.

"I think I'd just put them with the boxes in the north-tower garret. Perhaps some time she would like to see them."

Parkins doubted if she had heard aright. She continued:

"She went with me to the tower to see about those boxes, and such a strange thing happened, my Lord. There was that old portrait of Sir Robert's that has been there all these years, and I set it up and stood Dorothy beside it, and she was the living image of it—just as like as two peas. Would you believe it, my Lord, I was that struck that I could not help feeling shaky, and Dorothy stood there gazing at it. 'Who is it?' says I 'It's me,' she said, and I felt that queer you can't imagine!" Seeing that she held the earnest attention of her listener, she continued:

"Thinking she might like to look at pictures, I took her through the gallery, and how she did stare at them by the hour! I left her alone to do an errand, and what do you think happened? Well, when I went back there she lay on the floor all in a swoon under old Sir George, and she told me when I brought her around that he had laughed at her! Do you remember that story, my Lord?

(To be Continued.)

ROMAN CHURCH MUSIC

(New York Sun.)

The visit of the boy choir from Chicago seems to have given especial pleasure to His Holiness the Pope because the boys sang Gregorian music. The Pontiff expressed deep satisfaction at their obedience to the motu proprio concerning plain song in the sanctuary. This motu proprio was issued on the feast of St. Cecilia, November 22nd, 1903, and it left no doubt as to the wishes of the Pope. It said:

"Special efforts are to be made to restore the use of the Gregorian chant by the people. Whenever it is desired to empoly the high voices of sopranos and contraltos these parts must be taken by boys, acording to the most ancient usage of the Church."

Specialist Did Skin Trouble No Good

Very Itchy and Disfiguring. Got a Little Cuticura Soap and Ointment and Was Cured.

"For two summers I suffered with skin trouble on my arms, and on my legs from my knees down. My arms were badly disfigured, and I kept them covered. It came like the hives, and was very itchy. I consulted a specialist, who gave me medicine, as well as an ointment, but seemed to do no good. It was beginning to appear on my face.

"I got a little Cuticura Ointment and some Cuticura Soap. The first touch of Ointment seemed to relieve, and before the Cuticura Ointment was finished I was cured. I have not the least sign of trouble. I think it would have spread over my whole body if Cuticura Soap and Ointment had not cured me. I am delighted with them, and do feel pleased to think I have something I have confidence in. I tell all my friends about them, and I think Cuticura Ointment is the best I ever saw." (Signed) M. J. Boddy, 73 McCaul St., Toronto, Dec. 22, 1910.

Cold-Sore Began to Heal With First Use of Cuticura Ointment.

"Cuticura Ointment cured a very bad cold-sore that gave me hours of severe pain and loss of sleep. I tried lots of other remedies but nothing did me any good till I tried Cuticura Ointment, and from the very first application it began to heal and now there is not even a scar left." (Signed) Mrs. W. Boyce, Mermaid Farm, P.E.I., Jan. 8, '11.

For more than a generation Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have afforded the speediest, safest and most economical treatment for skin and scalp troubles, of young and old. Although they are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a liberal sample of each may be obtained free, from the Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole props., 57 Columbus Ave., Boston, U. S. A.

COUNTRY LIFE

(By Joseph Greenaway.)

I would rather be a tramp than live a hand-to-mouth existence in the east side of Londonror New York. Yes, I mean it. I would cheerfully foot the track under God's sky through wind and rain any day, before I'd put up with it.

True, I should have to shoulder many hardships; I should become rough and dusty looking. But, believe me, there are far worse things in this world than being down at the heels and grimy. There are some things that soap and water can never wash out.

Two months of last summer I spent out in the open fields of Ontario, and for six weeks I lived just off East 26th street and 1st avenue in New York.

Whew!—what a contrast!

What people—especially working people—can see in big towns I don't know. Yet New York lures thousands upon thousands each year from the country-side. They flock in—boys and girls—all optimistic and full of strength and vigor. But not more than 25 per cent. of them are successful. I don't think I am exaggerating in this, taking into consideration the cost of living. If there are four millions of people in New York, I know that there are at least three millions just pushing along from day to day. And there are a good number out of this insufficiently clothed and fed;. It is best to be candid about this thing. Directly a town becomes any size degeneration sets in. There is not a town in the world to-day with a population over a million that hasn't a slum.

But the ordinary passers-by don't see this kind of thing. It is kept in the background, naturally. They see the wonderful buildings—the sky scrapers— the wealth and glamor of Fifth avenue. They stroll along Broadway and think how bright and happy things are.

But it's a sham—a gigantic sham of merry making. Moving picture shows and theatres and soda fountains and electric candles are not the only things in life. Surely man was made master of the universe for something more than that.

Here was I up in my little room on the top floor overlooking the river. I was employed during the day as a clerk at $12 a week. After paying for my board and washing and clothes I had very little left each week. The house was full of lodgers. I once tried to count how many of us were really in the house. But I had to give it up. We were a mixed crowd; three young girls were typists, two were saleswomen, we had an Irishman who worked in a warehouse, and a young fellow from Boston who was in the real estate business, and many others. But in one thing we were very much alike, we all pretended to be doing better than we really were.

I know candidly that I often had to cut down my dinner bill. I had to keep up a good appearance, so there was nothing else to do but run along on two meals a day. Of course, according to Upton Sinclair's fasting theory, that was for my benefit, but somehow I didn't seem to relish it. Perhaps I had been used to the three square meals on the farm up in Ontario, rather rough, but plain good stuff, and the mysterious mixtures at the New York boarding houses didn't agree with me. At any rate, I got tired of it. I soon found out that it did not suit me, so one fine morning I dropped all my high ambitions—forgot all about Wall street, and the millions of dollars floating about only waiting to be picked up, and boarded the first train for the country. Back to the land where at least I could see God's sky, and where I could smell the freshness of the old brown earth.

And the day will come when big cities will be a thing of the past. People were never intended to be hoarded up in such a fashion. Factories will be built in the country—they will be spread out over the land, giving the workpeople a chance to breathe.

And when that day comes I may perhaps get back my ambition for money grabbing.

ZAM-BUK AND OUTDOOR LIFE

Every tennis or ball player, every swimmer, every canoeist, every man or woman who loves outdoor life and exercise, should keep a box of Zam-Buk handy.

Zam-Buk is a purely herbal preparation, which, as soon as applied to cuts, bruises, burns, sprains, blisters, etc., sets up highly beneficial operations. First, its antiseptic operations render the wound free from all danger from blood poisoning. Next, its soothing properties relieve and ease the pain. Then its rich, herbal balms penetrate the tissue, and set up the wonderful process of healing. Barbed wire scratches, insect stings, skin diseases, such as eczema, heat rashes, ringworm, babies' heat sores, chafed places, sore feet—are all quickly cured by Zam-Buk. It also eases and cures piles. All druggists and stores. Use Zam-Buk Soap also; 25c. per tablet.

"Little boy, you're awfully young to wear glasses."

"Yep, but they were my brother's an' he died and pa said it would be wasteful to throw 'em away."

GAINED IN WEIGHT DIGESTION RESTORED HEALTH RENEWED

HERE IS MORE PROOF OF QUICK CURE FOR FOLKS THAT ARE WEAK, AILING, NERVOUS.

More Praise for Dr. Hamilton's Pills.

"For a period last summer the thought of food excited feelings of nausea," writes Mrs. C. A. Dodge, of Bloomsbury. "The heat had made me listless and the distaste for food reduced me to a condition of semi-starvation and brought me to the verge of nervous collapse. Tonics were useless to restore an active desire for food. The doctors told me my liver and kidneys were both at fault, but the medicines they gave me were too severe and reduced my strength so that I had to abandon them. At the suggestion of a friend who had been cured of blood and skin trouble, I began the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. The difference I first noticed was, that while they cleansed the system, instead of feeling weaker I felt better after taking them. Indeed their activity was so mild it was easy to forget I had taken them at all: they seemed to go right to the liver, and in a very brief time not only did all source of nausea disappear, but I began to crave food, and I digested it reasonably well. Then I began to put on weight until within three months I was brought to a condition of good health. I urge Dr. Hamilton's Pills for all who are in poor health."

Get the best of all medicines today and refuse a substitute for Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut. Sold by all druggists and storekeepers, 25c per box or five for $1.00. Sent postpaid by The Catarrhozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Canada.

ARAB SUPERSTITIONS.

Novel Way of Explaining Earthquakes —Green Eyed Devils.

The Arabs of Morocco believe that the earth is balanced on the horns of a bull, which itself rests on a fish on the surface of the sea, the sea being borne up by the Divine Power. When the bull is tired he changes the earth from one horn to the other, with the result that there is an earthquake.

Another Marathon belief is that during sleep the soul leaves the body and visits other souls. Consequently we ought never to awaken a sleeper rudely, for if he happens to be dreaming at that moment his soul may not have time to return to the body and in consequence the man will die.

Moroccan wizards contend that ghosts can only be devils, never the souls of dead people. They are human in appearance, with the exception of their eyes, which are directed downward, and their feet which are forked or shaped like the hoof of a camel. These ghosts speak, but they are intangible. They are all colors—yellow, red, green, white and black—and their principal occupation consists in playing tricks on human beings.

At Marrakech, says a writer in the Wide World, there is a house in which the owners placed a bath; but they were unaware that the property belonged to the devils. A young woman came to have a bath, but no sooner had she stepped into the water than she disappeared. Hearing her cries for help the neighbors rushed in, whereupon she appeared on the surface of the water.

As soon as the people tried to seize her she disappeared, and so on for some time. There was nothing to be done, but to close the house, which thus fell into the hands of the talebs, who had spread the story among the credulous population of the town for their own end.

Moroccan witches always possess a supply of philtres and fantastic preparations for their customers. "Lunar paste," composed of various substances and prepared in the light of the moon, is one of them. A little of this paste placed on the enemy—whatever you wish—of the person whose hand you shake. Jealous women introduce a little into the food or drink of their rivals, and by wishing them ill trust to obtain revenge.

A man who wishes to make the hair of a woman fall from her head, presumably a lover who has been jilted or deceived, procures a lock of her hair and daubs it with "lunar paste" and tar. At the same time he says: "What hides the moon? The clouds. What produces the clouds? The rain. Then just as the rain falls in torrents from the clouds, so do I desire the hair of that woman to fall." He then buries the tuft of hair, and in a few days it is believed, the hair o this victim will begin to come out, to her exceeding grief and rage. A somewhat similar process is employed for making the teeth of an enemy decay and fall from his mouth.

THE CIVIC ALPHABET.

A—Aim to make Arbor Day annual "clean-up" day.
B—Banish the tin can district from your city.
C—Clean up back yards and alleys.
E—Educate housewives to demand clean markets.
F—Fine every club member who does not work.
G-Give free lecture upon civic improvement.
H—Have campaign against unsightly billboards.
I—Interest city authorities in "clean-up" day.
J—Join all forces for the anti-dirt crusade.
K—Kill sidewalk spitting or it will kill you.
L—Let your slogan be: "Do it for home, sweet home."
M—Make requests of preachers for "clean-up" sermons.
N—Next to godliness is cleanliness.
O—Organize the children in civic leagues.
P—Plant trees, and then plant trees, and plant more trees.
Q—Question authorities about city expenditures.
R—Remember to plan parks and playgrounds now.
S—Study city ordinances and work for their enforcement.
T—Try to make the school buildings social centres.
U—Use every effort to arouse citizens.
V—Vanquish the opposition with good nature.
W—Wage uncaasing war upon all weeds, flies and mosquitoes.
X—X-act obedience to city sanitary law.
Y—Your city is YOU—never forget that.
Z—Zeal, courage and patience will clean up Washington.—Spokane Daily Chronicle.

LET THEM DO IT.

(Montreal Herald.)

A farmer's wife who had no very romantic ideas about the opposite sex, and who, hurrying from churn to sink, from sink to shed and back to the kitchen stove, was asked if she wanted to vote.

"No, I certainly don't," she said. "I say if there's one little thing that the men folks can do alone, for goodness' sake let 'em do it."

Some philosophers express concern over Vincent Astor's misfortune in suddenly inheriting $75,000,000. But most of 'em are praying for a little piece of the same sort of bad luck.