CHAPTER XXIX. Mrs. Thorngate caught at the girl's hand and would have spoken, but Au-drey swiftly loosened her hold, gave her one smile, and then was gone, leaving only the fragrant scent of her garments 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 quietly entered the house and went to her own Eliza was there, arranging her simple dinner toilet. Audrey told her

she was going out again at once.
"Tell Miss Thwait not to be alarmed: I shall be home in an hour," she said. Her sight was blurred and misty as opened her jewel case and took out a packet of notes-bank notes forwarded to her by Mr. Sampson duly according to

Jack's written orders, and never touched. Audrew secured the notes in an envel ope, put them into her muff and, leaving her room, went very quietly down the way she had come, just as Jean, her cheeks flushed as with some exceeding and great joy, ran once more into Audrey's chamber to find her and bid her come

down as soon as possible. Eliza repeated the message she had been given and Jean's face fell, while something of alarm came into her ex-

"Can she know, and have gone away to escape " Her murmur was unfin-ished, 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 its hold. "I do," he said, with a bitterness passing all words. "She has heard of my sud den arrival, and she has gone away to avoid me. Will she never forgive me?" "Oh, this is nonsense! You are nerv--" Jean was beginning, when Jack stood in her path. broke in fiercely:

But she shall not go. She is my wife, ound to me by her own words and vow. I have wronged her, but I have repented, heaven knows! She shall hear me! I will follow. She cannot have gone far. Forgive me, Miss Thwalt, 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 prat ing; I must follow her, and I will!" He turned away, but looked back, implor-"Keep my mother in ignorance till for her answer. It came swiftly. -till you hear from me."

Jean had no time to utter protest or remark, for he was gone. Down the tation, longing and apprehension, and

"Which way did her ladyship go?" he asked Martin, curtly.

pened 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 shoughts filled his mind, save that beyond, in the dis tance, 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. would not see him! She shun ped him! She would not forgive.

The brougham rolled slowly on; the man stole rapidly behind it. At last they reached a spot Mrs. Thorngate had escribed to Audrey as Rochfort's hiding place. Audrey stopped the carriage and

Jack's heart throbbed with love and gitation as he caught a glimpse of her vely face beneath the light of a lamp. he was speaking to the coachman, but turned and walked into the grounds, her; a sense of uneasiness came upon What was she doing here? She ed a path Mrs. Thorngate had spoken of. Here she stopped. Jack stood from her, but he had drawn into the shade, and could not be seen.

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 ; raised her voice.

"Mr. Rochfort!" she called in her clear silvery tones, and at the sound Jack started, and cold beads of perspiration burst out on his brow. In his agony a groan had all but escaped him, but he linched his hands and forced it back. Once again rang out the sweet, clear calling the name that was the detestable to her miserable husband's cars.

There was a pause, then a form dres nearer, and Jack's aching eyes discovered the slender, graceful figure of Beverley

"Who is there?" Beverley called, sharp ly; 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

"Mr. Rochfort," she said, and against therself her voice would quiver, "this afternoon I was with your aunt, Mrs. I found her in great distress of mind about you. It pained me to see one who is my true friend suffering so I arged 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 impossi-

ble to help you." 'Impossible?" Beverley's voice sounded like a knife, it was so sharp and hard.

aunt to assist you in the very smallest degree," Audrey added, feeling she longed for some one she knew to be near her. Otherwise Mrs. Thorngate would have u here with the money you require ; that you know better than I can tell

she sends her ladyship, the beautiful Marchioness of Iverne, to make her excuses," broke in Beyerley, "Your ladyship is too kind. My aunt will be a happier woman when she reads of my death in the papers, for I wars you sooner than suffer the degradation and horror of prison life I will kill myself! And this is Christian

"You are most unjust to Mrs. Thorngate," Audrey answered, as calmly as she could. "If you had seen her as I have seen her this afternoon you would not dare to speak like this."

"You are a generous friend, Lady Iverne; but, you see, the thought of my aunt's great mental distress does not altogether help me just now."

Audrey drew out the envelope from her muff. "But these bank notes may," she said,

with a contempt in her voice Jack had never heard before. Beverley grasped the envelope. In an instant he had torn it open and held them close to his eyes to scan them in the dim light. "One, two, three, four, five-yes, five hundred! I am saved!" His hands clos-

ed over the notes. "Saved! Yes, and by you-you, the woman I love with all my Jack half started forward, but he was

not quicker than Audrey in her movement of horror. With a gesture of contempt and pride she struck aside his outstretched hand. "Do you think I bring you this money

to save you?" she asked in hurried tones; you, the worst, the greatest enemy I have in the world! No, no; I have done what I have done for love and pity for one whose heart is breaking through you whose whole life has been one sacrifice for you, who-

Beverley interrupted her with his soft, ow laugh. Her contempt lashed him

into a state of fury. "And does Lady Iverne think that the world will look upon her actions in the same light as she does? What will be said when it is known that you, a young, lovely woman, came here alone at nightfall to provide me with money to escape a prison cell, ch?"

"I do not fear the world, Mr. Rochfort. I have done what I have done for the motives I have given. Let what will be said, be said; my conscience is clear. I have no more to say," she said, haughtily; but Beverley moved forward and

"And do you think I am going to part with you like this, after all these weary, horrible months? Say what you like to the world, Audrey, act what part you will, but I know the truth. You have come here to-night to save me, not because of my Aunt Agatha, but because you love me, and-

Jack's heart was beating so furiously it almost choked him; but he did not in terfere yet. He felt that Audrey would defend herself. He waited breathlessly

"And you call yourself a man? You. who insult a defenseless woman, who work against a woman in a mean, understairs, three at a time, as he used to hand way that would shame the lowest race in his boyish days, Jack rushed, of earthly creatures! Love you! You! his bronzed, handsome face pale with agi- Why, if there were not another living soul in the world, if my very life depend as he came to the entrance he caught a ed on it, I would still give the same reply. gleam of carriage lamps disappearing in Love you! I hate, despise, condemn the distance. you speak again. When I remember all you have done to my happiness, I-I "I heard her say to the edge of the could almost curse you! Love you"-Dinglewood grounds, my lord, and then how bitter and strong the girl's voice to wait for her there." wait for her there." was—"when my very soul is full of love Martin looked troubled; he did not for one whose shoes you are not worthy to touch, one who is a man of honor, upright and pure as the sun. There is no place for any one but my husband in my heart-the husband whom you have worked to rob me of-you and Shella Fraser! Don't speak to me again! Don't touch me! I am not the simple, foolish girl I was; I am a woman with a woman's heart, a woman's pride, a woman's love; and my misery, which you have caused, is sometimes greater than I can bear. Let me pass, Beverley Rochfort Go into the world and say what evil you like of me; I am content if I am only

> never meet you again Beverley broke in swiftly. His voice was soft but dangerous. "Your words sting, but they do not spoil your lips; those lovely lips, which are mine by right! Let you pass! No. Audrey, I will do nothing of the sort! We are here alone, and we do not part until I have clasped your proud heart to mine, and taken from your lips the kisses I claim. Poor, foolish, fluttering child, what use to struggle? You are in my

free from you, and I pray heaven I may

power now, and—"
"And you are in mine!" shouted Jack,
rushing forward, and with one blow felling the coward to the ground.

Audrey staggered; her lips tried to pen, but no sound came. The next minite she was clasped in somebody's arms. "Jack! Is it really you, Jack?" murmured.

Jack's lips assured her that it was n nyth. How he kissed her-eyes, hair, brow, cheek, lips—as though he would never tire. Then a glance at that form lying on the ground recalled him to the present.

"Come," he said, gently; "come, my darling! My pretty, brave, noble, good little wife!" As in a dream Audrey felt herself led sway to where the carriage lamps gleam-

Jack lifted her in and shut the door. "I will be back in a moment," ae said, his voice deep with passionate love. "Take care; oh, take care!" Audrey

nurmured, and he gave her a smile of re-

ssurance before he turned away. "The cur has gone!" he said in tone of the heartiest contempt when he returned. "Not a trace of him anywhere. Drive straight home, Donald," he said to the man, and then, as they were shut ir alone, he simply gathered Audrey into his arms and held her in silence to his heart.

"Home and happiness!" he said, at last. "Dear little wife, am I forgiven?" "Oh, hush!" Audrey's hand went up, to his lips. "It is I who should ask that, my darling, I--"

"We will ask nothing, seek for nothing, now we are alone and together again." And then his arms clung close about the slender, graceful form; his lips were pressed to the delicate, flower-like face, and to both these young, troubled hearts peace and joy came, with their golden fingers, to heal all the wounds that renained from the bitterness of the past.

(The End.) Hopeless Case. Eliyth-What makes you think Jack sn't going to give you a birthday pres-

Mayme-Because to-morrow will be my birthday, and he still has his watch.

M Was Made Up. face is my fortune, sir."

"Aren't you afraid of being area for counterfeiting?" he queried.

PAPERS 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. Japan is flushed with pride over her achieve-

ments against Russia. She believes she can do anything. She doubts not an instant that the other powers, even the United States, are afraid of her. She thinks she has accomplished in forty years in the way of civilization what it took us 1,000 years to achieve. Her vanity is fearful to observe.

Napoleon Bonaparte was the personification of the present feeling in Japan. Like him, she took advantage of an enemy's weakness and was successful in it. Intoxicated by that early success, she firmly believes there is no limit to her power.

But it should be distinctly understood now that the time is coming when the powers will have to unite, as they did against Napoleon, to check Japan's rapaclous career and give her her proper place among nations.

History will write this country's part in the spoliation of Korea by Japan in terms of which we will not be proud. There is no question that at Portsmouth Japan was offered a free hand in Korea in exchange for the waiver of indemnity from Russia. This comes from

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. Too many strange faces will drive her away, too much absence will banish her.

Once you have lost her-the sweet home spirit-nowhere in pleasures and palaces will you find her again. But she will haunt you, and in the long years, when pleasure no longer allures, when ambition is dead, and the baubles of life for which you left her have vanished in thin air, you will see her mocking shadow, but never again feel her soft caress, as you used to know it in quiet days by the old home fire-

No earthly pleasure is so genuine as home; yet it is reproach in these days of false pleasures to be a "home body." In this respect the people of old Virginia were the most enviable in the world. Though visiting was a matter of dally occurrence, home was the passion of every Virginian's heart.

Home might be a tumbledown house, floors might be bare, and every evidence of departed glory greet the eyes of the newcomer, but he never heard an apology for the absence of any essential to comfort, nor an intimation that the home of his friend might be improved from a worldly point of view. The hateur with which such a suggestion would have been received would have wilted the most aggressive advocate of progress.

And truly when one sat at the fireside of these people. and saw the self-satisfied countenances of the old folks at home and heard their intelligent converse, he was constrained to admire and envy the spirit of pride in which the Virginia gentleman's family believed in themselves, in their home and their surroundings, and would not have changed them for a kingdom,

ONIONS AND EGGS JOIN UNION.

ated-All Must Bear Label.

Garden truck bearing union labels

is the latest thing proposed in New-

burg, N. Y. Farmers in that vicinity

have organized and asked for affiliation

with the Central Labor Union, says the

The only rock in the path of the

brand-new idea is whether a union

label can be affixed to vegetables. If

farmers can overcome this difficulty

they will be welcomed by the labor

unions and walking delegates will in-

clude kitchen inspection among their

The farmers recently met at Sears-

ville and formed the Orange County

Union. Their idea is to cut out the

middleman's profits and sell directly to

consumers. For some years exactions

by commission merchants have grown

and profits to tillers of the soil have

been cut. The plan is to form a com-

pany composed exclusively of members

of the union to operate a large ex-

change in Newburg and deal directly

with the people, selling union potatoes,

tomatoes, cabbage and garden truck of

all kinds slightly below present non-

union prices. To secure co-operation of

the labor interests the farmers have

asked to Join the Central Labor Union.

Union men in Newburg are enthusias-

tic over the project and say they will

need no compulsion to purchase union

vegetables if the prices are lower. . It

is acknowledged, however, that the

question of how to place union labels

on goods is perplexing, and unless solv-

ed may keep the farmers outside the

It is maintained by some persons that

every vegetable must be stamped.

Thereupon critics ask how it will be

possible to label ripe tomatoes without

squashing them. Others say it will not

do merely to label pea pods, but that

each separate pea must receive its cer-

tificate of character. This would also

create work for the unemployed. Then

there has arisen the problem of how

When it comes to eggs, some of the

labor men say it may be necessary to

include hens in the union. If this be

done the question of keeping them from

working overtime and the matter of

Hmiting their output will have to be

The Nation of Shopkeepers.

after all. We are a nation of shop-

keepers. There is nothing in the shor

we are not ready to sell at a price.

says the London Saturday Review.

We would no doubt sell the Great Seal

if we could get a good enough offer

from Mr. Plerpont Morgan, Shak-

speare follos, first editions of Walton,

the portraits of Reynolds, of Rom-

ney-these and any other national

helrlooms, only given a fat enough

offer, we are happy to part with to

any foreign nation that has the taste

and money to buy them. We can put

them up as coolly as Charles Surface

A man is foolish to go round look-

ing for trouble unless he is strenuous

ough to take a fall out of it.

did his forbears.

Napoleon must have been right

succotash can be labeled.

solved.

breastworks of organized labor.

New York World.

duties.

ntoes and Pens Likewise Affili-

Let us, then, again suggest the exaltation of the in-

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. A home is about all that one woman can care for. One family is a fair amount of responsibility for one man. The more you mix outside interests with the interests of the home, the more you destroy domesticity. Home makes good soldiers, good lawmakers, good citizens. The vagrant life of those who merely eat and sleep at home, whose lives are full of petty social or political interests, is not calculated to insure a stable, sturdy race of people in coming generations,

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. It does mean, however, that we will come to realize that the schools, in preparing the pupils for complete living, must bear in mind the fact that vocation is a large part of

Consequently vocational training in its broadest possible aspects must be one of the largest phases of school activity. This may not mean the introduction of elementary agriculture into all the rural schools, but it will mean the utilization of agricultural material in the training of the pupil, so that if he enters the agricultural vocation he will be adequately prepared for it.

The school must also develop the spirit of social or community service. I know of nothing better in this line than the plan used in Maine of organizing school improvement leagues,

It is desirable also for the school to become a social center, or at least one of the social centers, of the neighborhood. The school ought to play a large part in the life of the mature people of the community; and it may well act as a rallying center for the educational interests of adults as well as of children.

The school must definitely co-operate with other institutions of the community, such as the church, the grange, improvement societies, library, etc. In this connection there should be frequent joint meetings of teachers and school patrons for the discussion both of school topics and of subjects of general community interest.

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. The world is, I believe, better for such competition, but it behooves individual nations to use every possible effort to hold their own in the struggle.

For this purpose higher education is an absolute necessity. However brilliant a man's natural talents may be, he is greatly hindered by the want of early training, and as a rule only those who have enjoyed a good education are capable of acquiring such proficiency in any branch of study as will enable them to

BEST RIFLE SHOT IN THE ARMY.



SERGT. N. A. BERG. POLICEMAN C. J. L. SUNDBERG. Signal honor has come to Sergeant N. A. Berg, company E, Second Washington infantry, of North Yakims, Wash. Berg, after a brilliant contest, won the President's match at the great national tournament, defeating the best military rifle shots in the United States. In addition, he got the best skirmish score in the President's match, taking seventh prize as well as first, in the aggregate. He is also a member of the team that won the national regimental

skirmish match. Berg is a farmer and prefers bull's-eye shooting to wild game hunting. He entered the national shoots three years ago and made the first team from Washington his first year out. Berg will receive a handsome decoration and an autograph letter from President Roosevelt for his skill.

Policeman C. J. L. Sundberg, of Jamestown, N. Y., set a new world's record with a police revolver, scoring 4,600 out of a possible 5,000 at 50 yards. .

EVERYTHING FRESH.

Nothing ever daunted the agent for him by Mr. Eben Saunders when he appeared to be." was wakened from his afternoon doze on the plazza by a loud cough,

The cough was close to his ear, but as soon as it had done its work the agent for Henderson's Handy Hen's Nest seated himself in a comfortable rocking-chair at a little distance from his victim.

"Fine day!" he said in a loud tone, surprised at the slow smile which overspread the face of his host, "Prime!" said Mr. Saunders, unction. "I never saw a better."

"Never knew anything much fresher than the air you get up on this hill," continued the agent, as he swung one of the Handy Hen's Nests into view. "We got most every fresh up here." said Mr. Saunders, tranquilly,

there's paint-what's on that chair you plumped down into in such a hurry isn't more than three hours old, if it's that. You'd 've noticed it if you hadn't been in consid'able haste, but 1 wouldn't try to get out of it too quick, young man, you're liable to tear your clothes.

"'Twould be better," said Mr. Saunders, mildly, as the agent for Henderson's Handy Hen's Nest at last detached himself from the rocking-chair, time. But seeing you were, I can give ever after.

you some of a mixture that another young man left here one day that he told mother and me would remove fresh paint and leave the goods. Mother and I've never had occasion to try it, but I should like to see it work, and I don't Henderson's Handy Hen's Nest, but it know when I might have another was unusual for him to meet with such | chance, folks round here not being, as genial welcome as was bestowed on a rule, in quite such a hurry as you

Earth Wobbling at Its Poles.

"That this great spinning top on which we dwell is wobbling upon its stantly shifting its position, are facts proved by an elaborate series of investigations now being made in various parts of the world." So writes John Elfreth Walkins in the Technical World Magazine. "The longest series of systematic observations contributing data to such a conclusion have been made ceaselessly since July, 1903, at the Naval Observatory, Washington. For research along the same lines there has more lately been established about the earth a chain of stations located at Gaithersburg, Maryland, Cincinnati, Ohio; Ukiah, California; Mizusawa, Japan; Tschardjul, Turkestan; and Sharloforte, Italy. In each of this series of observatories is mounted a zenith telescope' used for timing the passage of stars across the great arch of the heavens. At the Naval Observatory the research is conducted by aid of a 'prime vertical transit,' the only one in use in the Western Hemisphere."

Matrimony makes a man awfully. "not to be in quite such a hurry next restless a little while before and for

while but half awake, the Hindoo repeats the name of Rama several times. He prepares for his morning toilet. He plucks a twig from a tree, breaks off a span length of it, crushes one end between his teeth and extemporizes a toothbrush. He next draws up water from a well in the yard with an iron bucket and prepares to wash his hands and face. This is quickly done. He The Saturday half holiday originated next throws on an extra garment, the thickness and texture depending on the season, lights his hooka, takes a few

DTICS OF THE THREAD TRUST.

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 manugers hope the

government will some day break this remorseless combine and punish the

It cost a great deal to crush the little fellows and this charge has been levied

upon the housewives who buy this indispensable article of dress. The tactics

of John D. Rockefeller, making a big gift to a public institution and then

increasing the price of oil to make good the outlay, have not been followed

by the thread contingent. They make the consumer pay the cost of forcing

out of business those who would not accept their impossible terms and no gift

is made to placate the public. With the field won after this fashion, the

thread nabobs are carrying things with a high hand. Last year their profits

rose to \$32,000,000 or over 60 per cent on their watered stock. This year they

several months ago. Not so now. Six cents is the least that a spool of thread

may be bought for, and in some stores the price has been 7 cents, and now the

edict has gone forth that thread is to cost 10 cents a spool. The reason is

that the trust suddenly discovered that cotton and labor and wool have in-

they are not getting enough money. The immense dividend paid last year is

not enough for these moguls, and, in consequence, millions of women in the

country, with aching backs and bursting eyes, bending over sewing machines

and working perhaps by dim light until late in the night, are contributing to

fear that the ruling of the government against trusts may interfere with their

huge profits and they are seeing to it that the public are squeezed to the

limit before the law designed to punish those engaged in the restraint of trade

All over the United States cotton thread sold at from 4 to 5 cents a spool

The women pay the freight when stockholders of the thread trust think

In the opinion of the Utica Globe, the managers of the thread combine

As the trust squeezed its rivals to the wall it raised the price of thread.

lawbreakers who are behind it.

will do many millions better.

California has 3,500 artesian wells.

in England in the eleventh century.

The Bank of England employs 1,000

Four-fifths of the commerce of east-

lars a year would be saved if electricity

The Bank of France holds a reserve

of \$86,000,000 in gold, which is more

than any other bank in the world has.

The mole is one of the greedlest of

the animal kingdom. It will die of

starvation if deprived of food for twen-

A 550-mile oil pipe-line from the

Baku district of the Black Sea has re-

contly been completed. Its yearly ca-

The oldest coin in the world is in

All that remains of the great royal

library at Nineveh, founded by Assur-

great Assyrian kings, is now in the

It is estimated by the head of one

roads are of fifteen different gauges,

from 18 inches to 30% inches. The

It takes four years to train a lion

mal in four is available for training.

A few accomplishments increases the

SUPERSTITIOUS HINDOOS.

in an Atmosphere of Omens.

in an atmosphere of superstition.

There is not a single action in every

day life that does not savor of good or

bad luck. They must be continually

on their guard, either to propitiate a

The Hindoos are early risers. In

the warm season-extending from

April to October-they sleep either

upon the housetop or in the courtyard.

or in the veranda if rain should be

threatening, and are usually up at 5

In the cold weather, when they sleep

within doors, they rise later, but they

o'clock or earlier in the morning.

Hindoos eat, drink, sleep and breathe

animal's value five fold.

mixed with silver, and probably be-

longs to the seventh century B. C.

pacity is 400,000,000 gallons.

ern Europe is carried on the Danube.

The ratio there is 980 in 1,000.

was to supplant steam entirely.

this dividend.

is enforced

worther.

ty-four hours.

British Museum.

ettes.

creased in cost, and also that-it needs the money.

pulls with his euphonious, bubble-bub-It is said that out of Brazil's navy ble, and is ready to go out. of forty-five vessels only five are sea With a passing "Rama, rama!" to friend or acquaintance and a neigh-Japan is one of the few countries borly gossip by the way, he repairs to his place of business. While going he where the men outnumber the women. will sedulously avoid those signs and sounds which may augur ill for the Two hundred and fifty million dol-

Should one sneeze, or should he hear the cawing of a crow or the cry of a kite, or should he meet an old man, or one blind or lame, or see a cat cross his path, he would be greatly distressed as to the day before him. On the other hand, if a fox crosses his path. If he hears a gong or shell summoning him to worship, or if he meets a Brahman with his head uncovered, he would rejoice, hailing it as auspicious. Some are so superstitious that if any evil portent occurs on the way they return home, have a smoke or chew a betel

the British Museum. It is of gold leaf, and proceed afresh, Worse than Before.

A man with that peculiarly agonizing expression which indicates corns came bouncing through the gates at banipal (668-625 B. C.), the last of the the Broad street station not long ago and caught the rear platform of the through express for the south just as it began to gather headway. He of the large tobacco establishments of limped into the car and dropped into a New York that at least \$5,000 worth seat,

of tobacco is daily thrown away in the "Oh, Lord!" he groaned, and commenced tugging at a shoe, "You'll city in unconsumed cigars and cigarhave to excuse me," he continued to According to the census of the Board the rightful occupant of that particular section, "but I've just got to get of Health, Manila has 11,022 houses of strong material, 15,142 of light materi- these tight shoes off. I just had time at and 3.311 of mixed material, a total to rush into a store on my way to the of 29,745 houses. The population is station and get another pair-didn't 223,542, says the Manila Daily Bullehave time to try them on, but I wear only sevens, and I told the clerk I wanted tens." In Hungary the narrow gauge rail-

By this time two glaring white socks were exposed to view. With a sigh of relief the man hurled the despised government has now decreed that henceforth such railroads may be built tight shoes out of the car window and axis and that the North Pole is con- of only two gauges, 271/2 inches and 30 reached for the box containing the new ones.

"Great Scott!" he gasped as he for exhibition work, but only one aniviewed his purchase, "that idiot has given me tens, children's size!"-Philadelphia Ledger.

The Umbrella.

"Where's the umbrella I lent you yesterday?" "Jones borrowed it. Why?"

"Oh, nothing; only the fellow I borrowed it of says the owner has been asking for It." Plenty of Practice.

met your friend Dubley to-day." "Yes? I haven't seen him for a long time. I suppose he stutters as badly as

bad spirit or return thanks to a good ever?" "Oh, no! He's quite an adept at now."-Philadelphia Press.

When children are telling each other conundrums, the one who guesses the answer is always accused of having heard it before.

Nothing makes a farmer quite so mad as to hear there was a good rain in town and none in the country, where are out before 7. Rising in the morning it is needed so much mo-