CHAPTER XXV!I.-Continued.

in the shadow, so that she would not my right to see him?" at once confront Helena as she entered. Her jeweled fingers touched ful animal at her birth. Or these di- an whom she hated so bitterly. crushed by fanatic zeal.

save from suffering, yes, the woman more public than it is." I loved, was coming to this chamber with hope. Happiness awaited her, de Varnier softly. she thought—the caresses of a loved brother, repentant of his momentary folly. And, perhaps, her heart was make traffic of a man's love." beating high with gratitude to me-to

ever racked the heart of woman.

But her decision I could not doubt. I had a proud faith in this lady who less.' had sent me into the lists to fight for her. When first I had seen her on the er's eyes. terrace of the hotel at Lucerne-it seemed ages ago, instead of days-I remembered how her clear gaze had thrilled me. The calm, unwavering look of her gray eyes was truth itself, I had thought. A lie was not possible for her-not even a lie to be spoken by another for her sake.

But with what abhorrence would she regard me! Had I not been drawn in the subtle web of this Circe's net, the dilemma at least would not exist for her. But if the dilemma did not exist, Sir Mortimer's dishonor would still be a terrible reality. After all, the curtain had not fallen vet. Helena and I were both puppets in the hands of capricious Fortune. It was she who held the balances; or, rather a just God whose wheels may turn slowly, but sooner or later He sees that justice is done.

I had left the door slightly ajar. It was pushed open with a brusque suddenness that startled. The servant must have known the tragedy that awaited the woman he was conducting here. With a Frenchman's love of the dramatic, he ushered her in with pompous ceremony, and stood waiting expectantly. As I closed the door roughly on him. Helena saw me. Madame de Varnier, seated in the shadow, she had not yet seen.

I scanned her face closely. I saw that not hope nor the expectancy of a happy meeting with her brother was her dominant emotion. Eager she was but it was the eagerness of anxiety, and not of hope. Her quiet assurance came from courage and selfcontrol. Her brother had disappeared mysteriously: Captain Forbes had been the victim of a trick; she had put her faith in one who was almost a stranger to her; and now she had ventured to the chateau alone. Even a man might have hesitated.

But when I stood before her, I was touched to see how she leaned on me, who had twice failed her.

"My brother?" she whispered. Once before she had wrung from me the bitter truth. Now, as then, a certain courage came from her presence. Her own scorn of weakness and subterfuge supported me. I answered her simply, as I knew she would have me answer-the direct, stern truth:

"Your brother is dead, Miss Brett." There followed a silence so intense that I could hear quite distinctly the river Aare beating against the chateau | walls. With the curious irrelevance that comes so often in moments of tense anxiety I thought it strange that Captain Forbes had not given some sign of his presence in his prison during the past half hour. Helena leaned toward me, frowning slightly as if in perplexity.

"Dead, did you say? Not dead!" I repeated the words; unconsciously I spoke a little louder. The scene seemed unreal, theatric. Again the irrelevant thought intruded, how, when a boy, I used to wonder if all the things that had hitherto happened in my life-all my existence-were not one long dream; a dream from which I should awake presently, to find myself living a life utterly different.

"It seems, sir," she faltered, "that your mission is always to bring bad tidings. It was only the other day trance. you told me that the man who loved me had died. Now it is to tell me that the brother I leved so much is dead." with extended arms. "You dare no She smiled pitifully, a curiously twisted smile that expressed her suffering more than any tears. No re- imaginary. They exist in his own proaches could have troubled me as did that pathetic smile. I turned ab be forged; there are whole pages. You ruptly to Madame de Varnier, whom listen now; you will tremble before I she had not yet seen. My rage and have finished. At present there is no pity overcome my reason. I might one who has seen these proofs except have appealed to a heathen idol sitting myself. But dare to doubt me, to in grotesque majesty in its temple of ignore these proofs, and they shall be gloom with as little effect.

a woman's heart; you must feel some Russia would give me any sum I chose tenderness for others in their grief. to ask for those papers. Do you hate You have told me that your life has me so much, and scorn me so bitterly. been one of suffering; then have that you prefer to see your brother's mercy for this girl who is suffering. name held up as a byword for Eu- in word, thought and deed; broad- figures in Derby Line, Vt., and the sur You will not torture her further. You rope's contempt? You disdain to think will leave to her the only comfort that it possible that my charge be true. remains for her, the proud memory of Then what have you to fear? There in methods of life; never adding a manner, and disliked being questioned a brother who served his country with is no one who can more surely identify

"It is for you to do that, monsieur." She spoke with assumed indifference, to say. - Will you consent to see these fingering the cross that hung from papers now, or am I to sell them to

"you will make no appeal to Madame other in a long silence. I watched the heart and always relying upon Him I de Varnier to spare me from suffering. duel from the open window where I most earnestly strive to serve; keep-

| Where is my brother? I suppose that

The two women faced each other. her hair lightly; her pose suggested calamity that may befall one, madam." the languid indifference of a woman At these ominous words Helena of the world who awaits the entrance turned to me with a gesture of pain. of a caller. Mercy and tenderness and Her courage faltered, though she

vine qualities had been fiercely "Death is not the worst calamity?" She repeated the words slowly, as if consent." She turned to where I stood. I paced to and fro in an agony of seeking their hidden meaning. "Ah, rage and pity; and this Medusa fol- this infamous woman, who dragged lieves that these proofs exist, others lowed my every movement with her down my brother to disgrace when he will believe it too. There is no for prisoned. I listened; there was no lived, will not spare even his memory. gery so clever that I should not de-The woman whom I had hoped to She threatens to make his shame even tect it. My brother's handwriting was king's messenger aloud; still there

of horror. She was coming, radiant to prevent that," suggested Madame I will see those papers."

Helena turned on her with horror.

the man who she thought had made Mortimer Brett would have been a had not been locked. It opened ponthis much wished-for reconciliation glory, not a disgrace," returned the derously, and I saw the gleam of the adventuress calmly. "But there was safe. She stood at the doorway and me so far as Helena's safety was con-Black despair awaited her in the no love between Sir Mortimer Brett beckoned to Helena. little oratory yonder. She was to be and myself in the sense you mean. tortured with a dilemma as cruel as Whatever feeling your brother had for trust yourself in the room alone with heard my voice if he were living, and me was controlled. Yes, and I tempted me? him. In that regard his honor is stain-

Motionless, each looked into the oth-

stood. Madame de Varmer's threat you. It is simply impossible that he was a terrible one. It was the fierce be guilty." pleading of a desperate and unscrupulous adventuress striving frantically to were very wistful. move the lofty trust of a sister in a "Because," I looked at her steadily, brother's rectitude and honor. I had "I know how impossible it would be faith in the courage and nobility of for the sister." soul of Helena. I believed that she would face shame and unhappiness entered the room, passing by Madame with calm resolution. But I could not de Varnier at the threshold. wonder that Madame de Varnier's menace made her hesitate.

The slow seconds passed, and still in the door. they faced each other in silence. That long silence seemed to me ominous. I suffered with Helena in the anguish of

To yield would be to doubt. But if she refused to yield, to doubt. And if the hour. It was six. The chateau Madame de Varnier seated herself there is no one here who will deny me this woman spoke the truth, and made walls cast a long shadow on the oppogood her threat— For herself she site bank of the river. The mountains would endure everything rather than in the far distance were purple and "Death is sometimes not the worst compromise with this betrayer of red in the evening light. The long men's honor. But there was the day was coming swiftly to an end; mother to be thought of.

She had decided. She raised her hands slowly in a gesture that pathetwomanly pity were denied this beauti- fought for her control before the wom- ically showed her submission. Madame of these rooms held their tragedies. de Varnier had conquered-so far.

"Do not think I doubt because "But if this woman is sincere, and bepeculiar. His honor must not be ques- was no answer. Soon the moon would "Your champion has it in his power tioned because of a clever trick. Come, rise, and its cold rays might fall on

Madame de Varnier glided across the bare room and struck the heavy "It is incredible that you should door of the little chamber she had already pointed out to me as contain-"To me the love of a man like Sir ing the safe. To my surprise the door

"Come, madam, or are you afraid to

"Has Mr. Haddon already seen these papers that he is not to come?"

"Mr. Haddon has seen copies of the original papers in the safe," returned to ignore the evidence of her own "And yet you said there is a calam- Madame de Varnier in triumph. "He



"Your Brother Is Dead, Miss Brett."

tioned, torn between hope and fear.

worse than death." Helena turned to me, dazed and ap- originals." pealing, a trembling hand drawn slowly across her forehead.

traordinary words mean?"

I hesitated. "It is said-this woman says-but it false. Do not believe her," I cried alone," said Helena quietly. desperately at length.

"He has not the courage to tell the truth," cried Madame de Varnier. walking slowly toward Helena, who shrank back. "Your brother is known

to be guilty of taking bribes." "You are right not to believe that. Mr. Haddon," she said scornfully, and

sighed her relief. "There are proofs to convince the most skeptical, even you," insisted her

tormentor with savage emphasis. "What you say is impossible. Where is my brother, Mr. Haddon?"

I pointed silently to the oratory. Helena turned to go thither, but Madame de Varnier barred her en-

"Ah, you are afraid!" she cried, standing at the door of the oratory face the truth. Listen, madam; the for the whole world to read. Do you "You are a woman. You must have hear? I say for the whole world; and heart; considerate and thoughtful redell in The Nurse. your brother's writing than yourself. Which will you choose? It is for you

the embassies of Russia or Austria?" "Mr. Haddon," said Helena proudly, The two women measured each

ity worse than death?" Helena ques-, was so convinced of your brother's reasoning impulse to hope against guilt that he destroyed these copies. hope. But the forlorn, desperate pos-"And I say it again. Dishonor is You will not be surprised then if I re- sibility fought obstinately for recogfuse to trust him with the precious nition. It held me with all the damn-

I attempted no expostulation. knew the uselessness of that, and we viction. It was no longer an impossi-"You are silent. What do those ex- had agreed that Helena was to decide ble hope, not even an intuition. It befor herself. I had faith enough in came an absolute belief, a certainty. her not to doubt her ultimate decision. And this was the reason for my be-

"I will see these papers with you lief: "And you will give me your word of honor that you will not follow the ex- coward.

ample of Mr. Haddon in attempting to destroy them?" "My word of honor!" cried Helena

with bitterness. "Would you believe dishonor?"

dame de Varnier.

"Then I give it to you." She walked to the room with a firm step, passing me where I stood. "Be brave," I whispered. "Be on her hands were still held out as if for your guard. Refuse to believe that protection. I grasped them firmly,

Whenever Madame de Varnier had mentioned the safe she had called me C-O-W-A-R-D ! That was the combination of the

At last a door opened. Helena made that if you think my brother guilty of her way toward me with uncertain steps, her hands held out before her, "I should believe it," answered Ma- as one groping in the dark. Her splendid fearlessness was gone. She looked at me with the wild eyes of a wounded animal vainly seeking a way of escape. As she reached my side

your brother is guilty, no matter what but I did not speak. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Making Life Worth Living

Right Thinking Woman. garding the peculiarities and eccentricities of human nature, adjusting myself to each so as to produce harnony and not friction; to be pure minded and liberal, not given to petty rounding country. denunciation of my fellows; moderate burden or sorrow where a little fore- concerning his patients. thought would give pleasure; not hasty in speech or action; sincere, candid and truthful in every detail; and simple, keeping close to nature's

ing ever before me that exemplary Some Golden Rules Laid Down by life as my rule of conduct toward men, thus creating an influence for To be happy, hopeful, buoyant, kind, good. This is my idea of making loving from the very depths of my "life worth living."-Louise M. Wad-

> Professional Secrecy. Twenty or 30 years ago Dr. Meigs and his old mare Peggy, were familiar

The doctor was very brusque in

One day a farmer was taken sick and Dr. M. sent for. When returning from his call, one of the neighbors conscientious in the execution of anxious to know the man's condition every duty; composed, unpretentious hailed the doctor and the physician

"What ails Mr. Smith?" "He's sick; g'long Peggy."

FRUIT ALWAYS GOOD

"Why do you say that?" Her eyes

"Your faith strengthens mine." She

"Au revoir, M. Coward!" the woman

cried tauntingly, and the key turned

CHAPTER XXVIII.

"Coward!"

I heard a clock in the village strike

and the night was mysterious with its

This tower of the three rooms! Two

What if the third room had its tra-

I struck sharply the door of that

room in which Madame de Varnier

had said that Captain Forbes was im-

answer. I called the name of the

the lifeless body of Forbes; for if all

were well, why should there be this

The suspense was unendurable.

listened at the door of the room that

concealed the two women. I heard

the murmer of voices. That reassured

cerned; but it made me absolutely

certain that Captain Forbes must have

And when the two women came out?

I shrank from that coming with

dread. I had told Helena to be brave,

sight. But I had been shaken in my

own belief as to Sir Mortimer's inno-

cence. Surely her faith would be

greater than mine; but the evidence

seemed so overwhelmingly against Sir

Mortimer, if Sir Mortimer's letters

and notes were genuine. At any rate

the woman I loved must hold a bitter

cup to her blanched lips; it must be

emptied to the very dregs. Her suffer-

ing was inevitable, whether she be-

lieved her brother innocent or guilty.

refuse to purchase the silence of

Madame de Varnier at the cost of fur-

ther dishonor, even though I were

chiefly to bear that myself. But if

enough to resist her tears? I must be.

My reason told me of the folly of

Madame de Varnier's plan. But if I

actually succeeded, I knew that the

hypocrisy of the act would become

she thought my own cowardice re-

Coward! How that word beat a

devil's tattoo on my excited brain. It

had been the keynote to all my suffer-

ing, and to all my joy. Willoughby

had died uttering it; Helena had

echoed it in thought; and Madame de

Varnier had spoken it again and again

in her fierce contempt during the past

hour. Yes, it was the keynote of my

suffering and my joy. It was the

motif that obtruded again and again in

the stormy music of these past hours.

It was a baneful talisman, a watch-

word. Its letters seemed to have al-

most a magic potency. It was a coun-

tersign that opened for me the gates

A talisman! A watchword! A coun-

tersign! Suddenly I saw the word

C-O-W-A-R-D written in fiaming let-

ters. They revolved furiously. They

This was sheer madness-this im-

posible conjecture. I reasoned the un-

And then suddenly it became a con

of paradise and hell.

danced before my vision.

ing power of a hallucination.

sponsible for that refusal.

more and more dreadful to Helena

I could not doubt that she would

promise of despair.

gedy likewise!

ominous quiet?

MANY WAYS OF SERVING THE BLACKBERRY.

Has Valuable Medicinal Qualities, as Well as Being Always Appetizing -Makes Excellent Catsup If Properly Prepared.

The good old blackberry has a pedigree behind it and medicinal qualities recognized and appreciated by ancients and moderns. While most fruits are laxatives, the blackberry, fruit, leaves and roots alike, is among the mose valued astringents. Blackberry wine ranks high as a tonic, containing as it does a large amount of iron. Blackberry cordial is one of the most approved remedies in case of lysentery; while jams and preserves furnish a throat remedy that requires no urging uses the patient. From the fresh young blackberry canes a thick syrup is expressed, valuable for throat, mouth and eve troubles. Made into a vinegar, the blackberry furnishes one of the most refreshing and cooling of summer drinks.

Blackberry Vinegar.-To make the vinegar, mash the berries to a pulp in an earthen or stoneware vessel. Add good cider vinegar to cover well, and stand in the sun during the day and in the cellar over night, stirring occasionally. The next morning strain and add the same amount fresh berries. Crush and over the whole pour the strained juice, and set in the sun again through the day and the cellar at night. The third day strain and to each quart of the juice allow one pint of water and five pounds sugar. Heat slowly to the boiling point, skim, and when it boils strain and bottle, sealing airtight.

Blackberry Catsup.-Cover mashed berries with boiling water, simmer 15 minutes, press again and strain. Allow for each quart juice a half teaspoonful each mace, cinnamon, pepper and white mustard. Cook down to about a quarter of the original quantity, add vinegar (pure) to make strength and consistency required, then bottle and seal while hot.

Blackberry Jam.-Look over a gallon of blackberries, wash and drain. Put in a preserving kettle, pour in a pint of water and cook until soft, stirring and mashing with a wooden spoon to break up the fruit. Take care that it does not scorch. Take from the fire and press through a wire sieve into a stone jar. Do not use tin. Stir this pulp thoroughly. Take a quart of the pulp and put in a kettle with a quart of sugar measured she demanded that? Was I strong light and previously heated in the oven. Bring to a boil, cook rapidly for 15 or 20 minutes, until it jellies when dropped in a cold saucer. Pour yielded weakly presently, and the ruse | into small jars and when cold seal. Repeat the cooking with another quart of the pulp until all has been used. The jam is easier and better with the coming years. No; if in that | prepared a quart at a time. It is a supreme ecstacy of her agony she good plan in hot weather to prepare should entreat me, I must still refuse. | the berries one day, set away in the | been in Europe for several months. | Josephine Houghteling, of Chicago. I must decide for her, even though cellar and make the jam in the cool of the next morning.

Serving Fruit.

Fruit may be served on a large round, flat dish, or in a fruit bowl or fruit dish. It is very pretty to use the natural leaves, if they can be procured, for garnishing the dish. The fruit should be passed and each person be given a fruit plate and fruit knife and finger bowl. The finger bowl is placed on the fruit plate and should be lifted and set to one's left before helping one's self to fruit. A nice way to eat an orange is to cut it in half and eat with a spoon. Plums. peaches and pears are eaten from the fingers; bananas are eaten from the skin. Pineapple is usually pared, the eyes taken out, the flesh picked apart with a silver fork, placed in a fruit dish and sugared and then served in a dessert plate and eaten with a spoon or a fork.

Plum Pudding Jelly.

Put one-half box gelatin in a cup of cold water and soak one-half hour. Heat one pint milk in a double boiler. When hot dissolve one cup sugar in it and 11/2 ounces melted chocolate. Put one heaping cup stoned raisins, one cup washed currants, one-half cup sliced citron, one spoon cassia, one of cloves into a very little warm water on the stove and melt. When the milk and chocolate are well mixed pour them over the gelatin and strain into a bowl. As soon as it begins to grow firm stir in the fruit and put in a mold, turn out on a platter and surround with whipped cream.

Cucumber Pickles.

Wash and carefully dry 100 tiny cucumbers; place in a jar; put sufficient water in porcelain kettle to cover cucumbers. When boiling hot stir in salt enough to make salty to taste. Pour this over cucumbers; let it stand 24 hours; wipe and put in jars. Put enough vinegar in kettle to cover them; add one onion, sliced, 12 whole cloves, 11/2 ounces of mustard seed. and three blades of mace. Let come to boiling point; pour over the pickles; add three small peppers; place a tablespoon of grated horseradish and sliced onion on top.

Airing Linens.

Linens should be given a thorough airing every now and then, most thoroughly of all, of course, just after they have come from the laundress. Plenty of light and air, as well as soap and water, are necessary to keep them in spotless condition, for what occult reason only some one wise in the law of physics can tell. But the results will tell their own tale-airings are the best preventives of "freckles" and mold and mildew.

Cleaning Fruit Cans.

Tops of fruit cans can be cleaned if they are placed in sour milk or vinegar, and left until the mold comes off easily, when they are washed in water. They should also be scrubbed with a brush to clean the grooves in the sides of the lid.

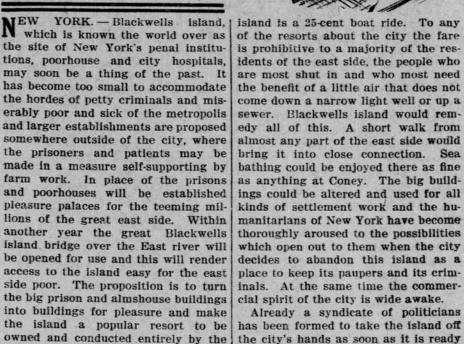
Preserving a Broom.

To preserve brooms dip them for inute or two in a pail of boiling suds once a week, which makes them tough and pliable. A carpet weers much longer if swept with such

Gleanings of Gotham

Life in the Great Metropolis Mirrored for Our Readers

MAY TURN BLACKWELL'S ISLAND INTO A RESORT



the world where so large a proportion side. Greed and humanity have enof its population is unable to reach tered into a battle for possession of these fresh air spots. To Central park the desired plot and no person yet is a five-cent care fare. To Coney knows which will win the victory.

MIEW YORK. - Blackwells island, | island is a 25-cent boat ride. To any which is known the world over as of the resorts about the city the fare the site of New York's penal institu- is prohibitive to a majority of the restions, poorhouse and city hospitals, idents of the east side, the people who may soon be a thing of the past. It are most shut in and who most need the benefit of a little air that does not the hordes of petty criminals and mis- come down a narrow light well or up a erably poor and sick of the metropolis sewer. Blackwells island would remedy all of this. A short walk from somewhere outside of the city, where almost any part of the east side would the prisoners and patients may be bring it into close connection. Sea made in a measure self-supporting by bathing could be enjoyed there as fine farm work. In place of the prisons as anything at Coney. The big buildand poorhouses will be established ings could be altered and used for all pleasure palaces for the teeming mil- kinds of settlement work and the hulions of the great east side. Within manitarians of New York have become another year the great Blackwells thoroughly aroused to the possibilities island bridge over the East river will which open out to them when the city

Already a syndicate of politicians owned and conducted entirely by the the city's hands as soon as it is ready to vacate. This syndicate proposes to No city in the world possesses so cut the place into town lots, erect many magnificent pleasure grounds as great apartment houses all over it and New York and yet there is no city in make it another section of the east

ROMANCE IN FASHIONABLE

LIFE OF NEW YORK CITY



ONVERSATION in the fashionable, are spending the summer. clubs the other night had a touch ment after all is in no sense a surprise of horses and outdoor sports. to many men and women in society who have known of Mr. Griswold's ad- Mr. Augustus Cass Canfield, died more miration for and devotion to Mrs. Can- than three years ago in Aiken, S. C.,

wold is to bring his bride to New York | known and much admired in society. and without fail will proceed immediately to Narragansett Pier, where his known bachelors in fashionable life mother, Mrs. George Griswold, and his in New York and is a great social fasister, Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer, vorite.

Mrs. Canfield is a decidedly beauti-

of delightful excitement when the ful, talented and gracious young womnews went about that that general so- an, and there has been no more highly ciety favorite and "all round good fel- esteemed and popular hostess in solow," Mr. Frank Gray Griswold, and ciety than she. She is a fine horsethat charming and wealthy young wid- woman, rides to the hounds, handles ow, Mrs. Augustus Cass Canfield, were the ribbons with the skill of a man engaged to be married. Naturally, so- and will make a most congenial wife ciety everywhere will be tremendously for Mr. Griswold, whose tastes, as all interested in the news, but the engage- his friends know, also run in the way Mrs. Canfield, whose first husband,

when a member of the winter colony Mrs. Canfield and Mr. Griswold have there, was before her marriage Miss Their marriage is to be solemnized She went abroad last spring, and has within the next few weeks on the con- spent the greater part of the time in tinent, and soon afterward Mr. Gris- Paris and London, where she is well

Mr. Griswold is 'one of the best

POLICY GAME REVIVED **DESPITE RECENT CRUSADE**

NOBODY ever can calculate, even it has developed that policy playing roughly, how much money has been growing astonishingly. The credit, too, that he provided the and women, particularly the latter, the vice.

out the offenders, policy is such a hope of getting big earnings. profitable game to those who run it | The Anti-Policy society has made ished offenders. Recently, however, the chances of discovery.

been saved the poor of New York by gamblers have worked in the face of the efforts of Norton Goddard, who great dangers, for the penalties are spent thousands of dollars of his own severe, and had runners busy in money and devoted several years of scores of East side tenements. In his own time to wiping out the game some instances investigation has of policy, the meanest form of gam- shown that, as in the long ago when bling in this city. It is to his great the game flourished, credulous men means for an unending fight against have been selling their few belongings, the necessaries of daily life, and Stringent as is the law which he got even the clothing of their childrenthrough the legislature, and desperate for which there is not much need in ly severe as was the campaign to hunt this season—to buy slips with the

that it was certain it would spring many arrests of late, but it has been up at intervals. So the Goddard anti- hard to fasten the crime on anyone, policy society has been busy ever for it is apparent that the gamblers since the great reform, and every are scattering the supervision, which now and then has detected and pun- heretofore was centralized, to lessen



THE farmer who, on his first visit to | obliged to transfix the abdomen of New York, had a room at the Waldorf-Astoria and later explained his failure to put his boots into the shoe closet so the night porter could polish them while he slept by saying: "Gosh, I was afraid he'd gild 'em," doubtless was greatly impressed by the splendor of that famous hostelry, but it is conceivable that had he remained there long he would have been obsessed by that visional feast.

There has been more or less faultfinding with the astonishingly magnificent decorations of most of the big New York hotels, and the manager of a large new one now being built has announced that the walls will be wholly devoid of paintings as well as other superfluous adornments. He says that "the better class of hotel guests have a preference rather for simplicity than for ornate things."

It has been said by travelers that though the New York hotels are splendid they do not approximate to the idea of a normal dwelling place; in fact, that the managers seem to have made them as unhomelike as possible. Mr. Mallock, here recently from England, complained that in the modern New York hotel it was impossible to find a resting place for eye or mind. He remarked, among other things, that in the place where he lodged he nents without encountering Art at the door-and to open the door was

SIMPLICITY TO BE RULE IN NEW GOTHAM HOTEL

Cupid with his latchkey.

The manager who says the hotel he is building will be undecorated is taking a long chance, because it is so radical for New York, and the result will be watched with interest.

Perfectly Harmless. The old bachelor was dining at the home of a newly-married friend. "Have a piece of this cake, Mr. Oldbach," said the fair hostess. "I made

it myself." "Thank you," rejoined Oldbach, "but I-er-seldom eat cake." "Oh, you needn't be afraid of it, Oldbach," said the host. "I tried a piece

of it on a tramp this morning.-Chica-

go News.

Too True. "See that man leaning over the rail

of the vessel?" said one European passenger to another. "The one who's so sick?" "Yes; well I remember when he

didn't know where his next meal was coming from." "Indeed! Things are very much changed with him now!"-Yonkers

Getting Down to Particulars. Mrs. Slimson-Shall I read you this nimal story, Willie? Willie-With or without? "With or without what?"

"Addavits."-Life.