

Sept. 14.—The new-... (text about Tolstoy's...)

AT DREYFUS.

...ing to Reopen the... (text about Dreyfus...)

... (text about Dreyfus...)

SCHOOLMAMMS

...da and the States Arrive... (text about schoolmams...)

... (text about schoolmams...)

DROWNED

...From a Toronto Bathhouse... (text about drowning...)

... (text about drowning...)

THE CAT STEW.

...He Found Out, Was He Mad?... (text about cat stew...)

... (text about cat stew...)

IRRITATES FRANCE

...The Present Moment for His... (text about France...)

... (text about France...)

SHREDDED

...Make Your Stomach Happy with... (text about shredded wheat...)

... (text about shredded wheat...)

WHEAT

... (text about wheat...)

THE USURPER

"Because we were!" said Sylvia, pit-... (text about Sylvia and her brother...)

"Yes, I was such a mite," she said, hur-... (text about Sylvia's childhood...)

"I must go and tell Merce," she said... (text about Sylvia's current situation...)

"What is it?" she asked, started up in... (text about Sylvia's conversation with Merce...)

"His brother!" she breathed, with... (text about Sylvia's reaction to the news...)

"How thoughtless of me, dear!" she... (text about Sylvia's self-reflection...)

"No—no!" said Merce, in a stov... (text about Sylvia's denial...)

"Go back to London! Leave me, just... (text about Sylvia's demand for distance...)

"That was like a brother!" she said... (text about Sylvia's emotional outburst...)

"Why, what have I said?" exclaimed... (text about Sylvia's confusion...)

"Don't!" breathed Sylvia, almost in-... (text about Sylvia's warning...)

only sadden both of us! Tell me your plans, Neville!"

"Yes," said Jordan, blandly. "Do you intend to remain in England?"

"Silence gives consent! I feared that it would be the case! Well, well! After all, roaming life has its charms. But you must let me help you. I think I may say without immodesty that I have some interest, you know, perhaps you don't know that I am in the Cabinet?"

"For the life of him, he could not keep a tone of proud superiority out of his smooth voice."

"Oh, yes," said Neville, grimly. "I know, I saw you one night coming out of Audrey's house—or the Mar- lows—to your carriage, and heard the crowd shout for the great Sir Jordan Lyne."

"In—do. Really, now! And you, did not come forward and make your self known? I am afraid I am proud! Beware of pride—"

"Well, yes, I have some influence," resumed Jordan, little guessing how narrow a squeak he had had of being shaken, "and I must use it. I must get something for you some day abroad. A consulate, or something of that kind. And—er—meanwhile you must come and live at the Court."

"No!" Restless and anxious to be on the move already, said Jordan, "I must let you know that I am sorry. You must let me make you some an- ance—no refusal! You must indeed!"

"His quick ears had heard a foot- step behind them. He looking round and saw a man's figure crouch- ing stealthily under the shadow of the hedge, and his heart leaped as he recognized the man."

"When—how?" "Last night," said Trale. "One of my men came upon him at an inn outside the village, where he was drinking heavily, and was silent for a moment or two, then he went on."

"Yes, you must not allow your pride to come between us. You must not forget that I am your brother."

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Drainage Ditches a Simple Prevention of Insect Plague. It is not generally known, says the New York Times, that the responsibility for the mosquito, which scourge the Atlantic coast rests primarily with the tides, which for a few days each month rise to a height considerably above the normal.

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WHEN LOVE IS DYING. The Only Thing a Woman Can Do in the Matter. It is not until a man realizes that he is tired of a girl, and never really was in love with her, that he also realizes how foolishly he has acted, if he forces her to find that he has gone so far as to be considered the fiancee of the maid.

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WIT AND HUMOR. He Had a Title. "There's one thing I can't understand," said Mr. Chubb.

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