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Good tobacco and a good reel! That's surely a lucky combination for the angler—and here's the way you can have them both.

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Duke's Mixture

All smokers should know Duke's Mixture made by Liggitt & Myers at Durham, N. C.

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Miss Frances Lyon of Westwood has the distinction of being the only woman in New England who lives in a house literally built with her own hands.

English Stump Speech.

A correspondent, "Old Briney," sends us the following specimen of frenzied stump oratory: "Feller blokes! Thanks ter 'er 'gumment, yer got yer d'minishin' wage, and yer little loaf, an' all that. Watcher got ter do now is ter go fer devil-ootion and local anatomy, an' go it blind!"

Doing His Part.

"What part are you taking in the war on flies?" "I do sentry duty at the breakfast table over the milk pitcher every morning."

Constipation causes and aggravates many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative. Adv.

What a Question.

"There is a use for everything." "Huh! Has anyone ever found a sensible use for a phonograph?"

If a newly wedded man has no secrets from his wife it is rather hard on the other women he might have married, but didn't.

Paradoxical Misfortune. "There is nothing in this place but soft drinks." "Just my hard luck."

Perhaps a man can't be married against his will, but many a poor man discovers later that he was married against his better judgment.

CURES BURNS AND CUTS. Cole's Carbolicase stops the pain instantly. Cures quick. No scar. All druggists, 25 and 50c. Adv.

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PATENTS Pottitts Eye Salve FOR EYE ACCHES

WOMEN IN GENERAL

One Woman Taught to Discriminate Between Real Love and Sham.

By A. MARIA CRAWFORD.

"Many a man falls to marry because he is afraid of being refused by the one woman he wants," asserted Bob Thorne, for ten years the most desirable bachelor in the town.

"You assume to grant, then," interposed Mabel St. John from the other side of the dinner table, "that old bachelors, like old maids, seldom find themselves in their relative conditions in life from choice."

"Exactly so." "A man must take the initiative in such cases and I think one is a coward who sees his happiness and then through fear, refuses to make an effort to obtain it. Moreover, he may be a thief, for if the woman cares, he robs her, too, of possible happiness."

"You're wrong about that, Mabel, my dear," declared Larry Briscoe. "Women have ways and means of letting a man know if they care for him, seriously, I mean."

"Not the old-fashioned gentleman, Larry!" Anne Rogers' voice was low but assertive. Everybody turned to look at her. She was the most sought after woman in the town. Opportunity had succeeded opportunity for her to make a brilliant marriage but she had refused them, one after the other, and her friends, interested, wondered why.

"I spoke of women in general, Anne, not of an exception like you. I am glad that you are so delightfully old-fashioned in your ideas of the niceties of life."

"I did not mean to be personal," went on Anne. "There are many women, the majority of them, I believe, who are modest enough to desire being sought rather than to throw themselves headlong in a man's arms."

"By what method, Anne," asked Bob Thorne, "may a man pursue the right way and yet save his pride in case she doesn't want him?"

"Hear! Hear!" cried Larry laughing. "The great Bob has explained the mystery of his state of single blessedness. He is particular about saving the Thorne pride. Who is the woman? Let's all guess! His face will answer when we strike the right name."

But Bob Thorne had himself well in hand. It is not easy to take an experienced man of the world unawares. "All right," he returned amiably. "Who is she and why have I never proposed?"

"You admit then that there is a particular she?"

"I admit nothing. Such a disclosure was nominated in the bond. Proceed, Larry! Stretch me on the rack and see me squirm."

"It's some woman of a royal family whom you have met abroad," ventured one. "Lady Eleanor something in London about four years ago. I remember the gossip reached me in Paris."

"No," interrupted Larry, "it's that little young thing that came visiting your sister last winter. I mind me well how you took on a swagger in those days. Nothing like an innocent baby face to catch an old fellow like you."

"His expression has not changed. Now for my supposition! I say that it is Mrs. Fay Robinson, the dashing widow. It takes experience to snare the wary. Your turn, Anne!"

"May I ask a question first, please?"

"Certainly." "Would you want a woman who could forget her own pride to save yours—a woman who could offer herself to you?"

"No, I don't think I would, Anne," answered Bob slowly. "Anne's playing for time. I say it is Anne herself who has caught and held the gifted Mr. Thorne," said Mabel St. John. "You will all admit that he is changing color at last."

Bob Thorne tried to laugh but failed miserably. Anne saw his face whiten under the summer tan. Her head went a trifle higher.

"Not I, Mabel," she turned to the girl on her left, "for everybody knows that had Bob asked me, I would have married him. Now you have solved my mystery in place of his. Let us proceed with our salad. It's lovely and tempting, isn't it?"

Anne avoided Bob's eyes when after liqueur and cigars, the men came into the drawing-room where the women were having coffee.

"Anne, they tell me you are going abroad to study again. You're much too clever as you are. Say you're not going," pleaded Larry. "We miss you terribly when you're gone."

"You are a comforting sort of friend, Larry."

"Do you sail soon?" Bob Thorne flicked the ashes carefully from his cigar.

"Yes, the first of the month." Anne rose and went toward her hostess, her slender, rounded figure charmingly garbed in sapphire with overdress of black chiffon. There were diamonds at her throat and breast and she looked a priestess of a summer night, all starlight and blue, so Larry whispered to a neighbor.

She was leaving for a late musicale and when she had spoken to her hostess and turned away, she found Bob Thorne before her.

"I am going to the Hamilton's musicale. May I take you?"

When they were outside in the big deserted street, Thorne suggested that they walk to the entertainment.

"It is a lovely night," agreed Anne. "Suppose we do!"

"Anne," said Thorne when they had walked along in silence for a little way, "do you remember that summer six years ago when you came here to live?"

"Yes. You were very good to me in those days," answered the woman quietly. "I was young and you taught me much about life that otherwise I must have learned by experience, bitter perhaps."

"What did I teach you?"

"The most helpful lesson was to discriminate between real love and sham. There were many men about me. The knowledge that some cared for my money which I might lose, some for my so-called beauty which must fade, warned me to stop and ponder—who loved Anne?"

"And you found?"

"Nobody. I dare say I have grown hard to please like my teacher."

"It's three years since I have been to see you, Anne. I have missed you."

"Yes, you never came back after you heard Duncan trying to make love to me. Why?"

"Don't you know?"

"How could I?"

"Instinct. It answers a woman as reason answers a man."

"Why didn't you come again? I am going to my doctor cousin in Vienna. I will be gone for months, perhaps years."

"Are you not well, Anne?"

"No," said Anne softly, "I am not well. A case of nerves, they tell me here. I don't want to pose as an invalid so I let people believe, if they will, that I am going to study again."

"I am sorry. You knew that Mabel was right tonight when she said that the one woman for me is you. I believed that you loved Duncan—"

"Oh, Bob, you couldn't have believed that. You simply couldn't."

"You saved my pride at the expense of your own at the table. I love you for it more than ever. Marry me, dear, and let me take you abroad and see you get well. Is it possible, Anne?"

"You said you did not want a woman who would sacrifice her pride even for you. What reason have you—"

"There is no reason in love. Will you marry me?"

"Why did you stop coming to see me?"

"I loved you and I thought you loved Duncan. Anne, give me the right to care for you always and always," he added tenderly.

"I want you to take care of me always and always. Do you know why I tried to save you from teasing tongues tonight? For love of you. A woman may say she is modest and old-fashioned, but she will shield the man she loves, no matter what the cost to her."

"And what," asked Thorne, "is the only way to get the woman you love?"

"Just take her," laughed Anne as Thorne kissed her under cover of the friendly dark.

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CHANNEL IS AN OLD PROJECT

Land Communication Between England and France Has Been Thought Of for Many Years.

A tunnel between England and France beneath the English channel was first proposed at the beginning of the nineteenth century by Mathieu, a French mining engineer. Fifty years later the scheme was financed, but it was not until 1867 that it seemed that the project would be actually attempted. At that time there were a dozen or more plans for rail communication between the two countries.

The accepted scheme was that of a tunnel bored beneath the bed of the channel. The estimated cost of the undertaking was about £10,000,000. Preliminary boring had been made, when the work was interrupted by the Franco-Prussian war. In 1874 the French and English governments resumed negotiations concerning the tunnel, leaving the matter in the hands of a joint commission. Failure on the part of the English company holding the contract for the work to receive sufficient funds resulted in the failure of the enterprise in 1880. Now, the project is receiving some attention, a better feeling having been established between the people of the two countries.

Youthful Philosophy.

Three boys were resting between sets on the tennis courts in Central park.

"There goes Sadie," said one. "Bet she two to one she picks up my hat and throws it off the court. There! What'd I tell you. That's the way. If it's a fella smaller 'n you that does anything like that you c'n lick 'm. If he's larger than you are you can anyway kick 'm in the shins. But if it's a girl, what kin you do?"

"And his auditors sighed in silence it was, indeed, a hard problem.

Used to the Taste.

"Bring me a wood pulp sandwich," said the guest in an abstracted way.

"Beg pardon, sir," murmured the waiter.

"Oh, yes, excuse me. At home I've used to this paper bag cooking."

Proved.

"This assault on the witness' character is impossible to verify, because she is a dressmaker."

"What has that to do with it?"

"A dressmaker is naturally obliged to live a pattern life."

Hard to See Under Water.

There is no scientific instrument of the "scope" character which enables one to see down to 50 or 60 feet under water. When the sun shines vertically over water, a box or bucket with a glass bottom is often used to look into the water. A cloth covering to exclude light from the box or bucket is sometimes employed. But without electric or some other light in the water these devices are not very satisfactory.

Its Kind.

"What is a voice from the tombs like?"

"It must be a skeleton's articulation."

Success cannot turn a man's head if he has a stiff neck.

Newspapers and Literature.

All this over emphasis of the unmeaning surface is due to a confusion of newspaper and literary standards, ends, aims. The word literary has come to suggest an absence of red blood; spinners and knitters in the sun; the 35-cent magazine crowd; this is non-sensical, of course. In its elemental meaning literature is at least as stern a job as journalism, albeit the intention and function of the latter is merely to present things that happen, of the former to volatilize such material into hovering and potent meanings, to strike the rock and raise a spirit that is life.

The Kind.

"How did they succeed in catching that defaulting aviator?"

"With a fly detective."

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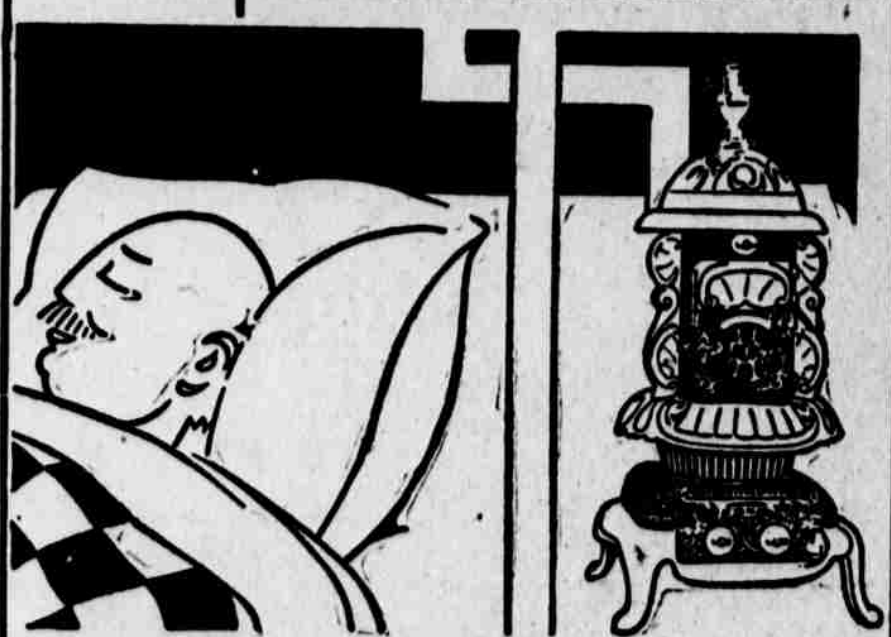


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