A TENDERFOOT'S WOOING

CLIVE PHILLIPPS WOLLEY

(AUTHOR OF "GOLD, GOLD IN CARIBOO," ETC.)

Supplied Exclusively in Canada by The British & Colenial Press Limited.

CHAPTER VI (Con.)

The voice of her own world was call ng to her, and of course she would go back to it, and he could not blame her; but how he hated the other fellow. Thank you, Mr. Anstruther, said

Mrs. Rolt, at last, as he paused for a moment. "You have been to use what David was to Saul. I think. But we must not make you do all the work. Won't you give us one song, Jim? Sing "Somebody's a-callin'." Mr. Anstruther has carried us all off to England, I think, and I want somebody to call me home again." Her hand was lying on the little

Japanese table by the side of her chair, and in the firelight the Boss's great fist closed over it." He appreciated his mate's loyalty to

himself and his chosen profession. Before the advent of Mr. Anstruther, Jim had whiled away many a long evening for the ranch folk with his mellow baritone, untrained it is true but full and sweet as a thrush's voice. so that he could hardly refuse Mrs. Rolt's request. . "The herds are gathered in from plain

The boys are sleeping and the ranch is Who's that a callin' so sweet?"

face softened, and beneath her closed and grinding of limbs. lids she saw pictures in which the stranger had no part.

'Yes, that is pretty," said Anstrubit weak, isn't? It seems to me that morning fellows don't think the words matter

about the Colonel on his little tin geegee, or your Singularly deep young gan. man, is there?" asked Mrs. Rolt.

"I did not think that people went to the comic operas for poetry? "Those seem to be about the only things they do go to."

Perhaps, and yet you know we have some songs in the Old Country which hardly need the music to make them beautiful. "Old sougs?

and modern songs, too. there no dignity in this?" and rising, he went again to the piano and sang Pollock's noble song, in which a modern has for once caught the chivalrous

spirit of the past.

"It is not mine to sing the stately grace. The great soul beaming in my lady's But mine it is to follow in her train, altar love's sweet frank-

And worsen her with distant reverched been kind to Frank Anstrutter. There was no startling beauty in his face, but he had in an altogether | uncommon | degree | that highly-bred grace, without which no man, should dare to sing those courtly words. When his song closed, even Mrs. Rolt could not help admitting,

"Yes. that is best." Whatever Kitty thought, it was left unsaid, but there was no reassurance for Jim Coube in the cold bow with which she bade him, good-night. It was "another victory for the Old Country." THE PARTY

HAPTER VII.

The Storm

Hilly sailed out of the ranch drawing-room with her head in the air. Only to Frank Anstruther she unbent in the sweetest of smiles. She came down next, morning white-faced, the sparkle of her dimmed, and all the still-confidence gone; her spirit only returning when Anstruther made an effort to cheer her. Then the little vixen turned upon him and made him wish himself a thousand times one of Dick Rolt's avenging posse.

There had been tears in the night; tears, confession and penitence, and between the two women there was peace again, but there was no peace for Anstruther. With Jim before her, Kitty had been a small angel to his rival, but Jim had gone at early dawn; there were no longer and loud men's voices about the corrals. The quiet of the place invited meditation, and the more Kitty meditated the less she could find to justify her attitude to Jim Combe, and the less she saw to admire in the man she had induced to stay behind: Indeed all her own small sins took a bodily form, and called themselves Frank Anstruther. As he smoked his last cigarette before turning in, that gentleman had come to a decision. The was quite sure then that the only woman fit to succeed his mother at Bilbury Park was the girl he had been singing to, and he had decided that he would put his fortunes to the test before he was a day older. Kitty would not say "no" to him, of that he felt sure. She was not one of those women who would willingly spend all their lives in an humdrum Canadian ranch.

But though he suffered without protest, as a man must, by midday Frank found himself wondering whether after all a world without women would be so utterly unendurable.

As for Mrs. Rolf, she had privately vowed that her favorite should have a fair chance, and that to prevent poach ing in his absence, she would haunt the two young people like their shadow No self-constituted duenna eve

found her duties less exacting than did Mrs. Rolt; no pair of reputed lovers less anxious to be alone than Kitty and

herself trying to make some amends Co., St. Thomas, Ont.

her heart she began i Without them there young people." ad been peace at the ranch, whereas love again herself

But this thought brought a smile to her sweet face. There had never been any rival in her case to big I ck Rolt. She scarcely thought the man existed who could have been. The night after Jim's departure

here was no music at the ranch, and

the music next morning was neither of days past the great red "Herefords" man's making nor to his liking. round the corrals, and for five days the clouds had grown more and more murky overhead, whilst a bitter wind kept whining uneasily amongst the sage brush and the willows. Perhaps the absence of the men really account ed for the gloom which seemed closing more than mere loneliness in the depression which took hold on those who had been left behind.

The last golden leaf had fallen from the cottonwoods along the creek toms, and now and again dry balls of sage brush would race and bound along upon the uplands, driven by unseen wind devils, or the trees in recently burnt patch of pine timber he sang, and the old days came back just beyond he corrals would for minto him. In spite, of herself Kitty's utes break out with a great groaning things only occurred by fits and starts The strangeness of them was due only to the fact that there seemed to be no ther critically, when the song had storm to account for them. Such come to a close, "especially the air and winds as there were, were purely local that one verse, but the rest of it is a and short lived until the Wednesday

Then the dawn broke in weird fashion, with such devilish storm lights, "Especially in your favorite comic such unearthly and terrifying shadows There is not much poetry as are only seen on the sea or the prairies, and the first act of winter be-

> about the ranch had been blown from its position. A wagon which the Indians had left out was lifted right over and lay bottom upwards in the yard.

> Finces which the biggest of the bulls haddrespected, were laid flat as if they had been but card houses. The little creek which a fore had threatened to run dry board and tin cans whirled along in

the wind, battered and rattled against the walls, whilst the old house itself throbbed and hummed like an organ, and from time to itme an earth-shaking report announced the downfall fo some great Douglas pine in the slashing. Whilst the storm lasted there was no sun. The racing clouds bloted him out, so that a vague dull light prevailed, such as might have existed when Spirit moved on the face of the waters. The three in the house cowered at

the windows, and watched the desolate scene with that feeling half of pleasure, half of awe, which is natural to human beings safely entrenched in a cosy, storm-proof house when storms rage without, until a miserable looking object with lowered head and stream ing hide came trembling past the windows towards the barn. "Oh, my poor little Mawitch. Mary

look. There is my fawn. Those idio

A NEW CREATION **WEBSTER'S** NEW INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY

THE MERRIAM WEBSTER The Only New unabridged dictionary in many years.

Contains the pith and essence of an authoritative library. Covers every field of knowl. edge. An Encyclopedia in a single book. The Only Dictionary with the

New Divided Page, 400,000 Words. 2700 Pages 6000 Illustrations. Cost nearly half a million dollars. Let us tell you about this most



The small strike, which has been on in Booth's Paper Mills at Ottawa for some time terminated on Saturday.

RHEUMATISM CURED BY FIG PILLS.

Not often do you hear of a 25c. preparation being sold with a guarantee to cure you. An absolute guarantee goes with every box of FIG PILLS. They will cure Rheumatism, Backache, Bladder Trouble, Frequent Urinating; Burning Sensation, Painful Stitches, Sluggish Liver and all Stomach Indeed, to such a pitch of misery was Trouble. If not, your money that unfortunate young man reduced back. At all druggists or mailed before evening that Mrs. Rolt found on receipt of price by The Fig Pill

tic Indians must have let it out."

Well, she can go into the barn if she wants to I think she is going." But the fawn, like other only halfcivilized things, had lost its wild wits, before it had acquired the sense of the domestic beast, and now stood shivering in the very eye of the wind, looking for some human being to take care of it, insteau of taking care of itself. "Mary, I-must let it in, poor, miser able beastie. Do you mind, dear?"

"No. of course not: though I don't

suppose that it will come in. Try

you can tempt it, Mr. Anstruther." With a piece of bread in his hand to entice the fawn Anstruther went to the main door, glad to do anything to win a smile from his offended lady, but the very elements warrel against. the unfortunate lover that day soon as the latch gave under his hand. the great door burst inwards with such a noise that the fawn fled, whilst Anstruther himself was sent reeling before the blast, and pictures, stick

racks, and bear hides clattered and

careered along the floor. As usual in this confounded country he had mad? a mess of it. No one but a fool, he reflected, would have tried much easier to have brought the deer round to the lea side, but it was too late to think of that now. He had to bring that beast in. He simply dared not face those two women without it, so, with a glance at the damage he had done, he plunged recklessly into the storm bareheaded, dragging the great door to behind him.

It required all Anstruther's strength

to shut the door, and for a moment he had to cling to the handle of it for sun port before he could make good his footing against the wind Like mos newly-arrived Englishmen he was still particular about his attire, but in less time than it takes to write it the glory of his boiled shirt and smart collar had gone, his riding breeches, built wide in the latest fashion, were clinging to him like the skin of a fish, his long coattails were performing like a giddy wind-mill, and his whole appearance was such as to justify his belief that the ladies at the window were convulsed with laughter. As he crossed the paddock it occurred to him that Mrs. Rolt was signalling to him to come back, but he was uncertain and in any case he did not mean to go back without that infernal little beast which tempted him yard by yard across the corrals, and towards the patch of

shricking and groaning timber. Surely, he thought, the ladies were signalling to him, but he could not understand what they meant. They were which in itself would have been enough to drown their voices, without the

deafening din all around him.

He was within arm's length now, and he made a spring at the fawn's collar, touched it. but could not secure his hold, so that he only frightened the beast, which in a few bounds reached the timber. But here it paused, as if it was as much afraid to go forward as to come back. Of course, Anstruther of the brule a dry bough no thicker than his little finger, whirled out of one of the tops and struck him across the hand. The force of that blow from so small a thing should have warned him, but at that moment victory seemed within his grasp. man neither saw nor understood, hesitated, until with a guick leap Anstruther sprang in and gripped the leather collar round its neck

It would be a curious thing, the man thought, which would loosen his grip now until the provoking pet was safely in its mistress's keeping, and as the thought formed itself in his mind something happened.

To him it seemed that a terrific crash was followed by instant and complete darkness, accompanied by a curious sensation of numbness and a letting go of all things, all things except that leather collar. . To that he clung instinctively, even when everything rose and went away from him, feeling and thought, wind and rain, and even the crashing of the brule, and the anger at Kitty Clifford's laughter.

CHAPTER VIII. Jim to the Rescue

"Put it out of its misery: it's back is broken.

Anstruther recognized Mrs. Rolt's voice, and wondered in an idle dreamy fashion whose back was broken, and whether if its back was broken it would wish to be put out of its misery His back was not broken nor was he in any misery. He wondered who was, and turning to see was struck by a hideous shock of pain, after which it was night again.

When he came to himself he knew that he was dead. He knew more than that He was lying in his coffin; he could smell the new boards of it, and they were nailing down the lid, but this strangely enough did not worry him a bit. Death was a silly painless thing after all, very much like sleep. How even their strokes were. There were two of them at work, one on each side of him beat, beat; beat! The ring of their hammers was rhythmical; rather good dream music he thought, but how hard they worked, and what a lot of nailing up that coffin required. He wished that they had not thrown the earth in before they nailed him down, the weight of it above him was so great that he could not move his limbs. And then quite suddenly the weight was lifted, and he drew a great breath, and again the fierce pain came and took him away into the cool dark where there was no trouble

Reckless of falling limbs and risking with eyes open to their danger, a fate similar to that of the man below them two of the half-breed boys of the ranch had been swinging their axes as they had never swung them before, and as the blades bit and the white chips flew, two pale faced women, drenched with rain, and wild with grief and terror of the storm, pleaded with them to work "faster, faster, for God's sake. faster," clenching their feeble hands and, yearning for something to do where there was nothing they could

Heavens! how long the time seemed. Surely between them they could lift the tree off him now, and they strained at a trunk, one limb of which was too heavy for their united strength. They might as well have tried to lift the

ranch house. Those only who have handled a Douglas pine know what the

weight of it is. The Indians way was the only way and there was no help but theirs, though by some miracle Frank Anstruther lived still. The hand that poor Kitty held in hers was limp and cold as a dead man's, but he was not dead yet. Not yet. Surely the men could work more quickly. Ah, if only Jim had been there.

At the very last the half-breeds stopped and consulted. Those two men, as if time was of no value, conulted and argued, and then one of them went to the house for a saw. That was the most insufferable five minutes of all to Kitty, and even when the saw cut through, and the ends of the log were free, the log did not rise an inch. Another cut had to be made and all the agony of waiting endured again. Even when a six foot length had been sawn out of the pine those two imbeciles could not lift it a log which Jim would have carried on his shoulders.

It was well for Anstruther that the could not. But for the broken limb or the underside which had buried itsel many feet deep, and held now like tap root, Anstruther would long sinc have learned the great secret

Thanks to that bough he was held as in a vice but not crushed, as a Dou glas crushes what it falls upon. With levers and bars and all the ingenuity of practised loggers the men at last pried up the log sufficiently for their purpose, and drew out their man, still uncertain whether he was dead or

With gentle strength they unclench ed the long white fingers from the fawn's collar. Poor beast. It at any rate would not come in again from that storm. The tree had broken its back, and a merciful axe stroke had split its graceful head from end to end. And yet Kitty, who at another time would have wept for a day over her pet, had now no thought of it.

On a rude stretcher, improvised by the Chinaman, whilst the Indians chopped, Mrs. Rolt and the three men carried Anstruther to the house and laid him in the warm, firelit room on the Boss's bed, and then the greatest terror, the only one of ranch life, faced those women. As long as all goes well to those who are country bred, there is no hardship in the enforced separation from the town and its thousand and one conveniences. difficulty is a joke to be laughed at, a puzzle which natural ingenuity will de light in overcoming. You can do with out the shops and the theatres, you can hold service if you want to and the strong man needs no policeman to protect him; but the time comes when even he cannot do without the doctor. when he would give all that the world holds for someone who could tell him

what to do to save one dear life. Anstruther might be dying for some ittle help which they could have given him if only they knew what was the matter with him, but they did not

There was no broken bone that they ould find, no bleeding them to staunch, and yet wheneve consciousness returned t first effort to move or speak he fainted, and each faint seemed more and more like death. The resources of the ordinary ranch

adequate. As a rule the a little about the treatment of ordinary accidents and the simpler ailments, and in the house there is generally some book which professes to be a substitute for the physician. You splice you up a bit. You have only to turn to it in an emergency. ladies. to discover how little there is to justify its claims.

Mrs. Rolt read such a volume from cover to cover, only to fall back in despair upon such simple remedies as warmth and quiet. She could only give nature a fair chance. Probably she could have done no better, and half the doctor's success at least depends upon the patient's faith in him, but when you good folk at home boast yourselves of your many colonial pos-sessions, in which you take only an occasional pride and a very little serious interest, allow something not only for the courage of the men who he out fresh dominions for you all over the world, but something too for the martyrdoms of women who watch through the long nights of lone lands, growing old between a sun's setting and a sun's rising, whilst all that makes life valuable for them is fading away under their eyes, for want of that which to you is but a natural accessory of your every-day life,

Through that long and wild night those two women watched; whilst it seemed to them that the winds clamored round the house for the prey which had escaped them Towards morning, Mrs. Rolt, who

had been dozing in a chair by the fireside asked: "Is he sleeping now, Kitty?" 'No, he is pretending to but I can see how his poor lips are pressed to

once since they carried him in," she whispered. "Oh, nonsense. He was sleeping nicely through the night while I watched.'

gether. 'I don't believe he has slepi

"He was shamming, Mary, so that we should not worry. Isn't it brave of him?" and bending over her head, she pressed her fair head upon Mrs. Rolf's shoulder to smother tthe sobs which shook her. Mrs. Rolt's arm wound round the

girl, and drew her gently to her knee. soothing her quietly, whilst a very wistful motherly look came into her own steady grey eyes. This woman had a right to know

Love when she met him, for she had served him very faithfully, and she knew him now. Whatever had been her dreams for lim Combe she recognized that they

ad only been dreams. Whether he lived or died, the man lying there with strained pale face, would always hold the first place in Kitty Clifford's heart. so her arm held up her younger sister whilst she whispered to her, Be brave darling, and we will save him for you. If only God would send our men home."
Hardly were the words out of her mouth, when the girl sprang from her

and stood with lips parted and head bent forward listening. "He has, Mary" she cried. "He I can hear the beat of the hoofs." But Mary Rolt, looking out into the

blizzard, could neither he anything.

'Not yet, dear, I am afra cannot be more than now," and her own heart wondering whether it w with her own man.

But the great hounds, & the stables, contradicted by low growl, and then a chok Lupus, and Venom, bayer ome as, dim and indistin driving sleet, half a doze emerged and dismounted and before Mrs. Rolt coul door Kitty, all her wayw gotten, was clinging to J arm, and dragging him house.

For the others she had ven the Boss, but only, w flying in the storm, she old friend, crying: "Oh. Jim. Jim! you de come quickly. I want you

And Jim fell into his once. It was so natural to h this spoiled child, who to him in trouble, that hell self and answered: "What is it, dear? W

wait?" "No. no. not a second. she drew him away from which he would have lef the storm for no other per "Oh. Jim. he has waite thought that you would He's almost dead, Jim," mouth quivered in a we him wince.

want Jim to do for you

'Who is nearly dead climbing the stairs thre with clanking spurs. "Frank. Mr. Anstruthe

Jim's face contracted a cal pain, but he control and said no word-until sick man's room, where N comed him silently. One glance at that st

face on the pillow bat devil for good. Here well down, and all the women fellow's heart came to the It was a marvel how imbs moved now. Eve

Mexican spurs ceased to sick bed. "What's the trouble, p riding Job for amusemen The sick man's eyes s involuntary effort to spasm of pain across his

mind leaving the room. rough on him. Kitty." a her gently before him to When they had gone, off the bedclothes and. might be, felt for the in: not see. "(How did it happen?"

Anstruther told him.

"I see, I see," he mut

a foolish thing to do to

what the trouble is.

brule when the trees w But then he would have self for Kitty. That ma ference. "Don't hurt any whils does it? Hurts consider move.

The sick man nodded hurt "considerable.". "Well, so far as I can s smash up. Three ribs. four, stove in, but so le side machinery ain't inj about again in a week. get Protheroe from Soc

"Is it, is it anything v whispered Kitty, taking

"It ain't no undertaker what you mean, Miss K "'Twon't take so' as a broken heart, and easy. It's just three or in. If you'll get me so dages and something st waistcoat of I'll cinch. he can't do no harm un Protheroe to fix him Your job is to keep hi want him well again so holding both her hands her to the chair by his and left her there.

It was Jim's act of real he did it, as he did ever and without protest.

CHAPTER 7 A Ride for L "Where are you going

ed the Boss, who had for out of the sick room. Jim came back from h a start and turned a ve haggard face to his old "To Soda Creek to fetc you can spare me."

"Buti you can't go yet had a bite of food to-day Abstruther's infuries do be so very serious." "Can't tell. She might There was something

ful in the way in which

turned upon what she the woman who had just hardest blow of his life. "Oh, nonsense, man, s take her chance like tr sist on your having son you go. Well, if you insist.

some cold grub and a lit a cartridge bag for me. the horse plays out." "What do you mean to ridden the tails off the stock. Will you take th 'Anstruther's?"

Jim, with a queer laugh

"No. I'll take the you the only horse that coul "That devil! He isn never will be." Jim grinned. "May "this will break him. or me," and he went over

calling to the men to he a beast which no one els ed to handle, a young st tiful as Lucifer and as When Rolt hurried or the cartridge case and men were trying to hol demon as ever wore hic

The wind shrieked are loose litter of the yard the frightened horse's rain lashed his blo

Within a radius of twenty or feet of his flying heels it was for any living thing to come her day

First a

om th

orsen ei

to h

place a

zot him

do you

s horse

on earth

long.

er come

at made

th phys

himsel

as in the

Rolt |wel

d Jim'

cu' ladies

pushe

dcor. .

stripped

iderly as

he coul

intbling

s a ba

have

reek

bad, Jim,

if that'

laughed

o mend

men ban

p so a

e get Di

roperly.

I If you

and still

bedside

Jim?" ask-

in haven't

l after all,

appear to

Him.'

ngely piti-

tht suffer

It him the

has got to

ing before

ou dan put

whiskey in

eat when

est of the

le Hunter?

replied

We've

He's

anid

est

e ?

onn

ake it."

rokdn and

breck him

he tables

im saddle

d a tempt

him with

flask, four.

iled about

ed lanks

as beau

Combe

mend

anding !

men held on to the ropes hor in time he might quiet down Cinch the bag on for my good tight. Boss. It might get shook of Rolt obeyed, and Jim shook blue to try the fastenings. "Nothing loose, is there?

steady, you devil. he went horse's head, which bared its laid list cars down and backed an from him across the corral ducto

For a quarter of an hour Jim Ire in vain to approach near enough to mount the roan, but by striking blue and kicking, the dayage brute in

Guess we'll have to throw him the all, but it's a pity to take anything or of him that way." and then sudde Jim's voice came from a higher lend him go." The chance had some whilst he va

speaking, and with a tiger-like spile the cowboy hall taken it, dodging the flying heels like a miracle. "It was done so duckly that no for had time to Monay's nell me into the saddly and after that the to seek sheller that offered. But it was a n mifficent sight &

those who

beast's heels

Hotel Property For Sal The undersigned has received a structions to sell by public auction at the

Murphy House, Markdale

Thursday, Aug. 3, 1911 the big.

valuable hotel priace at known as the MURPHY HOUSE and STABIN ong loose is great

This property consists of a lam k by the two-storey brick hotel w frame kitchen attached; also large frame stable and frame she This is a Licensell Hotel and de sent a ing a good business. TERMS:- I'wenty per cent

the purchase money on the day sale, balance in thirty days with out interest. WM. MURPHY, Prop. D. McPhall auctioneer.

St. Jerome's College Berlin, Ont.

e it himthe dif lie still when you turn die

With the same may be as the in-Besidential College fo you'll be come in

> LIMA ILLUSTRATE Ladies CATALOGUE OLUBGE St. Thomas,Ont. VIII

REV. A. L. ZINGER, C.R., Ph. D., Pres.

OUR EQUIPMENT NORTHERN/

Tor thirty years we have proourselves on our complete equip ment." Every modern device convenience that enterprise cold suggest and capital obtain, is our building. The small con with small capital , and the equipment cannot 200 you same training that a in can get s the NORTHERN C. A. FLEMING, PR.C.A.

G.D. FLENING Principal . Fall, Term Opens Sept 4th

The Central Business College of Toronto Invites you to write

copy of its community if you are in any way materisted in a training which willt less you into a good busines ap. The Fall Term opens August .28th. Address W. II. Shaw, President, Jones and Gerrard Sts., Teropo, and mention this paper.

Fall Term Opens Aug 2011 TORONTO, ONT. Stands to day without, a superior in Canada. Graduates highly so

cessful. Catalogue free.

BEARDS AND KINGS

of Edward VII. that he was esor in this respect, and he cam he throne in 1625, Whereas dhe ting succeeded his mother in harles was the last of the Kings very long time to represent litabethan of Shakospearedn fas the uncrowned Khu

the pointed board and to wen dous wig, curled in a hur laglets, but the only hair on his uccessors until Edward VII. bo aches went elean, out or fashion ames II., William III., all the Ge and William IV. were 1981 As s haven as all the rost of their n In wearing a board Charles the example of his he was an English Kin frobably followed the fashion brobably followed the fashion om, for he was preceded

vill., nearly a hundred years innovator in respect to whis Edward VII. was; for 10 King, this much-married could look back upon faced predecessors without a for none lof the Kings from !! le Henry VII. wore the least h Prior to Henry V.'s time beards might be said to be rule; and, indeed, from Willi

Conqueror and his two some n cessors were content with Richard Il.; but Richard the Hearted would seem to have in beard fashionable, for his John, Henry Ille, and the firs Edwards entirely gave the his name to wear a beard VII. was only following, the the have ruled in Englandati

1066, to the death of Heyr's

1413. no King sat on the

rovide a tie, for there hre k Kings wore modstaches PRECIOUS PARRO

Remarkable, , Bird Words In German The Dutch Nes Guinest The just been boresented Ristory Mass and at South AA has, of course,

cles of hummin an inch and a Weighs abody tidenty ar lichas ben outdone parrot for w foh haron Rothschild paid a record s Laura is the birdle deuntly + (1) familiarity .it Laura Troin plumage is brilliant gree ners berfeet.

ness of statur

soulful wied my and he banjo's twane. quite a paralely of s 200 words of Corner all kinds or dierits by

SUCCEED Wm. bar er, gress ranked his to ples submitte from Waler years have been and six, as, homestonier, cent years he has won

when and outs at loca also at Brancon, and started with, exen, and 1/2 but he also has some fin and hopes soon to show do with them at exhibitions: purchase of three r quart places him large scale.

HIS MEDITATION Soon' after Singleton's was born, Mrs. Singleton stairs one evening and four band standing by the side! and gazing darnestly at the As she stood still for to touched by the sight, the. ber even an who thought "Oh, how dearly Charlie

DOY!" Her arms stole softly neck, as she rubbed her essingly against his should ton started slightly att he "Darling," he murmured It is incomprehensible they can get up such a co-for four dollars and a half

REASSURING THE AU The facetious Jde Hall Lockit in the Beggars' Or year 1730, when the see Covent Garden being on (audience grently alarmed, by Rich, tho manager, to stage and explain the me donest Joe did in the fe dress: "Ledies and gen de ven's salco, don't be most out But if it was Preservoir of one hundre water over your heads