OLIVER BRANDON'S STORY.

BY NORA LAUGHER.

CHAPTER IV .- A CUNNING WEB, There are moments in the life of man In which he lives for ages. Time itself Seems to stand still and he endures An age's suffering in an instant."

How many, many times in the bitter for ture did I look back to these peaceful hours of my visit to the Irvineside homestead when all was so joyous and happy, for I was supremely happy then when I no longer feared the young army doctor as a rival, when II found that Gladys' pure young haart was all

my own. The days passed along swiftly with shooting, skating, tobogganing and long sleigh drives around picturesque Etora, and

Christmas was very near. One evening we dined at Mr. Gully Grainger's, a merry sleigh ride the two girls, Jack and I had thither through the deeply drift. soned Mrs. Irvine.

ed snow. Mr. Galliver Grainger's villa very much resembled himself, being short, wide and florid. By this I do not mean to insinuate that Mr. Gully himself was built of ret brick, bat that he was merely of a florid red brick complexion. The villa, too, like Mr. Grainger, was showily and gaudily furnished, yet capable of hospitably entertaining many within its walls, as was its master's heart capable of holding many friends in his own peculiar and tyrannical

fashion. Miss Martha Grainger, beaming through her spectacles and gorgeously arrayed in a bright bottle green silk dress, welcomed us cordially. With many lamentations for Mrs. Irvine's absence we were conducted to minister, the Reverend Narcissus Small and

Mrs. Fairfax. By and by we paired off to the dining-room, Mr. Grainger leading the way with Mrs. Fairfax, Mary, and the minister, Gladys fell to my lot and Miss Martha's mittened han l rested tenderly upon Jack's sleeve-Jack's triumphant look almost upset my gravity.

The Graingers were unmistakably English-they always explained to their visitors that they came of an ancient Worcestershire family. Their establishment consisted of a smart maid servant and a boy wearing right," I replied. livery. The latter Miss Irvine informed me afterwards was an English emigrant whom Mr. Grainger had recently taken into his service. Thinking it would add to the grandeur of his house, besides looking so thoroughly English to have a man servant around, Mr. Grainger was training up the youthful orphan Timothy Stokes in that capacity. He was a remarkably fleshy boy and his blanc-mange like cheeks wobbled up and down when he breathed hard with the exertion of carrying in the numerous dishes. His clothes were rather short and very much too tight, they were onamented very profusely with large brass buttons and every time he drew a deep breath I nervously expected a button to go. This elephantine English youth was a source of great discomfort to Gladys and myself, indeed I dared not look at Gladys or we might not have controlled the expression of our coun-

The minister lifted up his equeaky voice together with his saintly weak eyes and besought a long poetical blessing-that is he said grace in ryhme, or perhaps I ought to my side. At the words "torgive us our term it in hymn-fashion. All went merrily then until Mr. Grainger was in the midst of a lengthy and extremely funny story about a certain Polly Parrott, a celebrity of Rockwood, when we were all interrupted by the still louder breathing of the bewildered Timothy, who, with his mouth wide open, his large eyes staring, his fat cheeks wobbling up and down with a dish of sweet potatoes in his hand stood quivering and shaking stood together in the porch, moved by a at Miss Martha's side. Not seeing a clear sudden impulse I could not control I bent -coast whereon to deposit his burden the unhappy Stokes at last shouted in his mistress' ear 'Plase, Miss Marther, wheer ever be I to put these yeer baked taters?'

Unfortunately at that moment I caught "Gladya' eye and we both burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter, joined in by Mrs. Fairfax and Jack. A loud guffaw from Mr. Gully Grainger himself made us feel more at ease. Mary and the minister too well bred to even smile. Miss Martha sat erect, a dignified if not very graceful mixture of vinegar and starch as she condescendingly came to the aid of the miserable Timothy. 'We pitied the unfortunate youth when afterwards he would bedeft to the untender mercles of that irate and grieved maiden.

Mrs. Gibson, the proprietor of my boardring house, had never before had occasion to write to me, therefore I was very much surprised the following Sunday morning, when Jack-who had walked to Fergus for the mail-placed in my hands an epistle from the hand of the kind old woman whose house had been my only home for many years. The news the letter contained surprised me even more, Mrs. Gibson telling with white hair had called at her house on Jarvis street, Toronto, to see me and by his conversation Mrs Gibson knew that he was my uncle Mr. Marmaduke Brandon, Toronto. from Montreal. Mrs. Gibson's description of the old gentleman exactly answered to that of my kinsman. The old lady wound up her kind letter by begging me to go to Montreal and see nim.

asking her opinion. "Yes ! I think Mrs. Gibson is quite right. If I were you I would certainly go to Montreal," she replied. "No doubt your vailed upon to accept the shelter offered me by once roused to fury. Dropping his head, uncle wishes to make peace now, regretting Gerrase Le Rhue-shelter, which how bitterhis hasty and unwarrantable conduct to ly I afterwards regretted, you will see.

you." "I do not think I could," I returned bitterly. "You forget how he has treated me. You forget how he turned me from his house. my lawful home, when but a mere lad, and all these years not vouchsafing me one forced myself into his presence only to be as erect as when I last stood before sight of the foe, and great excitement driven out of it with his cursa like a dog- him. or worse."

"He cannot live many years longer, for he is a very old gentleman, is he not?" Mrs. Irvine asked gently.

"Yes; he is quite an old man." to hold out the hand of friendship if he asks young liar, I have not been to Toronto for in the glass, and then a crash, as our infuri- in the Dominion. "Then I think-you know you saked my have intruded."

you to. Next Friday will be Christmas Day when all the earth should breathe of peace and good-will. Go to him then at once, plead with him and forgive him. He wishes to be friends again with you or he would not have gone to Toronto to see you. It was s long and trying journey for an old gentleman to take this severe weather."

"But I cannot understand it. I wrote to his servant Gervase Le Rhue the day before I came here telling him that I should be away from Toronto for some weeks."

"It is certainly very strange; your Uncle cannot know that you correspond with Gervase."

"Then again, why did not Gervase acquaint me of my Uncle's intended visit?" "Being such an eccentric man, perhaps he did not let even his confidential old servant know where he intended going," rea-

"Then you really wish me to go to Mont rea, and see him?" I asked. "It is not a que to . of what I wish bu of what you ought to do, Oliver," said she

kindly, gently laying her hand upon my houlder as though she were speaking to her son. "Yes! go early to morrow morning and get back to us on Christmas Eve in time for the dance. I am quite sure your Uncle will welcome you. But you must hasten back to us. Now promise me that you will go?"

"Give me until this evening to decide,"

"Yes! I am not afraid for you, you are too noble to refuse, your better nature will triumph. You loved the old man once, think of him as then before he wronged you the drawing-room where we found the young so cruelly, then think of him now in his old age, lonely, miserable and yearning for

All day I was alternately wavering be tween good and evil. Sometimes, when Gladys was near me and her sweet influence over me, I felt I could go and take the old man's cold, hard hand in mine and confess "] too, have been to blame, let us forget the past and be friends."

"Mr. Brandon, why are you so sal to day?" Gladys asked, as she and I walked alone over the crisp, hard snow to evening service at the little church.

"I am trying to think and do what is "You mean about your Uncle," said she

gently, raising her lustrous, sympathetic eyes to mine. "Yes, put yourself in my place, what

would you do ?". "I would go to Montreal at once and see him, he is sorry for what he did," she said

simply. "But, suppose you were prevented by the devil at your heart—the devil of malice and

hatred lurking there still?" "Then I would pray to the good God to help me," said Gladys, solemnly, her pure features radiant with their new and gentle

air of solicitude. "And do you think He would, if you had neglected Him for years?"

"Yes, yes! I am sure He would," said she eagerly as we entered the door together. Never to me seemed the grand church service so divinely beautiful as that evening when I listened to the simple eloquent words, as hitherto I had never heard them. The faint light of the tapers above fell softly upon Gladys' bowed head, as she knelt by trespasses as we forgive them that trespass against us," she slippe I her hand in mine, and prayed then, with her little hand clasped in mine, as I had never done before, for God to be merciful to me a sinner, knowing | dog. if He could forgive my sins, I could surely pardon and pity that poor lonely old man.

We walked home very silently, both too happy for commplace words ! but when we down and kissed the pure red lips-lips that before we entered the homestead gave me their "promise true."

I could hardly tear myself away from Irvineside, therefore it was late in the evening when I arrived at Montreal and came to my Uncle's house, standing face to face with Gervase Le Rhue. He was a tall, lean, cadaverous man and his dark hair was still sleekly arranged in what I once boyishly told him was the English Newgate knocker

"Monsieur Oliver ;" said he, holding up his hands in surprise, "Ah! the good God has mercifully sent you here to make peace. "So you observed the last time I came when he sent me away with his curse. But we'll hope for better luck this time, Gervase. How is my Uncle?" I enquired as I

entered the house. "He is not well, Monsieur Oliver. He has not been down stairs to-day. If you will be pleased to enter the dining-room Annette shall prepare you some refreshment." Whilst his deaf old wife, a woman some years older than himself, made me some toast and a cup of strong tea; Gervase Le Rhue related to me the doings of my Uncle. He me that a few days ago a tall old gentleman appeared not to know whither his master journeyed upon his absence the previous week; but I fancied his smile grew more evil when I acquainted him that it was to

My Uncle, Gervase said was in one of his strange moods and he begged me earnestly not to try and see him that night, but to

wait until the next morning. I did not fear the bitter cold or the blind I placed the letter in Mrs. Irvine's hands, ing show then falling, and would have gone to the Windsor Hotel for the night had not show a great deal of noisy excitement. Gladys' last words interceding for the unhappy old man, inflaenced me and I was pre-

At Le Rhue's request in the morning I ascended the stairs and stood upon the side. threshold of my uncle's room.

Perhaps the white hair was more thinly and his gaunt, wiry frame was almost stealthy approach, another failure to keep

this visit?" he enquired haughtily. "I came here in peace, Uncle, because I . At last, he walked right up to the glass,

You only come here cringing and fawning, likeness and broke the glass. into a hundred thinking that I have not loog to live and fragments. The mingling of astonishment, shall will you my money. Some I cannot rage and triumph in the bird's appearance, help you having, I wish to God I could. | as he whirled about startled at the cracking But, the rest-were you starving you noise, and bewildered by the total disappearshould not have one cent to buy a crust. | ance of the enemy, was comical to behold. In peace;" shouted he "Begone out of my

The old man's face was livid with anger, our voices were raised noisily and angri- ing him, the victor strutted about, too excitly against each other for some time, ending | ed to eat, and crowed long and loud over his in my leaving the house as hitherto, but triumph. The other cock had apparently without seeing Gervase Le Rhue. Had he been wiped out of existence, and our old purposely evaded me?

Surely my Uncle had been to Toronto. could not understand it, there seemed to be some inhuman deviltry at word. Mrs. Gibson was a simple, truthful woman. Could she be laboring under some strange halucination? I felt as if in a horrible night-

With a sad and depressed feeling, I walked through the snow-covered Montreal streets to the station and took the next train to Guelph.

ey dragged on until I at last arrived at Irvine.

side. Irvine and Gladys at the reception I had Finally it was decided that the day after Christmas I should hasten back to Toronto o interview Mrs. Gibson about it.

It was the annual custom to hold a dance on Christmas Eve at the Irvineside home. atead. As the evening came the miserable, unhappy old man and my journey to Montreal was almost forgotten in my happiness in watching Gladys, who, flitting about in her white robe of India muslin, looked the true home-like angel she was.

dance led off by Mrs. Irvine and old Doctor Fairfax, followed by stout Mrs. Faisfax, and Mr. Gully Grainger. Even Miss Martha, in the brightly polished floor.

Mary Irvice's face shone with a new happiness as her blue eyes rested upon Clifford Fairfax. The Reverend Narcissus Small was nowhere to be seen.

Edith and Ena Fairfax were flirting gaily with some young officers, friends of their brother's.

When half way throug a delicious waltz, Gladys and I paused to take breath and listen to the strains of the Blue Danube, an air which neither she or I hear even now without deep emotion. I had not withdrawn my arm from around her, her hand was still clasped in mine when I observed Jack, who a moment before I had seen dancing with Miss Stone, now at the other end of the long room, signalling me to go to him. I left Gladys there beating time with her little foot, as with difficulty I crossed the room between

'Great Scott, Jack ! what a long face," said I laughing "What on earth is the matter?" "Sarah has been telling me a cock and bull story of two men wishing to see you. She says one of the hired men told her they look like policemen in private clothes. You don't owe any cash, do you, old boy?

" No! a: least not a stiver above \$20 or so;" I replied, laughing. "There is some mistake, I guess." "They are in the parlor, sir," said Sarah,

in answer to her master's question. I entered the room first, when immediately a hand was placed upon my shoulder and a pair of handouffs were clasped firmly upon my wrists, while one of the men exclaimed "Cliver Brandon, I arrest you upon the charge of murder.

In the other I recognized a Guelph singers, and that is, that however frequently "What is it?" thundered Irvine, his tall form drawn to its full height, his blue eyes ornamented with the same amount of jewelflashing ominously while he seized the

detective by the neck as though he were a

Upon the warrant being produced we learned that my uncle, Marmaduke Brandon, had been found that day by Gervase Le Rhue toully murdered, shot through the heart. The pistol lying in the room not far from the body had engraved upon it the name of

Oliver Brandon. Gladys, for unfortunately the terrible news of the series, which took place last Saturday Riley very, very happy. Any letters ent to of my arrest soon reached her. She did not evening, was equal, if not superior, to any scream or faint, she was like some stricken preceding one. Mr. John B. Drake gave his forwarded to him. dumb creature, her face whiter than the first game dinner in 1855 at the old Tremont dress she wore, as she clasped the handcuffs with her trembling fingers, nervously trying | year he has endeavored to furnish new to unfasten them.; The men, touched by her silent grief, more eloquent than words, walked away to the far end of the room leaving us almost alone for a few minutes. Then Gladys wound her arms around my neck "Oh, Oliver, my love, my love. If they would only take me, too."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

His Other Self.

An old lady who has had years of acquaintance with domestic animals, emphatically says, "There's only one thing stupider than a pig, and that's a hen." writer in the Popular Science Monthly, however, takes a different view of the sland ered fowl. He declares that hens show an interesting variety of dispositions, and gives numerous instances of their individual characteristics. An amusing test of this difference of disposition in barnyard fowls may be made by placing a piece of lookingglass against the trunk of a large tree, and laying a train of corn in front of it.

Some hens will discover what they all take for a new arrival, with mild curiosity, and merely look at it intently, perhaps peering behind the tree, and then walk quietly away. Others peck the glass angrily, and insist upon fighting, while a few nervous females

We-tried the valiant old autocrat of the farmyarn with this trick, and he was at when some ten feet in front of the glass, he began a cautious advance, but soon lost sight of his enemy by moving too far to one

After crowing flercely, and looking around uneasily for a few moments, he returned to scattered upon his broad brow; but his the train of corm, and almost instantly saw grey eye had the same hard, satirical look, the strange cock nearer than before. More then, a third time, he began to eat, only to "To what may I attribute the honor of be startled by the hostile presence nearer than before.

heard that last week you journeyed to To- and braced himself for the shock of cambat. "In peace?" sneered he, "you infernal There was one fierce peck at the angry head bon Safety Oil. Sold by dealers everywhere paper away, change your dress, come at

ten years. I would not enter your doors, ated champion hurled himself against his

Then he rushed round behind the big peartree, evidently thinking that the cowardly stranger might be hidden there. Not find fighter could scarcely credit his senses.

Prima Donnas and Taeir Jewels.

How does a lady singer pecome worldfamed? asks a feuilleton writer in the Frank furter Zeitung, and goes on to explain that their only road to fortune is to have some of their jewellery stolen from them. Bell-like intonation, harmony, a strong voice, acrobatlike technique, impressive expression, distinctness of pronunciation, lively action, Wearily the hours of my homeward journ- and an attractive appearance ought to secure fame to a lady artiste. But only those will say this who have lived in hermitlike How grieved and indignant were Mrs. retirement, for in order to become famous a lady singer must at least have been robbed met with, and how puzzled we all were as to a few times. Just now a new candidate has my Uncle's unacknowledge visit to Toron to. | presented herself as qualified for the part of the prima donna assoluta. Miss Sigrid Arnoldson, the attractive young Swedish girl, who has hitherto been like all other singing birds of the opera, : the concert hall, has auddenly risen above them all, and her impressario sends out the notice in great delight-at last, at last, she, too, has been robbed. The object was, of course, a case with bracelets, earrings, etc., given to her by Empresses, Queens, and Princes. The impressario was nearly in despair when it ap-The church bells were chiming merrily peared as if a row of pearls had been overwhen the fiddler struck up an old-fashioned looked by the thieves; the clouds only vanished from his face when it was found that the pearls, too, were gone. A thiel, remaining undiscovered, belongs as much her blue spectacles, mincingly pranced over the outfit of a phenomally famous singer as does her indispensable rouge pot. She cannot do without a drawing-room Fra Diavolo. The lack of a perfect shape does not signify, the lack of a thief would be ruin. Adeline Patti has been robbed by night and by day, in Europe and America on shore and at sea, in hotels, and on railway trains. And Carlotta Patti and Christine Nelson and-but why mention names incredible amount of diamonds and jewels have disappeared in this way without ever turning up again. But the lady artistes are generous, compassionate' forgiving; they do not prosecute the thieves; they do not go to the police; they do not offer rewards. Perhaps they know that the gold in their throat can easily be coined, and that the rippling shakes can soon be changed into rows of pearls. They are easy going, and soon forget their loss. But the wonder is that the august donors should still continue to present the singers with diamonds. They might have learned by experience that every precious stone they give to them is doomed to be stolen. A royal present to a lady artiste which does not get stolen has missed its object, and cases have indeed occurred where presents were stolen which were never given. The thieves belonging to the latter category are most favoured by the impressario. According to a rough estimate which a statistician has made concerning thefts of jewels from lady artistes, jewels of the value of £15,000,000 bitter, bitter consequence. Many men who have been stolen from singers during the last decade, and however greatly the abili- manner might be, oh, so happy ! if the onus ties of the police of countries may differ in of popping did not weigh them down like a other respects, they are alike all the world

over in never troubling the thieves who vic-

timize prima donnas. But there remains

one consolation to the friends of the fair

they are robbed of their jewels they are still

lery even directly after the theft has occur-

ed .- [Pall Mall Gazette.

The Game Dinner. The annual game dinner at the Grand Pacific Hotel, given by Drake, Parker & Co., House, on Dearborn S., and each succeeding attractions. The last one certainly was in some respects in advance of any in the long list in the years gone by. On this occasion Christmas present, I can't see what will. John B. Drake and Samuel W. Parker were Mr. Nye's marriage certificate seems to the hosts and the provision made was most Elaborate and ample. The variety of game will be noticed from the menu as follows: Leg of mountain sheep, deer tongue, black taildeer, mountain sheep, saddle of antelope, loin of venison, loin of elk, opossum, coon, black bear, wild goose, sand hill crane, ruffled grouse, mallard duck, Virginia partridge, red head duck, sage hen, brant, wood duck, jack rabbit, squirrel, butterball duck, prairie chicken, blue-winged teal wild turkey, widgeon, pheasant, plover, quail, venison steak, fox squirrel, black birds, snipe, reed birds, red-wing starling, marsh birds, English hare. Ornamental Dishes .- Pyramid of game en Bellevue, aspic of birds a la royal, pattie of liver sur socle, boned quail in plumage, red-wing starling au natural. The special ornaments were the bare back rider and the hunter's mis-

A Modern Heroules.

man, engaged to slay a steer with his fist. The feat was performed with a single blow quietly : in the presence of Emperor Wilhelm and Emperor Francis Joseph. He wears a handsome decoration commemorating that event. This feat of skill and strength was dead. repeated at Ems, Germany, St. Petersburg, and Paris, Mr. S mpson striking but a single blow upon each of the occasions except the last. In this case the steer was running, and his aim was not true, but the first blow knocked the animal down and a at Salt Springs. . He left the scene of ga second crushed its skull. During his professional experience this Heroules has suffered broken arms no less than seventeen calm and brave in the very presence times. He dees not attribute his great strength to any freak of nature, but says it is the result of careful training and exercise.

It is considered very bad taste for ballet my dear? girls to pad unevenly.

ronto to see me, or I certainly would not The counterfeit, of course, followed his caused by the use of poor coal oil. For inary department of the Bangup Seminty every movement with ominous celerity. absolute safety and brilliant light, use Car- "Very well, my dear. Now put in

Wilful Cupid.

Caroline, the eldest and perhaps the most beautiful of the daughters of the Duke Maximilian in Bayaria, was, while still a child, selected as a fitting bride for the heir of the Austrian crown, and although there ... was no formal betrothal her father was informed that she must be educated in such a way as would fit her for her future grandeur. This was more easily said than done, for money was scarce in the ducal palace; but the whole family, from the duke himself to the youngest child, seem to have thrown themselves con amore into the work, and to have cheerfuly economized for the sake of the fortunate Caroline. She had professors and teachers of the best, and she well repaid all the care that was lavished upon her, for at 19, clever, accomplished, and regally beautiful, she was the very ideal of what a queen should be.

When the time for the marriage drewnear the young Emperor Joseph came on a visit to the Duke in Bavaria (the family title is "in," not "of," (that he might make the acquaintance of his future wife He gazed at the stately creature who had been so carefully trained for him with respectful admiration, but he fell violently in love with her madcap younger sister Elizabeth, who, regarded in the family as a mere child, and one, too, for whom no high destiny was in store, had been allowed to pass her days on horseback scouring the country side. Ministers and courtiers stood aghast, but argument and persuasion were alike wasted on the Emperor, who refused to see that a lack of accomplishments was a blemish in the one whom he loved, and a few months later Elizabeth, thorough child as she was, knowing no more of the etiquette of courts than the veriest little gamin, entered Vienna in state as Empress of Austria and Queen of

Hungary. Although this happened more than thirty years ago she has not yet learned to submit with patience to the restraints that hedge in the lives of sovereigns, and the Viennese, in spite of their love for their beautiful Empress, openly mourn that the Emperor should have chosen one who regards a courtball as a penance and a state ceremony as a thing scarcely to te lived through. From the day of her marriage it seems to have been a constant endeavour to shake off the fetters of her station, and perhaps the happlest hours of her life are those which, while following the hounds of England, or hunting the chamois in her native land, she is able to forget that she is Empress Queen. For her age the Empress Elizabeth is the youngest looking woman in Europe. When one sees her slight, graceful form, eyes brilliant with life and vigour, and complexion that flushes with passing emotions, it seems absurd that she should be the grandmother of big boys and girls.

Caroline, the forsaken one, seems to have met her fate with true royal equanimity. Perhaps she thought that, as her sister gained what she lost it did not really matter. If one may judge by her face, her life has not been a happy one. When she was about 24 she was married to the Prince of Thurm and Taxis, who died some nine years

May Women Propose ?

Bill Nye writes the following letter on the aubject :-

"I do not see why woman should not propose if she so elect, and then suffer the now live on unloved and in a hand-to-mouth large three-cornered incubus.

"I am acquainted with several husbands who have been thus acquired, and I am happy to say they are turning out well. Several of them who were not self-supporting to start with have married well, having been wooed and won by girls of means. BILL NYE.

Yours truly. "P. S .- I am provided for myself. "P. S. Again-Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, who, as I write, is brushing his hair with a dummy brush which I carry with me, says he trusts that the day will speedily come when woman will propose, and he the proprietors, to their friends is one of the hopes he will be away up towards the events for November in Chicago. Great general delivery window when the office I cannot bear to describe the anguish of preparations are made and the thirty-third opens. Some good woman could make Mr.

> If Mr. Nye's letter does not encourage some girl who thinks "bitter, bitter consequence" is not any bitterer because of her doing the proposing to utilise her very short time to receive an engagement ring for a hover around his first "P. S." like bumblebees around clover, but there is a chance for some good woman with Mr. Riley. For those who have not seen him I can vouch for him. He is a handsome and a genial gentleman.—NELLIE BLY, in N. Y. World.

Brave in the Face of Death."

One day during the last part of the war Dr. Willis Westmoreland was dressing the wound of a soldier who had been shot in the neok near the carotid artery. Suddenly the blood vessel gave way, and

just as quickly the surgeon thrust his finger into the hole to stop the flow. "Doctor, " said he, "what does that

"It means death, "said the surgeon. "How long can I live ?" asked the soldier, whose mind was perfectly clear.

"Until I remove my finger, " said Dr Westmoreland. The soldier asked for pen and paper, Charles H. Sampson, a New York strong wrote his will, wrote an affectionate letter to his wife, and when these were done said

> " Let it go.' The surgeon withdrew his finger, the blood rushed out, and soon the man was

> The body of the brave fellow was buried in Oakland, and every year since Dr. West moreland has gone on Memorial day and placed flowers on the grave. This year when Memorial day came the doctor was ety, came to Atlanta, and carried his tri bute of flowers to the grave of one who we death.

Her Post-Graduate Course.

Yankee Housekeeper-What's this part Accomplished Daughter-My last

FEARFOL EXPLOSIONS are sometimes loma I have just graduated from the al