A SIMPLE SAFEGUARD IN BUY-ING PAINT.

Everybody should know how simply and easy it is to avoid all uncertainty in buying paint materials. There are many so-called white leads on the market, which contain chalk, zinc, barytes, and other cheap adulterants. Unless the property owner takes advantage of the simple means of protection afford ed him by reliable white lead manufacturers, he runs great risk of getting an inferior and adulterated white lead.

It is to protect the paint-buyer against fraud and adulteration that National Lead Company, the largest makers of genuine Pure White Lead, place their famous "Dutch Boy Painter" trademark on every keg of their product, an absolute guarantee of its purity and quality. Anyone who wants to make a practical test of white lead and who wants a valuable free book about painting, should address National Lead Company, Woodbridge building, New York, and ask for test equipment.

TOMBS OF SPANISH ROYALTY.

Most Gorgeous Burial Vaults-Mar-

ble Efficien of Children. The Escurial, in which for nearly three centuries the kings and queens of Spain have been buried, is said to be the most gorgeous burial vault in the world, according to London Tit-

It is an octagonal chamber, thirtysix feet across, with its walls, save where the coffins stand, entirely overlaid with precious marbles. The staircase which leads to it is of marble with jasper walls. The general effect is unspeakably splendid. In the midst of this magnificence are the massive black marble caskets let into the walls, containing the bodies themselves. They are exactly alike, inscribed simply with the names of the different kings and queens. There is room for just six more monarchs and their consorts.

Of another character altogether is the vanit devoted to Spain's royal children-princes and princesses. Here white marble rules, and very charming are some of the effigies over the tombs. The local name for the vault is "the place of the little angels," and though many of the princes who lie here were not at all angelic in their lives, the impression left by the white marble wings of the statues is one of spotless purity.

One unfortunate Spanish king, Don Jamie II. of Aragon, is daily on view in the Cathedral of Palma, in Majorca. The sacristan of the place takes you to a yellow marble monument in the choir, opens a cupboard and pulls out a very ordinary coffin with a glass lid. As poor Don Jamie died in the fourteenth century, he is not now at all a lively spectacle. His mummy is made gay, however, with imitation royal robes cottony ermine, and so forth.

Must Pension Themselves. Domestic servants in Germany come under the law that obliges all persons below a certain income to provide for their old age. The postoffice issues cards and stamps, and one of these stamps must be dated and affixed to the card every Monday. Sometimes the employers buy the cards and stamps and show them at the postoffice each month. Sometimes they expect the servant to pay half the money required. Women who go out by the day get their stamps at the house they work in on Mondays. If a girl marries she may cease to insure and may have a sum of money toward her outfit. In that case she will receive no old age pension. But if she goes on with her insurance she will have from 15 to 20 marks (\$3 to \$4) a month from the state after the age of 70.

Ransom's Reformation.

In a little town a few years ago "there was a shiftless colored boy named Ransom Blake, who, after being caught in a number of petty delinquencies, was at last sentenced to a short term in the penlientlary, where he was sent to learn a trade. On the day of his return home he met a friendly white acquaintance, who asked: "Well, what did they put you at in

the prison, Ranse?" "Dey started in to make an honest

boy out'n me, sah." "That's good, Ranse, and I hope they

"Dev did, sah."

"And how did they teach you to be

"Dey done put me in the shoe shop, sah, nailin' pasteboard onter shoes fo' woles, seh."

MOTHER AND CHILD.

Both Fully Nourished on Grape-Nuts. The value of this famous food is shown in many ways, in addition to what might be expected from its chemical analysis.

Grape-Nuts food is made of whole wheat and barley, is thoroughly baked for many hours and contains all the wholesome ingredients in these cereals. It contains also the phosphate of potash grown in the grains, which Nature

uses to build up brain and nerve cells. Young children require proportionately more of this element because the brain and nervous system of the child

grows so rapidly. A Va. mother found the value of Grape-Nuts in not only building up her own strength but in nourishing her baby at the same time. She writes:

"After my baby came I did not recover health and strength, and the docstor said I could not nurse the baby as of did not have nourishment for her, Whesides I was too weak.

"He said I might try a change dlet and see what that would do, and recommended Grape-Nuts food. bought a pkg. and used it regularly. A marked change came over both baby

"My baby is now four months old, is in fine condition, I am nursing her and doing all my work and never felt better in my life." "There's a Rea-

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Well-

ville," in pkgs. Ever read the above letter? A new ne appears from time to time. They re genuine, true, and full of human

(i) STRONG AND STEADY

By HORATIO ALGER, JR.

CHAPTER XXII .- (Continued.)

It mortified him and angered him to such bank, set out on a quick run. an extent that, had be got hold of him at that moment, murder might have been committed.

"Put down that plank and come across," he called out. Walter did not

Jack might have waded again across the ditch without inflicting much additional damage upon his already wet and ter was in his power, and hoped he would capitulate. To this end, he saw that it was necessary to reassure him, and deceive him as to his own intentions.

"Come across, boy," he said, softening his tone. "You needn't be afraid. I didn't mean nothing. I was only tryin' to see if I could frighten you a little." "I'm very well off where I am," said Walter. "I think I'll stay where I am."

"You won't want to stay there all day." "I'd rather stay here all day than be on the same side with you."

"Come, boy, I'll make a bargain with

"I don't see that " "You locked me up in the closet, and of his tricks, I came along." you've kept me all night huntin' after

"You were not obliged to hunt after me, and as for locking you up in the closet, it was the only way I had of saving my money."

Jack did not care to answer Walter's argument, but proceeded: "Now I've got you sure, but I'll do the fair thing. If you'll come across and pay me ten dol-lars for my trouble, I'll let you go without hurtin' you." "What is to prevent you taking all my

noney, if you get me over there?" "Haven't I said I wouldn't?" "You might forget your promise," said

Walter, whose confidence in Jack's word was by no means great. A man who would steal probably would not be troubled by any scruples on the subject of breakfast. violating his word. "If you don't come, I'll take every cent,

and give you a beating beside," said Jack, his anger gaining the ascendancy. "Well, what are you goin' to do about it?" demanded Jack, after a brief pause.

"I'll stay where I am."
"I can come over any time, and get hold of you."

"Perhaps you can," said Walter. "I'll take the risk."

Two hours passed, and still besieger and besieged eyed each other from opposite sides of the bank. Jack grew more and more irritable as the cravings of his appetite increased, and the slight hope that Meg might appear with some breakfast was dissipated. Walter also became more hungry, but showed no signs of im-

At this time a boy was seen coming across the meadow. Jack espied him, and the idea struck him that he might through him lay in a stock of provisions. "Come here, boy," he said. "Where do

you live?"

The boy pointed to a small farm house half a mile distant.

"Do you want to earn some money?" "I dunno," said the boy, who had no objections to the money, but, knowing Jack's shady reputation, was in doubt as to what was expected of him.

"Go home, and get a loaf of bread and some cold meat, and bring me, and I'll

give you half a dollar." "Didn't you bring your luncheon? asked the boy.

"No, I came away without it, and I can't spare time to go back." It occurred to the boy, noticing Jack's lasy posture, that business did not appear to be very driving with the man whose

time was so valuable. "Perhaps mother won't give me the bread and meat," he said.

"You can give her half the money." The boy looked across to Walter, wondering what kept him on the other side. Our hero saw a chance of obtaining help. "I'll give you a dollar," he called out, "If you'll go and tell somebody that this man is trying to rob me of all my money. I slept in his house last night, and he tried to rob me there. Now he will do

the same if he can get hold of me." "If you tell that, I'll wring your neck," exclaimed Jack. "It's all a lie. The boy slept at my house, as he says, and stole some money from me. He escaped, but I'm bound to get it back if I stay here all day."

"That is not true," said Walter. "Carry my message, and I will give you a lollar, and will, besides, reward the men that come to my assistance."

The boy looked from one to the other in doubt what to do. "If you want your head broke you'll

do as he says," said Jack, rather uneasy. "He won't pay what he promises." "You shall certainly be paid," said Wal-

"You'd better shut up, or it'll be the worse for you," growled Jack. "Go and get my breakfast quick, boy, and I'll pay you the fifty cents."

"All right," said the boy, "I'll go." Fifteen minutes later Jack rose to his feet. An idea had occurred to him. At the distance of a furlong there was a of these rails would enable him to cross not afraid Walter would escape, since he could easily turn back and capture him if he ventured across.

Walter did not understand his design in leaving the ditch. Was it possible that he meant to raise the siege? This seemed hardly probable. He watched, with some anxiety, the movements of his toe, fearing some surprise.

When Jack reached the fence, and began to pull out one of the rails he understood his object. His position was evidently becoming more dangerous. Jack came back with a triumphant smile upon his face,

"Now," he said, "I've got you!" Walter watched him warily, and lowered the plank, ready to convert it into a bridge as soon as necessary. Jack put down the rail. It was long enough to span the ditch, but was rather narrow, so that ; some caution was needful in crossing it. Watter had moved several rods farther up, and thrown the plank across. Though his chances of escape from the peril that menaced him seemed to have diminished

| bridge, and it became now a question of Jack ran hastily to the spot, hoping to superior speed, Walter was not alarmed, gain possession of the plank which had Indeed, his prospects of deliverance apbeen of such service to his opponent, and peared brighter than ever, for he caught want of which had entailed such misfor- sight of two men approaching across the tunes upon him. But Walter was too meadow, and he suspected that they were guick for him. The plank was drawn sent by the boy whom he had hired. These over, and again he faced his intended vic- men had not yet attracted the attention tim with the width of the ditch between. of Jack, whose back was turned towards He looked across at Walter with a them. He crossed the rail, and, at the glance of buffled rage. It was something same time, Walter cross the plank. This new to him to be worsted by a boy, and he drew across, and then, leaving it on the

> CHAPTER XXIII. "What's the matter?" asked one of the

two men as Walter came up. "I got lost in the woods, and passed the night in that man's house," said our hero. "He tried to rob me, but I locked him in the closet, and jumped out of the window and escaped. This morning he miry clothing, but he fancied that Wal- got on my track, and would have caught me if it hadn't been for that ditch."

> "You locked him in the closet?" repeated the other. "How were you able to do that? You are only a boy, while he is a strong man."

Walter explained the matter briefly. "That was pretty smart," said Peter Holcomb, for this was the name of the man who questioned him. "You're able to take care of yourself."

"I don't know how it would have turned out if you hadn't come up."

"I happened to be at home when my boy came and told me that Jack Man-You've put me to a good deal of gum had offered him fifty cents for some breakfast. He told me about you also, and, as I suspected Jack was up to some

"I am very much obliged to you," said Walter, "and I hope you'll let me pay you for your trouble."
"I don't want any pay, but you may pay my boy what you promised him, if

you want to." "I certainly will; and I never paid away money with more pleasure. As I haven't had anything to eat since yesterday afternoon, I should like to have you direct me to the nearest place where I

an get some breakfast." "Come to my house; I guess my wife can scare up some breakfast for you. She'll be glad to see the boy that got the better of Jack Mangum."

"How long has this Jack Mangum lived about here?" asked Walter, after accepting with thanks the offer of a

"About five years. He's been in the ounty jail twice during that time, and there's a warrant out for him now. He's confirmed thief. He'd rather steal any ime than earn an honest living."

While this conversation was going on, they had been walking toward the farm house in which Peter Holcomb lived. It was an humble one-story building, with an attic above. On one side of it were broad fields, some under cultivation; and there was an appearance of thrift and comfort despite the smallness of the

"Come in," said Peter, leading the way. "John," he added, addressing the hired man, who had accompanied him, "you may go into the potato field and hoe. I'll

Walter followed him into a broad, low com-the kitchen-in which Mrs. Holcomb, a pleasant looking woman, was engaged in cooking. "Mary," said her husband, "can't you

scare up some breakfast for this young man? He stopped at Jack Mangum's last night, and didn't like his accommodations well enough to stay to breakfast." "You don't say so," repeated Mrs. Holcomb, her countenance expressing curios-

"That's about the last place I'd ity. want to stop at." She went to the pantry, and speedily cappeared with some cold ment, a loaf of bread, and some fresh butter, which she placed on the table.

"It looks nice," said Walter, "and I don't know when I have been so hun-

At that moment the farmer's boy, who had served as Walter's messenger, came into the kitchen. "You got away." he said, smiling

"Yes, thanks to you," said Walter. Here is what I promised you." "I don't know as I ought to take it."

said the boy, hesitating, though he evidently wanted it. "You will do me a favor by accepting it," said Walter. "You got me out of a

bad scrape. Besides, you had a chance to earn some money from Jack Mangum." "I wouldn't have done anything for him, at any rate. He's a thief." Finally Peter, for he was named for his father, accepted the dollar, and, sit-

ting down by Walter, asked him about his adventure in the wood, listening with great interest to the details. "I wouldn't have dared to do as you did," he said.

"Perhaps you would if you had been obliged to." The farmer absolutely refused to

cept pay for breakfast, though Walter urged it. It was contrary to his ideas of hospitality.

"We don't keep a tavern," he said; "and we never shall miss the little you ate. Come again and see us if you come back this way."

"Thank you," said Walter, "I will as cept your invitation with pleasure, but I shall not feel like calling on Mr. Mangum.

Walter thought he had seen the last of Jack Mangum; but he was mistaken. Three days later, while walking in the main street of Riverton, with a book under his arm, for he had received a fresh supply from the agent at Cleveland, he heard the sound of wheels. Looking up, rail fence. It occurred to him that one he saw a wagon approaching, containing two men. One of them, as he afterwards the ditch and get at his victim. He was learned, was the sheriff. The other he immediately recognized as Jack Mangum. There was no mistaking his sinister face and forbidding scowl. He had been taken early that morning by the sheriff, who, with a couple of men to assist him, had visited the cabin in the forest, and, despite the resistance offered by Jack, who was aided by his wife, he had been bound, and was now being conveyed to jail. He also looked up and recognized Walter. His face became even more sinister, as he shook his tist at our hero. "I yow I'll be even with you some

> "Not if I can help it," thought Walter, but he did not answer in words. He was rather gratified to hear the next day that Jack had been sentenced to six months' imprisonment. He felt some pity, however, for Meg, who might have been a good woman if she had been mar-

day!" he exclaimed.

ried to a different man. (To be continued.)

The life of the modern battleship to temy was also provided with a put down at fifteen years.



Election Day. Election day is the Sabbath of patriotism .- Rev. C. O. Beckman, Methodist, El Paso, Texas,

Intellect.

The great power in the world is, after all, not money but intellect.-Rev. Joseph H. McMahon, Roman Catholic, New York City.

Defending Christ. The best way to defend Jesus is not In sermons but to show His spirit in our lives and deeds .- Rev. Thomas Knox, Presbyterian, Aurora, Ill.

Personality. Every man carries his own atmosphere and gives it off. Every man has his own ministry and power; you cannot hide your personality.-Bishop William Quigley, Methodist, Chicago, The Spirit.

Everything depends upon the spirit with which we think and live. We must not serve Christ by rote; our prayer book must not become a prayer wheel. We must not say our devotions as they might be said by a music box. -Rev. H. C. Swentzel, Episcopallan, Brooklyn, N. Y. Passion Against Passion.

To oppose the lust for wealth and power with an abstract principle is

like reading a lullaby to a mad dog. Passion must be arrayed against passion; the passion for righteousness against that for unrighteousness .- Rev. L. A. Crandall, Baptist, Minneapolis, Minn. Self-Confidence.

Faith in himself is a necessity for any young man, He should not plty himself nor allow anyone else to do so, but with the knowledge that God is on his side, and that he does right, he should be able to face all life's battles bravely.-Rev. W. L. Rutledge,

Methodist, London, Can. End of Man's Creation. God must have had some sublime end in view in the creation of man-made in His own image and likeness, the masterplece of His omnipotence, the noblest work of God. Man is to give Him back that glory of which He was S. M. Lynch, Roman Catholic, Utica, N. Y. robbed by the fallen angels,-Rev. J.

It would be much better if men tired themselves in work for the Master rather than in so much work for themselves. Slumber would prove more refreshing and rest more grateful when the consciousness of work well done body in quiet rest .- Rev. Richard Wilkinson, Methodist, Augusta, Ga.

The Sabbath. God intended the Sabbath to be a delight, a time to be looked forward to with pleasure and looked back upon as fragrant memory. It is a day intend- Have faith, and a score of hearts will you; the plantation horses are genered to supply a need of man's nature and, as this need is not the same for everyone, so the observance of the day cannot be the same for all. Rev. Henry Medd, Methodist, Hartford,

Christ the Physician. When Christ came into this world He came with healing power. He was the great physician. He cured men's bodies as well as their souls. There are grounds for our believing that to be a Christian increases a man's physical well-being. What the real connec tion between these two is our purpose to discover.-Rev. C. Waldo Cherry,

Presbyterian, Troy, N. Y. Sin Banishes Peace. Sin banishes the angel of peace from the fireside of the human heart. It is the will of God that His angel of peace should dwell within our hearts. God never intended that the human breast should be the home of sadness and unrest, or the human face should be shadow-tainted, or scamed, or scarred with furrows of care.-Rev. Campbell

Coyle, Presbyterian, Duluth, Minn. Nature a Transformer. Let nature teach you to value and strive for the beautiful. She abhors the ugly and seems ever seeking to transform it into leveliness. I have seen in the northern woods an old trunk, half submerged, out of which a cluster of flowers was growing as if nature were endeavoring to atone for and hide the unsightly .- Rev. H. P. Dewey, Congregationalist, Minneapolis,

The Golden Rule. The golden rule must be applied to usiness methods. Brotherhood must e prenched, not class hatred; and the strong must, not be permitted to trample down the weak. The demand to-day is for an ethical revival; for a loing of what God requires, namely, 'to do justly, to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God."-Rev. R. I. Kent, Congregationalist, Brooklyn

The Christian Home. There are blessings in family life the natural life is the married life. Unless there is some good reason, new ple should love and live together in the heaven-ordained way. The tendency of young men to be satisfied will club life and of young women with commercial success is to be deplored. One of the greatest blessines in the world is a Christian home. Hapty

the man wan has a good mather an

has a good wife, for these are two o

singer are all emvying him before the

evening is over.

earth's greatest blood and Rev. Mr. W. Bushard, Papilist, Beston, Mass. never be a social success as an after incoherently, "and when I got down to see if I could fix it-why-the horse dinner speaker; fint he can't thus ran off. I hope he will go home! Do and that his singing is not generally admired, he begins to learn you think he will?" sorts of tricks at cards. So great h a woman's admiration for a man wh can make cards disopsesse in the al that the orator, the danger and the

Women who marry either get very much the best of th or very much the worst of it.

Sermons PAPERS BY PEOPL

LIFE ITSELF THE HIGHEST ART.

By Ada May Krecker. Orly in rare and luminous minds seems to arise the idea of applying to character and career the laws of beauty as they are applied in the fine arts; of molding life as an art object, with faithful adherence to the principles of symmetry and proportion; of fulfilling the noble precepts of Stobeus that "all the paris of human life, in the same manner as those of a statue, ought to be beautiful." Hierocles,

the Greek, reasoned that the body was the temple of the soul, then subordinate thereto, and the soul was the shrine of the spirit, hence its inferiority. It was meet. therefore, that the spirit be accorded first honors and noblest service and culture, that the lesser powers of the soul receive next rank, and the body, the humblest of all man's instruments, be given the lowest place, occupy the least thought. For, as another old Greek averred, the virtues of the cattle are in the strength of body, but the virtues of men are in nobility of intellect. In the view of yet another follower of the immortal Pythagoras, the deformities of the body may be tempered and healed by the proper culture of the soul.

It was the reckless abandon to the beauties of the material man and the material world and the oblivion to the things of the spirit that stamped as inadequate the ideals of the brilliant English essayist, novelist and playwright whose nature was instinct with beauty and prompted his noble apostleship of all that fostered the sense of the beautiful in his world. He held that life was the supreme art, and that a handsome career was worth a thousand handsome books.

MAN SEEKS THE SUPERFLUOUS.

By Prof. A. De Quatrefages. The intelligence and aptitudes of man have manifested themselves in a thousand ways. which may be included under the general name of industries. Pacific or warlike, relating to the individual or to the whole pop-ulation, they often differ in different races. in different peoples, sometimes almost in dif-ferent tribes. The greater number conse-quently may be considered as so many characters by which the different groups of the human species

may be distinguished. Now, the animals have only physical wants, which they satisfy as completely as possible. But, the end once attained, they go no further. The animal, when left to itself, does not know or has scarcely a suspicion of the su-

perfluous. His wants, therefore, are always the same. Man is alwas seeking the superfluous, and often at the expense of utility, sometimes to the detriment of the necessary. The result is that his wants increase from day to day. The luxury of the evening becomes the indispensable of the morrow. Moralists at all times have blamed this tendency and condemned those insatiable appetites which are always asking for what they do not

possess. I cannot share this view. When men are once fully satisfied and have no more wants progress will come to a standstill. The want of the superfluous has developed our industries, has engendered the arts and

Another way in which man distinguishes himself is in his self-respect. This is common even among savages, although they rarely are given credit for them. Modesty shows itself in customs and practices widely opposed to our own. This has given rise to many misconceptions. It is the same in matters of politeness. We rise and uncover the head before a stranger or a superior; in a similar case the Turk remains covered and the Polynesian sits down. Though differing so entirely in form, are they not inspired by the same sentiments? It is the same also with the sense of honor. The history of savage nations abounds with traits of warlike heroism, and nothing is more common than to see savages prefer torture and death to shame. That which we call chivalrous generosity is by no means wanting in savages.

HOW CIVILIZATION MAKES BARBARIANS.

By Gustave Le Bon. By the mere fact that he forms part of a crowd, a man descends several rungs in the ladder of civilization. Isolated, he may be a cultivated individual; in a crowd he is a barbarian-that is, a creature acting by instinct. He possesses the spontaneity, the violence, the ferocity and also the enthusiasm and heroism of primitive beings, whom he further tends to resemble by the facility with which he allows himself to be impressed by words and images which would be entirely without action on each

of the isolated individuals composing the crowd-and to be induced to commit acts contrary to his most obvious interests and his best known habits. An individual in a crowd is a grain of sand amid other grains of sand which the wind stirs up at will. However personal and original he may be, or mean to be, he takes his color and characteristics from his surroundings.

The most striking peculiarity presented by a psychological crowd is the following: Whoever be the individuals that compose it, however like or unlike be their mode of life, their occupation, their character or their intelligence, the fact that they have been transformed into a crowd puts them in possession of a sort of collective mind which makes them feel, think and act in a manner quite different from that in which each individual of them would feel, think and act were he in a state of isolation. There are certain ideas and feelings which do not come into being or do not transform themselves into acts except in the case of individuals forming a crowd. The psychological crowd is a provisional being formed of heterogeneous elements which for a moment are combined exactly as the cells which constitute a living body form by their reunion a new being which displays characteristics different from those possessed by each of the

LIFE'S MIRROR.

for the Master lulled the mind and There are loyal hearts, there are spirits and looked straight ahead.

brave. There are souls that are pure and true; Then give to the world the best you have bad the horse left me. I could walk-" And the best will come back to you.

A strength in your utmost need; Their faith in your word and deed.

Give truth, and your gifts will be paid it kind, And honor will honor meet; And a smile that is sweet will surely find

A smile that is just as sweet. Give pity and sorrow to those mourn: You will gather, in flowers again,

The scattered seed from your thoughts outborne, Though the sowing seemed but vain

For life is the mirror of king and slav 'Tis just what we are and do, Then give to the world the best you have And the best will come back to you.



He saw the graceful figure, in its becoming blue habit, the flecked sunlight gave me the discipline I deserved for upon her shining hair, ahead of him. and reined up his horse. She looked over her shoulder and seeing him, gave

a vicious cut with her whip. "As if I would intrude upon her! heartless coquette-a woman without womanly principles!" he said bitterly, drawing his horse down to a slow

She disappeared around the bend in the road in a whirl of reddish dust. Guy Mortimer's thoughts, as they followed her, were not pleasant. Only last summer he had been the accepted lover of the prettiest girl in all the Blue Ridge region of Virginia, to find himself one day suddenly supplanted by a wealthier rival. He wondered why she had come back to such a quiet little out of the way place as Vinto, and why she had not married. The horse slowly made its way along the shady road and turned the bend. As he did so the man gave such a start as caused them to draw up abruptly beside the dismounted rider standing in the middle of the

"Have you been thrown Mab-Miss Andrews?" he asked, springing out of the buggy. She moved toward him, the sunlight resting upon her red gold hair, her eyes on the ground. "My horse-the saddle something was loose," she murmured

"I should not worry about him nor myself," he said slowly. "I am going your way and will take you as far as the plantation in my buggy. It will be suppose you are staying at the planta-

She hesitated an instant, the red blood mounting to her face at his tone when Miss Mubel got off the horse and | -Punch,

to be helped into the seat beside him, "I am putting you to a lot of bother," buggy scattered the group. she murmured at length. "It is too

cells singly.

Give love, and love to your life will flow happen to the horse." ally more than gentle-they are poky,

> will rain?" she asked. Guy looked at her and then looked ahead again. "Fair in the lake region, sunshiny on the Gulf coast, and an area

he replied.

of depression over the corn belt." "You are just as mean as you can be! I'm so very sorry to subject you to all this annoyance-" "No excuse necessary-one can en-

dure anything for a while. I did not intend coming here this summer, only I supposed you had gone far to other fields, and this little country place was so restful."

"Thank you!" coolly.

self here again when you could enjoy the fashionable world under Mrs. Wadsworth's chaperonage." "I really don't know how I withstood the temptation," she retorted. "since Johnny Wadsworth is such a nice fellow. He would take me any distance in his buggy or auto-and never snub

his from under the visor of the jaunty

"I had no idea you would bury your-

cap were full of laughter, and in an instant his control of himself was gone. "I see you still find me amusing!" he exclaimed bitterly, "you laughed at me then; and you laugh at me now; you thinking of you that way, but it was a true love on my part, even if it was laughable to you. We two have come to the parting of the ways. I shall leave you at the plantation, and drive on to the station; so I will not intrude upon you again." He flicked his whip and

the horse broke into a brisk trot. There was a light in the girl's eyes leaned over and took the lines from his hand. "Since this is to be our last drive," demurely, "there is no need of hurrying. It will be over soon enough." He turned and looked at her, his face white with emotion and his throat throbbing flercely. "What new scheme is this? Is it only to play with me longer-make life harder to live with-

out you?" There was a little tremor in her voice, "Listen," she said, "When you told me what I was to you, you told were of Johnnie Wadsworth, of all persons on earth. Why, he could never be anything more to me than a friend, and shot, telling us how he had conquered besides her is to marry cousin Laura. His mother is good to me. She and no mother were schoolmates, and sinc mother's death she has tried to take her place as far as she was able. tried to explain to you, but you would not listen to reason. You left me without a word. I have not seen you for a shole year; and if that horse had not plugiarist. eserted me in the lonely woods-

As they drew up to the pleket gate in hour later, there seemed to be a commution in the yard. The whole no trouble at all," he continued, to an family were gothering about a young swer to her quistion, of protest. "I ster who aloud holding the truant horse, gille)-Come aloug. Do have a try! "I tell you I naw it myself," he was saying. "It ain't no lie. I was a-conin' the tilgh way through the woods,

ussive silence long enough,

and coolness; but she allowed herself hit him a cut with the whip, and Dolly came a-tearin' down the road. Didn't you, Miss Mabel?" he added, as the

Mabel's face was very red, but be-

fore she could frame a denial, Guy hesitatingly. "Oh, I hope nothing will sprang down and slapped the youngster on the back. "Of course she did. Jack," "He will go home of course. I am he said gleefully, "because I was besurprised at his running away from hind to pick her up. Here, son, there slipped a dollar into his hand. The youngster looked after the laugh-

There was a pause. "Do you think it ing crowd as they trooped back into the house, and at the money in his hand: then he rubbed his head. "She looked mighty shamed faced, and never said nothing; but who," reflectively, "can even understand a woman?"-Waverly

Magazine. She Worked the Snake Cure. Novel crimes are occasionally committed in Paris, as, for instance: An old gypsy woman called on a doctor living in the Place Pierriere and asked him to visit her daughter, who was lying ill in a caravan on the fortifica-

tions near by. "I have tried the ser-

pent cure," she said, "but there was

no result. If you will allow me to pay your fee in advance I shall be sure you will come." The doctor consented, and the old woman handed him a \$100 note. As he was getting the change out of the safe she again mentioned the "serpent cure" and he asked her what it was." me once." The eyes that looked into "This," she said, and, taking a box

from under her rags, she turned half a dozen snakes out on the floor. The doctor was startled and rushed out of the room. When he returned with a stick he found that the woman and the snakes had vanished, while all the money in his safe had also gone. He still held the \$100 note in his hand,

but this proved to be a forgery.

A Victim of Leprosy. "On my travels in Venezuela," said a New York man, "I stayed in a hotel with a young man in whose family there was the taint of leprosy, though he apparently did not have it. One that had not been there before, as she night sitting at dinner he became angry at a waiter and brought his hand down on the table with full force. He instantly realized that he did not feel the blow and sat looking at his hand. his face whitening with horror. Give me your knife, Bob,' he said to his chum. He grabbed the pocketknife in a frenzy and stabbed the side of his hand with vicious cuts from finger tips to wrist. You may not know that leprosy appears in the side of the hand. numbness being a sign. The man did not feel the cuts. He arose from the me in the next breath how Jealous you table, knocking over his chair, rushed out into the courtyard of the hotel, and we heard the quick tang of a revolver

the leper's curse by ending his life."

The Brainy Bunch, Mr. Sinic + Do you see those three people walking together down there? Mrs. Getup-Yes; who are they? Mr. Sinic-One is a somnambulist,

one is a kleptomaniae and one is a Mrs. Setup-Law sakes! I never But Guy Mordiner had listened in dreamed we were poing to meet so many brainy people in a bunch.-Kan-

ans City Newsbook.

First Sportswoman (after jumping a Second Sportswoman-Oh. it's all very well for you to risk your neck. but I'm going to be married next week!