



A trust which has put more than one hundred millions into the pockets of its exploiters is that engaged in making thread. It has made money so fast that it has been enabled to close most of the factories outside its control and those which struggle along are keeping up because the managers hope the government will some day break this remorseless combine and punish the lawbreakers who are behind it.

QUEER STORIES

California has 3,500 artesian wells. The Bank of England employs 1,000 persons. The Saturday half holiday originated in England in the eleventh century.

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

HAVE WE BEEN UNJUST TO KOREA?

By H. B. Hulbert, Former Adviser Emperor of Korea. Japan will bear watching. Those not intimately and correctly informed as to the feeling in that country cannot appreciate the importance Japan attaches to itself.

dividual life, or perhaps it would be more frank to say the selfish life; for it is the belief of a very respectable minority that progress does not come by mass meetings, or societies, or organizations, but by homes, for which devoted and—yes—selfish families are contentedly working.

RURAL SCHOOL AS A SOCIAL CENTER

By President K. L. Butterfield, Massachusetts Agricultural College. The school must offer vocational training. This does not mean that every school shall be a trade school. It does not even mean that the school shall aim specifically to teach trades.

DEVELOP HOME SPIRIT.

By Juliet V. Strauss. The individuality of the home is a thing in regard to which it pays to be selfish. There is a certain spirit that dwells in quiet rooms, which, when once driven away, will never return.

THE EDUCATED MAN WINS.

By King Edward VII. The competition in every branch of industry, especially in those branches which depend largely on science and art, is in these days severe, and it must be met by increased application and improved methods.

ONIONS AND EGGS JOIN UNION.

Tomatoes and Pears Likewise Affiliated—All Must Bear Label. Garden truck bearing union labels is the latest thing proposed in Newburg, N. Y.

BEST RIFLE SHOT IN THE ARMY.



SERGEANT N. A. BERG. POLICEMAN C. J. L. SUNDBERG. Signal honor has come to Sergeant N. A. Berg, company E, Second Washington Infantry, of North Yakima, Wash.

EVERYTHING FRESH.

Nothing ever daunted the agent for Henderson's Handy Hen's Nest, but it was unusual for him to meet with such a general welcome as was bestowed on him by Mr. Eben Saunders when he was wakened from his afternoon doze on the piazza by a loud cough.

Earth Wobbling at Its Poles.

"That this great spinning top on which we dwell is wobbling upon its axis and that the North Pole is constantly shifting its position, are facts proved by an elaborate series of investigations now being made in various parts of the world."

The Nation of Shopkeepers.

Napoleon must have been right after all. We are a nation of shopkeepers. There is nothing in the shop we are not ready to sell at a price, says the London Saturday Review.

They Eat, Drink, Sleep and Breathe in an Atmosphere of Omens.

Hindooes eat, drink, sleep and breathe in an atmosphere of superstition. There is not a single action in every day life that does not savor of good or bad luck.

Impossible!

"Impossible!" Beverley's voice sounded like a knife and she shrank back. "Dr. Thorngate has forbidden your aunt to assist you in the very smallest degree," Audrey added, feeling she longed for some one she knew to be near her.

Matrimony makes a man awfully restless.

Matrimony makes a man awfully restless a little while before and far after. But seeing you were, I can give

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Thorngate caught at the girl's hand and would have spoken, but Audrey swiftly loosened her hold, gave her one smile, and then was gone, leaving only the fragrant scent of her garments and the divine elements of peace and gratitude behind her.

Quickly as she walked, Audrey was some time before she reached Craiglands. She turned to the stables first, and gave orders that her small brougham should be prepared at once. Then she quickly entered the house and went to her own room.

Eliza repeated the message, while she had been given and Jean's face fell, while something of alarm came into her expression. "Can she know, and have gone away to escape?" Her murmur was unfinished, for as she came out of the room an eager hand caught hers and an almost choked voice muttered:

"Well, does she know my darling?" "Audrey has gone out again, Lord Iverne. Her maid says she has this instant gone out. I—I don't understand." "Jack's hand dropped from his hold.

"I do," he said, with a bitterness passing all words. "She has heard of my sudden arrival, and she shall hear me! I will follow. She cannot have gone far. Forgive me, Miss Thwait, if I am rude or unkind, but my case is desperate. How do we know she is not running away again? No! I must not stay here waiting; I must follow her, and I will!"

"Which way did her ladyship go?" he asked Martin, curly. "I heard her say to the edge of the Dingwood grove, my lord, and then to wait for her there."

Martin looked troubled; he did not know what to make of all that had happened of late. Jack pushed his hat over his eyes, and without another word strode out into the snow and darkness. His brain was reeling; he scarcely knew what thoughts fled through his mind, save that beyond, in the distance, was Audrey, his lovely girl-wife, whom for a brief time he had doubted, but who now shone forth with even stronger rays as a jewel above price.

CHAPTER XXX. Audrey waited a moment. Now that she had come, she felt slightly nervous; but it was only for an instant. Away in the dim light she saw a man's form; she raised her voice. "Mr. Rochford!" she called in her clear, silvery tones, and at the sound Jack started, and cold beads of perspiration burst out on his brow.

"Who is there?" Beverley called, sharply; then he drew a step nearer. "Lady Iverne, can I believe my eyes, is it really you? To what good fairy do I owe this great happiness, this unexpected delight?" Audrey shivered. She began to speak hurriedly.

"Mr. Rochford," she said, and against herself her voice would quiver, "this afternoon I was with your aunt, Mrs. Thorngate. I found her in great distress of mind about you. It pained me to see one who is my true friend suffering so much. I urged her to let me help her, and at last she gave way, and told me all that was on her mind—how you are in trouble, and how she finds it impossible to help you."

A man is foolish to go round looking for trouble unless he is strenuous enough to take a fall out of it.

But seeing you were, I can give