done.

should?"

here.'

"I haven't come to be a nuisance."

"I have a table inside," he told them

they do, they will come also into the

too, hate the babel outside."

"And Miss Sophy?"

"Tea, please."

will be great friends."

"Wise man!" Louise declared. "I,

"We are faced," said the prince, as

"A cup of chocolate," Louise replied.

John, too, preferred tea; the prince

Sophy turned toward John with a

The girl looked reproachfully across

"The truth," John assured them,

looking with dismay at his little china

"Don't chatter too much, child," Lou-

a fashionable crowd, yet very nearly

so. What do you think of it-the com-

"Well, to me," John confess-d can-

didly, "they all look like dolls or man-

"I Want to Feel Myself Nearer to You.

ikins. Their dresses and their hats

overshadow their faces. They seem

They all laughed. Even the prince's

"Louise," she pleaded, "you will lend

him to me sometimes, won't you? You

won't keep him altogether to yourself?

There are such a lot of places to take

brought up on it in Cumberland."

"You told me he came from the

NERRASKA

JOHN STRANGEWEY FEELS THE LURE OF LOVELY WOM-AN AND IS UNABLE TO BREAK THE SPELL LOUISE HAS WOVEN

Synopsis.-On a trip through the English Cumberland country the breakdown of her automobile forces Louise Maurel, a famous London actress, to spend the night at the farm home of John and Stephen Strangewey. At dinner Louise discovers that the brothers are womanhating recluses. Next morning she discovers that John, the younger brother, has recently come into a large fortune. In company with him she explores the farm and is disturbed by evidence of his rigid moral principles. He learns she is a friend of the prince of Sayre, a rich and disreputable neighbor. Three months later, unable to shake off the girl's memory, John goes to London,

"What about it?"

Stephen held the paper out to his

brother. John read a few lines and

dashed it into a corner of the room.

"There's this much about it, John,"

John's clenched fists were held firm-

havoe with John's thoughts and his

lost their interest for him. Life had

the valley below. Almost at his fee?

Across the viaduct there came a

blaze of streaming light, a serpentlike

trail, a faintly heard whistle-the Scot-

tish express on its way southward

ing of the passengers who would wake

in a sense valedictory.

tions. More than one young woman

from the shop windows or the pave-

be made. John almost smiled once, in

the act of raising his hat, as he real-

At the crossways, where he should

unlocked the floodgates.

always in his ears.

Stephen continued. "The woman played

CHAPTER V-(Continued.)

"You aren't letting your thoughts dwell upon that woman?"

"I have thought about her sometimes," John answered, almost defiantam I not?"

Stephen crossed the room. From the reputation in it. That's the woman drawer of the old mahogany sideboard we unknowingly let sleep beneath this he produced an illustrated paper. He roof! The barn is the place for her turned back the frontispiece fiercely and her sort!"

and held it up. "Do you see that, John?"

"I've seen it already." Stephen threw the paper upon the

"She's going to act in another of those confounded French plays," he You want to find her a guest at Raynsaid; "translations with all the wit ham castle, do you?-Raynham castle, taken out and all the vulgarity left where never a decent woman crosses

"We knew nothing of her art," John | goes- Well?" declared coldly. "We shouldn't understand it, even if we saw her act. There- ing, a sense of the utter impotence of fore it isn't right for us to judge her. words, drove John in silence from the The world has found her a great ac- room. He left the house by the back tress. She is not responsible for the door, passed quickly through the orplays she acts in."

Stephen turned away and lit his upon the ground in strange, fantastic pipe anew. He smoked for a minute or shadows; across the narrow strip of two furiously. His thick eyebrows field, a field now of golden stubble; up came closer and closer together. He the hill which looked down upon the seemed to be turning some thought farm buildings and the churchyard. ever in his mind.

"John," he asked, "is it this cursed bowlder, filled with a hateful sense of money that is making you restless?" unwreaked passion, yet with a sheer "I never think of it except when thankfulness in his heart that he had someone comes begging. I promised a escaped the miasma of evil thoughts

"Then what's wrong with you?" John stretched himself out, a splen- brother, so far as they concerned did figure of healthy manhood. His himself and his life during the last cheeks were sun-tanned, his eyes clear few months.

"The matter? There's nothing on had dropped from the clouds for those earth the matter with me," he de- few brief hours had played strange

clared. "It isn't your health I mean. There whole outlook upon life. The coming are other things, as you well know, of harvest, the care of his people, his You do your day's work and you take sports, his cricket, the early days upon your pleasure, and you go through both the grouse moors, had all suddenly as if your feet were on a treadmill."

"Your fancy, Stephen!" "God grant it! I've had an unwel- mocking, half-challenging words was come visitor in your absence."

John turned swiftly around.

"A visitor?" he repeated. "Who was his hands, looking steadfastly across

Stephen glowered at him for a mo- lay the little church with its gravement.

prince of Seyre, as he calls himself, house, the whole little colony around though he has the right to style him- which his life seemed centered. The self Master of Raynham. It's only his summer moonlight lay upon the ground foreign blood which makes him choose almost like snow. He could see the what I regard as the lesser title. Yes, sheaves of wheat standing up in the



"You Aren't Letting Your Thoughts Dwell Upon That Woman?"

he called to ask you to shoot and stay tradespeople, with farmers brought sixteenth to the twentieth of next

"What answer did you give him?" master. You must send word tomor-

"He did not mention the names of

any of his other guests, I suppose?" "He mentioned no names at all."

him. Supposing she were to be there? one woman's eyes. Stephen, watching him, read his thoughts, and for a moment lost con- have turned to the inn, he paused while the midst of a curious little crowd of many situations which will seem trol of himself. "Were you thinking about that wom-

an?" he asked sternly. "What woman?"

here, the woman whose shanfeless picture is on the cover of that book."

John swung round on his heel. "Stop that, Stephen!" he said men-

"Why should I?" the older man re-"Take up that paper, if you Louise Maurel. See the play she made meal, and a certain interest concerning aters, and he hasn't the least idea of her name in-'La Gioconda'!"

about to engage. And now another | won't mind if we put him somewhere the mare with his whip, turned away will you?" from the inn, and galloped up to the outside was a local horse dealer of his time.' acquaintance

Hall, will you, Jenkins, or send one of ly. Mr. John Strangewey-Mr. Miles from the country," she went on, with your lads?" he begged. "I want to Faraday, M. Graillot, Miss Sophy Ge- a swiftly assumed gayety, "it is that be in town then?" catch this train."

office to the platform, where the train | stool." adventure of his life had begun at last. at the back of the stage.

CHAPTER VI. .

pale-faced and corpulent, stood upon London I'd have near the place." ly. "What's the harm? I'm still here, that part night after night-played it banged the palm of his left hand with zled eyes from his dusty seat among languidly of the most indolent meal of to the life, mind you. She made her them all furiously.

thundered, "is an artistic success!" leading part, M. Graillot," the actor- fashionable clothes, moving about be- The prince of Seyre beckoned to them



The Whistle Sounded. The Adventure Stephen was right. This woman who of His Life Had Begun at Last.

company carefully selected to the best of my judgment, I think you may venture to anticipate even that." The dramatist bowed hurriedly to

Louise. "You recall to me a fact," he said gallantly, "which almost reconciles me

become a task. The echo of her halfmy lines. Proceed, then-proceed! I self. will be as patient as possible." The stage manager shouted out some He sat with his head resting upon in faultless morning clothes, who be of any service to you during your she exciaimed. yard, the long line of stacks and barns, the laborers' cottages, the bailing's puppetlike walk of a footman. Other ictors, who had been whispering to

seemed to have been thoroughly enjoying the interlude, suddenly adopted the places. Louise advanced alone, a little languidly, to the front of the stage. At the first sound of her voice M. Graillot, nodding his head vigorously, was j most distant of the cornfields. Beyond was the dark gorge toward which he Her speech was a long one. It had looked so many nights at this

appeared that she had been arraigned to a small car which was waiting in before a company of her relatives, assembled to comment upon her misdeeds. She wound us with a passionate appeal to her 'usband, Mr. Miles toward London. His eyes followed it Faraday, who had made an unexpected out of sight. He found himself think- appearance. M. Graillot's face, as she concluded. &as wreathed in smiles.

"Ah!" he cried. "You have lifted us what spirit have you come?" the next morning in London. He felt himself suddenly acutely conscious of all up! Now I feel once more the inhis isolation. Was there not something spiration. Mademoiselle, I kiss your nand," be went en. "It is you who still fessed bluntly. almost monastic in the seclusion which had become a passion with Stephen, redeem my play. You bring back the spirit of it to me. In you I see the em- at him with a little smile. "How downand which had its grip, too, upon hima waste of life, a burying of talents? bodiment of my Therese."

He rose to his feet. The half-formed Louise made no movement. Her purpose of weeks held him now, defi- eyes were fixed upon a certain shadowy corner of the wings. Overnite and secure. He knew that this pilgrimage of his to the hilltop, his rapt contemplation of the little panorama which had become so dear to him, was speech, there was now a new and curiderful thing need a great deal of tact. looking at a tall, hesitating figure that After all, two more months passed stood just off the stage. She forgot the I have been hoping that you would before the end came, and it came then existence of the famous dramatist who come!" without a moment's warning. It was hung upon her words. Her feet no a little past midday when John drove longer trod the dusty boards of the to hear you say that," he declared. slowly through the streets of Market theater. She was almost painfully Ketton in his high dogcart, exchanging conscious of the perfume of apple blossalutations right and left with the som.

at the castle, if you would, from the into town by the market, with ac- her hands. "Why do you not come and more of life than you possibly can,

quaintances of all sorts and condi- speak to me? I am here!" John came out upon the stage. The your flocks and herds." French dramatist, with his hands be-"I told him that you were your own ments ventured to smile at him, and hind his back, made swift mental notes ments. the few greetings he received from the of an interesting situation. He saw wives and daughters of his neighbors the coming of a man who stood like a were as gracious as they could possibly giant among them, sunburnt, buoyant in these first few minutes I want to themselves, but what they have on." with health, his eyes bright with the say something to you. If you wish to wonder of his unexpected surround- really understand the people you meet lips were parted by the flicker of a John was silent for a moment. A ized how completely the whole charm ings; a man in whose presence every-here and the life they lead, don't be smile. Sophy leaned across the table hewildering thought had taken hold of of the world, for him, seemed to lie in one else seemed to represent an effete like your brother-too quick to judge. with a sigh. and pallid type of humanity.

> woman, who was talking to her host. thought of his long waiting, almost pit- mind about anything in a hurry." She was not in the least like Lou- cously inadequate. Louise, recognizise, and yet instinctively he knew that ing the difficulty of the situation, swiftfection of her white-serge costume, her both tactful and gracious.

smile, the little gesture with which she "Mr. Strangewey comes from the counthat I want to understand, if I can. raised her hand-something about her try-he is, in fact, the most complete countryman I have ever met in my to see you!" Market Ketton had seemed well life. He comes from Cumberland, and enough a few minutes ago. John had he once-well, very nearly saved my with more deliberation. want to read a sketch of the life of felt a healthy appetite for his midday life. He knows nothing about the-

world had him in its grip. He flicked out of the way till we have finished, feel myself nearer to you. I want-"

"After such an introduction," Farastation, keeping pace with the train day said in a tone of resignation, "Mr. erately provoked his words, but there Louise rose to her feet. The prince, whose whistle he had heard. Standing Strangewey would be welcome at any

"There's a dear man!" Louise ex-"Take the mare back for me to Peak claimed. "Let me introduce him quick- have one fault, my dear big friend rard, my particular little friend. The you are too serious for your years. The man assented with pleasure-it prince of Seyre you already know, al- Sophy and I between us must try to paid to do a kindness for a Strange- though you may not recognize him try- cure you of that! You see, we have wey. John passed through the ticket ing to balance himself on that absurd arrived."

was waiting, threw open the door of John bowed in various directions, a carriage, and flung himself into a and Faraday, taking him good-naturedcorner seat. The whistle sounded. The ly by the arm, led him to a garden seat

"There!" he said. "You are one of the most privileged persons in London. together very much in the same note, You shall hear the finish of our re- all criticizing every fresh group of ar-The great French dramatist, dark, hearsal. There isn't a press man in rivals with very much the same eyes by a bowing commissionnaire. John

dishing his manuscript in his hand. He silent hills, John looked out with puz- the various round tables, partaking the rolled-up manuscript and looked at ropes and pulleys and leaning frag- the day. Even the broad passageway ments of scenery. What he saw and was full of men and women, standing "The only success I care for," he heard seemed to him, for the most about and talking or looking for tables, part, a meaningless tangle of gestures One could scarcely hear the music of "With Miss Maurel playing your and phrases. The men and women in the orchestra for the babel of voices. manager declared, "not to speak of a fore that gloomy space of empty audi- from the steps. He seemed to have torium, looked more like marionettes been awaiting their arrival there-a than creatures of flesh and blood, cold, immaculate, and, considering his drawn this way and that at the bidding lack of height, a curiously distinof the stout, masterful Frenchman, guished-looking figure. who was continually muttering exclamations and banging the manuscript as they approached. "It is better for upon his hand. It seemed like a dream conversation. The rest of the place is picture, with unreal men and women like a bear garden. I am not sure if moving about aimlessly, saying strange they will dance here today, but if words. Then there came a moment which restaurant."

brought a tingle into his blood, which plunged his senses into hot confusion. He rose to his feet. It was a play which they were rehearsing, of course! It was a damnable thing to see Louise problem. What can I order for you?" taken into that cold and obviously unreal embrace, but it was only a play. It was part of her work.

John resumed his seat and folded his arms. With the embrace had fallen ordered absinthe. an imaginary curtain, and the rehearsal was over. They were all crowded Strangewey?" said Louise, as the order together, talking, in the center of the stage. The prince, who had stepped that wonderful old butler of yours cessity, not only for the great economacross the footlights, made his way to would understand by tea. Sophy, put where John was sitting. "So you have deserted Cumberland

for a time?" he courteously inquired. "I came up last night," John replied. "London, at this season of the year," the prince observed, "is scarcely at its little grimace."

best." John smiled "I am of liking me will have gone already. not critical. It is eight years since I Has it, Mr. Strangewey?"

was here last. I have not been out of "On the contrary," he replied, a little Cumberland during the whole of that stiffly, but without hesitation, "I was time."

to this diabolical traves y of some of ulous stare, laughed softly to him- task." "You are a very wonderful person, at her friend.

Mr. Strangewey," he declared. "I have directions from his box. A gentleman heard of your good fortune. If I can wilds and was quite unsophisticated!" stay in town," he added politely. "please command me." "You are very kind," John replied

I stase broke away from the little group and cause across toward them. ise said benignly. "I want to hear "Free at last " she exclaimed. "Now some more of Mr. Strangewey's amlet us go out and have some tea." pressions. This is-well, if not gaite They made their way down the little

passage and out into the sudden blaze of the sunlit streets. Louise led John en. for instance?" the rear.

"The Carlton," she told the man, as he arranged the rugs. "And now," she added, turning to John, "why have you come to London? How long are you going to stay? What are you going to do? And-most important of all-in

John breathed a little sigh of contentment. "I came to see you," he con-

"Dear me!" she exclaimed, looking right you are!"

"The truth-" he began.

"Has to be handled very carefully." she said, interrupting him, "The truth wrought as she had seemed, with the is either beautiful or crude, and the emotional excitement of her long people who needdle with such a wonous expression upon her face. She was You have come to see me, you say. Very well, then, I will be just as frank. "You can't imagine how good it is

"Mind," she went on, "I have been hoping it for more reasons than one. You have come to realize, I hope, that "You!" she exclaimed, stretching out it is your duty to try to see a little leading a patriarchal existence among

They were stlent for several mo

"I thought you would come," Louise said at last; "and I am glad, but even all the time to be wanting to show, not Do not hug your prejudices too tightly. Those first few sentences, spoken in You will come across many problems. a motorcar passed. It contained a strangers, seemed to John, when he strange to you. Do not make up your

him to!" "I will remember that," he promised "I was never greedy," Louise re-"You must remember, though, that I marked, with an air of self-satisfac-"The woman whom we sheltered she was of the same world. The per- ly recovered her composure. She was don't expect ever to become a convert. tion, "If you succeed in making a of the same or more prepossessing ap-I believe I am a countryman, bred favorable impression upon him, I hat so smartly worn, the half-insolent "Mr. Faraday," she said appealingly, and born. Still, there are some things promise you your share." "Tell us some more of your impres-

and, more than anything else-I want sions, Mr. Strangewey," Sophy begged. But not so with the real "squirrel dog." "You want to laugh at me," John She faced his direct speech this time protested good-humoredly.

"Tell me exactly why." "If I could tell you that," he replied a long amber tube, "they want to follow it over a square mile of tima deal in barley upon which he was the importance of a rehearsal. You simply, "I should be able to answer laugh with you. You ought to realize ber.

for myself the riddle which has kept your value as a compenion in these me awake at night for weeks and days. You are the only person who months, which has puzzled me more can see the truth. Eyes and tastes than anything else in life has ever blurred with custom perceive so little. You are quite right when you say that "You really have thought of me, these women are like manikins; that their bodies and faces are lost; but "Didn't you always know that I one does not notice it until it is point-

ed out." "We will revert," Louise decided, "to "Perhaps," she admitted . "Anyhow, I always felt that we should meet a more primitive life. You and I will again, that you would come to London. inaugurate a missionary enterprise, The problem is," she added, smiling, Mr. Strangewey. We will judge the "what to do with you now you are world afresh. We will reclothe and rehabilitate it."

The prince flicked the ash from the he assured her. "I just want a little end of his cigarette. "Morally as well as sartorially?" he help from you. I want to understand

because it is your world. I want to asked. There was a moment's rather queer silence. The music rose above the She gripped his arms suddenly. She knew well enough that she had delib- hubbub of voices and died away again. with a skillful maneuver, made his was a look in her face almost of fear. "Don't let us be too serious all at way to her side as they left the resonce," she begged quickly. "If you taurant.

"Tomorrow afternoon, I think you said?" he repeated quietly. "You will

"Yes, I think so," "You have changed your mind, then,

"M. Graillot will not listen to my leaving London," she interrupted rap-He handed her out, followed her idly. "He declares that it is too near across the pavement, and found himself plunged into what seemed to him the production of the play. My own to be an absolute vortex of human be- part may be perfect, but he needs me ings, all dressed in very much the for the sake of the others. He puts same fashion, all laughing and talking it like a Frenchman, of course."

They had reached the outer door, which was being held open for them and manner. The palm court was and Sophy were waiting upon the pavethe extreme edge of the stage, bran- Twenty-four hours away from his crowded with little parties seated at ment. The prince drew a little back. "I understand," he murmured.

> John finds himself in the midst of new city adventures, and he succeeds in captivating more than one handsome woman of the stage world.

> > (TO BE CONTINUED.)

VALUE OF PETROLEUM SHOWN

War Develops Multitude of Uses for What Were Formerly Regarded as Merely Its By-Products.

"It has required this war to awaken England to the importance of the petroleum industry to any and every civilized country," declared Prof. Charles Greenway, president of the Institution of Petroleum Technologists in Lonhe took up the menu, "with our daily don.

"The importance of the petroleum industry to the civilized world develops with the course of years, but in this country it is so far only in its infancy. It is only now, as a lesson of this terrible war, that we are awakening to the "A polyglot meal, isn't it, Mr. fact that petroleum, and the securing of our own sources of supply of this was executed; "not in the least what valuable commodity, are a national neic struggle which will certainly take your hat on straight if you want to place between the chief commercial make a good impression on Mr. nations after the conclusion of this Strangewey. I am hoping that you two war, but as a safeguerd against this country ever again being drawn into such a barbarous 2 of destructive conflict as that in which we are now en-"Louise is so tactless!" she said. "I gaged.

am sure any idea you might have had | "Until within the last few years troleum was only regarded as being of value for the production of artificial light, lubricating oils and wax, but later developments have shown that thinking that Miss Maurel could its greater value lies in what were for-The prince, after a moment's incred- scarcely have set me a more pleasant merly regarded as merely its by-products-benzine and fuel for motive powes, solvents for a host of chemical and all'ed processes, dyestuffs in various manufactures, unguents in pharmacy, jellies and aromatic hydrocarbons for high explosives. It is, I think no exaggeration to say that the demand for these so-called by-products, and the cup, "comes very easily to us. We are uses to which they will be put as time goes on, are practically illimitable."

Kitchen Cars Built for Troop Trains. Kitchen cars that are individually

of sufficient capacity to meet the needs of a fair-sized hotel are being carried with the long troop trains operated on one of the Canadian railways between military training camps and the seaboard. They have been constructed to facilitate the dining service so that meals can be prepared for several hundred men and served without confusion or delay, sr.ys the Popular Mechanics Magazine. Each of these mobile kitchens occupies an entire car, is equipped with a 10-foot range, steam-croking apparatus, a spacious refrigerator and other necessary paraphernalia. This is all installed on one side and inclosed by a long table extending the full length of the car. A passageway is provided between this counter and unobstructed wall, so that waiters can enter and leave the kitchen without disorganizing the work of the eight cooks and helpers.

Syllables Are Clipped. But the American does love to save his words! It was in the elevator of a skyscraper the other day that the newest device for clipping syllables was noticed. The lift had just passed the tenth floor when a morose looking man spoke to its conductor. "Three," said he, meaning, of course, the thirteenth. When he had been left at the floor the bearded man grunted out "five," and the chap next him said hurriedly "seven." So they were deposited at the fifteenth aud seventeenth floors, respectively, and then the elevator boy spoke to the remaining passenger. "What's yours?" he asked. "Nineteen," returned that gentleman. "Great smoke, it has been so long since I've heard a 'teen that I hardly understand what you mean," said the elevator boy, but he stopped at nineteen all right.-Exchange. The Squirrel Dog.

There is no accounting for that uncanny faculty that enables a homely, long-legged, sad-eyed pup to go unerringly to a lofty oak tree in whose higher branches a bit of animated brown fur is secreted. Another dog pearance and of a better breed might trot unconcernedly past that same oak tree without so much as a casual sniff. He'd pick out the right tree in the densest grove a hunter ever penetrat-"On the contrary," the prince as- ed. And if that squirrel started leapsured him, as he fitted a cigarette into ing from tree to tree, that dog would

Was Laid Up In Bed

Doan's, However, Restored Mrs. Vogt to Health and Strength. Hasn't Suffered Since ney complaint imaginable," says Wm. Vogt, 6315 Audrey Ave. Wel Mo., "and I was laid up in bed for



breath. I got so nervous wished that I might die so my would be ended. Medicine faule me and I was discouraged. "Doan's Kidney Pills were reced to me and I could teil I whelped after the first few dose getting better every day and use cured me. My health impevery way and best of all, the been permanent. I feel that saved my life." Sworn to b HENRY B. SURKAMP. Notar

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W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 32-1917.

ITALY TO LIMIT DOMINATION

Can Gain No Advantage by Undue Expansion on Eastern Shores of

Adriatic, Declares Writer.

It is, of course, evident that Italy has no advantage to gain from an un due expansion of her territorial holdings on the eastern shores of the Adriatic, Guglielmo Ferrero writes in the Atlantic. Here the Italian population lives only on the coast, or near it, and for this reason Italy cannot spread her domination far into the interior into serious and severe conflict with the subject Slavic population, or with those Slavic states which will be in a

position to intervene in their defense. Italian mastery of the eastern coast would therefore be limited to a thin littoral strip of land, and one need not be a great strategist to understand what a disadvantage it would be for Italy to have to defend a long line of frontier a few dozen kilometers from the coast, behind which would lie a vast hinterland occupied by people seething with discontent at being cut off from the sea.

If Italy, then, does not wish to be come involved in long and arduous wars for the conquest of this hinterland, her purposes will be best served. by reducing to a minimum her territorial annexation on the further shoreof the Adriatic.

Fault of the Light

James had been playing late and was just about to wash his hands, ashe was required to do before coming to the table, when he saw his father filling his plate and, as he was particularly hungry, he looked at his hands dubiously and decided they might pass muster; so he took his place, determined to run the risk of banishment.

His sister Mary observed the omission almost at once and said: "Why, James, look at your hands! They're

"Oh, yes, they are, Mary," he replied. He considered them a moment. "If they look dirty it's just the way the light strikes them on this white tabledoth."

Light, but Congenial Work. "I don't see you on the messenger force now, Billy," said the lad with the envelope in his hand. "No; I've got a good job with a dog-

fancier," replied Billy, as he puffed # cigarette. "With a dog fancier! What, do you feed the dogs?"

"No. When a lady comes in and buys a pet dog, I teaches 'er 'ow to whistle." -Stray Stories.

Retort Vigorous. Husband-This ple is stale. I won't eat it. It is yesterday's,

Wife-Yes, dear, and if you don't eat it today it will be tomorrow's .- Indianapolis News.

"Nature abhors a vacuum." "Then why is the inside of the pump-

