



CHAPTER XI—(Continued.)

"It is curious," said Mrs. L'Estrange, as if to herself. "I never thought Clifford Marsden would be himself to any woman, unless for a large money bribe. He knows exactly how you are situated, and I think the better of him! He must love you very much!"

"And even a concealed jackanapes by implying that only a previous attachment would have prevented her falling in love with me?"

"I do not think Nora is disposed to fall in love very readily. Then there was no one for her to fall in love with."

"I am very grateful for your help, and believe me, if I become your step-son-in-law, I will care for your interests and those of my little friend, Ben, as if they were my own."

"I imagine that Mr. Marsden will not be easily turned from his purpose. And I hope, Nora, you will not too thoughtlessly regard so sincere and disinterested a lover."

"I know what I am fit for, and I am not humble, but I do not want to attempt what is likely to be too much for me. There, don't let us talk about Clifford any more—at least till you have seen him to-morrow."

"I should be so sorry to interfere with her. It must be dreadful to be cut out if you are really fond of any one."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vansittart!" "I say, I can imagine myself making it the work—the whole preoccupation—the worthy task—of my life thus to restore happiness to one from whom it seemed to have departed forever."

"I sometimes think," I interrupted, in low, but urgent tones, "that affection of that kind is nobler, better than the rash impulsiveness of an ignorant girl. It would be a sympathetic communion of minds, of souls, Mrs. Lawrence."

"I don't see what you can do," said I, compassionately. I had sat next her three nights at table d'hote, and liked her extremely.

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DELIVERANCE

Sweet peace spreads her wings on the orient shore; Japan will be kinder—for cash. "Twist his legs is the tail which with bel-loose roar"

But no more are our courses reluctantly bent Where syllabic monstrosities wait; The sunshine has dawned where 'twas chill discontent.

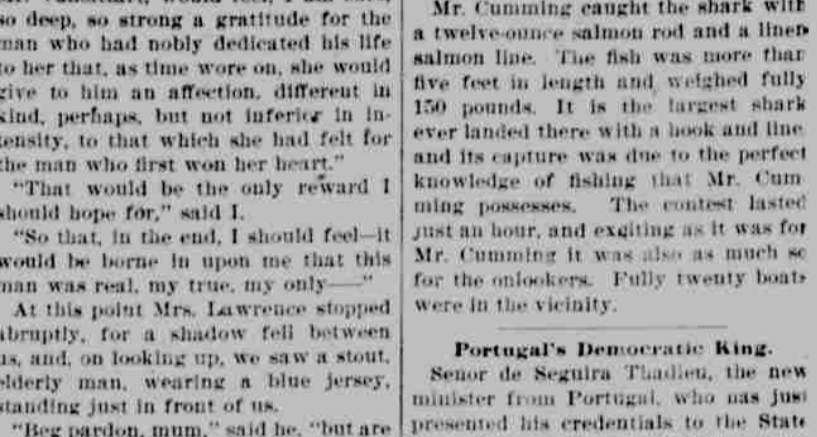
And we join in thanksgiving to Fate. No longer our wandering intellects go Through the gazetteer's mazy expanse, 'Mid the diphthongs that grow by the fertile Hoang-Ho.

For English once more gets a chance. —Washington Star.

As to Hypnotism. No less a personage than Dr. Parkhurst has taken the trouble to point out anew that nobody ever heard of anybody's being hypnotized to make him do something good.

"You ought to ask her, Mr. Marsden."

FRIEND AND HUSBAND



I MET her on the shores of the lake. There were real tears in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Vansittart," she cried.

"What shall I do? My husband's out in a boat, ever so far away, and the wind's rising, and the boatman says that it's awfully dangerous when there's a storm, and—"

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Caught a Shark with a Salmon Rod.

Al Cumming had an encounter with a huge shark at Santa Cruz Sunday, says the San Francisco Examiner. Cumming had engaged a boat and was out for salmon. Suddenly there was a jerk at his line that almost capsized the boat.

Mr. Cumming toyed with him for a while and as the shark felt the sharp prong of the hooks forced into his mouth he made a plunge, going down fully 100 feet and reeling out only 100 feet more on his reel.

Portugal's Democratic King. Senor de Segura Thadde, the new minister from Portugal, who has just presented his credentials to the State Department, talks interestingly of affairs in his country.

Science, dear Lady Betty, has diminished hope, knowledge destroyed our illusions and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent:

What is beauty? A deception. What is love? A disease. What is marriage? A mistake. What is a wife? A trial. What is a child? A nuisance.

Disliked Innocent Amusement. Mme. De Longueville, a beauty of Louis XIV's time, was tired to death of being in Normandy, where her husband was. Those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu, madame, you are eaten up with ennui. Will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest. Will you hunt?"

Future Yachts Will Be Steel. Mr. Charles H. Cramp says the yacht of the future will be of steel, and that its motive power will be electricity. He has an order for a yacht bigger and faster than the 1,000-ton Gralda, the fastest yacht afloat, and says that this order will be filled.