

Can the Eyes Be Believed? Prof. Claparede, of a Swiss university recently asked a class of 54 students eight simple questions concerning the rooms they daily visited at the school.

Forty-five of the 54 students declared that there was no window at all; eight remembered that there was a window, but each and all attributed a wrong situation to it; one, more sincere than his fellows, candidly owned that he had not the least idea whether there was a window or not.

The Mississippi's Power. A \$10,000,000 dam to be built across the Mississippi, furnishing a force which will generate 211,500-horse power, is the latest word in civil engineering circles.

If we may accept the expert opinion of the famous son of a famous father pulpit eloquence has suffered a decline. According to Rev. Thomas Spurgeon, son of the late Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the sermon of to-day is no longer the power it was.

Paris honors famous literary men by naming streets after them. The death of Henrik Ibsen has started talk of this commemorating the great Norwegian. A dramatist of the lighter sort declared his readiness to vote for a Rue Henrik Ibsen on condition that there should also be a Rue Bjornstjerne-Bjornson.

Down in Pennsylvania the other day a trunk exploded and nearly killed a railroad baggage man who was handling it roughly. That settles it! The man with a weak and wobbly old trunk may help it out some by marking it plainly: "Explosive! Handle with Care!"

A bank cashier wanted in Switzerland has been located. He wound up in Waterbury, Conn. The Swiss watch his movements closely, doubtless, and are ready to make a case against him.

Strange that Japan, the land of the cherry blossom, and, necessarily, of the cherry tree, hasn't produced a George Washington.

A contemporary notices that the oyster comes back to town with the actors. And the lobster arrives with the ballet.

In the new reform, what is being done with "lambrequin," that famous old stumbling block at the spelling school?

A FOOL FOR LOVE By FRANCIS LYNDE

AUTHOR OF "THE GRAPERS," ETC.

CHAPTER X—Continued. Calvert acquiesced eagerly, scenting possibilities. But when they were out under the frosty stars he had the good sense to walk up and down in the healing silence and darkness for a full minute before he ventured to say that was in his mind.

"Does it hurt much?" she asked, softly, after a long time. "You would have to change places with me to know just how much it hurts," he answered. "And yet you haven't left me quite desolate, Virginia. I still have something left—all I've ever had, I fancy."

"My love for you, you know. It isn't at all contingent upon your eyes or nose, or upon possession—it never has been, I think. It has never asked much except the right to be."

"I don't want to meet Uncle Somerville just now," she confessed. "Can't we climb up to the observation platform at the other end of the car?" He said yes, and made the affirmative good by lifting her in his arms over the high railing.

"God speed you, my love!" she murmured, softly; and when the gloom of the upper canyon cleft had engulfed man and men and storming engine she turned to go in.

She was groping for the doorknob in the darkness made thicker by the glare of the passing headlight when a voice, disembodied for the moment, said: "Wait a minute, Miss Carteret; I'd like to have a word with you."

"It is you, Mr. Jastrow? Let me go in, please." "In one moment. I have something to say to you—something you ought to hear."

"Can't it be said on the other side of the door? I am cold—very cold, Mr. Jastrow." "It was his saving hint, but he would not take it."

"No, it must be said to you alone. We have at least one thing in common, Miss Carteret—you and I. That is a proper appreciation of the successful realities. I—"

Winton had anticipated us. During the night he pushed his truck up to the deserted crossing, "tucked" the engine, and ditched it.

"He is with McGrath on the engine, getting himself ready to go to the front in a hurry, as you perceive." "Isn't it too late to stop Mr. Winton now?"

"I don't know. From what I could overhear I gathered that the ditched engine is still in the way, that they are trying to roll it over into the creek. Bless me! McGrath is getting terribly reckless!"

"Say Uncle Somerville," she amended. "Don't charge it to Mr. McGrath. Can't we go out on the platform?" "It's as much as your life is worth," he asserted, but he opened the door for her.

The car was backing swiftly up the grade with the engine behind serving as a "pusher." At first the fiercely driven snow-whirl made Virginia gasp. Then the speed slackened and she could breathe and see.

"Goodness! It's like a battle!" she shuddered. As she spoke the Rosemary stopped with a jerk and McGrath's freeman darted past to set the spur-track switch.

"You'll spy upon a member of my family, will you, seh!" he stormed. "Out with you, bag and baggage, before I lose my temper and forget what is due to this young lady who has insulted, seh, with your infamous proposals! Faveh me instantly, while you have a leg to run with! Go!"

"Hold on!" he shouted, bearing them back with outflung arms. "Hold on, men, for God's sake! There are women in that car!"

"Hah! a rather close connection, eh, Misteh Winton? Faveh me with a match, if you please, seh. May I assume that you won't tumble my private car into the ditch?"

Winton was white-hot, but he found a light for the Rajah's cigar, easing his mind only as he might with Virginia looking on.

CHAPTER XI. It seemed to Virginia that she had but just fallen asleep when she was rudely awakened by the jar and grind of the Rosemary's wheels on snow-covered rails.

HER HOUSE IN ORDER

By ELLIS WYBOND

Miss Dennett-Brown was much chafed. The post had brought her two gratifying communications—one from her banker announcing the advantageous sale of some shares in a company she believed to be unsteady; the other from her married sister in London telling her that Lady Macintyre had made up her mind to settle in Chipperton.

"It is just what we want in Chipperton," Miss Dennett-Brown remarked to her unmarried sister, Olivia, "some one to give tone to the place and lead society."

"She will be a great acquisition, but"—turning to her letter—"she is not to be here till the end of the London season, Carrie says."

"The door of the first was invitingly open. Through it she saw, in the sitting-room opposite, a woman who was engaged in ironing some lacy-looking articles. She was of a pleasant, but homely countenance."

"I hope I do not interrupt you," she said. The woman's face expressed surprise—and could it be possible?—a shade of annoyance. But she said politely:

"Don't move," exclaimed the other. "Go on with your work—I will sit here," and she plumped herself down into a chair by the table. "I love to watch people work."

"Her House in Order," it is called, she said; "it is most interesting."

"Thank you. Kindly put it down, and I will show it by and by to Susan."

"I will certainly send it. Who shall I say sent it to him?"

"I'm Miss Dennett-Brown—but you can tell him it was one of the parish visitors. Oh, and I have not asked your name."

Just Possible. The two angry men were about to come together. "Stop right where you are, my good men," said the person, who happened along just then. "What's the use of fighting?"

THEY CURE ANEMIA

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People

Love is seldom blind to the financial interests connected with a matrimonial deal.

There is no reason why men shouldn't love their enemies as they love themselves—especially if they happen to be their own worst enemies.

Novelist Avenged Dog's Death. Gabriele d'Annunzio has erected a monument to his dog. The inscription is long, beginning: "Sacred to the imperishable memory of my greatest and most faithful friend."

TERRIBLE SCALP HUMOR. Badly Affected with Sores and Crusts—Extended Down Behind the Ears—Another Cure by Cuticura.

"About ten years ago my scalp became badly affected with sore and itching humors, crusts, etc., and extended down behind the ears. My hair came out in places, also. I was greatly troubled; understood it was curable. Tried various remedies so called, without effect. Saw your Cuticura advertisement at once. Applied them as to directions, etc., and after two weeks I think, of use, was clear as a whistle."

Could Take His Choice. At a recent inquest in a Pennsylvania town, one of the jurors, after the usual swearing in, arose and with much dignity protested against service, alleging that he was the general manager of an important concern and was wasting valuable time by sitting as a juror at an inquest.

"Upon reference to 'Jervis,' I find, sir, that no persons are exempt from service as jurors except idiots, imbeciles and lunatics. Now, under which heading do you claim exemption?"—Success Magazine.

If we could only see ourselves as others see us—but we can't, so there's no use worrying about it.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS. Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch with your next order of groceries and I will guarantee that you will be better satisfied than with any starch you have ever used.

Tablets and powders advertised as cures for sick-headache are generally harmful and they do not cure but only delay the patient by taking the nerves to sleep for a short time through the use of morphia or cocaine.

Lane's Family Medicine. The tonic-laxative, cures sick-headache, not merely stops it for an hour or two. It removes the cause of headache and keeps it away.

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3.50 & \$3.00 Shoes. U.S. Patent Office. W.L. Douglas Shoe Co., Inc., 271 Broadway, New York, N.Y.

U. S. NAVY. Enlist for four years young men of good character and sound physical condition between the ages of 17 and 21.



Let Me Send You a Package of Defiance Starch. It will Not Stick to the Iron. No cheap preparations are given with DEFIANCE STARCH.

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