Capital Make a Longerm Contract.

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t just made, which will

ith. FOR MANILA

Fleet Leaves Ausia To-day.

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to Death at Famous re Resort.

21. Two accidents in man was killed, and in painfully injured, oc-Island hast night to of the Mardi Gras for saw the accidents.

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fice of the news ketches and phoalso be accomspecial form of

THE USURPER

"Thank you," said Neville, with a ! short laugh. "But I want to marry some "So I see," said Lorirmore, "and I wish

They had reached the terrace by this time, and found the viscount there. "Come on!" he said. "Lunch is ready, and Jordan has been here this half hour. How did you and he get on together last night, Neville," he said asid: to Neville.

you luck."

Neville shook his head. "Jordan and I can never be friends, sir," he said gravely. "Dear, dear! Well, I hope you'll be civil to one another to-day?"

"Oh, yes," said Neville. Jordan was in the drawing room, talking to Audrey, and nodded to the two ger. men pleasantly, but with a covert scruting. He was not looking any paler such as you. He's a scoundrel!' than usual, and seemed in the best of

"Where's the signorina?" asked the viscount. "The second bell has rung." "She's upstairs with Mercy," said Audrey, "but will be down directly. You broke in Lavarick. "Ask him what he's had gone out with the servants carrying part of this-this insult and outrage,

As they went in to lunch the viscount | el, you villain?" informed them that he had wired to

Lady Marlow. "She'll be down by the evening train," he said, rubbing his hands, "I didn't tell her you were here, Neville." "Lady Marlow will be as glad as any

of us," said Jordan, with a brotherly Sylvia entered at this point, She swept

a glance of her lovely eyes round the group, let it rest for a moment on Neville, then, with a bow and a smile that included them all, went to her seat "And how is Mercy this morning, my

dear?" asked the viscount. "Will you have some chicken? Neville, pass the signorina some chicken, will you?" Neville carved a wing, his hand trembling. Why had she not stopped and there is not a greater scoundrel unhung; spoken to him as she passed to her but I know nothing of his daughter. His place. Had he offended her. Oh, it was name is Lavarick, a bush ranger. Lord perfectly plain that his "little Syl"- Lorrimore, here, knows him."

She wants to go to London, mured Jordan, always ready with his | Jordan hung his head and sighed. sympathy and help.

Sylvia shook her head. 'I have sent for a doctor," she said. "Such a nice woman!" said the viscount, regretfully. "You haven't seen her,

have you, Jordan.' "No," said Jordan; "I have not yet brother told me that it was him. He's a hought it of the leasure But I have been for their ton minutes. The two, father and daugnter, were carried once a year, and still that does most severe attack my cough became had that pleasure. But I have heard of liar, too, and I wouldn't have believed bought it of me. I met him on the Burher from Audrey and the signorina, and him, but he proved it. Here, you," and rows on Friday, the sixteenth, and put it breast his goit so feeble and uncontrol. "You don't su to health. She must be a god woman to have secuded the inestimable treasure of the signorina's friendship," and he bowed

The lunch proceeded. It was a strange meal, and all of them had the air of persons sitting over a volcano and pretending that they did not know it. Audrey and Sylvia spoke in low tones. ent, and the viscount wore an air of

forced gaiety which was as transparent as glass. Jordan alone seemed to be per- after a glauce at it, gave it back. feetly at his ease, and "made" the conversation with bland complacency.

to have a fete," he remarked, "We can't ong his papers." let so joyful an occasion as Neville's return pass as if it were of no account. | viscount, gravely, What do you say to a big garden party. Jordan shook his head and sighed. for I was there and saw him, and not let me call you so! There are brighter with tents on the lawn and a luncheon "I regret to say that it is true," he only I but Mr. Neville."

"The very thing," said the viscount. will make reparation,"

"Yes," faltered Audrey. "Then it shall be done,' said Jordan, that he would like to avoid the fatted "It is false! false!" she cried, panting. ishment. calf, but he must not be allowed to do "He did not do it. He could not," and so. Let me see; shall we say this day her arms wound round his neck. week--"

He stopped suddenly and the rest looking to see what had occasioned the break in the smooth voice, saw him staring at the French window opposite which he sat, his face suddenly grown white to the lips, his eyes fixed with what looked like terror. "Eh? What's the matter?" demanded

the viscount. Jordan rose. "Excuse me," he said, hurriedly, and

he took two or three steps to the win-But before he could reach it it was burst open, and a man appeared on the hoarsely.

threshold. Sylvia uttered a cry of terror, and

and he sprang to his feet. It was Lavarick-desperate, half mad with drink and fury. His clothes were "it is false." torn, his face livid, his eyes bloodshot. At the sound of the voice, full of anwhich made his ugly face perfectly dev- tionless, gazing before him.

Jordan ran to bim and seized his arm. "Are you mad?" he hissed; but Lav-

arick flung him off. "Let me be!" he shouted, hoarsely. "The game's up! They're close on me.

He made as if to spring at him, but In an instant the handcuffs were on, seized his arms and twisted them behind of the constables

he suddenly desisted, and, gasping for red his retreat.

"That man isn't fit to sit here among ground. "Neville, do you know this man?" exclaimed the viscount, enraged and indig-

"Know him!" said Neville. have heard of Sylvia's friend, Neville?" done with her! Curse him! Mercy. "Will you kindly close the door, Lord Lorrimore!" he said. and he made a futile effort to free him- Mr. Neville?" he said. Scarcely yet," he replied. "I have yet self. "Look at the fine gentleman; he hasn't a word to say. Where's my Rach-

> It was quite true. Neville had not a "The man's mad," he said at last. "Mad, am I?" yelled Lavarick, hoarsely. "No, I am not mad. Answer, you villain! Where is she? You don's know:

other day! Where's my gel, my Rachel?" The viscount looked from one to the "What is the man raving about? Audrey, signorina, leave the room." They neither of them moved.

"Is-is there anything in what the fellow says, Neville?" he asked, gravely. Neville shook his head, "He is mad," he said. "I know him:

"little" no longer- did not care for "You lie! You ruined her!" shrieked Lavarick, "It's true!" he said, hoarse-"She is no better," said Sylvia, in a ly, turning his bloodshot eyes to the low voice; "and yet I have had such hard others. "If you don't believe me, ask a serious matter. work to persuade her to keep in bed. Sir Jordan, his own brother. Ask him!" He swung his head round to Jordan "Believe me, Neville," he murmured;

"it will be better to own that you have Neville looked at him. "What!" he said, in an ominous voice. "You see," said Lavarick, "His own

one of the servants took the half-burned letter from Lavarick's pocket. "There, read it! Show it to him; show-

it round. Ask him if he knows it! It'sit's my gel's, my Rachel's writing," and The viscount took the letter and ex-

tended it to Neville, who accepted it, but "I never saw it before," he said,

"I was saying last night that we ought brother, Sir Jordan, here, found it am- to escape.

then, but something stopped him. on his breast, and who, with white face | pounds!' nodding brightly, "Neville is so modest and flashing eyes, confronted the rest. Neville bent his head, a glow of heav-

enly joy thrilling through him and quelling his rage and indignation. "God bles you, my darling!" he murmured. "My Syl!" Then he raised his head and loked

around. "That letter I have never seen till now," he said. "I never saw his daugh-

"Let me get at him!" broke in Lavarisk, struggling. "He's killed my gel, my Rachel. Sir Jordan knows it. Speak out once more, Sir Jordan," he said,

Jordan looked around. "I am afraid it is too true." he said. turned to the viscount as if for protec- "My brother was young, the temptation | ville, was great, and he fell; but I had hoped "Lavarick!" broke from Neville's lips, that he had made reparation-"

"Yes," said a voice in the doorway, He stood holding the door and staring guish, yet strangely ill and resigned,

growd of servants, and stood apart from them. It was Mercy. Jordan shrank back.

"Rachel!" broke from his white lips. "Rachel!" echoed from Lavarick, in ones that would have moved a heart of stone to pity even for such as he. "Rachel! my gel!"

Mercy looked at him with her sunken eyes, and then turned them on Jordan. She said not a word, but if she had raised voice and hand, and denounced him, the spectators could not have been more convinced of his guilt.

He leaned against the wall, trembling, snaking, his face ashen gray with fear, and his lips stil formed her name. Lavarick stood for a moment speechless, then he turned with an awful cry

I'm lagged. But I'll have my re- to the shrinking wretch, and would have venge on him before I'm taken," and he broken from even Lorrimore's strong pointed at Neville. "You see that man arms had not Trale and a couple of po--all of you-you see him! He's a scoun- licemen at that moment rushed in breathlessly from the terrace.

Lorrimore had been watching, and had and Lavarick was helpless in the grasp A scene of confusion followed, in which Lavarick struggled with the strength Jordan glided to the window; but Trale of a madman for a moment or two, when | had slipped before it and closed and bar-

breath, nodded his head toward Neville, Then Sylvia, who had flown to Mrecy's who stood regarding him with fierce an- side, uttered a cry. Mercy had slid from her grasp, and had fallen lifeless to the ished." Trale stood between Jordan and the

"Do you dare to stop me, fellow?" demanded Jordan. "One moment, Sir Jordan," said Trale. | more. "Yes, he knows me, and I know him," Then he waited until Sylvia and Audrey "I have to thank you for a greater

window.

Neville shut the door. dan," said Traic, 'as I have something of to say that, though I felt certain you bulging metallic corners on it and no it there still remained the nearly insupimportance to communicate to Lord Mar- were a villain, I have had no hand in end of clamps and thick straps, it looked

He drew the will out of his pocket, and grimly. placed it on the table in front of the viscount. At the sight of it Lavarick uttered a low cry. you don't care! Oh, if I'd only had an-

"The will!" he cried. Jordan looked from one to the other, his white face set defiantly. "What is this?" demanded the vis-

"Sir Greville's lost will, my lord," replied Trale, gravely, and with evident enjoyment. "The last will, my lord. Sir Jordan knows its contents. If you'll glance through it, you'll see that it leaves the property very differently from how it goes now. There is a third to Mr. Neville and a third to the daughter of the lady Sir Greville wanted to mar-

The viscount looked at the will. "How did you come by this, Trale? It's

was found by Mr. Neville, in the trunk "If there is anything I can do," mur- fiercely. "Tell him. You know it's true." of a tree, where Jim Banks had hidden it while he was bargaining with Sir Jordan for it." Lavarick nodded, his bloodshot eyes

fixed on Jordan. "That's so," he said. "I stole it on the night the old man died; that scoundrel would have burned it if I hadn't, he led Lavarick from the room.

he said, contemptuously. "This man is in league with our clever friend Trale, or has deceived him-the latter, I think. I have never met this man on the Burrows, or elsewhere; the thing is a for-

gery, I have no doubt. Why, the fellow hands on Neville's shoulders. has been already convicted of forgery!" "No!" he said, "only half br Banks gnashed his teeth. ute-only a minute!" he said to the po- his pluck. He has pluck, confound him!

"Sir Jordan's memory is at fault," joy, my boy." "Is this true, Jordan" demanded the said Trale, laconically. "He was at the

"That's a capital idea, Jordan, eh, Au- | Neville would have sprung upon him said Trale, politely. "Mr. Neville and I quietly. heard every word that passed. You were No, no!" said Neville. "The shame-It was Sylvia who had thrown herself to give Banks twenty-five thousand ful story must be hushed up in some

"Come, Trale, he said. "This is impos- The thought of it sickens me." Jordan laughed.

"That is the word!" he said. "It is impossible and ridiculous. Why should I buy a forgery?"

he had laid the will.

"It is false! false!" panted Sylvia.

fully. "You and Banks here have con- endowed with both brains and beauty .spired to conceal a will and defraud Sir | Hazel Green Herald. Neville and a lady unknown, and it's my straight at Neville with a look of hate Lavarick uttered a cry at stood mo- duty to ask his lordship for a warrant for your apprehension. Some one came slowly through the "Enough of this!" he said. "I repeat,

it is a conspiracy, and I will punish all that have had a hand in it. As to that -that forgery, I shall fight it to the last penny I possess." "No use," said Trale, as cheerfully as before. "I showed the will to Mrs. Parsons this morning, and she recognizes it. She didn't know what it was when she signed it, but she identifies it. You will see a couple of blots over her signature, my lord. She made 'em, and re-

members making 'em. Knew them and the signature in a moment. It's no use. Sir Jordan; there isn't an inch of ground left for you to stand upon. You've cut it all away yourself!" Jordan's head dropped. He seemed to shrink in size and stature as he realized the truth of Trale's assertion. "I will trouble you for my property, Lord Marlow," he said, advancing to the table and reaching for the notes; but

Trale snatched them up and whipped

"Beg pardon, Sir Jordan," he said.

"You denied that they were your prop-

erty just now; they're mine at present,

them behind him.

REE

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until you've proved your right to them, MR. STOGGLETON'S TRUNK. and when you've done that you'll complete my case against you up to the hilt. Many Things Happened to It in a Brief I'm going to pay these notes into his lordship's account at the bank, and you

can get 'em by proving 'em to be yours, "Very well," said Jordan, hoarsely. thank you all for showing your hands so plainly. I admit nothing. I denounce must have been scores of years, I don't that—that thing as a forgery. I shall indiet you for a conspiracy, and if there is justice to be had, I will see you pun-"Bravo," said Trale, under his breath.

"He's game to the last." Jordan moved to the door, and Trale stepped aside and opened it, but Jordan paused a moment and looked at Lorri-

Lorrimore shook his head almost sad-

word to say, for amazement had strick- low, and I should like to do it in your unmasking you. I deeply regret it, but it as if a giant might throw it down from horses—and a Tartar without his horse is the truth!" responded Lorrimced, a mountain and not do it any harm; but is well-nigh helpless. Did a stronger

earth"—said Jordan, glaring at Neville. pieces turned out to be stamped tin and the threatened point before the invaders ed Trale—Neville had stood unmoved— one strap broke and the buckle of the Foore, in the Contemporary Review. "not pauper. A third of the property, you other pulled off and the bottom of the know! That's better than the five hun- trunk was split and the cleats inside the dred a year you offered him last night." | trunk spread so far apart that they let

groan Jordan passed out. As he did so, Lavarick laughed an aw- rickety that the next time the baggage ful laugh, full of malignant satisfaction. | man came for it he said to me as he "Take me away," he said, hoarsely, ended it up so that he could get hold of and as if he were worn out by the ex- the sole remaining handle: citement of the scene. "You can take | "'You know it really ain't safe for the them off if you like. I wouldn't make | trunk to travel, don't you?' a run for it if you was to offer me But we put a brand new heavy solid those notes. For he'd beat you yet, if strap around it and buckled it up tight since I found it necessary to take me-I was out of the way! Yes, he'd beat | and the trunk went through without | dicine of any kind, I attribute my preyou; but he won't while I am alive and falling apart, and now we're going to sent good health entirely to Dr. Wil-"Read it, you, Lorrimore," he said. here to smash him! I can tell all! I will have a trunk doctor come in and give us liams Pink Pills." Thus writes Mr. tell you all. But take me away now, an estimate on the cost of repairs, that Wm. M. Ferguson, St. John West, N. B.

to him and unlocked his handcuffs.

then Neville, borne down by the weight | now'days. of shame, sank into a chair and rested "What? Was this trunk of mine a changed doctors three different times, Visitor-Well, that isn't a crime, is it?

"No!" he said, "only half brother, my | were." dear boy! Only half your blood runs in "If you'll only let me loose for a min- his veins, and that's the half that shows "You lie!" yelled Lavarick. "His own licemen who held him. "I won't attempt | Cheer up, Neville! A third-why that's five or six thousand a year! I give you

"And I," said Lorrimore, taking Nev-

"She-she must not know," he said,

way. He may keep my money. I'd ra-The viscount uttered a note of aston- ther lose every penny of it than have the old name disgraced and dishonored. (To be continued.)

Brains and Beauty.

Miss Falay Long, the Hazel Green mil- I seen him look right at me, that I did; Trale took out a paper parcel, care- liner, and Miss Nancy Sample, the as- He says my name, and asts how fur I've fully sealed, and laid it on the table as sistant postmaster, two of the most lovely and lovable young ladies in this "Ten mile," says I, an' then away I The viscount opened it, and there lay community-aye, two who will compare with any couple from centre to circum-"I picked them up when the candle ference of this grand old commonwealth went out, Sir Jordan," he said, almost -left Wednesday to attend the blue As I druv home I couldn't 'zactly see as blandly as Sir Jordan himself could grass fair at Lexington, after which they Why this great man should shake with will visit relatives and friends at Frank-Jordan drew a long breath, and looked fort and in Franklin county. They go I felt real proud, an' I'm fer him, I beround with a sinister expression on his as a bachelor team, without chaperon, and white, drawn face. The game was up, dollars to doughnuts that the chivalry and he knew it. He shot a glance of of Kentucky will protect them in I s'pose when he's in his exalted place malignant hatred at Lorrimore and Ne- thought, word and deed. And why, Sometimes he'll sort o' recollect my face simply because they are not gifted in An' wonder how things goes with old "This is a conspiracy!" he said between gossip, nor do they sanction slander. How different from the frivolous flirt that "You're right, Sir Jordan. That's just occasionally bobs up. But to their what it is," cut in Trale, quite cheer- credit, be it said, most of our girls are

> "Whose beimet is that, Jane?" "Mine, please, ma'am." "Yours? Yhy, its' a policeman's!" "Yes, ma'am; he's mine, The things that come to those who

wait are often the things no one else

TILLY

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Space of Time. "In the garret of the old house back

home," said Mr. Stoggleton, "I used to see old hair covered trunks that I think know but what centuries, old, trunks that looked as if they'd never wear out and never could be worn out, and them I guess are there still if the moths haven't eaten them up, and it seems to me as if all trunks were made stronger in those days than they are in the present advanced era. Those old trunks all used ter on the platforms of the wall. The to seem rockbound, as if nothing could break them, whereas the trunks of now, ed, and at strategic points along the

"You take that last trunk I bought. It "I've ventured to stop you, Sir Jor- "I'm afraid not, Sir Jordam I'm sorry looked solid and massive; great heavy marauders; if they succeded in scaling in the course of three trips one of the force make an attack, it must still have "As to that pauper and scum of the handles pulled off, those massive corner been an easy matter to concentrate on gowns. "Not pauper, Sir Jordan," interrupt- the clamps of the same material, and With something between a snarl and a the tray fall through to the bottom and AFTER DOCTORS FAILED generally the trunk got so wabbly and

unless-unless-" He stopped and is, as far as it can be repaired, for it Mr. Ferguson continues: "For years "Yes, my lord," assented Trale. "It groaned. "Oh. my poor gel, Rachel." never was and it couldn't be made a I was a sufferer from chronic bronchis had a coming out party? Trale knew his man. He stepped up | solid trunk. It was originally a pretty | tis and general debility. I had always good looker, but it had no constitution. been delicate, but as I grew older I "If his lordship will let you, you shall "Now, you know you can't charge all seemed to grow weaker, and at the see her, Banks," he said, solemnly. Lord that damage up to the baggage men; it approach of autumn I commenced to was coming out all right. When I got Marlow nodded, and Trale put his hand was originally a flimsy trunk. You say cough and had to remain in the house there she was out half way to her waist. on Lavarick's shoulder. "Come up with we travel more now than they used to? all winter. With the coming of summe," he said. "If she's able to see you, Yes, I know that, and I know that we mer I always got a little better, only I'll give you ten minutes with her," and can't expect a trunk toted around every to be laid low again when the fine weaday in the year to last as long as one ther was over. During my last and

he nodded to one of the footmen who had crowded in, "feel in my breast don't know" breast that Trale had to give him his arm to the fly that was waiting in the avenue they will wear out fast, to make more they will wear out fast, they wil business? No, no; that can't be so; it | there was no other improvement, as I | Jailer-He's a queer case, that prisoner

cheap trunk? Why, yes, it was a cheap | but with no improvement. Then I be- Jailer-No; but when he got his last "And he is my brother!" he groaned. trunk, but what's that got to do with gan to take cod liver oil, but my stom-

1 Shuck His Hand.

I shuck his hand; it come abaout this He made a speech down yonder t'other When he got done with what he had

I shuck his hand.

I shuffles up behind old Doc McNabb, His hand went out, an' I jest made one been before. When I completed the An' mutterin' some nice piece of greetin'

I shuck his hand.

I shuck his hand. folks like me;

I shuck his hand. Charles H. Barnes. -----CHINA'S GREAT WALL. Undoubtedly the Work of a Great

The Great Wall is often stigmatized as a monument of human shortsighted- I know a man who mops his brow ness and folly by many who are willing | And says, "Good Lord, it's sizzling to rhapsodize over the Great Pyramid. A great architectural work the Pyramid was not. It was simply a stone tumulus, and everything goes to prove that it No matter what he tries to dowas nothing more than a superlative mausoleum, a monument of the vanity I know a man who vows that he of the monarch who was entombed be- Will never, never happy beneath it; and considered either as mere bulk or as an engineering feat, it sinks with utter insignificance beside the Grea I know a man who's very high with utter insignificance beside the And people praise him passing by--

Great Wall, a work of vast practical His name is Lowe. It is, in fact, the Great Wall more I know a man who drags his feet than anything which stamps its founder | And seems too blooming tired to estfor all time for what he was—a man of His name is Swift. the highest order of genius, possibly the greatest genius who has borne sway on the earth. The Chinese of the second century B. C., like the Romans of the dom is realizing that you actually need Johnny-You can see through the first, had arrived at a critical stage in it.—Florida Times-Union.

the course of their development, and each nation succeeded in producing a hero at the right moment to lead it to the accomplishment of its destiny. The prescience with which Julius Caecas, confronted with the problem of finding a suitable defensive frontier for the Roman Empire, solved .c by the occupation of the line of the Rhine, is rightly considered as one of the chief reasons for his pre-eminent place in the world's history. The guarded river that the genius of the great dictator had made the frontier of the Roman Empire was the terminus of the barbarism for nearly five centuries. Chi-huang-ti was confronted with the same problem; he solved it with equal prominence and greater success by an inspiration of genius unparalleled in history. Where nature had placed no barrier he reared an artificial one, and for ten centuries the northern barbarians pressing down from the great central tableland strove in vain to burst through the bulwarks which he had interposed between their

ravening hordes and the rich plains of Probably the Great Wall was a more formidable obstacle to the barbarians of Central Asia than the Rhine to the Germanie hordes of Europe. It was at once a well-defined frontier, a magnificent military road and an impregnably intrenched picket line along the border. The towers were probably all occupied by pickets, and communication maintained by cavalry patrols—a very easy mator some of them anyway, must be han- wall and to its rear bodies of field dled pretty gingerly if you want to get troops collected in permanent fortresses and intrenched camps. The wall itself

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restore a Despondent Sufferer to Health.

"Although it is now some years "A clumsy invention, Lord Marlow," The three men looked at each other; must be just the way trunks are made had no appetite. The night sweats con- in cell 27. Nothing suits him but silk tinued, and I was growing weaker. I underwear. The viscount went and laid both his it? Trunks ought to wear, hadn't they? ach had grown so weak that it refus- to see him sneak it under his coat. I tell you trunks are not what they ed to retain it. It was at this time when I was trying to reconcile myself to my fate that a pamphlet relating cures wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink | the Mediterranean? Well, if I had been my friends thought me in a decline, of pebbles as souvenirs." self, I decided to try the Pille. After using several boxes, though I still con- shoes after I had gone back to the ship." tinued to cough, I felt better in other and dancing for the tenantry, and, in replied. I found the letter as this man "Neville!" exclaimed Jordan, unwittingly.

I mind it well, th' way it come abaout; ment, and I gladly continued their use. for-Audrey!" ejaculated the viscount. He'd quit his talk-th' boys they give By the time I had taken ten boxes the night sweats and the cough had An' whilst th' whole blame gang was entirely disappeared, and I was feeling quite vigorous. I took two more boxes, and felt that there was no necessity to continue the treatment, as I was in better health than I had ever boy's face with soap and water) - Johntwelfth box I weighed myself and

found that I had gained 32 pounds. As I said before, it is some years since my cure was effected, and I have not had a cough in any season since, and have your little boy-ouch! I's Mose, de always enjoyed the best of health. I believe, therefore, that it is entirely due to the agency of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills that I am alive and well today, and I trust that others will benefit by my personal experience." You can get these pills from your medicine dealer or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville,

What's in a Name. know a man whose face is long. He never laughs or sings a song-His name is Hope.

know a man so grum and cross For happiness he's at a loss-His name is Smiles.

know a man who couldn't tell What year it was that Carthage fell-His name is Wise.

now!"-His name is Snow. I know a man who's always blue.

His name is Bliss.

His name is Brown.

-Birmingham Age-Herald. The first step toward acquiring wisMrs. Young-The landlord was here

Mr. Young-ft would have been beter, my dear, if you had given him the by and shown him the rent,

o-day; I gave him the rent and show-

Easy. "It is no trick at all to be honest." "Is that so?"

"How do you know?" "The stupidest men I know are all honest."-Nashville American.

The Retort Courteous

"Are you fond of entertaining callers?" "Yes," answered the lady addressed, but few of mine are that variety."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Above Temptation. Tommy-Ma, I met the minister on my way to Sunday school, and he asked me if I ever went fishing on Sunday. Mater-And want did you say, dar-Tommy-I said, "Get thee behind me,

Satan," and ran right away from him .-

His Fall Delusion.

Visitor-Who is that maniae who keeps getting in every one's way and retsing to move? Attendant-Oh, he thinks he's a coal cart and every one else is a trolley car.

Consolation.

Even death has its bright side, for

Appropriate. "What did Marie, the telephone operator say when she broke her engagement with Harry Phlunx?" "Not much. She just dropped him a note with an enclosure and wrote, Ring

Of course you would. O pity the restless sea,

That means and means, and means! For you'd moan, too, Went broke on the cold, gray stones!

A Case of Almost.

Wiggins-Did you know that Mavie Spriggins-I did; I went to the porty. Wiggins-Well? Spriggins-I noticed her gown, one

Up to-Date. "They tell me Jencks has a molern

"Modern! I should say he has! Wly, he even has his family organized into a stock company to carry the mortgage." His Peculiarity.

"And you walked along the shores of

Pills was left at the door. Although there I should have brought away a lot and although I was feeling hopeless my- "Gracious, I did! I've got a lot of 'em

Dicky-Yes'm. It's a thing you grow woodchuck the other day.

Mother (vicious scrubbing her small

your face with burnt cork again? Here I have been scrubbing half an hour and Boy (between gulps)-I-ouch!-ain't

colored lady's boy .- Judge. Probably From Boston. "But, surely," protested the lately departed girl, "you're not going to take me to the er-infernal regions?" "Only for a few seconds," replied the attendant spirit. "We must thaw you

out a little."-The Catholic Standard and

Smith-At first he was simply crazy about her, but now he neglects her shamefully. Jones-I see. At first he went out of his mind, and then she went out of Natural History Note.

Mrs. Knicker-Do you think plants

OUT OF MIND.

Mrs. Bocker-They have more than the husbands who are told to water

have memories?

Can Show Vaccination Scars. Bang-So you are back from the mountains, ch? Well, you didn't get raddeed up very much. Wang-Didn't, ch? You ought to see y back from sleeping on a cornbask

Political Enthusiasm. "How did you enjoy the Labor day programme?" "Not a bit. It was the punkest game I ever saw. Our club got beat 6 to 0."

Lattress three weeks. Brooklyn Engle.

THE DIFFERENCE. Teacher-Now, Johnny, look at this. Is that the way to spell windoww-i-d-o-w? Johnny-No. sir. Teacher-What is the difference be-

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