

SYNOPSIS.

Fran arrives at Hamilton Gregory's home in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. She repairs thither in search of him, She repairs thather in laughs during the service and is asked to schools, escorts Fran from the tent. He tells her Gregory is a wealthy men, deeply interested in charity work, and s pillar of the church. Ashton becomes greatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Rob-ert Clinton, chairman of the school board.

CHAPTER IV .- Continued.

night, and tomorrow, I'll try to find you work."

"Work!" She laughed. "Oh, thank resulting from the interplay of their you!" Her accent was that of repu- souls called for the soft pedal. diation. Work, indeed!

He drew back in surprise and dis-

"You didn't understand me," she don't want to follow you anywhere, for the girl solldified. This is where I want to stay.'

"You cannot stay here," he answered with a slight smile at the presumptuous request, "but I'm willing to pay for a room at the hotel-"

At this moment the door was opened by the young weman who, some hours earlier, had responded to Fran's knocking. Footsteps upon the porch had told of Gregory's return.

The lady who was not Mrs. Gregory was so pleased to see the gentleman who was Mr. Gregory-they had not met since the evening meal-that, at first, she was unaware of the black inc him weak. shadow; and Mr. Gregory, in spite of his perplexity, forgot the shadow also, so cheered was he by the glimpse of his secretary as she stood in the brightly lighted hall. Such moments of delighted recognition are infinitesimal when a third person, however shadowy, is present; yet had the world

Fran did not understand-her very to bay. wisdom blinded her as with too great light. She had seen so much of the world that, on finding a tree bearing apples, she at once classified it as an apple tree. To Gregory, Grace Noir sympathizer in his life-work, the at the rain?" nosphere in which he breathed freest. e had not breathed freely for half a Gregory was but a benefactor to mankind, a man of lofty ideals whom it was a privilege to aid, and since she knew that her very eyes gave him strength, no wonder she was glad to

see him Could Fran have read their thoughts,



"I Don't Want to Follow You Any-

she would not have found the slightest consciousness of any shade of evil in their sympathetic comradeship. As she could read only their faces, she disliked more than ever the tall, young, and splendidly formed secretary. "Oh!" said Grace with restraint,

discovering Fran, "Yes," Fran said with her elash

smile, "back again."

Just without the portal Hamilton

feel offended. Gregory paused irresolutely. He did

not know what course to pursue, so he | seemed the victim of some mysterious | repeated vacantly, "I am willing to terror,

all the money I want." Then she "Do you mean forever?" passed swiftly into the hall, rudely brushing past the secretary.

Gregory could only follow. He spoke knew of the night wanderer. Her He was sorry for her; at the same attitude called for explanations, but cruelly." time he was subject to the reaction he would have given them anyway, in leader. "Then," he said, with tired did not know why it was-or seek to little while?" resignation, "if you'll follow me, I'll know-but whenever he spoke to take you where you can spend the Grace, it was natural to use a low half an hour, and then come back to tone, as if modulating his touch to me, and I will explain." sensitive strings-as if the harmony

"What is to be done?" Grace in quired. Her attitude of reserve toward Gregory which Fran's presence had inspired, melted to potential help- fects some people-some friends of resumed. "What I want is a home. I fulness; at the same time her dislike mine.

"What do you advise?" Gregory asked his secretary gently.

sponded with a faint shake of rebuke if I had my way, don't you, Grace?" for his leniency, "that you should not impudence?

Gregory turned upon Fran with affected harshness, "You must go." He was annoyed that Grace should imag-

Fran's face hardened. It became an with eyes, nose and mouth in a narthe acute wedge of white forehead. been there, this exchange of glances drawn mouth, spoke only of cunning. ting its way down from the tightly ready for battle, She regarded Fran as a fox, brought

Fran spoke with calm deliberation: "I am not going away."

looking down at her from under droop- kind. was but a charming and conscientious rising. Do you want to be caught in ing lids, "to go at once, for a storm is

Fran looked up at Grace, undaunt-"I want to speak to Mr. Gregdozen hours—no wonder he was glad ory. If you are the manager of this Hamilton Gregory against Fran's interdon't mind getting wet. I've been in all kinds of weather."

> Grace looked at Gregory. Her silences were effective weapons "I have no secrets from this lady," ie said, looking into Grace's eyes, an-

swering her silence. "What do you want to say to me, child?" Fran shrugged her shoulders, always ers ooking at Grace, while neither of the

hat one of nearly twenty years ago-"

It was not the rumble of distant from the man that interrupted her; it "What have you to say to me?" was some such ery as human creainto the terms of speech.

his Springfield life-"

tilting up her chin as if to drive in it." the words, "since you know all of his where. This is Where I Want to secrets-all of them-you have natu- lost his harshness. His voice was alrally been told the most important most coaxing, as if entreating the And so you know that when he mercy of ignorance. was boarding with his cousin in Fran gasped, "I know all about it-

a violent arm at his secretary, as if backward, whitening her finger-tips to sweep her beyond the possibility by the weight thrown on them. of overhearing another word,

Grace compressed her full lips till know what I mean-that!" Fran interrupted flippantly: "I have they were thinned to a white line

BY

BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

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 $O \cdot IRWIN \cdot MYERS$

"Oh, Grace-I beg your pardon-Miss Grace-I don't mean that, of course. What could I do without you? to Grace in a low voice, telling all he Nothing, nothing, Grace-you are the soul of my work. Don't look at me so

"Then you just mean," Grace said of his exhausting labors as song that low, confidential murmur. He steadily, "for me to go away for a be definite. I will tell you the things until you could speak to your father

"You needn't go at all, on my ac-

count," observed Fran, with a twist of her mouth. "It's nothing to me tations of a big city until you were pleading eyes, but he was too enwhether you go or stay." "She has learned a secret," Gregory

stammered, "that vitally affects-af-I must talk to her aboutabout that secret, just for a little while. Half an hour, Miss Grace, that is all. That is really all-then come Grace cast a disdainful look at Fran. back to me. You understand that it's Then she turned to her employer and on account of the secret that I ask | cretly. That was about nineteen years | body knew me." He paused, appalled her deliciously curved face changed you to leave us. You understand that ago. She was only eighteen. After at the recollection. "I have always most charmingly. "I think," she re- I would never send you away from me graduation you were to go to New had a terrible capacity for suffering.

"I understand that you want me to need my advice in this matter." Why go now," Grace Noir replied unreshould be stand apparently helpless sponsive. She ascended the stairway, before this small bundle of arrogant at each step seeming to mount that much the higher into an atmosphere of righteous remoteness.

No one who separated Gregory from his secretary could enjoy his toleration, but Fran nad struck far below the surface of likings and dislikings. ax of stone, sharpened at each end, She had turned back the covering of conventionality to lay bare the quiverrow line of cold defiance. To Grace ing heartstrings of life itself. There was no time to hesitate. The stone gleaming its way to the roots of the ax which on other occasions might be black hair, and the sharp chin cut a laughing, elfish face was now held inquire. If you prefer, I'll send for "You were her friend; that is all I direct means is established for the

where we can talk privately?" Fran woman would just as soon listen over banisters as not. I've seen lots of ten it, if you have." "I would advise you," said Grace, people like her, and I understand her

CHAPTER V.

We Rean What We Sow

If anything could have prejudiced house, he and I can go outdoors. I ests it would have been her slighting allusion to the one who typified his most exalted ideals as "that woman." But Fran was to him nothing but an agent bringing out of the past a secret he had preserved for almost twenty years. This stranger knew of his youthful folly, and she must be prevented from communicating it to oth-

It was from no sense of aroused con others looked at her. "Very well, science that he hastened to lead her told you I've come here to stay." then, of course it doesn't matter to to the front room. In this crisis, some me, but I thought it might to Mr. thing other than shuddering recoil Gregory. Since he hasn't any secrets from haunting deeds was imperative; from you, of course he has told you unlovely specters must be made to

He tried desperately to cover his thunder, but a strange exclamation dread under a voice of harshness:

Fran had lost the insolent compostures may have uttered before the ure which the secretary had inspired. crystallizing of recurring experiences Now that she was alone with Hamilton Gregory, it seemed impossible to Fran gave quick, relentless blows: speak. She clasped and unclasped her "Of course he has told you all about hands. She opened her mouth, but her lips were dry. The wind had "Sitence!" shouted Gregory, quiver- risen, and as it went moaning past ing from head to foot. The word was the window, it seemed to speak of the like an imprecation, and for a time it | yearning of years passing in the night, kept hissing between his locked teeth. unsatisfied. At last came the words, "And of course," Fran continued, muffled, frightened-"I know all about The important fact to me is that I'm

Springfield and attending the college I know-" She was terrified by the there, something like twenty years thought that perhaps she would not have all you want-" be able to tell him. She leaned heav-

"About what?" he repeated with the "Leave you-with her?" Grace stam- caution of one who fears. He could mered, too amazed by his attitude to not doubt the genuineness of her emo-

he doggedly stood on the defensive, body, and after I've been here a You are indefinite," he muttered, trying to appear bold. She knew be did not understand be-

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"Oh," cried Fran, catching a tem-

Both and Annual Control

to account for you, and they will

question-my wife will want to know,

done right by her, though it had killed

"I am glad you went back," said

"Yes, I did go back," he said, mere

"A while ago you asked me who I

"It doesn't matter," he interjected.

"Her?" cried Fran; "you keep

me to find her."

and-and others as well."

cause he would not, and now she real- raised me, and I know she loved you ized that he would, if possible, deny. to the end. Didn't you ever care for Pretense and sham always bardened her, not even at the first, when you her. "Then," she said slowly, "I will got her to keep your marriage secret it would have been better for you to face to face? You must have loved "Only half an hour; that's all. Only tell me. Your early home was in New her then. And she's the best friend York, but you had a cousin living in I ever had. Since she died I've wan-Springfield, where there was a very dered-and-and I want a home. good college. Your parents were anx. The long loneliness of years found lous to get you away from the temp- expression in her eager voice and of age. So you were sent to live grossed with his own misfortunes to with your cousin and attend college, heed her emotion. "Didn't I go back You were with him three or four to Springfield?" he cried out. "Of years, and at last the time came for course I did. I made inquiries for graduation. Shall I go on?"

He fought desperately for self-pres- out what had become of her. I'd been ervation. "What is there in all this?" gone only three years, yes, only three "You had married, in the mean- years, but, good heavens, how I had time," Fran said coldly; "married se- suffered! I was so changed that no-York, break the news to your father, I tell you, it was my duty to go back come back to Springfield for your to find her, and I went back. I would wife, and acknowledge her. You grad- have acknowledged her as my wife. I unted; you went to your father. Did would have lived with her. I'd have you come back?"

"My God!" groaned the man. So me. Can I say more than that?" she knew everything; must be admit it? "What is all this to you?" he Fran softly. "She never knew it. I burst forth. "Who and what are you, am so glad that you did-even that. anyway-and why do you come here with your story? If it were true-" firmly. you've forgotten, why not go to your best friend."

Springfield and ask the first old citizen you meet? Or you might write am-and whatto some one you used to know, and one of your old professors, and pay care to know. I went back to Spring-"Hadn't we better go in a room his expenses. They took a good deal field, after three years—but she was leave the soil as rapidly as it would asked. "I don't like this hall. That dent who married and neglected Jo- cast her off, and she had disappeared. sephine Derry. They haven't forgot. It seems that she'd made friends den covered with an inch of fine, dry

"You don't know," he gasped, "that who were not-respectable." there's a penalty for coming to Fran's eyes shone brightly. people's bouses to threaten them with they were not," she agreed, "they, a little girl and don't understand such things. I give you warning. Although you are in short dresses-

"Yes," remarked Fran dryly, "I thought that would be an advantage saying 'her.' Do you mean-?" to you. It ought to make things easier."

"How an advantage to me? Easier?

What have I to do with you?" "I thought," Fran said coldly, "that it would be easier for you to take me

into the house as a little girl than as a grown woman. You'll remember I "To stay!" he echoed, shrinking back. "You?"

"Yes," she said, all the cooler for his attitude of repulsion. "I want a home. Yes, I'm going to stay. I want to belong to somebody."

He cried out desperately, "But what am I to do? This will ruin me-oh, it's true, all you've said-I don't deny it. But I tell you, girl, you will ruin me. Is all the work of my life to

be overturned? I shall go mad." "No, you won't," Fran calmly assured him. "You'll do what every one has to do, sooner or later-face the situation. You're a little late getting to it, but it was coming all the time. You can let me live here as an adopted orphan, or any way you please.

going to live here. But I don't want "All about what, child?" He had to make it hard for you, truly I don't." "Don't you?" He spoke not loudly, but with tremendous pressure of desire. "Then, for God's sake, go back! Go back to-to wherever you came from. I'll pay all expenses. You shall

"All I want," Fran responded, "is "Leave us!" Gregory cried, waving ily upon a table with hand turned home, and that's something people can't buy. Get used to the thought of my staying here; that will make it

"Easy!" he ejaculated. "Then it's your purpose to compel me to give tion; but he would not accept her you shelter because of this secret-"Yes, yes, yes! Go at once!" He statement of its cause until he must you mean to ruin me. I'll not be able you can read it in his face.

But of the Four Principals Involved. Tom Was the Only One That

sense of humor.

Mrs. Youngwife went to an east end butcher shop the other day. When she entered, the greeting was a highpitched shrick. Naturally she shricked, too, and then looked to see what the trouble was. Mrs. Butcher, in charge of the shop in her husband's absense, stood on a small box. Before her stood a large black cat, a gleam of fun in his yellow eyes and a mouse in his

mouth. A moment the tableau held. Then the cat walked away and Mrs. Butcher started fearfully behind the counter. The cat followed her and dropped the mouse at her feet. Two screams, the flutter of skirts, and Mrs. Butcher again was safe on the box, and Mrs. Youngwife sat on the counter, her feet sticking straight out, her skirts gath-

The mouse ran a foot or two and



Interesting Pointers on Gardening for the City Man or Suburbanite.

Advice by an Expert on Agricultural Matters-Care of the Garden-Raising Sweet Peas-Hot Weather Pointers.

By PROF. JOHN WILLARD BOLTE. Every man with available land should make some kind of a garden on it. About one man in three who could have a nice little garden plot in the city has one. Almost everybody in the suburbs has both lawn, flowers pational flower. May it bloom forand a vegetable garden.

"Now, now," said Fran, with sudden The fascination of this delightful gentleness, "don't be so excited, don't pastime is amply demonstrated by the pestuous breath, uneven, violent, "you take it so hard. Let them question. fact that so many people make gar-I'll know how to keep from exposing dens every year and yet the majority The dew glistened on his brow, but you. But I do want to belong to some of these gardens are failures to s greater or less degree. They start while, and you begin to like me. I'll out beautifully, with the warm, fresh tell you everything. I knew the Jomellow earth turned over from its sephine Derry that you deserted-she winter's rest, and the little delicate is still, and a hammock in a shady seedlings following the warm rains.

The first crops, small things like radishes and lettuce, develop fairly ly after a hard day's work. Remember well and the gardener puts in his late crops with great expectations. When the hot, dry weather of late June and early July arrives the plants the garden soil until it is almost wabegin to shrink and shrivel. They turn brown and enter into a kind of dormant state, neither advancing nor retreating, worthless as food providers and certainly unhandsome to view.

This unthrifty summer condition knocks out the most satisfactory crops, corn, beans, tomatoes, cucumbers, etc. The worst of it is that the her; that's why I went back-to find same thing happens to the same gardens, year after year, and the best of it is that it need not happen at all if the gardener will use his head as much as his back, and use both of them a good deal. The two great causes of garden

failures are lack of proper cultivation and lack of available plant food. In a humid climate it should never be necessary to water the garden if the soil is in proper condition to hold the natural rainfall. It needs to be plowed deeply, cultivated finely, firmed down well to make capillary connection between the sell water below and the plant roots above, and then the sur-"But she was gone. I tell face must be hoed, and bood and gardening before you are tired out and "True!" said Fran bitterly. "If you all this because you say she was hoed. Never let up on the hoeing. A single weed will evaporate many times its own weight in valuable soil to do for the weeds, which, like the water every day. If you permit the top soil to bake or a crust to form, of interest in the young college stu- gone. I was told that her uncle had an open dish and possibly more rapidily. Do your best to keep your garroots will go deep and the plants will cause they resurrect mighty fast if

"Oh, get all the water there is. Next, fertility: A garden must consupposed facts in their lives. You were not at all what you would call tain plant food and the best plant uncertainly. "There was no way for throw your stable manure, grass clip- here than between the rows. pings, leaves, waste vegetables, hen manure, in fact, anything that will rot. Keep it moist and keep flies way to do this is to irrigate at night. He hesitated. "She had chosen her away from it. Grass sod is an excelpart-to live with those people-I left | lent foundation for a compost heap | cause the water soaks in deeper and and it is extensively used by florists. Use plenty of the compost on your garden, plowing it under, and be carethat will dry out the soil. The com- ing to hold the water. post will increase the water-holding capacity of the soil, it will permit of better ventilation, it furnishes plant food of all kinds, it lightens a heavy soil and stiffens a sandy one,

If you wish to brace up weak plants and force them this summer. fill a barrel half full of manure and cover with water. The liquid resulting is the finest kind of quick acting fertilizer. Pour it about the plants to be forced, and the effect will be immediately perceptible.

Sweet Peas.

No flower is more generally beloved than the old fashioned Sweet Pea. It was dear to the hearts of our great grandmothers and their great-grandmothers as well, and for no telling how many generations back of that.

It belongs to a large family whose scientific name is taken from the peculiar butterfly-like form of the blos-That's why I never went back to soms. The garden varieties of green Springfield again. I've taken up my peas, string, wax, navy, pole and lima life in my own way, and left her-your beans and the ornamental beans, are its first cousins. Some of our most "Yes, call her that," cried Fran, holding up her head. "I am proud of valuable field crops, notably alfalfa, red, crimson, alsike and white clover, that title. I glory in it. And in this are first cousins once removed, and every wild flower that has the butter-"I have made my offer," he interfly blossom is more or less distantly rupted decidedly. "I'll provide for you related.

> leguminous plants. As field crops they form the finest kind of hay and pasturage, and they are the only cultivated plants that possess the power of transferring nitrogen from the air to the soil. Without them it would be practically impossible to keep our soil productive

In the floral field, this family is not so numerously prominent as some other groups, but the Sweet Pea makes up for any shortages in numbers by its rare merit.

No flower will grow better under as many varying conditions as this one. Light soil or heavy, fertilizer or no fertilizer, deep trench or shallow, much care or little, it will do its very best to bloom early and often, and it will succeed most remarkably well.

Did you ever know any persons who did not like the perfume of the Sweet Pea? We do not, and we are sorry for them if there be any such.

In variety of tints the most fastidious can be suited, as there are 40 or 50 different shades and mixtures to choose from. They range from a deep pansy purple through all shades and mixtures of blue and red, to the purest vivid white. The colors are not merely surface colors. They are deep colors that actually live.

The proper way to grow sweet peas to their greatest perfection is to dig a trench a foot wide and a foot deep, as early as possible in the spring. Fill In six inches with rich, loose loam and plant the seed three inches apart and one-half inch deep after scaking them in water. As soon as the scedlings are six inches high fill in with earth around them until only two inches of the plant shows. This treatment will haure a more extensive root develop-WHAT TO PLANT AND WHEN ment and more resistance to drought. Fill in from time to time until the bottom of the trench is level with the land. Furnish a support for the vines, either woven wire, branches, or a fence, and they will run up several

feet. He sure that you pick all of the blossoms as soon as they are perfect and the plants will bloom from early summer until frost. If allowed to go to seed the plants will promptly cease blooming.

The Sweet Pea might well be our

Garden in Hot Weather.

When hot weather visits us the fate of most gardens hangs in the balance. At this time, the garden needs our care more than at any other and we feel less like giving it the necessary care. The weather is hot and the air nook looks better to father than any "Man With the Hoe" tableau, especialthat the kind of weather that gives you a very tired feeling, makes the weeds grow rank and bold and dries terproof.

Probably you feel that-you don't need the exercise nearly as much as you did in the spring, and probably you are right; at the same time it will do you good if you take it properly. and you cannot afford to have the garden go to pieces just when a little; work will pull it through in grand shape.

Get up half an hour earlier than usual and do your garden work then, instead of waiting until the tired eventide or trying to lump it all into a week's end job. A little daily work in the cool of the early morning will send you to your regular bread-andbutter job feeling many times better than that little extra sleep would.

Gone is that brown taste-gone the dead-alive feeling that the long stifling summer night brings. Nature is at her lovellest while the dew is on and half the fun of garden-

ing is getting close to nature. Do your enjoy it to the utmost We have previously told you what

poor, are always with us. Unlike the poor, however, they need no assistance, but the strongest possible resoil water to evaporate and it will sistance, because they are altogether too well able to fend for themselves. Cut off their heads, cut off their feet, burn their middles, and do it be fore they have any offspring. Then with a class of people who were not - dust all the summer through. The start in and do it all over again, be-

given the slighest opportunity. Keep the soil surface in a dry, pulverized, weedless condition, and never don't know that the jails are ready to respectable. They were not relig- food is rotten vegetable matter. Make let it harden. Pull the weeds out of a compost heap in some out-of-the, the rows, where the hoe cannot reach "So I was told," he resumed, a little | way corner or in a large box. Here | them, because they do more harm

> If the garden shows lack of moisture, it must be furnished, and the best This is better than sprinkling, be evaporation is much less at night than in the daytime. A thorough soaking once a week is plenty and the soil ful not to put in too much straw, as, should be cultivated the next morn-

This, then, is the time when a soil full of manure is appreciated. It holds more water and does not bake,

Story Jones Tells.

Last year a distinguished Japanese official was in the hands of an entertainment committee and was seeing the greatness of New York. The next thing to be seen was the subway, and the rush hour of the morning was selected so that this observing Japanese could see New York in its most democratic scramble. The party was jammed aboard a local at Times Square, intending to take an express at Grand Central. They were unable to get out and proceeded to Fourteenth street. After passing Twentythird street they got seats and were comfortable. At Fourteenth street, which is an express station, the guide of the party rushed them across the platform to an express, where they were again crushed together most uncomfortably. The Japanese official noticed that the local train went on its way with plenty of seats unoccupied, He said nothing, but when they alighted at Brooklyn bridge he saw locals pulling in across the platform and asked the guide to explain why they changed in such a rush at Four teenth street. "Why," said the New Yorker, "we saved two minutes." Really, we have immense cause to "Oh!" said the Japanese, "and pray be thankful for many members of the tell me what we shall now do with the two minutes?"

Foods for Brood Sows.

Brood sows should have bulky and succulent foods. Grain feeds do not furnish these elements. Roots, vegetables and forage should be given in abundance.

Value of Salt. Salt not only promotes digestion

and assimilation, thus keeping the dairy herd in good health, but it is a big factor in causing the butter to come at churning time Big Price for Hen.

The prize Missouri hen which laid 281 eggs in the contest last year recently sold for \$800.

Meaning of Ventilation. Ventilation means fresh air-not a

Tonic for Hogs. Common coal is an excellent tonic

Make More Profit. More alfalfa and less high priced feed will make more profit.

CALLER WAS HARD TO PLEASE

Mrs. X Made Many Guesses as to Vis Itor's Indenity, Until a Great Light Dawned on Her.

"Miss Jennings, madam," the maid announced. The visitor was a sweetfaced girl, quietly but prettily dressed in black. She greeted Mrs. X by name and calmly seated herself without invitation, saying: "Will you pardon me while I readjust my hat, the wind ls so very high?"

coat. "Now I have here," she went The hostess vainly tried to recall her visitor. Her name meant nothing and her next words threw no light on her identity. "I see you have a dear little paro-

queet; is he tame?" she asked. The hostess, still wondering, said the bird was quite tame. Then her caller began:

"I suppose you have heard of me, "I am afraid I haven't," was the reply, coupled with an engaging smile to offset any suspcion of rudeness.

grown people, too, in Sunday school and you made it knowingly."

Mrs. X thought she saw the ray of light; of course, the rector must have gested that the matter be stricken sent her visitor.

"You see," said the girl in dulcet ones, "so many clergymen and mothers have told us how impossible it was which is over six feet, "that the com to get the children to come to Sunday | mittee take a short recess so that the school, because they found the Bible gentlemen involved will not be bound so uninteresting."

on, "something I should like to show during that hearing. - Washington you," and she drew from a pocket in | Star. the lining a large, black volume. At last Mrs. X understood. Her amiable caller was a book agent.

Giving Them a Chance. Kentucky, is a resourceful person. a young man, who used a bad word. While he was presiding over a long Aunt Lucinda goes on: and spirited congressional investiga tion not long ago two of the attorneys involved began to call each other liars that is exactly what will happen to in parliamentary language. Finally him, I am sure, for whatever else great movement we are engaged in. by saying:

Every one tooked for a fight, while a peaceably facilined congressman sug-

from the record. "I suggest," said Representative Johnson, standing up to his full height, by parliamentary laws in their man-As she spoke she lossened her long ner of settling their differences." There was no more calling of names

Bluebottie Heaven In the American Magazine there

was an amusing story entitled "The Honor of the Bluebottles." Aunt Ben Johnson, representative from Lucinda Bluebottle of Boston ran into "The young man's language was not refined. He said he'd be damned, and

Then you haven't heard of the one of them went almost to the limit beaven may be, I am convinced it will ered tightly about her ankles.

Had a Laugh Coming. This is the tale of a cat with

"That statement you made was false | CAT ENJOYED THE COMEDY, the cat had it again, and again walked away. Mrs. Butcher stepped off the box, picked it up and, carrying her ark of refuge with her, again tried to go behind the counter. Again the cat followed, and the play was enacted as before.

anywhere but in this house."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Don't ask any man about his origin;

"My God!" Groaned the Man.

her to lead the life that pleased her.

friend-"

house-

It went on that way for about ten minutes, when the delivery boy came whistling in. He was hailed as a de-

"Huh!" he grunted. He seized the cat and cast it out, the feline jaws still gripping her prey.-Indianapolis News.

Canada's Oyster Industry. There are no oysters on the coast

of New England, north of Cape Cod, but they are numerous in certain parts of the Gulf of St. Lawrence and adjacent Canadian waters. forts are being made by the Dominion government to develop the oyster industry to much larger proportions than its present comparatively small

The next best thing to belief in God is to sympathize with people