CHAPTER XXIX.

Edith's Confession.

"The papers say Mr. Morris will be the big headlines! Isn't it awful?"

Edith Hancock's cheeks were red- he left the room. dened with excitement as she dashed into her cousin's room. "Mr. Blake was here while the general was at breakfast," she gabbled on, breathlessly. "They talked a minute and then he hurried away. Isn't Mr. Blake lovely? And he's so big and handsome, and generous, and good-looking. and manly, and-and everything I just love him Jessie, don't you?" She

"I-I like him, Edith. It wouldn't do for both of us to love him, would it,

"He loves you," protested Edith, with a blush. "I know he does. Are you sure you don't love him. Jessie,

tional, but it's true."

Jessie: don't reject Mr. Blake.'

"It's not likely I shall have a chance," said Jessie. The little face o'clock when General Carden walked had grown very serious. "I sincerely hope not, Edith. John Burt is not dead, and he has not forgotten me. He will return, and, rich or poor, my Mr. Mason, the Vice-President of the faith is in him. I know he'll come

deep brown eyes and a longing smile inside pocket. touched the tender lips. Edith's face

world, and no man is good enough for you," she exclaimed. "John Burt stock at a stipulated figure, provided

any chance for a quibble. When he comes back with the stock, turn it herent profanity. over to me."

mean. Mason?"

transaction."

trance.

"Blake! Blake!" gasped Morris.

and the muscles of his neck twitched

nervously. Pacing up and down the

room he burst into a storm of inco-

The ticker, which had been silent,

spluttered rapidly, and the ominous

sound did more to call Morris back

words of the broker. He lifted the

tape and eagerly scanned the charac-

ters "What's that? This must be a

sponse, a broker entered. His collar

was torn open and his hair was

rumpled and moist with perspiration.

them four thousand shares up to 35,

half! Six hundred at forty! A thou-

tell you! What shall we do, Mr. Mor-

Morris gazed hopelessly at Mr. Ma-

"What can we do?" he asked, weak-

A heavy step was heard in the hall-

"You've raised hell, haven't you?"

was his greeting to his son and heir.

think, because the bottom hasn't fall-

en out of Cosmopolitan, that you're

it, haven't ye? Of course you have.

You're an ass! Admit it, and take

your losses. I'll bet this damn fool

"Tell him about this business," said

In a few words the latter explained

The look of anger changed to one

(To be continued.)

THINK LITTLE OF WOMEN.

play will cost more than a million."

ly. His brain was in a whirl.

and they are yelling for more. How

does it stand now?"

ris' nerveless hand.

He clutched the arm of his chair

"Aye, aye, General Burton!" exarrested! It's awful, Jessie! Look at claimed Blake with a profound salute. He seemed in high spirits as to his senses than had the sober

Let us look in on another scene. There was no outward sign of excitement in the offices of Randolph Morris & Company. Morris took personal command of his brokers on the floor of the Stock Exchange. It won't be much of a shower." he

said to his followers, with airy bravado. "Hang on to your stocks; we'll pass those ordinances yet. I control Cosmopolitan and am able to protect it against all the liars and swindlers from San Francisco to New York.'

Cosmopolitan opened at a loss of several points, but the selling by Blake brokers was not so heavy as had been expected, and the stock ral-"Quite sure," laughed Jessie, as the lied when given support by Morris roses came to her cheeks. "I can only and others interested with him. The love one man at a time-it's conven- young millionaire speedily regained his courage.

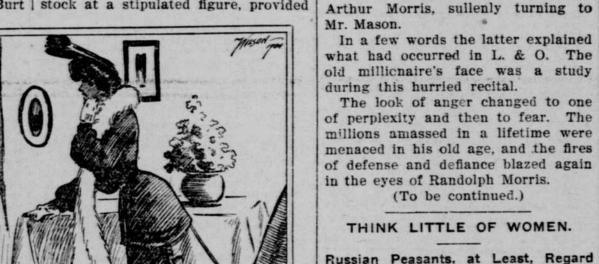
'Bid 'em up; bid 'em up!" he whispered to his head broker. "We've got ing your life on a man you haven't | the Blake crowd on the run already! heard from for years! You're jesting, They dare not sell, Take all they offer and bid for more!"

It was only a moment past ten briskly up the marble steps and en- the room. tered the Morris building. He stopped at the outer railing and addressed company.

"I hold an option on ten thousand shares of L. & O. stock," said the gen-There was a trustful light in the eral, producing an envelope from an

"Yes?" Mr. Mason raised his eyes was lighted with joy as she clasped with a faint show of interest, and tapped the brass rail with a pencil. "You're the dearest darling in the "So I understand, General Carden."

"Under its terms I can take up the



Russian Peasants, at Least, Regard Them as Slaves.

If Russian savings and proverbs are a true index the position of women within the czar's domains is not much better than in the land of the mikado. Here are some sample adages: "Where the devil can't enter there he sends women." "The head of a woman is as empty as the purse of a Tartar." "A woman without fear is bolder than a goat." "If you beat your wife in the morning don't forget to do it again in the afternoon." "Hit your wife with the handle of your ax; she is no pitcher to break at the first blow." "If you beat a fur it becomes warmer and if you beat your wife she will be more true to you."

As to women's limitations, it is said that "a woman's path reaches only from the doorstep to the hearth.' Very uncomplimentary is the belief that "two women are a town meeting and three a hell." The Russian also thinks that "a man who gives in to his wife has nothing good in store for him." and says that "a man became insane and married, became sane and hanged himself."

Returning to the "big stick," the Russian opines that "the more you beat a woman the better will be the dinner." Finally, the dog is complimented by the declaration that he is cleverer than a woman, "because he knows enough not to bark at his mas-

The Salt of the Earth. It was a damp day, when evil spirits larly baleful influence on the salt. of vigorous shaking and pounding, refused to sift out of the boxes. All the lunchers in a restaurant found themselves handicapped by this aggre- the barn. gation of seasonable particles. One woman alone solved the problem of saiting her food properly. She, after his 11 o'clock snooze by a loud rap- chair before the desk where work has repeated attempts to dislodge a few grains, drew a steel hairpin from beneath her hat, cleared the perforations in the top of the shaker, stirred the salt to a powder and proceeded to

season her vegetables. The man opposite sat amazed at this truly feminine expedient for runthrough the hall of the New York who had aroused his rage. General ning the universe. Once he seemed on the point of remonstrating, but he thought better of it and went on eat-"You are a cur and a coward, Mor- ing in silence. In fact, everybody refling of feet in the encircling galler. ris!" he said, looking at the younger | mained silent except a fat man at a ies, the distant murmur of street traf- man with blazing eyes. "Lay a hand nearby table. He brought his face into alarming proximity to a plate of

teaming soup and gurgled softly:

A Divided Allegiance. The mother of a young girl recently secured a divorce from her husband and married another man, the terms stead of success in life. Ana vze your-"I'd like to punch old Carden's daughter spend half her time with her head, and I'd have done it hadn't it father (who had also remarried) and been for you!" he declared. "What's half with her mother. Meeting a what he saw at the circus is better

from a visit to one of her remarried parents, the little girl was asked "how she spent her time nowadays." "Well," she replied, "I spend a month visiting my father and my mother; then the next month I go on did he? If he comes around again a visit to my mother and my father." mended by a young man who feels

> Overworked. "The edge on a razor," said the garrulous barber, "improves by laying i

away for a time." "That being the case," rejoined the

paid over the money? What do you "I mean just what I say, Mr. Morris." was the reply. "Do you know what has happened? With that stock you lose control of L. & O. Someone is back of General Carden in this

> Wherein a garden old were odors redo-The sunlight kissed the vine, the earth

Thus this cucumber grew to girth of wondrous span; 'Twas plucked and sold at last to Mr.

Jim Slack. & O. at 38! It must mean 28?" Morris gazed at the figures like one in a vers smile and smack-There came a violent rapping on the door, and, without waiting for a re-

every wicked tack:

Rolled over and lay down, then bunched up like a rock,

'Til Jim he plumb collapsed as limber as his sock!

"Blake & Company are bidding up L. & O.!" he exclaimed. "I've sold inward wrong He pumped Jim's insides out. It didn't take him long; But Jim he gagged and died! His spirit joined the throng
Of those long gone before who now are
hale and glad— He took the tape from Arthur Mor-

> "A green cucumber grew where dews Jim ate it and now dwells in climes mag-

Joshua Fumbleberry, farmer, was born with a pain. Sometimes it was in his stomach and sometimes it was knife, "you've had a wood-tick on you, way and Randolph Morris entered in his imagination, but it was ubiq- that's all!" uitous.

Joshua was not one that suffered in silence, but was a devout apostle of | ued: "I told you to keep your nose out of the philosophy of King Crony in a this Cosmopolitan business. You've paroxysm of gout-"Nature knows

"Land a-goshen, Joshua." complained his long enduring wife, "ye'll be all right, don't ye? Been supporting havin' that there appendicitis in yer mind some day, and the doctor won't be able t' do a thing fur ye, cause he cain't operate on yer imagination and when ye git dead sot on it, nothin' out an operation'll ever git ye over

"You wimmen folks talk too much." enarled Joshua hotly, "but I s'pose ye wouldn't be happy if ye didn't jam about so much wind er missed a revolution occasionally. When I'm sick, I'm sick, ain't I? Ye doan't dress!" pose I'm sick cuz I enjoy it, do ye? That was the beginning.

"A man gits mighty little sympathy in this world," moaned Joshua at 10 p. m. two days later, when a sharp pain attacked him in the left side about three inches below and slightly back of his lower vest pocket.

Deliberately at first, then with accelerated rapidity, the truth rushed upon him. He had appendicitis!

"Go fer th' doctor, Mirandy! and down t' Pikeville in th' office o'

Squire Diggem-"But go! Go!" as Mirandy, her arms akimbo, stood immovable in an

when ye wuz sick, but I'm through aloe, the javelin of wormwood, the chasin' pill peddlers t' fix up yer im- shafts of venom-and to gain upon agination, so there!'

spoke intensely, "ef you don't git th' doctor fer me, afore midnight I'll die

awhile! Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord! gimme cares. he may not toil regularly as strength!" he beseeched as he feebly | of old, remaining at home for an hour passed out into the dooryard towar? with "that grandbaby," or to let old

of Pike's Corners was aroused from he shuffles off toward his favorite

"Come on out t' our house quick. Doc," shouted Fumbleberry through find him some evening when the paper the closed door. "I'll order yer hosses has gone to press, his arms upon his hitched as I go past th' livery stable. desk, his head upon his arms, asleep-

feet clattered down the steps was: "Out to Fumbleberry's, eight miles in the street. Whatever you do, do north!" and the rumbling of wheels it earnestly and not superficially.

A man is never stupid denying he is | The season for dabbling tootsiedaft. It is only when left to our nar- wootsies in the limpid stream is about ly hand row ruts that we retrograde. Con- over for this year and the summer re- tumes, and is also seen on dresses of sorts are as lonely as a bachelor in a

Some women content themselves with a little dab of powder on the less than calcimining and tinting.

The man that fritters away his time will have few nice, warm fritters in

soon be full of cold and chilly snow.

A broken feminine heart is best Thus do our dreams of summer fade! "The days of the 1904 mosquito are numbered," says an exchange.

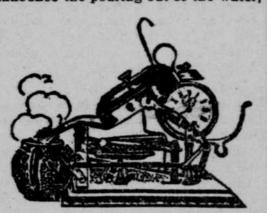
So long as a man borrows only your | Hope the number is 13!

first frost. Indemnity is a great balm to broken heart.



The British admiralty seems to have as the kitchen clock struck the half met with success in the utilization of liquid fuel upon war vessels, despite "Who's sick?" he queried, entering the objections against its use, which interfere with its adaptability for fighting ships. The torpedo-boat destroyer Spiteful has been passed into the Portsmouth fleet reserve, after satisfactorily undergoing her power trials. This vessel is only fitted for Joshua? Why he drove in after me!" oil fuel, and is the first warship to be "I know, doctor; I couldn't go," so equipped. The one great difficulty lamely. "He's got the appendicitis in that has confronted the experimenters is the excessive smoke emitted by the his appendix and he can't live! He's consumption of oil, but this drawback has now been successfully overcome. No more smoke is emitted than with steam coal. One of the greatest adbleberry, shaking pitifully and groanvantages accruing from the use of liquid fuel is the economy in men. The number of stokers required for the vessel is decreased by ten or more. As the method adopted upon the Spiteful has proved so completely successful, the furnaces of two battleships are immediately to be converted to

> the pot set ready to receive it, the same action ringing a little gong to



and also automatically extinguishing cumulated failures to take from the the lamp. The alarm can be set for sere and whitened brow of the coun. any time desired, the result following as a matter of course.

The rural editor, strangely unlike The machine is provided with many business men, grows riper and small and convenient traveling case keener as the frosts gather hoar and and this being portable it is available can only calculate roughly the amount

Radium Fatal to Small Animals.

by radium cause the death of the things-for instance, the character of smaller animals when breathed by the pipe used-whether smooth or try editor nears eternity? Gentleness, them. Experiments were conducted rough. At any rate if an inch pipe on guinea pigs in glass jars. After is substituted for the one-half-inch ance mark the columns of his paper the animal had breathed the air pipe in the first seven hundred feet. charged with the emanations for a the amount of flow would be three certain time verying from one hour gallons or more per minute instead of to several hours the respiration be- three-quarters as at present. The corcame short and abrupt. He rolled respondent states that an ordinary himself up in a ball with his hair rail is filled in four minutes with the standing on end. Then he fell into present arrangement .- J. B. R. a profound torpor and his body became cold. An examination of the animal showed an intense pulmonary congestion. The composition of the blood was modified, especially as regards the white corpuscles, and their number diminished. The tissues of the animal were found to be radioactive. When the body of the guinea pig was placed on a photographic scribe none of that frigidity of years, an image in which the hairs were very clearly defined.

Broken Bones Bolted.

the joint thus made and a silver bolt is inserted. When the nut is screwed down the joint is immovable and the natural knitting of the bone may proceed without the interruption usually caused by change in position and lack of rigidity.

Looped Bolero.

Bolero jacket fronts are not always worn open. Some are hooked and the sprouting habit of potatoes. There some are invisibly stayed on one or are two ways in which it might influ both sides. But the newer scheme is ence the development of sprouts; one to have the fronts connected with is by drying up the surface so that loops of passementerie, ribbon or hussar braiding. It is not meant to join other is by influencing the tempera ress than a child making mud pies the bolero fronts close together. Instead, a small space is usually allowed to show the all-over lace or embroid- effect, I imagine, would not be worth ered lawn blouse. Across this the considering. On the whole, therefore loops go in a series. This is especial- I do not anticipate that the method ie in etamine or volle cosbuff linen, worn of a morning.

Divining Rod Found Useful.

been in the old divining rod, divining nose, while others will have nothing by electricity seems likely to be successful. The electrical-wave experiments made recently on the hills about Coniston in the English lake district have indicated the presence of a lode of copper 200 feet southwest of a rich lode which was lost twenty years ago. The mine owners and miners are sanguine that the new method of divining will save much toil and expense.

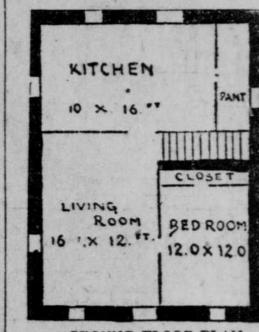
> Turbine Idea Not New. In some of the patents taken out sixty years ago in England are clearly stated all the essential points for the construction of an excellent steam turbine. Many of the early inventors seemed to have such clear ideas as to essential features of a successful steam turbine that their failure to

eessful is singular.

COST LITTLE TO BUILD.

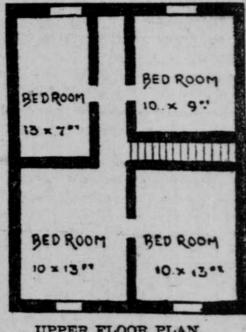
Comfortable Dwelling Put Up Complete for \$240.

The accompanying illustrations show plans of the dwelling of Mr. Alhart Parker, who went to White Fish New Ontario, four years ago.



GROUND FLOOR PLAN.

His house is 20 by 26 feet and one and one-half stories high. He paid out \$240 for material, all of which was shipped from Port Arthur. The



UPPER FLOOR PLAN.

material in the house could have been munity for one-third less.

Water Pipe Too Small.

P. M .- I have laid 1,400 feet of pipe to convey water to my house. Half of this pipe is half-inch and the other half is inch pipe. The water runs so slowly that four minutes are required to fill a common water pail. What is probably the cause of the slow delivery?

The difficulty in this instance appears to be caused by the great length of one-half-inch pipe. The correspon dent does not give particulars enough He should mention approximately the amount of fall that there is and also how much he requires. As it is, I of fall and guess at the amount of water he requires. From my understanding of the question. I have calculated the total fall to be about thir-It has been demonstrated by Prof. ty-six feet, although in making that Curie that the emanations given off calculation I had to assume certain

Potato Seed Balls.

J. C. R .- Kindly explain the presence of a large number of seed balls growing on our potato vines this year. What is their function?

The presence of an unusual number of seed balls on potatoes indicates that the season has favored the set plate wrapped in black paper it gave ting of the true fruit or seed of the potato. We have been growing the potato from tuber cuttings so lons that we now look upon the tuber as the seeds whereas it is really a spe Dr. Stephen H. Watts, assistant res- cies of stem cutting. It is very likely ident surgeon at the Johns Hopkins that this method of propogation has hospital, Baltimore, has devised a discouraged the development of flow method of joining broken bones that ers and seeds. As a rule, our pota is attracting wide interest among sur- toes flower freely, but rarely do they geons. His device consists of a silver set much seed. This potato ball, then bolt and nut and is simplicity itself. is the product of a fertility blossom The fractured bone is exposed and the | If one wishes to secure new varieties broken ends are mortised just as a of potatoes, the thing to do is to plant carpenter mortises the ends of two the seed found in these balls. Each pieces of wood he desires to join. | seed will produce a new kind differing Then a small hole is drilled through | slightly or greatly from every other sort.

Liming Potatoes.

L. A. G.-Will the sprinkling of po tatoes with lime while stored in the cellar prevent their sprouting in the spring?

I have had no personal experience in the use of lime as a preventive of sprout growth would be checked; the ture of the potato by the small insulation afforded by the coat of lime. This

J. R. M .- I would like to know through the columns of your paper Whatever merit there may have the proper time for the trimming or spruce trees that are kept low and

> One cannot expect to keep a spruce hedge in proper order by trimming it only once during the season. It is necessary to go over it at least twice The first trimming should be done a week or two after growth commences and the second trimming should take place early enough in the season sc that the plant is able to repair the in jury in part, by its subsequent growth: in other words, so that the cut ends may be covered up, if pruned very late in the season, there is likely to be some slight dying back of the cut ends. This not only looks badly, but

The word "impossible" is the mothmake their ideas commercially suc- er-tongue of little souls.-Lord Brong-

would be at all effective .- J. C.

Trimming Spruce Hedges.

also injures the plant to some extent

along with him. That will prevent "Old Carden took up his stock and about 2,000 years."

looked closely at Jessie Carden.

cousin mine?"

just a little bit?"

"You still love John Burt? What a foolish little sweetheart you are, wast-

back, and when he does he'll find me

true."

her cousin's hands.



"Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it: I know you can!"

must not let Mr. Blake propose to you. You won't will you, Jessie?" "Why?" asked Jessie in surprise. She lowered her eyes in confusion, to-day?" but when she looked again in Jessie's

face they flamed with passion. "Oh, Jessie, can't you undersand? I'm jealous of you, horribly, madly jealous," and she threw herself sobbing on her cousin's breast. "I know it's not your fault that he loves you, but you can make him stop. Please make him stop. If it wasn't for you he would love me. Tell him-tell him anything so that he will know that

you don't love him! Oh, Jessie, won't you?" "What can I tell him?" asked Jessie in amazement. "I can't make him propose and then commend him to another. But, Edith, darling, I'm so

sorry, so awfully sorry!"

When Jessie could command herself she asked if Edith really loved Jim. "I loved him the moment I saw him, and he fell in love with you at the same instant," declared Edith Hancock, whose intuition had told her the truth. "Make him stop, Jessie; you can find some way to do it; I know you can. Oh, why are people always

love them, and are blind to those who love them to death?" Jessie could not answer that worldold question, and vainly attempted to soothe her. In anger and mortification Edith rushed from the room, and when Jessie knocked at her door a few minutes later there was no re-

falling in love with those who don't

sponse but the muffled sound of sobs.

CHAPTER XXX.

Tale of the Ticker. stock exchange. The clicking of in- Carden deliberately removed his numerable telegraph instruments, the glasses and walked towards him. tinkle of telephone bells, the shuffic. all blended with the noises from on me if you dare!"

were lost in the vocal explosion from and was driven rapidly to the offices a thousand lungs.

A moment later and the acts of these seeming maniacs were flashed lowed Mr. Mason to his private office. of the decree providing that the | self! around the world. A million miles of metallic nerves focused in this center and throbbed with the earth's history for the day Wall street is a mundane incarnation of the terrors of hell, relieved by some of the joys of heaven. John Burt was in his office at eight

o'clock, and Mr. Hawkins and James Blake joined him a few minutes later. ris. "Well, what of it? He didn't "Is General Car, n here?" asked wish me to make him a present of it,

"He's in my room," replied Blake. check and have him present the or- his stock." tion at Randolph Morris & Company the moment they are open for banking business," instructed John Burt, "Bid L. & O. above twenty-seven unhis possession. Send two witnesses him the certificates."

will return; I'm sure of it, and he'll | the market price is above twenty-six be proud of you. But, Jessie, you dollars a share." "That is the agreement. You owe

> meet the terms in cash." quickly be arranged."

Mr. Mason glanced at the option and made a rapid calculation.

vour figure?"

General Carden bowed gravely and

or into a chord which held the With a muttered oath Morris turned

of James Blake & Company.

"He demanded his L. & O. stock."

Morris laughed as he stepped to the

ticker "He showed his option, demanded the stock, and paid over the money," til General Carden has the stock in said Mr. Mason slowly, "and I gave

thousand dollars on that stock. Gen-

A sarcastic smile played around the corners of Mr. Mason's mouth. "I do. I demand the stock and will

"Very well, General Carden, it can There was no change of expression on the grave face of the banker as he turned to a clerk and ordered him to produce the stock from the vaults.

"Two hundred and eighty-two thousand, four hundred and sixty-seven dollars and seventeen cents," he said, passing over a slip of paper. "Is that

General Carden bowed and motioned to one of his companions, who placed a satchel on the counter. From its depths General Carden produced the money demanded and exchanged

these certificates may not prove amiss," said Mr. Mason with an icy smile. "I bid you good day, sir." turned to the door. As he did so Ar-

into General Carden. is it?" and an evil light came to his eyes. "What in hell are you doing here? You're discharged-fired; d'ye

Morris stepped behind the brass railing and from that retreat shook A thousand men .were scattered his hand threateningly at the man

majesty of bass and the thrill of so- and left the old soldier standing defi- "Well, I'll be darned!" antly by the railing. A minute later A gong sounded. Its reverberations General Carden entered a carriage

> he prowling around here for? What friend of her family after returning than going yourself! did he want?"

tell him to dig up about three hun-"Give him the cash for that L. & O i dred thousand dollars and he can have

us about two hundred and eighty

"Because-" and Edith faltered. eral Carden. Do you wish to pay it

it for the stock. "I trust your faith in the value of

thur Morris entered, his face flushed with triumph. In his haste he ran "I beg your pardon! Oh, it's you,

understand? Get out of here and

In the meantime Morris had fol-

replied Mr. Mason. "His L. & O. stock," repeated Mor-

-Harper's Weekly.

victim in the chair. "I'd advise you to lay the one you are using away fo. Once more the haydids are "laying onto Katy!"

BYRON WILLIAMS A Cucumber Grew!

darkness.

ride over black and soggy roads.

be you. Got some company?"

hour after midnight.

in here. Come in!"

ing immoderately!

for Graves, explosively.

side! Oh! Oh! Oh!"

come on both sides!'

night!"

dead-ain't ye?"

plied Mirandy meaningly.

And Mirandy did!

try editor his crown.

the flesh over the appendix.

Bespattered and benumbed, he

reached the Fumbleberry home just

"It's Joshua," lisped Mirandy, quiet-

"Joshua?" shouted Dr. Graves.

Buried in a heap of feathers, quilts

"Well, I'll be blamed!" gasped Doc-

"Turn over here. Let me get a look

at you. Any pain here?" pressing

"No, doc, no! It's on th' tother

"Both sides at once, eh?" growled

growin' on the right side? But yer

"Where did ye say that there money

was hid in the granary, Joshua?" dip-

lomatically. "I hain't had a new go-

"It's in a tin box in the corn sheller.

Mirandy," sighed Joshua meekly,

"Git a new dress, Mirandy! Git a new

The Patriarch Editor.

Old Patriarch Time must feel some-

thing of rage and remorse at his ac-

years but to idle and fret, going to

the sunset land restless and unhappy.

Have you noticed with what a se-

rene and philosophical mein the coun-

sweetness, forgiveness and forbear-

where once he was prone to rip and

roar and twist the caudal appendage

"What is it to grow old?" asks one.

With the editor it is more than to lose

the pencil tip a pure and pleasing gen-

There is in the ageing, pastoral

sundown, no futile wailing at Time to

fly backward, no belated and pitiful

patching up of the body against the

There is in him a mature mellow-

ness, a reserve of wisdom from which

salt, a hint that he is seeing by aged-

His boys or his younger partner

Dobbins nip a bit of grass beside the

And thus, perhaps, 'tis there they

A dabbler in life's serious work

blessed him lo! these many years!

forever! .

of those who loved him not?

t'-meetin' dress fer seven years," re-

glad ain't ye, Mirandy, thet I ain't

side, Mr. Fumbleberry. Let's-"

and family overcoats lay Joshua Fum-

A green cucumber grew where dews the house and handing his coat to Mrs. Fumbleberry. "I thought it must ly! "He's goin' t' die!"

And breezes sang by day where moon-beam shafts were blent-

mistake! Five hundred shares of L. The peddler peddled long and sold it to Who peeled and ate the "pick" with di-Twas then that pickle green began to

hump its back!

It griped and bucked and growled, tried

They called the doctor hence. He looked both wise and strong To cope with pain and pang and every

Upon his tomb we read this doleful mes sage sad: "Thirty-nine! Thirty-nine and a sand at forty-one! Something's up. I

Joshua's Appendicitis.

made a fine mess of it! I suppose you best and she says, 'roar!'"

quick!" he bawled. "I've got it this time sure. Ef I should die." moaning. "afore ye git back, they's \$40 hid in the granary that ye didn't know about, an'," holding his hand clasped closely over the pain, "my will's made out

attitude of gathering defiance. "Joshua Fumbleberry, ye ain't got no more appendicitis than I hev, an' I ain't goin' t' make no dark ride o' eight miles through mud and water the glory of the form, the luster of to git ye a doctor when ye don't need the eye, the plumpness of the cheek! none. I've been a good an' faithful It is to lose, also, from out the quiver wife ter ye and allus cared fer ye at the editorial belt, the arrows of

"So there" was accompanied by a tleness that scatters calm and serenity determined stamp of the foot and in every home. Old wood is best; Joshua knew the ultimatum was final, likewise old wine, old friends and an but his blood and his imagination old editor's writings. were up. Besides, didn't he have appendicitis and wasn't he at that very

moment a man marked for the cold that piping childishness that frets at and clammy silence of the grave? "Mirandy Fumbleberry," Joshua

-er I'll git a divorce, an', an' I don't keer which?" "Take yer choice, Joshua," retorted he may draw at will, a relish as of the wife stolidly. "Take yer choice!" "Then-I'll-go-myself fer the doc- night a million stars he could not see heid high carnival. Many things went | tor," he sobbed, jumping from the | by youthful day-and all this draws crosswise under the spell of their sofa and shuffling into his overcoat. about him countless friends who love witchery, but they exercised a particu- "Ef I die ye'll be satisfied, but I ain't and cherish him. goin' t' die without a chance ter keep which clogged and stuck, and in spite | ye from spendin' my money yet take from his shoulders the bruising

An hour later Doctor Phil Graves road-but ere the day is much begun

They ain't no time t' lose!" "Whose sick." queried Doctor Graves, in the weird light at the top of the stair case—but all he heard as lends little more importance to prog-

tention and rivalry are blessings.

One slovenly habit on the part of a

man or woman may mean frilure in-

Hearing an eight-year-old boy tell Another hot wave is coming, says beef, fritters and "things." the weather man. Duck! It's only 20 cents a yard!

ideas, your money is safe! A hardshell mudturtle's life is full of snaps!

seven-room flat.

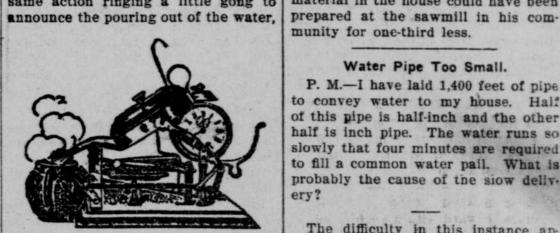
this world. It takes money to buy The primrose path of dalliance will

A current report injury to the heart is usually healed by the time of the

as the caller hurried away in the Muttering fervent anathemas upon his ill luck, Doctor Graves shuffled out of his pajamas and prepared a hasty toilet for a cold and cheerless

burning liquid fuel.

"Appendicitis don't come on the left An Automatic Tea Maker. "It don't? It don't?" screamed the To English inventiveness is due the excited patient. "I thought it could most recent acquisition in the line of automatic contrivances, the invention being one especially calculated to apthe physician, continuing his examinapeal to the housewife. It is termed an automatic tea maker and the accom-"Mr. Fumbleberry." Doctor Graves panying illustration gives a comprewas deliberately impressive as he held hensive idea of its appearance. This something aloft on the end of his penuseful little apparatus consists of an alarm clock connected with a spirit lamp and a kettle in such a manner A surprised groan was the only inthat when the alarm goes off it reterruption and the physician continleases a shutter which covers the spirit lamp, and as it flies back the "Have your wife put a bandage shutter strikes a match-duly placed about you to keep the blood off the for the purpose-which lights the linen, and then go to sleep. Good lamp, and thus heats the water in the kettle. As soon as this water boils, a "Well, do tell, Mirandy," whimperdeft arrangement of wires causes the ed Joshua repentantly, "did ye ever kettle to tilt and pour its contents into know about that there appendix allus



immaculate upon his head. The aver- for a large variety of purposes. age merchant or professional man, retiring, breaks the ingrain habit of