MR. GATHERWICK'S PRODIGAL

There was a pause in the Gatherwick office. The half-hour after five had rung out some minutes before; six was closing-time, and it was one of the articles of Mr. M'Callum's creed that it was injurious to the constitution to pass straight from the whirl of business to the chill outside air. Mr. M'Callum was chief-clerk; there were but two; and whenever it was practicable—that is to say whenever Mr. Gatherwick himself was not present in person—he made a point of allowing a suitable margin for general conversation, before the two descended the stairs and set their faces homewards.

It was Mr. M'Callum of course, who was leading the conversation to-night and the subject of all others that had come to the front was the case of the Prodigal Son suggested possibly by a circumstance that had occurred that same morning. Among the letters by the second post had been one in a big dashing hand, which without reading further than the had of the first page Mr. Gatherwick had promptly put into a fresh envelope and re-directed, presumably to the place it had come from: but he had posted it himself, instead of leaving it with the others to the junior clerk, Davidson. Davidson took a special interest in that dashing handwriting, and was laboring under a sense of injury accordingly.

"For myself, I never quite agreed with all the fuss that was made over that young renegade," Mr. M'Callum was remarking with an emphatic flourish of his ruler, "It's not the practice, in these days at anyrate; and I'd not advise any one to follow his example on the chance of getting the like reception."

"Then you would have left him to starve, I suppose?" returned Davidson, who represented the entire audience.

"Not entirely—moderation in all things. He might have been taken in on probation for a time, till they saw how far his reform was to be depended upon. No; on the whole, I'm not saying but I agree with Mr. Gatherwick."

"Mr. Gatherwick is obliged to you, sir," said a deep voice from behind: "but instead of discussing matters that do not concern you, kindly put up your books and go."

Mr. M'Callum collapsed. He did as he was bidden in perfect silence, too overcome even to attempt an apology. Davidson followed him as swiftly as possible, and Mr. Gatherwick was left in solitary possession of the field. A limited and very dusty field; but the stiffest battle of his prosperous life had been fought out there. It was the old story; his only son, easy, careless, thoughtless—in all respects the antipodes of his father—mistakes in the cash-book—inquiries hushed up—disgrace and banishment. That had happened two years ago, an dthis mornings was the third letter that had been sent back unread.

Mr. Gatherwick was at one end of the pole, Mr. M'Callum at the other, yet both held precisely the same view on one subject. The prodigal in that old parable had been forgiven much too easily; the father had exhibited an amiable weakness that was altogether reprehensible under the circumstances. Mr. Gatherwick involuntarily commended himself for his sounder principles, and felt that he had done righteously in returning that unread letter.

And yet, somewhere, underneath was a faint uneasy sense of discomfort—of something wanting. For what end was le working now? He had no irreproachable elder son to fall back upon. Hospitals and almshouses are useful institutions, but few men labour with enthusiasm for their sole behoof. He might endow another school, perhaps: but there appeared to be schools in abundance already, and he himself was a self-taught man. Mr. Gatherwick abruptly wound up his reflections at this unsatisfactory stage, locked up his safes, and rooms, and hurried away down the stairs and through the busy gas-lighted streets to his handsome solitary house, wherein dwelt no one person to watch and wait for his advent.

The letter went back whence it came—not very far; it was from an English seaport town this time; the fast had been from New York. It went back and was greeted with sore dismay.

"That is the last time I will ever trouble him, Nell," said Maurice Gatherwick, the younger, flinging it into the fire. "He does not know what forgiveness means, and he need not begin to learn now, as far as I am concerned."

Nell looked up from her stitching with a disappointed face. "O, Maurice, I was so sure he would tell you to come home when he found you were so near. What are we to do?"

"Don't fret, Nell. I'll have a hunt round the shipping houses here; and if the worst comes to the worst, well, we can go back to Glasgow on our own account."

"Do you think it's because—because you married me?" she asked anxiously a minute or two after.

"No, Nell; that it certainly is not. He has not even read the letter, nothing but the address to which he could send it back again."

When Maurice set out to the far country—New York in his case—Nell and her mother had been fellow-passengers. The mother had been ailing all the journey, and died the day before they reached Sandy Hook. Nell was left solitary, almost penniless. Maurice's sole fortune was two hundred pounds, descended to him from his mother. What could have been a more suitable arrangement than that they should marry and combine their joint misfortunes?

Somehow the States had not proved the Eldorado they had expected. There Maurice gained his first personal experience of poverty. He had no associations of that kind with his own country, and naturally came to the conclusion that once back, it would be an easier matter to find some employment that would eke out their scanty means, beside the hope that Mr. Gatherwick might relent and be willing to overlook the past miserable folly. But that hope had to be struck out of their calculations now, and they were not through the first week yet.

The shipping houses followed suit. "There is only one course left, Nell: we must go back to Glasgow," Maurice announced at the end of the second week. "There will be a better chance there for me; I know the places."

And so the little tent was pitched once more and Maurice found himself back among the old haunts—with a difference. Then he had been a rich man's son and heir, now he was one of the rank and file, and the rank and file were inconveniently plentiful, it seemed to him, during that long quest after a clerkship.

"Hurrah!" I've got it at last," he cried, one rainy night, leaping up the stairs into the shabby sitting-room. "Forty pounds a year, and a steady rise of a pound! Why, in seventy years I'll have—I'll have one hundred and ten! Never mind, Nell; it's better than doing nothing."

"A great deal better," assented Nell cheerfully. "It will seem quite a fortune after all the failures; only I do think you ought to be worth more than that, Maurice."

"I used to think so, too; but all depends from what point you look at it. Davidson at our office had forty, and it never occurred to me that it was too little. I should like to see that lad again," he went on, starting off on a new track, as was his fashion. "He would have done anything for me in those days. I'll look him up when we get settled down here."

They were both thankful for this clerkship, very thankful; but when one has been in a certain groove for a lifetime, it is not easy changing into another, and those two idle desultory years had not been altogether the best training for a daily steady grind. Maurice liked pleasure and sunshine and ease generally; prodigals are not usually a race of immaculate heroes: time and space granted, his prospects of attaining the giddy height of that hundred and ten stipend were but faint. The novelty wore off in the first three days, and then it was only sheer necessity for himself and Nell that kept him to his post.

"I understand those husk banquets now very well," he remarked one day to Nell; but if that prodigal had had my stool and forty pounds a year, he would have hurried off home even quicker than he did."

"Don't you think you might try once more?" suggested Nell half under her breath. "He has no one but you."

"No," said Maurice decidedly; "that's settled. I sent a message to Davidson to come and look us up to-night. Can we afford to give him a cup of tea, Nell?"

"Oh, yes," laughed Nell; "two if you don't mind it being a little weak. They say it's bad for the nerves too strong."

"I couldn't say, it's so long since we had a chance of judging. Never mind; Davidson is not particular."

Maurice had an extra turn at the grindstone that day, and did not reach home for some time after the visitor's arrival. Nell was sitting by the fire, trying to keep up the conversation with rather indifferent success. She broke off with a sigh of relief at the sound of her husband's footsteps on the stairs. Davidson flushed a sudden uncomfortable scarlet; he got up off his seat, and then stood grasping the back and hesitating. However, there was no hesitation about Maurice: he greeted his father's clerk as if they had parted yesterday, and under the most ordinary circumstances, and were meeting now in the paternal mansion, instead of this fourth-flat threadbare lodging.

"And you are still in the old place, my boy? and M'Callum too? just as usual."

"Yes, sir. I'm glad to see you back, Mr. Maurice, the place has not been right since you went. Are you—are you——?"

"No, Davidson; I'm not. Don't run away with any ideas of that kind. That ended some time ago. I have just got to peg on here and help myself."

"But do you like it, Mr. Maurice?"

"Candidly speaking, I can't say I do; but needs must, you know."

Davidson looked unsatisfied. "It doesn't seem right," he was beginning dolefully.

Maurice interrupted his lamentation. "It's no use crying over spilt milk, my boy. Take you a solemn warning by my case, and don't slide into crooked ways. You don't slide back again as smoothly, by any means.—Now, draw up your chair, and we will have some tea."

That was the first of Davidson's visits. They continued regularly all the rest of the winter; through the hot stifling summer, when only dust and heat spoke of the green glory that hovered over the whole land beyond this wilderness of stone and lime. Maurice longed as he had never longed in his life for one sight of tossing waves and breezy moors; only there was the landlady and the butcher and the baker, and a whole army of smaller satellites planted between, barring the way.

To Be Continued.

A GOLDEN FLOOR.

King George II. was once invited out to dine with a wealthy and eccentric old duke, who possessed more money than he very well knew what to do with. Upon this occasion, wishing to impress his Majesty with the immensity of his riches, he had the floor of the dining hall paved from end to end with sovereigns, the head being up. Each coin was stuck in a mixture of lime, which soon dried, leaving the precious "tile" securely fastened. When the king arrived and was shown what had been done in his honor, his amazement knew no bounds, and it was with difficulty he could be persuaded to set foot upon the golden floor.

PERFECT HAPPINESS.

A Persian king got the blues and was told by his astrologers that he would be himself again by wearing the suit of a perfectly happy man. The whole kingdom was ransacked for such a man but he could not be found. At last a laborer returning from his work was discovered to be absolutely happy and was hurried before the king. But when his coat was removed, it appeared that the man wore no shirt! One must depend upon one's self for happiness.

NO WONDER!

Irate Customer—This chicken is quite cold.

Polite Waiter—What else could monsieur expect? The poor bird has been dead three weeks.

FEARLESS.

Old Moneybags—How dare you ask my daughter's hand in marriage?

De Broke—Yes, I know she ain't much, sir, but I need the money.

RAINY RIVER DISTRICT.

A Western Man Thinks a Good Deal About It.

J. L. Edwards, a well-known mining man and capitalist, who registers from Salt Lake City, but whose home is divided between the locations of his several gold mining properties in Montana, Utah and Colorado, was recently interviewed in Buffalo. Asked as to whether he had any intention of going to the Klondike region, Mr. Edwards said: "No, I am not going to the Klondike, but I have just come from the Lake Superior and Rainy Lake gold fields and the more I see of that surprising country, the more I feel that I do not care to go to Alaska. I think that the new country which is being opened up north of the Minnesota line and Lake Superior—the Lake of the Woods territory and the Michipicoten field—is the most promising country for paying mines that I have ever run across. I am amazed by it. I have already secured some options and have made some purchases there and am

GOING BACK FOR MORE.

"The mines about the Lake of the Woods, are showing up surprisingly. We, who have made our strikes in the west, have been rather skeptical about any mines of permanent value or of great number east of the Rocky Mountains. But my trip to that country up north and north-west of Lake Superior has opened my eyes. The Michipicoten field has not been much prospected as yet, but is making some splendid showings in the little development that has been done, and more men are going in there every day. I saw some samples of decomposed quartz there that were as rich in gold as any I have ever seen in my life. The rock is very easily workable and there will be some big piles made there on small capital."

"Did you make any investments?" was asked of Mr. Edwards.

"Yes, I bought an interest in one claim and secured options on a couple more, But as a general rule the miners there are not ready to sell for any moderate figure. They think they have a good thing, and forget that it takes money to run mines. After a time, when the first flush of rich discoveries wear off, and money is needed to work the properties, then the figures will come down. Michipicoten is a good country for the prospector now, but it will be better for the capitalist

TWELVE MONTHS FROM NOW.

"Up in the Rainy River and Lake of the Woods district I found the most tempting field for present investment that I have yet struck. Some of the mines there have been developed long enough to give a fair estimate of their value. Something can be judged as to the character of the developments beneath the surface showing, and this gives a chance to figure somewhat on the probable character of newer prospects in the same country. New claims are being continually found and there are many enticing looking prospects to be had there at reasonably low figures.

Of course, one cannot go out there and pick up a gold mine that will pay handsome dividends unless he knows his business; but a good mining man can get hold of some splendid properties there now. I have bought two claims upon the Lake of the Woods which I will gamble on. I fancy I can trust my judgment to know a good prospect when I see it."

Inasmuch as Mr. Edwards has the reputation of never having been connected with an unsuccessful mine, his last statement may be said to go.

BABOO TOBACCO SCIENCE.

Valuable Information on the Right Mixture for Hindoos to Smoke and Chew.

As we see it is a most amazing extent to which tobacco has spread all over earth in these 300 years, when it was brought into England from America by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1586 A. D. In Turkey it is perpetually in every mouth. In China it is so universally practiced that a female of six or seven has a pocket in her dress to hold her pipe and tobacco. In Burmah it is smoked by persons of all ranks, even a child of two or three. In India all classes and both sexes smoke, eat and smell.

It grows in India so vigorously that we can scarcely find a town or village in Hindustan where no plot of ground would be found covered by this perpetual plant. And in the same manner there would be very few of our readers who know the processes in which the tobacco becomes suitable for our usual smoking. It would be not, therefore, out of place to draw before the public an outline of its manufacture.

When it is full grown and its leaves have begun to acquire a yellowish tint it is gathered and left on the ground to be withered one day or more in the sun.

Although we can have smoking tobacco from many different ways, but it would suffice here to mention some processes, for their suitableness, current in a most famous place for the purpose in India, known as Biswan, in Seetapore district.

Being withered it is brought to be cudgelled with wood so firmly as to become a dust, which is called "Ruddee" and mixed with syrup and alkali or impure carbonate of soda; it is left in balls to be dissolved.

Now a leavened or Khamira tobacco is prepared by the undergoing formula: 1. Cloven. 2 Cardamums. 3. Mace. 4. Nutmeg. 5. Allspice. 6 Cinnamon. 7 Dry rose flower. 8. Filling aloes wood. 9. Filling sandal wood. 10. Nakh. 11. Pandree. 12. White cardamums. 13. Benzoin. Of each quarter a seer. 14. Amillas. One seer.

All these except the last one which is boiled, are cudgelled and made a powder. And a next preparation is now made:

Camphor, two Chatak—Karpur; salarus, quarter a seer; betel, quarter a seer.

All these being cudgelled are boiled; and now five punsaris of Ruddee mixed with syrup are mixed with both the preparations and stirred with hand, and in this, essence of rose or keorah one tola ,musk six mashas, and saffron three mashas "being grinded," are mixed, and the process now ready is called khamira a good one for the purpose, ever used in India for smoking.

HE IS A ROYAL SNORER.

NASAL TRUMPETING OF HIS MAJESTY THE KING OF SIAM.

It Created a Sensation — Luxurious Prison Life of a Murderer Who Is a Court Favorite.

His Royal Highness Chulalongkorn, King of Siam, is never troubled by loss of sleep. No matter what hour he retires to bed or what dissipation he may have indulged in before doing so, the moment his royal cranium rests upon the pillow the King sleeps—and snores. During his round of visits to the Continental courts, the King's sleep was of the soundest, and the thought of how far distant he was from his native land seems not to have troubled his dreams. His attendants were under the strictest orders never to wake him. At Vienna one of the Archdukes—it was Ludwig Victor, the Emperor's sole surviving brother—on calling on the King at the Hofburg, at half-past eleven o'clock A. M., was told point blank by His Majesty's attendant, that he dared not wake his sovereign master, for doing so would be as much as his head was worth. The King might wake at any moment, and when awake should at once by apprised of his Imperial Highness' presence. At Dresden, writes a correspondent, on one occasion it was past twelve o'clock at noon when a royal prince demanded an audience of His Siamese Majesty. The chamberlain in attendance expressed his profound regret, but the King was fast asleep. At this identical instant

A LOUD SNORE

came through the half-open door of the adjoining apartment.

"Is that His Majesty's snore?" inquired the Prince.

"It is,' your Royal Highness," came the chamberlain's response.

At the Grand Hotel at Budapest, where Chulalongkorn occupied a small suite of apartments his mighty snores are said to have penetrated along the corridors to the chief staircase, and visitors to the hotel whose time was limited and who had missed seeing him were gratified with having at least been privileged to hear His Majesty's snore.

Out of all consistency with the dictates of justice is the intelligence reaching Vienna from Philippopolis relative to the prison life of the Bulgarian court favorite, Captain Boitscheff, who, it will be remembered, murdered a woman, Anna Simon, his accomplices being the Police Prefect Novelics and one Wasilijeff, a gendarme. Boitscheff's incarceration, according to the same writer, is limited to his being kept under lock and key throughout the day. As soon as night sets in he is at perfect liberty to join his boon companoins and frequent places of public resort, provided every precaution is taken to conceal his identity by disguising his person. He is on his parole d'honneur as an officer in the army that he will not attempt to escape "durance vile." He is now awaiting a new trial, and he and his friend the Prefect Novelics, being in possession of court secrets of a political tendency, are convinced that they will be acquitted on the testimony of a crowd of witnesses now negotiating with the Attorney General for their release. It is even rumored among the initiated and semi-initiated of Sophia and Philippopolis society that Prince Ferdinand has himself had an interview with Boitscheff. Some declare that the Prince

WENT IN DISGUISE

to the prison: others that the Captain met the Prince at night outside the prison walls and conferred with him at a roadside tavern. Be this as it may, society holds the Prince blameless of having taken part, however indirectly, in the disappearance of Boitscheff's victim, but it is generally maintained that the Prince is anxious to see the Captain acquitted, the latter having threatened to divulge state secrets unless his innocence of the crime be judicially established.

These secrets, it is alleged, relate to the Prince's prospects of ultimately assuming monarchical dignity which were they divulged, would not only place the Prince in an embarrassing situation, but in all probability forfeit for good and all the monarchical recognition he desires to secure on the part of the foriegn Powers. I am informed on authority I have no reason to call into question that the disreputable Captain entertains the so-called creme de la creme of Bulgarian society at his luxuriously furnished prison apartments at luncheon of a morning, and that his "cell" is the rendezvous of the fashionable world of intrigue and scandal. Shocking as all this may sound, it is nevertheless illustrative of life, not of middle class or low life, but of "high life" in an Eastern principality of Europe."

AN UNDERGROUND CITY.

In Galicia, in Austrian Poland, there is a remarkable underground city, which has a population of over 1,000 men, women and children, scores of whom have never seen the light of day. It is known as the City of the Salt Mines and is situated several hundred feet below the earth's surface. It has its town hall, theater and assembly room as well as a beautiful church, decorated with statues, all being fashioned from the pure crystallized rock salt. It has well graded streets and spacious squares lighted with electricity. There are numerous instances in this underground city where not a singl eindividual in three or four successive generations has ever seen the sun or has any idea of how people live in the light of day.

READING THE SIGNS.

The renowned professor of palmistry gazed upon the lines in the young man's right hand.

"There will be a wedding soon," he said in a confident tone.

He did not see the left hand, as the young man and girl in the buggy swept by him too quickly.

VISIONARY BEINGS.

What is your idea of a model wife?

Well, she is a woman who likes to fly round and wait on her husband.

And what is your idea of a model husband?

He is a man who likes to jump round and wait on his wife.

Sash and Door Factory.

Having Completed our New Factory we are now prepared to FILL ALL ORDERS PROMPTLY.

We keep in Stock a large quantity of Sash, Doors, Mouldings, Flooring and the different Kinds of Dressed Lumber for outside sheeting.

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Lumber, Shingles and Lath always In Stock.

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WEAK, NERVOUS, DISEASED MEN

250,000 CURED IN 20 YEARS

CURES GUARANTEED OR NO PAY!

A NERVOUS WRECK.

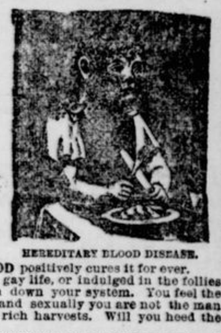
$1000 IN GOLD FOR A CASE WE CANNOT CURE OF SELF-ABUSE, EMISSIONS, VARICOCELE, CONCEALED DRAINS, STRICTURE GLEET, SYPHILIS, STUNTED PARTS, LOST MANHOOD, IMPOTENCY, NERVOUS DEBILITY, UNNATURAL DISCHARGES, ETC.

The New Method Treatment is the Greatest Discovery of the Age FOR CURING THESE DISEASES

Thousands of young and middle aged men are annually swept to a premature grave through EARLY INDISCRETIONS, EXCESSES, AND BLOOD DISEASES. If you have any of the following symptoms consult us before it is too late. Are you nervous and weak, despondent and gloomy, specks before the eyes with dark circles under them, weak back, kidneys irritable, palpitation of the heart, bashful, dreams and losses, sediment in urine, pimples on the face, eyes sunken, hollow cheeks, careworn expression, poor memory, lifeless, distrusiful, lack energy and strength, tired mornings, restless nights, changeable moods, weak manhood, stunted organs and premature decay, bone pains, hair loose, sore throat etc.

YOU HAVE SEMINAL WEAKNESS!

OUR NEW METHOD TREATMENT alone can cure you, and make a man of you. Under its influence the brain becomes active, the blood purified so that all pimples, blotches and ulcers disappear; the nerves become strong as steel, so that nervousness, bashfulness and despondency disappear; the eyes become bright, the face full and clear, energy returns to the body, and the moral, physical and sexual systems are invigorated; all drains cease—no more vital waste from the system. The various organs become natural and manly. You feel yourself a man and know marriage cannot be a failure. We invite all the afflicted to consult us confidentially and free of charge. Don't let quacks and fakirs rob you of your hard earned dollars. *We will cure you or no pay.*



HEREDITARY BLOOD DISEASE.

HAS YOUR BLOOD BEEN DISEASED?

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YOUNG OR MIDDLE-AGED MAN—You've led a gay life, or indulged in the follies of youth. Self-abuse or later excesses have broken down your system. You feel the symptoms stealing over you. Mentally, physically and sexually you are not the man you used to be or should be. Lustful practices reap rich harvests. Will you heed the danger signals.

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THE RETIRED BURGLAR.

Interrupted While at Work by a Lively Party of Masqueraders.

"Masquerade balls I never attended," said the retired burglar, "but I once had a part of a one come to me. It may seem singular, but it was really as simple as rolling off a log. I was looking around in a house one night, or rather one morning, about 2 o'clock, picking out what portable articles I could find that I thought I could make useful, when I heard carriages up the street. That was before the days of rubber tires and asphalt streets, and at that hour in the morning, when everything was quiet, the wheels sounded very sharp and clear. I judged there must be about three of 'em, and I sort of felt it in my bones that they were coming to my house. I couldn't have got out then without attracing attention from the drivers, and there was nothing for me to do but to wait and see. I waited, looking out into the street from a basement window, and by snakes and alligators! they did stop there.

"The first man out of the carriage was a man in a long black gown like a great loose coat that reached down to his feet, and he had on a blue mask and a beaver hat. I wanted to laugh a little at that costume and I did to myself. He helped out of the carriage a lady who was gorgecusly dressed, and then another man and woman in fantastic costumes got out of the same carriage. Then that carriage pulled ahead and let the next one came up.

"My man in the blue mask and the beaver hat was evidently the boss of the ranch. He pranced up the steps and in a minute I heard him twisting a key in the lock. That was a pleasant sound because it meant that there were no servants up; they were going to look out for themselves; and that meant good for me, for they'd be all together, and it would be easy to avoid 'em. There was just a dozen of 'em, six men and six women, all in fancy dress. They had been to a ball somewhere and were coming here now to have a bite with the old man with the beaver and the blue mask.

"They all piled into the house and threw off their wraps in the hall, anywhere and b'iled into the parlor, laughin' and chatterin', and five minutes later I heard em in the dining room, on the same floor, and heard dishes rattlin' and corks poppin' and I knew the snack had been set out there and was waitin' for 'em. I hadn't been into that room yet myself.

"Jolly lot they were and when they'd got toler'ble well settled down to eatin' and drinkin' I thought it was about time for me to be looking around. I went up the stairs to the hall on the parlor floor, where they'd left the light burning bright, and the first thing my eyes fell on was the old man's black gown, blue mask, and beaver hat, and I put 'em on right away, without any delay and made for the door. I had to shut the door after me, because the doors through to the dining room from the hall were open and they'd have felt the draught and came out to see what was the matter before I'd had time to get away.

"The three carriages were standing there, the last one in front of the house and the other two just ahead, the one the old man had come in the head one. I walked down to that carriage and stood on the walk and looked up at the driver. I was taking some chances here but the man that never took no chances never won anything. He was a strange driver. He didn't know the old man but he knew the black gown and the blue mask and the brown hat.

"'You know the Goglinton building,' I says, 'South First and Pine?'

"'Yessir, he says.

"'How long will it take to drive down there and back?' I says.

"About twenty minutes, sir,' he says, and I opens the door. Will you get there as soon as you can?' I says as I gets in, and he says 'Yes-sir.'

"I know the Goglinton building well, a big office building standing on a gore-shaped piece of ground between two streets that came together round the point of the building; there was a hall through the thick part of the building from one street to the other.

"'Not long,' I says to the driver in front of the building, and then I shed the black gown and blue mask and the brown hat along the hall and went out the other door."

A THOUGHTFUL MAIDEN.

Isn't that the young man you were engaged to?

Yes, auntie.

But why did you break it?

He believes in the germ theory and that kissing is dangerous.

But surely that is right and proper.

In a scientist, yes; but not in a husband.

ONTARIO ARCHIVES
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