Wrandall down this afternoon?"

We-we were not expecting-"

them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly and Red-

mond Wrandall came into the room.

"This is-er-an unexpected pleas-

door he had been careful to close be-

"I came down to attend to some

"Business?" he repeated, staring.

"I intend to dispose of my entire in

He took a step forward, plainly

"What's this?" he demanded sharp-

"Does you offer of last December

"I-I think we would better have

Many Stomachs to Which It Is Not a

Welcome Visitor, According

to Physician.

hesitated to eat it abundantly.

stimulating foods. In many of these

Island Paradise of Birds.

formerly known as Lion Hill, before

the impounded waters of the Chagres

river isolated it from the rest of the

than in any one locality in the west-

ern hemisphere. E. A. Goldman of the

biological survey, department of agri-

culture, in two short collecting trips

to Panama has procured about 300

different species, and it is estimated

that a larger variety is to be found

than in any one state in the United

In the neighborhood of Gatun, at the

Atlantic entrance of the Canal Zone,

States-about 900.

within the limits of the Canal Zone

On one little island in Gatun lake,

and unwise to increase it.

ical activity.

startled by the declaration.

business, Mr. Wrandall," she said.

if you please," she said.

see him?"

morrow."

hand.

"Thank you."

She arose at once.

compressed lips.

nounced calmly.



# The Hollow \* Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE DARK MISCUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

CHAPTER XXI.-Continued.

very angry over his friend's failure all of us believe the story you have to be there beforehand, as he had told. It must never be retold. We came up and sneered at him. promised. He ordered a supper ask this of all of you. It is not in served in the room. I did not eat any- our hearts to thank Sara for shielding simpleton," said she, and for once he thing. Somehow I was beginning to you, for her hand is still raised failed to snap back. understand, vaguely of course, but against us. We are fair and just. surely-and bitterly, Mr. Wrandall. If you had come to us on that Suddenly he threw off the mask.

"He coolly informed me that he knew the kind of a girl I was. I had would have stood between you and the been on the stage. He said it was no law. The law could not have touched use trying to work the marriage game | you then; it shall not touch you now. on him. He was too old a bird and Our verdict, if you choose to call it too wise to fall for that. Those were that, is sealed. No man shall ever his words. I was horrified, stunned. hear from the lips of a Wrandall the When I began to cry out in my fury, smallest part of what has transpired he laughed at me but swore he would here tonight. Mr. Carroll, you were marry me even at that if it were not right. We thank you for the counsel for the fact that he was already mar- that led this unhappy girl to place herried. . . . I tried to leave the room. | self in our hands." He held me. He kissed me a hundred times before I could break away. I-

I tried to scream. . . . A little Wrandall. She strained Hetty to ber later on, when I was absolutely desperate, I-I snatched up the knife. There was nothing else left for me to do. I struck at him. He fell back difficulty. "You are your own judge. on the bed. . . . I stole out of the and a harsh one you will find yourself. house-oh, hours and hours afterward it seemed to me. I cannot tell you upon your unspeakable design as the how long I stood there watching him.

"We will spare you the rest, Miss Castleton," he said, his voice hoarse and unnatural. "These is no used to ance against you in this matter. I

. . I was crazed by fear. I-I-"

Redmond Wrandall held up his

say more." You-you understand? You do believe me?" she cried.

He looked down at his wife's bowed head, and received no sign from her; of bitterness that has existed between then at the white, drawn faces of his you and us. You thought to play him children. They met his gaze and he a foul trick. You could not have carread something in their eyes.

"I-I think your story is co convincing that we we could not endure the shame of having it repeated to the world."

"I-I cannot ask you to forgive me, sir. I only ask you to believe me," she murmured brokenly. "I-I am sorry it had to be. God is my witness that there was no other way." Mr. Carroll came to his feet. There

vere tears in his eyes. "I think, Mr. Wrandall, you will nov

appreciate my motives in-"Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I sugrest that Miss Castleton does not relis Wrandall to become the husband quire any defense at present," said of Sebastian Gooch's daughter. That Mr. Wrandall stiffly. "Your motives is the unpardonable sin." were doubtless good. Will you be so good as to conduct us to a room where ment. we may-may be alone for a short while?

There was something tragic in the man's face. His son and daughter arose as if moved by an instinctive realization of a duty, and perhaps for the first time in their lives were submissive to an influence they had never quite recognized before-a father's unalterable right to command. For she murmured, rather piteously. "Am once in their lives they were meek I so different from the rest of you? in his presence. They stepped to his side and stood waiting, and neither of them spoke.

Mr. Wrandall laid his hand heavily on his wife's shoulder. She started. looked up rather vacantly, and then arose without assistance. He did not make the mistake of offering to assist her. He knew too well that to question her strength now would be but to invite weakness. She was strong. He knew her well.

She stood straight and firm for a 1ew seconds, transfixing Hetty with a look that seemed to bore into the very soul of her, and then spoke.

"You ask us to be your judges?" "I ask you to judge not me alone but-your son as well," said Hetty, meeting her look steadily. "You cannot pronounce me innocent without pronouncing him guilty. It will be hard."

Sara raised her head from her arms You know the way into my sitting-



room, Leslie," she said, with singular directness. Then she arose and drew har figure to its full height. "Please remember that it is I who am to be dged. Judge me as I have judged you. I am not asking for mercy."

Hetty impulsively threw her arms pleading look from one to the other

They turned away without a word or a revealing look, and slowly moved off in the direction of the boudoir. They who remained behind stood still, who opened the library door. She closed it after the others had passed through, and did not look behind.

Half an hour passed. Then the door

"We have found against my son, made haste to explain. To the new monkey in a crude wooden cage strap-"I did not see the register at the Miss Castleton," he said, his lips boy's surprise, the visitor was coninn. I did not know till afterwards twitching. "He is not here to speak ducted with much bowing and scrap- tion one would have recognized Sara's left the room. that we were not booked. Once up- for himself, but he has already been ing into the private offices, where no peculiarly gipsy-like features in the stairs, I refused to remove my hat or judged. We, his family, apologize to one ventured except by special edict face of the girl, and then one would my veil or my coat until he brought you for what you have suffered from of the powers. his friend to me. He pretended to be the conduct of one of us. Not one but "Who was it?" he asked, in some

wretched night and told the story

of my son's infamy, we, the Wrandalls,

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara,"

the last you would have revolted, even

with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie

is the only one who has a real griev-

his, and he has been your most de-

voted advocate during all the years

ried it to the end. We leave you to

"I have already done so, Mr. Wran-

dall," said Sara. "Have I not ac-

cused myself before you? Have I not

confessed to the only crime that has

been committed? I am not proud of

"And you have hated me. The crime

you hold me guilty of was committed

years ago. It was when I robbed you

of your son. To this day I am the

leper in your path. I may be forgiven

Mr. Wrandall was silent for a mo-

She paled. "This last transaction

She looked about her with troubled.

"I-I wonder if that can be true."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll

nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my

child. That is not what Mr. Wran-

"You loved as deeply as you hate

Sara," he said, with a curious twitch-

ing of his chin. "My son was your god.

We are not insensible to that. Per-

haps we have never realized until now

the depth and breadth of your love

for him. Love is a bitter judge of its

myself able to express in words."

carried his gloves and hat in his

"We are ready, father," he said

After a moment's hesitation.

crossed over to Hetty, who stood be-

"I-I can now understand why you

refused to marry me, Miss Castleton,

ne said, in a queer, jerky manner.

'Won't you let me say that I wish

you all the happiness still to be found

The crowning testimonial to an ab-

CHAPTER XXII.

Renunciation. On the third day after the singular

trial of Hetty Castleton in Sara's li-

brary, young Mrs. Wrandall's motor

drew up in front of a lofty office build-

ing in lower Broadway; its owner

stepped down from the limousine and

entered the building. A few moments

later she walked briskly into the

splendid offices of Wrandall & Co.,

private bankers and steamship-own-

ers. The clerks in the outer offices

stared for a moment in significant

surprise, and then bowed respectfully

to the beautiful silent partner in the

It was the first time she had been

event that had served to make her a

member of the firm. A boy at the in-

formation desk, somewhat impressed

by her beauty and the trim elegance

say nothing of the dark eyes that

shone turough the narrow veil, forgot

far as to politely ask her who she

The senior clerk rushed forward

wanted to see and "what name

great concern.

in this rather uneven world of ours?

solutely sincere ego!

Wrandall turned his face away.

can never be anything else."

proves it, you would say?"

questioning eyes.

dall means."

hand.

thickly

side Sara.

Is the blood to blame?"

"This last transaction, yes."

for all else, but not for allowing Chal-

"You have hated us well."

pass judgment on yourself."

myself. sir."

"Mrs. Challis Wrandall, you little Mab."

whole days, he was polite to every vis- put the polite senior clerk back into ousness. itor who approached him and was the picture once more. generally worth his salt.

Sara found herself in the close little room that once had been her husband's, but was now scrupulously held in reserve for her own use. Rather a Shall I tell Mr. Wrandall you wish to waste of space, she felt as she looked



'What's This?" He Demanded, Sharply.

about the office. The clerk dusted an easy chair and threw open the long look in his eyes, and the tightly unused desk near the window.

Is there anything I can do for you?"

"We are very glad to see you here. madam," he said. "This room hasn't terest in Wrandall & Co.," she anbeen used much, as you may observe. She continued her critical survey of the room. Nothing had been changed

since the days when she used to visit ly. her husband here on occasions of rare take him out to luncheon, or to see that he got safely home on rainy after- the firm, nor do I blame you for feelstood in one of the recesses of the desk. She observed that there was Today I am ready either to buy or to help being snobs. It's in us, that's all gazing into the frank, good-looking a clean white blotter there, too; but seil." the ink wells appeared to be empty. "You-you amaze me," he exclaimif she was to judge by the look of ed. "You still are Sebastian Gooch's chagrin on the clerk's face as he inspected them. Photographs of polo still stand?" scenes in which Wrandall was a prominent figure, hung about the walls. Leslie in, Sara. This is most unexwith two or three pictures of his favor- pected. I don't quite feel up to-" ite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy "Have Leslie in by al girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a said, resuming her seat.

He hesitated a moment, opened his t Sara smiled.

Many minutes passed before the two have noticed the caption written in Wrandalls put in an appearance. She red ink at the bottom of the photo- understood the delay. They were awe, of a veteran stenographer who graph: "The Trumbell's Fancy Dress telephoning to certain legal advisers.

Ball, January 10, '07. Sara as Gipsy "What's this I hear, Sara?" demanded Leslie, extending his hand after a With a start, Sara came out of her second's hesitation.

painful reverie. She passed her hand She shock hands with him, not list-It is of record that for nearly two over her eyes, and seemed thereby to lessly but with the vigor born of nerv-

"I don't know what you've heard," "No, thank you. Is Mr. Redmond she said pointedly. "He came in not ten minutes ago. the end of his moustache.

Mr. Leslie Wrandall is also here. "Why-why, about selling out to us," he stammered. "I am willing to retire from the firm

"You may tell him that I am here, of Wrandall & Co.," she said. "Father says the business is as good "I am very sorry about the ink as it was a year ago, but I don't agree

look lugubrious. "Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. "Then you don't care to repeat your Bancroft. I shall not use them to- original proposition?"

"Well, the way business has been "They will be properly filled by to- falling off-"

out to me," she remarked quietly. He disappeared She relaxed in the "Not at all!" he said quickly, with familiar, comfortable old leather-cush a surprised glance at his father. "We ioned chair, and closed her eyes couldn't think of letting the business There was a sharp little line between pass cut of the Wrandall name."

> "You forget that my name is Wrandall," she rejoined. "There would be no occasion to change the firm's name; merely its membership."

"Our original offer stands," said the ure, Sara," he said perplexed and illsenior Wrandall stiffly. "We prefer at-ease. He stopped just inside the to buy."

"And I to sell. Mr. Carroll will hind him, and did not offer her his meet you tomorrow, gentlemen. He will represent me as usual. Our business as well as social relations are about to end, I suppose. My only regret is that I cannot further accom-She took note of the tired, haggard modate you by changing my name. Still you may live in hope that time may work even that wonder for you." She arose. The two men regarded

> ment. "I have no real feeling of hostility toward you, Sara," said Leslie nervously, "in spite of all that you said

her in an aggrieved way for a mo-

the other night." "We may as well speak plainly, Mr "I am afraid you don't mean that. social importance: such as calling to Wrandall," she said. "You do not deep down in your heart, Leslie," she care to have me remain a member of said, with a queer little smile.

"But I do," he protested. "Hang it noons. The big picture of a steamship ing as you do about it. A year ago all, we we live in a glass house our With a furtive glance over her shoulstill hung on the wall across the room. you offered to buy me out-or off, as selves, Sara. I dare say, in a way, I Her own photograph, in a silver frame I took it to be at the time. I had rea- was quite as unpleasant as the rest sons then for not selling out to you. of the family. You see, we just can't hand. For a long time she stood there there is to it."

> floor, his gaze having dropped at the were strained as if by an inward sug-"We-we prefer to be friendly, Sara,

if you will allow us-"

"Have Leslie in by all means." she We can't be friends, Mr. Wrandall," she said, suddenly serious. "The pretence would be a mockery. We are all better off if we allow our paths.

our interests to diverge today." "Perhaps you are right," said he. compressing his lips.

"I believe that Vivian and I couldbut no! I won't go so far as to say that either. There is something genuine about her. Strange to say, I have never disliked her."

"If you had made the slightest effort to like us, no doubt we could have-"

"My dear Mr. Wrandall," she interrupted quickly, "I credit you with the desire to be fair and just to me. You It is popularly supposed that the have tried to like me. You have even oyster digests himself in the human deceived yourself at times. I-but stomach owing to the great size of the why these gentle recriminations? We liver, which is crushed as mastica- merely prolong an unfortunate contion begins and is thought to digest test between antagonistic natures. the mollusk itself. As the oyster, with no hope of genuine peace being moreover, contains some ten per cent. established. I do not regret that I of extremely assimilation protein, to am your daughter-in-law, nor do I begether with phosphorized fats and lieve that you would regret it if I had glycogen, it has always been freely ad- not been the daughter of Sebastian ministered to convalescents, while Gooch."

dyspeptic bons vivants have never "Your father was as little impress ed with my son as I was with his Doctor Pron expresses the opinion daughter," said Redmond Wrandall that the oyster may be allowed, drily. "I am forced to confess that he therefore, to those dyspeptics whose was the better judge. We had the gastric functions are deficient, in better of the bargain.

"I believe you mean it, Mr. Wrananorexia, gastric atony, ulcer and incipient cancer, and to convalescents dall," she said, a note of gratitude in from acute disease, as it is likely to her voice. "Good-bye Mr. Carroll improve the appetite and to excite the will see you tomorrow." She glanced stomach to increased motor and chem- quickly about the room. "I shall send for-for certain articles that are no But to the large number of dyspep- longer required in conducting the bustics whose stomachs are hyperacid or iness of Wrandall & Co."

hypersensitive Doctor Pron would With a quaint little smile, she indisured myself when I saw you reading forbid the oyster as well as all other cated the two photographs of herself. "By Jove, Sara," burst out Leslie way you cock your eye I should be dyspeptics the gastric secretion is all abruptly. "I wish you'd let me have willing to bet that you are fond of the ready sufficient, and it is unnecessary that Gipsy Mab picture. I've always been dotty over it, don't you know.

Ripping study." Her lip curled slightly. "As a matter of fact," he explained conclusively, "Chal often said he'd leave it to me when he died. In a joking way, of course, but I'm sure he

Canal Zone, are more species of birds | meant it." "You may have it, Leslie," she said slowly. It is doubtful if he correctly interpreted the movement of her head as she uttered the words.

"Thanks," said he. "I'll hang it in my den, if you don't object." "We shall expect Mr. Carroll tomorrow, Sara," said his father, with an air of finality. "Good-bye. May I ask

what plans you are making for the winter?" "They are very indefinite." "I say, Sara, why don't you get married?" asked Leslie, surveying the Gipsy Mab photograph with undis-

arm's length. "Ripping!" This to the She paused near the door to stare at him for a moment, unutterable scorn in her eyes.

"I've had a notion you were pretty keen about Brandy Booth," he went

She caught her breath. There was fore she replied.

"You have never been very smart at making love guesses, Leslie," she said. "It's a trick you haven't acquired." He laughed uncomfortably. "Neat stroke, that."

Following her into the corridor outside the offices, he pushed the elevator bell for her.

"I meant what I said, Sara," he remarked, somewhat doggedly. "You ought to get married. Chal didn't leave much for you to cherish. There's no reason why you should go on like His slim fingers went searching for this, living alone and all that sort of thing. You're young and beautiful and-

"Oh, thank you, Leslie," she cried out sharply.

"You see, it's going to be this way: Hetty will probably marry Booth. That's on dit, I take it. You're dependwells, madam," murmured the clerk. with him," said the son, trying to ing on her for companionship. Well, she'll quit you cold after she's married. She will-"

She interrupted him peremptorily. "If Challis did nothing else for me. Leslie, he at least gave me you to

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell" cherish. Once more, good-bye." The elevator stopped for her. He strolled back to his office with a puzzled frown on his face. She certainly

was inexplicable! The angry red faded from her cheeks as she sped homeward in the automobile. Her thoughts were no longer of Leslie but of another . .

She sighed and closed her eyes, and her cheeks were pale. Workmen from a picture dealer's establishment were engaged in hanging

a full length portrait in the long living-room of her apartment when she reached home. She had sent to the country for Booth's picture of Hetty. and was having it hung in a conspicuous place. Passing the open library door, Sara

paused for an instant to peer within. Then she went on down the hall to her own sitting-room. The canary was singing glibly in his cage by the win-

She threw aside her furs, and, without removing her hat, passed into the bed-chamber at the left of the cozy little boudoir. This was Hetty's room. Her own was directly opposite. On the girl's dressing-table, leaning against the broad, low mirror, stood the unframed photograph of a man. der, Sara crossed to the table and took up the picture in her gloved face of Brandon Booth. She breathed Mr. Wrandall looked up from the faster; her hand shook; her eyes gestion of pain.

She shook her head slowly, as if in final renunciation of a secret hope or She laughed and the old gentleman the banishment of an unwelcome destopped in the middle of his sentence. sire, and resolutely replaced the photograph. Her lips were almost white as she turned away and re-entered the room beyond.

> "He belongs to her." she said, un consciously speaking aloud; "and he is like all men. She must not be unhap-

Presently she entered the library She had exchanged her tailor-suit for a dainty house-gown. Hetty was still seated in the big lounging chair, before the snapping fire, apparently not having moved since she looked in on passing a quarter of an hour before One of the girl's legs was curled up under her, the other swung loose; an elbow rested on the arm of the chair. and her cheek was in her hand

Coming softly up from behind, Sara leaned over the back of the chair and put her hands under her friend's chin, tenderly, lovingly. Hetty started and shivered.

"Oh, Sara, how cold your hands

She grasped them in her own and fondly stroked them, as if to restore warmth to the long, slim fingers which



"Because I Love You So Dearly," Said

gave the lie to Mrs. Coburn's declarations.

"I've been thinking all morning of what you and Brandon proposed to

me last night," said Sara, looking straight over the girl's head, the dark. languorous, mysterious glow filling her eyes. "It is good of you both to want me, but-" "Now don't say 'but,' Sara," cried

Hetty. "We mean it, and you must let us have our way."

"It would be splendid to be near you all the time, dear; it would be guised admiration as he held it at wonderful to live with you as you so generously propose, but I cannot do

t. I must decline.' "And may I ask why you decline to live with me?" demanded Hetty re-

"Because I love you so dearly," said

DEMAND FOR BETTER ROADS

No Reason Why Portion of Tax Should Not Be Used in Putting Highways In Better Condition.

There is a growing demand for more and better road making during the autumn months. In many localities the roads become filled with deep ruts and the wheel tracks so depressed during the summer that they collect rains which soon wash them into gutters which soon ruin the roads for heavy loads and comfortable travel. There is no reason why a portion of



A Durable Stone Culvert. the road tax should not be used for

putting the highways in good condition for travel, says Northwestern Agriculturist. The split log drag and other road-making implements should be put to work before the ground freezes. The outside of the roads should be brought into the center of the track which will establish a crust that will shed the water, rather than retain rains, which are sure to occur during the late fall and early spring months. Roads having a full-high center are quite sure to remain in good condition during the rainy season of fall and spring. Steep hills, where water is apt to collect in wheel tracks. should be provided with open gutters on each side into which rains may be diverted with an occasional crest over which water cannot pass. Approaches to bridges and culverts should be so filled with earth that vehicles of all kinds may pass over them without serious jolts and jars. Roads are much improved when covered with gravel. This is a season of the year when such work can be accomplished at a mininum expense. Every township should own gravel pits from which road-making material can be cheaply obtained. Concrete roads will soon become popular. The same material only should be used in making small bridges and culverts. A good quality of sand and gravel is necessary to make serviceable concrete. Every farmer should have a special interest in all roads adjoining his premises and leading to market.

# INCREASE THE LAND VALUES

Strong Argument in Favor of Good Roads Is That They Enhance Value of Bordering Farms.

It takes all kinds of arguments to interest the numerous types of men found in every community in public improvements. One man will sanction and work for good roads when he is convinced that they will shorten and expedite the haul of some special crop that he produces. Another will assist because he owns a motorcar. One of the most effective arguments is that good roads will enhance the value of farms bordering upon them, says Breeder's Gazette.

Several real estate dealers in lowa have begun to advertise land as located "on the Lincoln Highway." Experience has shown that this is a strong "talking point." Of course the great national road is not finished, but it is already famous, and since it will steadily increase in historic interest many properties abutting it will probably acquire an augmented selling value. Unfortunately only a small percentage of farms are located on the Lincoln Highway, but that thoroughfare marks the inauguration in this country of the old-world attitude toward convenient and pieasant highways and byways as a means of socializing and upbuilding a largehearted, broad-minded citizenship.

Age of Progress.

The age is progressive. Fifty or sixty years ago this country began to build railroads, and now we have more than nearly all the rest of the world together. In place of crude industrial facilities, we have the very best on earth; yet we are behind other civilfized nations in the improvement of our roads. We are beginning now to do with our highways what should have been done long ago.

The spirit of good roads is hered-

Grazing Pasture Lands. Don't graze the pasture land too hard early in the season.

Place for Lime. The place for lime is in the soil, not

Charcoal for Chicks Keep fine charcoal and grit where chicks may have free access to it.

Best for Sandy Soil. Ground limestone and marl are best

to apply to a sandy soil.

# There Was Nothing Else Left for Me

about the rigid figure, and swept a of the four stony-faced Wrandalls.

of her long black broad-tail coat, to otionless as statues. It was Vivian the dignity of his office and went so

and transfixed the new boy with a was opened and the tall old man ad-"A new boy, Mrs. Wrandall." he

DIDN'T READ ALL THE SIGNS | OYSTER NOT GOOD FOR ALL Amateur Sleuth Should Have Noticed That His Victim Was a Man of

Quick Temper. enemies. It knows no mercy, it The one was a young man with the knows no reason. Hate may be conlight of ambition to be a detective quered by love, but love cannot be conshining in his eyes; the other a midquered by hate. You had reason to dle-aged man, who was reading a news-

hate my son. Instead you persisted in paper. your love for him. We-we owe you "Great man, wasn't he?" queried something for that, Sara. We owe the young man at last.

you a great deal more than I find "Who?" asked the other as he looked Leslie entered the room at this in-"Sherlock Holmes." stant. He had his overcoat on and

"So I've heard." "But there are others," continued the young man as a smile of self-satisfaction lighted up his face.

"Yes." "For instance, you are a bookkeeper. I can tell by the ink stain on your fingers. You are a careless man in money matters, as that dollar peeping out of your change pocket clearly

proves. "Anything more?" asked the man

with the paper. "You were brought up in the country, as your bow legs tell at a glance. You are something of a sport, as I asthat article about Corbett. From the ballet and always have a front seat."

"Is that all?" "That's about all, and I'd like to know if I have hit you off?" "If that is all, then let me tell you

something. You are an acrobat." "Acrobat!-ha! ha! ha! What makes you think that?" "Because," said the other, as he seized him by the neck and knee and

carried him out to the platform; "be-

cause you take such a beautiful tumble to yourself." And he lifted him up and gave him a heave which landed him in the mud and left him sprawling over half a seen in the offices since the tragic block.

> "Boo-hoo!" sobbed the lady. "What are you crying about?" the "You know the bread and the jelly sent to the fair?"

Why She Mourned.

"Yes. Didn't it take a prize? Well, cheer up-those judges-"But it did take a prize-they both took first prizes-boo-hoo!-"Well, what are you crying about?"

"The bread took first prize as the

est specimen of concrete, and the

jelly as the best china cement!'

"Do you want me to misrepresent the goods and say they are fine when picture. they are not?" asked the new sales

scrupulous dealer. "Always remember that our assets are your lie-abil-

no less than 250 species have been Good Ones.

"Yes," sternly answered the