A New Definition.

A rather cynical joke has been recently credited to Senator Platt.

The senator on his last visit to the Manhattan Beach hotel, allowed a pretty little girl, a western millionaire's daughter, to be presented to him. The little girl, in the course of one of her many delightful chats with the

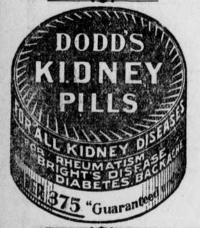
aged statesman, said: "Tell me, won't you, senator, what political economy is?"

"Political economy is?" "Political economy, my dear child," Senator Platt replied, "is the art of never buying more votes than you ac-tually need."

Close Quarters. From Everybody's Magazine. Any one who has ever traveled on the New York subway in rush hours can easily appreciate the following: A little man, wedged into the middle of a car, suddenly thought of plek-pockets, and quite as suddenly remem-bered that he had some money in his overcoat. He plunged his hand into his pocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the first of a fat felpocket and was somewhat shocked upon encountering the fist of a fat fel-

low passenger. snorted the latter. "I caught Aba!" you that time!'

you that time!" "Leggo!" snarled the little man. "Leggo my hand!" "Pickpocket!" hissed the fat man. "Scoundre!!" retorted the little one. Just then a tall man in their vicinity glanced up from his paper. "I'd like to get off here," he drawled, "If you fellows don't mind taking your "if you fellows don't mind taking your Mands out of my pocket"



Saw It Come Out of a Cow. A little city boy and his sister Doro-thy, were taken to the country for the first time.

The two children were happy as the day was long. In the late afternoon they watched the cows come home, heard with delight the tinkling cow-bells, and the little boy even went up to the hearen these these these days

to the barns to see the milking done. At supper, just as Dorothy was lift-ing her glass to her rosy lips, the boy cried out:

"Oh, Dotty, don't! You mustn't drink that milk. It's not fit to drink. It came out of a cow. I saw it." "ITS. Winshow's coorning starp for Ohldren teaching softens the gums, redoes information al. tars pain cures wind colic. We can't a bottis

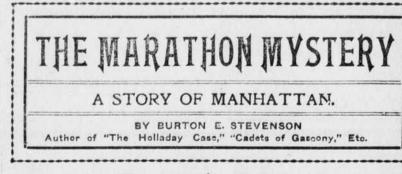
SURNAMES NOT USED BY KINGS

Only Christian Names Signed by Ma-

jority of Members of Royal House. From T. P.'s Weekly. The origin of most royal houses was similar throughout Europe, and kings and their families, speaking broadly, never had or used surnames. They signed their Christian names alone. So universally was this the ages that is

So universally was this the case that it became rigid effquette that a person of royal birth should, not use a surname, though, there have been numbers of cases of dynatics, like our own Stuarts, like the Bernadotte dynasty of Sweden, or like the Bonaparte family, who unquestionably and undubitably had inherited surnames. But it has always been a puzzle why the cadet members of our royal house do not

But it has always been a puzzle why the cadet members of our royal house do not subscribe themselves as peers by their peerage designations, as do other peers. However, the fact is they do not, but it has not been discovered what are the rules which govern their signatures. The sov-ereign signs by the Christian name and usually adds "R." or "R. and I." Princes and princesses sign by their Christian names and sometimes, but not always, add the letter "P." When or why this is add-ed or omitted is not known. But the habits of royalty lead others into



With which sage reflection, he turned | revoir, my friend," and he waved his back to his work while I sought the hand to me and closed the door behind him. With the vision of him yet in shore. On the way back to the office,

He

I turned the mate's story over in my mind. It had, at least, served to establish one thing—a connection, however, slender, between Thompson and Tre-maine. It was evident that Thompson had intended joining Tremaine at St. Pierre, but when he found him embark-Pierre, but when he found him embark-ing on the Parima, stayed with the vessel so that they might reach New York together. That it was Tremaine who had supplied the other with spirits on the voyage north I did not doubt; Thompson, then, had some claim upon Thompson, then, had some claim upon Tremaine—a claim, perhaps, of friend-ship, of association in crime; a claim, doubtless, to which those missing clip-pings gave the clew. If I could only find them! But Tremaine had searched for them with a thoroughness which had excited even Godfrey's admiration. No doubt Miss Croydon had them at this moment in the pocket of her gown: No doubt Miss Croydon had them at this moment in the pocket of her gown; or perhaps she had destroyed them without realizing their importance. But she must have realized it or she would never have dared take them from that repulsive body; she must have known exactly what they contained, if they were the papers she had gone to suite fourieen to get.

fourteen to get. I felt that I was getting tangled in snarl of my own making, and I gave it up

Godfrey came into the office that Godfrey came into the office that evening, just as I was closing my desk. "I want you to go to dinner with me," he said. "I have to run down to Washington tonight, and it may be three or four days before I get back. I want to talk things over." We took a cab up town and stopped at Riley's-the studio, alas! had closed at Riley's-the studio, alas! had closed its doors-and we were presently en-sconced in a snug corner, where we could talk without danger of being overheard.

verheard

overheard. "T've found out a few things about Tremaine," began Godfrey, as the wait-er hurrled away with our order. "And I about Thompson." I said. "You have?" and he looked at me in surprise. "How in the world did you surprise.

do His astonishment was distinctly com

His astonishment was distinctly complexity and include a string and include the string and include a string and include and include a string and include a string and include and in tween the two men. Our St. Pierre cor-respondent wires us that Tremaine ar-rived there some three years ago, pre-sumably from South America. He bought a little plantation just outside of the town and settled there. He seemed to have plenty of money when he arrived, but he probably spent it all-on that girl Cecily, perhaps-for before he sailed, he borrowed thirty-five hundred frances with his plantation as hundred francs with his plantation as security

"Seven hundred dollars-that wouldn't go far," I commented.

go far," I commented. "No-let's see just how far," and God-frey drew the menu card toward him and made the following computation in one corner

Pasi	sage	\$130
Inci	dentals on voy	yage 20
Clot	hing for himse	elf 200
Clot	hing for Cecily	y 200
One	month's rent	45
One	month's board	120
One	month's incide	ntals 150

Fotal\$86 "You see, he hadn't enough to run him a month-and he's been here nearly twice that long. Besides, that es-timate is much too low—for it's evi-dent that he's an extravagant liver. He's been moving in expensive com-pany and has, of course, been keeping up his end. Then, too, I don't doubt that he provided for Thompson-gave him enough money, anyway, to keep drunk on-that's the only way to explain Thompson's taking an apartment like that. I should say that \$1,500 would be a low estimate for the two months. Of course, he had to get all would't do for March New Martinique clothing would't do for March New York." "All of which indicates," I said, "either that he had other resources or that he's received some money—\$1,-000, at least-since he's been here "Precisely—and I incline to the lat-r theory. He's working some sort tremendous bunco game. He's playter theory. He's working of tremendous bunco game. ing for big stakes. He's not the man to play for little ones." "No," I assented, "he's not," and we

and the introductions plished in a moment. Besides Delroy and his wife, Miss Croydon and Drysdale were present. Their reception of him, it must be added, was somewhat icy, but this he did not seem to notice. Icy, but this he did not seem to notice. It was not to be denied that he add-ed greatly to the life of the party; his comment was so apt, so brilliant, so illuminating, yet not in the least selfassured. Drysdale fell under the spell at once, and even the women, who naturally looked somewhat askance at the intruder—who, indeed, had greeted him with glances almost of repugnance—in the end yielded to it. During a pause in the conversation, Delroy's glance happened to fall upon the superb necklace of pearls which en-

He entered quietly

were

sought the box.

my

eyes, I saw clearly for the first time

how weak and puny and ineffective was the chain of evidence which we

were endeavoring to forge about him. He rose superior to it, shattered it, cast it aside, trampled on it con-

temptuously—emerged unstained. I had permitted myself to be blinded by Godfrey's prejudices—no unbiased per-

son would ever believe Tremaine guilty Then I remembered that sudden, in-fernal smile he had cast at me two nights before, and some of the glory

fell from him. At the office, I found awaiting me a

PART III.

THE AFFAIR OF THE NECKLACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE DELROYS. Althought Richard Delroy was known among his more familiar associates as Dickie, he was not, as that diminutive

might seem to indicate, merely a good fellow and man about town. It is true that his wealth was great, and that he

upon proceeded to an intelligent enjoyment of it. He had an office in the Wall street

district, where he spent some hour daily in interested contemplation of the

with investors, promoters, and beggars of various denominations. He had a fondness for books and art, finer and

deeper than a mere mania for pur-chasing rare editions and unique mas-

terpieces; he was a member of the

Citizens' union and contributed freely to every effort to suppress political

chairman of the University Settlement society, and belonged to many other

politico-evangelical organizations. He had built two or three model tenements, after that voyage of discovery among

the slums of London, which had also resulted, as we have seen, in his meet-ing the woman who became his wife.

Among these varied occupations, he

managed to pass his time pleasantly, and at the same time not unprofitably. In a word, if he did nothing very good,

world's markets and pregnant

graft and corruption; he

hours

talks

vice

was

the superb necklace of pears which is circled his wife's throat. "Why, see there, Edith," he cried, "how those pearls have changed. They seem absolutely lifeless."

seem absolutely lifeless." Mrs. Delroy picked up a strand with

Mrs. Delroy picked up a strand with trembling fingers and looked at it. "So they do," she agreed, a little hoarsely. "That's queer. They've changed since I put them on." "There's a superstition, you know," remarked Drysdale, "that pearls some-how possess an acute sympathy with their owner. When some disaster is about to happen, they grow dull just about to happen, they grow dull, just as these have done." "Oh, nonsense, Jack!" protested Del-

roy. "Stop your croaking. Do you want to frighten Edith?" "I'm not so easily frightened," said roy.

At the office, I found awaiting me a note from Godfrey, scribbled hastily in the station of the Pennsyivania road. "Dear Lester (it ran): By the merest good luck, I met Jack Drysdale just after I left you. Drysdale is betrothed to Miss Croydon, and is to be one of a little house party which Mrs. Delroy has arranged at her country house near Babylon, Long Island. Tremaine is to be a guest also! That is where he will spend the week, and it's evident he's going there with a purpose. I would give worlds to be there, but Drysdale has promised to keep a journal of events—he's willing to do a great deal for me—and to wire me if anything unusual happens. So I hope for the best. Remember to keep your eyes open. "Godfrey." It is principally from Drysdale's "I'm not so easily frightened," said Mrs. Delroy, smiling at her husband, though Drysdale fancied she had grown a little pale, and bit his tongue for his thoughtless remark.

thoughtiess remark. "Fortunately." said Tremaine suave-ly, "the defect is one which is very easily remedied. A few days' bath in sait water will restore their brilliancy." "Well," asked Delroy, in some amuse-ment, "where did you run across that bit of information?"

Tremaine laughed. "I'm almost ashamed to tell. I got it first in a newspaper story about the Empress of Austria. She had a neck-lace of pearls that turned dull, and she sent them down to the Mediterranean to be immersed." "What made them turn dull?" Drys-

It is principally from Drysdale's journal that I have drawn the story of those eventful days.

with seeming carelessness. "It was just before the empress was assassin-ated."

A moment's painful silence followed the words. "It may have been only a newspaper yarn," said Deiroy at last. "We've out-grown the superstitions of the Middle Ages

Very possibly," assented Tremaine; till it might be worth asking some weler about. Mrs. Delroy's necklace "still it might jeweler about. is worth saving," and he examined it with the glance of a connoisseur. It invited examination, for it was had never settled down to that Mrs. Delroy, Miss Croydon was of that steady struggle for money which had marked his father's career, and which many persons seem to think the only ditting the product of the only

almost unique in its perfection. It had the stores and the sector of t wife. The value of the separate stones was not less than a hundred thousand dellars; their value combined in the recklace could only be a matter of conlecture

'Yes," agreed Drysdale, with a little laugh, "it certainly in. You'd better take it down to Tiffany, Dickie." "I will," said Delroy, "And don't think anything more about it, Edith."

"I won't," she answered, still smiling, her eyes unnaturally bright. "But it's very close in here; I should like a glass of water.'

The water was procured in a moment. Drysdale, blaming himself more and more, was relieved to see her colour return. She soon seemed quite herself again; the talk turned to other things. And once again Tremaine showed his perfect self control-he did not linger unduly, he did not give them a chance to grow accustomed to him, much less to grow thred of him. He had not the faintest air of being an intruder; he seemed completely at home; and when he left the box, the men, at least, were sorry he had gone, and said so. He was that wholly admirable thing—a guest whose departure one watches with regret. That box party was the wedge which

neither did he do anything very bad-indeed, he averaged up considerably better than most men of his class-and enabled Tremaine to enter the Delroy circle; a privilege which he cultivated with such consummate tact that he was it may be added, as a positive virtue, that he had married for love and con-tinued to regard his wife with an affecsoon accepted everywhere at his face value. His success was assured from the start, for he brought to palates jaded by overfeeding a new and ex-quisite tang; he was fresh and unusual, amid a surfeit of stale and common-place—he was relished to the uttermost; It appeared, however, that the press f social duties and the trying spring weather were proving too much for Mrs. Delroy's strength, which was never great, and which had been es-pecially taxed, this season, by the in-troduction of her sister to New York society. Even the comparative quiet of the Lenten season failed to restore her, and the resumption of the social which after Fastar moved Dolare to whirl after Easter moved Delroy to protest

HOW NIEUPORT FOLK FISH ON HORSEBACK WINCHESTEN

From W. G. Fitzgerald's "Fishing on Horseback" in October St. Nicholas.

Round about the little town (Nieuport) extends a cheerless desert of rolling dunes, cutting it off from the big, bustling world outside. The cottages are hidden away among the sand hills, and no doubt in olden times the chief occupation of their owners was wrecking and smuggling. Mere huts they are, consisting often of one room. The snow-white walls are fitted with alcoves, screened with stiffly starched curtains concealing various beds. There is little furniture and that of the simplest; but the pavement of red tiles fairly shines from scrubbing, and inside the huge chimney are hung the polished copper pans and quaint old specimens of Delft pottery, given up by the sea from oldtime wrecks

Every morning at dawn the strangest company you ever saw musters in this odd little street. A company one would think, of medieval cavalry. The slouch hats of the riders recall the helmets of Cromwell's Ironsides. The bulky baskets might be shields and bucklers, while the bristling netpoles suggest pikes, lances and halberds.

And lastly, tarpaulin jackets and thigh boots glisten like armor. Watch one of these remarkable fishers careering along a remote and solitary beach, with great wing-like nets stretching out on either side of the crupper, and you will at once recall Don Quixote returning from a tilt at the windmills. And surely no such fishermen were ever elsewhere seen. Ask them where are their boats and they burst into laughter, pointing to their sturdy, placid beasts beneath them. And how carefully these are prepared

for their battle with the sea! First comes a pack padded out with strak, and on either side of this the large panniers are adjusted to receive the eatch. The traces for dragging the net are now attached to the collar in the ordinary way, and the big net itself poised behind the pack. An extra basket is hung upon the side, and then at last Don Quixofe thay mount-no easy matter, by the way, since there is little room amid the elaborate gear. Twelve or twenty of these strange plow-men of the sands meet together and make their way down to the beach when the tide is at its lowest. Here they are joined by other companies of the curious army, with irregular helpers in the shape of women and children. All are soon busily spread-ing out and arranging the nets, while the big, patient horses stand motionless, wait-ing to do their share. Poles keep the mouths of the nets wide open, and the moment the fisherman mounts, the horses step fearlessly into the foaming water, going out ever deeper and deeper, till at length little more than the animals' heads are above the gentle rollers. Regular manow, the horses begin their journey along the waves, dragging the heavy nets behind them, heedless of the heavy breakers and strong currents. They never stop to rest, never change their pace; and the riders pull vigorously at cheering pipes, having little more to do than sit still and hold the rope that regulates the net, while the harvest of the sea is being gathered. Now and then the men on the extreme

outside of the marshing squadron-that is to say, those in deeper water-suddeny change their course, and wheel round shoreward, while the others slow up and change places. The object of this is to give each man an equal chance and get the catch fairly divided. Naturally those fishing in the deeper water have an advantage over the others. Gradually one gotices the ropes by which the nets are attached growing tighter-a sure sign that the weight of the "take" is increasing. But not until a full hour and a half of marching in the sea and plowing its sandy floor has been accomplished is any move made toward the land. The catch is almost always a good one; and as the net-pmerge from the last ripples it looks as though some of them might break with the weight of their quivering load. Objectionable jelly fish and worthless

shells and seaweed are cast aside, and the rest of the catch put into baskets by the men, assisted by the womenfolk and children. Once more the fishing cavalry (ace their ancient enemy, sometimes drawing lots for the best positions in the line now and then a specially big wave will come along and completely submerge both horses and riders for a second or two. The animals, by the way, seem to be porn to it. I gathered from old printsand bits of pottery that this form of fishing has been practiced for ages along the coast of Flanders, although it now survives only at Nieuport, Coxyde, and a samller villages. The horses are amazingly hardy; their coats are allowed to grow very thick, and their sagacity is so great that the old villagers declare they could go out and do a day's work by them-selves! After four hours, however, enough fish are taken. The catch is roughly sorted and washed, the nets are rolled up, and the homeward march is begun in a. grateful cloud of tobacco smoke among the men and lively gossip among the women and children.



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FARMS PRI NESTERN OCT TOPER

A.

ing. No better

are obtainable anywhere.

But the habits of royalty lead others into strange happenings. There was an occa-sie i upon which Queen Victoria after a sig : upon which Queen Victoria after a "'fi netion" was asked to sign a visitor's book. Her majesty wrote "Victoria R. and I." Princers Henry of Battenberg then wrote "Beatrice P." The turn of the local mayoress came next and she signed "Elizabeth." The surname was hastily written in the following day, but too late

English sheep are sometimes fattened on snails.

to prevent the story gaining currency.

From the Boston Transcript. "Behold me in the dust at your feet,"

pleaded the ardent wooer, dropping on his knees. A pained look came over the widow's

the face. "I want you to understand, sir, that I do my own housework."

HER "BEST FRIEND."

A Woman Thus Speaks of Postum. We usually consider our best friends those who treat us best.

Some persons think coffee a real friend, but watch it carefully awhile and observe that it is one of the meanest of all enemies for it stabs one while professing friendship.

Coffee contains a poisonous drugcaffeine-which injures the delicate nervous system and frequently sets up disease in one or more organs of the body, if its use is persisted in.

"I had heart palpitation and nervousness for four years and the docfor told me the trouble was caused by offee. He advised me to leave it off, but I thought I could not," writes a Wis. lady.

"On the advice of a friend I tried Postum Food Coffee and it so satisfied me I did not care for coffee after a few days' trial of Postum.

"As weeks went by and I continued to use Postum my weight increased from 98 to 118 pounds, and the heart trouble left me. I have used it a year now and am stronger than I ever was. I can hustle upstairs without any heart palpitation, and I am cured of nervousness.

"My children are very fond of Postum and it agrees with them. My sister liked it when she drank it at my house, but not when she made it at her own home. Now she has learned to make it right, boil it according to directions, and has become very fond of You may use my name if you wish I am not ashamed of praising my st friend—Postum." Name given by Postum Ce., Battle It. You may use my name if you wish as I am not ashamed of praising my best friend-Postum."

Creck, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellwille," in pigs. "There's a Reason."

fell silent, while the waiter removed e dishes. Over the cigars, afterwards, neither

Over the cigars, afterwards, hether of us said much: we were both, I think trying to find some ray of light in the darkness. At last, Godfrey took out his watch and glanced at it. "I must be going." he said, as he tore into little bits the menu card upon which he had made his computation

which he had made his computation. "My train leaves at 9."

"My train leaves at 9." We put on our coats and went out together. On the steps we paused. "There's one thing, Lester," he said; "we're making progress, and he doesn't suspect us. That's our great advantage. Perhaps we may catch him off his guard. During the next week, keep your eyes open and find out how much Cecily knows. Another thing-keep a clear head-don't let that siren-" "No danger." I interrupted, and half unconsciously I touched a ring on my

finger. He smiled as he saw the gesture. "Oh, yes; I'd forgotten about that. Where is she now?" and her mother. "In Florida—she and her mother.

They're coming north next month." "Woll," he said, "Tm glad you've got the ilng-you'll ince it this next week.

I wish the chance was mine—Cecily, I'm sure, knows a good many interest-ing things about Tremaine. Besides, I haven't got your high moral scruples I believe in fighting fire with f However, do your best. I'll look up as soon as I get back. Good-by. fire. look you

I watched him until the crowd hid him, then I turned toward my rooms a little miserably. Without Godfrey to back me, I felt singularly weak and helpless. If Tremaine were really the finished scoundrel we supposed him, what chance had I against him? But merkens he was not instant and in ally the operace of the standard of the start wandered to art and then to mu-sic. Deiroy was delighted to find his companion a connoisseur of delicate perception and apparently wide experi-ence. "I suppose you've been attending the operace" is the standard of the standard of the standard of the start wandered to art and then to mu-sic. Deiroy was delighted to find his companion a connoisseur of delicate perception and apparently wide experi-ence. perhaps he was not; perhaps we were wide of the mark—looking for truth at the bottom of a well instead of on the

mountain top. The next day was Saturday. Tre-maine was to leave in the afternoon for his week's absence, and he came in before I left in the morning to say good-bye. He seemed strangely elated and triumphant; his eyes were even brighter than usual, the color came and went in his cheeks-he presented,

a spoilt child—and like a child, her rifice. He controlled himself admir-moods are only of the moment—she'll ably, too, at the opera and it was not be gay as a lark tomorrow. Well au until the end of the second act that he

tion somewhat unusual in its intensity. A great many people wondered why he had married Edith Croydon, but they were mostly those who had never met her. She would be called attractive rather than beautiful, with a quiet charm of manner which was felt most intensely in the privacy of her own home. She was quite the opposite of vivacious, yet there was about her no appearance of sadness, and her smile, when it came, was the sweeter and more welcome because long delayed. She gave one a certain sense of valuing it, of not wasting it. Certainly, she succeeded in making her husband an entirely happy man, which is, perhaps, the highest praise that can be given a wife. It is almost needless to add that she thoroughly sympathized with him in his experiments for the betterment of the condition of the poor, and that her marriage had not interfered with her own active work in the same

direction. Her sister was cast in a different mould. Her beauty won an instant apmould. Her beauty won an instant ap-preciation. Six years younger than Mrs. Delroy, Miss Croydon was of that striking, decisive type of brunette which takes a man's heart by storm. One would think of her as anything but daring and self-reliant—audacious, even—ready for any emergence and even-ready for any emergency and willing to meet it squarely, open-eyed. A man, looking at her, would feel ris-ing in his breast not that instinct of protection which most women awaken, but rather that instinct of the con-queror which is, perhaps, our heritage from the Vikings.

was to Richard Delroy that Tre maine had applied for assistance in promoting the Martinique railroad. How he gained an introduction, I do not know-perhaps from some uncritical man in the street; but gain it he did. and he used the opportunity to good advantage. I can easily imagine the perfection of wizardry he brought to bear upon Delroy-the persuasive elo-quence, the irresistible fascination. In In the end, he succeeded not only in persuading Delroy of the perfect feasibility

suading Deroy of the perfect feasibility of the scheme, but in gaining admis-sion to Delroy's family. It had been achieved in this wise: They were discussing the railroad en-terprise one afternoon, and finally the full service and the act to were the scheme to be

"I suppose you've been attending the bera?" he inquired, finally. opera?

"Oh, certainly; always when there is something I care especially to hear." "De Reszke and Melba are on to-

I intend to be there." said Tremaine instantly, no doubt guessing at what would follow.

would follow. "Then come up to our box," said Del-rcy. "We'll be glad to have you." "I shall be very glad to come." The words were spoken evenly, quiet-ly, without any indication of that deep burst of triumph which glowed within him; for it was a triumph—a veritable one_one for which many men and one-one for which many men and most women would have made any sac-

(Continued Next Week.)

No Chesterfield.

A Christian Scientist of Boston was praising the late earl of Dunmore.

"Lord Dunmore," he said, "was a good Christian Scientist and a good man. Tall and robust and supple, I can see him still with his short gray beard and his kind face. His only fault—a fault due to his aristocratic upbringing, no doubt-was the exag-gerated value that he set upon correctness. He insisted on correctness in eat-

ing, in dress, in everything. "At a dinner in Beacon street last ing, in dress, in everything. "At a dinner in Beacon street last year I heard him tell a story about an incorrect self-made man, of "nouveau riche,' as he called him. "This man was dressing one evening to go out. His wife bustled into the room before he started, to look him

"'But, George,' she said reproachfully, 'aren't you going to wear your diamond studs to the banquet?" "'No. What's the use?' George growled. 'My napkin would hide 'em anyway.'"

No Cover for This Machine.

She hailed from a little out-of-the-way village where an automobile was called such, without any of the quips and quirks whereby the long term is avoided, and where a honk invariably brought the entitre population to the trant door. front door

She went to visit in a larger complay say to another: "When do you go away?"

"Not until I make a cover for my machine," answered the owner of a new flyer. The visitor's eyes widened. "You are

better to your machine than I am to mine," she said, amiably. "I have nev-er made a cover for mine."

"What make is your machine?" asked someone, politely. "A New Home," responded the vis-

itor. What's yours? But the answer was drowned in a

shout of laughter.

"You can't paint the lily," declared the

"Maybe not." responded the aster. "But have you noticed?" "Noticed what?"

"The lily pads."-Pittsburg Post.

Politics is 'etting the voters have everything to say about everything ex-cept governing themselves.

very charming sight is this return of the fishers on horseback to litle Nieuport. Sometimes the setting sun is casting its rays over the bright blue, rippling sea, and its vast expanse of golden sands: and the city visitor is southed by the marvel-ous silence. No sound disturbs the ear save the crunch of the horses' hoofs on the wet sand, the ceaseless beat of gentle surf, or the sharp cries of ravenous guils as they swoon down to selze the scattered remnants left where the fishermen sorted their eatch. On arrival at the each fisherman spreads out his nets

dry on the long, quivering grass of the sand dunes, and both horse and rider prepare for a well-earned rest and a good

Meanwhile the housewife is getting ready her great copper pots for the wriggling shrimps, small eels, soles, flounder and other fish that have found their way into the nets. Nothing but the shrimps are sold, however. For I should explain that sold, however. For I should explain that all along the coasts of the North sea, shrimping is one of the chief industries; and the whole of northern France, includ-ing Paris, and the greater part of Belgium are supplied by these villagers.

Sharp.

Lord Sholto Douglas was talking at a dinner in Detroit about American business methods.

"Since I have been a bagman-I mean a play say to another: American business methods tremendously To succeed here, though, one needs to be very shap and clever. Indeed, the sharpand cleverness of American buyers is

a constant amazement to me. "The other day I was in a village general store endeavoring to make a sale of jew elry, when a farmer entered.

'Give me,' said the farmer, ' half-pound of tobacco, three bars of soap, five yards of blue baby ribbon and a pair of good suspenders.

"The articles were brought forth, inspected, approved and wrapped up. They came to 95 cents.

on purchases of \$1 or over.' "On the counter lay a basket of pocket

combs marked at 5 cents apicce. "Well, I'll just take one of these,' said the farmer. 'That'll make us square.'

NEW DISTRICTS Now Open for Settlement Some of the choicest lands in the grain growing belts of Saskatche wan and Alberta have recently been opened for settlement under the Revised Homesteads Regulations of Canada. Thousands of homesteads of 160 acres each are now available. The new regula-tions make it possible for entry to be made by proxy, the opportunity that many in the United States have been waiting for. Any member of a family may make entry for any other member of the family who may be entitled to make entry for himself or herself. Entry may now be made before the Agent or Sub-Agent of the District by proxy (on certain conditions), by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sis-ter of an intending homesteader.

"Any even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba or the North-West Provinces excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be home-steaded by any person the sole head of a family, or male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section, of 150 acres, more or less."

The fee in each case will be \$10.00. Churches, echools and markets convenient. Healthy climate, spiendid cross and good laws. Grain growing and cattle raising principal industries. For further particulars as to Rates, Routes, Best Time to Go and Where to Locate, apply to

W. D. Scott, Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or E. T. Holmes, 315 lackson St. St. Paul, Minn. J. M. MacLachlan, Box ite Watertown, South Dakota, and W. V. Bennett, Soi New York Life Building, Omaha, Neb., Authorized Government Agents Please say where you saw this advertisement.

Returned Him.

A man returned to his native village after having emigrated to Kansas some twenty years previous. He asked about different villagers he had known in the old days, and finally of the town drunk-

"Oh, he's dead," was the reply. Well, well, dead and buried, is he?"

"Nope; they didn't bury him." "Dian't bury him!" exclaimed the former resident. "Well, then, what aid they do with him?"

"Oh, they just poured him back in the

juz.

"Yes,' said the farmer, '95's right. But there's the discount. You advertise a 5 "Oh, he's dead, "We do, sir," said the clerk, 'but only "Nope; they di