Angus Macgregor. If he doubts your identity, they will set him down a madman. Now, you see, there is no alternative. You can't marry me4 you must marry Sybil, the heiress. And when she is your wife, and you have her fortune within your grasp, tell her who you are, and come to me for your reward." "And you?"

The widow laughed—a mocking peal.
"Oh, I will go with you, then, and we will live in splendor on the spoil-that is, if Sir Rupert will be obstinate, and won't make me 'my lady.' Now we understand each other. Obey, and I will be your friend; refuse, and I will be the first to tear your mask off, and show you to the world as an impostor—a base-born wretch—an escaped galley-slave. Shall we say adieu for the present? It is time to dress for dinner. Not being Lady Chudleigh as yet, I really can not take it upon myself to invite you to stay. And if I could, I wouldn't. Sir Rupers is jealous, poor dear."

She laughed again as she rose-a sweet little laugh-and held out her white hand.

"My dear colonel, pray don't quite so much like a death's-head and cross-bones. That flippant Gwendotine calls you 'The Knight of the Woful to me, Goodnight." Countenance,' and really you deserve it. Don't hope to win the handsome heiress with that moody face. Try to look amiable, if you can. It's just as easy, and ever so much pleasanter."

He caught the hand she held out in grasp that made her wnice.
"And that is the end? There is

hope? I must obey you, or-" "Please let go my hand; you are crushing it to atoms. Yes, you must will obey."

"And if Sybil Trevanion refuses to marry me?"

The widow snrugged her stoping shoulders, and moved to the door. "Look to yourself, then, Poor, weak

heart! don't you know your Shakespeare yes? "The man that hath a tongue, I say is

If with that tongue he cannot win a

come back, and let me be the first to

ongratulate you."
The words were strangely like the farewell words of old Hester. She was gone, with her soft, sliding step and nsolent smile, while she spoke; and the darkly menacing glance, the look of baffled love, of bitter hate combined, which Cyril Trevanion cast after her, was all on the dangerous road she was treading there had been any turning back.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Cyril Trevanion rode slowly homeward evening, his gloomy face set in an expression of dark, dogged resolution. It was "written," it was his fate; those two women so unlike in all other things, so like in this one fell purpose, were driving him headlong to his doom. They had him hopelessly under their heels; there was no alterative but blind obedience.

"I will do it, since I must," he said, inwardly; "and if she refuses, let them take care! Coward as I am, I can be dangerous when goaded to desperation. A coward frenzied into fight is ten times more terrible than a brave man. I will ask Sybil to be my wife before I

But when, in the crystal moonlight, the ex-colonel reached the villa, it was to find himself baffled for that time at least. Through the French windows of the drawing room, standing wide open, he could see the graceful figure of the heiress seated at the piano, and the man he hated most on earth standing beside her, looking as happy as Adam in

May the old demon fly away with him!" muttered the Indian officer; I had a pistol I would be tempted to shoot him where he stands. By Heaven! gould marry her now if I could, were it only to triumph over him. No one need look twice to see what those two faces say.

He wheeled round and walked off to the stables to smoke and amuse himself with the steeds. He had a passion for horses, and the Trevanion stables had always been the pride of the family. He emerged just in time to see the tenant of the Retreat take his departure. Sybil stood in the brilliant moonlight on the portico, and looked up in his face with shy, happy grace, all new in his experience of her, as she gave Macgregor er hand

softly; "I shall never know peace until the mystery is solved."

"I am not likely to forget. Before yonder full moon wanes, the secret will be revealed."

He held her hand just a thought longer, perhaps, than there was any real necessity for, then he was gone. He kept no horse-he rarely rode, yet he could go across country like a bird; and to-night he crashed through the dewy grass and tall ferns with long, swift strides. He passed very close to where Cyril stood, whistling an old Scottish air that Sybil often played, and with an inexpressibly happy glow on his handsome face. The hidden watcher clinched his right hand vindictively, and his black eyes glared in the darkness, like

the eyes of a beast of prey.
"If I only had a pistol!" he hissed. for the second time under his breath, "I not been plain to all the world that would shoot him down-coward as I am

The heiress of Trevanion stood on the moonlit portico until the tall Macgregor disappeared. She lingered still, tempted by the unutterable beauty of the night,

when her cousin strode up.
"You, Cyril!" she said, with a little start, rousing from some pleasant re-"how late you are. You have been to Chudleigh Chase, of course,"

"Ty being at Chudleigh Chase is no matter of course, that I can see. As to the lateness—it is as early for me, I fume, as for the 'gentle hermit' who check them. His cowardice rows like an underground mole in sense of guilt were too great.

"Then you are quite safe, in spite of | Monkswood Retreat. I saw him go

just now.' The color rose in Sybil's fair face-he could see the angry flush, the kindling sparkle in her eye, even in the moon-

"Will you be kind enough to recol-lect, Colonel Trevanion, that the 'underground mole you speak of so con-temptuously saved my life. He aved my life at the risk of his own, and ingratitude never was a failing of the Trevanions until-of late."

The haughty head raised itself erect—the bright blue eyes flashed indignant fire. Truly, Cyril Trevanion's wooing opened unpromising enough.

"They can be ungenerous, at least," he retorted, stung by the recollection of how her life had been saved, "or you'd his craven soul quailing within him. never taunt me with that. I explained— "Do you think I cannot see her work my recent illness-my shattered nerves in this," she went on, vehemently-

"I beg your pardon," Sybil exclaimed, hastily, shrinking sensitively from the subject; it was ungenerous, but you laughs in your face. She marry a poor stung me into it. You are no friend of man, indeed, and a baronet with eight Mr. Macgregor-all the more reason, my thousand a year within reach! 'Go and good cousin, why you should not stoop ask your cousin Sybil, she tells you; to the smallness of slandering him be- we are too poor to make a love match. hind his back A brave man never stabs Go and marry her, and win back your in the dark. Say what you have to lost fortune. That was her advice, say to Mr. Macgregor himself-he is was it not? And you obediently acted quite capable, I fancy, of taking his upon it at once. Cyril Trevanion, I own part-but pray don't slight him will never forgive you to my dying She swept away with the queenly

grace and pride characteristic of La Princesse, leaving the hero of Balaklava to anathematize his own folly, and this slender girl's indomitable spirit.

"A promising beginning," he muttered, knows I would open my hands and let with a bitter laugh; "I am peculiarly it flow like water. I would never fortunate in my love-making. Mrs. Ingram ought to see me now."

Next morning, when the cousins met at breakfast, Sybil wore her iciest face; obey me, or- We won't finish, for your but the pentient expression of Cyril dispersed the little cloud at once. He had offended her, and he was sorry -Miss Trevanion was a great deal too largehearted and generous to ask more than great pity that you and Mrs. Ingram that. So she accepted the olive branch at once, and talked good-naturedly to the young man, and promised to walk over with him to the Priory immediately after breakfast, to see the improvements he was about to make. The workmen were to begin that very day, and nothing must be touched without Sybil's approbation.

"It is very complimentary to you, Farewell for the present. When you Cyril," she said, carelessly; "but not in have proposed, and she has accepted, the least necessary to consult me. Of course, I should be sorry to see the dear old place much altered-but I fancy there is no danger of that."

"Your indifference to me and my doings and my belongings is plain enough, Heaven knows," Cyril answered, bitterly. "Ther is little need to tell me of it. And yet it was the thought of you, and you only, that ever brought me

Which was strictly true. He thought the old man's body, and find the will of Miss Trevanion and her splendid that makes you his heir. Mrs. Ingram will become your wife then, and I through the sultry gray of the August the west gate of Monkswod, very near the Prior's Walk, as he said this. A vivid contrast they were. Sybil, so

fair, so bright, so beautiful, her beauty only set off by the sombre hue of her dress and coquettish, little black hat; he so dark, so mody, so stern. "It was for your sake I returned to

Speckhaven," Colonel Trevanion continued, looking at the grass, at the trees, anywhere but at that bright, fair face, with its crystal eyes—"for yours alone. You loved me once—as a child, at least. I came back, in the hope that you might forget my past, and love me still; and I saw you beautiful as a dream, but cold as a statue of snow. Yes, Sybil, my cousin-my love-you have my secret at last. Is the old affection hopelessly dead? Have you no place in your

neart for Cyril Trevanion?" The words were well enough-but the tone! Ah! hypocrite and dissembler though he was, the false ring of spurious coin was there, and the girl's keen ear caught it from the first word.

She looked steadfastly up in his face, a cynical smile curving the rosy lips. "Cousin Cyril," she said, with that princess, can fly to the open arms of provoking smile, "when did Mrs. Ingram jilt you?"

"Sybil!" "Yes, I know. That look of shocked indignation is very well got up, but it doesn't in the slightest deceive me. It must have been last evening, for you haven't seen her to-day. My poor cousin. Why, I could have told you from the first how it would be. Prince Fortunatus, in the fairy tale, or Sir Rupert And at the tremendous appari-Chudleigh, are the only men to suit

little Madame Ingram." His face blackened with anger. He had guessed from the beginning that this would be the result—he had said so-but the defeat was none the less "Remember your promise," she said, stinging when it came. And with the consciousness of utter loss came the knowledge of how peerless, how lovely,

how wealthy she was. "You pay me but a poor compliment, Colonel Trevanion," the young lady said in slow, sarcastic tones, "to come here this morning, and offer me the hand and heart Mrs. Ingram refused last night. Believe me, I know fully, and appreciate at its true worth, the love you have lavished upon me since your return. But I did not think-no, Cyril Trevanion, I did not think you would have insulted me by such an offer as

"Insulted, Sybil!" "What is it but an insult?" the young girl cried, her eyes flashing blue fire, her cheeks aflame. "Do you think me blind? Do you think me an idiot? Has it Mrs. Ingram has held you in the maddest of mad infatuations from the first? Have you had eyes, or ears, or thought for me? And when she rejects you, as I know she has rejected you, you come to me. For what? For spite and my money! Or, perhaps, she has advised you to do it-such a prudent, far-seeing, kind-hearted little woman as she ist Cyril Trevanion, if you had stepck me, think I could have forgiven you sooner than for asking me to be your wife!"

The passionate words poured rehem-

ently out. He made no attempt to check them. His cowardice and his

Stops a Cough IN ONE NIGHT

"You do well," she went on, "to re-

call the old love, the childish worship

I had for my soldier cousin. But the

Cyril Trevanion of fifteen years ago

is not the Cyril Trevanion of to-day. You have changed, I think, as no man even changed before. That old dream died a violent death in the first hour

of your return. There is not a laborer

in yonder field, but has as warm a

heart as you, and you know it. How

dare you, sir, ask me to marry you,

without affection-without even respect, I think-for my wealth, and to

spite the widow Ingram? How dare

She stamped her little foot passion-

ately, she clinched one tiny hand until the nails sunk in the pink palm; the

violet eyes were black with anger and

wounded pride, the cheeks hot, the

So Angus Macgregor saw her, as he

stood under the shadow of his front-

door sycamore and watched them come

Cyril Trevanion stalked moodily by

her side, his eyes downcast, not daring

to meet those flashing, fearless glances,

"her artful, designing prompting? She

Hot tears of pride and passion filled

"If it were in my power to restore

you the fortune you have lost, Heaven

retain one farthing that should right.

power. The will that leaves all to me

contains a special clause against its

ever returning, directly or indirectly, to you. Should I ever become your

wife, every stiver goes that hour to the Trevanions of Cornwall. It is a

did not know this sooner. It would

have saved me a proposal this' morning

"You are right," Cyril muttered be-tween his teeth; "it would, by Heav-

She stopped at once, facing him full,

"You stand confessed, then," she said,

panting, white with anger, "the cold-

blooded craven and traitor I thought

you! And once I loved this man-

once all the dreams of my life were of

Cyril Trevanion! But it may not be

too late yet. There is another will-a

will that leaves all to you. Do you

hear-si? Ask the lady you love

where that will is: she ought to know.

It disappeared with your father. Pull

down every stone in vonder old house.

root up every tree in vonder park.

search every inch of the estate-find

"And you will take to your spotless

arms the bearded Goliath of the Re-

treat, the handsome Bohemian, the

The devilish sneer upon his face might

deathly pallor of Sybil's face could

hardly deepen, but the violet eyes look-

ed up at him with a glance few men

"You coward!" she said; "you base,

base, base coward! Go! As long as

we both live, I never want to look upon

"I will go," her cousin answered, livid

with suppressed rage; "and I will take

vour advice. I will tear down the old

house, I will uproot every tree in the

park, I will search every inch of the

ground to find the old man's bones.

and the paper that makes a beggar of

you, my haughty Sybil! -And when

that day comes, out you go-you and your whimpering mother, and your cub of a brother! They can go back and

starve on kale and heather, and in their

beggarly Highland castle, and you, my

"Hold!" exclaimed a voice that made

the leafy arches ring. "You snake! you

reptile! you less than reptile! Another

word of insult to that lady, and, by the

Macgregor stood before them, tall

strong, black-browed, terrible, towering

up in his magnificent might like the

Goliath Trevanion had called him.

tion the hero of Batakiava cow-

ered like the hound they called him;

but the sullen doggedness within gave

"I will leave her to her champion," he

said, with an evil sneer. "I was going to-

He never finished the sentence. Mac-

"Lie there, you dog, you cur! If it

were not for Miss Trevanion's presence,

He did not deign to give him a second

look. He turned to her, his passionate

face changing at once. She still stood

erect, panting, white to the lips, an out-

"My dear Miss Sybil," he said, as he

She held out her hand to him blindly.

She let him lead her away. She had im-

As they passed out of the leafy copse

they came face to face with the baleful

old fortune-teller, Hester. Her beaky

black eyes wore a lurid look of rage, and

she shook her stick vindictively after the

She was so sensitively proud, and the in-

sult had been so coarse, so brutal.

raged and insulted queen.

drew it under his arm.

walk will do you good."

plicit trust and faith in him.

I would break every bone in your cow-

gregor literally seized him in his mighty

arms, and hurled him headlong into a

add, she could fly to the arms of Mac-

eternal Heaven, I'll brain you!"

him still desperation to go on.

gregor, when---'

jungle of fern.

ardly carcass!

fancy.

Crusoe of Monkswood Park!"

would care to meet.

your face again!"

her head thrown back, her eyes glit-

from Colonel Trevanion."

tering, her face deathly pale.

fully be yours. But it is not in my

the angry blue eyes. She dashed them indignantly away, and went on:

you do it, sir!"

whole face aflame.

CATARRH AND WEAK THROAT NOW CURED WITHOUT SWAL-LOWING DANGEROUS DRUGS.

By Breathing the Soothing, Healing Vapor of Catarrhozone All Throat and Catarrhal Trouble is Quickly Cured.

It's simply wonderful to think how quickly a bad throat or catarrh can be cured with Catarrhozone. Its rich balsamic vapor is carried along with the breath into the innermost recesses of the lungs, bronchial tubes, and chest, making it impossible for the germ of any disease to live. Thus soreness in the chest and ejected from the throat, old-standing gloves and plenty of French chalk on is at once alleviated-phiegm is loosened coughs are removed.

"I suffered from an Irritable, weak throat for three years. I had a severe cough, pain over the eyes, constant bad taste in my mouth, and noises in my ears. It was chronic catarrh. Nofools you to the top of your bent, and thing gave permanent relief till I used when you ask her to be your wife, she Catarrhozone. In one hour it relieved, and in a few weeks drove all trace of catarrh from my system.

TIMOTHEUS A. SALMON." No. 6 Lopez street, Kingston, Ja." REMEMBER THIS-You breathe Catarrhozone and it will cure any throat, chest or bronchial cold. Large size, guaranteed, costs \$1.00, and lasts two months; smaller sizes, 25c. and insist on "CATARRHOZONE" ONLY. By mail from the Catarrhozone Company., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

will come-hers will, and soon. The stars have told it."

She watched them out of sight. They could hear her plainly crooning her own prophecy, as they walked aver the sun-"The doom shall fall on Monkswood

Hall! Our Lady send her grace! Dark falls the doom upon the last Fair daughter of the race!

"The bat shall flit, the owl shall hoot, Grim ruin stalks with haste! The doom shall fall when Monkswood

Is changed to Monkswood Waste!" Sybil shuddered hysterically-Macgre-

gor only laughed. "A dismal prediction-melodramatic. too, as anything on the boards of the Princess. The old lady has a turn for poetry, it would seem. Those verses must be original, and the music also. shall go to her. some day, and have my fortune told. I wonder why she honors you with her especial hatred?"

"I don't know." Sybil answered. "I never injured her. As a child, I remember, she was the only living thing I ever feared. She always seemed to hate me, and she has sung that dreary rhyme after me whenever she has met me." "I think I know," Macgregor said, coldly.

"You know!" The violet eyes looked un at him in wonder. There was a curious smile upon his face as he met her

"Yes, I think I know. 1 will tell you some day, Miss Trevanion, and many bull-fighting quill-driver, the Robinson more things than that-when I can muster courage. Here we are at your gates. For the present adieu." have done honor to Lucifer himself. The

(To be Continued.)

FREDERICK THE GREAT MEDAL ISSUED BY GERMANY.



To commemorate the 200th anniversary of the birth of Frederick the Great, Germany issued the medal, both sides of which are pictured

AN EXCELLENT MEDICINE

Mrs. Ovila Lamarre, Malvina, Que., not use any other for my little one. I think all mothers should keep the tabbe your escort home. That scoundrel will lets in the house." Thousands of other might have addressed his queen, "let me give you no more trouble at present, I mothers have the same praise for the tablets. They are absolutely safe -being guaranteed by a government analyst to contain no opiate or other harmful drug. They break up colds, expel worms, in fact they are good for all the minor Macgregor lifted it to his lips, then ills of little ones. The tablets are sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 "Let us go," he said, very gently. "The cents a box from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

> THAT'S TRUE, TOO. "Great men," says a writer, "are fremently misunderstood by the publicwhich is lucky for some of 'em."

There are undoubtedly times when "She refuses him, and he hurls him even the fellow with expensive tastes from him like a dead dog! But their day feels pretty cheap.

WHITE SHOES.

But to Manufacture Them Unspolled is a Good Big Problem.

children have come to stay. They are made of white buck side leather, white duck and other fabrics, in high grade welts, turns and McKays, says the Hide and Leather Magazine. One of the great est problems in the manufacture of white shoes is to find some way to get the work through the factory without being damaged by stains or dirt. Some manufacturers use a covering of paper, while other use cloth covering. In the use of cloth coverings, by carefully taking them off they can be used several times, whereas the paper cover is only used once and thrown away. Some manufacturers are painting the racks, tables and benches all white and do not use any covering at all, while other shops

them when handling white work. Taking into consideration the fact that it is only the top or uppers that are soiled in the work, which is done by the workman's hands, the idea of the canvas gloves well chalked seems to be good one. It is almost impossible for the workman to keep his hands clean running the various machines, which are bound to be oily and dirty, and the op- have proved their worth. The case of erator would waste much time if he Miss Marguerite Boiselair, St. Jerome, stopped to wash his hands each time after using the machine. If white gloves ments. Miss Boisclair is sixteen years were used and the shoes set on the sole each time instead of being laid on the side or upper it would seem to be the most economical way of handling white goods through the shop.

have their workmen use white canvas

It is true that white buck can be washed and cleaned, but this takes time and labor costs money, and if the dirt can be kept off it will save cleaning. Tan goods must be handled with care, but there are lots of stains that do not show in colored goods that would show in whites. A large manufacturer of ladies' fine goods said there would be three dress shoes for women, in white, tan and patent leather.



RINGING THROUGH BONAVENTURE CO.

Splendid Work Dodd's Kidney Pills

Are Doing.

Mrs. Norman L. Dow Tells What They Have Done for Her-People Talking of Them on Every Side.

Port Daniel West, Bonaventure Co., Que., March 11.—(Special.)—Bonaventure County is ringing with the great work done by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and on every side people are telling their neighbors of aches relieved and ills cured by the great Canadian kidney remedy. To the great mass of evidence already published is now added that of Mrs. Norman L. Dow, of this place:

"I can recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills as an excellent remedy for rheumatism and palpitation of the heart," said Mrs. Dow. "After using one box I was greatly benefited."

Dodd's Kidney Pills cure rheumatism and palpitation of the heart, because flakes under a magnifying glass and they both come from the same causeimpure blood. Dodd's Kidney Pills make see what wonderful stars they are. the kidneys right, and when the kidneys are right they strain all the poison and cloth they show off well. impurities out of the blood. Cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and you can't have such diseases as rheumatism or palpitation of the heart.

LUXURIOUS DOGS.

But They Must Exercise, Whatever Their Owners Do.

The dogs we see riding luxuriously with their owners in automobiles are not altogether and wholly pampered; they may not always ride so.

Nere, coming loping along a park road a hundred feet or so ahead of an automobile, was a fine, handsome dog, cantering along springily, with every evidence of enjoyment in the run, but always keeping at just that FOR ALL LITTLE ONES uniform distance ahead of the machine speeds up a little and closes up on the dog, and then halts, and now the dog slows down and circles writes: "I have found Baby's Own Tab- around to it, and now as the dog aplets an excellent medicine and would proaches the man in the machine opens the door for it, and now, wiggling its tail appreciatively, the dog hops in.

It has had its morning run and exercise, and now it once more settles down to ride, all very comfortably. So the automobile dogs are not altogether pampered, not altogether so; they don't always ride, in luxury; in the case of some of them, at least, they must take their morning run in the park.

PATRICIA'S PICTURES.

(Exchange.)

Paintings by royalty are a new attraction for art exhibitions in Toronto, but the annual exhibition of the Ontario Society of Artists, which will open to the public on Saturday next, will be marked by the presence on its walls of four paintings by the Princess Patricia, daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and first cousin of King George.

A MOTHER'S DUTY TO HER DAUGHTER

Her Health Must Be Carefully Guarded as She Comes to Womenhood

Every mother who calls to mind her own girlhood knows how urgently her daughter is likely to need help and strength during the years between early school days and womanhood. Then it is that growing girls droop, become fragile, bloodless and nervous. Nature is call-ing for more nourishment than the blood can supply, and signs of distress are plainly evident in dull eyes, pallid checks, weak and aching backs, a languid step, fits of depression, nervous-ness and a dislike for proper food. These signs mean anaemia—that is bloodlessness

The watchful mother takes prompt steps to give her girl the new, rich blood her weak system is thirsting for giving her Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, because so many thausands of feeble, anaemic, unhappy girls have been transformed into robust women through the rich, red blood these pills actually make, No other medicine has ever succeeded like them, and thousands of mothers have proved their worth. The case of Que., proves the truth of these stateof age, and says that since the age of thirteen or fourteen she had been afflicted with extreme weakness, and seemed to be going into a decline. The least effort left her weak and breathlese, so that she was unable to do any household work. She had no appetite, suffered from terrible headaches, dizziness and sometimes fainting spells. She was under medical treatment, but made absolutely no improvement, in fact, seemed to be steadily growing weaker. When her case seemed almost hopeless a lady friend advised the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. After taking a few boxes she began to gain new strength, and after the continued use of the pills for about two months she was again as well and strong as ever she had been. and has since enjoyed the best of health. Sold by all dealers in medicine or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine

Dressing for Burns and Cuts Always have some sterile gauze

Co., Brockville, Ont.

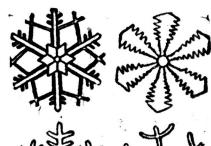
about for emergencies. Buy a dozen one-yard strips and keep them about the house. Then when there is occasion for dressing a burn or cut use what is needed of a strip and throw away the rest.

Never put sterile cotton next to the flesh in dressing a burn or wourd. The fibers of the cotton will cling to the raw surface and make a deal of trouble. Put the gauze next to the flesh and the cotton over that.

If there is no sterile gauze vailable take a clean piece of linen and heat it over the stove till it is almost scorehed. When it cools it is a good substitute When it comes to taking the dressing

from a wound, don't give up and jerk the gauze off if it sticks after an application of warm water. Try soaking it with a little gasoline.

SNOW FLAKE CRYSTALS.



Have your children been interested n snow crystals this winter? A child is always delighted to examine snow

If you catch them on a black woolen The flakes are so often broken or fastened together that children are not likely to discover for themselves that each perfect snow flake is sixsided. This should be explained to them. Above are shown a few of the

innumerable hexagonal forms seem in snow flakes.

STOPS COUGHS HEALS THE LUNGS

TIN HIS FATHER'S SUIT."

Colonel Winter Wimberly, of Macon, Ga., enjoys a wide reputation as a story. teller in Georgia, that land of storytellers, according to the New York Even-

Colonel Wimberly was once engaged in case in which the plaintiff's son, a lad of eight years, was to appear as a wit-

When the youngster entered the box he wore shoes several sizes too large, a hat that almost hid his face, long trousers rolled up so that the baggy knees were at the ankles, and, to complete the picture, a swallow tail coat that had to be held to keep it from sweeping the

floor. This ludicrous picture was too much for the Court, but the Judge, between spasms of laughter, managed to ask the boy his reason for appearing in such

With wondering look, the lad fished in an inner pocket and hauled the summons from it, pointing out a sentence with solemn mien as he did so. "To appear in his father's suit," it read.

Coy-"How few people attended the funeral of Dr. Pilitman!" Roy-"Well, they do say that most of his patients went before him."-Judge.

"Many a man fails to hit the bull'seye in the big shoot because he has

wasted all his ammunition in practice.