

THE THREE HOURS LATE

The passenger train had come and gone, at least one anxious watcher turned away disappointed. "When will the next train be in?" Mrs. Jessup asked of an official. "At 10.15, ma'am."

and reached for her dainty gilt-edged Shakespeare. But she nervously turned the leaves every line seeming directly connected with that haunting train of thought. "And the right valiant Banquo walked to late."

and faint, you know, anything to tempt an invalid's appetite. Put it up at once, please, while I get my things on. "To-night, mem?" asked Mary in astonishment.

kindness in your power. Food cooked by friendly hands must taste better. Let them search the basket, if they want to. "Then they passed, and Carrie hurried on to be admitted by the big, good-natured sheriff with some reluctance."

WOLF-COURAGING IN RUSSIA. Game Hunting Fights with Big Odds with the Hounds. The wolf was carried out in his cage, on pulling a string, fell to pieces like a pigeon trap, and he set off at a long gallop.

Incidents of Life in the New Gold District. An incident worthy of note as a characteristic of western mining life was observed recently by a visitor at Kasko. Kasko is nearly six months old as yet, but the inevitable missionary has reached it and services are being held regularly.

She roused herself with an effort and looked at the clock. Only a quarter to eight. Would the tardy hours never be gone?

She started to her feet electrified and inspired. A wild idea, seeming impossible, had flashed across her mind. Swift following, like a very inspiration, came another that made the first possible. She glanced at the clock. Twenty minutes past eight!

Getting the Gas Ready for the Night. Mistress (to new housemaid)—"Now, see, Mary, this is the way to light the gas. You turn on this little tap, so, and then apply the match, so. You understand?"

Retired from the Stock Board! Given up your business! What's the matter, old fellow? "Dead broke; couldn't be any other way."