

ANS IN REVOLT.

FOR THREE DAYS IN THE CAPITAL.

The Island of... and... Troops sent from Smyrna...

June 10—The inhabitants of the island of... against the Prince of Smyrna...

He appears to have arisen... and... today's date, declares...

Many women and... from the island of... they...

NO FLAGS.

Squadron to Meet United States Squadron.

S. W. June 10—View-Ad... and... to meet the United States...

DEEDS OF THE CZAR.

Object to King Edward's Visit.

The scandalous... of... interest in the... of King Edward to the...

Sir Edward Grey, Foreign... a questioner... between the two...

TRADE BUREAU.

Trade Makes a New Move.

The Montreal... they made the initial... of a...

SHATTERED.

of a Soda Water Bottle.

Mrs. Philip... who confided... that this...

AGE REWARDED.

Woman Who Saved 3000.

Mrs. Eva... frustrated the... to rob messengers...

Question.

advised, when ill, to talk upon an empty...

his inquiry.

THE USURPER

CHAPTER XII.

Five, ten minutes passed, and still Neville and Sylvia crouched motionless...

Silently he watched the fair sleeper, and incoherent murmurs presently escaped her...

He bent down and heard his name breathed by her parted lips.

His question was answered the moment the door opened...

The cry rose in the silence of the night, and went like a knife to Neville's heart...

An awful cry rose from Sylvia's pale lips.

"Not now!" she shrieked. "Don't—don't kill him! I will go quietly, sir."

"You'd better," snarled Lavarick. "Now, boys, search him. The stuff's on him somewhere. Look sharp!"

"Here you are, gov'nor!" "Right!" said Lavarick. "Now bring the girl here. Keep quiet, young lady, or I'll..."

Sylvia stretched out her hand to Lavarick imploringly.

"No! No! I will—I will go where you like! Only—only don't hurt him! Oh, Jack, Jack! Let me—oh, let me take him with me. You won't leave him there to die!"

Lavarick looked down at her distorted face with a fiendish smile.

back to await the attack of the remaining guard, and before the ruffian could utter a cry of warning...

With an oath he struck his horse and swung it round toward Neville.

She read his fear in his face.

With a laugh of triumph and exultation Lavarick turned and fired.

He fired instantly, but his fear had spoiled his aim.

CHAPTER XIII.

As we have previously stated, Lord Lorrimer had joined a body of vigilantes...

The horse made a spurt but it was only a spurt, and Lavarick knew that he must be overtaken before he could reach the wood.

Lorrimer's heart stood still as he saw the girl fall, and in an instant was set upon his breast the problem of the vigilantes...

As he approached it the captain and a couple of men rode out. They set up a shout of congratulation as they saw Lorrimer, and the captain, pointing to Sylvia, waved his hat.

"Well, sir!" he said, "that was the nearest thing in races I've ever seen. I'm glad, right down glad, that you've got the woman, but I'd been burdened as well if you'd dropped that damned skunk as well. Why, bless my heart, it's only a girl. But, but, she ain't dead, sir, is she?"

He had forgotten all about the fight, so engrossed was he by Sylvia, but he

Another Modern Miracle Paralysis Permanently Cured.

The Sufferer Paralyzed From Waist to Feet—Encased in Plaster of Paris for Nine Months—Dr. Williams' Pink Pills' Cure After Four Doctors had Failed—The Cure Effected by a Well Known Clergyman.

Paralysis, no matter how slight, is a terrible affliction, but to be paralyzed from waist to feet, to be a helpless cripple, totally dependent upon what others do for you, is a condition as wretched as man could possibly bear.

It was now an open race. Lavarick looked round, scanned the horse and rider, and drawing his revolver, leveled it at Lorrimer, but hampered by his lifeless burden and the pace at which he was going, he could not take accurate aim, and no harm was done.

He treated me to his treatment and I soon found myself unable to walk any longer and I had to stop work altogether and consult a doctor.

looked up suddenly and said to the captain: "The prisoners have gone on, I suppose?"

"What prisoners?" said the captain, dryly.

"The rangers, the men you have taken," said Lorrimer.

"Great Heaven!" exclaimed Lorrimer, under his breath.

Lorrimer still walked beside the litter, holding Sylvia's hand, and suddenly he moved in his seat.

THE MUSTARD PEST.

"Do results justify the tremendous expenditure of money and effort for the adaptation of science to the ends of agriculture?" asks a writer in Outlook, and follows the question with this definite answer:

"What's his distinguishing peculiarity?" "Small doses and big fees."

"What's the matter with him?" "His wife bought a Merry Widow hat and he can't get over it."

made a remarkable change in me. I was able to get out of bed and crawl along the floor on my hands and knees.

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same. It was found that it would not work early in the morning during the dew or after a rain, for the simple reason that moisture diluted it too much.

Now in many western States the oat crop represents a yearly yield to the farmer of from twenty to thirty million dollars.

And the Coming of the Animal With the Long Ears.

The next morning early the little Cub Bear got up and rubbed his eyes with his paws, instead of washing them as little boys do.

WAITING FOR THE WHISTLE.

Varied Assemblages of Vehicles That Bank Up at Crossings.

When you drag a net you get all sorts of fishes in it; when at a traffic regulated street crossing the policeman holds up his hand there bank up in the halted line along the street all sorts of vehicles.

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WIT AND HUMOR

Ob, My! A western physician says that he cannot understand why a woman will wear a peek-a-boo waist.

A Corrector in the Nursery. Frankie (aged 3)—"Mamma, a lady at school kissed me to-day."

EXPENSIVE BUSINESS. "Good—how did you succeed?" "Good—500 to 500 is a good cost to me."

Let's Like Him. "He was on the road to success once. Why didn't he continue?" "He was too lazy—sat down to wait for an automobile to come along and pick him up."—Chicago Post.

Counting the Cost. Markley—Peppery told me to-day that I'd never get back that \$5 I loaned you.

Abundance's Height. Dimpleton—in the absence of the nurse, can't young Willie take care of the baby while we are out?

Love and Hate. "Some days ago a pretty little girl some five years of age, named Rosa, was tossed a good deal by a gentleman visiting the family, who finally wound up by saying:—"

Brooklyn Girls. "See—Do they act as if they were engaged?" "Well, Mabel does."—Brooklyn Life.

Profit With the Brush. "Do you think it possible for a man who is clever with the brush to make a living these days?" asked the discouraged artist.

As to Stock. Miss Gaysett—I believe they come of good old New England stock.

A Misleading Word. She had called to see him on a matter of business.

POOR YOUNGSTER. "Jones—I have three children who are the very image of myself."

Next Step More Difficult. "Is it possible to marry on \$20 a week?" asks a New York paper.

False Pretenses. Mamma—Well, Edith, how did you like the kindergarten?

A Real Grievance. Bobby looked astance at the piece of chocolate on the supper table.

Fifty Years Hence. "We have no drinkers in these days."

Linguistic Consistency. "I suppose I really ought to wear glasses. My eyesight is very poor."

A Flat-Dwellers' View. See how the busy little bees the shining hours improve; I'm sure they live in rented houses—They're always on the move, and the Orient.

THE HORRIBLE THING. "Glorious—I told the minister he mustn't kiss me."

Troubles. A string around your finger won't Will memory aches; A string around an aching rod Will help you to forget.

The One Thing Needful. "Dumley's just back from a trip after trout, and he says it was the most dismal failure he ever experienced."

