

HEART.

Staggers and leaves Car.

Heartbreak is a condition that is... The boy... the girl... the heart...

JUSTICE.

At the Stoes. The... Justice... the court... the judge...

TOWN.

of the Driving... The town... the driving... the car...

TALS.

Coreans and Out. The... Tales... the coreans... the out...

IDENT.

Lively Game. The... Ident... the lively game... the ident...

OND.

mentent. The... Ond... the mentent... the ond...

The True and The False

Had not he, even while making a show of moderation and justice and candor... The true and the false...

And now, with a mind relieved of care... The true and the false... the mind... the care...

And, oh! if any circumstance could have deepened his distress at the loss of Maud... The true and the false... the circumstance... the distress...

Advertisement for Scott's Emulsion. Don't neglect your cough. Statistics show that in New York City alone over 200 people die every week from consumption.

and let him rock her to rest by their cottage fire, how many hundred times! That was a memory that melted his whole heart...

Down dropped the paper, and up sprang the reader. Clapping both his hands to his head, he stood like one lost in amazement...

"Mistake!" said the major, taking the journal and reading over the notice. "I see no mistake. What do you mean?"

"One word has thought you might have wondered at my remarkable success, and sought the cause of it in some... The boy's heart throbed so he could hardly speak...

"What! To Maud Hunter?" exclaimed the major, gathering his brows in perplexity. "Did not you—did not everybody think so?"

"Well, why don't you speak to me! I—I thought that she—Miss Hunter, I mean—had been engaged," fathered the boy.

Returning to Japan, the spy reported that America was preparing for war. "Your proof," demanded the Elder Statesman...

FARM GARDEN

The pleasantest way for a woman to earn money, according to Miss Margaret Gear, is by breeding pigeons for market.

Sciatia is neuralgia of the sciatic nerve. Its origin is generally rheumatism and is the direct result of taking cold.

"I always count on getting eleven pairs of squabs a year from each pair of pigeons, though in many instances there are a pair for each of the twelve months."

Baby's Own Tablets. Baby's Own Tablets have saved many a precious little life. There is no other medicine for children so safe and sure in its effects.

Advertisement for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. A Plague of Rats. The island of Little Cumbrae, in the Firth of Clyde, has been invaded by a huge army of rats.

Lawyer—Do you read the newspapers? Talesman—No. Lawyer—Have you any friends who have opinions? Talesman—No. Lawyer—Accepted.—Chicago Journal.

WIT AND HUMOR

An Enthusiasm. "I'm very fond of literature," said Maggie MacGowan. "Although I scarcely can endure the dullness in between."

Grandma's Way. When an elderly woman begins a conversation by saying, "I raised my children without help," it is an intimation that she is tiring taking care of grandchildren.—Atchison Globe.

The Esoteric Prune. All hail the esoteric prune. A winter in the lat. By any one who ever boards. His presence won't be missed.

A Question of Class. "They are constantly catching more grafters," said the hopeful citizen. "Not regular grafters?" answered Mr. Dustin Stax. "Those who get caught are only amateurs."—Washington Star.

A Matter of Taste. A writer in a London daily newspaper is annoyed at the habit of Londoners of prefacing every other remark with "I mean to say."

English in Labor. Testimonials to a Lahore Jeweller. Extracted from an advertisement in The Madras Daily Mirror. "The rings are too much beautiful and the stone sparkling like the glistering sun."

Tommy's Penitence. "Mamma," said Tommy, slowly, as he kissed his mother before going to bed, "I'm sorry I kicked Towser to-day, and I won't hurt him any more; for even if you are cross, poor doggies don't have any chance to go to Heaven, while little boys go, no matter how many mothers speak 'em."

The Ambiguous Dog. The dog beneath the cherry tree. Behind, he wags a friendly tail. Before, his growl would turn you pale. His meaning isn't wholly clear! Oh, is he wags or growls sincere? I think I'd better not descend— His bite, is at the growing end.—The Children's Magazine.