

GUILTY OR INNOCENT?

By AMY BRAZIER.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

He casts one quick look at Barbara's bent head and sees the tears dropping through her fingers, noticing her shoulders heaving with these sobs that will not be controlled.

She is cut up at leaving Bouverie, thinks Sebastian, who just touches her best, dusky head with his fingers.

"Come out into the garden, Barbara; the servants are coming into the room to take away the things. Come!"

His voice is kind and Barbara, yearning for sympathy, goes.

"So you are going to be transported," Sebastian says, as she walks meekly at his side down a garden path bordered by thousands of mauve and white crocuses.

"Sebastian, you know it is not nonsense," Barbara says, tragically.

"Father says nothing, and your mother says play at being engaged if you like, but it is true—quite true. And father need not take me to Tasmania, for it will not make any difference!"

—speaking vehemently in her excitement.

Sebastian stoops his dark head.

"You don't expect me to side with Bouverie?" Barbara, who do not think I could do that?"

"You would if you were generous enough," breathes Barbara, her wet eyes seeing the crocus border blurred like a rain-bow mist. "Sebastian, you are my cousin, and I haven't a friend in the world!"

The man's dark face is inscrutable.

"I wouldn't give my faith to George Bouverie if I were you," he says slowly. "Barbara, I cannot be a hypocrite. I love you, but you shall not trade on my affection to help you to marry another man; for if I can help it you shall be no man's wife but mine."

The tears that had been welling up in Barbara's eyes are checked suddenly; a look of resolution comes over her troubled face.

"I will tell father everything, and he will understand," she says, almost hopefully. "After all, I think I am glad I am going; and it cannot make any real difference—we can wait."

"Yes, I dare say you will have plenty of waiting," Sebastian says, with cunning familiarity and an evil smile.

Barbara gives him one look from her tear-filled eyes—a look of anger and reproach—and without a word leaves him and walks back to the house.

Mrs. Saville does not think it necessary to inform Barbara that in the autumn Sebastian is to follow her across the sea. She pins great faith on distance and change of scene. In all human probability the silly love affair between Barbara and George Bouverie will die a natural death, and very few people marry their first lovers.

Sebastian will have a very good chance when he goes out to Tasmania, and the honeymoon can be the return journey. It is really a charming arrangement. Mrs. Saville feels quite pleased, and it is a great blessing that Barbara is taking it all so quietly.

By and by she comes into the morning room, where Mrs. Saville is writing lists and letters at a great rate. Barbara has on a pale gray coat and skirt, with a white silk waist and a great bunch of violets in her button-hole. She looks pale, but the grave mouth is firm.

"I am going to Portraven, Aunt Julia. I am going to meet George with an air of decision, as if opposition were to be expected."

But Mrs. Saville makes no objection. A parting scene between the lovers is inevitable, and the sooner it is over the better. Still Barbara lingers.

"Aunt Julia, I know quite well my father has sent for me. It is to try and make me forget George; but it will be no use. We are promised to each other. I cannot help it—I can never care for anyone else."

Her aunt looks at her, sees the rising agitation, and smiles.

"My dear Barbara, I have never attempted to dissuade you from engaging yourself to Mr. Bouverie if you choose, neither can I prevent you meeting him in Portraven and saying good-by. You are old enough to know your own mind. I do not for one moment suppose your father will regard an engagement of that sort as serious—in fact, I know he will not. You see, dear, I am quite candid, and I foresee that some day you will be very glad to have escaped matrimony with a very worthless young man."

"He is not worthless!"

Barbara looks splendid in her indignation as she nobly champions her lover. Then she leaves the room and walks away down the gloomy, damp avenue, and out on the road beneath the loading trees. Her step is light, and her dark-lashed eyes are full of hope.

Not very far from the Court entrance gates a young man, with a couple of dogs at his heels, is sauntering along. George Bouverie looks, if possible, more anxious and unhappy than ever. His face hardly brightens as Barbara joins him, looking fresh as the spring morning herself.

For a second she looks up at him, and her heart swells as she realizes that it will be a long, long time perhaps before they meet again. "She will yearn for the touch of a vanished hand," she will long with a sick longing for the sound of his merry voice, the sight of his face.

"George," she whispers—and her voice is trembling—"my father has sent for me, and I am going to Tasmania."

"Going to Tasmania?"

In the face of his other hideous trouble, he hardly takes it in, and echoes her words mechanically.

"Yes," Barbara says, almost in her usual tones. "I am to sail immediately, and we have got to say good-by."

Still George stares at her with his heavy eyes, that look as if they had long been strangers to sleep, and he seems as if he could not find anything to say.

But at last words come.

"My darling, my darling, it is better for you to go away, after all."

He is white as chalk as he gazes down at her; but Barbara is quite him, and he is dimly conscious of a smile that is quivering and dancing in her eyes.

"George, I have something to say to you," Barbara says, and clasps both her hands upon his arm. "Come."

They walk down the road together. It is their last interview. How shall they crowd in all the vows and promises—the promises that are made when young hearts seem breaking?

It is over at last—the girl's face very tear-stained, and the man's pale with feeling.

"You have promised me," she is saying. "Swear it, George—you will never bet on a race again, for my sake, for my sake!"

"God helping me, I never will!" he says solemnly, his golden head bent over hers.

CHAPTER V.

When Barbara returns to the Court, with pale cheeks and without her bunch of violets, that repose in George Bouverie's pocket-book as a farewell souvenir, it is to find a scene of confusion and a group in the hall, consisting of the servants, and they are surrounding a central figure, which turns out to be Mrs. Saville lying on the floor.

A loose stair-rod has precipitated her down the stairs, with the result of a broken ankle.

The accident effectually puts a stop to the trip to London. When—with the aid of the coachman, Sebastian, and the cook—she has been conveyed up stairs, she turns to Barbara with a moan.

"I shall be tied here for weeks! I am suffering horribly! You must go to London with Sebastian."

"Don't worry about me, Aunt Julia," Barbara says, pitying the pain that is shown in the twitching face. "I can travel alone."

"Nonsense! As if Sebastian would allow such a thing! You can go straight to your Uncle Henry's, and Sebastian will see you safely on board. My foot is fearfully painful! I hope the doctor has been sent for."

"Yes, Sebastian rode off for him at once."

"Then you may go down stairs and send Mason to me. What a figure you look, Barbara! I suppose you have been having a scene with that young Bouverie?"

Barbara says nothing. Her aunt is in pain, and pain makes most people irritable; so she leaves the room, and prepares to continue her own packing, folding away her possessions with a strange sense of unreality, wondering idly what manner of life she will be living when her gowns see the light of day again.

It is all over at last! The lovers manage a last farewell, and then Barbara is gone, whirled away on the first part of the long voyage, to begin a life that to her will only be a time of probation till George Bouverie shall come and claim her.

Within a week Sebastian is home again, having seen Barbara safely on board and started for Tasmania.

"She is a most extraordinary girl," he says, sitting by his mother's bedside, and giving her a report of his proceedings. "Just fancy! She would not buy a single thing for the voyage except a deck chair, a rug and some lavender water; and she insisted on traveling second class, though her father's friends were going first, and seemed greatly annoyed. They will, through Barbara's obstinacy, be unable to be of the slightest use to her during the voyage."

"What can she mean?" ejaculates Mrs. Saville, looking very grim and grey as she reclines on her pillows. Sebastian shrugs his shoulders.

"Who can assign any reason for the vagaries of a woman's mind? That fool Bouverie came to the railway station, and they stared into each other's eyes like a couple of lunatics. I thought Barbara was going to have hysterics. Well, she has seen the last of him. If rumor is right, he has about come to the end of his tether. He looks bad enough, and it strikes me his expression spells ruin more than grief at losing a sweetheart."

"It is a good thing Barbara has gone," Mrs. Saville remarks. "By the time you go out to Tasmania she will have forgotten Bouverie and be very glad to see you."

"I hope so," says Sebastian drily, "considering she is to have all the accumulated savings of her father and her mother's fortune as well."

"And if she hadn't a penny I should marry her all the same. She is the only woman I ever wanted for my wife"—rising and leaving the room.

And while the great steamer containing Barbara in her second-class quarters ploughs her way through the grey billows, George Bouverie once more looks out into the world, with hope shining in his eyes and a look of relief on his handsome face.

Today, that before sunset is to be a day of tragedy, is as other days with the scent of coming spring in the air. Mrs. Bouverie has been moved to the sofa, and lies like a fragile lily, with her white hair and meek, quiet eyes.

George is beside her, and her delicate, blue-veined hands are lying in his broad, sunburnt palm. They have had a long talk, mother and son—one of those rare talks that have brought heart very near to heart. The mother's lips are tremulous, her eyes tearful. They have been talking about

Barbara, and if the young man has given his all to the woman he hopes to make his wife, there is no jealousy in the heart that has loved him since the moment he was born.

"You don't know what she is, mother," he is saying. "I cannot tell you all, but she is an angel. I don't think there is any one like her. Barbara has saved me," he whispers very low, his sunny head bent. "I am going to be a good man, mother, for her sake, to fit myself to be her husband; and, God helping me, she will never have cause to blush for me again."

For a moment it seems to Mrs. Bouverie that there is bitterness in the thought of the easy victory won by a girl's love, the promises made that all her prayers and tears could not gain; but it is only for a moment. The mother-love crushes down every ungenerous thought, and it is a very tender, smiling face that lifted from the sick-bed pillows.

"My boy, my son, you have made me very happy."

George stoops and kisses her.

"Some day you will know how Barbara has saved me. Mother dear, I must not tire and worry you when you are so weak. I am going to turn over a new leaf and take to farming. Oh, you don't know all I am going to do!"

—laughing as he speaks, a laugh that is a little tremulous because he feels like one who has been relieved.

George goes off to Portraven, still with that tremulous joy and relief in his heart, and feels very humble and thankful.

George goes to the bank, cashes a small cheque—a cheque that now he feels ashamed of because the money has been won from a bookmaker. However, it is the last time, he says to himself, pocketing the gold and leaving the bank. As he runs down the steps he comes face to face with Sebastian Saville. The two men nod to each other in the manner of those who foster a mutual dislike.

Afterwards they meet at the post-office, where George is dispatching a telegram. In fact, he is transmitting the sum of one hundred pounds through the postoffice by telegram. A little pile of yellow gold is handed in the office window. Sebastian stares, and George turns first crimson, then white, and his hands shake. He feels the eyes of Sebastian Saville on him, and his confusion increases.

Again the two men exchange hostile glances. George finishes his business and swings out of the postoffice. Mr. Saville buys some postage stamps, and goes out into the sunny street again.

(To be continued.)

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WHEN A WOMAN WILLS.

Daring Deed of a Washington Dame with Social Aspirations.

People who go about and in society tell me that when a woman ardently desires to make herself one of the favored few of the smart set, there is really nothing she will stop at, and some of these same persons have been telling me this story in illustration of what they say. In high officialdom, says a writer in the Washington Post, is a little lady, dainty as a spring crocus, who was a member of the inner circle long before she became a part of officialdom. On one of her last reception days she was chatting with two cabinet women, when the servant announced the arrival of a woman who is struggling to get into things as never a social climber struggled before. The hostess knew her by sight merely, and had never so much as had a bowing acquaintance with her, but official people are oval to seeing strangers at their receptions, and the lady of the house bowed with her usual graciousness. The climber's quick eye took in the situation. She saw the two cabinet women, and she knew they say her. She rose to the occasion in masterly fashion. "My dear Mrs. Blank," she said gushingly, "clearing the hostess' hand warmly, 'I was so sorry not to have been at home when you called on Friday. It was so sweet of you to come so soon, and I do hope you'll come in very often, informally, that way.' And before the hostess had recovered from her surprise the climber had passed on, well content, for she had appeared in the presence of two cabinet women as the intimate friend of a lady who had never even set foot on her doorsteps.

With the Eyes of Faith.

Some idea of amateur photography as it was in its early days may be gathered from an incident which the late Bishop Walsham How confided to his note book. Before he became a bishop he used to call together the old men of the parish on New Year's day, and on one occasion he displayed to his guests a photograph of two old men who had long worked at the rectory. They were photographed in their working clothes, one with a spade and the other holding a little tree as if about to plant it. A very deaf old man, Richard Jones, took the photograph in his hands, and looking at it said: "Beautiful! Beautiful!" So the rector shouted: "Who are they, Richard?" "Why," he said, "it's Abraham offering up Isaac to be sacrificed!" The rector tried to undeceive him, and as the old man who had been photographed were sitting opposite him, he said: "You'll see them before you if you'll look up." Richard smiled serenely but all he said was: "Yes, yes, I see 'em before me—by faith!"—Youth's Companion.

Prophetic.

Mrs. Bingo—"You went to Mickelman, the palmist, didn't you? And how was he?" Mrs. Kingley—"Wonderful! His powers of divination are really marvelous." "What did he say?" "He said I would be without a cook for nearly a month."—Detroit Free Press.

Its Drawbacks.

"Dreadful!" exclaimed Cholly Angloman as he looked at an old painting where the costumes included doublet and hose. "It's picturesque." "Perhaps. But how could a man roll up his trousers like they do in London?"—Washington Star.

Individual Fruit.

"That new boarder is making trouble in the house." "How so?" "He brings a can of peaches to the table with him at every meal."—Indianapolis Journal.

CZAR NOW HAS A SCHLATTER.

John of Cronstadt Has Thousands of Deluded Followers in Russia.

Not only to every nook and corner of the vast empire of Russia has the fame of John of Cronstadt spread, but there are few places where his name is not known. He is a Russian who is believed by the Russians to have the power of working miracles and who evidently believes himself that he has such a power. He has made Cronstadt a place of pilgrimage for the lame and the lazy, the afflicted in mind, body and estate of all Russia. The peasants in their foul-smelling dresses of skin, their dirt, disease and laziness, through

him come and go. A traveler in Russia, who recently witnessed one of these visits of the priest, thus describes the scene.

"Crowds of people are not usual in Russia, for they are forbidden by the police regulations. It was, therefore, all the more striking to observe a gathering mob of stunted beggars and cripples of all ages, with the ubiquitous begging nun, attired in rusty black, besieging one of the lordly manors on the Winter Palace Quay of St. Petersburg one beautiful March morning. Such a gathering together of



the city, much to the disgust of the regular dwellers there. From the shores of the Arctic and the Pacific oceans, and from the borders of the Black Sea and from the borders of Asiatic khanates the pilgrims flock to get a glimpse of Father John, as he is called, being an ordained minister of the Russian Greek church, to partake of his bounty and to receive his blessing or his healing touches. Many lodging houses have been built in Cronstadt by enterprising persons where the pilgrims are crowded in together, paying what they can. Some of the proprietors of these places have bargained to secure the presence of Father John at their establishments.

lyzed, only to be restored to health by the intercession of the priest. The fact that the bishop has never been afflicted either with blindness or paralysis does not interfere with the popular belief of the story.

Father John accepts no money for his services either from noble or peasant. If money is thrust upon him he accepts it solely on behalf of the poor and suffering. His system of almsgiving is unique and demoralizing. Every day he receives many letters containing gifts of money. The letters are opened, the communications removed, and the gift replaced. Accompanied by a priest who acts as secretary and almoner, Father John appears at 10 o'clock every morning at the door of his house. They pass along the two lines of beggars and pilgrims, to the first of whom the envelope opened first is handed; the second envelope goes to the second beggar, and so on, until the gifts are exhausted. If there are more beggars than envelopes, then Father John sends his almoner for his private purse, and thus no beggar goes away empty-handed.

Father John is of peasant birth and has preserved the simplicity of his early manner of living. He has a singularly kind and benevolent expression of face, and seems really sincere in what he does. Though most people outside of Russia regard him as a religious mystic, a distinguished Scottish professor calls him "the great pillar and far-shining ornament of the Greek church of our day, and the greatest of living spiritual writers worthy to stand before a Kempis."

Of course it is given out that Father John is so busy that some days must elapse before he will be able to attend; meanwhile the number of the faithful increases, and when a sufficient number has been got together they are assembled into a dimly lighted room, into which another priest hurries, quickly gives his blessing and as quickly withdraws. Such shameful deception became known to the town authorities; the pilgrims were denounced as a nuisance, and some months ago great efforts were made to get the nuisance abated. However, nothing has yet been done in this direction, and it is unlikely that any repressive measures will be taken.

Something was wrong.

Why the Customer Objected to the Taste of the Coffee.

It was plain that the man at the corner table in the restaurant had indulged in several appetizers. He handled his utensils unsteadily and made a lavish use of the condiments, tipped over the catsup and spattered soup freely on his pie. Yet he bothered no one, so no audible objection was made. Suddenly, after taking a couple of sips of his coffee, he made a grotesquely wry face that was in accord with his rye breath, and blatted out: "Phat divvie is th' matter wid this coffee?" A waitress quickly reached his elbow and inquired solicitously as to the cause of his criticism of the coffee.

When Father John appears abroad the moujiks crowd to touch the hem of his robe or even to get within the range of his vision. It is no wonder that the ignorant peasants have such a faith in him when the nobility and the educated classes seem to have a like belief. When the Czar Alexander III, lay lying in the Crimea it was Father John, when the medical men had given up hope, was summoned to the bedside of the emperor to try to accomplish by his prayers, what medical skill had failed to do. The fact that the czar died did not injure the reputation of Father John. People said that the miracle worker's want of success was due to the will of God, and he was as much sought after as ever.

Throughout Russia the pictures of Father John are to be seen more frequently than any other portraits except those of the czar and czarina. They are of all kinds, from the oil painting in the palace of the noble to the cheap print in the cabin of the peasant. The higher officials of the Russian church seem to be the only people who regard John of Cronstadt as a pious fraud. Several of them have not hesitated openly to express a contempt for the man and his alleged miracles. One story which is a matter of common belief in Russia is that once the Metropolitan Archbishop of St. Petersburg summoned Father John before him and requested him to cease from his supposed miracles.



Infantry in Battle.

In battle it is not the number of men who are disabled in the course of a day's fight that tell upon the morale of troops, but it is the losses which may be incurred within comparatively short time that tend to demoralize and unnerve them. For example, a corps of 20,000 men may lose in a day's fight 10,000—one-half its number—without being demoralized, but should they lose one-fifth of their number—in the course of half an hour, their morale would surely be destroyed. The British military operations, especially their battle tactics, have been freely and even virulently criticized by the military experts of other European nations—especially the Germans. It is not, however, at all assured that they would not have suffered at first from the indulgence in the same fatal "shock" tactics by delivering frontal attacks on entrenched troops.—International Monthly.

the people almost within earshot of the Winter Palace itself was a thing unheard of. It appeared that the police regulations were not being observed because Father John was expected to arrive at noon for the purpose of laying his healing hand upon the death-stricken little child of a high functionary of the imperial court. Not the slightest attempt was made to control the crowd, which in the end stretched across the road right up to the low granite wall which borders the Neva. Alighting from an ordinary drosky, the miracle worker made his way slowly and gently through the surging mass. Babies smitten with a nameless scourge, children with sightless eyes or crippled limbs were held by eager mothers in the path of Father John. Over some he breathed a few short words of prayer, over others he laid his hand in passing, and in every case the mother's face was wreathed in glad smiles, and one could catch many a prayer for the little child lying sick unto death in the great house. In this case the child died, and it is quite likely that the crowd at the doors never heard the result of Father John's unavailing intercession on his behalf.

Looks for Bigger Target.

Instead of cultivating a more definite aim in life, the average man wastes his time in searching for a larger and easier target.

PRIDE AND THE FALL.

The Whole Town Was Against That Silk Hat.

"Speaking of runaways I recall one that has a place in the history of the town of Osceola," said a man in the Pittsburgh News reporter's hearing. "Up until the time that my friend Mattern came home from college no one in Osceola had ever acquired the silk hat habit. Of course strangers came to the town wearing 'stove pipes,' but courtesy and hospitality protected them. But Mattern came home determined to force a silk hat on the people of the town whether they would or not. Not content with wearing it on Sunday, he wore it on week days and kept on wearing it until he had a friend in the town except his two sisters. They thought it gave him a distinguished appearance, but the rest of the family were against it. He had a fast horse that he drove through the town every nice evening and the fellows in front of the hotel said there wasn't a street in the whole place that he didn't pass over. That was for the purpose of 'showing off,' they said, for he invariably wore the hat. They were talking one evening of having the vigilance committee wait on him with a formal warning that he would have to cease to wear the hat, when he was seen coming down the main street as usual with his horse and buggy and the hat. One of the town boys, taking his usual thrash at the hat, struck the horse in the eye and maddened it. Off it started and Mattern could not hold it. He tried to swing in at the hotel corner to avoid a dangerous hill farther down the street and there was an upset. Both he and the hat were thrown and he landed on top of it. The crowd in front of the hotel gave a yell of delight. Mattern was instantly forgiven. He was picked up and carried into the hotel and two doctors attended him. The hat, a shapeless wreck, was kicked about the street by men and boys in a delirium of joy. 'Pride goeth before a fall,' was on the tip of everybody's tongue and it was verily believed that the fall that resulted in the destruction of that silk hat was a deliberate and premeditated act of God. The boy who threw the stone got no credit for it at all."

TELLING THE TRUTH.

Newspaper's Veracious Description of a Wedding.

The Palmyra (Mo.) Spectator undertakes to show by satire what might be expected were editors sometimes to speak their minds. Here are a few of the Spectator's samples: "Willie Shortie and Bettie Bloomers were married at the church last evening. The church was very prettily decorated with flowers and potted plants, borrowed promiscuously from over town from people who didn't want to lend them. The decorating was done under protest by some of the members of the church, who were asked to do so by the bride and couldn't well refuse. The ladies are of the opinion that if the couple were so bent on having a stylish wedding they should have been willing to have paid some one to chase all over the town for a day getting flowers together and then taking them home again. The bride wore a handsome Silverstein gown, made at home, and the groom was decked out in a \$10 hand-me-down suit. The ushers wore cutaway coats borrowed for the occasion. Sallie Potts was made of honor, and the consensus of opinion was that she was two-to-one better than the bride. The young couple took the morning train for St. Louis, where they will spend more money in a few days than Willie can earn in three months. Willie says that now he's married he's going to settle down. Some of our merchants think it would have been better if he had settled up first. The groom gets a salary of \$27 a month, which is about the allowance Bettie has been used to for pin money. We wish for Willie's sake that the old saying that it takes no more to support two than one wasn't a lie. The bride sent us a shoe box full of a conglomeration of stuff supposed to be cake. If this is a sample of Bettie's cooking we feel sorrow for Willie. Our janitor's dog fell heir to the cake and now he's lying in the cold, cold ground. But this wedding is none of our funeral. If Willie and Bettie are satisfied we've got no kick coming."

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Liquified Air as an Explosive.

Professor Charles Tripler is the discoverer of the value of liquid air as an explosive, and the discovery nearly cost him his life. In an experiment in a hotel room a lighted match was dropped near a small quantity of the air. The explosive wrecked the room. Professor Tripler said: "Liquified air becomes a high explosive when in combination with a hydrocarbon, as wood, felt or cloth. We have torn asunder iron pipes like paper in our experiments in the laboratory. It is easier to direct than dynamite, but it requires an expert to handle it. It cannot be stored, and must be made at the quarries."—New York World.

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