



Cement Talk No. 2

Portland Cement does not come from Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, and it was not first made at either of these places. It is called Portland because it was given this name by the Englishman who first made it. He called it Portland because he thought it resembled certain natural deposits on the Isle of Portland in England.

UNIVERSAL PORTLAND CEMENT CO. CHICAGO, ILL. NORTHWESTERS OFFICE, MISSISSAUGA, CANADA. ANNUAL OUTPUT 10,000,000 BARRELS

MISUNDERSTOOD HER.



Mrs. Reeder (making a call)—And does your husband interest himself in books? Mrs. Neuriche—No. Hiram keeps three bookkeepers.

Avoid Disputation. The disputatious person never makes a good friend. In friendship, men look for peace and concord and some measure of content. There are enough battles to fight outside, enough jarring and jostling in the street, enough disputing in the market place, enough discord in the workaday world, without having to look for contention in the realm of the inner life also.

Short Duration. "Plimply is afraid to ask old Mr. Plunker for his daughter's hand." "Why, Plimply told me yesterday he stood in with the old gentleman."

Why, Willie! Sunday School Teacher—Yes, Willie, the Lord loves every living creature. Willie—I'll bet he was never stung by a wasp!—Puck.

An Experiment. Nurse—What is the matter? Johnny—The baby is a fake; I threw him on the floor, and he didn't bounce a bit.

Firmness is feminine and obstinacy is masculine—so says a woman.

GET POWER. The Supply Comes From Food. If we get power from food why not strive to get all the power we can. That is only possible by use of skillfully selected food that exactly fits the requirements of the body.

Poor fuel makes a poor fire and a poor fire is not a good steam producer. "From not knowing how to select the right food to fit my needs, I suffered grievously for a long time from stomach troubles," writes a lady from a little town in Missouri. "It seemed as if I could never be able to find out the sort of food that was best for me hardly anything that I could eat would stay on my stomach. Every attempt gave me heartburn and filled my stomach with gas. I got thinner and thinner until I literally became a living skeleton, and in time was compelled to keep to my bed. A few months ago I was persuaded to try Grape-Nuts food, and it had such good effect from the very beginning that I have kept up its use ever since. I was surprised at the ease with which I digested it. It proved to be just what I needed.

"All my unpleasant symptoms, the heartburn, the inflated feeling which gave me so much pain disappeared. My weight gradually increased from 98 to 116 pounds, my figure rounded out, my strength came back, and I am now able to do my housework and enjoy it. Grape-Nuts food did it." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

A ten days' trial will show anyone some facts about food. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

THE SILVER JAW. By BERNARD MEER

(Copyright, 1910 by Joseph B. Dowling)

It was all so new and beautiful that he found himself talking with unconstrained and impersonal interest to the head nurse and to two or three of the cadet nurses in the hospital about the operation they were going to perform upon him that very day.

The nurses in their neat little uniforms of blue and white stripes, the head nurse in her spotless all-white, the resident doctor in his shining white trowsers and jacket, the plainly-dressed women who visited the hospital, and to whom, in spite of their simple attire and manners, everybody seemed to pay such respect and attention, and the superintendent of the hospital himself, who had come up to see Bill three or four times the day before, while Bill was "resting up" for the operation, were all so nice and kind to him that he almost forgot it altogether were it not for the fact that he missed his regular breakfast.

Over at the old homestead in Connecticut Bill had always imagined that a hospital in the big city was a dark and dismal den in which a man was stung in a wet blanket on the floor and let stay there until he died from hunger. True, Bill was only nineteen and still had the world before him; and the experience you are likely to get in nineteen years of young and care-free life on a Connecticut homestead farm is scarcely the kind of thing that makes you impervious to the strong impressions that stream in upon you when you come to the city and plunge into the intricate mazes of an ultra-modern civilization.

But the most wonderful thing about all this business was the electro-magnetic personality of Cringer. Cringer was a surgeon for whom all sorts of hideous long words, concealing in the perfectly inscrutable depths of their Greek derivations the most awful things imaginable, were the food of his body and the breath of his soul.

To know Cringer intimately and well was to be convinced that your life was incomplete and a failure had you not been internally mutilated—and preferably by the hand of Cringer himself. And when Bill came to see him that time about that little trouble in his left upper jaw, Cringer had so thoroughly hypnotized him that Bill went to the hospital in the same state of mind with which he was wont to look forward to a Fourth of July celebration.

"It's a pity, too!" the head nurse said to Cringer. "He's such a handsome dear boy, so simple and trusting. And he's so big for his age!"

She was planning a towel about Cringer's head as a precaution against possible infection of the patient while Cringer would be over him at the operation.

"What do you mean?" grunted the surgeon severely. "Why, I'll disfigure him wretchedly, won't it?"

"Disfigure him? I should say not!" "But you can hardly remove a person's upper jaw without disfiguring a person, can you?"

"Ah-ha!" drawled Cringer, as if he had been suddenly enlightened. "I see how it is with you! You have never heard of such a thing as a silver jaw!—Never mind, now! Don't you try to let on anything to the doctor!"

A silver jaw is one of the little tricks of the trade that you happened to miss in the course of your wonderful experience. Don't you know that we just fit them out with a silver jaw in the place of the old one, and that they're just as good as ever? Yes, better than ever. I believe that I'd sooner have a good silver jaw than the one I've got. And as for this resection that I'm going to do—why, it's nothing; nothing at all. I've done it ten times. No more to it than there is to drinking a cup of coffee before you get up out of bed in the morning. Are they ready? Then bring him up."

As they brought Bill up he could hear Cringer laughing with one of his assistants—laughing and chatting as if hospitals and other gloomy things of the kind had no existence whatever. But Cringer's strong hypnotic influence was not quite sufficient to prevent Bill from feeling a little nervous as they gave him an eighth of a grain of morphine and placed a pneumatic pillow under his head to let him rest a little before the anesthesia. And Bill was never so surprised in the entire nineteen years of his life as he was when Cringer lifted him up to a sitting posture and asked him how he felt.

Was it over already? He knew they had been doing something villainous to his face, and he was woefully drunk from the mixture of ether and chloroform they had used in putting him to sleep. But he certainly thought it

was funny if it was over already. He had been dreaming that he was one of the heroes in the battle of Bunker Hill fighting with a black griffin who was reciting Lincoln's speech about government for, of and by the people to the audience at the high school commencement exercises in the old smoke house at home. By no means had it been a Fourth of July celebration—at least of the same kind—and he was glad it would be over. And yet he imagined he would do it again, so jolly and kind were all the good people at the hospital in the days that followed while he was rapidly recovering from the operation and from the shock. Bill went home and in due course of time they supplied him with a silver jaw which took the place of the one that Cringer had taken out—a silver jaw so neatly and artfully made and fitted that Bill himself—would never have known the difference. Now, I will not be sure that it was the possession of this perfect silver jaw that caused Bill to feel that he was a little better than the other young fellows in the neighborhood; nor is it possible in the present uncertain state of human knowledge to assert with positiveness that the mere possession of a silver jaw, however perfect, is an extraordinary warrant for prefiguring ourselves the favorites of capricious chance. But apart from the merits of such a question, it will be desirable to note that Bill was soon busy preparing himself for the practise of law, with the ultimate object of becoming president of the United States, or in any event a United States senator—the particular state he purposed to represent not being specified in the contract.

To be perfectly fair to Bill and to ourselves, I must admit that he was a trifle crude; crude, I mean, in his notions about the ultimate constitution of human society; which means in the concrete the peculiar opinion of their own importance entertained, as a general rule, by the rich. Likewise he was preternaturally slow—so slow as to be virtually motionless—in his ability to distinguish, by surface indications, the essential difference between the very best people—the blue points and cherry stones of the human race—and the oysters that come to us in bulk by the barrel. And if you supply this broad conception of Bill with a rank tendency to speak out his mind—but you will see how he carried it with Angelique Van Loo. Now although Bill had managed to push himself through Yale, and to squeeze himself through the law school, and to edge himself into the privilege of practising law at the bar of New York, he was poorer at the end of it than he had been at the beginning. His silver jaw did not compensate him for the want of a golden mouth, and he was beginning his journey to the White House in the capacity of a grub-staked hanger-on in the office of a lawyer who needed for his own use the clients that sifted down to him from the upper world or that floated up to him from the under. Bill was about to make up his mind one day that he would return to his father's house in Connecticut when the mystic and magic spell that lay in the silver jaw flung him up at the feet of Angelique Van Loo, as she stood on the edge of the sidewalk, her hands clasped upon her breast, her face transfigured with terror, and her eyes fixed on some indeterminate point in space.

As Bill approached her she turned and seized him by the lapels of his coat. He felt with a strange emotion the force of her neatly gloved little hands drawing him toward her, and he was astounded by the look of distress and horror in her eyes, and by her frantic appeal. "Oh save her! Save her, won't you? Please save her! I know I shall die if you don't!" He gazed around in the general direction of the upper stories of the houses and then looked down into the face of his mysterious beseecher. "You fool!" she cried. "Why do you look around you like that? Will you save her this minute or will you not? Do you wish me to go mad?" Again did Bill take in the circumvallate avenue and again look down upon his petitioner. He was a shrewd young man with a smattering of the law, and he therefore refused to be drawn into a careless expression of a wish that madness should seize upon anyone. But while he was craftily thinking of all these things she relaxed her grip upon his coat. "Won't you please save her?" she begged, half coaxingly, half sad. "Save WHO?" asked Bill, the entire structure of his four years of English collapsing at a stroke. She was looking at him by this time with an impatient yet forbearing countenance, which seemed to say that one must put up with the lack of intelligence and want of tact one finds

in persons of a certain kind. Her brows were lifted with the barest perceptible touch of scorn at the mix-up in Bill's grammar, but these were things that were wholly unobserved by the lawyer. "Who? Antoinette. Don't you see her?" She pointed to the street, and there in the very middle of it sat a black Italian toy terrier complacently winking at its mistress from its highest pinnacle of danger. So small it was that its size, in an analysis of its general properties and characters, would be a totally negligible quantity. With the vehicles that were clattering or humming on either side of it, at the imminent risk of smuffing it out of existence, it formed the antithesis of the helplessly little in the center of the pitilessly great.

It was hardly the work of a minute for Bill to cut through the stream of automobiles and horses, to make a handful of Antoinette, and to return the toy to the hand of the lady. "Thank you," she said with a smile of relief. "It was very good of you! Poor little thing!" She gave him her hand and looked into his eyes.

What a nice little maid, thought Bill, now that he had a chance to study her in what was undoubtedly her normal state of mind. In spite of the hat, the volume of which seemed to have been determined in inverse ratio to that of the terrier, she was unquestionably one of the neatest little maids he had ever seen. To Bill's philosophical eyes she looked like a girl who was young enough to be in the last year of the high school and old enough to be out of it. She was just the kind of a girl he would have fancied for a companion, had he ever given any particular thought to the subject in a serious way. There was nothing extravagant about her—if you allowed for the size of the hat. And even in the matter of the hat itself, it occurred to Bill for the first time that perhaps these large hats, that to him had looked like inverted wash-tubs, and had filled him with disgust for the supine insanity of men in general and of women in particular, had been originally designed for girls of a certain natural get-up—like this one, for example. And then there was another phase of her that looked good to Bill—and it was a phase that had been markedly absent from most of the girls that had bothered him—up to the present. She was without question the most sensible girl he had ever met. She could look at you and talk to you just as if she were a man; nothing of the giggling or squeaking order about this one; none of that fool grinning you see in here and there in the stray moments of a busy and thoughtful life. He fancied that he would wait for awhile before returning to his father's roof, and he grinned like an insane fool.

"That's a nice little dog, isn't it?" "Yes, it is a very nice little dog. Do you live in New York?" "Yes, in the law. With Skinnim, Skinner & Skinnem, Yale, nineteen six. Phi Beta Kappa."

"What is Phi Beta Kappa?" "Don't you know what Phi Beta Kappa is? It's the scholarship frat. They give you keys. Like this one." "The key of knowledge, I presume. How pretty!" "Isn't so awfully pretty, but it's pretty hard to get. Have you ever been to a college?"

No, she had never been to college. Not a doubt about it, she was a simple little maid. She had never even heard of Phi Beta Kappa. He had a fancy he would like to tell her about Phi Beta Kappa and the rest of it. "Wouldn't you like to hear about the fraternities they have in the university?" "Have you time to tell me about them?" "Time? Why, yes. I'd just as soon tell you about them as not. You really ought to know about the college fraternities. People will believe that you never had any education at all if you happen not to know about that."

"If they do," said the girl, "they will happen to be perfectly right." They were walking up the avenue and it seemed to Bill that she was looking straight ahead to a degree that was altogether unnecessary. Nor did she seem at all aware that Bill was making himself dizzy with the sight of her. Suddenly she stopped and faced him.

"Are you on your way to your office?" she asked him under the eaves of the hat. "The office? Why, no. The office is away down town." She looked at him with evident hesitation; with a deep questioning in her eyes; and then glanced up at the four-story brown stone house before them.

"This is my home," she said. "Won't you come in?" And that was the way he met her. It was certainly strange, thought Bill, that a big lubber like himself could win without trying a trump of a girl such as Angelique Van Loo. With her without even making a fight for it. There was nothing fidgety or foolish about her; not a single thing. And there was nothing fidgety or foolish about either of her aunts, either. Solid, sensible women, all of them. They seemed to be hearing in the big house on the avenue, although they had never told him so in so many words. They had spoken about him with great freedom, but they seldom talked of themselves or their own affairs. They were certainly good, plain, sensible women; just the kind of women that would make a good wife for a man who had to make his way in the world by his

own brains and energy. But he wondered why it was that they never seemed to have any company but himself, and why it was that her aunts seemed to be so infernally careful of her. There was something mysterious about the whole outfit—when a fellow took time to think it over of an evening with his pipe. And thinking it over, with and without the pipe, had been Bill's sole occupation for a matter of three months, during which, the more he thought of it, the stranger it seemed to grow.

Bill and the aunts had talked about every phase of the case—so far as Bill himself was concerned. Questioned by the aunts—nicely, gently, in the most simple and straightforward way in the world, but soul-searching and practical, when he came to think of it. Bill had been turned inside out and studied in all his tissues with the microscope. At one or another time he had told them—when he came to think of it—everything of importance that had happened since the day of his birth. They would discuss him—those aunts of hers—before his very face, as if he were not there at all, with nods of approval to each other whenever they were specially pleased with any of Bill's various accomplishments or virtues. They seemed to be particularly gratified when he gave them an account of his family tree, nodding with extra vigor, as much as to say that there was no need of going into that subject any farther. Yes, yes. Good old Connecticut family—farmers, you know, but with excellent connections, and not undistinguished in history. When they discussed him in that strange way Bill seemed to feel rather queer, and yet he could not bring himself to challenge it. They did it in such a nice little way that Bill even at times imagined for a minute that he was not the party under fire at all; that he himself was one of the aunts, and that the man they were talking about was some fellow in New Jersey. But there was yet a thing that Bill had not given up to them; a thing that, one way or another, he could not bring himself to disclose, it was altogether such a delicate and personal matter with himself.

No doubt he would have told them long ago about the silver jaw had he not feared that the disclosure would prove a shock to Angelique. And yet his conscience would not let him rest; while the jaw remained a secret. Was it right for a man with a silver jaw to marry the finest girl in the world without telling her that that left upper maxillary of his was made of silver instead of bone? If she took him with the understanding that his jaw was of the usual manufacture, would not the contract be void, according to the law of contract as he found it expounded in the books? It was indeed a knotty problem; altogether too knotty for Bill's as yet undeveloped legal penetration, and he decided in the depths of his woe to seek out Doctor Cringer and get his advice on the question. Doctors are always good counsel, thought Bill, especially when they have cut three or four pieces out of a man's anatomy and have set him up again as good as new.

When Bill had told him the story, being careful to omit the lady's name, Cringer became thoughtful a moment. "Has she got any money?" "No," said Bill. "She lives in a big boarding house on the avenue."

"Then," announced Cringer, with prompt decision, "your course is clear. I assume that you are looking for a wife and not for a bank-book. In which case, up and tell her that you have a silver jaw. If she cares a straw for you she won't let a little detail like that interfere for a minute with the business. She will go to you like a horse to his oats. If she balks you can be certain that she doesn't care as much for you as she cares for a baby cat. And in that case, my boy, you'll be better off without her. Take my own case, for instance. When I was courting—but come back, Bill, and let me know how she takes it, will you?"

Bill went away no better than he had come. To him, Cringer's advice had small comfort in it. If she did not care enough of him to take him with the silver jaw as boots in the bargain, he had no desire to be informed of the fact. It was anything but hankering for proof positive that she was not the square little, nice little girl he thought her. And besides all that, the business had run along so smoothly, and so fast that it would be a shame to spoil it now. Hang the silver jaw, anyway!

But as Cringer's advice worked itself slowly into the texture of his mind, he began to take another view of the question. It was possible, after all, that Cringer was right. It was just possible that she had been fooling with him all this long time, putting on those nice little ways of hers, looking sideways with her eyes, and all that sort of business, and pretending to sigh like that as they were holding hands when the aunts let them alone for a minute. When he came to think of it, he never did have much faith in women, anyway. They were all a bad lot, not worth a man's while bothering with, after all! If he thought she was fooling him—Yes. He would follow Cringer's advice and put it up to her.

But it was not such an easy thing to do when Bill tried it that very afternoon. She looked a little frightened when he began to stammer and splutter about "a secret in his life that he felt he ought to confess," and when he said that he had been the subject of a surgical operation, she distinctly drew away from him and stared at him with positive alarm. But when he plumped it out and told her that

the result of the operation was the silver jaw, he at that moment was surprised. Angelique Van Loo rose from where she sat and looked at him with immeasurable contempt. "You!" she exclaimed. "You! How dare you tell me that! I loathe you! I hate you!" Had he been a honored toad or a Gila monster she could not have regarded him with a superior horror; and then, recovering herself, she left him alone, the victim of her incomprehensible scorn. Now this was a posture of things that Bill had not been prepared for. Had a volume of the revised statutes suddenly exploded while he was reading at it, he could not have been more surprised. He had figured on a thousand possibilities but he had never even thought of this; and he was sitting there with open mouth, staring at the doorway through which she had disappeared; a man that was wholly undone. She had certainly made a good job of it while she was about it.

He turned with positive relief as her aunts came into the room, apparently in great excitement. They, at least, were solid and sensible women and would listen to his story with reasonable politeness. But Bill seemed to be unfortunate in this expectation also. The ladies seemed to have become as frigid as they were hospitable before. Frigid, and decidedly fidgety. . . . A silver jaw! Oh, dear, no. It was impossible even to think of marriage when one has a silver jaw! They hoped his good sense would tell him that any expectations in that direction would be the height of the ridiculous. Would he mind if the acquaintance were considered directly at an end? Of course his own appreciation of propriety would directly inform him that it would be unkind of him to address himself further to Miss Van Loo, should he chance to meet her away from her home. In fine, they would send James to usher him out.

James was a short species of varlet with an English accent, whom Bill particularly despised; and with the natural instinct of his breed he metaphorically kicked the young limb of the law out of the door and into the street. And then there followed with Bill a period of depression such as is common with heroic youths when the fluent current of their loves is stopped by a pie-wagon or other prosaic and material obstacle that refuses to be budged by vain incantation. For four weeks he wandered about in the rain and shine, by day and night, through the busy thoroughfares, among men, who were happy in their ignorance of Angelique Van Loo and other disturbing factors in business. He strayed among the ships in the East river, and at times thought of attempting himself to a Malay pirate could be conveniently find one. And then he thought of Cringer. Cringer had requested him to return and advise with him on the result of the experiment, but Bill had forgotten all about it. Now that he recalled it, he decided that he would go back to Cringer and confess. He had to talk to somebody or jump from the bridge, and Cringer was the man.

The surgeon listened gravely to the whole story—this time with intensified interest. "What is her name?" he asked, when Bill had finished. "Who is this miraculous Juliet of the Capulets?" "Her name is Angelique Van Loo," said Bill from the lowest depths. Cringer glanced at him quickly as if he were trying to make out whether Bill were suffering from homicidal mania or was afflicted only with a mild and harmless form of dementia. "You're sure? Are you sure that that is her name?" "Why, of course," answered Bill impatiently. "She lives in a big house on the avenue with her two old aunts. Of course it's her name. Why shouldn't it be?"

Cringer gave a long whistle. "Bill," he said, "you are certainly the delight and the wonder of the world! Angelique Van Loo! Great Scott!" He took a turn around the room and came back to his visitor. "Great Scott!" He blew his breath through his pursed up lips as if he were excessively warm and once again exclaimed: "Great Scott!"

And then he looked at Bill with a face of wonder, as if Bill had been a live pongo that had been suddenly plucked up in Africa and miraculously thrust before him. "Don't you know who Angelique Van Loo is, Bill? Do you mean to tell me that you never heard of her?" "No," replied Bill, taking alarm at Cringer's queer reception of the simple statement of Angelique's name.

"Why, Bill, Angelique Van Loo is one of the most notable young women in the world. She is the sole inheritor of the Van Loo millions—millions enough to set you up in the railroad business if you could get her. But that isn't all," said Cringer. "There's a great deal more to it than that. You bet there is!"

"What is it?" asked Bill eagerly. "There's something mysterious about them, whatever it is. Never saw a soul there but myself. Never even had dinner with them. But I don't care a cent about the millions, and she herself didn't seem to care about them either. She was willing to go and live on the farm with me in Connecticut. Aunts said they'd come along with us. Just doted on the simple life and all that, don't you know?"

Cringer was puzzling himself with a question, and after a bit of reflection apparently decided he would keep his own hands out of it—just then.

He took another turn around the room, again came up to Bill, and again surveyed him with absent-minded speculation. This time he said it long drawn out and laden with subsiding surprise: "Great Scott!"

There was evidently little help to be had from Cringer. To Bill's mind Cringer was laboring under an attack of mental aberration from which there could issue no word of comfort or hope. He took his hat and went away, leaving Cringer in a state of stupid inaction. He resumed his wandering life for a period of two days, eating nothing and sleeping hardly at all. On the third afternoon his hunger tempted him to a meal, and the meal restored his courage, and the courage eventuated in a plan. He would return to the home of Angelique Van Loo and would tell her what he thought of her! He would tell her he was glad she had rejected him. He would tell her he despised her millions and her aunts. He would tell her—but he would wait until he would see her face to face for the formulation of the entire message. He could see her so clearly in his imagination that he closely watched the door of the restaurant on the chance she would enter there.

It was odd, too, that he never once thought of James; and when James opened the door for him, and came out a little way into the outer hall, and stood before Bill with a sneer on his fat red face, the angry passions of Bill began to rise. But his voice was gentle and calm as he spoke. "Don't look at me that way, Shorty, I don't like it!"

The open hand of Bill came down on the varlet's shoulder with rare and wonderful power, so that one fat waddled body shook with the shock of it. "Not that way, Shorty (slap), I don't like it (slap). I don't like it (slap) to be looked at (slap) that way, Shorty (slap). Do you hear what I say, (slap) Shorty? Now go and tell them, Shorty, that I'm here."

The varlet was standing up to the punishment of his shoulder like a wooden horse in a gymnasium, and he did not observe that the two guardians of Angelique Van Loo were behind him in the hall. They now came forward to Bill in warm and smiling welcome. "Oh, William, it's you, isn't it? So fortunate you called this afternoon!"

The dear fussy ladies, one to the fore and the other to the aft of him, dragged him and pushed him into the big front room, and plied him into a chair. One of them was telling him that she had told Angelique that she would never believe he could be such a heartless fellow as that! Surely even if it were a fact, it would be an unheard of and monstrous thing for a man to be guilty of such a cruel and unkind trick, especially when it was known to everybody, and the poor dear girl was almost insane from grief and shame.

The other one was telling him that of course they had practised a little deceit upon him in allowing him to remain in ignorance of Angelique's wealth and position, but they had done it with the best intentions for the world, as it was perfectly obvious that William, being such a simple big fellow, had really never suspected anything of the kind, and probably would never have suspected until long afterwards, but at the same time she had said to her sister that we are sure to weave a fatal web when first we practise to tell fibs to people, but everything was all right now, wasn't it, or at least she hoped it was.

And then the pair of them joined voices, and said it all over again, thoroughly revised, and with the introduction of considerable new matter, which Bill was at a total loss to understand. Of course they had not suspected that he had a silver jaw, too, and that was the reason why Angelique had thought him so very contemptible for speaking of it. But they had planned to tell him all about it the very day that he and Angelique had quarreled. You know, poor child, she had made up her mind never to marry, and it was so fortunate that Doctor Cringer had called and explained to them the whole strange story! Providential, wasn't it, that they had consulted Cringer about Angelique within the very week of the operation on William himself?

Bill was still in the fog. He looked from out the aunts to the other, as if they had been speaking a particularly difficult dialect of Chinese, the meaning of which, while intensely interesting to themselves, no doubt, was of no importance whatever to the world at large. And when they had thoroughly winded themselves with talk, they had time to take note of Bill's peculiar condition.

The big stupid! Couldn't he comprehend that Angelique herself had a silver jaw like his own? And that she had never dreamed that Bill was similarly equipped? And that she had imagined he was basely hinting at the cruel gossip that had maliciously whispered that if it were not for her millions she would never find a lover who would love her—and so on with the rest of it.

Aha! thought Bill. That was the secret that Cringer had kept from him, was it? Why, to be sure! And finally, when it was made as clear to him as it possibly could be, and when Bill, in his anxiety as to whether a silver jaw could interfere with the health and happiness of a certain high-strung and sensitive girl, had gone to Cringer for his professional opinion, Cringer had snatched his fingers in disdain and had given his characteristic reply.

"There's nothing to it, I tell you. Nothing at all. I'd be willing to make an exchange with her myself."

TAKING A LOOK BACKWARD

Picture of Life Upon Our Atlantic Shore as It Was Two Centuries Ago.

Brush away the fog of a couple of centuries, and take a look at this, our native land, as it then appeared. Here upon the Atlantic shore, the scream of the panther arose on the midnight air with the savage war whoop, and the pale-faced pilgrim trembled for the safety of his defenseless home.

He planted his beans in fear and gathered them in trouble; his chickens and his children were plundered by the foe, and life itself was in danger of leaping out from between the logs of his hut, even if it was fortified with three muskets, a spunky wife, and a jug of whiskey. Yes, my friends, this was then a wild, gloomy and desolate place. Where the India squaw hung her young papoose upon the bough and left it to squall at the hush-aby of the blast, the Anglo-Saxon mother now rocks the cradle of her

delicate babe on the carpet of peace, and in the gay parlor of fashion. The wild has been changed to a blooming garden and its limits are expanding with the mighty genius of Liberty.—Lorenzo Dow, Jr.

Some Great English Writers.

Wordsworth, the brooding northern sun; Byron, the lightning flash by night; Shelley, certain effects of moonlight; Keats, the poet of beauty untouched by other influences; Brown-

ing, the century's voice of energy and soul analysis as Tenyson of beauty and world-contemplation; Stevenson, the story teller in an age of fact; Shaw and Chesterton, alike in wit and paradox; Shaw a centrifugal force, represents extreme individualism of Protestantism; Chesterton, centrifugal, traditionalism of Catholicism; but Shaw would obtain his end through legislated Socialism; Chesterton his through free play of individual.—Dr. L. W. Miles in a "Syllabus of Nineteenth Century English Literature."

"Talking Buncombe."

In historic Buncombe county, N. C., was originated the phrase "talking Buncombe," for in this mountainous country years ago Col. Edward Buncombe founded his famous hall and placed the words, "To Buncombe Hall, Welcome All," over his doorway. The expression, "I am talking for Buncombe," meaning Buncombe county, became current hereabouts by home folks, but unregenerate strangers have used it to signify political blarney or exaggerated praise.

As Shakespeare Would Have Said It.

Swat the fly, ye pray you, as we denounced him to you, ruffly with the hand; but if you mipp him, as many of swatters do, we had as lief the town crier bashed the flics. Nor do we not saw the air too much—your hand thus; but use all gonty; for in the very torrent, tempest and (as we may say) the whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and begot a temperance, that may give it smoothness. . . . Be not too tame neither. . . . Go make you ready.