Failed to Score.

"Will the gentleman allow me to ask thim a question?" interrupted a man in the

'Certainly," said the orator. "Did you or did you not once run for, he office of lieutenant governor?" In breathless silence the vast assembly

awaited his answer. He drew himself up to his full height, flashed a glance of concentrated scorn at the presumptuous variet and raised his voice till it jarred the rafters.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I did! I once ran for the office of lieutenant governor of the state of New Jersey and I was defeated,

sir, by the largest majority by which any man ever escaped that office in the his-tory of the United States."

Utterly crushed and humiliated by the outburst of applause that greeted this triumphant rejoinder, the crestfallen man who had presumed to measure wits with a seasoned campaigner slunk ignominiously

She Couldn't Understand.

From Judge.

He was describing the game.

"I thought I had a clear field," he said,
"when suddenly he tackled me." What do you mean by that?" she

'Why, in this case he caught me around the waist with both arms and I couldn't make him let go."

"But, why," she inquired with a sigh, "why, under those circumstances, did you want to make him let go?" Then she added, after a pause, "You men are queer creatures."



Philosophy of a Plutocrat. Dollars and sense should always go to-

gether.

Never sign a promissory note or a gushing love letter.

Money may be the root of all evil, but how we do like herbs.

When a millionaire's son turns out a useful citizen the world gasps in amazement.

workmen are the busy bees, and Wall street is the farmer who calmly harvests

the honey.

Riches will not bring you heaven, but they sometimes bring heaven right down ou on earth.

There's a reason why poets make "mon-ey" rhyme with such delightful things as "sunny" and "honey."
What will we do with our millionaires?

What will we do with our millionaires? Auto accidents and trust investigations will soon solve that problem.

No titled persons in this land, eh! Don'd foreign noblemen marry our heiresses for their titles—to good real estate?

The worst of it is that a rich man ean't say "Good morning" to a pretty girl without facing a breach of promise suit.

Women make their finances give up such expensive habits as smoking and drinking, but cling right on to the matinee and bonbon habit.

Science and Superstition.
From Harper's Weekly.
There is a young woman in Washington who is a graduate of a seminary that makes a feature of its course in domestic.

hygiene.

One day a friend was walking with this young woman, and their conversation turned to the discussion of some rather abstruse questions which the graduate intended to present in a paper before a woman's club at the capital. The graduate was holding forth in approval seminary style on various scholarly themes, when she suddenly stopped and picked up a pin on the sidewalk.

"I am surprised" smilled.

"I am surprised," smilingly observed her companion, glancing at the rusty pin as the graduate stuck it under the lapel of her coat.

"It is a little superstition I have never 'been able to conquer," said the graduate, "but," she hastened to explain, "I shall uterilize this as soon as I get home."

OVER SEA HABIT.

Difference on This Side the Water The persistent effect upon the heart of caffeine in coffee cannot but result in the gravest conditions, in time.

Each attack of the drug (and that means each cup of coffee) weakens the organ a little more, and the end is almost a matter of mathematical demonstration. A lady writes from a Western State:

"I am of German descent, and it was natural that I should learn at a very early age to drink coffee. Until. I was 23 years old I drank scarcely anything else at my meals.

"A few years ago I began to be affected by a steadily increasing nervousness, which eventually developed into a distressing heart trouble that made me very weak and miserable Then, some three years ago, was added asthma in its worst form. My sufferings from these things can be better imagined than described.

During all this time my husband re "ed more fully than I did that coffee was injurious to me, and made every effort to make me stop.

"Finally it was decided a few months ago, to quit the use of coffee absolutely, and to adopt Postum Food Coffee as our hot table drink. I had but little idea that it would help me, but consented to try it to please my husband. I prepared it very carefully. exactly according to directions, and was delighted with its delicious flavor,

and refreshing qualities. "Just as soon as the poison from the coffee had time to get out of my system the nutritive properties of the Postum began to build me up, and 1 am now fully recovered from all my mervousness, heart trouble and asthma. I gladly acknowledge that now, for the first time in years, I enjoy perfect health, and that I owe it all to Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Bat-

tle Creek, Mich. There's a reason. Read the little

The Return of Sherlock Holmes

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

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ADVENTURE OF EMPTY HOUSE .- CONTINUED

am glad to stretch myselt, watson," he said. "It is no joke when a
tall man has to take a foot off his stature for several hours on end. Now, my
dear fellow, in the matter of these explanations, we have, if I may ask for your co-operation, a hard and danger-ous night's work in front of us. Perhaps it would be better if I gave you an account of the whole situation when that work is finished." is finished."

I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perceived the somewhat sinister figure of the late Professor Moriarity standing upon the narrow pathway which led to safety. I read an inexorable purpose in his grey eyes. I exchanged some remarks with him, therefore, and obtained his courteous permission to write the short note which you afterwards received. I left it with my cigarette box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarity still at of my enemies was now left in Lonarette box and my stick, and I walked along the pathway, Moriarity still at my heels. When I reached the end I stood at bay. He drew no weapon, but he rushed at me and threw his long arms around me. He knew that his own game was up, and was only anxious to revenge himself upon me. We tottered together were the briller of the results of the statement of the stat tottered together upon the brink of the fall. I have some knowledge, however, of baritsu, or the Japanese system of wrestling, which has more than once been very useful to me. I slipped through his grip, and he with a horrible screen kicked madly for a few secthrough his grip, and he with a horrible scream kicked madly for a few seconds, and clawed the air with both his hands. But for all his efforts he could not get his balance, and over he went. With my face over the brink, I saw him fall for a long way. Then he struck a rock, bounded off, and splashed into the water." I listened with amazement to this ex-

planation, which Holmes delived be-tween the puffs of his cigarette.
"But the tracks!" I cried. "I saw, with my own eyes, that two went down the path and none returned."

"It came about in this way. The instant that the professor had disappeared, it struck me what a really extraordinarily lucky chance fate had placed in my way. I knew that Moriarity was not the only man who had sworn my death. There were at least three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased. three others whose desire for vengeance upon me would only be increased
by the death of their leader. They
were all most dangerous men. One or
other would certainly get me. On the
other hand, if all the world was convinced that I was dead they would take
liberties, these men, they would soon
lay themselves open, and soonor or
later I could destroy them. Then it
would be time for me to annotance that
I was still in the land of the living.
So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before
Professor Moriarity had reached the

done on similar occasions, but the sight would certainly have suggested a deception. On the whole, then, it was best that I should risk the climb. It was not a pleasant business, Watson.
The fall roared beneath me. I am not a fanciful person, but I give you my word that I seemed to hear Moriarity's voice screaming at me out of the abyss. A mistake would have been fatal. More than once, as tufts of grass came out that the grass came out that the grass came out that the grass came out the grass came out the grass came out the grass came out the grass came ou A mistake would have been man. A which, if we can bring the planet. The value of the which, if we can bring the which, if we can bring the which, if we can bring the planet. The value of the which, if we can bring the planet, which, if we can bring the planet. The value of the planet which which, if we can bring the planet, which the planet which which, if we can bring the planet, which, if whi

"At last, when you all had formed your inevitable and totally erroneous conclusions, you departed for the hotel, and I was left alone. I had imagined that I had reached the end of my adventures, but a very unexpected occurence showed me that there were surprises still in store for me. A huge rock, falling from above, boomed past me, struck the path, and bounded over into the chasm. For an instant I thought that it was an accident, but a moment later, looking up. I saw a man's head against the darkening sky, and another stone struck the very ledge upon which I was stretched, within a foot of my head. Of course, the meaning of this was obvious. Moriarity had not been alone. A confederate—and even that one glance had told me how dangerous a man that confederate was—had kept guard while the professor had attacked me. From when you all had formed the professor had attacked me. From a distance, unseen by me, he had been a witness of his friend's death and of my escape. He had waited, and then making his way round to the top of the cliff, he had endeavored to succeed where his comrade had falled.

"It did not take long to think about it, Watson. Again I saw that grim face look over the cliff, and I knew that it was the precursor of another stone. I scrambled down the path. I don't think I could have done it in cold blood. think I could have done it in cold blood. It was a hundred times more difficult than getting up. But I had no time to think of the danger, for another stone sang past me as I hung by my hands from the edge of the ledge. Half way down I slipped, but, by the blessing of God, I landed, torn and bleeding, upon the path. I took to my heels, did ten miles over the mountains in the darkmiles over the mountains in the dark-ness, and a week later, I found myself in Florence, with the certainty that no one in the world knew what had be

"I had only one confidant-my broth-There's a reason. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs.

Postum Food Coffee contains no drugs of any description whatsoever.

Postum Food Coffee contains no drugs of any description whatsoever.

Postum Food Coffee contains no dead, and it is quite certain that you drank (hic) all the whisky that's good 'would not have written so convincing for me, I can't say (hic) seltser.

THE an account of my unhappy end had you not yourself thought that it was true. Several times during the last "I am glad to stretch myself, Wat- three years I have taken up my per plorable and irreparable results. As to "I am full of curiosity, I should much prefer to hear now."

"You'il come with me, tonight?"

"When you like and where you like."

"This is, indeed, like the old days. We shall have time for a mouthful of dinner before we need go. Well, then, about that chasm. I had no serious difficulty in getting out of it, for the very simple reason that I never was in it."

"You never were in it?"

"No, Watson. I never was in it. My note to you was absolutely genuine. I had little doubt that I had come to the end of my career when I perton the receiving news of your friend I then passed through Persia, looked in at Mecca, and paid a short but in-"I am full of curiosity, I should much Mycroft, I had to confide in him order to hear now."



AN ELDERLY, DEFORMED MAN.

later I could destroy them. Then it would be time for me to annouace that I was still in the land of the living. So rapidly does the brain act that I believe I had thought this all out before Professor Moriarity had reached the bottom of the Reichenbach fall.

"I stood up and examined the rocky wall behind me. In your picturesque account of the matter, which I read with great interest some months later, you assert that the wall was sheer. That was not literally true. A few small footholds presented themselves, and there was some indication of a ledge. The cliff is so high that to climb it at all was an obvious impossibility, and it was equally impossible to make my way along the wet path without leaving some tracks. I might, it is true, have reversed my boots, as I have done on similar occasions, but the sight

ing—a narrative which would have been utterly incredible to me had it not been confirmed by the actual sight of the tall, spare figure and the keen, eager face, which I had never thought to see again. In some manner he had

inefficient manner the circumstances of at that hour, I found myself seated be-my death. my pocket, and the thrill of adventur in my heart. Holmes was cold and stern and silent. As the gleam of the street lamps flashed upon his austere features, I saw that his brows were drawn down in thought and his thin lips compressed. I knew not what wild beast we were about to hunt down in the dark jungle of criminal London, but I was well assured, from the bearing venture was a most grave one—while the sardonic smile which occasionally little good for the object of our quest.
I had imagined that we were bound



Mrs. Fuller Booze (at 2 a. m.)—Af ter you've drank all the whisky that is good for you, you should call for selt-

for Baker street, but Holmes stopped the cab at t e corner or Cavendish Square. I observed that as he stepped out he gave the most searching glance o right and left, and at every subsequent street corner he took the ut-most pains to assure that he was not followed. Our route was certainly a dgular one. Holmes' knowledge of the by-ways of London was extraordinary, and on this occasion he passed rapidly and with an assured step through a network of mews and stables, the very network of mews and stables, the very existence of which I had never known. We emerged at last into a small road, lined with old, gloomy houses, which led us into Manchester street, and so to Blandford street. Here he turned swiftly down a narrow passage, passed hrough a wodden gate into a deserted yard, and then opened with a key the back door of a house. We entered topack door of a house. We entered to-gether, and he closed it behind us. The place was pitch dark, but it was

evident to me that it was an empty house. Our feet creaked and crackled over the bare planking, and my out-stretched hand touched a wall from which the paper was hanging in ribbons. Holmes' cold, thin fingers closed round my wrist and led me forwards down a long hall, until I dimly saw the murky fan-light over the door. Here Holmes turned suddenly to the right, and we found ourselves in a large, square, empty room, heavily shadowed in the corners, but faintly lit in the enter from the lights of the street be-yond. There was no lamp near, and he window was thick with dust, so hat we could only just discern each other's figures within. My companion out his hand upon my shoulder and his ips close to my ear.
"Do you know where we are?" he

vhispered. "Surely this is Baker street," I an-

wered, staring through the dim win-"Exactly. We are in Camden house which stands opposite to our own old quarters."

'But why are we here?"

"Because it commands so excellent view of that picturesque pile. Might I rouble you, my dear Watson, to draw a ittle nearer to the window, taking every precaution not to show yourself, and then look up at our old rooms—the starting point of so many of your little fairy tales? We will see if my hree years of absence have entirely taken away my power to surprise you." aken away my power to surprise you."

I crept forward and looked across at the familiar window. As my eyes fell upon it, I gave a gasp and a cry of amazement. The blind was down, and a strong light was burning in the room. The shadow of a man who was seated in a chair within was thrown in hard, black outline upon the luminous screen of the window. There was no mistaking the poise of the head, the squareness of the shoulders, the sharpness of the factures. The face was turned half-round, and the effect was that of one of those black silhouettes which our grandparents loved to frame. It was a perfect reproduction of Holmes. So amazed was I that I threw out my hand to make sure that the man himself was standing beside me. He was quivering with silent laughter. "Well?" he said. "Good heavens!" I cried. "It is mar-

"I trust that age doth not wither nor custom stale my infinite variety," said he, and I recognized in his voice the joy and pride which the artist takes in his own creation. "It really is rather like me, is it not?"
"I should be prepared to swear that

it was you." "The credit of the execution is due to Monsieur Oscar Meunier, of Grenoble, who spent some days in doing the moulding. It is a bust in wax. The rest I arranged myself during my visit

to Baker street this afternoon. "But why?" "Because, my dear Watson, I had the strongest possible reason for wishing people to think that I was there when I was really elsewhere."
"And you thought the rooms were watched?"

"I knew that they were watched."

"By whom?"

"By my old enemies, Watson. By the charming society whose leader lies in the Reichenbach Fall. You must remember that they knew, and only they knew, that I was still alive. Sooner or later they believed that I should come back to my rooms. They watched them continuously, and this morning they saw me arrive." "By whom?" they saw me arrive.

Because I recognized their sentinel when I glanced out of my window. He is a harmless enough fellow, Parker by name, a garroter by trade, and a re-markable performer on the jews-harp. markable performer on the jews-harp. I cared nothing for him. But I cared a great deal for the much more formidable person who was behind him, the bosom friend of Moriarity, the man who dropped the rocks over the cliff, the most cunning and dangerous criminal in London. This is the man who is after me tonight, Watson, and that is the man who is quite unaware that is the man who is quite unaware that we are after him."

My friend's plans were gradually revealing themselves. From this conveni-ent retreat, the watchers were being watched and the trackers tracked. Tha angular shadow up yonder was the bait and we were the hunters. In silence we stood together in the dark-ness and watched the hurrying figures who passed and repassed in front of us. Holmes was silent and motion-less; but I could tell that he was keenly alert, and that his eyes were fixed intently upon the stream of passers-by. It was a bleak and boisterous night, and the wind whistled shrilly down the long street. Many people were moving to and fro, mos. of them muffled in their coats and cravats Once or twice it seemed to me that nad seen the same figure before, and I especially noticed two men who ap-peared to be sheltering themselves in the doorway of a house some distance up the street. I tried to draw my com-panion's attention to them; but he gave a little ejaculation of impatience, and continued to stare into the street. More than once he fidgeted with his feet and tapped rapidly with his fingers upon the wall. It was evident to me that he was becoming uneasy, and that his plans were not working altogether as he had hoped. At last, as midnight approached and the street gradually cleared, he paced up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation. I was about to make some remark to him, when I raised my eyes to the lighted window, and again experienced almost as great a surprise as before. I clutched Holmes' arm and pointed upwards.
"The shadow has moved," I cried.

(Continued Next Week)

Support That Comes High. Hartford, Conn. Courant: Russian

credit has been supported during this week in the usual manner-by buying with state money such securities as have been pushed to a sale and thus keeping the price up. That is a costly and dangerous method, but it is the only way open to Russia in this emergency. The effect, of course, is only temporary. Germany and France are plastered with Russian state securities, given for borrowed money, and every time a holder of these wishes for any reason to turn his paper into cash he is confronted with a public not eager to buy. The effect of all this upon the business of Europe can not fail to be hurtful—how hurtful only time can

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It is autumn. A sister is standing m her cell in the convent near a window that overlooks the sea. A letter is in her trembling hands, and a pained expression on her tear-stained face. She reads the letter again and again, then puts it in the pocket of her sable gown and gazes sadly at the sun that is slowly dying in the west with a golden sea of glory around it.

The letter is from her lover of former days, when their two hearts were

mer days, when their two hearts were bound in one. It is an appeal of eloquence to her—to forsake the convent and to marry him. He is sorry for what he has done, and only awaits the golden characteristics. the golden chance to throw himself at her feet—there to pour out the oceans of his repentance. He is waiting for her in his carriage outside the monastery's walls. He will wait for her till the sun has vanished, and if she fails to come then he will know she will not forsake the convent for him.

A nightingale is thrilling his lay in

A nightingale is thrilling his lay in the woods; the sister hears it and looks once more at the sun that is slowly disappearing in the west. She looks at the letter again; then opens her trunk and begins to pack it hastily. There is a sort of determination in her movements. Suddenly she pauses in her work and listens, for the nightingals is singing as high never seem here.

movements. Suddenly she pauses in her work and listens, for the nightingale is singing as bird never sang before. She looks out of the window and observes a few pearly clouds collect into a body and remain motionless. The wavelets of the sea cease their dancing. Not a sound is heard save the singing of the bird beyond. Even the winds are silent.

"Surely," thinks the sister, "all nature is listening to those heavenly notes." A ray of the setting sun shoots into the cell; it falls on a small crucifix that is standing upon the table and throws its shadow across the trunk, which the sister is packing. A gentle expression comes into her face. A thought rises in her bosom which she thought rises in her bosom which she cannot rightly analyze, but the thought has some connection. has some connection with the crucifix and the vows she has made. Then there comes the sound of the convent bells their mournful tones proclaiming the vesper hour. The nightingale stops singing; the sun goes down; the sister tears the letter in shreds and throws them in the fire. She sees her lover's carriage disappear among the hills and then sinks upon her knees before the crucifix, her hands clasped over her

From Judge.

It was a church sociable, and for the entertainment and instruction of the guests the committee had prepared some slips of paper on which were printed a word puzzle—that is, a little story was told, with certain words indicated by banks. The guests were expected to fill in the blanks with the proper words, and the one succeeding in guessing nearest the total number of words correctly should have the prize. After the slips had been filled they were read by their holders. In its puzzle shape the slip bore something

like this: "Near the waters of the Mediterranean coat was walking along the — way.

He was approached by a — man who asked him, "What is your — nationality? To which the — old man replied, 'Go to — and you will find out.' Whereat the — man," etc., etc.

Most of the contestants had succeeded in filling the blanks so that the anecdote read pleasingly—some of them were even funny; but the shocking surprise of the evening came when the young son of the - old man wearing a -

evening came when the young son of the local livery man arose and read his effort. He was stopped after the second sentence, it being evident that he had not thoroughly grasped the proposition. He had re-placed the blanks with swear words.

When Irving Was Turned Down.

From Harper's Weekly.
Bram Stoker, who for many years was onnected with the management of the late Sir Henry Irving, tells of an amusing incident which occurred during the play-er's tour of the middle west.

It appears that Irving, in order to break a "long jump" from Chicago to another city, was desirous of securing for one night the theater of a town in Indiana. Accordingly, Stoker wired the individual who was both proprietor and manager of the playhouse in question, requesting that Sir Hery be given a night's en-

In a short while Mr. Stocker received the following: "Does Irving parade?" When shown this, the distinguished Briton was much amused. He directed Stoker to reply that "Irving was a tragedian, not a min-

The further reply came, "Don't want Irving unless he parades.'

A North Country Creditor.

From Judy.

A small girl recently entered a grocer's trembling bosom.

And all is dark and silent in the cell.

The nightingale has sung its paean of glory; the convent bells have rung clear and sweet through the tempest in her heart and called her back to the shilling in when father comes home."

A small girl recently entered a grocer's shop in one of the suburbs of a large town in the north of England and said to the shopkeeper in a shrill voice: "Please, sir, I wast 'arf a pound of butter and penn'-orth of cheese, and mother sez she'll send a shilling in when father comes home." path of duty.

Ring on, ye glorious convent bells!
Echo your beautiful hymns, for the evening is mild and robed with glittering stars and crowned with cres-

31 Boxes of Gold

300 Boxes of Greenbacks

For the most words made up from these letters

Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts

331 people will earn these prizes

Around the fireside or about the that the noon hour will find a man well-lighted family reading table dur-ing the winter evenings the children stronger heart-beat and clearer workand grown-ups can play with their ing brain than he ever had on the old wits and see how many words can be diet.

20 people making the greatest number of words will each receive a little box containing a \$10 gold piece.

10 people will each win one box containing a \$5 gold piece.

300 people will each win a box containing \$1 in paper money and one person who makes the highest number after you have been 2 or 3 weeks on of words over all contestants will receive a box containing \$100 in gold. It is really a most fascinating bit of how you are now. The simple facts fun to take up the list evening after will interest others and surprise yourevening and see how many words can self. We never publish names be added. A few rules are necessary for abso-

lute fair play. Any word authorized by Webster's dictionary will be counted, but no name of person. Both the singular and plural can be used, as a r instance "grape" and "grapes."

The letters in "Y-I-O-Grape-Nuts"

may be repeated in the same word. Geographical names authorized by Webster will be counted.

Arrange the words in alphabetical classes, all those beginning with A together and those beginning with E to come under E, etc.

When you are writing down the words leave some spaces, in the A, E, and other columns to fill in later as prizes, which will be awarded in an new words come to you, for they will exact and just manner as soon as the spring into mind every evening.

It is almost certain that some con-

cases a prize identical in value and character with that offered in that class shall be awarded to each. Each agreed. The company is well known one will be requested to send with the all over the world for absolute fidelity list of words a plainly written letter to its agreements and every single one describing the advantages of Grape- of the 331 winners may depend on re-Nuts, but the contestant is not re- celving the prize won. quired to purchase a pkg. These letters are not to contain poetry, or fancy flourishes, but simple, truthful the great number of prizes—(331)—the statements of fact. For illustration: curiosity of seeing how many words incipient or chronic ails traceable to evening and the good, natural fun and unwise selection of food that failed to education in the competition, it seems give the body and brain the energy, health and power desired. Seeking bet- ing to lose and a fine opportunity to ter conditions a change in food is made win one of the many boxes of gold or and Grape-Nuts and cream used in greenbacks. place of the former diet. Suppose one quits the meat, fried potatoes, starchy, who win a prize of gold or greenbacks sticky messes of half-cooked oats or will also win back health and strength wheat and cuts out the coffee. Try, for breakfast a bit of fruit, a dish of money prizes. of Grape-Nuts and cream, two softboiled eggs, a slice of hard toast and this statement and go at it, and send a cup of Postum Food Coffee. Some in the list and letter before April 30, amateur says: "A man would faint 1906, to Postum Cereal Co., Ltd., Bataway on that," but, my dear friend, the Creek, Mich., and let your name we will put dollars to your pennies and address be plainly written.

Suppose, if you have never really made a move for absolutely health that pushes you along each day with a spring in your step and a reserve vigor in muscle and brain that makes the doing of things a pleasure, you join the army of "plain old com-mon sense" and start in now. Then the Grape-Nuts training you write a statement of how you used to be and on permission, but we often tell the facts in the newspapers and when requested give the names by private let-

There is plenty of time to get personal experience with Grape-Nuts and write a sensible, truthful letter to be sent in with the list of words, as the contest does not close until April 30, 1906. So start in as soon as you like to building words, and start in using Grape-Nuts. Cut this statement out Grape-Nuts. and keep the letters Y-I-O-Grape, Nuts before you and when you write your letter you will have some reason to write on the subject, "Why I Owe Grape-Nuts." Remember 331 persons will win

list can be counted after April 30, 1906. Every contestant will be sent a testants will tie with others. In such printed list of names and addresses of winners on application, in order to have proof that the prizes are sent as

Many persons might feel it useless to contest, but when one remembers A person may have experienced some can really be made up evening after worth the trial; there is no cost, noth-

We make the prediction that some worth more to them than a wagon full

There are no preliminaries, cut out