

Fran arrives at Hamilton. Gregory's some in Littleburg, but finds him absent conducting the choir at a camp meeting. The repairs thither in search of him, sughs during the service and is asked to serve. Abbott Ashlon, superintendent of schools, excorts Fran from the tent. He talls her Gregory is a wealthy man, seeply interested in charity work, and a pillar of the church. Ashlon becomes preatly interested in Fran and while taking leave of her, holds her hand and is seen by Sapphira Clinton, sister of Robert Clinton, chairman of the school board. Fran talls Gregory she wabts 2 home with him. Grace Noir, Genery's private secretary, takes a visient dislike to Fran and divises her to go away at once. Fran hints at a twenty-year-old secret, and Gregory in agitation asks Grace to never the room. Fran relates the story of how Gregory married a young girl at springdeld while attending college and then descrited her. Fran is the child of that marriage. Gregory had married his present wife three years before the death of Fran's mother. Fran takes a flaing to Mrs. Gregory, Gregory explains that Fran is the daughter of a very dear friend who is dead. Fran agrees to the story, Mrs. Gregory insists on her making her forms. It is decided that Fran must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. Tran declares that the secretary must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. Tran declares that the secretary must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. Tran declares that the secretary must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory's story of his dead friend and hints that Fran may be an imposter. Tran declares that the secretary must go to school. Grace shows persistent interest in Gregory remains stanch in her remainship. Fran is ordered before Supernatendent Ashton to b

CHAPTER X .- Continued. "Lom me!" Jakey pleaded, with fine

"Well, I rather guess not!" cried Bob. "Think I'll refuse Fran's first remest?" He sped upstairs, uncom-monly light of foot.

"Now," whispered Fran wickedly, "let's run off and leave him." "I'm with you!" Abbott whispered

They burst from the building like a torm, Fran laughing musically, Abbott laughing joyously, Jakey laughing loudest of all. They sallied down the front walk under the artillery fire of hostile eyes from the green veranda.

they continued merry. Jakey even swaggered, fancying himself a part of k; he regretted his short trousers When Robert Clinton overtook them, te was red and breathless, but Fran's ned hat was clutched triumphently in his hand. It was he who first iscovered the ambuscade. He sudsenly remembered, looked across the street, then fell, desperately wounded. The shots would have passed unheed-

salled his attention to the ambuscade. sently, "that you're not holding my hand—" and she nodded toward the boarding house. Abbott looked, and turned for one despairing glance at Bob; the latter was without sign of

What shall we do?" inquired Fran. they halted ridiculously. "If we run or it, it'll-make things worse."

"Oh, Lord, yes!" groaned Bob; "don't

Abbott pretended not to understand. Come on, Fran, I shall go home with you." His fighting blood was up. In is face was no surrender, no, not even to Grace Noir. "Come," he perdeted, with dignity.

"How jolly!" Fran exclaimed. "Shall through the grove?-that's the

"Then let us go that way," respondd Abbott stubbornly.

"Abbott," the school director
warned, "you'd better come on over to

my place—I'm going there this instant to get a cup of tea. It'll be best for you, old fellow, you listen to me, sow you need a little er a some a Httle stimulant." "No," Abbott returned definitely. He

had done nothing wrong, and he resented the accusing glances from across the way. "No, I'm going with Fran." "And don't you bother about him,"

Fran called after the retreating chairman of the board, "he'll have stimulant enough."

CHAPTER XI.

The New Bridge at Midnight. It was almost time for summer vaation. Like all conscientious superin- a sudden advent of a residents of public schools, Abbott Ash- was morally impossible. on found the closing week especially tatiguing. Examinations were nervetesting, and correction of examination



country sofitude. Like all reprehens- ed in her lap. ble habits this one was presently to revenge itself by getting the "profes- His feet sounded on the bridge. sor" into trouble.

One beautiful moonlight night, his nightly wanderings was not alto- Gregory-Simon Jefferson-Mrs. Jefgether a weariness of mental toil; sec- ferson-Miss Sapphira - Fran - the trying to escape from the thought of roll of her acquaintances. Was she Fran. He had not known this. He reading a list from the package? had simply run, asking no questions. It was when he suddenly discovered Fran in the flesh, as she slipped along a crooked alley, gliding in shadows, that the cause of much sleeplessness was made tangible.

Abbott was greatly disturbed. Why should Fran be stealthily darting down side-alleys at midnight? The wonder suggested its corollary-why was he running as from some intangible enemy? But now was no time for introspection, and he set himself the task of solving the new mystery. As Fran merged from the mouth of the alley, Abbott dived into its bowels, but when he reached the next street, no Fran was to be seen Had she darted into one of the scat-

tered cabins that composed the fringe of Littleburg? At the mere thought, he felt a nameless shrinking of the heart, Surely not. But could she possibly, however fleet of foot, have rounded the next corner before his coming into the light? Abbott sped along the street that he might know the truth, though he realized that the less he saw of Fran the better. However, the thought of her being alone in the outskirts of the village, most assuredly without her guardian's knowledge, seemed to call him to duty. Call or no call, he went.

It seemed to him a long time before he reached the corner. He darted around it-yonder sped Fran like a thin shadow racing before the moon. She ran. Abbott ran. It was like a foot-race without spectators. At last she reached the bridge span-

ed over Abbott's head, had not Fran ning a ravine in whose far depths murmured a little stream. The bridge "It's a good thing," she said inno- was new, built to replace the foot- do it?" he groaned.



bridge upon which Abbott and Fran had stood on the night of the tentmeeting. Was it possible that the superintendent of instruction was about ravine with the same girl, under the card." same danger of misunderstanding, revealed by similar glory of moonlight? should escort her to Hamilton Gregory's very door, that he might know "Oh, Abbott!" Fran exclaimed, look she had been rescued from the wide ing at him with starlike eyes and rose

Fran's back had been toward him all the time. She was still unaware of his presence, as she paused in the papers called for late hours over the middle of the bridge, and with critical Ashton had fallen into the eye sought a position mathematically reprehensible habit of boiting from the the same from either hand-rail. Standboarding house, after the last paper ing there, she drew a package from was to be found in this girl. He rose

rom town as if to bathe his soul in ings, bent over the package as it rest-

talking about cards—just cards."

joker is named the devil . . .

glad you came."

bridge before?"

ought to be "

me up-quick."

the game isn't interesting any more."

She threw down all the cards, and

He was fascinated and could not

move, though as convinced as at the

beginning that they should not linger

thus. There might be fatal conse-

quences; but the charm of the little

edge to the shorn lamb. He tempor-

"Fran, Miss Grace is one of the best

friends I have, and—and everybody ad-

your fortune-telling, little girl?"

Was she contrite, or mocking?

Abbott was offended. "No."

bott lifted her to her feet.

She reached up both hands, and Ab-

"Whenever you cross a new bridge,

Abbott, without pause, hurried up

Fran was speaking aloud, and, on that account, did not hear him, as he was nearing the suburbs, when he came up behind her. "Grace Noir," made a discovery. The discovery was she was saying—"Abbott Ashton—Bob twofold: First, that the real cause of Clinton - Hamilton Gregory - Mrs. ond, that he had, for some time, been Devil-" She seemed to be calling the Abbott trod noisily on the fresh pine

> Fran swiftly turned, and the moor beams revealed a flush, yet she did not attempt to rise. "Why didn't you anwer when you heard your name called?" she asked with a good deal of composure.

"Fran!" Abbott exclaimed, "Here all alone at midnight—all alone! Is it possible?" "No, it isn't possible," Fran returned

satirically, "for I have company." Abbott warmly urged her to hasten back home; at the same time he drew nearer and discovered that her lap was covered with playing-cards.

"But you musn't stay here," he said nperatively. "Let us go at once." "Just as soon as I tell the fortunes. Of course I wouldn't go to all this trouble for nothing. New look. This card is Fran-the queen of hearts. This one is Simon Jefferson-and this one is Bob. And you-but it's no use telling all of them. Now; we want to see who's going to marry.'

Abbott spoke in his most authoritative tone: "Fran! Get up and come with me before somebody sees you here. This is not only ridiculous, it's wrong and dreadfully imprudent." Fran looked up with flashing eyes.

"I won't!" she cried. "Not till I've told the fortunes. I'm not the girl to go away until she's done what she came to do." Then she added mildly, "Abbott, I just had to say it in that voice, so you'd know I meant it. Don't be cross with me." She shuffled the cards.

"But why must you stay out here to

"Because this is a new bridge. I'd hate to be a professor, and not know that it has to be in the middle of a new bridge, at midnight, over running water, in the moonlight, Now you keep still and be nice; I want to see who's going to get married. Here is Grace Noir, and here is Fran . . ."

"And where am I?" asked Abbott, in an awed voice, as he bent down. Fran wouldn't tell him.

He bent over. "Oh, I see, I see!" he cried. "This is me—" he drew a card from the pack-"the king of hearts." He held it triumphantly. "Well. And you are the queen of hearts, you said."

"Maybe I am." said Fran, rather breathlessly, "but whose hearts are we king and queen of? That's what I want to find out." And she showed her teeth at him.

"We can draw and see," he suggested, sinking upon one knee. "And yet, since you're the queen and I'm the king, it must be each other's hearts-" He stopped abruptly at sight of her crimsoned cheeks.

"That doesn't always follow," Fran told him hastily; "not by any means For here are other queens. See the queen of spades? Maybe you'll get her. Maybe you want her. You see, o venture a second time across this she either goes to you, or to the next

"But I don't want any queen of spades." Abbott declared. He drew Conscience whispered that it would the next card, and exclaimed dramaticnot be enough simply to warn; he ally, "Saved, saved! Here's Bob. Give her to Bob Clinton."

white night; and his conscience was like cheeks, making the most fascinatpossibly upheld by the knowledge that ing picture he had ever beheld at mida sudden advent of a Miss Sapphira night under a silver moon. "Do you mean that? Remember you're on a

new bridge over running water." Abbott paused uneasily. She looked less like a child than he had ever seen her. Her body was very slight-but her face was . . . It is marvelous how much of a woman's seriousness



steps they walked side by side, shoulder to shoulder, four hands clasped. Fran's great dark eyes were set fixedly upon space as they solemnly pa-He reminded her gravely-"We are raded beneath the watchful moon. As Abbott watched her, the witchery of "No," said Fran, not stirring, "we the night stole into his blood. are talking about Grace Noir. You say you don't want her; you've already

The last plank was crossed, "Now!" Fran cried breathlessly, "what did you drawn yourself out. That leaves her wish?" Her body was quivering, her to poor Bob-he'll have to take her, face glowing.

unless the joker gets the lady-the swered. looked up, beaming. "My! but I'm

> Abbott laughed as light-heartedly as if the road were not calling him away from solitudes. "Well, what did you

"That you might always be my we part."

make that come true," he declared. "I just wanted to find out if Grace Noir is going to get you," she said candidly; "it doesn't matter what becomes of her. Were you ever on this

party and his platform." mires her. The fact that you don't like earnestly.

her, shows that you are not all you Fran's drooping head hid her face. Presently she looked up, her expression that of grave cheerfulness. "Now you've said what you thought you had to say," she remarked. "So that's over. Were you ever on this bridge before?" enough to start with." "Good, good!" with vivacious enthusiasm. "Both of us must cross it at

"Yes," said Abbott, "It is," He paused, but she could not guess his the same time and make a wish. Help emotions, for his face showed nothing but a sort of blankness. "I should like to take this up seriatim. You tell me you are eighteen years old?" "-And have had lots of experi-

she explained, "you must make a wish It'll come true. Won't you do it, Abretical or-"

"Of course. What a superstitious "Mercenary," Fran responded; "real little Nonpareil! Do you hold hands?" "Honest hands-" She held out both pay days. of hers. "Come on then. What are you going to wish, Abbott? But no, you

"I don't understand."

mustn't tell till we're across. Oh. I'm done with you. I tell you, I'm a showgirl, a lion-trainer, a jungler. I'm the sleeping potion, or meal, he sat down beast and she began to appreciate famous Fran Nonparell, and my car a pannikin containing a gallon of the inexorable visit of R. E. Morse, nival company has showed in most of whisky beside the cages and went up and they could think of nothing betthe towns and cities of the United stairs. States. It's when I'm in my blue silks and gold stars and crimson sashes. kissing my hands to the audience, that I'm the real princess."

Abbott was unable to analyze his real emotions, and his one endeavor was to hide his perplexity. He had always treated her as if she were older than the town supposed, hence the revelation of her age did not so much matter; but lion-training was so remote from conventions that it seemed in a way almost uncanny. It seemed to isolate Fran, to set her coldly apart from the people of his world. "I'm going home," Fran said ab

The moon had not been laughing at them long, before Fran looked back over her shoulder and said, as if he Yes, Fran," he answered indulgenthad spoken, "Still, I'd like for you to know about it."

He quickened his step to regain her side, but was oppressed by an odd sense of the abnormal.

"Although," she added indistinctly, 'it doesn't matter."

They walked on in stience until, aft ter prolonged hesitation, he told her quietly that he would like to hear all

She looked at him steadily: "Can you dilute a few words with the water of your imagination, to cover a life! I'll speak the words, if you have the imagination."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

While we're together and after we part.' for washing may be used for planta "What are you going to wish, Fran?" It is an excellent fertilizer



whispered Fran, opening her eyes wide. With slow

"That I might succeed," Abbott an-

"Oh!" said Fran. "My! That was like a cold breath. Just wishing to be great, and famous, and useful, and

wish, Fran?"

girl seemed to temper this chill knowlfriend, while we're together, and after ized: "Why don't you go on with "It doesn't take a new bridge to

She looked at him solemnly. "Do you understand the responsibilities of being a friend? A friend has to assume obligations, just as when a man's

elected to office, he must represent his "I'll stand for you!" Abbott cried

"Will you? Then I'm going to tell you all about myself-ready to be suryears old, and in the second place I am a professional lion-trainer, and in the third place my father is-but friends don't have to know each other er's fathers. Besides, maybe that's

"Your lion-training; has it been theo-

lions, real bars, real spectators, real

"But, Fran," said Abbott helplessly,

"But you're going to, before I'm

He followed her mechanically, too bsorbed in her revelation to think of the cards left forgotten on the bridge. From their scene of good wishes, Fran went first, head erect, arms swinging deflantly; Abbott followed, not knowing in the least what to say, or even Fran Cried Breathlessly, what to think. just dying to know! Have you made

she felt disposed to tell.

Ammonia water that has been used

Warwick in Essex there is a worthy tribute to the Bard of Avon. It is

piece of land known as the "Shake speare Border," and includes every

After Cave Johnson had served his long and brilliant career in congress and had retired to the quiet private Shakespeare garden in Ravenscourt life, he once stepped into the office of park, Hammersmith, brings the pohis nephew, Robert Johnson, then a et's devotees to a little green board young lawyer of much promise, and which conveys this intimation: "This finding the young man engaged in writing with a gold pen, had occasion to remark upon the extravagance of the rising generation.

"Why is it," said he, "that every while those of my day were content to use their goosequills?"

"I suppose," replied Robert in the most innocent manner possible, "it is because there were more geese when



Girl Referees Duel Between Suitor and Brother



OSTON.-With a girl as referee and girls as seconds, William J. Rounds, Jr., page in the Massachusetts house of representatives, and would be over that night to give him Herbert B. Larner, a high school boy, a much needed lesson. He would show met on the field of honor near Har- him how to treat his sister. vard university and fought a bitter | "Let him try," growled after the encounter he lay between draw all objection. life and death in the hospital and was saved only by his sweetheart near Harvard university. Rounds was breaking into his sick room, against accompanied by Miss Beryl Grogan, the doctor's order, and kissing him. as referee. Larner arrived with Miss The consequent change in his spirits Lillian Rounds, while Miss Fanny placed him on the road to recovery.

Rounds was arrested on a charge of stabbing with intent to kill. It is Grogan gave the signal. The boys alleged that, when he found he was getting the worst of the fistic encounter, he drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed his adversary in the back and in another instant there was breast.

is the twin sister of young Rounds, pocket,

She and Larner had been friends from childhood. In time they became lovers and recently Larner proposed and was accepted. As sweethearts are wont to do, Miss Rounds and Larner kept the engagement secret. Her brother hated Larner. He tried to persuade his sister to give him up but she refused. At times the two quarreled over this difference. Finally Lillian after one of their numerous clashes telephoned to Larner about her trouble.

Her sweetheart instructed Miss Rounds to tell her brother that he

duel. Rounds for the loyalty of his The duel was arranged. Fists were to twin sister and Larner for the hand be the weapons. If Rounds won, Larof his sweetheart. The fight all but ner had to give up courting his sister. cost Larner his life. For three days If Larner won Rounds had to with-

That night the five went to a field Rounds, another sister, came along to be second for her brother. Miss rushed at each other and fought flercely with the battle against young Rounds. Then in a flash he drew a glitter of steel and Larner was on Miss Lillian Rounds, the girl over the ground, stabbed in the chest with whose affection the duel was fought, a knife Rounds had concealed in his

prised? Friends ought to know each "Jagged" Elephant Terrorizes Live Stock Ship

NEW YORK.—Captain Kuhls of the live stock freighter Salamanca, known in shipping circles as "Noah's ark," brought a sad story of a sea of troubles to port with him the other

Aside from a thousand monkeysringtails, mandrils, rizus and just plain monkeys-a zebra, ten lions and eight tigers, the ship had no passengers except nineteen elephants and nineteen honey bears.

The honey bear is a capricious animal and a poor sailor. Hans Tost, Karl Hagenback's traveling animal nurse, who had the whole shipload in charge, has found how to keep the honey bears quiet on board. He mixes | zebra. She threw a loose link of hobwhisky with boiled rice and keeps them drowsily "jagged" all the way the monkeys. She indulged in jocose across the Atlantic.

The day before the ship arrived in

thieving and prehensile trunk and into her berth.



sucked all the whisky and let it run down her dry gullet. When Tost returned he knew the whisky was gone; it was not until an hour later that he found out where. Amy was scandalous. She winked flirtatiously at the ble chain down into the hold among trumpeting. Not until early the next day did the

ter than to rig a hose to one of the Amy, the belle of the elephant herd, ship's pumps to play cold sait water who was destined for the Chicago on her fevered brow. Amy was sleepzoological gardens, reached out a ing fitfully when the ship was warped

Lee Hing Found It Wasn't Safe to Move a Safe



LEVELAND, O .- A safe is not an immovable object if Lee Hing, a Mongolian resident of Cleveland, can be believed. There is no reason why Hing cannot be believed. He has had experience with a safe-his first, and last, for that matter.

When Lee said good-bye to Huron Road hospital after a two months' stay he ejaculated to the effect that er getting up three flights of stairs to he never wanted to again look a his snoring emporium. With one safe in the face.

lived at 1280 Ontario street and had box toward the stairs. a liking for safes which bordered on safety looking safe.

sleep of the innocent. He never even gravity. dreamed of the Hip Sing tongmen who are the ancient and deadly enemies of the On Leon Tong of which than ten million yellow sons of China Lee is a member. He even kept a were in line to receive them.

secret the fact that the safe had been left behind in the rooming house by a Chinese merchant who had formerly occupied the place. How Lee came to lose interest in

safes and his own security is of more interest than the history of this particular safe. Lee was curled up behind his seven-foot pipe and was puffing like a locomotive one afternoon in front of his boarding house when a gentle zephyr brought the startling news that the Hip Sing tongmen were going to pay a visit to Lee's bedroom and hold a post mortem on the safe. Incidentally the informant stated, the Hip Sings might separate Lee from his thinking apparatus. That was the last straw. Lee al-

most lost his trousers and shoe leathbound he was at the side of the safe. Lee Hing up to three months ago Rudely he dragged the two ton strong

Lee clambered down two steps and the brink of affection. In the room lovingly grabbed the safe. With a where Lee took his daily siesta there delicate little start the safe fell forreposed a safe. A very reposing and ward into Lee's upheld arms. There was a brief hesitation as Lee grasped The safe contained nothing but air the object to his breast. The hesitaand was unlocked, but that made no tion was decidedly brief. Lee suddendifference to Lee. He would say his ly rolled his eyes like a snake charmevening prayers-to Confucius- er with the delirium tremens and with climb into the feathers and sleep the a wait in Chinese became a victim of

Lee and the safe landed simultaneously at the bottom landing. Less

Government Wagon Master Drives Mules 51 Years

G ALVESTON, TEX. — With the Fifth Brigade, now encamped at Fort Crockett, is an old man-a quaint German man-who is seventy years of age. Of this three score years and ten he has placed fifty-one years in the service of the United States army, driving teams of mules. From 1862 to 1913 is no short time for a man to be laboring at one thing, yet that is what August Blume, as sistant wagon-master of the Seventh Infantry, has been doing practically all his life. He is one of the few men in the army today who served in some capacity in the service during the Civil war.

During the fifty-one years in which he has been in the employ of Uncle Sam he has seen some bad times. Gus, for that is what he is known by in young man now has his gold pen, the corral camp at Fort Crockett, came to this country from Germany, where he was born in 1843, a few years prior to the Civil war. In 1862. theying the call from the government for men in all ranks of the line, he since his arrival in the city.



two wars, not considering the numerous Indian skirmishes and battles in which he played an important part. Mr. Blume intends to get a leave from the camp at Fort Crockett and rest for a full day. He intends to spend a greater portion of the day in the downtown section of Galveston viewing the places of interest that he

continuously in the service of the

United States government. He has

been placed in dangerous positions in

has not had an opportunity of seeing

For the Sake of Romance and Adventure Do Not Discourage the Reckar of Treasure.

For the sake of romance and adof the expedition which recently weny to the Isle of Cocos in search of pirate for something less prosaic, for some good town of Panama, where the treasare seekers are wont to outfit and buy like a dash of cold water. Let us rath negative results never really proved anything. There may be gold on Cocos. There may be millions of pieces f eight and pewels galore and wine which the buccaneers, who had more han they could drink, laid aside for a rainy day. Because many treasure hunters have ransacked Cocos from and to end no man can say that the next treasure hunter will not find that for which all the others have labored

nd sought in vain. Treasure hunters are of the earth's

LURE OF TREASURE HUNTING | dreams, the seers of wonderful vision, | cause one shaddock would serve a the makers of romance. All the world loves or should love them. The news of the day is too much hardened with heavy reading. One wearies at last of political and social reform, of divorce and murder in sordid bar-rooms, venture and all that puts color into of the cost of living and the course life it is to be hoped that the failure of the markets. There is a craving for something not so commonplace, sold will not mark the end of treasure thing which has a touch of moonshine hunting. In the interest also of the in it. Let us not, therefore, discourage the treasure hunters with cold reason supplies, we should point out that or fan their enthusiasm and keep it forever aglow so that as long as news. citrus decumana, and consequently papers exist there may be now and then a tale of Cocos island wedged in between the tariff and the trusts.

Who Knows the Shaddock?

And here is a man who says that the shaddock isn't the grape fruit at ranged for a man to care for them in all-that they are no more alike than pigs are like gazelles. "I have," he says, "never seen a shaddock here in the market. The shaddock is a big in all the engineers' transits on the Treasure hunters are of the earth's as six grape fruits. You would have work, these threads taking the place ait. They are the dreamers of great to get more than 75 cents for it; be of platinum.

party of six any time. The juice tastes very different from the grape fruit." He also declares that the grape fruit should not have any bitter taste -that this taste is imparted to it by falling on the ground, the spray from the rind being sent through the pulp by the fall. "If," he says, "Americans could get the fruit of the grape fruit as it is picked they would never again eat the fruit that has been knocked about from hand to hand." All of which is referred to the scientific men, who say that the shaddock and the grape fruit and the pomelo are all the same thing.-New York Mail. Spiders Work for Canal.

Official notice that six large spiders were working for the Panama canal came out when Colonel Goethals arthe instrument room at the Gorgona shops. From the cocoons the instrument makers will take threads for use

TRIBUTE TO BARD OF AVON Garden Contains Every Shrub, Flower or Plant Mentioned in Plays of Shakespeare.

"What Did You Wish?"

"Nothing whatever about Miss Grace

ly, "it's something always in

"All right. I'm glad. Say this:

Don't talk or anything, just wish, oh,

With all my mind and all my heart

With all my mind and all my heart

While we're together and after we part'-

up your mind, yet?"

Noir.

"About Grace Noir?"

wish with all your might-

Abbott repeated gravely:

Tradition has it that Shakespeare was a frequent partaker of the hospitality dispensed at a certain tavern in Brentford, and until recently this was the only direct association which this portion of Greater Londor could claim with the world's chief drama-Now, however, a tram-ride to the

garden contains all the herbs and garden plants mentioned in Shakespeare's works." Many an interesting hour may be spent here in an occupation at once literary and horticultural, in locating in garden-bed and printed page the whereabouts of the plants and flowers which figure in Shakespearean

dramas. On the estate of the countess

flower, shrub, and vegetable mentioned by the poet. Every specimen is labeled, not only with its botanic name, but also with the quotation from the play in which it is mentioned.-London Mail. Such an Obvious Solution.

you were a young man."