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Ask your friends what They think of Blue Ribbon Ceylon Jea.

*********************************** The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

says, white to his lips, "what is lily. "I shall not say a word more. shameful or dishonorable in a man You threaten me, sir—truly!" loving a woman, and offering her his life. I acknowledge the great difference there is in our social positions. is built. George crosses the floor, I am prepared to acknowledge it with all humility to her father, and wait with deference for his goodwill. But I mean to marry the girl I love, sooner or later, in spite of the World."

He stands, tall, and stern, and proud, before her; a goodly man in the flower of his manhood; strong of drops on his brow, and the cold, cold tering herself that she is behaving will and determined of purpose.

victory, and that speedily. She knows my lady! If you beard a lion in his things in a different light when you expect from Ishmael?" that, looking at him as he stands den you know what to expect. Tell return." before her, brave, handsome, young, me what you are hinting at; tell it "To see Miss Deane in a different honest, strong of mind and body, to me truthfully and fully, or you light, you mean," George says, in the that the gates of success open before | shall not leave this room! You have | same quiet, dull, passionless voice.

A blow to maim him, and crush known you; you know you have, plant me, and woo and win Miss Deane him, now in the pride of his youth, so Lady Damer, and you know, too, I and her fortune; but I shall take a that he shall only be able to creep have been patient under your un- longer holiday than that, Lady Damon with bowed head and hopeless kind, ungenerous treatment. You er. You may be quite sure when I A rigid look passes over her face,

every nerve is at a tension, half dreading the thing she is going to do. "Why do you oblige me, most unwillingly, to say painful things to you?" she asks, glancing at him with a frowning brow and then avoiding the steady inquiry of those clear blue eyes. "You know-you must knowyou cannot marry Gillian Deane. You Speak for her, glowing on him, like a know, apart from the fact of her being heiress to a splendid fortune, On her new lord, her own the first and you being a poor man whose year's income would not support her for a week in the style she has been | manly," she falters, looking about in | She is very proud, too, and rather accustomed to live, apart from the nervous fear, in cowardly fear, such unforgiving, I fear; some of a fact of her father's most certain as easily besets a selfish, cruel heart. heavy displeasure, which would fall "I must excuse you, I suppose, under whelming sense of her own dignity heavily on me, to whom he confided the circumstances. Please to open the and importance, behaves en prinhis daughter, as on you; apart from | door. all this, which are surely reasons! "I will not, Lady Damer, unless you other, poor Bingham 'sails in the enough for a reasonable man to give give me the information I am wait- north of my lady's opinion.' He is up an utterly fallacious hope," Lady | ing for," he says, steadily. Damer says, with a haughty droop "I am sorry I came here," she says, means, and to tell you the truth, of her eyelids and a haughty toss with a poor attempt at cold dignity, what between her wealth, and her of her head, "apart from all this, marred by the twitching lips and requirements, and her spoiled child I say you know, you must know, why frightened glances. "I might have let pettishness and her purse-proud you cannot marry a girl of good You go on. Please to open the door, family and high position.

der husband to her all the days of my ing me as long as you please "!" life—as Heaven hears me.'

doubting what you have just said in her handkerchief to her eyes; and that courses like lava in his veins. the least," she says, hurriedly, in the feint of tears enrages him. rather unsteady tones, and wiping! But the absolute truth of it is she hatred-for the man, his life-long and myself only! You surely her lips, which have grown fevered can hardly endure to look at him. benefactor and kindly friend, The man will not speak of what I told you, and clammy; "but surely you do not

der a threat of my husband's vengeance if ever I dare to tell you," Lady Damer says, in unsteady tones, avoiding his eyes. "Only for the girl's sake I would never have dared ing at me out of the other face hearted man that ever breathed. To now. I must prevent that you know. with a deadly menace." I dare not keep silence if-if indeed you are under this terrible mistake." | trembling, indeed-"do you not know almost the obedience of a son, and again, quietly, but wondering stupid- the girl you think of marrying and ly at the same time how cold the dragging down to worse than povsultry evening has grown. How chill erty, an outcast from society and

Lady Damer says faintly, and it is in | very figure and attitude, as if a load is a reason, an absolute reason, why proud head and firm throat droop, you cannot marry Miss Deane. You and his hand clinch themselves on cannot-you would say so your-

"Tell me the reason," George says

"Can you not go away somewhere, and go over to London or Paris for a | name?" few weeks, and try and forget her. I will of myself do anything-help you in anyway. I am very sorry for all this: I have said so all along.'

"Tell me the reason why I cannot marry her," he repeats, exactly as he had spoken before.

"You said-I understood lately that you said you thought of going abroad with some expedition," she persists; "why not go now? It will be bestwisest, it indeed, believe me. And you shall have money or anything you want to help you!"

"Which do you take me for - a knave or a fool?" George demands through his close-shut teeth. "A fool, I think! Tell me at once what bugbear you are trying to frighten

me with!" "I will not," she says, desperately and blindly in her alarm. "You may not believe me, you are so obstinate! I thought you knew. And -I dare not enter my husband's presence tonight if he found out that I told you and that I was the first to enlighten you!"

"Lady Damer, I insist on your telling me plainly, truthfully, and at once, what you have got to tell me!" George reiterates, his eyes gleaming dangerously. "You shall and jealousy that smolders still in in his suffering. her cold, narrow nature after twenty. "Thank you, La speak out now, at once, and forever !"

Stops the Cough

"I fall to see, Lady Damer," George "I shall not!" she retorts haught-

> With three striding steps that fairshuts the door with a crash and

Why am I not to marry Gillian for life."

Deane ?" him-shut out in this tempest of mis- against me, as the person who has fied reproof. "I must, however, ask ery and darkness of overhanging been the unhappy means of enlight- you, for Miss Deane's sake, by what shame-since the sunlight of those loved, her honored:

"And let her eyes bride's

of men.

sir, this moment!"

"Because I am poor, and I am not | "Not until you say what you came | to return that charming young lady | eagerness beneath her assumed wellin county society?" George asks, here to say, and which you want to to the paternal care.' placidly, looking down at her, tall carry away with you untold to hold as she is: "that does not trouble over my head as an unknown terror!" me very much, Lady Damer. I am George says, with a short, fierce an honest man and a gentleman in laugh. "It's my turn now, madam; mind and feeling, I hope, and I love give me the coup de grace. I mean her and will be a faithful and ten- to deny you the pleasure of tortur-'I don't want to tor-

fascinated stare. whispers to herself. "I think I can ness to an orphan boy. To know I resee the angry eyes of one face look- garded him as the best and kindest-

"What terrible mistake?" he asks you have not even a name to offer is the breeze from the open window | friends alike, disgraced through you?" He does not answer her, but she "I am afraid to go any further," sees a change pass over his face, his all honesty she has spoken, "but there has fallen on his shoulders, and the

each folded arm. "The name you bear is not a legal name-surely you know that?" she asks, noticing his aspect with a cer-

tain selfish relief. and try to forget her?" Lady "I guessed it was not my legal Damer urges, almost pleadingly, as name," he answers, in a thick, low If not hearing him. "Take a holiday, voice. " Have I-do you know my

His head droops lower as the weight of his humiliation seems to burn in his breast like a red hot brand.

"You have no name!" she says. tersely. "Surely you must have guessed that also. You have no legal

name, no legal position." "Do you mean that I am-" he demands, starting forward with those gleaming eyes and one upraised arm. "Are you telling me some cruel falsehood of your own? Have you no pity? How do you know who I am ! Do you know who is my father?" 'I do," she says, drawing away fearfully. "Surely you cannot but

know. You are even like him-very like him at times. You must know-' "You are telling lies!" George retorts, his white face almost convulsed as he staggers back against the table. "I do not know! Tell me at once and stop torturing me, if you are a woman and not a fiend!

What are they? What am I?"

with a pretty face and easy virtue," Lady Damer answers, speaking but it has the effect she intended, very calmly and not betraying the and makes George regard her in a seven years. "Her lover sent her to America when you were born and provided for her very comfortably. And she lived in America decently and comfortably enough—as such

s-my husband-Harry Damer, and you are—his illegitimate son.

CHAPTER XXVI. The blow has been struck, the bolt has been shot, but Lady Damer does not venture a glance at her victim

for several moments. When she does so, she sees that he is standing, or rather leaning, against the table, both hands bent

backward, holding the thick rim of the table. His chin is resting on his breast, and his white face downbent in an unseeing stare at the floor.

"It were better surely you knew the truth now than later on," she ventures, in a low voice, deprecatingly. She is uait terrified by this dumb, blind, silent emotion. "Yes, much better," George says

in a quiet, clear, subdued voice. "You are my benefactress." "You see now why I meant it was impossible you could marry a girl in her position?" she urges softly, longing to have some definite promise or prospect before her-longing to be gone out of the sight of that stricken figure crushed under the blow she has

"Yes, I see that," he replies, staring at the floor still, and never moving a muscle of his expression or attitude.

"Well, having faced that difficulty and trial, and overcome it bravely, as I hope and trust you will," her ly shake the old room, solidly as it parrot speech and resignation which ladyship continues, with the cheerful people are so fond of employing for their neighbors' benefit, "I hope you'll locks it, and throws the key on the favor my suggestion that you should table, then dashes the raised sash of go away at once and take a long holithe windo wdown, and stands before day. Go on the continent, or to America, or anywhere for two or "Now!" he says, panting, white and | three months," Ladv Damer says, red by turns, the sweat standing in briskly and cheerfully, rather flatgrasping dread at his heart making with magnanimous kindness and gen-She knows his will leads him on to his life-blood chill and slow. "Now, erosity. "You will be able to see

tortured me long enough! You have There will be time in three months Unless a deadly blow be dealt him! treated me badly ever since I have for your nephew, Capt. Lacy, to supknow it. I am patient no longer. leave Ireland, you are rid of me

And it seems dreary years ago to fess, unjust to me and angered necessary," she says, with digniening you with the painful truth." method you are going to apprise eyes of love beamed on him, her be- Lady Damer says, blandly, her heart her of your change of plans?" quite swelling with gratification to | "I will see her for a minute or two think how easily her end will be -no, I will write to her," he says, attained. "But as to Captain Lacy, absently and coldly, with not a faltyou are quite wrong. He admires Miss Deane, as everyone does; but Miss Deane can be a marble-hearted "You are very rude and ungentle- young lady, gentle as she seems. spoiled child's faults, with an overcesse, in a crowd; and, somehow or not in her good graces by any father's charges and warnings. I

> One sentient emotion alone o'clock to-night." remains with him. One pas- "Explanation!" Lady Damer re-

"I don't want to torture you. I am who wronged his miserable young or betray me in any way?" she restares at him with a half frightened, lost parents! To educate me, and provide for me, and take all my "The likeness! The likeness!" she thanks and gratitude for his goodknow that he had won my respect "George Archer," she says, slowly, and affection, and that I gave him to know all the time that he was my curse and disgrace, the author of my shameful, miserable life, blighted and blasted forever by him! If I could trust myself to see him once, if I could trust myself to speak to him once," he mutters, almost suffocating. "I would tell him I should search and find the spot where my mother's body was buried, and over her grave curse him, living or dying, not only for the shame that he laid on me to bear as long as I live, but for the cold-blooded, deliberate treachery and cowardice that has defrauded me of gratitude, and respect,

He puts his hand to his burning head, recollecting himself with sion, for he vaguely heard Lady good-bye." Damer's voice speaking to him. "Well, madam, what more do you indeed, with his bloodshot eyes. George?" she asks, almost softly affair." and kindly. She has a corner in her manly pity is her best weapon now. "I don't know. Anything. Get out

of this place at once," he says, slowly and stupidly. "It will be far the better way, she agrees warmly, "and I will help you. You said I have not been friends, I know. You can, perhaps, tell why now. I could not help a bitter feeling, on account of others, before you were born. Unjust, I ad-Who are my father and mother? mit, but I could not help it."

She is half angry with herself for "Your mother was a peasant girl the weakmindedness of this speech, which is true enough in the main

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY

however, that I can accept nothing improvises another little fiction dexfrom you, or anyone of your name. terously. "Not if you and that I shall leave the place at once. For- poor child waited for years, if, intunately there is an opening for me with this expedition. I can join at

or a week or two?" she questions, mind, and judgment," Lady Damer

sory again ?" "I mean in a few hours-to-night. glided just a little too far. As soon as I can pack up a few pering up. "The rest-the furniture and a very comfortable fortune." so forth-are the property of my late employer. He can keep them for the quarter's rent that is due. I will give my poor old servant her wages, and be off out of the place by sunrise. Will that do, Lady Damer ?"

"You speak as if I were driving you away," she says, sighing. "I dare shy I am I am truly sorry for being the immediate cause of your trouble. Will you not accept something from me if you can forgive me? Will you not accept some money from me, George?" her ladyship says, entreatingly. "My own money," she adds, in a whisper.

"I should not dare to offer it to you else. Let me feel I am not driving you out of house and home." "Ay, like Ishmael," George says, with a cynical laugh. "That's as it should be, isn't it? The son of the plebelan has no part with the son of the patrician-meaning Bingham Lacy, I suppose. I won't take your money, Lady Damer-it would bring me worse luck, and I do not need it. I can pay my way. If you will say a kind word for me, or in defense of me, when I am out of your way forever, that is all shall ever take from you," he says, going to the door and unlocking it. "I beg your pardon for my violence and rudeness. But what can you cellent penman in his days of good

"You have my kindest wishes," Lady Damer says, in a subdued tone. "And I will always speak well of you and defend you if I hear you blamed. I hope you will try and

"Oh, yes, I forgive you, if I have anything special for which to forgive you," he says, indifferently. "Now, Lady Damer, will you leave me? I have a good deal to do in a very short time."

"I assure you I will not detain "You are, naturally enough, I con- you one instant longer than is

> er in his voice. Poor little Gillian and her tender love have played but a very small part in his life hitherto. When the habitation has fallen in ruins about him, it costs him but one pang the more to know that the fair young rose that blossomed there for a few

ed to the big account," he mutters: "and by and by I can think of Gillian. her by and by."

"She will expect to see you tonight, you know," Lady Damer sugshall be glad when the time comes gests, fairly trembling with excited

And her ladyship is delighted to "I will write to her. I have said perceive this improvised bit of fic- so," he says, impatiently, walking tion is accepted as quietly as all up and down, and wishing angrily for calamity that has fallen on him, brief explanation about ten or eleven

Hatred-bitter, burning, vengeful violable secret-known to Mr. Damer ornament that I should care to

display it very freely." "I tell you I dare not meet Mr. Damer if he suspected me of having told you," she says, shivering. "He menaced me in the most violent language. And in his rage and vengeance-to punish me-he would not care if the story got bruited about everywhere. You don't desire that, surely, even if you have

no consideration for me?" "Don't be afraid, Lady Damer, George repeats, wondering a little that he has never before perceived that this proud and arrogant woman is physically and morally a coward. "You shall have no furcoldly. "I resign my situation abruptly, giving my employer any reason I please for so doing, and forfeiting a certain amount of saland affection for him these six-and- ary in lieu of notice, which is all twenty years!' Ay, curse him, my legally fair and square. And the young lady who has done me the honor to think so well of me, may in the future think as ill of me as scratch for himself. He got no more start in his delirious trance of pas- she can. I shall simply bid her help from the hens.

"That will not do," Lady Damer says, decisively. "She will question, want of me?" he says, looking up and wonder, and lament, and shed at her, blankly, hardly seeing her, tears, and make confidences, and have hysterics, and all those other

And his heart smites him sorely, my wife and I were sitting. heart for womanly pity for a crush- | Sorely Lady Damer's hard, contemppoor little love in her misery.

> "Perhaps you'd like to dictate a letter to her, from me, Lady Damer?" he says, with a sneer, "then your! mind will be at rest."

make her temper assert itself. she says, in the same decided way, sah. ignoring his rudeness with clever "Yes, sah, I'se right peart fer self-possession. "If you make her ole man. Er-Marse Charles, sah, you understand that the affair is quite couldn' please, sah, len' me \$5 fer my at an end, her own self-respect will s'ciety. Yes, to he'p de ole man long, compel her to be silent. It is the could ye, sah?" best way; the only way. It would "James," I said sternly, "you know have come to this in the end I as- I never receive presents nor lend malignity, the coid, merciless hate new light-as in some sort a sharer sure you," Lady Damer says, shak- money. Take the chickens around "Thank you, Lady Damer, for your | man to be influenced by such consid- buy them." proffered help," he says, coldly, but erations as young people's love-fan- "Lordy! how ole I is gittin'!" mut- experience it will be all right, prowithout hitterness. "You must know, cies. I assure you he is not, Gerege. tered James. "To think I done took viding he made no enemies while in and Works Off the Cold.

and comfortably enough—as such girls generally do. She had been dead girls generally do. She had been dead fruggists refund the money if it fails to cove. She had been dead for some years now. And your father father for some years now. And your father father

deed, you could ask or expect her to do such a thing as wait for years. She is only a child in feeling, poor "But you-you mean in a few days little soul-a child of habits, and hastily. "You will come to Mount Os- says, with such fluent smoothness that she does not perceive she has

"We shouldn't have waited more sonal belongings," he says, curtly and than two years, anyhow," he says, sternly, beginning to pace about the curtly. "She will be 21 then, her room as if eager to commence pack- own mistress, and the possessor of Large Liquid and Powder 75c

(To be continued.)

WEAK AND NERVOUS.

Magistrate Dauphine's Deplorable Condition.

Despite Medical Treatment, He Became Weaker and Weaker, Until He Could Scarcely Sign His Name

Mr. James Dauphine, of East Bridgewater, or as he is better known as ex-Councillor Dauphine, has been a sick man for the past three years. His health gradually forsook him until by degrees he was forced to give up doing all kinds of work. He consulted a physician and took a large quantity of medicine, but it did him no good and he gradually grew weaker and weaker. His duties as a magistrate necessitated his doing much writing, and being an exhealth it came very hard to him when light de lamp when I come in ter scarcely keep it steady enough to sign his name. His daughter, seeing his deplorable condition, advised him to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and after a bit of coaxing he was induced to try them. There was no noticeable change in his condition until he had started taking the third box. From that on the improvement was rapid. He grew stronger every day, his appetite increased, the weariness and lassitude departed from his limbs. some of the lustre of his youth returned to his eye, and by the time five boxes were used Mr. Dauphine felt a new man. The weight of years and the burden of sickness have rolled from his shoulders, his hands are now steady and his pen can run as rapidly as ever. He attributes his cure to the ministration of a good wife and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Mr. Dauphine is 73 years of age, but feels as young and vigorous as he did years ago, and is ever ready to praise in the warmest terms the health-giving qualities of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. They surpass all other medicines in their summer days is torn away from his tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people "It is but one wrong the more add- bright, active and healthy. These pills are sold by all dealers in medicime, or can be had by mail, postpaid, I shall have time enough to regret at 50 cents per box or six boxes for \$2.50, by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE FOOLISH ROOSTER.

Out of a Snap.

the rest by the unhappy young fel- his visitor's departure. "She will re- boys are helpless at an age when But since the Turk's day the people low, who is utterly stupefied by the ceive a note from me with a very you and I were earning our own liv- of Jerusalem have been dependent on

not tell her? It has been kept an in- their dads until they are full-grown Even this supply has recently failed, men, and the worst of it is, they says a correspondent of the London

think they know it all. "What truth?—what secret?" he interrupts, hoarsely, and a hand been told."

"Don't be fraid," George says, took a notion to raise a broad of my been told."

"Don't be fraid," George says, took a notion to raise a broad of my been told."

"Don't be fraid," George says, the says, took a notion to raise a broad of my been told."

"Don't be fraid," George says, the says, took a notion to raise a broad of my been told."

"Don't be fraid," George says, the says, took a notion to raise a broad of my been told."

"Don't be fraid," She hatched out a batch of a dozen pipe six inches in diameter

fence and crowed.

In a minute or two, when he hop-

ped off his perch, they seemed tumble to the situation, and the lot of them made at him and drove him out of the yard. From that time he has had to

If he could crow, he could work. See the moral? utilized, and from which the water How "de Ole Man" Was Fooled may be drawn, free to all, several

An old negro, whom I recognized "What are you going to do, concomitants of a young lady's love as Uncle Tom Bolling's "Jeems," came slowly up to the porch where "Howdy, Marse Charles?" he said,

> "Sarve ye, Mistis! Ye does bole look mighty peart dis hot day. "Thanky, Marster, I believe I will res' dese heah bones. I done brung

Good for Bad Teeth Not Bad for Good Teeth

Sozodont Tooth Powder 25c 25

HALL & RUCKEL, Montreal.

giving the conversation a new turn, "you must have a very good wife to raise such fine chickens for you." James reflected. "Well, Mistis," he said slowly, "she ain't so good now ez some others I is had. Nor'm, dat she ain't."

questioned my wife, with some amusement. "Wellum, dis one make fo'-yas'm, dis is de fofe one, Mistis. T-other, th'ee was all likely gals, 'n young,

"How many have you had, James?"

too. Yas'm, dey was all young 'cep'n dis one, an' she's ole. "Why did you get such an old one?"

asked my wife. "Why'd I git her, Mistia? She got me. She fool me, dat's hoccum. Yes'm, she fool 'dis nigger good. 'Twas this away: She were a widder 'oman wid one daughter, a mighty sprightly, light complected gal. She favor her ma, too; but de diffunce betwixt 'em

was in de youngness. "I didn't want no ole 'oman agroanin' an' a-moanin' roun' me wid de rheumaticks in her jints. Naw, ma'am. So I jes sett right up to de daughter, yas'm, 'n she seem ter like de ole man right f'um de word go.

see her in de ebenin's. "Nor'm! She say she like de fire light 'oes', so I say I likes de fire light bes', too; so den she 'low she'd like to be mar'ied jes' by de fire light, 'n like a ole fool I say, 'Dat suits me, honey,' 'kase my seein' am' none to good noway, spite ob dese heah horn specs Marse Torm glb me 'fore he died, 'n I (ain' keer 'bout de bride seein' me blinkin' in de light like a owel. Nor'm! So I say, 'Dat

suits me, honey.' "Well, Mistis, to make de short story long, ez de sayin' is, when de pa'son th'ow back de veil for to s'inte de bride, one ob dese heah fool niggers on de Llantation lit a pine knot 'n hel' it up in front ob her, an', Mistis-wid mos' all my eyesight gone, I seen 'twas dat gal's ma dat was de bride.

"Sah! de perspe' sweats come apo'in' outer me same ez if 'twas watermillon time, an' I ain' aquit sweatin' yet. Aye, Lord! "Thanky, my Marster, des a little drap. It sho' do make de ole man thu'sty ter tell dat tale." - Cally Ry-

THE SEALED FOUNTAIN.

land, in N. Y. Herald.

Jerusalem's New Water Supply From an Ancient Spring.

The Holy Land has its railways, electric lights and American windmills, and now Jerusalem is about to get a supply of good drinking water. A Cockerel That Crowed Himself In ancient times the City of David was well supplied. The remains of We have ourselves to blame if our aqueducts and reservoirs show this. the scanty and often polluted accu-We coddle them too much, keep mulations of rain-water in the rock-"I am not doubting that-I am not ture you!" her ladyship says with sion, strong and burning as the blood peats, fearfully. "You surely will them hanging around home living on hewn cisterns beneath their feets Times, owing to the want of rain We might take a pointer from a Distress and sickness became so genneed me to tell you; you must have very sorry for you. You have forced mother. The man who has given his iterates, flushed and frightened, in lot of old hens that hang around the eral that the Turkish Governor has me to speak. If Gilfian Deane had wretched son a heritage of shame. evident mortal fear, staring at him yard of a livery stable where I keep at length been induced to sanction the wretched secret has been kept." never come here, or you were never the wretched secret has been kept. "I could kill him only for his grey with a haggard face and fevered my horse. Some of the stable men water from Ain Salah, or the "Sealed" "What truth?—what secret?" he her, this obstacle need never have hearted traitor! To play the gener- "Don't be fraid." George says, took a notion to raise a brood of Fountain," at Solomon's Pools, about She hatched out a batch of a dozen pipe six inches in diameter will or so, and it was quite amusing to bring 8,000 "skins" of water a day see the old hens taking care of them for distribution at "fountains" suparound the yard. But the horses plied with faucets. Solomon, in his stepped on two or three, and the famous "Song," speaks of this secret rats soon got all the rest, all but one spring, now turned to use. "My belittle rooster, who managed to save loved," he says, as quoted by the his bacon by sticking close to the Times' correspondent, "is like a spring shut up, a fountain sealed." It is a We used to watch the antics of deep-down subterranean spring, which this little chap, who just loafed has, from the time of Solomon, flowed around and let the hens scratch for through the arched tunnel built by him to the distributing chamber or They never seemed to understand reservoir near the northwest corner that he was big enough to scratch of the highest of Solomon's Poolse for himself until one day a rooster Half a century ago the location of from a nearby stable mounted the this "hidden" spring, which was still, as in Solomon's time, flowing into In a minute the young chap hop- the reservoir mentioned, was unped on a bucket and crowed back known. The tunnel is roofed by ther annoyance on my insignificant in great shape. Well, the whole batch stones leaning against each other account, I assure you," he says, of hens stopped everything and like an inverted V, the primitive form looked with amazement at the little of the arch, which is also seen in the roof of the Queen's chamber of the Great Pyramid. The entrance to this to tunnel from the spring is one of the oldest structures in existence. The piping is to be lain along the old aqueduct which formerly, from the time of Solomon, brought this same water to the temple area. There are eleven or twelve ancient fountains here and there is the city, long unused, but now to be

taps being attached to each four

Help Wanted, Quick. Wanted, an able-bodied man to be ed foe, and, besides, she knows wo- tuous words paint a picture of his taking off his hat and resting his the anti-Tammany candidate for stick and basket on the lower step. Mayor of New York. He may have any kind of politics he likes, provided he hasn't too much of any one kind. If his father was a German, his She will not suffer even this to ye a present, Marse Charles. Five mother an Irish woman, and he was ob de biggest, fattest, sof'est chick- born in the American consulate of "Of course it all rests with you," ens my hen 'ouse could scratch up, Italy, so much the better, providing he is really a true-blue American after all. He must be puritanical enough to suit the Puritans, but not plous enough to be painful to a Bow. ery constituency. He must be cultured enough to catch the Murray Hill vote, and a good enough all around fellow to be willing to kise the babies down in Mulberry Bend. ing her head. "Mr. Deane is not the to the kitchen and tell the cook to He must not be an old man, but just old enough. If he has had previous A man of money-shrewd, sordid, ye fo you pa when I ax ye dat ques- office. If any such man lives this side keen, hard-headed, testing all the tion. A'mighty free handed gemman of heaven, let him hurry up and apply world by his own test of gold"-her he was, sah. Yas, sah; dey wa'n't at once at C- U- headquarters,