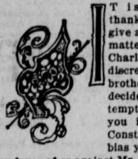


INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION

CHAPTER I.



thankless office to give advice in these matters," said Mrs. Charles Romaine. discreetly. "Your brother and I have decided not to attempt to influence you in any way, Constance; not to bias your judgment

in favor of or against Mr. Withers, You, as the one most nearly interested in the consequences of your acceptance or refusal of his offer, should surely be able to make up your mind how to treat it and him."

"I should be, as you say," responded the sister-in-law. "But I cannot."

She was a handsome woman, in the prime of early maturity, whose face seldom wore, in the presence of others, the perturbed expression that now begloomed it.

"That does not affect the fact of your considerable severity. "There are times and circumstances in which vacillation is folly-criminal weakness. You have known Mr. Withers long enough to form a correct estimate of his character. In means and in reputation he is all that could be desired, your brother says. Either you like him well enough to marry him, or you do not. Your situation in life will be bettered by an alliance with him, or it will not. These are the questions for your consideration. And excuse me for saying that a woman of your age should not be at a loss in weighing these."

Again Constance had nothing ready except a weak phrase of reluctant acquiescence. "I feel the weight of your reasoning, Margaret. You cannot despise me more than I do myself for my childish hesitancy. Mr. Withers-any sensible and honorable man deserves different treatment. If I could see the way clear before me I would walk in it. But, indeed, I am in a sore dilemma." She turned away, as her voice shook on the last sentence, and affected to be busy with some papers upon a stand.

Mrs. Romaine was just in all her dealings with her husband's sister, and meant, in her way, to be kind. Constance respected her for her excellent sense, her honesty of purpose and action-but she was the last of her friends whom she would have selected, of her free will, as the confidante of such joys and sorrows as shrink from the touch of hard natures-refuse to be confessed to unsympathizing ears. Her heart and eyes were very full now, but she would strangle sooner than drop a tear while those cold, light orbs

were upon her. In consideration of the weakness and ridiculous sensitiveness of her companion, Mrs. Romaine forbore to speak the | was more comely at twenty-seven than disdain she felt at the irresolution and at twenty-one. distress she could not comprehend. "Is Mr. Withers personally disagreeable to you?" she demanded, in her strong contralto voice.

"I liked him tolerably well-very well, in fact, until he told me what brought him here so regularly," Constance stammered. "Now I am embarrassed in his presence-so uneasy that I wish sometimes I could never see or hear of him again."

"Mere shyness!" said Mrs. Romaine. Such as would be pardonable in a girl of seventeen. In a woman of sevenand-twenty it is absurd. Mr. Withers ness, a token, verbal or looked, that he is highly esteemed by all who know remembered whose child she was, and more searching-"unless you have a would have been welcome to withhold prior attachment?"

social and moral condition of the par- demonstrations among themselves. aright in your decision."

day, to weigh the facts of her position fairly and impartially.

that she was to be a fixture in his famfly, and appeared to get on smoothly borne down calmly and energtically overtures were, in her esteem, pre- or three months in prison, or botheny attempt at interference in her op- sumption that was only too ridiculous Beston Journal.

erations as minister of the interiorthe ruler of the establishment he, by a much-abused figure of speech, called his home. A snug and elegant abode she made of it, and, beholding Constance well dressed and well fed, habitually cheerful and never rebellious, he may be forgiven for not spending a thought upon her for hours together, and when he did remember her, for dwelling the rather upon his disinterested kindness to a helpless dependent than speculating upon her possible and unappeased spiritual appetites.

For these, and for other whimsies, Mrs. Romaine had little thought and no charity. Life, with her, was a fabric made up of duties, various and many, but all double-twisted into hempen strength and woven too closely for a shine of fancy or romance to strike through.

She had coincided readily in her husband's plan to take charge of his young sister when her parents died. "Her brother's house is the fittest asylum for her," she had said. "I shall do my duty," answered Mrs. Romaine, with best to render her comfortable and contented.'

She kept her word. Constance's wardrobe was ample and handsome, her room elegantly furnished, and she entered society under the chaperonage of her sister-in-law. The servants were trained to respect her; the children to regard her as their elder sister. What more could a penniless orphan require? Mrs. Romaine was not afraid to ask the question of her conscience and of heaven. Her "best" was no empty profession. It was lucky for her self-complacency that she never suspected what years of barrenness and longing these eight were to her protege.

Constance was not a genius-therefore she never breathed even to herself: "I feel like a seed in the cold earth, quickening at heart, and longing for the air." Her temperament was not melancholic, nor did her taste run after poetry and martyrdom. She was simply a young, pretty and moderately well-educated woman, too sensible not to perceive that her temporal needs were conscientiously supplied, and too affectionate to be satisfied with the meager allowance of nourishment dealt out for her heart and sympathies. While the memory of her father's proud affection and her mother's caresses was fresh upon her she had long and frequent spells of lonely weeping-was wont to resign herself in the seclusion of her chamber to passionate lamentations over her orphanage and isolation of spirit. Routine was Mrs. Romaine's watchword, and in bodily exercise Constance conformed to her despotism-visited, studied, quiet worked and took recreation by rule. The system wrought upon her beneficially so far as her physique was concerned. She grew from a slender, pale girl into ripe and healthy womanhood;



CHAPTER II. UT all this time she was an hungered. She would cheered to her brother two-thirds of her of fraternal fond-

him. Your disrelish of his society is that the same mother love had guardcaprice, unless"—the marble gray eyes ed their infancy. Her sister-in-law many of her gifts of wearing apparel Constance smiled drearily. "I have and jewelry had she bethought herself never been in love in my life, that I now and then how gratefuly kisses fall upon young lips, and that youthful "You are none the worse for having heads are often sadly weary for the escaped an infatuation that has wreck- lack of a friendly shoulder, or a loving ed more women for time and for eter- bosom, on which to rest. She did not nity than all other delusions combined. accuse her relatives of willful unkind-A rational marriage founded upon ness because these were withheld. They mutual esteem and the belief that the interchanged no such unremunerative ties to the contract would be promot- Husband and wife were courteous in ed thereby-is the only safe union. The their demeanor, the one to the other; young, inexperienced and headstrong, their children were demure models of repudiate this principle. The mature filial duty at home and industry at in age know it to be true. But, as I school; the training in both places behave said, it is not my intention to di- ing severe enough to quench what feerect your judgment. This is a momen- ble glimmer of individuality may have without injury, but with the most striktous era in your life. I can only hope been born with the offspring of the and pray that you may be guided methodical and practical parents. Constance found them extremely uninter- bean and swallowed as freely as prac-Left to herself to digest this morsel esting. notwithstanding the natural of plous encouragement. Constance love for children which led her to court crunching between the teeth, it will who howled at him as "a rascal" and drew a low seat to the hearth regis- their companionship during the earlier often be efficient in checking various ter, clasped her hands upon her knees, weeks of her domestication in their kinds of diarrhea, and has cured vioand tried, for the hundredth time that house. It was next to a miracle that lent cases of Asiatic cholera. A kind ing one hundred and sixty-eight relishe did not stiffen in this atmosphere of cushion of powdered ice kept to the gious books, his "Call to the Uncon-She had been an orphan for eight priety-a prodigy of starch and virtue. years, and a resident in the house of such as would have brought calm de- ful convulsions induced by too much her elder brother. Her senior by more light to the well-regulated mind of her than a dozen years, and in the excit- exemplar, and effectually chased all as ice can make it, applied freely to the and Creil. Thomas-a-Kemps, writing ing awing of successful mercantile life, thoughts of mairimeny from those of throat, neck and chest with a sponga he had little leisure for the study of masculine beholders. Had her discon- or cloth, very often affords an almost his sister's tastes and traits, when she tent with her allotted sphere been less miraculous relief, and if this be felfirst became his ward, and conceived active, the result would have been certhe task to be an unnecessary one, now | tain and deplorable. She was, instead, popular among her acquaintances of both sexes, and had many friends, if with his wife. In truth, it pover oc- few lovers. This latter deficiency had curred to him to lay a disturbing finger given her no concern until within two upon the tiniest wheel of the domestic years. At twenty-five she opened her nachinery. His respect for his spouse's eyes in wide amaze upon the thinning executive and administrative abilities ranks of her virgin associates, and bewas exceeded only by her confidence in gan seriously to ponder the causes that her own powers. She was never traset- had left her unsought, save by two very ing of flags as a party badge is also forble, but he knew that she would have silly and utterly ineligible awains, whose bidden. The penalty is a fine of \$100

to be insulting. Her quick wit and knowledge of the world helped her to a solution of the problem. "I am poor and dependent upon my brother's charity," she concluded, with a new and stifling uprising of dissatisfaction with her condition. "Men rarely fall in love with such-more rarely woo them." She never spoke the thought aloud, but it grew and strengthened until it received a startling blow from Mr. Withers' proposal of marriage.

He was a wealthy banker from a neighboring city, whom business relations with Mr. Romaine drew to his house and into his sister's company. His courtship was all Mrs. Romaine could desire. His visits were not too frequent, and were paid at stated intervals, as befitted his habits of order and punctuality. His manner to the lady honored by his preference was replete with stately respect that was the antipodes of servile devotion, while his partiality for her society, and admiration for her person, were unmistakable. He paid his addresses through Mr. Romaine as his fair one's guardian, offering voluntarily to give his beloved whatever time for deliberation upon the proposal she desired.

"You had better think it over for a week," advised her brother, when he had laid the case duly before Constance. "It is too serious a matter to be settled out of hand."

After that, neither he nor his wife obtruded their counsel upon her until the afternoon of the seventh day. Then Mrs. Romaine, going to her sister's chamber to communicate the substance of a telegram just received by her husband to the effect that Mr. Withers would call that evening at 8 o'clock, was moved to grave remonstrance by the discovery that she whom he came to woo had no answer prepared for him. Constance was no nearer ready after the conversation before recorded.

"I cannot afford to be romantic," she had reminded herself several times. "And who knows but this irrational repugnance may pass away when I have once made up my mind to accept him? This may be-in all likelihood it is-my last chance of achieving an independent position. It has been a long time coming, and my charms will be on the wane soon. True, a marriage with Einathan Withers is not the destiny of which I have dreamed, but then dreams are but foolish vagaries after all. Life is real and ear-

ITO BE CONTINUED.

A ZOOLOGICAL DIVERSION. An Elephant That Used to Play a Clever

Trick on Visitors. The elephant at the Jardin des Plantes, at Paris, used to play his visitors a trick, which could not have been thought of but by an animal of much intelligence. His house opened upon an inclosure called the Elephant's park, containing a pond, in which he would lay himself under the water, concealing every part of him except the very end of his trunk-a mere speck that would hardly be noticed by a stranger to the animal's habits.

A crowd would assemble around the inclosure, and, not seeing him in it, the "Society of Friends" called upon a would soon issue from the house. But, while they were gazing about, a coplous sprinkling of water would fall upon them, and ladies and gentlemen, with their fine bonnets and coats, would run for shelter under the trees, looking up at the clear sky and wonderfully have refund- ing whence such a shower could come.

Immediately afterward, however, they would see the elephant rising liberal allowance of from his bath, evincing, as it seemed, pocket money if he an awkward joy at the trick that he had granted to her had played. In the course of time his with its quarter'y amusement became generally known, payment a sentence and the moment the water began to rise from his trunk the spectators would take flight, at which he appeared exceedingly delighted, getting up as fast as he could to see the bustle he had caused.-Pittsburg Dispatch.

USES OF ICE WATER.

In Health It Should Not He Used for

Drinking Purposes. In health no one ought to drink ice water, for it has occasioned fatal infammation of the stomach and bowels, and sometimes sudden death. The temptation to drink it is very great in the summer. To use it at all with safety the person should take but a and the public burning of his book, single swallow at the time, take the glass from the lips for half a minute, and then another swallow, and so on. It will be found that in this way it becomes disagreeable after a few mouthfuls. On the other hand, ice itself may be taken as freely as possible, not only ing advantage in dangerous forms of disease. If broken in sizes of a pea or ticable, without much chewing or into a buckram image of feminine pro- entire scalp has allayed violent inflam- verted" bringing uncounted thousands mation of the brain, and arrested fourblood there. In croup, water as cold lowed by drinking coplously of the might mention, the characteristic of same ice-cold element, the wetted parts where lives was an overtowering poswiped dry, and the child wrapped up ston for souls. A. H. Part, the Haptist well in the bed clothes, it falls into a rvangelist, had it. 1. S. inship, the delightful and lif -giving slumber,-New York Ledg c.

> Buttoniess Campaigus In Canada no campaign butters, ribbons or badges can be worn between of my bed and place me upon my nomination and polling day. The carry-

DR. TALMAGE'S SERMON.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 8, 1896 .-Clear out of the ordinary style of sermonizing is this remarkable discourse of Dr. Talmage. His text is: Rom. 9: 3: "Z could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh."

A tough passage, indeed, for those who take Paul literally. When some of the old theologians declared that they were willing to be damned for the glory of God, they said what no one believed. Paul did not in the text mean he was willing to die forever to save his relatives. He used hyperbole, and when he declared, "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen according to the flesh," he meant in the most vehement of all possible ways to declare his anxiety for the salvation of his relatives and friends. It was a passion for souls. Not more than one Christian out of thousands of Christians feels it. All-absorbing desire for the bettermen of the physical and mental condition is very common. It would take more of a mathematician than I ever can be to calculate how many are, up to an anxiety that sometimes will not let them sleep nights, planning for the efficiency of hospitals where the sick and wounded of body are treated, and for eye and ear infirmaries, and for dispensaries and retreats where the poorest may have most skilful surgery and helpful treatment. Oh, it is beautiful and glorious, this widespread and everintensifying movement to alleviate and cure physical misfortunes! May God encourage and help the thousands of splendid men and women engaged in that work. But all that is outside of my subject to-day. In behalf of the immortality of a man, the inner eye, the inner ear, the inner capacity for gladness or distress, how few feel anything like the overwhelming concentration expressed in my text. Rarer than four-leaved clovers, rarer than century plants, rarer than prima donnas, have been those of whom it may

be said: "They had a passion for

souls." You could count on the fin-

gers and thumb of your left hand all

the names of those you can recall, who

in the last, the eighteenth century,

were so characterized. All the names

of those you could recall in our time

as having this passion for souls you

can count on the fingers and thumbs

of your right and left hands. There

are many more such consecrated souls,

but they are scattered so widely you

do not know them. Thoroughly Christian people by the hundreds of millions there are to-day, but how few people do you know who are utterly oblivious to everything in this world except the redemption of souls? Paul had it when he wrote my text, and the time will come when the majority of Christians will have it, if this world is ever to be lifted out of the slough in which it has been sinking and floundering for near nineteen centuries. And the betterand yourself. When a committee of some small rule of the society, the member replied, "I had a dream in which all the Friends had assembled to plan some way to have our meetinghouse cleaned, for it was very filthy. Many propositions were made, but no conclusion was reached until one of the members rose and said: 'Friends, I think if each one would take a broom and sweep immediately around his own seat, the meeting-house would be clean." So let the work of spiritual improvement begin around our own soul. Some one whispers up from the right-hand side of the pulpit and says: "Will you please name some of the persons in our times who have this passion for souls?" Oh,no! That would be invidious and imprudent, and the mere mentioning of the names of such persons might cause in them spiritual pride, and then the Lord would have no more use for them. Some one whispers up from the left-hand side of the pulpit: "Will you not then mention among the people of the past some who had this passion for souls?" Oh, yes! Samuel Rutherford, the Scotchman of three hundred years ago, his imprisonment at Aberdeen for his religious zeal "Le Rex," in Edinboro, and his unjust arraignment for high treason, and other persecutions purifying and sanctifying him, so that his works, entitled "Trial and Triumph of Faith" and "Christ Dying and Drawing Sinners to Himself," and, above all, his two huntred and fifteen unparalleled letters, showed that he had the passion for souls. Richard Baxter, whose "paraphrase of the New Testament" caused him to be dragged before Lord Jeffries. "sniveling Presbyterian," and imprisoned him for two years-Baxter, writcate the parden of the Gospel, and his "Slaint's Evertasting Rest" opening beaven to a host innumerable. Rich-Hartan Page, Robert McCheyne, Nettleton, Finney. And more whom I

Methodist evangelist, had it. Jacob

Enapp had it. Dr. Bachus, president

of Hamilton College, had it, and when

told he had only haif an hour to live,

said, "Is that so? Then take me out

knees and let me spend that time in

talling on God for the salvation of the

seesseseseseseseseses ! In their own family or neighborhood, and here and there you think of one. What unction they had in prayer! What power they had in exhortation! If they walked into a home every member of it felt a holy thrill, and if they walked into a prayer- meeting the dullness and stolidity instantly vanished. One of them would wake up a whole church. One of them would sometimes

electrify a whole city. But the most wonderful one of that characterization the world ever saw or heard or felt was a peasant in the far east, wearing a plain blouse like an inverted wheat sack, with three openings, one for the neck, and the other two for the arms. His father a wheelwright and house-builder, and given to various carpentry. His mother at first under suspicion because of the circumstances of his nativity, and he chased by a Herodic mania out of his native land, to live awhile under the shadows of the sphinx and Pyramid of Gizeh, afterward confounding the LL.D.'s of Jerusalem, then stopping the paroxyem of tempest and of madman. His path strewn with slain dropsies and catalepsies and ophthalmias, transfigured on one mountain, preaching on another mountain, dying on another mountain, and ascending from another mountain-the greatest, the loveliest, the mightiest, the kindest, the most self-sacrificing, most beautiful being whose feet ever touched the earth. Tell us, ye deserts who heard our Savior's prayer; tell us, ye seas that drenched him with your surf; tell us, ye multitudes who heard him preach on deck, on beach, on hillside; tell us, Golgotha who heard the stroke of the hammer on the spikeheads, and the dying groan in that midnight that dropped on midnoon, did anyone like Jesus have this passion for souls?

A stranger desired to purchase a farm, but the owner would not sell it -would only let it. The stranger hired it by lease for only one crop, but he sowed acorns, and to mature that crop three hundred years were necessary. That was a practical deception, but I deceive you not when I tell you that the crop of the soul takes hold of unend-

I see the author of my text seated in the house of Gaius, who entertained him at Corinth, not far from the overhanging fortress of Acro-Corinthus, and meditating on the longevity of the soul, and getting more and more agitated about its value and the awful risk some of his kindred were running concerning it, and he writes this letter containing the text, which Chrysostom admired so much he had it read to him twice a week, and among other things he says those daring and startling words of my text: "I could wish that myself were accursed from Christ for my brethren, my kinsmen, according to the flesh."

Now, the object of this sermon is to stir at least one-fourth of you to an ambition for that which my text presents in blazing vocabulary, namely, a passion for souls. To prove that it is possible to have much of that spirment had better begin with myself it, I bring the consecration of 2,990 foreign missionaries. It is usually estimated that there are at least 3,000 mismember to reprimand him for breaking sionaries. I make a liberal allowance, and admit there may be ten bad missionaries out of the 3,000, but I do not believe there is one. All English and American merchants leave Bombay, Calcutta, Amoy, and Pekin as soon as they make their fortunes. Why? Because no European or American in his senses would stay in that climate after monetary inducements have ceased. Now, the missionaries there are put down on the barest necessities, and most of them do not lay up one dollar in twenty years. Why, then, do they stay in those lands of intolerable heat, and cobras, and raging fevers, the thermometer sometimes playing at 130 and 140 degrees of oppressiveness, twelve thousand miles from home, because of the unhealthy climate and the prevailing immoralities of those regions compelled to send their children to England, or Scotland, or America, probably never to see them again? Blessed Christ! Can it be anything but a passion for souls? It is easy to understand all this frequent depreciation of foreign missionaries when you know that they are all opposed to the opium traffic, and that interferes with commerce; and then the missionaries are moral, and that is an offense to many of the merchants-not all of them, but many of them-who, absent from all home restraint, are so immoral that we can make only faint allusion to the monstrosity of their abominations. Oh, I would like to be at the gate of heaven when those missionaries go in, to see how they will have the pick of coronets, and thrones, and mansions on the best streets of heaven. We who have had easy pulpits and loving congregations, entering heaven, will, in my opinion, have to take our turn and wait for the Christian workers who, amid physical sufferings and mental privation and environment of squalor, have done their work; and on the principle that in proportion as one has been self-sacrift ing and suffering for Christ's sake on earth will be their

colestial preferment. Who is that young women on the worst street in Washington, New York, er London, Bible in hand, and a little packago in which are small vials of medicines, and another bundle in which are biscuits? How dare she risk herrelf among those "roughs," and where in she going? She is one of the qurens of heaven, hunting up the sick and hungry, and before night she will have read Christ's "Let not your heart be troubled" in eight or ten places, and counted out from those vials the right number of drops to ease pain, and given food to a family that would otherwise have had nothing to eat today, world." And so he died upon his and taken the measure of a dead child kness. Then there have been others that she may prepare for it a shroud. shose names have been linews paly for every act of atadness for the body

accompanied with a benediction for the soul. You see nothing but the filthy street along which she walks and the rickety stairs up which she climbs, bu she is accompanied by with unseen cohort of angels drawn swords to defend with garlands twisted for and her victories, all up and down the tenement-house districts. I tell you there was not so much excitement when Anne Boleyn, on her way to her coronation, found the Thames stirred by fifty gilded barges, with brillians flags, in which hung small bells, runs by each motion of the wind, noblemes standing in scarlet, and wharf spread with cloth of gold, and all the gateways surmounted by huzzahing admirers and the streets hung with crimson velvet, and trumpets and cannons sounding the jubilee, and Anne, dressed is surcoat of silver tissue, and brow, gleaming with a circlet of rubles, and amid fountains that pored Rhenish wine, passed on to Westminster Hall, and rode in on a caprisoned palfry, its hoofs clattering the classic floor, and, dismounting, passed into Westminster Abbey, and between the choir and high altar, was crowned queen, amid organs and choirs chanting the Te Deums-1 say, there was not much in all that glory which dazzles the eyes of history when it is compared with the heavenly reception which that ministering spirit of the back alley shall receive when she goes up to coronation.

In this world God never does his

best. He can hang on the horizon

grander mornings than have ever yet been kindled, and rainbow the sky with richer colors than have ever been arched, and attune the oceans to more majestic doxologies than have ever yet been attuned; but as near as I can tell, and I speak it reverently, heaven to the place where God has done his best. He can build no greater joys, lift no mightier splendors, roll no loftier anthems, march no more imposing processions, build no greater palaces, and spread out and interjoin and wave no more transporting magnificence. I think heaven is the best heaven God can construct, and it is all yours for the serious asking. How do you like the offer? Do you really think it is worth accepting? If so, pray for it, Get not up from that pow where you are sitting, nor move one inch from where you are standing, before you get a full title for it, written in the blood of the Son of God, who would have all men come to life present and life everlasting. If you have been in military life you know what soldiers call the "long roll." All the drums beat it because the enemy is approaching, and all the troops must immediately get into line. What scurrying around the camp and putting of the arms through t'e straps of the knapsack, and saying "Good-bye" to comrades you may never meet again! Some of you Germans or Frenchmen may have heard that long roll just before Sedan. Some of you Italians may have heard that long roll just before Bergamo. Some of you Northern and Southern men may have heard it just before the Battle of the Wilderness. You know its stirring and solemn meaning; and so I sound the long roll today. I beat this old Gospel drum a for centuries be thousands to take their places in line for this battle, on one side of which are all the forces beatific and on the other side all the forces demoniac. Here the long roll-call: "Who is on the Lord's side?" "Quit yourselves like men." In solemn column march for God, and happiness, and heaven. So glad am I that I do not have to "wish myself accursed," and throw away my heaven that you may win your heaven, but that we may have a whole convention of heavens-heaven added to heaven, heaven built on heaven-and while I dwell upon the theme I begin to experience in my own poor self that which I take to be something like a passion for souls. And now unto God the only wise, the only good, the only great, be glory forever! Amen!

FLASHES OF FUN.

He-My life without you will be a lonely one. The Heiress-But think how busy you will have to be.-Life.

He-Have you any reason for doubting what I say?-She Yes, I have. He -What is it? She-I don't believe you. -Puck. Tourist (presenting his opened Baed-

eker to the coachman)-Here, driver, I want to see the first four pages .- Filegende Blaetter.

"It's all over." As the woman uttered these words she dropped to the floor. The baby had spilled the ink .-West Union Gazette.

"Let's go shopping to-day, Tess." "I can't, Bess; I've lots of things to buy to-day. I've nothing to do to-morrow; I'll go then."-New York Sun.

"Is Miss Cahoots in?" inquired the caller, "That depends on you. Are yez Misther Jones?" eaid Bridget. "Yes." "She's gon' out." - Harper's Bazar.

Canny-Is Miss Wilbur at home? Norah-No, sorr. Canny-Well, go upstairs and ask her when she will be at home. Norah (going)-Yis, sorr,-Harser's Bazar.

Sunday School Texcher-What is the leading doctrine of Christianity? The Laundryman - Kid throw stone -mischee risss-no can catchee-forzivum,-- Push.

"What office are you after this time?" "None at all." "Then, what are you running for?" "Because I don't want to be conspicuous!" - Atlanta Constitution.

"Jokey is in hard lock?" "What's the matter?" "He has lost that last year's crop of football jokes which he intended working off on his editor."-- Philadelnhia North American.

Some American travelers stopping at Halifax agreed to make no purchases in the city at stores where United States money was refused.