## MALL FIGHTS OCCUR DAILY.

e Small Garrison Stood a Fortnight's Siege.

#### COLVILLE RETIRED.

ha Urging a Raid in Natal, But Recruiting is Brisk In That Colony Cape Civilians Giving Up Arms Eight Thousand Burghers Under

pe Town, Jan. 18 .- The Duke of burgh's Volunteers, a Cape Town nent, which has been garrison Daniel's Knil, Griqualand West. surrounded by 400 Boers from ary 5 until yesterday, when the who were without big guns ned away in the direction of

Boers fired on the garrison nly three men were seriously

men, the Boer commandant ded the surrender of the gar which was refused. The Boers ened that if the surrender was rthcoming they would raze all uses in the place.

rty of Boers has visited the rt West district, of Cape Col-9 miles from Cape Town, and ndeered everything they re-

toer prisoners of war at Dela y refuse to consider a pror their removal to Portugal.

octamation Welcomed. own, Jan. 18 .- The Times to-

mly welcomes the extension al law to nearly every dis-Cape Colony, and the proon that the Peace Preservawill be enforced in other Under this act all civilians pelled to deliver up any arms y have in their possession, enforcement will remove ises of irritation and possible

onse to a call for the surren urious and sometimes obsopons have been brought in s. A large number of sportother rides have been given t is estimated that only half allable weapons in the dise as yet been surrendered. astructions relating to penbe imposed for seditious utfor serving soldiers with overcharging by traders, g any meetings whatsoever errmits, and for spreading e instructions will also deesponsibilities of hotel and ouse keepers in connection calcd arms found on their

ined the Fighters. Jan. 18.-Two influential were released from Prethe purpose of persuading ad file of the Boer commangrender, and who re, were seen by Kaffir meet four other Boers, and endly palaver to go on to where they stated that cen no Boers. They have westward, and are probeaning up their rifles.

ka Rebeis Cautious. an. 16.-The fortifications trict have been greatly st, owing to recent news

g is in perfect readiness the enemy a hearty reuld they invade the disat one time was their

valists have joined the here, and volunteered to military defence of the

enemys advance scouts o men of Nesbitt's Horse, ged in jail. He had sur-Orange River Colony last had taken up arms again. man was also captured. et is quiet. Rebels are too ned to throw in their lot emy aghin, and many de protection of the mill-

wanters entered the divi-

Jan. 17.-Louis Botha

several visits to Bethel te burghers to continue

he Bitter End.

the bitter end, saying hey were all killed their d carry on the struggle. s Orange River. Jan. 17.-The Boer com-

lately occupied Suthergone west toward Caled commandoes have apes apparently proceedrecrossed the Orange other commando is mov-Howmore. . pent reports under 500 ltogether have joined

ed Post Office. Jan. 18.-During the oc-

berdeen by the Boer inooted the stores and retch rebels. Two of these vants, who robbed the fore leaving. r in Command.

nn. 18.-Gen. Tucker has ed to the command at vice Gen. Hunter, who lided. its is in command here.

# A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST BRITAIN.

we with him a day and doubt it." "Hereditary, no doubt," Mr. Sabin suggested quietly. Blanche shrugged her shoulders and

leaned back yawning. "Anyhow," she said, "I've had enough of them all. It has been very thresome work, and I am sick of it. Give me some money. I want a spree. I am going to have a month's holiday." Mr. Sabin sat down at his desk and drew out a cheque-book.

"There will be no difficulty about the money," he said, "but I cannot spare you for a month. Long before that I must have the rest of this madman's figures." The girl's face darkened

"Haven't I told you," she said, "that there is not the slightest chance of their taking me back? You might as well believe me. They wouldn't have me, and I wouldn't go."

"I do not expect anything of the sort," Mr. Sabin said. "There are other directions, though, in which I shall require your aid. I shall have to go to Deringham myself, and as I know nothing whatever about the place you will be useful to me there. I believe that your home is somewhere near

"There is no reason, I suppose," Mr. Sabin continued, "why a portion of the vacation you were speaking of should not be spent there?"

"None," the girl replied, "except that it would be deadly dull, and no holiday at all. I should want paying for it." Mr. Sabin looked down at the chequebook which lay open before him. "I was intending," he said, "to offer

you a cheque for fifty pounds. I will make it one hundred, and you will rejoin your family circle, at Takenham, I believe, in one week from to-day." The girl made a wry face.

"The money's all right," she said, but you ought to see my family circle! They are all cracked on farming, from the poor old dad, who loses all his spare cash at it, down to little Letty, my roungest sister, who can tell you everything about the last turnip crop. Do ride over and see us! You will find it so amusing !"

"I shall be charmed," Mr. Sabin said suavely, as he commenced filling in the body of the cheque. "Are all your sisters, may I ask, as delightful as you?" She looked at him defiantly.

"Look here," she said, "none of that! Of course you wouldn't come, but in any case I won't have you. The girls are well, not like me, I'm glad to say. won't have the responsibility of introducing a Mephistocles into the do-

"I can assure you," Mr. Sabin said, "that I had not the faintest idea of coming. My visit to Norfolk will be anything but a pleasure trip, and I chall have no time to spare. I believe have your address: 'Westacott Farm, Fakenham,' is it not? Now do what you like in the meantime, but a week from to-day there will be a letter from me there. Lere is the cheque." The girl rose and shook out her

"Aren't you going to take me anywhere?" she asked. "You might ask me to have supper with you to-night." Mr. Sabin shook his head gently. "I am sorry," he said, "but I have a young lady living with me."

"She is my niece, and it takes more than my spare time to entertain her," he continued, without noticing the interjection. You have plenty of friends, Go and look them up and enjoy yourself-for a week. I have no heart to go pleasure-making until my work is fin-

She drew on her gloves and walked to the door. Mr. Sabin came with her

"I wish," she said, "that I could un- have supper together." derstand what in the world you are trying to evolve from those rubbishy He laughed.

"Some day," he said, "I will tell you. At present you would not understand. se patient a little longer." "It has been long enough," she exclaimed, "I have had seven months of

"And I," he answered, "seven years. Take care of yourself, and remember, I shall want you in a week." CHAPTER XI.

The Fruit That is of Gold. Harcutt and Densham met in one of there was a certain expression

"He is mad," she said. "There is no their coats and hats to an attendant, condbie doubt about that; you couldn't | and strolled about waiting for Wolfenden. A quarter of an hour passed. The stream of people from the theatres began to grow thinner. Still, Wolfenden did not come. Harcutt took out

> his eyes from Densham's face. "I propose that we do not wait any longer for Wolfenden," he said. "I saw him this afternoon, and he answered me very oddly when I reminded him

here, too, that they will not keep our table much longer." "Let us go in, by all means," Densham agreed. "Wolfenden will easily seems familiar to me, although I "You're not looking very fit, old knew it."

chap," he remarked, "Is anything wrong ?" Densham shook his head and turned file-but rather a dilettante,

"I am a little tired," he said. "We've his profession, though, and his name been keeping late hours the last two is Harcutt." nights. There's nothing the matter with me, though. Come, let us go in." The two men stood in the doorway. "I have not asked you yet," Harcutt said, in a low tone. ' What for-

Densham laughed a little bitterly. "I will tell you all that I know presently," he said. "You have found out something,

then?" "I have found out," Densham answered, "all that I care to know. I have found out so much that I am leaving England within a week!" Harcutt looked at him curiously. "Poor old chap," he said softly. "I

had no idea that you were so hard hit as all that, you know.' They passed through the crowded room to their table. Suddenly Harcutt stopped short and laid his hand upon Densnam's arm. "Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Look

at that! No wonder we had to wait for Wolfenden!" Mr. Sabin and his niece were occupying the same table as on the previous night, only this time they were not alone. Wolfenden was sitting there between the two. At the moment of their entrance he and the girl were laughing together. Mr. Sabln, with

the air of one wholly detached from

his companions, was calmly proceed as possible." ing with his supper.

left his seat and joined them.

awkwardness in their greetings. one knew exactly what to say. "You fellows are rather late, aren't you?" Wolfenden remarked. "We were here punctually enough,"

Harcutt replied; "but we have been waiting for you nearly a quarter of an hour." "I am sorry," Wolfenden said. "The fact is I ought to have left word when I came in, but I quite forgot it.

look into the room when you found | We shall always be glad that we met that I was behind time." "Well, it isn't of much consequence," Harcutt declared; "we are shall meet again in England at all." here now, at any rate, although it

seems that after all we are not to denly to have gone out, and the Wolfenden glanced rapidly over his come a walling dirge. He retained

Harcutt nodded. "Oh, we'll excuse you, by all means; but on one condition-we want to know all about it. Where can we see

you afterwards?" "At my rooms," Wolfenden said, turning away and resuming his seat at the other table.

Densham had made no attempt whatever to join in the conversation. Once his eyes had met Wolfenden's, At precisely the hour agreed upon, and it seemed to the latter that the ante-rooms leading into the there which needed some explanation.

## "Milan" restaurant. They surrendered It was not anger-it certainly was TWAS DR. CHASE WHO SAVED OUR BABY

Croup, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Severe Chest Coughs Cannot Withstand the Soothing, Healing Effects of Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpentine.

pentine. They keep it in the house as the most prompt and certain cure an attack of bronchial pneumonia. My solved the situation. obtainable for croup, bronchitis and husband and I thought she was go- "I think, Helene, if you are ready, severe coughs and colds to which ing to leave the world as her case we had better go," he said. "It is children are subject. It has never resisted the doctor's treatment. I nearly half-past twelve, and we shall failed them. Scores of thousands of bought a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup escape the crush if we leave at once." mothers say-"Twas Dr. Chase who of Linseed and Turpentine from our | She stood up silently, and Wolfen-

street, Barrie, Ont., says-" Having child began to get better, and we her shoulders. She thanked him softly, tried your medicine, my faith is very are thankful to say is all right to- and, turning away, walked down the lity but very little education, and his high in its powers of curing cough day after seven weeks' sickness." room, followed by the two men. In and croup. My little girl has been Mr. E. Hill, fireman, Berkeley Street the ante-room Mr. Sabin stopped. subject to the croup for a king time, Fire Hall, Toronto, says-"I desire to "My watch," he remarked, "was and I found nothing to cure it until I say in favor of Dr. Chase's Syrup of fast. You will have time after all for gave it Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed Linseed and Turpentine that one of a cigarette with your friends. Good and Turpentine. I cannot speak too my children was promptly relieved night."

Toronto, states—"My little grand- the house, nor use any other medi- hand, flashing with jewels, but shapely ing cough for about eight weeks, Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and She looked at him with a faint smile when we procured a bottle of Dr. Turpentine is sold everywhere and is fur of her cloak, and he held it within Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpen- used in more homes than any other his for a second. time. After the first dose she called treatment for diseases of the throat "I hope," he said, "that at an rate understand the darkness that cover-

of whooping cough, and as long as | Wolfenden had no alternative but to Mr. W. A. Wylie, 57 Seaton street, obtainable will not be without it in accept his dismissal. A little white

not envy. Wolfenden was puzzled-he was even disturbed. Had Densham dis. sad. covered anything further than he "You have heard what my inexorbimself knew about this man and the girl? What did he mean by looking den," she answered quietly. "I am as though the key to this mysterious afraid he is right. We are wanderers, he and in lets hands, and as he and I with no settled home."

GREEN TEAS FROM CEYLON AND INDIA though he had nothing but pity for "I shall venture to hope," he said boldly, "that some day you will make met with any success? Wolfenden re- one-in England." sumed his seat with an uncomfort. A tinge of color flashed into her able conviction that Densham knew cheeks. Her eyes danced with amusemore than he did about these people ment at his audacity-then they sudthe knowledge had damped all his folds of her gown. ardour. There was a cloud upon his | "Ah, well," she said, demurely, face for a moment. The exuberance "that would be too great a happiness. of his happiness had received a sud- Farewell! One never knows." den check. Then the girl spoke to him, and the memory of Densham's cold impatience, and, turning away,

unspoken warning passed away. He followed him down the stiarcase. Wolflooked at her long and searchingly. enden remained at the top until she Harcutt returned his watch to his Her face was as innocent and proud pocket slowly, and without removing as the face of a child. She was unconscious even of his clc. 2 scrutiny. The man might be anything; it might even be that every word that Felix had spoken was true. But of the girl would believe no evil, he would about to-night. There is such a crowd not doubt her even for a moment. "Your friend," remarked Mr. Sabin, helping himself to an ortolan,

'is a journalist, is he not? His face have forgotten his name, if ever I "He is a journalist," Wolfenden answered. "Not one of the rank and still a hard worker. He is devoted to

"Harcutt!" Mr. Sabin repeated, although he did not appear to recoilect Harcutt linked his arm in Densham's. | the name. "He is a political journalist, is he not ?"

"Not that I am aware of," Wolfenden answered. "He is generally considered to be the great scribe of soclety. I believe that he is interested in foreign politics, though," "Ah !" Mr. Sabin's interjection was sig-

nificant, and Wolfenden looked up quickly, but fruitlessly. The man's face was impenetrable. "The other fellow," Wolfenden said turning to the girl, "is Densham, the painter. His picture in this year's Academy was a good deal talked about, and he does some excellent portraits."

She threw a glance at him over her gleaming white shoulder. "He looks like an artist," she said. "I liked his picture—a French landscape, was it not? And his portrait of the Countess of Davenport was magnificent."

"If you would care to know him," Wolfenden said, "I should be very happy to present him to you.' Mr. Sabin looked up, and shook his head quickly, but firmly. "You must excuse us," he said. "My

avoiding new acquaintances as much "I understand now," Harcutt whis- face. Wolfenden would have given darky waiter who presided over the pered, "what Wolfenden meant this much to know into what worlds table brought on the next course, afternoon. When I reminded him about | those clear, soft eyes, suddenly set | to-night, he laughed and said, 'Well, in a far-away gaze, were wandering I shall see you, at any rate! I thought | -what those regrets were which it was odd at the time. I wonder how had floated up so suddenly before her. Was she, too, as impenetrable as the Densham made no reply. The two man, or would he some day share men took their seats in silence. Wolfen with her what there was of sorrow den was sitting with his back half- or of mystery in her young life? His turned to them, and he had not heart beat with unaccustomed quicknoticed their entrance. In a moment ness at the thought. Mr. Sabin's last or two, however, he looked round, and, remark, the uncertainty of his own

seeing them, leaned over towards the position with regard to these people, girl and apparently asked her some lilled him with sudden fear; it thing. She noided, and he immediately might be that, he, too, was to be included in the sentence which had just There was a little hesitation, almost been pronounced. He looked up from the table to find Mr. Sabin's cold, steely eyes fixed upon him, and acting upon a sudden impulse, he spoke what was nearest to his heart. "I hope,' he said, "that the few acquaintances whom fate does bring

you are not to suffer for the same Mr. Sabin smiled and poured himself out a glass of wine. 'You are very good," he said. took it for granted that you would presume that you refer to yourself. you, shall we not, Helene? But I doubt very much if, after to-night, we

To Wolfenden the light seemed sud-"You understand the position, of by a tremendous effort. Even then a grinning menial had spoiled course," he said. "I need not ask you he felt that he had become pale, and that his voice betrayed something of the emotion that he felt.

"You are going away," he said, slowly-"abroad." "Very soon, indeed," Mr. Sabin answered. "At any rate, we leave London during the week. You must not way Company that the twelve simple forked Flash of Lightning, leaving the look upon us, Lord Wolfenden, as or- mogul freight locomotives now builddinary pleasure-seekers. We are wan- ing at the Brooks & Dixon Companies' derers upon the face of the earth, not | shops in the United States will be so much by choice as by destiny. I ready for delivery in about three want you to try one of those cigar- weeks. The engines are of the "900 ettes. They were given to me by the class," similar to the moguls built at

than he does about governing." The girl had been gazing steadfastly at the grapes that lay untasted upon her plate, and Wolfenden glanced towards her twice in vain; now, however, she looked up, and a slight smile parted her lips as her eyes met his.

Lord Wolfenden," she said softly. "I | 20,000 pounds; working steam preshope that we shall meet again some sure, 200 pounds. The boilers each time, if not often. I should be very | contain 283 tubes, two inches in diasorry not to think so. We owe you so | meter and eleven feet eleven incheran

There was an added warmth in those last few words, a subtle light in her eyes. Was she indeed a past mistress in all the arts of coquetry, or was the foregoing, together with the and nothing displeased him. He was there not some message for him in | twenty-four of the same series now It is the mother's who especially simply state that part of one bottle glance? He sat spellbound for a mo- will be put into service on the west- of the Theatre when all of the Comappreciate the unusual virtues of Dr. cured her, and she is now well and ment. Her bosom was certainly rising ern and middle divisions of the sysand falling more quickly. The pearls tem, where, by the improvements down them and their Eyes bulging Mrs. F. Dwyer, of Chesterville, says at her throat quivered. Then Mr. made on the roadbed, it is possible

popular druggist, W. G. Bolster. Af- den, with slow fingers, raised her cloak Mrs. F. W. Bond, 20 Macdonald ter the first two or three doses the from the back of the chair and covered

upon her lips. Yet her eyes were very

imself knew about this man and the able guardian has said, Lord Wolfen-

whose guest he had become, and that denly dropped, and she caught up the green or black, use only

She yielded at last to Mr. Sabin's had passed out of sight; he lingered even for a moment or two afterwards, inhaling the faint, subtle perfume shaken from her gown-a perfume which reminded him of an orchard of pink and white apple blossoms in Normandy. Then he turned back, and finding Harcutt and Densham lingering over their coffee, sat down beside them.

(To be continued.)

BILL NYE'S JOKE. It Made a Good Deal of Trouble for

herrmann.

When Bill Nye, in collaboration with Jas. Whitcomb kiley, was touring the ing and was escorted to a place in phelian goatee. Nye recognized his came back to the Island-Town vis-a-vis as Hermann, the Magician, but beyond a quizzical stare gave no sign that he knew the eminent prestiaware that the bald man opposite him recognition. In spite of this Hermann had, in fact, prepared a little surprise for the humorist, and several others seated at the table were in the sec-

Nye was about to lance a leaf from his salad, when he espied, lying beneath it, a superb and scintillant diamond, set in a very fine gold ring. Without showing the least surprise he lifted the ring from the salad bowl, slipped it on his tinger, conscious all the while that every eye was upon him, and, turning to Riley, who sat next to him, remarked, with his dry,

inimitable drawl-"Strange how carelesss I am getting to be in my old age, James. I am forever leaving my jewelry in unlikely

niece and I are not in England for places." very long, and we have reasons for Hermann was dumbfounded at the sudden manner in which the trick had miscarried, but he was destined for a Nye turned to him and, soberly handing him the gem set ring, said-

"You are a very good waiter, Joe." "Yes, sah. I guess I is, sah." "And you always will be a real good waiter. Joe ?"

"Yes, sah, I'm boun' to do my best, sah." "I believe you, Joe, I believe you and as an evidence of my faith in you went you to accept this little trifle Wear it, and always remember the man who most appreciated your ser

The darky's eyes bulged, Hermann's fork rattled to the floor, and he tugged at his great moustachies, but | Heat. Any show of Emotion was rehe was far too clever to cut in with garded as vulgar. an explanation at such an inopportune moment. There were half ing its Quadrennial Epileptic Convulsuppressed titters all around the sion, known as the National Camboard during the rest of the meal, paign, he did not so much as rememwhich the professor of the occult art ber the Names of the Candidates. did not appear to enjoy. At a late He went to an Arena to see a hour that night Hermann was heard Championship Battle between two in loud argument with the dusky re- Grand Little Boys who did 133 at the cipient of the diamond ring, trying in Ringside. It was a Twenty Round two languages to convince him that Quarrel, full of Gore and Knock-

it was all a joke on the part of Mr | Downs, but it never gave him a Finally, after disbursing a tip of shricking to the Participants to Beat more than customary liberality, Her- his Block off and Jam him in the mann got back his ring. He after Kisser the jaded Traveller sat and soft, low music seemed to have be. ward avowed that the stone alone read a little book of Sonnets that he was worth \$2,000, and that Bill had Picked up in London. After the some command of his features only Nye's nonchalant presentation of it to Kid had been carried out of the Ring whole evening's performance

### legerdemain.

Grand Trunk Engines. Advices have been received at the head offices of the Grand Trunk Rail-Khedive, and I think you will admit | the company's Point St. Charles | that he knows more about tobacco shops. They were designed by Mr. Frank W. Morse, superintendent of motive power, the dimensions being as follows-

Cylinders, 20 by 20 inches; total weight of locomotive, loaded, 161,976 | that the Human Ice-Box sat there repounds; total weight of tender, loaded, 112,000 pounds, with driving wheels How pale she was, and how suddenly sixty-two inches in diameter outside of tire; water capacity of tank 4,500 "Do not take my uncle too literally, U.S. gallons; coal capacity of tender, length. The engines are equipped with Westinghouse-American brakes and

train signals. The twelve engines mentioned in -"My little girl of three years had Sabin's voice, cold and displeased, dis- to increase the trainloads from 25 to 33 per cent.

### Gross Darkness.

A correspondent of the Westminster Gazette tells this story of a preacher in the wilds of South Africa. The preacher, like many of his orcongregation consisted mainly of wood splitters, fruit growers and small farmers. In illustrating his subject he said:

"My friends, you've been out on a dark night when you could hardly see your hand before you, and you've said how pitchy dark it is; well, pitchy dark it is; well, pitchy darkness be dark, and my friends, you know what | Stores and Wednesday Matinees. In a gross is; if not, I'll tell you. A fit honey and was eager for mediand lungs. 25 cents a bottle. Edman-cine time to come around. I can son, Bates & Co., Toronto.

BRITISH GROWN

ARE CLEAN AND PURE. JAPAN'S ARE COLORED WITH WHAT? THINK! If you want pure, wholesome and economical tea, either

CEYLON AND INDIA TEA.

### THE SATIATED **GLOBE TROTTER**

Once there was a cold-blooded tourist who had been Everywhere and seen Everything. His Suit-Case was Papered with Foreign Labels.

He knew more about the Old World than does the Wise German writes the Baedeker Guide-Books and can tell you the price of a Schnitzel at the most remote Hostelry in the Duchy of Bratwurst.

He had seen so many Sights that become Dull and Ordinary. He was out an Effort.

black moustachios and a Mephisto- When this Case-Hardened Traveller with two thousand Angels hovering which his Family had been set up as the Sacred White Cow for several Generations, it was not because the Women pining on Distant Shores, bedigitator. Hermann was very well Burg appealed to him, but because he had Done the World so Thorough- whose Pride and Boast it had been was Bill Nye, but did not indicate his ly that all Towns looked alike to that nothing could Jar him, was now. him. It would be a case of Vegetating whether he squatted in Vienna or

Council Bluffs. For he had run the Gamut of Excitement and was as Calloused as a Stevedore. What he had been Through would make a Jules Verne Narrative sound like one of the Elsie Books written for the cultured little Girls of Cambridge, Mass. He had been mixed up in so many Stirring Adventures that it was about a Tie between him and Roose-

He had fought Bulls in Seville and hunted Big Game in India. He had been Shipwrecekd in the South Seas and escaped over the Coral Reefs with the Man-Eating Sharks nibbling at his Toes. The West River Pirates had given him the run in China. He had stopped a Grizzly Bear in the Rockies and Perforated two Rustlers in Wyoming and put the Black Shroud on the Wheel at Monte Carlo and broken Window Glass at Port Said, and now he returned to his Old Home, that had no Attractions except a Free Reading Room and a Basket Ball Team. He felt that he had Played his String and gone his Length. He was what one might term Blase, although it is not hard to be That in a town which

pronounces it Blaze. He seldom came off the High Horse or let down from the Pose. He did not Cotton to the Humble Joys of Middle Class Americans. It was a Matter of Pride with him that his Pulse never Jiggled and his Temperature never scooted up to Fever

When the Whole Country was Hav-Tingle. While the Saloon Men were looking like a Hamburger Steak the in Globe-Trotter looked up Wearily and

Even at a Football Game he was as calm as a Graven Image. He never Batted an Eye when the Peerless Half-Back went down the Field like a Gridiron strewn with writhing Glants who were sure to get their Pictures in the Paper, with a Toss-up between the Obituary Column and the Sporting Page. At the Supreme Moment, when the Hero threw himself catapultlike across the Linear of Whitewash, and ten thousand Partisans got up on their Hind Legs and yowled like Coyotes and the Girls squealed and fell between the Chairs and loosened their Back Hair, it was then garding his Finger Nails and wearing the small dry Smile of the Chap who is Dreadfully Bored. He was undoubtedly the Champion

asked what the Score was. It was

the same as Cricket to him.

Wet Blanket. It seemed that nothing short of Electrocution would have sent a Thrill up the Back of his Neck. He could lean up against a Hot Water Pipe and have it Stone Cold on the

Count of Ten. He had what People who know a little French call an Awful Case of the Ennui. Nothing interested him out, wondering whether the Heroine is going to Come Back at the Nobleman with a Dirk or accept the Money and Fly with him.

One Evening he went to a Party because it was too much Trouble to send Regrets. He sized up the Assemblage with a Fishy Eye while seated on a Moorish Divan, made in Grand Rapids, Mich. Near him sat a Young Thing with a Baby Stare, whose Brain-Throbs ran about four to the Minute. Her Photograph may be seen in front of any Gallery. She was not a World-Beater as to Shape, Style, or General Get-up. She was Young, but not too Young. The Market Man would have called her a good sizable Broiler. The Globe-Trotter had seen whole Flocks of the Same Kind coming out of Candy Budapest and Paris he had passed up Dozens who had her beaten a Block. And yet she was It.

She sort of scrouged over to make room for other Young People, and

the Dress Coat of the Cold Storage Proposition. He felt a couple of Volts enter his System, and he began to Curl like an Autumn Leaf. He had hunted through Mesopotamia. and Matabeleland for a New Sensation without getting it, but he found it good and plenty then and there on the queer Sofa. He had heard of the Magnetic Girl, or the Georgia Wonder, but he had not believed that any living Maiden could send the Current crackling into him, for he was a Non-Conductor, and Insulated besides. But little Daisy, the Coming-Out Girl, did the Trick with-

He started to talk to her, but now nothing could Move him. Every. it was Goodby to the Careless Ease thing under the Shining Canopy had of Manner, for he was in a Trance. country as a lecturer, he stopped at a a Track-Sore Performer, who had She held to a Button on his Coat we.l known Chicago hostelry one even- overlooked nothing except the North and looked up into his Eyes and and the South Poles and a few Whist. chirped about the Favors and the the big room directly across the ling-Posts on the Jerk-Water Divi- Wax on the floor, and he felt himself

table from a dark man with heavy sion of the Fremont and Elkhorn. | wafted away on a fleecy Cloud, over him and playing Rag-Time on jewelled Mandolins. He, the Cast-Iron Veteran, who had left strange, dark cause he would not Warm Up, and scally-hooted to the Queen's Taste. with his Nervous System full of Hard Knots.

His Pulse pounded like a Steam Rivetter. Every Chandeller in the Room became a revolving Pin-Wheel. Some one had built a fire under him, and he was slowly Broiling in an Agony of Confused Happiness. She treated him to more White-Hot Emotions in Ten Minutes than he had found in

Years of Travel. All that Night he followed Daisy around like a Trained Collie, and when he saw her dancing with vealy. Sophomores and pinning Flowers on them, he went out into the Conservatory, where he upset Flower Pote

and gnawed the Geraniums. Next Day he wrote a Note and sent Orchids and called her up on the 'Phone and walked past the House two or three times. He could not Eat, and he had to put Cold Water on his Temples and take Nerve Food.

He called every Evening unless she headed him off with some Excuse. Usually he found her with several Half-Baked Johnnies, whose Conversation was on the Order of a Colored Supplement. He was Appalled to learn that Daisy regarded them as Funny. Daisy did not care whether a Man had been around the World or only as far as Indianapolis, so long as he could spring Jokes that would make her

Giggle. The Man of the World was in a Fine Box. Like the Fellow in the Song, he couldn't tell why he loved her, but he did. He loved her so hard that he looked wild out of the Eyes and went around with his Hair mussed Up, which was very Amusing to little Daisy, for she could not see him at all except as a Good Thing when she ran short on Violets and Chocolate Creams. His Record as a Traveller did not make him any Stronger with her. The Aplomb that comes from meeting the Ripping Swells on the Continent never Touched her at all. She simply wanted a nice, gabby Boy who could take a Firm Hold and do the Two-Step for Hours at a time. The Globe-Trotter went Nanny. He followed her in the Street and tried to Scare her into an Acceptance by threatening to Shoot himself. Whenever he broke into the House he wanted to lean against her and Cry. He got to be a Post and they

On the Day that Daisy married the Low Comedian of the Amateur Dramatic Club, the Globe-Trotter tried to jump off of the Railroad Bridge. His Hair turned White in Six Months. At present he lives as a Hermit in the Old Manse, but sometimes he is encountered late at night Jibbering to himself Moral.-Somewhere there is a Daisy waiting with a Battery up her

had to Blacklist him.

Sleeve.-George Ade.

Ancient Archives. While repairing the tower of an old church at Cassonay, near Lausanne, a workman found a casket in a secret compartment which contained manuscripts dating as far back as 1435, Two of the manuscripts are written in Latin, and refer to the Burgundian wars then raging in Switzerland. The other manuscripts are written in French and bear the date of 1703. They have been forwarded to the museum at Berne to be carefully

Crusade by Song.

The famous singer, Mme. Lilly Lehmann, recently offered to sing before the girls at the Livingstone College, New Brunswick, on condition that they promised never again to adorn their hats with feathers. The girls, without exception, have sworn to discard plumage for time,-"Aftonblad," Stockholm

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A man's sweetheart who weight 138 pounds and who (he claims) is "worth her weight in gold" could be sold at the mint, if converted into yellow metal, for \$29,000. Anger is like rain; it breaks itself upon that on which it falls .- Clar-

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