

CHAPTER IX.

I took care not to reach home before did now. the hour when Julia usually went to bed. It was quite vain to think of sleep that The incisiveness of her tone brought life night. I had soon worked myself up into into me, as a probe semetimes brings a that state of pervous, restless agitation patient out of stupor, when one cannot remain quietly in a room. About one o'clock I opened my love me enough to be happy with me as door as softly as possible and stole si- my wife?" ently downstairs.

rate at a gallop when she was in good plied, the color rushing to her face. temper, but apt to turn vicious now and then. She was in good temper to night, me." I said at last, and pricked up her ears and whinnied reached the open country.

few of the larger fixed stars twinkled ten years' time. palely to the sky, but the smaller ones turned of the read to get nearer the sea. you?" I asked. and rode flong sandy lanes, with banks of turf instead of hedge rows, which were covered thickly with pale primroses. shining with the same bue as the moon above them

Now and then I came in full sight of the sea, glittering in the silvery light. I answered sol maly; "it's no laughing crossed the head of a gorge, and stopped matter. Julia, there is a girl I love betfor a while to gaze down it, till my flesh | ter than you, even now." in brendth, but it was of unknown depth, and the rocks good above it with a thick. heavy blackness. The tide was rushing Into its narrow channel with a thunder by sterical laugh. which throbbed like a pulse; yet in the intervals of its pulsation I could catch the thin, prattling tinkle of a brook run- but very strong. Tell me it is a joke," ning merrily down the gorge to plunge beadlong into the sea.

As the sun rose, Sark looked very near, would almost rather face death than own ed solid and firm enough to afford me a another woman better." road across to it. A white mist lay like was sleeping yonder behind that veil of shining mist; and dear as Guernsey was purple and hazy in the distance. to me, she was a hundred-fold dearer.

But my night's ride had not made my long stillness; "go away, Martin. day's task any easier for me. No new light had dawned upon my difficulty, ed; "no, I will not, Julia. Let me tell There was no loophole for me to escape | you more, let me explain it all. You from the most painful and perplexing englit to know everything now." etrait I bad ever been in. How was I to break it to Julia? and when? It was ical way. quite plain to me that the sooner it was over the better it would be for myself, trembling, with her eyes glassy and fixed. and perhaps the better for her. How But she motioned me from her towardwas I to go through my morning's calls? the door, and her pale lips parted again

I I resolved to have it over as soon as to reiterate her command. preakfast was finished. Yet when breakfast came I was listening intently for ing my mother in her place at the table; for she had never given up her office of the sound of Johanna's couch wheels on pouring out my tea and coffee,

I finished at last, and still no urgent was, for what time I had to spare-a variable quantity always with me.

Now was the dreaded moment. But how was I to begin? Julia was so calm length Johanna turned the corner, and and unsuspecting. In what words could I convey my fatal meaning most gently fully over the large round stones. I ran to her? My head throbbed, and I could not raise my eyes to her face. Yet it enust be done. "Dear Julia," I said, in as firm a voice

as I could command. "Yes. Martin."

But just then Grace, the housemaid, knocked emphatically at the door, and locked herself into the drawing room. after a due pause entered with a smiling.

courtesy. "If you please, Dr. Martin," she said, say you are not here." "I'm very sorry, but Mrs. Lihou's baby in taken with convulsion first and they

want you to go as fast as ever you can. please, sir." Was I sorry or glad? I could not tell.

tively it was nothing more than a reprieve. The sentence must be executed. Julia came to me, bent her cheek towards calutation when our morning's interview was ended. "I am going down to the new house,

che said. "I lost a good deal of time yesterday, and I must make up for it out for us both. I was than fut to find to-day. Shall you be passing by at any time, Martin?" "Yes-no-1 cannot tell exactly," I

"If you are passing, come in for a few

minutes," she answered; "I have a thousand things to speak to you about." I was not overworked that morning.

The convulsions of Mrs, Lihou's baby were not at all serious. So I had plenty of time to call upon Julia at the new house; but I could not summon sufficient The morning slipped away whilst I was loitering about Fort George, and chatting carclessly with the officers quartered there.

I went down reluctantly at length to the new house; but it was at almost the have come, and the winds have blown, last hour. Doggedly, but sick at heart with myself and all the world, I went down to meet my doom.

Julia was sitting alone in the drawing room, which overlooked the harbor and and she could not rest till she had fath the group of islands across the channel. There was no fear of interruption. It was an understood thing that at present only Julia's most intimate friends had been admitted into our new house, and then by special invitation alone.

There was a very happy, very placid expression on her face. Every barsh line seemed softened, and a pleased smile played about her lips. Her dress was one of those simple, fresh, clean muslin gowns, with knots of ribbon about it, which make a plain woman almost pretty. and a pretty woman bewitching.

"I am very glad you are come, my dear Martin." she said softly. I dared not daily another moment.

must take my plunge at once into the lcy-cold waters.

"I have something of importance to say to you, dear cousin," I began. I sat down on the broad window sill, up luto ber dear face in alarm. It had instead of on the chair close to hers. She grown rigid, and a peculiar blue tinge of looked up at that, and fixed her eyes uppallor was spreading over it. Her head on me keenly. I had often qualled behad fallen back against the chair. It

fore Julia's guze as a boy, but never as l

"Well! what is it?" she asked curtly. "Julia," I said, "are you quite sure you

"I know you well enough to be as hap-Madam was my favorite mare, first- py as the day is long with you," she re-

"You do not often look as if you leved "That is only my war," she answered.

when I unlocked the stable door. In a "I can't be soft and purring like many few minutes we were going up the women. I don't care to be always kiss-Grange road at a moderate pace till we ling and hanging about anybody. But if you are afraid I don't love you enough-It was a cool, quiet night in May. A | well! I will ask you what you think in

"What would you say if I told you I were drawned in the full moonlight. I had once loved a girl better than I do

"That's not true," she said sharply "I've known you all your life, and you could not hide such a thing from your mother and me. You are only laughing at me, Martin." "Heaven knows I'm not laughing," I

crept. It was not more than a few yards | The color and the smile faded out of her face, leaving it ashy pale. Her lips ried once or twice, but her voice failed

> Then she broke out into a short "You are taising nonsense, dear Mar-" she gasped; "you ought not! I am "I cannot," I replied, painfully and sorrowfully; "it is the truth, though I

and the sea, a plain of silvery blue, seem- it. I love you dearly, Julia; but I love There was dead silence in the room afa huge snowdrift in hazy, broad curves ter those words. I could not hear Julia over the Havre Gosselin, with sharp breathe or move, and I could not look at peaks of cliffs piercing through. Olivia her. My eyes were turned towards the

window and the islands across the sea, "Leave me." she said, niter a very "I cannot leave you alone," I exclaim-

"Go away!" she repeated, in a mechan-I hesitated still, seeing her white and

How I crossed that room I do not know; but the moment after I had closed some summons which would give me an the door I heard the key turn in the lock. hour's grace from fulfilling my own de- I dared not quit the house and leave her termination. I prolonged my meal, keep- alone in such a state; and I longed urdently to hear the clocks chime five, and

the roughly paved street. That was one of the longest half hours message had come for me. My mother in my life. I stood at the street door left us together alone, as her custom watching and waiting, and nodding to people who passed by, and who simper

ed at me in the most inane fashion. The fools! I called them to myself. At her pony carriage came rattling cheerto meet her.

"For heaven's sake go to Julia!" eried. "I have told her." "And what does she say?" asked Jo-

"Not a word, not a syllable," I replied "except to hid me go away. She has

"Then you had better go away altoalguificant face, yet with an apologetic gether," she said, "and leave me to deal with her. Don't come in, and then I can

A friend of mine lived in the opposite house, and though I knew he was not at home, I knocked at his door and asked permission to rest for a while.

The windows looked into the street, It was a reprieve; but then I knew posi- and there I sat watching the door of our new house, for Johanna and Julia to come out. At length Julia appeared, he face completely hidden behind a veil. Jome, and I kissed it. That was our usual hanna helped her into the low carriage, as if she had been an invalid. Then they drove off, and were soon out of my sight,

By this time our dinner hour was near, and I knew tay mother would be looking at the table a visitor, one of my father's patients, a widow, with a high color, a loud voice and boisterous spirits, who kept up a rattle of conversation with Dr. Dobret, My mother glanced anxously at me, but she could say little.

"Where is Julia?" she had inquired, as we sat down to dinner without her. "Julia?" I said absently; "ch! she is gene to the Vale, with Johanna Carey.' "Will she come back to-night?" asked my mothers

"Not to night," I said aloud; but to my self I added, "nor for many nights to come; never, most probably, whilst I am under this roof. We have been building Stir house upon the saud, and the floods and the house has fallen; but my mother knows nothing of the catastrophe yet."

She read trouble is my face, as clearly as one sees a thunder cloud in the sky omed it. I went up late my own room. where I should be alone to think over things. I heard her tapping lightly at the door. She was not in the habit of leaving her guests, and I was surprised

and perplexed at seeing her. "Your father and Mrs. Murray are having a game of chess," she said. "We can be alone together half an hour. And now tell me what is the matter? There is something going wrong with you.'

She sank down weariedly into a chair, and I knelt down beside her. It was almost harder to tell her than to tell Julia; but it was worse than useless to put off the evil moment.

"Mother, I am not going to marry my ceusin, for I love somebody else, and I told Julia so this afternoon. It is broken off for good now.' She gave me no answer, and I looked

*********************************** was several minutes before she breathed freely and naturally. Then she did not said, look at me, but lifted up her eyes to the pale evening sky, and her lips quivered with agitation.

"Martin, it will be the death of me," she said; and a few tears stole down her cheeks, which I wiped away.

"It shall not be the death of you," I exclaimed. "If Julia is willing to marry me, knowing the whole truth, I am ready | er a fraudulent steward of Julia's propto marry her for your sake, mother, I would do anything for your sake. But Johanna said she ought to be told, and I think it was right myself." "Who is it, who can it be that you

"Mother," I said, "I wish I had told you before, but I did not know that I loved the girl as I do till I saw her yesterday in Sark."

"That girl!" she cried. "One of the Olliviers! Oh, Martin, you must marry fu your own class."

'That was a mistake," I answered. Her Christian name is Olivia; I do not know, what her surname is." "Not know even her name!" she exelnimed.

"Listen, mother," I said; and then I told her all I knew about Olivia. "Oh, Martin, Martin!" wailed my poor mother, breaking down again suddenly, 'I did so long to see you in a home of your own! And Julia was so generous,

never looking as if all the money was

hers, and you without a penny! What is to become of you now, my boy? I wish being hurt by a bear or a wolf. Many I had been dead and in my grave before this had happened!" "Hush, mother!" I said, kneeling down again beside her and kissing her tender-

ly; "It is still in Julia's hands. If she will marry me, I shall marry her." "But then you will not be happy?" she said, with fresh sobs.

It was impossible for me to contradict that. I felt that no misery would be equal to that of losing Olivia. But I did my best to comfort my mother, by promising to see Julia the next day and renew my engagement, if possible.

"Pray, may I be informed as to what is the matter now?" broke in a satirical, cutting voice-the voice of my father. It roused us both-my mother to her usual mood of gentle submission, and me to the chronic state of irritation which his presnce always provoked in me. "Not much, sir," I answered coldly:

only my marriage with my consin Julia is broken off. Broken off!" he ejaculated, "broken

CHAPTER X.

My father stood motionless for a moment. Then slowly he sank into a chair. "I am a rulned and disgraced man," he said, without looking up; "If you have broken off your marriage with Julia, I shall never raise my head again." "But why?" I asked uneasily.

"Come down into my consulting room," he said. I went on before him, carrying the lamp, and turning round once or twice saw his face look grey, and the expression of it vacant and troubled, His consulting room was a luxurious room. elegantly furnished. He sank down into in easy chair, shivering as if we were in the depth of winter. "Martin, I am a ruined man!" he said,

But how?" I asked again, impatiently "I dare not tell you," he cried, leaning his head upon his desk and sobbing. How

for the second time.

white his hair was! and how aged he ooked! My heart softened and warmed to him as it had not done for years. "Father!" I said, "if you can trust any one, you can trust me. If you are

ruined and disgraced I shall be the same, is vour son. "That's true," he answered, "that's

true! It will bring disgrace on you and your mother. We shall be forced to leave Guernsey, where she has lived all her ife; and it will be the death of her. Martin, you must save us all by making it up with Julia." "But why?" I demanded, once more.

'I must know what you mean.' 'Mean?" he said, turning upon me an crily, "you blockhead! I mean that uness you marry Julia I shall have to give in account of her property; and I could not make all square, not if I sold every stick and stone I possess.

I sat silent for a time, trying to take in this pie e of information. He had been Julia's guardian ever since she was oft an orphan, ten years old; but I had never known that there had not been a formal and legal settlement of her affairs when she was of age. Our family name had no blot upon it; it was one of the most honored names in the island. But if this came to light, then the disgrace

would be dark indeed. "Can you tell me all about it?" I asked. "It would take a long time," he said, and it would be a deuce of a nuisance. You make it up with Julia, and marry her, as you're bound to do. Of course you will manage all her money when you are her busband, as you will be. Now

"But I don't know all," I replied; "and I insist upon doing so before I make up ay mind what to do.

For two hours I was busy with his accounts. Once or twice he tried to slink ut of the room; but that I would not suffer. At length the ornamental clock on his chimney piece struck eleven, and he made another effort to beat a retreat. "Do not go away till everything is dear," I said; "is this all?"

"Between three and four thousand ounds deficient!" I answered; "it is quite "Enough to make me a felon," he said,

"All?" he repeated; "isn't it enough?"

if Julia chooses to prosecute me. "I think it is highly probable," I repiled; "though I know nothing of the

"Then you see clearly, Martin, there is no alternative but for you to marry her, and keep our secret. I have reckoned upon this for years, and your mother and I have been of one mind in bringing it about. If you marry Julia, her affairs go direct from my hands to yours, and we are all safe. If you break with her she will leave us, and demand an account of my guardianship; and your name and mine will be branded in our own island."

"That is very clear," I said sullenly. "Your mother would not survive it!" be continued, with a solemn accent. "Oh! I have been threatened with that aircady," I exclaimed, very bitterly.

Pray does my mother know of this disgraceful business?" "Heaven forbid!" he cried. mother is a good woman, Martin; as simple as a dove. You ought to think of her before you consign us all to shame. Poor Mary! My poor, poor love! I believe she cares enough for me still to break her heart over it."

"Then I am to be your scapegont," I

"You are my son," he answered: "and religion itself teaches us that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children. STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN I leave the matter in your hands. But only answer one question: Could you show your face amongst your own friends if this were known?"

I knew very well I could not. My fatherty! Then farewell for ever to all that had made my life happy. I saw there was no escape from it-I must marry

Julia. "Well," I said at last, "as you say, the matter is in my hands now; and I must make the best of it. Good night, sir."

(To be continued.)

Only Requires Nerve. The Forest and Stream says that nearly every one has a fear of wild animals, and yet no wild animal will fight | gle. unless wounded or cut off from all apparent avenues of escape. All animais will try and escape if given a chance. This fear is kept up by all sorts of bear, wolf and snake stories, most of natural causes in a visit to wild animal New York Weekly. haunts than from the animals. There is more danger of slipping off a precipice or falling into a river than from more people have been killed by lightning than have been run over by stampeding buffalo herds, or killed by wounded grizzly bears, or by all the other animals of the prairie put together. One might almost say that more people have been struck by falling meteorites than have been killed by panthers or wolves. And yet from day to day the newspapers continue to print bear stories, catamount stories, and wolf stories, and probably they will do so until long after the last bear, catamount and wolf shall have disappeared from the land.

Why He Got Well.

The Man with a Clear Conscience bought a pair of tan shoes with the advent of spring, and, while going home in the street car, conjured up a mental photograph of himself strolling alo. .. the sandy beach of a summer resort with his pedal extremities encased in his new purchase. That night he was taken III. For four days he contemplated his new shoes with his head on a downy pillow. When he recov-

ered the Man said: "There was only one thing that worried me while I was sick. I couldn't get those tan shoes out of my head. Baltimore American. What if I should die without having had a chance to wear 'em! Such a contingency seemed to furnish an additional and potent reason why I should get well. I just made up my mind I was going to live long enough to get my feet into those shoes andwell, I did."-New York Mail and Ex-

Meissonier and the Rich Man. One of the good stories about the famous painter, Meissonier, is in regard gine, perspiring)-Yes; because wheno his experience with a "new rich" gentleman who had erected a private theater at his chateau. Meissonier was start.-Puck. just then at the height of his fame. and when spending months painting pictures and selling them for about two hundred dollars a square inch. The the house before Epimetheus got the fly rich man conceived the brilliant idea that what his theater most needed was a drop curtain painted by the famous Meissonier. So he went to the artist's tudio and proposed the matter to him. How large is the curtain to be?" asked he great painter. "It will be thirty feet high and thirty-five feet wide," was the reply. "My friend," said Meisonier, blandly, "It will take me twenty years to paint such a curtain, and it will cost you six million dollars." This

bargain was not completed. Washington Irving's Love Story. Washington Irving always remained single because Mafilda Hoffman, the beautiful girl to whom he was engaged. died of consumption in her seventeenth year. He says: "I was by her when she died, and was the last she ever looked upon." He took her Bible and prayerbook away with him, sleeping with them under his pillow, and in all his subsequent travels they were his inseparable companions. Not until thirty years after her death did any one venture to speak of her to him. He was visiting her father, and one of her nieces, taking some music from a draw er, brought with it a piece of embroidery. "Washington," said Mr. Hoffman, "this was from Matilda's work." The effect was electric. He had been talking gaily the moment before, but became silent and soon left the house.

Ferment.

A little school girl told her teacher The following is the result: "F-e-rm-e-n-t; a verb signifying to work. I love to do all kinds of fancy ferment." -London King.

His Loves, Carrie-The last time Fred called he was very tender. He assured me I was his first love.

but last evening he told me I was his latest love.-Boston Transcript. The Spirit's Calmer Retreat.

Bess-That's something, to be sure;

"Jones, next door, is getting old." "What do you go by?" "He's quit talking baseball and gone to talking garden."-Detroit Free

It Wasn't Wasted. Cook-The Irish stew was burned. Proprietor-Well, put some spice in

ft. and add "a la Francaise" to its name on the menu.-London Tit-Bits. After a young man has gone half a dozen places with a young woman he

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Carlous and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day A Budget of Fun.

First Shirtwalst Girl-So you are going rowing with Mr. Floorwalker? His trick is to threaten to rock the boat un-

less you give him a kiss. Second Shirtwaist Girl (naively)-Well, mother said she wasn't afraid to let me go with him, as all the girls say he never rocks the bont.-Brooklyn Ea-

Room for Doubt. Experienced Servant - Gentleman

wants to see you, sir.

Mr. Richman-Who is he? Experienced Servant-I couldn't find which are magnified to make heroes of out, sir; but, judgin' by his clothes, he's hunters. There is more danger from either a beggar or a million-ire, sir.

Chance to Begin.



Old Gent-My boy, I'm seventy-five years of age, and I have never smoked a cigar in my life.

Boy-Well, if yer likes ter faller me you can 'ave this butt when I'm done with it,"-Ally Sloper.

A Hot Petert.

Deacon Scrouge-No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know, the devil never takes one.

Parson Snappeigh-He would, Dea-

con, if you didn't keep him so busy .-

May Sametimes Do.

Sillieus-Figures never lie. Cynicus-Nonsense! Did von ever see a girl in a tailor-made gown and then size her up in a bathing suit?-Philadelphia Record.

A Constant eminder. Dunlap-I see you call your naphtha

launch after your wife. Bertwhistle (working over launch enever I want to go anywhere with it it takes so long before it gets ready to

Legendary.

"What was it l'andora did?" "She opened a box and let flies out in screens in."-Chicago Record-Herald.

"Do you know, Miss Frisble," said the large-headed young author, "my

most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?" "It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia;" added the pert

young lady. Education. "These Indians who have been ednented at college seem quite like the

others, do they not?" "Except for their 'Ruh! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."



Tommy Tuff-Sam, Mam, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the base-ball game this afternoon we'll beat the Hilltops 14 to 1.

His Mother-I don't doubt it, but you to write the word "ferment" on her are going to stay at home this afterslate, together with the definition and noon and handle the stick for me, and a sentence in which the word was used. we'll beat the carpet worse than that

> "But speech is what differentiates man from the beast!" "Yes, showing how much less sense

> he has, in the long run!" Grogan-I made up my mind I wouldn't stand it any longer; so I just

> put my foot down. Timility (glancing at Grogan's No. 11) -And that, of course, covered the ground. Boston Transcript. Within Boon b.

desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it? Castleton-No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately

Fortune. "And you will not smile upon me?"

faltered the Man. 'No," answered Fortime sadly. "For if I do I shall get myself distiked by has told her everything he knows that | the women who have refused to marry

When Surgeous Are of No Use. The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky Mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was, writes a correspondent, a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly

"No use to grip that railing so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int for half an hour yit."

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried. "Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that hangin' ou won't do any partickler good."

"But I don't want to slide off." "And you won't. If anythin' goes It'll be mewls and coach and the hull caboodle altogteher, and as the drop is plump 300 feet you won't have no use for arnica or sticking plaster afterward."-Boston Courier.

To 'e Per ect v Frank. A gentleman who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

"Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?" " 'Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising genera-

Knew His Pa. "Now, Fommy," said the teacher, "is your father had ten one-dollar bills and

tion.-Tit-Bits.

your mother asked for half of them, how many would be have left?" "He'd still have the ten." replied the wise child.—Philadelphia Record.

His Pleasure Marred.

Friend (calling)-Did you have a good

time the week you spent at the seashore, Willie? Willie Boerum (gloomily)-W-Well, pretty good. Only mother wouldn't let me go swimming until two hours after I ate anything, so I couldn't very well eat things between meals.-Brooklyn

Pend Tience. "Nothing from my poor husband?"

sald the widow to the medium. "No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message stating that the fire is out!"-Atlanta Constitution,

To Be Consistent, Von Blumer-The doctor thinks I ought to go on a fishing trip. Mrs. Von Blumer-But, of course, you lon't believe him.

Von Blumer-Why not? Mrs. Von Blumer-Well, you didn't have any confidence in him when he



"Say, why don't you wear yer ha in a psyche knot? Yer too old ter

Medical Assistance. Specialist-Your nerves are affected; you need exercise; walk to business every day.

Sick Man-I do walk to business every

Specialist-You do? Well, you ought to have more sense-that's what alls you-overstrain. Now, behave yourself rationally and ride every day-\$10, please.—Chicago Record-Herald.

How About 117 "It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't

He (absently)-Yes, usually, Some Things Are hought Over. "You're a likely looking girl," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, who was questioning a greenhorn girl. "How were you trained across the water?"

"'Tis jokin' ye are, mum. There does be no trains. I was shipped across."-Philadelphia Press.

The Past. She You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you? He-Oh, yes. Ever since the first time

he war ended. Against Viviscotion. Mr. Woodwed-Your papa is such a oker.

Miss Willin-Why?

Mr. Woodwed-Because, when I asked for your hand he refused me, saying he didn't want any mutilated members n his family. Boston Post.

No Doubt About 1t, Citizen-Do you believe the constitu-Ion follows the fing, my man? Soldier-My constitution followed the tag to the Philippines and it's there yet.-Chelsea Gazette.

A Testimonial.

"Dear Doctor: When I began using our hair medicine three months ago ou assured me that my bair would not trouble me much longer. I take plensure is stating that you spoke the truth. Could you give me the address of a Clubberly-Have you ever been so good wig maker?"-Baltimore Ameri-

> The Rissing Bug. "What was that?" asked the old gentleman, suddenly appearing in the door-

"I-I guess it was a kissing bug," she answered hesitatingly, while the young man tried his best to look at ease. The old gentleman looked at them

both sharply. "Does the kissing bug make people blush?" he demanded.-Obleage Post.