

## TRIUMPH OF MEDICINE.

cure.

You are suffering to-night? I asked

"'Yes, I am perfectly certain that I

me feel suicidal to go to bed and try.

That is why I sent for a doctor, but I

am sorry you have had to come so far.

brought some drugs with me,' I said

opening my brief bag before me. 'I

will give you a sleeping draught for to-

night, but you must give up drugs and

live healthy and take plenty of exercise

and diet yourself if you really want a

"I took out the soporfic I had prepar

ed before starting as I spoke, but the

old gentleman shook his head hopeless

drugs, doctor,' he said. 'I have satur-

ated my system with them and they

"Then may I ask why you have sen

"'Well, it is like this, doctor,' he

said, placidly. 'I can't sit up all night

by myself. I feel as though I should

go mad if I do. I must have somebody

began hotly, and paused for want of

"My patient took advantage of the

pause to proceed in his gentle, half-

"I assure you, doctor, that I looked

upon it quite as a business matter. I

do not look upon a physician as a

make money. May I ask what your

"'My usual fee is seven and six

pence,' I said, severely. I was a mod-

est beginner in those days. 'But when

" 'You make it higher, of course,' put

" 'And may I ask how long your visit

"It varies from five minutes to an

"The man performed a short calcula

Then we may call your average visit

thirts two and a half minutes,' he said

quietly. 'Well, I am quite prepared to

pay you ten shillings for every thirty-

two and a half minutes that you remain

with me. You came in at exactly 12:30.

Allow me to pay you up till seven min-

utes to L' He gravely handed me half

a sovereign as he spoke, and went on:

'If you prefer it, I have not the least

objection to your giving me medical

advice all the time you are here, al-

though that is quite immaterial to me,

so long as you talk about something.

and keep me from the loneliness that I

dread. Do take a cigar and help your-

"His tone was so business-like and

matter-of-fact that is was impossible

to quarrel with him. Besides, his evi-

dent dread of being alone, which so

many victims of insomnia have, ap-

pealed to my sympathies. I was not

successful enough then to disregard

the chance of gaining a rich and eccen-

tric patient, the very class who make

the profession worth practicing, from

a pecuniary point of view. I made no

demur, therefore, but determined to

stay at least until I had given him di-

rections for curing his want of sleep

by systematic exercise and plain living.

and I lighted one of his cheroots, which

"At the end of half an hour I rose t

go. But my strange patient pleaded

with me so earnestly to accept another

fee and stay half an hour more that I

scarcely had the heart to leave him. A

"'I will stay on one condition,' I

said: 'that you lie down and let me try

to get you to sleep.' I felt that if I could

sacceed in doing so I should have done

something to justify my visit and

should be able to get back to my own

hed without any danger of offending

"He agreed instantly, and drew up a

'Now, if I will do my level best to

comfortable-looking couch to the fire

deep, will you promise not to leave me

till I am off? be said, and, feeling

pretty confident of my powers, I rather

unwisely consented.
"I began by reading sloud to him in

generally found enseave, and end of half an hour was congratulating myself on my success, when the old gentleman jumped up wide awake, and dehing in his pecket, produced another half severeign.

erally found effective, and at the

ous tone, which I have

possible remunerative patient.

were, indeed, excellent,

fresh idea occurred to me.

in place of his chair.

soft, mor

in my patient, impertubably; 'shall we

I am called out in the night-"

"'And you mean to tell me-

words to express my indignation.

for me? I asked, feeling very much

have no effect upon me.'

like losing my temper.

apologetic manner:

usual fee is?

sny ten shillings?

"I nodded.

usually takes?"

tion on his fingers

self to the whisky."

to talk to.'

"'Well, it is lucky that I have

with my most professional air.

ID you ever give a man the said my patient, pushing the box of wrong medicine, Dr. Mac- cigars toward me. pherson?" Macpherson shook his head.

"I do not remember doing so. But I once gave a man an overdose of a drug shall not sleep a wink. It would make for a sleeping draught, which nearly killed him. It was his own fault, though, as you will see when I tell you the story. It was when I was quite a young man, and soon after I started a practice of my own at Chelsen. I had taken a pretty large house there, as a doctor is bound to do if he wants to get on, and kept a couple of servants. On the night, however, when my adven-ture happened, both the girls were So that when a violent ring came at the front door bell about midnight, when I was just thinking of turning in. I had to go and answer it ly. myself. When I opened the door I found that it was as I expected. A small boy, breathless with running, informed me that I was required at once at an address he gave me in a

MY house What am I wanted for? I asked. but the boy could not tell me. He had been passing the house, he said, when an old gentleman opened the door, gave him a half crown, and told him to run as hard as he could for the nearest

street about half an hour's walk from

"I put on my overcoat and started, carrying with me a few things on the chance that they might be necessary. including a strong soporific which I might have to use if I found my patient in great pain which I could not im-

ately relieve. "I had concluded that my services were made necessary by some accident. and used as much haste as possible, therefore, in getting to the address which the boy had given me. As I approached the house I was surprised to find it in complete darkness, and I could not help wondering whether I had been made the vietim of a practical for my intrusion when I heard steps descending the stairs and coming along the hall in answer to my second ring. The door was opened by a genial-looking old gentleman in a flowered dressing gown, who carried a lamp in his hour." hand, and whose first words set my mind at rest as far as my fears of a

hoax were concerned. "'Oh! you are the doctor, I sunpose?' he said. 'Will you walk upstairs, please?

"He was chatting all the while that he preceded me up the broad staircase in a voice that certainly did not show any anxiety. As he led the way into a room on the first floor at the back and placed the lamp on the table. I glanced around the place quickly, exsecting to see some sign of the person I had come to attend.

"The room was comfortably, almost handsomely, furnished as a sittingroom and contained a cheerful-looking fire before which two armchairs were drawn up, with a small table between them, containing two glasses, a bottle of whisky and a siphon of soda water. besides a box of cigars. But there was no sign of a patient.

"Take your great coat off and sit down,' said the old gentleman; 'you can put your things on the table. suppose you will not object to a glass of Scotch and a cheroot? I can recommend the cheroots.

"He had seated himself in one of the armchairs as he spoke and was filling

" 'Pardon me,' I said, in considerable astonishment, 'but had I not better see the nationt before I do anything else? He looked up, as if surprised at my suggestion

'Oh, I am the patient,' he said. plandly.

"I started in greater surprise than ever, for he looked quite a picture of health, and he smiled good-naturedly. If you will alt down I will tell you

wint is the matter with me,' he said as placidly as before. 'I do not like to see a man standing while I am sitting. and if you do not take your coat off you catch cold when you go out again. You doctors never use your knowledge take care of yourselves. That is ter'as I obeyed wonderingly.

f am a victim of insomnia,' be went after I had taken the other armnair; 'I suffer terribly. You cannot If what it is to stay awake all night og while the rest of the world is lesp., Not a soul to speak to, the one ing person in a city of dead. I think at it will send me med some day."

"Too, it is a great affliction." I said.

Too, it is a great affliction, I said, tip, not a little chagrined that I been summened at that time of night constitution which could have old at any time, but it can be a time with beatthy living." Their dean not bely me to-night," soothing." "I was getting desperately sleepy myself, and more than ever anxious to suc-

" 'I must not forget your fee,' he

said as he lay back again at full length on the couch. 'Please go on. It is very

ceed and get away. "This won't do,' he said quite anxlously. 'If I go to sleep how on earth

shall I know what I owe you? "'You can trust that to me.' I said. shortly, and continued the reading again, with what seemed like complete success, till at 2 o'clock my patient jumped up as lively as ever to present

me with my fourth fee. "The want of success made me desperate, and I was already regretting deeply the promise which prevented me leaving the old gentleman to his fate, and getting home, when another thought suggested itself to me.

"The sleeping draught which he had refused was lying on the table before me. He admitted having taken large quantities of every known drug, but this was a very strong one, and might affect him more than he expected, if I could get him to take it. He had refused so pointblank before that I did not ask his consent, but slipped it quietly into a glass while I was read-

Terhaps another glass of whisky will help you,' I said, filling it up; 'try drinking it straight off."

"It appeared to me to take effect very quickly, but I did not flatter myself on the point until my fee became due, when, finding that my patient did not stir. I rose softly, put on my hat and coat, and, turning down the lamp, felt my way downstairs in the dark, and let myself out of the house.

"As I walked home I told myself that I had secured a desirable patient, and already given him some reason to have faith in my powers. The four half-sovereigns jingled pleasantly in my pocket, and I had still time left to get a good sleep before it was necessary to begin the day's work.

"But rest was not for me yet awhile. As I opened my own door with a latchkey a single glance at the hall was sufficient to put another complexion on the case, and I strode rapidly through the house, to find that it had been ransacked from top to bottom.

"My old friend with the insomnia was simply the accomplice of a gang of burglars, who had taken this means of keeping me out of the way while his friends removed the greater part of my portable property. It seemed to me as if they must have taken it away in a furniture van.

"I hurried off at once to the neighboring police station, and the inspector in charge looked serious.

"It seems to me like the work of a gang that we have been hearing of for sometime, but that we can't get hold

"'Well, I think I can take you to a house where you will find one of the philanthrophist, but as a business man, | gang,' I said, and told him briefly of my whose chief inducement after all is to

"The policeman smiled a superior

"'He is one of the gang, without doubt, as well as the lad who brought his message, but you won't find him at | quite know yet. the house now. You will find that he he asked, looking at her very searchingly. has taken the room furnished for a you left the place."

" 'I have no doubt that was the plan,' I said, but I happened to give the gentleman a dose which, if he isn't as used to drugs as he pretended, will keep him asleep for a week."

'And did you find him?' "Yes, exactly as I left him. I had some trouble bringing him around. As we thought, he was a notorious criminal, and his arrest led to that of the whole gang, and-what was of more importance to me-the recovery of my furniture. It has often made me smile to think of my little sleeping draught effecting what the whole police force of the metropolis had been trying to do for months. I call it a triumph of medleine."-Chicago Chronicle.

Vankee Enterprise.

Among the letters which followed Emperor William to Sweden on the oceasion of his recent trip along the pic turesque coast and fjords of that country was a document bearing an American postmark. It was addressed to his majesty by a New York manufacturing firm. It seems that the writers had read in some American newspaper of a new lamp which had been tried in the presence of the Emperor at Berlin and had given the utmost satisfaction.

In the letter they stated that they were ignorant of the name and address of the manufacturers or inventor of the lamp and that, as they knew it had been experimented with before his majesty, they concluded to ask him to be good enough to furnish them with the name and address of the Berlin house in question, and at the same time to forward an inclosed letter.

The Emperor is reported to have been much amused by this bit of Yankee enterprise, and personally transmitted the letter to the Berlin firm.-Chicago Record.

How to Quiet Violent Horses. According to a recent discovery, it has been found that it is quite enough to touch the postrils of a horse, simply passing the fingers along the sides of his nose, to stop the activity of his sciousness in a measure. It is well known now that most of those men who succeed in quieting violent horses put their fingers to that part, and some times inside the nares. Merely touch ing these parts may produce the same effect; pressing hard has more effect.

Visitor-Life must be very mo us to you. Convict-Yes, sometimes Visitor-When does it seem most tire-some to you? Convict-Just now, for stance.-Philadelphia Record.



CHAPTER XVI

A day had passed—two—three—and Marsden had made no sign. Nora began to hope he was wise enough to preceive that it would not be for his own happiness to insist on marrying a girl who was so reluctant to be his wife.

After some consideration, she wrote a sensible, dignified letter to Lady Dorring ton, rebutting her accusations and assuring her that, so far from wishing to mar her brother's prospects by holding him to his engagement, she had earnestly begged

Christmas had gone by, to Bea's infinite disappointment, without the presence of her favorite, Marsden. There was a pause in the little drama of their lives! This interval was first broken by a few lines from Winton to Mrs. L'Estrange, in which he asked her to fix an bour when she could see him, as he was in town for a short time, and, if she adhered to her intention of returning to Brookdale early in January, it would be his only oppor tunity of wishing her good-by, as he hoped to complete his business and sail for India the end of the month.

Nora accepted this note as notice to be out of the way, and felt truly grateful to Winton for sparing her the pain of an encounter.

Mrs. L'Estrange began to form some idea of the truth. Though she liked Mark Winton, she thought Marsden would be a more suitable husband for Nora. was bright and companionable, while Mark was older than his years, sobered too by a life of steady work and serious responsibility. Nora could not be so much attracted by a man too much in earnest for civil speeches or implied compliments, or any of the gallant trickery in which Marsden excelled—who differed from and argued with her as he would with a comrade of his own sex, and to crown all, had looks to boast of beyond a good figure and gentleman-like air.

However, she made out very little from

their tete-a-tete interview.

Winton looked worn and gaunt, but seemed very glad to see her, and to find her alone. He spoke freely enough of his own affairs, of the division he had made of his uncle's bequest with the deceased's grandchild, and of his own approaching departure, of herself and her little daughter, in even a kindlier tone than usual; but not until he rose to take leave, after refusing her invitation to dinner, did he mention Nora. Then he asked calmly -"And Miss L'Estrange; I hope she is

"Yes; very well." "And when does the wedding take

"I am not quite sure." "I thought it was fixed for the beginning of February? "Yes; that was talked of; but we do not

"Are you pleased with the marriage?" "Certainly, I am. It is a good marriage, from a worldly point of view; and then Clifford Marsden is so utterly devoted

that I think dear Nora's happiness is sure to be his first consideration. "It ought to be," very gravely. "But, Mrs. L'Estrange, Marsden's financial position ought to be looked into carefully before the marrige takes place. Mars den of Evesleigh sounds like a grand al-

liance, but he is a good deal dipped, of course, he may have cleared himself. Miss L'Estrange has no guardian, I believe?" No. Colonel L'Estrange, after mak ing many wills, which he destroyed, final ly died intestate; our good friend, Mr. Barton, the Colonel's solicitor, has man aged everything for us, and I have into the habit of looking on Lord Dorrington as an informal guardian; but he cannot, or will not, interfere now, because he, or rather Lady Dorrington, is so dis

pleased with the proposed marriage."
"Ha! I feared so. Lady Dorrington was, I think, anxious her brother should Mrs. Ruthven's fortune. This must be a source of annoyance to Nora-I mean Miss L'Estrange-who is, I sup pose, attached to Marsden; he is a sort of fellow to please a girl's fancy." was a tinge of bitterness in his tone. "Oh, yes, of course! But Nors is no

sentimentalist, you know!" "I do. She is something better. Well, good-morning, Mrs. L'Estrange."
"We shall see you again, though? You will not go without saying good-by to

Nora, and poor little Bea?" Winton hesitated. 'I should like to shake hands with Miss L'Estrange once more," he said slowly. "As to Bea, you must keep me posted up

in your own and her doings if you con sider me her informal guardian I shall be good, Mark." cried Mrs. L'Estrange, warmed out of formality. "But you are not going away forever! India is so accessible now; you can come to and fro,

"India is the best place for me," he interrupted, somewhat grimly. "There I have work to do; here there are no ties to keep me! I shall come and say good-by before I start." He shook hands cordial-

Mrs. L'Estrange hurried upstairs to report proceedings to Nora, who was pretending to read in her own room, wi she was fond of retiring, finding the restraint even of her step-mother's kindly presence irksome in her present overtaxed ondition of mind-consumed as she was heart and respiration, and to stop conn, and intolerable regret for what she had lost by mere misapprehension, or, worse still, the deliberate misleading. "And Mr. Winton is to leave so soon!"

she exclaimed, growing very white, as her step-mother ceased speaking. "Why does he hurry away?" "I cannot imagine! He seems anxious

to get back to his work, and to think there is no place for him in England." Nora was silent, and Mrs. L'Estrange continued to speak, repeating Winton's kind words, volunteering to be Bes's guar-dian. Buddenly she broke out, as if she had not heard what her step-mother had

"It is cruel of Olifford to keep me wait-

vill be five days to-morrow since be left And I cannot bear this horrible anxiety! Helen! Qught I to marry him when I have such doubts such reluc-tance? Am I weaker than other people,

and do it? Would Clifford really break his heart about me? What shall I do, Helen? Oh, what shall I do?" She burst into a passion of tears, which absolutely frightened her step-mother, to whom she had scarcely ever even in her childish days-displayed such strong

that I cannot see the right thing to do-

emotions. "Dear Nora," she cried, caressing her, "if it distresses you so dreadfully, do not marry Mr. Marsden! Better face the difficulty now than let yourself be indissolubly linked to a man you do not like though why you do not I cannot under-

There was a prolonged silence, while Nora's sobs subsided, and she gradually Nora's sobs subsides, site regained her self-possession.

At the Duchess of Ilminster's dower house there was not unmixed joy on the receipt of a carefully composed letter from Mrs. Ruthven, announcing her en-

gagement to Maraden.

Lady Dorrington could not make it out She was not so carried away by her eagerness for fresh betrothal as to lose sight of the probable injustice to Nora, whose proud, high-spirited letter had touched her and, more still, had inspired her with hopes that the mischief was not irrepara-She hastened with Mrs. Ruthven's epistle to Lord Dorrington.

"Well, my dear," said that sapient no bleman, when he had slowly perused it, that brother of yours is a clever fellow. How he manages to get rid of one woman and secure another in the twinkling of an eye is beyond me altogether. Mrs. Ruthven is wisely vague on the subject."

"Clifford's momentary engagement to Miss L'Estrange seems to have originated in misapprehension on all sides; and I feel assured that she, too, will see the wisdom of setting an unwilling fiance

"Perhaps so; but I doubt if Clifford ever undertook anything against his will, unless under pressure of some tremendous necessity; and what the necessity was for his marrying Nora L'Estrange I can-

not see. "Depend upon it, my lettter is at the root of this very prudent change of front," returned her ladyship. "I feel anxious about Nors, however. I think I had better run to town and see for myself how matters stand. You return to Chedworth to-morrow. I will explain to my aunt that I am compelled to go to town the same afternoon instead of remaining the

couple of days I promised." It followed, of course, that my lady earried out her plans, and, having had a short interview with Mrs. Ruthven and found her brother was still absent at Evesleigh, she dispatched a telegram to Mrs. L'Estrange, whom she wished to see

Mrs. L'Estrange had been out early, having walked with Bea and her governess to a music class which that lady attended, and doing some shopping

on her way back. The dignified master of the house having gone to dinner, the door was opened by the "slavery" of the establishment, and Mrs. L'Estrange found the telegram on

the drawing room table. As Nora was not there, and the message boded nothing pleasant, Mrs. L'Estrange went down-stairs at once, and meeting her own maid in the hall, she told her she was obliged to go out again,

in case Miss L'Estrange asked, and set forth to keep the appointment. The bell sounded more than once during the sacred hour of rest and refreshment, but the task of answering was left to the

neat little house maid, whose lot it was to serve more than one master. Nora meanwhile employed herself in her own room. She shrunk from meeting Winton alone, and he might come any day; so, while Helen was out she kept in

her special stronghold. She had been greatly disappointed that day. The morning post had brought her in an inaccessible place. nothing from Marsden; so, with a sinking heart, she had set herself to compose a

She had written "Dear Clifford," and sat looking at the words in a sort of despair as to how she would attack her terrible subject, when the servant of the house brought her a letter, at the sight of which her heart stood still; the writing was Marsden's.

'Has Mrs. L'Estrange come in?" she

"Yes'm, she is in the drawing room. Nora tore open the envelope and glanced at the contents before rushing to confide them to her step-mother.

"Nora," it began-"I think I see the re

lief in your eyes those sweet truthful eyes I love so well-when you read these words—I give you back your promise and set you free. There is that in you, I set you free. There is that in you, I know not what, which forbids me to sham generosity. I give you up, because I cannot help it. A tremendous necessity, a necessity I cannot explain, compels me. No words can express the agony of bitterness and humiliation it costs me to release you, for I love you as passionately as ever, as I did from the first, when you unconsciously cast a spell over me that has been my ruin. Yet it has been all my own fault. I do not blame you. If I were to write forever, I could say no more. You never loved me, but I should not the less have insisted on your keeping your promise to be my wife. Now I renonnce you, and hope never to see you again! You will give yourself to another, of course-I would rather know you were safe in your grave out of reach where one will ever love you so entirely, so in-tensely, as I do, though I curse the hour I first saw you. If it be possible you should ever regret me, I would break every law, every bond, to come to you. But this is madness! Yours still utterly yours.
"CLIFFORD MARSDEN."

In the first infinite relief of finding her self free, Nors did not quite take in the fierce despair of this strange letter. Her se was to rush with her great tidimpulse was to rush with her great tid-ings to Heien. She flew down stairs and into the drawing-room. Mrs. L'Estrange's arm-chair was in front of the fire and Nora just saw, as she thought, the dark line of her dress at one side, as if her feet were on the feeder.

"Oh, Helen! dear Heien! Clifford re-leases me. Thank God, I am free, quite

free!" she cried in joyous agil athon She had scarce uttered the words when a figure started up from the chair and Winton confronted her.

Nora stood still and dumb, the open leter in her hand, feeling dazed and belpless in the crushing confusion which had o suddenly overwhelmed her.

"Has Marsden then released you at your own request?" cried Winten, im-petuously, and coming forward quickly. forgetting in the supreme excitement of the moment all conventionality; while to Nora it seemed equally natural to answer with an emphatic "Yes, oh, yes! Where to Helen? I thought she was here?"

"So did I," returned Winton, recovering his self-possession and his reserve. called to-to say good-by, and I trust you will forgive my inopportune presence, my unguarded, and I fear very presumptuous, question. My sincere interest in in your

welfare must be my excuse "You are very kind, I— Oh, where is Helen? I must go and look for her." Before Wilmot could stop her, had he been so disposed, she had fied.

Winton gazed after her, an expression of hope and joy gradually lighting up his somber face. She was free by her own desire. Life might be worth sving yet? While he stood thinking, new and glowing views of much over which he had often puzzled suggesting themselves, the respectable Watson came in

"If you please, sir, Mrs. L'Estrange went out again, and Miss L'Estrange does

not know when she will return."

"Ah!—well, perhaps—" he hesitated.

He was dying for a few words with Nora, but it would be bad taste to intrude upon her now. "Perhaps," he continued, "I may find Mrs. L'Estrange at home tomorrow. I should not like to leave without bidding her good-by."

He had nothing for it but to take his

hat and depart. Nora, greatly surprised at Helen's absence, could not compose hetself to de anything. She wandered to and fro from room to room, sometimes sitting downto fall into vague reveries. She read and re-read Marsden's lettter; its passionate despair sobered and dismayed her. What could have happened to make him give her up so freely? She was deeply grieved for him. She strove to compose a letter to him in her mind, but could not command her ideas; all she could do-and she was ashamed of the pleasure she had in doing it-was to inclose the two rings Marsden had given her in a neat packet and address them to the giver later in

the evening she would write.
At last Mrs. L'Estrange returned, look-

ing pale and tired.
"Oh, Helen! Where—where have you been?" cried Nora, when her step-mother came into the room, now only partially lighted by the glow of a good fire.

"You will hardly guess!—I have been with Lady Dorrington." And she proceded to describe the telegram and her "I think Lady Dorrington is terribly

afraid you are breaking your heart. Nora She feels sure you have renounced Mr. Marsden in consequence of her letter, she is therefore quite pleased with you. But I have a wonderful piece of news. He has absolutely engaged himself to Mrs. Ruthven, and they are to be married

"Then that, in some way, accounts for this letter " said Nora, handing Clifford's letter to Mrs. L'Estrange, who read it with surprise and regret.

Many and varied were the conjectures of both as to what could possibly be the mysterious necessity which influenced Marsden; both coming, reluctantly, to the conclusion that money must be the root of the evil-which was certainly Nora's good.

(To be continued.)

THIS CLIMATE OF OURS.

There Is Never a Happy Medium Between Roasting and Freezing.

Well, perhaps that little drop of thirty degrees that came between Saturday and Sunday didn't cause a sensation! exclaims the New York Recorder. Who believed that it would ever be

cold again?

I know of one misguided woman who, with a red face and shedding perspiration at every pore, had staggered through the Saturday's heat piling up and salting down-as it were the winter clothes, and had, with the assistance of a hot handmald, carried them to the tiptop floor and put them all away

Then she crawled down, had the grates taken out of the rooms and sent down cellar; had the iron frames put in their places, and planned a little outof town trip with bubby for Sunday.

But when the cold awakening came on that morning this was what greeted her as she arose, shivering, from her

"Say, what have you done with my thick tweed suit?"

"Why, dearie, it's packed with camphor up in the attic. "For heaven's sake, don't tell me

that! Well, I must put on my winter underwear again, then." "Oh, I'm so sorry, but that's all packed away up there, too."

"Oh, of course. That's just like a WOMBD!" "Why, George, you told me yourself yesterday that we wouldn't have any

more cold weather!" "How could I have said such a thing. I'm not Dunn! Have a fire made in the

dining room, then." "But the grates are all packed away.

"Well, jumping jingo!" "There's only the fire in the kitchen

"Well, you don't expect me to go in there and sit in the dark, do you? Light the gas."

So the gas was lit, and kept lit pretty nearly all day, but it wasn't really comfortable, for gas does smell gassy, you know. And how they wished for a cilmate where there was a medium state between linen dusters and fur overconts.

in years agone when he had not The five-and-twenty cents. He watched the daily ball game through A knothole in the fence. He sits within the grand stand now And marvels much to know Why he sees not half of what he maw Through the knothole long age. —Detroit Tribune.