Good Prisoners to Harvest

DAY FAST FOR LOVE

of Despondent Youth In-

4.44

fired British M. P.'s Pledge d to Its Removal.

AINST EMBARGO

*** PRICE OF PAPER.

es Publishers Will Hold Auction Sales.

. Aug. 3.-It is proposed to ted price and to stop the elling at secret rates.

THE USURPER

Neville sighed. "I suppose you've heard that she's going to marry Sir Jordan," she went on, as she bustled in and out of the tiny bedroom she was preparing for him. Neville nodded gravely, for of course he had heard of the engagemrent. Trale told him of it.

"Took us all by surprise, it did, Sir Jordan being so much older than Miss Audrey, not that he looks his age. suppose you've seen him. Master Ne-

"No," said Neville, and his tone caused Mrs. Parsons to stop with a pillow ease in her hand and look at him.

"Oh, dear, dear me; yes, I remember," c she said. "Well, it isn't every one as can get on with Sir Jordan. He's a very great man now, Mr. Neville, and we he said, trying to respond as cheerfully. don't see much of him. The last time "I wish I could go with you," said he passed I went out, and gave him a Trale, wistfully; "but I'm due at the courtsey, but I don't think he remember- station. I suppose you've heard that Sir ed me, as was very natural," she added, as if desirous of explaining that she was | "No," said Neville, with a little start not complaining. "He wasn't my boy. "I've not heard it. When-" you were, you know. Lor', how glad I "Well, it's not generally known," said am to see you. Now, if Miss Audrey Trale. He came down rather unexpectwas here we should be all complete, so edly, and he's been ill and confined to

"Not yet, Mrs. Parsons," he said. "And I wish to see no one, or be seen, just at present. You must let me be your think I will." nephew come home from sea, or something of that kind, for a little while."

"Whatever you say is to be shall be, Master Neville," she said, with the im- ness, plicit obedience of an old servant. "I "I neard it's to be pretty soon. Well, did have a nephew as went off to sea, must ge going. Nothing I can do fo but I'm afraid he's drowned. Oh, don't you, Mr. Neville?" you be afraid. Master Neville: I can Neville shook his head, and held out thatched roof was as clean as a new pin off to-morrow." and as sweet as lavender, and Neville

alept soundly for the first time for In the morning he looked round the cottage and found a patch of what ought to have been garden, but was at present a weedy wilderness and he amused himself during the day, much to the grief and horror of Mrs. Parsons, by digging it fortune. up and putting it into something like order, and in the evening, with his soft wide-awake well over his brows wandered about the place, every spot of which was rich in associations of his boyish

He spent an hour or two with Trale, at the inn, talking over old times, and this was the programme that followed day after day for nearly a week. If any one had asked him why he was

dreaming away his time at Lynne he could not have told them, and every day he reminded himself that he must be off

His small stock of money was disappearing, if slowly, still surely, and he must go out into the world and get some more somehow. "After all," he said to himself, with a

sigh, "I have seen the old place; it's very unlikely that once I've left it again shall ever see it more. Why should I stay and make myself known to-to Jordan and Audrey? I should only become an object of charity and pity. No, I'll be off. There must be work for a man with strong arms and a will to use them somewhere or other."

It was on Friday evening that he communed with himself after this fashion, and he was sauntering along the lane which led past the Grange to the Bur-

He stopped and looked through the gate at the corner of the house, which

he could just see, and thought of Audrey and then of Sylvin! These were two women for whom he would willingly have laid down his life-

especially now, when it seemed of very little use to him! - and he should in all probability never see them again.

"Dear little Syli" he murmured. "I son ever so much you forget them when | heard a footstep. look sitting there with that wonderful he remained quiet. Yes, we were very happy. I didn't know | caught himself wondering what business how I loved her then, not till we parted, a man could have in Lynne Burrows at never to meet again.'

seedy-looking individual who'll be sure entered the circle of trees and stopped friend Jack, her brother, with whom she Neville was perched. was so happy long, long ago. All the proper that I should be sponged out. One he did so to find a copper for the tramp. more night and then good-bye to Lyane. I'll work my way back to Australia and ment, as if to accustom his eyes to the have another try at it, though God gloom of the shadow casting trees, then knows I haven't the heart of desire for he went round them, one by one, step-

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the gold now. All the heart died out me when I lost Syl!" By the time he had arrived at thi cheerful conclusion he had reached th edge of the Burrows.

It was dusk, nearly dark, and the moon, what was left of it, had not rises yet. But the darkness and stillness of the night suited his humor and instead of turning back to the supper which Mrs. Parsons was preparing for him with her loving old hands, he passed on the Burrows.

As he did so he heard a brisk step behind him, and Trale's voice. "Out for a stroll, Mr. Neville," he said

Neville nodded.

"I am just going a little way, Tale," Jordan is down at the Court, sir?"

to say. And you haven't seen her yet, the house. I don't know whetherwhether you'd like to see him."

"No, Trale,' he answered. "I don't "Come down to see about some alterations in the Court, to brighten it up for The old lady nodded after a moment's his marriage with Miss Audrey," said

Nevitle's face grew grim in the dark

keep my lips shut, as Mr. Trale knows." his hand. "No, and thank you for all The tiny bedroom up under the you have done," Trale," he said. "I'm

> "Oh, I hope not, sir!" exclaimed Trale. "Yes. I'm off," repeated Neville, grmily. "I've seen the old place, andwell, I've found two friends at any rate," and he grasped the man's hand tightly. "Keep my visit a secret, Trale.

Perhaps I'll come back some day, when " he smiled bravely-"I've made my "You needn't wait till then, sir, for one man to be glad to see you," said Trale, and as if ashamed of the emotion trembling in his voice, he hurried off. Neville walked on with his hands thrust in his pockets, and his head bent thoughtfully, and reached the clump of

trees. He threw himself down at the

back against the thick trunk, got out his pipe and looked round musingly. "If Syl and I had come back to England together, this is one of the places I'd have brought her to," he said to himself, "and we'd have picnicked here as we used to pienic out in the valley. She'd have been glad to come and see the places I'm fond of, I know. Dear little Syl-hallo!" he raised his hand and knocked something off and laughed. "I'd clean forgotten the ants!" he said, and got up and brushed his clothes with

The moon was just showing above the the old man had dug. dark hill line, and he felt loth to go it seemed so very unlikely that he should

ever see Lynne Rurrows again! cious branches out toward its fellows.

affectionately. dragged Audrey after him, and they had around sat upon the very branch he was now

ment's hesitation he knocked out the so escaped detection.

made himself comfortable. He refilled his pipe, but could not hollows, thrusting in his hand to see how find his matchbox, and, thinking that he deep the hole went. wonder where she is, and if she is happy. | had dropped it out of his pocket when

I wonder, too, whether she has forgot- he scrambled to his feet off the ante ten me. They say that if you love a per- nest, he was going to descend when to they're dead. I hope she hasn't quite | Scine one was coming toward him. a thought now and then to the old days | leaves and branches before him, but he

at Lorn Hope. How happy we were out | thought it must be Trale, and was going | ing himself as comfortable as possible, there in the wilds with old Meth and the | to call out, when it occurred to him that | ne, too, waited and watched. "claim," and how pretty she used to he had better wait and make sure, and hair of hers falling into her eyes, as she Whoever it was, he was coming sang like a nightingule, while I worked! straight for the clump, and Neville

that time of night. Something rose in his throat, and a "Some poor devil of a tramp hunting mist gathered before his eyes, as he went | up a night's lodging, I suppose," muttered. "I shall frighten him out of "Perhaps we shall meet; who knows? b's life," and he put his hand on the And she'il be among her titled friends, branch to bring himself down, when a and-and will never guess that the figure dimly seen in the dusky darkness

about a dozen vards from that on which Curious to see if his surmise was better if she doesn't. I'm a failure, a right, Neville remained where he was right-down failure, and its' only fit and | and watched, feeling in his pockets as The newcomer stood still for a mo

ped outside the ring, and seemed to ness over quickly, please." "A tramp!" he said. "I'll wait and insolent grin. Mother Earth for a bed, the ants will make it lively for him. I don't wish him any harm, but I should rather enjoy see-

The man came back to where he had first stood, struck a match and lit a mall piece of candle.

This rather startled Nevile. about a light to go to bed by," he keep himself from crying out. hought, and he looked down at the

man curiously. He had not much of the appearance rather well dressed in a plain suit of seen many and divers types of mankind, as they were. like a respectable clerk, say a solicigray peard that gave him rather a ven- of completing this tusiness and returnerable look, and Neville was puzzling at ing as soon as possible."

the problem why a respectable clerk of "Right," said Lavarick, curtly. "Did his time of life should think fit to come to Lynne Burrows and light a candle, think, Sir Jordan!" when the man gave him another surprise by inbuttoning his frock coat and tak-

ng from under it a small hand trowel. Neville could scarcely refrain from laughter. If this had been Australin, and, say, a digger's camp, a night, eh?" said Lavarick, as coolly as performance of this kind would not have been astonishing for all sorts of curious things occur in such places; but this was England, Lynne Burrows, andwhat on earth could a man of this kind want at this hour of night with a piece

of candle and a hand spade? vidual was one of those harmless lunatics who amuse themselves by moth and as to the identity of the man it would insect hunting. That was it. The man have been dispelled by the laugh.

down on his knees and began to dig | matter which brings me here. As I said,

ooked round and listened, and once as leave you." he did so a bird, wakened by the noise and the light, flew out of the trees; the man extinguished the candle in an instant, as if frightened, and Neville could | coldly. hear him breathing hard as he waited and listened.

Then he relit the candle and fell to Neville wondered what it could be the man was in search of, and ransacked his brain trying to think of some insect or animal tha hid itself under the solid said, sarcastically earth, but did not succeed.

foot of one of them, and, leaning his Suddenly the man uttered a low, suppressed cry of satisfaction, as if he had found what he had been looking for. Consumed by curiosity, Neville stretched himself along the branch, and leaned over at the imminent risk of tumbling down, and saw what the curious animal

CHAPTER XXVI'

What Neville saw as he leaned down

from the branch was a round tin canister, such as cocoa or coffee is packed in, lying at the bottom of the hole which

The man took up the box, forced open the lid and drew out-not a bag of gold or a string of jewels-but a roll of paper. This he riaced carefully in his He gianced up at the tree. It was an breast pocket; then flinging the empty old oak with a gnarled trunk, seamed san into the hole, he filed in the dirt, with great bollows and stretching spe- stamped it down and strewed some of the dead leaves and twigs over the spot. "It's a long time since I climbed you, Then he sat down, lit a pipe and smokold chap," he said, addressing the tree ed meditatively. After a few minutes he, with a shake of the head, drew the paper from his pocket and looked of the greatest enemies of man. It is

As his eyes approached Neville's hid ing-place Neville quietly and cautiously It looked inviting, and after a mo- drew himself up to a higher branch and

centents of his pipe and climbed up and The man went up to the tree and carefully placed the paper inside one of the

> The paper was thus well within Neville's reach if he stretched out his arm. his seat at the foot of another tree and smoked with patience and contentment. ested now to discover himself, and mak-

Presently the man took his pipe out of his mouth and listened with his head | feathers. Instead of running away she on one side, then he knelt and laid his

ear to the ground. This action startled Neville as much as anything the man had done, for it

isfaction, and a few minutes afterward | very slowly and halting frequently. Neville heard some one approaching. and he was about to speak to the man

the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynce, had come to Lynne Burrows to meet this man with the piece of candle and the for mother foxes to leave all their The whole business wore a grotesque and unreal air which almost made Neville doubt the evidence of his own senses. That his brother desired to escape ob- too that foxes will not rob roosts close servation and recognition was evident to their dens, but will go miles away for from the way in which he looked round food and carefully hide their trails .him-very much as the elderly man had Hagerstown correspondence Indianapo-

trees, and the fashion in which he kept the high collar of his dress cape coat It was like the scene of a melodrama, new automobile? Neville thought, as he stared down at his Ramage-Two, I guess. That's the brother pale face and tall thin form. horse-power it took to haul it to the re-Jordan made his way to the other pair shop when it broke down on a counman, who remained seated, puffing his try road the other day.-Chicago Tribpipe, eyeing Jordan coolly, and Jordan une.

Neville, to be looking about cautiously. The man looked at him with an easy, see what he will do. If he takes to "What are you afraid of, Sir Jordan!" he retorted. "We're quiet enough here." At the sound of his voice Neville's heart leaped, and the blood rushed to his

head. Was he mad or dreaming, or was that Iavarick's voice? He shook and trembled so violently under the emotion aroused by the man's voice that he almost fell from the branch, Tramps don't usually care much and he had to set his teeth firmly to

Lavarick here, and in collusion with Jordan! Surely he, Neville, must be dreaming! His heart beat so fast and of the common tramp, but was, in leed, furiously that it made a singing in his ears so that he could scarcely hear the black, and looked to Neville, who had voices of the two men below him, near

"I am here, very reluctantly," said tor's. He was an elderly man with a Jordan, haughtffy. "And I am desirous

any one see you on the way, do you

"I think not," replied Jordan. "But some person, some tramp, may come upon us at any moment, and-"You'd rather not be seen holding confab with a stranger at this time of before. "Well, I dare say you're right. It would look singular, wouldn't it, if you were seen? People would begin to ask themselves queer questions. But,

there, you'd have some explanation cut and dried for 'em, wouldn't you? You can't put the Right Hon. Sir Jordan Then it flashed upon him. This indi- Lynne in a hole easily," and he laughed If Neville had entertained any doubt

was a naturalist in search of some rare It was the laugh he had heard in the specimen of the flying or crawling tribe, | tent on the night he had ransomed and was going to dig or scratch for it. | Sylvia, the laugh that had rung in his To plump down upon him, or even ears as he saw he borne away across speak, would in all probability give the Lavarick's saddle. And the sound of it poor old fellow a fit, Neville thought, now filled him with almost irresistible and he decided to remain where he was | desire to spring upon the scoundrel and until the man had finished his search knock the life out of him. But he restrained himself with an awful effort The man stuck the candle on the that caused him to break out into a fit ground by the simple method of pouring of perspiration. That there was some some grease from it and standing the villainv hatching between these two was candle in it; then, with his back to Nev- evident, and if he could only learn its lle, paced slowly from the tree, counting | nature he might be able to thwart them. "It is your nature to be insolent." said He made the measurement twice, as if | Jordan. "When you have finished you to be certain of his accuracy, then went | will be good enough to proceed to the

Every now and then he paused and quire much provocation to induce me to Lavarick rose and emptied his pipe. "You've got the notes?" he said.

I came reluctantly, and it will not re-

"I have the notes," replied Jordan, Lavarick held out his claw-like hand Jordan sneered "Excuse me." he said. "I brought

Lavarick swore. Jordan remained silent. "What's to prevent me from knocking

them for an exchange, not a gift."

the notes?" said Lavarick, with engaging frankness. "A regard for your own safety," replied Jordan, calmly. "Before I left the court I told my servant that I was mineral," said the first speaker. "Call going for a walk on the Burrows, and that if I did not return in an hour he

would like to do-" "Well, I should!" assented Lavarick, with cold-blooded candor. "You could not conceal the evidences man will be here soon."

"You refuse to give me the notes hatch first?" said Lavarick. "Absolutely!" retorted Jordan.

(To be continued.) The New York American of Dec. 18th, 1907, says the common house fly is one by time poet sang: a solemn scientifically ascertained fact of disease known, far surpassing the mosquito in this respect. Wilson's Fly Pads will kill many times more flies than any other article.

MOTHER FOX'S CUNNING.

Her Ineffectual Plans to Divert Hun-

ter's Attention From Her Den. Hunters found a den of foxes in the hills south of Hagerstown and unearthed fore the hunters reached the den, which falls to the floor apparently dead, but was lined thickly with soft grasses and kept within sight while the hunters

worked with their shovels. She apparently understood what they did it happen that a respectable, elderly ed quite near and acted as if lame and pet and watches you prance around the dure the scanty food, filthy water and clerk should know a trick of the back distressed. She would lie down on her room looking for her on the walls.

The hunters were not to be drawn is done, their number will be quickly re- to let out the water into the valley and Now, Neville was the last man in the away from the work in hand by such duced. You can easily prove this by so make it impossible for the British to world to play the part of eavesdropper, factics and finally, after much digging, counting the flies you have caught. It is get their supply. came upon the den where the five pretty a great comfort, when there are a few A few days before the final battle the and descend when a tall figure entered little fellows were shrinking. They made million flies in the air and more coming, British engineers were astonished to find the thicket, and Neville recognized with no resistance, and seemed rather to like to count up your catch and know that the water in the canal rising. The tenthe handling and petting they received. a dozen or so will never pester you any dency before had been a rapid decrease Jordan had got on a dress Inverness, All of them were taken to a farmhouse more. with the collar turned up, but Neville where they are confined. They will not "This method of getting rid of flies is every one knew the canal was dammed, be released, but will probably be pain- often employed in restaurants. It was they supposed the only solution of the Could it be possible that his brother, lessly despatched. Grown foxes do not - the method used in the railroad restaumystery was that the rising of the Nile make good neighbors in farming com- rant where a passenger hurried in for had filled the canal above the level of young in one place. It is their cunning habit to scatter the family, one and two in widely separated retreats. It is said

looked-before he entered the circle of lis News.

Often the Case, Ruggles-What horse-power is your

Many a true word is spoken by acci-



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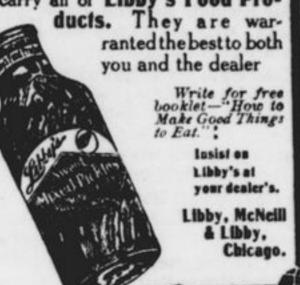
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THE DOMESTIC FLY.

"Pass them over, then," he said, curtly. Timely Facts and Speculation Concern-

ing an Interesting Creature. "The common domestic fly," said man who is no scholar but has managed "We don't trust each other much," he to pick up many interesting facts, "is altogether too common and too domestic. She is one of the most interesting

you on the head and helping myself to animals-" "You don't mean 'animals,' " a listener broke in; "a fly is not an animal." "Then she must be a vegetable or a her which ever you please, but she is one

was to drive here for me. If you mur. of the most interesting creatures exwered me as I have no doubt you tant. "An industrious female fly lays about 3,000,000 eggs. There are no indolest flies and few males. The fly does not and isolation; in the former there is a set after laying; if she aid she would be general hum of "Hullo! how are yout" of your crime and escape in time." He retired from her wonted activity during looked at his watch as he spoke. "As longer or shorter periods or incubation. it is, the time is passing rapidly, and my Her eggs hatch without motherly attention, and it is seldom that one fails to

"The fly has so many eyes," the man who is no scholar went on, "that she can see in all directions at once without turning her head or rolling her eyes. That's why it is so hard to hit her. A

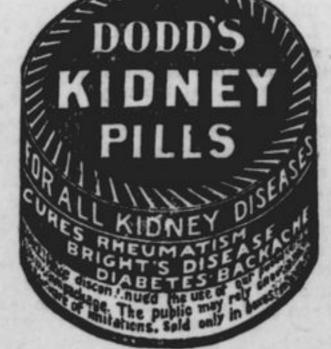
Now doth the little busy fly Buzz in a fellow's hair,

But try to smite her hip and thigh And, lo! she isn't there. "The intelligence of flies is an inter esting and exasperating study. One of the ordinary ways of trying to kill flies is to fold a newspaper in the shape of How a Holy Man Came to the Resflat pad and whack at them with it

when they are sitting still. scientific fact that if she sits perfectly | the Zulu and Egyptian wars, was one of still the descending paper will make an the leaders of the forced march to Cairo, air cushion in front of it that ninety- which made its way for sixty-five miles forgotten me. I should like her to give He could not see who it was for the teet her from being crushed. The concus- victory of Tel-el-Kebir. A curious incinine times out of a hundred will pro- across the desert and consummated the grown cats. The mother fox escaped be- sion momentarily stuns her and she dent is told of this campaign. The in a few minutes she has recoverd and story illustrates the absolute and super-

is again on the job. hard enough to spatter the butter all his forces near the English camp. The over the walls she is able to reappear so | British soldiers were a queer looking set quickly on the rim of the sugar bowl. in their rough, loose jackets, dusty and reminded him of his digger days, and the were doing, for she endeavored by every for the fun of tantalizing you the fly dirty belts and helmets; but the strictway in which the scouts of a party lis- means to attract them away from their knows when she has had enough. Then est discipline was maintained. The men tened for the approach of footsteps. How work and toward herself. She approach she sits down on a dark spot in the car- were steady, cheerful, patient to en-

side and writhe along the and, wit- "A very good way to catch flies is to A canal ran close to their line of en- Chicago News. The man got up, resumed his seat and tering whines and moans. Then she distribute fly paper and platters of poirelit his pipe with an evident air of sat- would limp off as if very lame, going son the tables and window sills. No mat- water. Arabi dammed this canal and ter how thick the flies are where this cut a deep drain by which he intended



refreshment, glanced along the display

of pies and said: "Give me a piece of this huckleberry." "'That ain't huckleberry,' said the waiter girl, waving her hand over the

pie; 'it's custard.' "Up with the lark' is a poetical expression for early rising. Up with the fly' would be stronger if less poetic. The lark doesn't compel you to get up. but the fly does. Besides, the lark is an English bird, but the fly is a bird that knows no nationality. If the fly would go away and let you sleep till the lark gets up you would have less cause for

"When we were children we were taught to believe that fly's foot was a wonderful part of creation-that when it was placed flat upon the ceiling the weight of the fly pulled it away in the centre and made a tiny vacuum and that the pressure of the atmosphere around it, in accordance with a law of nature, held the fly from falling. Several 'human flies' broke their necks trying to do the same trick with artificial flies' feet before it was discovered that if flies kept their feet clean they

couldn't walk on ceilings. "Flies believe that mankind was created for their amusement, and it has always been a question with me which gave a fly the more solid enjoyment to buzz around your nose and make you get up a few hours earlier in the morning than you want to, or to pester you in the daytime until you rage around the room with a paper slapper in your hand while she watches you from behind a door hinge."

LONDON CLUBS.

They Are Peculiarly Social-the Old

Ones, That Is. As everybody knows, our oldest clubs were developed out of the original coffee houses nearly two centuries ago, and the newer clubs, as they were formed from time to time, consisted in the first instance of many members, experienced in the older, and so the good tradition was kept up. This applies at least to the really social clubs, like White's or the Garrick. It does not apply in the same degree to the large, ceremonious, more stately clubs like the United University or the Oxford and Cambridge, where a member probably knows only a small proportion of his fellow-members, or to an eminent political club like the Carlton, where a man is elected for services to his party. And it does not apply at all to those clubs which are merely large proprietary concerns for convenience, and which are generally and very rudely known as "pot houses"-I had better not give instances where admission is swift and easy and where the membership largely consists of very young men who have not had time to get into a better ineti tution. But a really social club even though new has the advantage of old

exemplars. Thus the Bachelors, a comparatively reecnt club, has a character very like that of White's, which is one of the very oldest. The tone of the really social club is that of an easy familiarlty. A member going in for his luncheon or dinner drops naturally into a seat close to another member and starts a conversation. In the more ceremonious club, or in the "pot house," if he has not arranged to meet some one or invited a guest he probably ests solitary In the latter sort men move in silence and "When did you get back?" and "Seen Tommy lately?" and so forthand incidentally it is difficult to write your letters or read your newspapers undisturbed. These are the real clubs, as the English society of a hundred years ago, which was like a great family party, understood them, and they are the hardest to imitate. The others may confer some assurance of position, like the Athenaeum, or confer nothing except more or less dubious comfort like the-never mind, but they have not the essential quality and can be imi-

tated anywhere, more or less .- Town and Country. SOLDIERS' UNEXPECTED ALLY. pretty close to the bottom of the bar-

Sir D. C. Drury-Lowe, who recently "Now, the fly is familiar with the died, a veteran of Crimes, the Mutiny,

stitious devotion of the Arabs to their "That's why when you strike at a fly | religion, Arabi Pasha had concentrated "When out not for food but merely muddy, their growing beards, their

the dam and that the water was pouring over it. The increase was availed of at once; the lock was opened and the level of the water raised. The true solution of this increase of water never entered th European mind. Later it was discovered. Arabi Pasha had cut the dam. A dervish, or holy man, much venerated. had come to the camp. He had heard of the building of the dam and pronounced it contrary to the faith. He declared that although the British soldiers were infidel dogs they were still God's creatures and should not be made to suffer and that the divine blessing could be expected only if the water were set free. Arabi was a devout Moslem, and he instantly complied with the dervish's decision .-- From the Youth's Companion.

The bones for those who come lata--



"Jons," said the Colorado woman our advice." "Sure," answered her husband, Hatsered. "Now, as to that labor plank-" "Oh, John," she interrupted, "please be serious. Tell me what hat I shall wear."-Philadelphia Ledger.

The Oldest Inhabitant. "Whew! Isn't this weather the worst "No, sir. No weather is the worst I

What Was Lacking. Tom-When are you going to wed

ever saw."-Philadelphia Press.

our pretty fiancee? Dick (gloomily)-Indeed, I do not Tom-But the report is gaining cur-Dick-Yes, but I am not gaining cur-

rency. That is just the trouble.-Chica-

Yawls. "This lullaby doesn't seem to soothe the baby. "Wonder why not?"

"I suspect he takes it for competition."-Washington Herald.

First Aisle to the Left. Teacher-Johnny, where is the Isle of Man? Johnny-In the gents' furnishin' de-

partment.-Judge. Let Her Do the Work. "You know, Sam, it is no disgrace to ave to work for a living." "No, sah: I knows it, sah! Dat's wat allus tells my wife, sah!"-Yonkers

Pretty Mean. "He's the meanest man I ever knew." That so?" Yes. Just to show what he can do, takes a pair of field glasses to the ll game every afternoon, and puts in

alf his time searching the stands for

ome of his employees."-St. Louis Post-

To Hold Him. Nan-That's a beautiful solitaire Dick gave you. I wonder if you know what a fickle young man he is? Fan-Indeed I do; that's why I made m give me such an expensive one.-

He Wanted to Know Mr. Cadd-Can I see that burglar who

cas arrested for breaking into my house

Inspector (hesitatingly)-Well, I don't know. What do you want to see him Mr. Cadd-Ch, there's nothing secret bout it. I just wanted to find out how

managed to get into the house with-

out waking my wife,-Illustrated bits,

Miss Jenkins-How do you like my Miss Wilkins-I think it suits you plendidly—especially the mask and goggles.-Chicago Journal. At His Own Valuation

Becoming.

u are worth. Is that satisfactory? Applicant-Oh, perfectly; but-er-do on think that the firm can afford it !lustrated Bits.

Merchant-I'll give you a position as

Sherlock Holmes in Church. he crown of the Rev. Mr. Nailer's hat

Winks, Yes. He must be getting rel.—Syracuse Herald.

Reciprocity. Wool-How do you like your new Van Pelt-All right, except that the man across the hall is learning to play Wool-You ought to get an accordion...

Van Pelt-I did: that's why be got the

A Sad Case. Squire-Haven't had a job since Eas- . er, haven't you? What are you? Tramp-I'm an 'ot cross bun maker,-

Little Marcus-I just couldn't, mamma; the poor saw had the toothache,-

Tender-Hearted Boy.

Mamma-Marcus, why didn't you finish

Undecided Imp-The preachers have gone to the Satan-Yes, but I don't know whether to go there with the wives or stay in

town with the husbands. Puck,

Flooring Papa.

Five-year-old Tommy was being put brough a test in numbers, before the admiring family, one day at dinner. Finally, papa asked him the question that and proved the Waterloo of the older

"Now, Tommy," said papa, "how many

"Five fruits!" promptly responded Tommy.- The Delineator.

are two apples and three pears?"

Resourceful. Willard-Papa, may I go swimming? Papa-Why, Willard, only an hour ago you complained of a pain in your stom-Willard-That's all right, papa. I can

A Near-Right Answer,

swim on my back.-Chicago News.

Some funny things happen in the school room. A Brooklyn teacher called upon a small boy to define "multitude." "A multitude," said the boy, "is what we get when we multiply."-Lippincott's.

in a tone of impatience and hauteur, "You are here. Let us get this busi- dent The same of the sa

> ONTARIO ARCHIVES TORONTO