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Love Gives Itself

THE STORY OF A BLOOD FEUD

BY ANNIE S. SWAN.

"Love gives itself and is not bought."—Longfellow

CHAPTER XXVIII.—(Cont'd.)

"If only you had had an eye to the main chance, like so many of the politicians, Claud, you might have married a rich woman, and that would have solved the bigger half of the question. You could have gone back as Laird of Stair then."

Claud set his lips in the long, particular curve which Judy had seen pretty often since he got to man's estate, and which she understood to mean both disapproval and some deep-rooted determination.

"That will never happen, Judy. I have my way to make, and I'm going to make it. There must be some train in me, for I don't know what Stair at best can do and as Alan did. I'd like it as a holiday place to feel that my people were around me, but as a career, my dear, it has no appeal."

"But," said Judy with difficulty, "you'd have to make it on possibly a change we should never come back to Stair."

"I wait for the disastrous day. Judy, I mean while we have very happy in Sark. And old Rich- quite well with the exception of asthma. We are ex- doing much to lift the mort- but we'll pay our way. I don't see that there much left for you, Judy, but as I said before, much matter."

"I am glad you loathe this life, Claud!" said Judy with a sudden passion. "It is like a fly in a web. I'm perhaps the superfluous woman but the next generation is not here anyway."

A good-natured tenderness concluding that Judy was feeling a bit hipped by the sight of impending changes, and in a way realizing that there was much truth as well as passion in his words.

Next morning, to Carlotta, in the Bloomsbury sanctum, Judy however unburdened her soul. Claud had gone into the country with his chief on important political purposes, and was not aware of some news that had come to his sister from Stair by that morning's post.

It was scarcely noon when Judy left Carlotta's house, and she was followed by Mrs. Carlyon for a moment her way out to a shopping expedition, which was one of the chief pleasants of her life. Judy remained a great favorite with her, and she frequently heard to bewail the fact that men were so foolish and so prone as to pass by the gold of a nature like Judith Rankine's, and pour their incense at other and less worthy shrines.

"Carlotta's alone. I don't think she's very well this morning, my dear. She's a bit cross and short. I'm going to it because when she's like that we don't hit it off, and I'm always saying the wrong thing. But, bless me, the ravens don't fall because of these little tiffs, and I know what the artistic temperament is! Be thankful, my dear, you don't possess it, or have to live in the house with it."

Judy smiled ruefully.

"I may have another kind of temperament equally difficult, Mrs. Carlyon."

"No fear of you! Come out and do a bit of shopping with me. I've got five sale catalogues in my bag, all of them marked."

Judy laughed then, responsive to the bit of comic relief.

"I'm afraid even a sale catalogue is not the balm I need; but thanks awfully for wanting me to come," she said gratefully. "I'll go up and board the 'bus."

She was completely at home in the Bloomsbury house and welcome there as the flowers in May. She found Carlotta in the unusual position of lying on a sofa, and her face at once betrayed the fact that either she was treated on out of sorts.

"I was thinking of 'phoning for you, dear. I suppose you knew I wanted you," she said with a genuine pleasure.

"I did not, for I'm in the full throes of worry and selfish grumbling myself. The question is—which of us is to have first chance of letting off steam?" said Judy whimsically as she bent down to kiss Carlotta.

"Let me talk first," said Carlotta, for mine is of small importance, and I'm sure, from your doleful face, that you have something big to tell. Who do you think I've had come to see me this morning, not more than an hour ago?"

Judy said she hadn't an idea.

"Mrs. Harry Forbyce on their way back from the grand trip! They've been practically all over the world, and they're going to Scotland to-night, to take away her mother and sister. They all sail for New York next Wednesday. Some clever Glasgow surgeon has done wonders for the little lame girl, and she is likely to get almost well."

"How frightfully interesting! It is like a fairy-tale. And she's happy, you think?"

Carlotta did not immediately answer, but turned her head away.

"It was really you she wanted to see, Judy, and probably she will call on you this afternoon about four o'clock. You see, she found me easily at the theatre, but her only reason for coming out here was to get news of you. They both look very well, and I never saw more beautiful clothes than she was wearing, nor a more proud and satisfied husband! We mustn't grudge her her luck, Judy. She deserved it. Now, what has happened to you to pucker your brows like that?"

"Two very big things, Carlotta. Claud has got the Dublin appointment, and he is likely to be married inside a month and go over there to live."

"How exciting and splendid! I am glad! Aren't you, Judy?"

"So so—but it throws me out once more, don't you see? Then I've had a letter from Samuel Richardson, informing me that the Stair tenants want to be released from their term at the end of two years instead of three—family reasons—good and sufficient. It's another upheaval, and somebody ought to go to Stair and see just precisely how everything stands. I suppose it will have to be me, Carlotta, as there isn't anybody else sufficiently interested. Claud has washed his hands of Stair, so to speak."

Carlotta sat up on her elbow and looked deep into Judy's eyes.

"Judy, I would give ten years of my life if I could get away now—this very minute—to Stair, and shut all the rest of the world out."

There was something in Carlotta's voice which stirred Judy's heart.

"You are more tired than usual and things have been going wrong at the theatre—is that it?"

"They're all wrong, Judy, and something will have to be done. I'll tell you presently, but first let me hear more about Claud. When will he go to Dublin?"

"Why, just as soon as he can be spared. He will be established before the election, of course, though after he is once there I think his post is secure through all Administrations. It's a very good post indeed for a young man of Claud's age, but it won't satisfy him, Carlotta. It is merely a stop-gap, and in the meantime it enables him to marry."

"And what about you?" asked Carlotta, with her hand caressingly on Judy's head.

Judy had tossed her hat on the floor when she knelt down by Carlotta's side.

"I? Oh, I'm the superfluous woman, as aforetime. Nobody in the world particularly wants me. I've no gifts. I've never been taught anything—"

"Except how to make a home—which is what we were originally intended for, Judy," put in Carlotta. "And when we get away from that things get wrong and rotten in our lives."

"Perhaps. But owing to the dearth of homes we have to make shift without. I wonder now whether there isn't a Boys' Home or Orphanage where they would take me in at a living wage? I believe I might have a small success there."

Carlotta's eyes were far away.

"Claud has no disposition to step into his brother's shoes, Judy. We must be grateful to him for that. With another kind of man that would have been a temptation, and we should not have had the right to blame him. Do you think he believes that Alan will come back?"

"We don't talk about it, Carlotta. Leave it at that. And now tell me what is happening at the theatre?"

Carlotta's face flushed, and her eyes hardened.

"Graham Madox becomes more and more impossible. I shall have to leave him after the run of this piece."

"You mean that he keeps on wanting you to marry him?"

Carlotta nodded.

"He will take no refusal, and I see that his persistence is coloring all his attitude towards me, and that we shall not be able to go on comfortably after Easter."

"But won't it be bad for you to leave him?"

"It won't hurt me professionally. I shall never lack work now, Judy; and I have refused a good many tempting offers because Madox gave me my chance."

"Does he know that? I should leave him in no doubt if I were you."

"He knows it perfectly. But—but—I don't want to talk about it any more, Judy. It has come to a crisis, and I told him last night I should leave him at Easter."

"And have you anything else definite in view?"

"I can have it any moment; but I want a long summer at Stair. I was thinking of the Clock House. But this has happened opportunely, Judy, and I want you to fall in with my plans. I want you to go back to Stair, dear woman, and to make it your home."

Judy's eyes widened.

"But—darling!—I can't! Where is the money to come from?"

"The money? Oh, it is here!"

She pressed her hand tightly to her heart, and her eyes shone.

"Your money, Carlotta!" Judy shook her head.

"Why not?" asked Carlotta feverishly. "Just think for a moment of all that happened through me. If Alan had never met me you might all have been at Stair yet."

Once more, and this time very emphatically, Judy shook her head.

"We could not have afforded to live there, dear. Alan had decided that, even before he saw you on that fateful Saturday afternoon."

It was surprising how vivid and precise with both was every memory of these few poignant weeks in Ayr before the break-up of Stair.

But Carlotta appeared unconvinced.

"You say that to comfort me, I know, Judy; but we both know that I am right. Why do you suppose I entered the profession? What do you suppose I have been working and saving for in the last two years? I haven't spent one unnecessary penny."

"I know," said Judy, with a little mischievous smile. "They were talking about it one day in the drawing-room, not knowing I had anything to do with you. And they were holding you up on the one hand to execration for stinginess, and on the other as an example to all the profession of how to husband the profits of a stage career."

But Carlotta was not in the mood for smiling.

"I have never felt that the money was mine, Judy. It belongs to Stair. I have all I want. My father and mother are simple people, and they have had all they wanted, and I have saved enough to make it unnecessary to let Stair again, if only you will be good and do what I want. Don't you see how the way has been cleared? Claud gets the Dublin post, and wants to marry. He no longer needs you; and the tenants want to go out. It is the finger of Providence!"

Into Judy's eyes crept the longing of the exile, but she continued to shake her head.

"I can't do it, Carlotta! I can't! You must understand that Stair cannot be bolstered up with your money, though it is very dear and precious of you to want to do it."

Then Carlotta quite slowly rose to her feet, and her face looked a little white and strained.

"Then I must tell you, Judy, if you won't go back to Stair, I will. Look here!" She undid the fastening of her bodice with a swift hand that did not tremble. About her neck was a gold chain so thin and fine that hardly was it visible against her skin. She drew it up with a quick, proud gesture, and held out to Judy what was suspended upon it—a wedding ring.

"I am Alan's wife, Judy," she said simply. "We were married that morning he sailed. It was my doing. So you see all my money belongs to Stair, and I have the right to go there if I choose now, and wait for his coming back."

Judy had sprung to her feet, and now stood in the middle of the floor staring straight at Carlotta; and for a brief moment none knew just how the pendulum might swing.

But the look in Carlotta's eyes conquered, even before she spoke again.

"When I saw Jean Dempster this morning with her husband, Judy, looking the picture of happiness—he so tender and kind, she so jolly, her face positively shining—I nearly died. I could not have gone on another day without telling you; so now what are you going to do?"

"But, Carlotta, why wasn't I told?" cried Judy rebelliously. "I had the right! I had the right. Alan ought to have told me, if you didn't. I have not been well treated among you all. It is as if I were a child or a fool."

"No, no!" said Carlotta quickly. "I alone am to blame. Alan did not want to marry me—not because he did not love me, but because he said it was a crazy venture for any woman, but especially for me. I told him I wanted to be bound and safe, and he gave in. As for you Judy—what good would it have done to tell you? I tried once or twice, and in New York last year I very nearly told you, but something held me back. I think on the whole, dear, it has been better for you not to know."

Judy seemed at a loss where to look or what to say.

"So now what are you going to do with me, and have I the right to bolster Stair?" asked Carlotta with her most adorable smile.

"Only if you put that ring on, Carlotta, and go about your daily business with it," said Judy with a mock severity. "You ought to have been wearing it all the time. It would have kept Graham Madox quiet, and things would not have come to the pass they have at the theatre."

"Right you are, most wise counsellor! But the deed is done. Will you put it on then, Judy? It was Alan's hand that put it on before. Nobody but a Rankine has touched it."

She swung the chain from her neck undid the clasp, and Judy took the ring and slipped it on the wedding finger. Then she began to cry.

"I can't help thinking how dreadful if you are a widow before you've ever been a wife, Carlotta," she cried.

But Carlotta merely smiled.

"I am no widow, my dear, and things are marching on. It is time for us to go back to Stair, and we shall be there when its master comes into his own."

(To be continued.)

Finger Prints.

Talk as we may of people having doubles, the truth remains that nature never duplicates, and that no two persons are precisely alike in every particular. There is always some difference, however minute.

All over our skins, for instance, are millions of tiny pores to allow the passage of perspiration from our glands, and the exact arrangement of these pores differs ever so slightly with each individual. It is the little canals in which these pores are set out on our fingers that give us our ridges, and so it comes about that when we examine them really closely, as by taking a print, the system of ridges will be seen to vary with every individual.

According to science the differences between individuals are due to the fact that Nature is perpetually trying to improve, and therefore never casts us in an exact mould. What improvement can be worked by the distinctions in the ridges that give us our finger prints, however, we cannot say.

He—"Want to see me swim to the light house and back?"

She—"No—just to the lighthouse."

A Financial Expert.

Her Mother—"How is your budget system working out?"

Mrs. Junebride—"Fine. I've just transferred Henry's golf appropriation to my clothing account."

With the Flying Mail.

In a recent article in McClure's Magazine Mr. Howard Mingos has related some of the deeds and dangers of the flying mail service from coast to coast of the United States. Something of the variety of perilous adventure these men are likely to encounter after they have crashed or made a forced landing and escaped with life and limb from immediate disaster is indicated by the odd addition to their flying equipment that experience has prompted. Flying over the snow country, they now carry snowshoes lashed to the side of the plane; army canteens are carried in crossing the waterless Nevada desert, six-shooters and rifles to protect them where wolf packs range. In the air their worst enemy is fog or blinding snow, especially in the neighborhood of mountains.

One flyer, Clair Vance, came down in a snowstorm in the Sierra Nevadas a few weeks ago, and, though his brother pilots aided by men from the army sought him for days, they had given him up for lost by the time he made his way back to civilization, half-starved and with his clothes in rags and his shoes worn through.

Another, Jack Knight, started one day in bad weather for Rock Springs, and on reaching the first mountain range found the peaks covered with mist and snow. At that moment his engine began coughing. With most of his power lost Knight looked over the side for a possible landing. He was unable to see the earth through the murk. Glancing ahead at that instant, he was startled to find a cliff looming up in front of him. His plane was almost on the rocks.

Knight worked swiftly at the controls; but he was helpless, for a terrific downgust swirling over the mountain peak beat upon the wings of his machine. It kept on out of control. The next moment it had crashed against the ledge high up on the side of Telephone Canon. The impact tore off the nose of the plane and knocked Knight unconscious. The engine and the propeller lay there in the ice and snow. The rest of the machine, with Knight in it, was whirled out into space again, where it fluttered about like a falling leaf, still in the grip of that downward blast.

Hours later Knight recovered consciousness and dug himself out of the snow and splinters at the bottom of the canon. His nose was broken, and he was almost frozen. From his path in the sky he had observed a ranch-house some ten miles back, and with that as his objective he staggered painfully and by slow degrees through the drifts.

He reached the house. The people there carried him into Laramie, where he was put to bed. Three days in the hospital and Knight was flying again.

Bob Ellis, caught in a downdraft, crashed against the side of a precipice, where the plane clung to the snow like a fly on the wall. Ellis could do nothing but sit there and wait for help. Another pilot found him a few hours later and spread the alarm. A rescue party worked its way to the top of the mountain and lowered ropes. Ellis tied one of them round his waist, and they hoisted him a hundred feet or more up and over the top. It was many weeks before the plane could be salvaged.

Mending a Mountain.

Some alarm has been caused recently by the announcement that the Matterhorn is in a distinctly shaky condition, and may topple over into the Italian valley above which it towers.

Similar fears were entertained some twenty years ago regarding the Rocher de la Clusette, in the Jura, which then threatened to fall into the valley of the Areuse. Had this happened, the valley would have been blocked, and the flow of water, on which the district depended for its supply of electricity, would have been stopped.

Immediate action had to be taken to avert this calamity, which would have plunged the countryside in darkness, and disorganized its transport. Engineers rushed to the spot, the mountain was shored up with concrete, and all was well once more.

The Matterhorn, by the way, was in 1865 the scene of a famous mountaineering tragedy, when three Alpine pioneers and a guide lost their lives owing to the snapping of a rope.

"Father of the Fleet."

Possibly the best of all books for casual reading, Pepys' Diary, was given to the world one hundred years ago, 122 years after the death of its author. The first edition was entered at Stationers' Hall, on August 9th, 1825, and that date may, therefore, be taken as the centenary of the Diary.

The Diary was discovered in the Pepysian Library at Magdalene College, Cambridge. It was written in shorthand, and extended to six volumes. The members of the Braybrooke family, who were hereditary visitors of Magdalene, became interested in these mysterious volumes, and showed them to their relation, Lord Granville. On examining them, this peer, who had made a hobby of shorthand, was able to prepare a key. The key and the six volumes were then placed in the hands of John Smith, an undergraduate.

Smith took three years to transcribe the Diary, and then placed the complete manuscript in the hands of Lord Braybrooke, who made the selection which formed the first edition.

The quality of the Diary was recognized immediately on its publication, and it has been a source of unfailing delight to succeeding generations. Pepys gives himself away so completely. He was a man of very considerable abilities, who was Secretary to the Admiralty in the reigns of Charles II. and James II. and James II., and who did such valuable work in that capacity that he has claims to be regarded as the father of the British Navy. But he constantly exhibits himself in the most ludicrous positions.

Even in a diary intended for no eyes but their own, few men would make the admissions that he makes. He receives a present of venison, which proves to be tainted, and at once sends it to his mother. He accepts a bribe without looking at it "that I might say that I did not know what there was in the bag."

FROM PIRATE TO PARSON

Slave-Trader's Famous Hymns.

There has just occurred the bicentenary—the two hundredth anniversary—of the author of two of the best-known hymns in the language, "Glorious Things of Thee Are Spoken" and "How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds." He was the vicar of Olney, lived next door to the poet William Cowper, and collaborated with him in the production of the famous Olney Hymns.

Yet the Rev. John Newton had been a turbulent African slave-trader. He began his career as a ship's boy, and later became a naval midshipman, attempted desertion, and was flogged. Eventually he was transferred to a slave ship, did the most menial jobs for a brutal slaver, and gave himself up to every form of dissipation.

Converted by a Storm.

It is said that his mode of life was changed by the strain of steering a water-logged ship through a terrible storm, but it is certain that he came under the influence of Wesley and Whitefield, and although he remained at sea for some time, and even in the slave trade, his ship must have been one of the strangest that ever sailed the seas. No swear word was heard aboard that craft; nobody ever got drunk, and the Church service was read daily.

But though there was no form of wickedness to which he had not confessed in his autobiography, he was still only thirty when he amazed the Archbishop of York by his request to be admitted to Holy Orders. It took him some time to get his desire fulfilled, but it may be said at once that the Church never had a more faithful minister. He was rector of Olney for fourteen years, and then removed to London to the Church of St. Mary Woolnoth, a few yards from the Mansion House, where he remained for twenty-eight years. He died at the age of eighty-two.

The career of John Newton inevitably suggests that of John Bunyan, who, if his own account may be trusted, was in his early days a practical atheist, a worthless contemptible infidel, a vile rebel to God and goodness, a common profligate, a soul-despising, a soul-murdering, thoughtless, wretch as could exist on the earth."

But Macaulay avers that his own and others' accounts of his extreme wickedness are traceable to Bunyan's exaggerated view of the blackness of his own heart, and that the author of "The Pilgrim's Progress" would have been regarded by the average village rector of his day as a model youth and an example to the parish!

But it is a fact that Launcelot Blackburne, who became Archbishop of Canterbury, had formerly been a pirate. After a wild career at Cambridge it is said that he stole a fiddle from his tutor's room and played his way to London, where he shipped as cabin boy on a collier.

On abandoning piracy Blackburn returned to Cambridge and, restored the fiddle to its rightful owner, together with a silver case. When he was Archbishop, tobacco and punch were always served in his vestry as he performed a confirmation.

"Billy Sunday" and Gipsy Smith are regarded to-day as the greatest evangelists in the world. Each can attract an audience running into tens of thousands. The former was once a famous baseball player, and still uses the language of the game to illustrate his sermons. The latter was a gipsy, born in a tent. His father used to preach on Hampstead Heath, being a product of the Salvation Army movement in its very early days.

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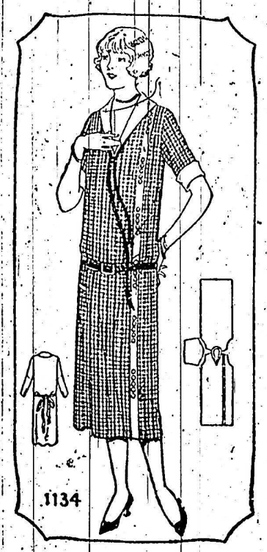
Exclusive Patterns by Cecil Rayne



SIMPLE MORNING FROCK.

The well-dressed woman requires a frock of this type. There are little tucks at the shoulder to give fulness over the bust, and the side closing is emphasized by a band of plain-color material trimmed with groups of buttons all the way down. A set-in pocket is conveniently placed at the right side. The shaped collar and cuffs finishing the short sleeves are made of the same material as the trimming-band. The pattern provides long sleeves, and the diagram shows the simple design of the frock. No. 1134 is in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42 and 44 inches bust. Size 38 bust requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch, or 3½ yards of 40-inch, or 3 yards of 54-inch material. For the dress with short sleeves ⅛ yard less material is required. Price 20 cents.

The designs illustrated in our new Fashion Book are advance styles for the home dressmaker, and the woman or girl who desires to wear garments dependable for taste, simplicity and economy will find her desires fulfilled in our patterns. Price of the book 10 cents the copy. Each copy includes one coupon good for five cents in the purchase of any pattern.

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Gifts.

To cheer the world when things went wrong,
And nothing seemed worth while,
To help to lighten Life's hard load
God made—a pleasant smile.

To still the pain of aching hearts,
Too hurt and sore to weep,
To dull the throng of memories
God made—a dreamless sleep.

To share Life's joy or sorrow,
Whichever Fate might send,
To help him in an hour of need
God made for man—a friend.

—P. N. Hart Scott.

He Was "Moon Struck."

After he slept under the full moon one night, the face of a miner in Kalgoorlie, Australia, was twisted curiously, and it was several days before he recovered. Persons who have been sun-struck often will shiver in the hottest sun, doctors here say.

A Poem You Should Know.

John Grumlie.

The story of the misfortunes that overtook the man who had to mind the house is an old one, and appears in many forms. Here is an excellent form of the story in verse.

John Grumlie swore by the light of the moon
And the green leaves on the tree,
That he could do more work in a day
Than his wife could do in three.
His wife rose up in the morning
With cares and troubles enow;
"John Grumlie, bide at hame, John,
And I'll gae hand the plow.

"First ye maun dress four children fair
And put them a' in their gear;
And ye maun turn the malt, John,
Or else ye'll spoil the beer.
And ye maun reel the tweel, John,
That I span yesterday;
And ye maun ca' in the hens, John,
Else they'll a' lay away."

O, John did dress his children fair,
And put them a' in their gear;
But he forgot to turn the malt,
And so he spoiled the beer.
And he sang aloud as he reeled the tweel
That his wife span yesterday;
But he forgot to put up the hens,
And the hens a' laid away.

John Grumlie's wife came hame at e'en,
And laughed as she'd been mad
When she saw the house in such a plight
And John so glum and sad.
Quoth he: "I'll give up my housewifeskep,
I'll be no more gude wife."
"Indeed," quoth she, "I'm well content
That ye keep it the rest o' your life!"

Making Monkeys Work.

In Pattani, a southern province of Siam, and in Kelantan, one of the unfederated Malay States, monkeys are trained by the natives to pick coconuts and edible seed pods, for their masters.

The romantic notion, says a writer in "Science," that monkeys naturally climb coco-nut palms and throw down the nuts out of mischief or from a desire to oblige is pure fiction. The monkeys must be caught young and carefully trained to their jobs by attaching them to a long pole, on the top of which is fastened a bunch of fruit. The animals quickly learn to run up to the fruit and throw it down for their own food. Having once mastered the main idea, as it were, they can then be perfected in their profession in the palm trees.

Only the larger monkeys are successful with the coco-nuts. The smaller monkeys can manage the pods which grow in small clusters on the ends of the branches of the sataw tree, and which provide the natives with an important food item. The seeds resemble a broad bean and are eaten as a vegetable, both raw and cooked. It is said that a well-trained monkey can pick as many pods in a day as a man, thus enabling his fortunate owner to earn a full day's wages with a minimum amount of effort.

The Smallest Republic.

In these days of great republics the smallest is not without interest.

This is Tavolara, a little island situated seven and a half miles from Sardinia, in the Mediterranean. It is little more than a mile in length, and has a population of fifty-one.

The sovereignty of the island was given in 1836 to the Bartoleoni family, and up to 1882 Paul I. reigned peacefully over his island kingdom. On his death the Islanders proclaimed a republic.

By the constitution the President is elected for ten years, and both men and women excrcise the vote.

Making Friends on Road.

Sharing the road with others makes friends. Blocking the road makes an unnecessary enemy. You can't afford to make nemies—they may prove expensive.

New

THIS new kind of laundry soap makes a thick soapy solution. Pour this in your tubs, boiler or washing machine. Use it instead of bar soap.

Use enough *Rinso* to get plenty of lasting suds that stand up while the clothes are put in. These rich soap-suds FLOAT dirt out. No more hard rubbing!

Soak clothes an hour—overnight, if you wish. Rinse. Because Rinso dissolves completely, it rinses out thoroughly leaving clothes snowy white.

* * *

Rinso is made by the makers of Lux to do the family wash as perfectly as Lux does all fine things. Get Rinso from your grocer today.

R-441

Patient Penmen.

The champion miniature [illegible] is the title claimed by [illegible] living at Vancouver. He [illegible] a postcard, on London [illegible] has written 12,000 words, the [illegible] of sixteen columns of newspaper matter.

Some years ago a Derby man [illegible] wrote 9,000 words on a post[illegible] and an Italian appeared on the [illegible] case on which he had written [illegible] words.

[illegible] to activity a University [illegible] who wrote 600 words in the [illegible] of an ordinary postage stamp.

[illegible] the stiffest tests in miniature [illegible] was the engraving in perfect [illegible] graphy of the complete history of [illegible] discovery of America on the [illegible] of a hen's egg. The Lord's [illegible] been in turn written on a [illegible] wheat split lengthwise and a [illegible] piece. There is also a story [illegible] on the inside of which the [illegible] was accomplished.

[illegible] spent nearly ten years drawing [illegible] different heads on the surface [illegible] cherry stones. Most people [illegible] a microscope to make out [illegible] of the faces. The man re[illegible] $500 for the stone.

Procrastinating Man.

[illegible] periods that during the [illegible] many years that man has [illegible] the earth, he has learned to [illegible] only about 300 species [illegible] of more than 100,000 that [illegible] to exist.

Sleep.

[illegible] can sleep peacefully on [illegible] bed."

[illegible] be done in our apartment [illegible]

[illegible] seven per cent. of Arctic [illegible] have returned alive.

WRIGLEY'S

AFTER EVERY MEAL

[illegible] probably one [illegible] for the popularity of WRIGLEY'S is that it lasts [illegible] long and returns such [illegible] dividends for so small [illegible] outlay. It keeps teeth [illegible], breath sweet, appetite [illegible], digestion good. Fresh and full-flavored always in its wax-wrapped package.

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