

ONE TAKEN, THE OTHER LEFT.

[Concluded.]
"Now, my lady, we've got to clear that ant hill out. Keep under cover all you can and hold fire until you reach the second ridge."
They had dismounted at the foot of the kopje, and all, save the few left to hold the horses, commenced the steep ascent, drawing themselves from tuft to tuft of the matted grass and bushes with stealthy movements. The daylight was fading from the west, and in their khaki clothing, stained with soil and heat, they were scarcely distinguishable from the broken boulders that lay scattered about the hill slopes. They had advanced so far that they could distinguish the voices of the enemy above, as they chattered round their camp fires.

All promised well for a complete surprise, when suddenly one of the foremost—scarcely discharging his gun. The shot rang out into the stillness of the evening air with startling clearness. In an instant a score of answering shots flashed out. The air grew thick with smoke, and echoed ceaselessly to the crack, crack of the rifle fire. "Now and again a man staggered and dropped, but they struggled on and until they were brought to a temporary halt by a triple line of barbed wire. Here the men fell fast, and for a few moments it seemed as though they would be driven down hill. Dick Hartley, in front, hacking and cutting, at last succeeded in getting through, and, followed by the remnants of his company, rushed into the enemy's camp. But already their prize had flown. Hoarse cries of command or inquiry, of rage or in all directions, seized their horses and galloped off. Pursuit on foot seemed useless as well as dangerous, and the men were exhausted with the hard won victory. Minutes passed, when all at once a sharp volley sounded from the foot of the kopje in the direction whence they had come. From the formation of the ground they could not see the root, but Hartley's instincts divined the truth.
"They have got round to the horses, and—my God, Lesieur is there! They will kill him!" he cried, and in an instant, without stopping to weigh chances, he was racing down the hill at a breakneck pace.
It was as he had said. A party of the diabolical Boers had crept round, determined on revenge, and attacked the few who were left to hold the horses. The Boers had swept round so as to cut off retreat in the rear, while in front other parties of their companions hovered out of range of the rifles above. For some moments a running fire was kept up, but the odds were too great. Four out of six of the defenders had fallen, and Lesieur was reeling in his saddle; then a chance shot brought him to the ground, and the Boers closed in eager to capture those who remained. But Hartley, resting his rifle on the shoulder of Lesieur's horse, kept up a steady fire to protect his friend. Already he could

hear the shouts of his men as they descended the hill to his aid. A cheer came from the rear, and then the enemy broke and galloped off with derisive cries at their baffled pursuers, whose mounts were by now scattered far and wide. The hindmost man, taming in his saddle, took deliberate aim at Hartley's head and fired. A slight swerve of his horse caused the bullet to strike lower, penetrating the neck, and thence downward into the left side. He fell with a groan across the body of his friend, just as his comrades rushing in sent half a dozen futile bullets after the flying foe.
By this time reinforcement had come up, for the major in command, hearing the continued firing, suspected that the affair was more considerable than he had anticipated. They lifted the men and carried them gently to the camp, where the surgeon came and dressed their wounds.
"Ten days on your back and a few more to pull up strength, and you will be as fit as ever," he said to Lesieur. But when he came to Hartley he frowned and said nothing.
"Well, doctor?" he asked.
"Now and again a man staggered and dropped, but they struggled on and until they were brought to a temporary halt by a triple line of barbed wire. Here the men fell fast, and for a few moments it seemed as though they would be driven down hill. Dick Hartley, in front, hacking and cutting, at last succeeded in getting through, and, followed by the remnants of his company, rushed into the enemy's camp. But already their prize had flown. Hoarse cries of command or inquiry, of rage or in all directions, seized their horses and galloped off. Pursuit on foot seemed useless as well as dangerous, and the men were exhausted with the hard won victory. Minutes passed, when all at once a sharp volley sounded from the foot of the kopje in the direction whence they had come. From the formation of the ground they could not see the root, but Hartley's instincts divined the truth.
"They have got round to the horses, and—my God, Lesieur is there! They will kill him!" he cried, and in an instant, without stopping to weigh chances, he was racing down the hill at a breakneck pace.
It was as he had said. A party of the diabolical Boers had crept round, determined on revenge, and attacked the few who were left to hold the horses. The Boers had swept round so as to cut off retreat in the rear, while in front other parties of their companions hovered out of range of the rifles above. For some moments a running fire was kept up, but the odds were too great. Four out of six of the defenders had fallen, and Lesieur was reeling in his saddle; then a chance shot brought him to the ground, and the Boers closed in eager to capture those who remained. But Hartley, resting his rifle on the shoulder of Lesieur's horse, kept up a steady fire to protect his friend. Already he could

hear the shouts of his men as they descended the hill to his aid. A cheer came from the rear, and then the enemy broke and galloped off with derisive cries at their baffled pursuers, whose mounts were by now scattered far and wide. The hindmost man, taming in his saddle, took deliberate aim at Hartley's head and fired. A slight swerve of his horse caused the bullet to strike lower, penetrating the neck, and thence downward into the left side. He fell with a groan across the body of his friend, just as his comrades rushing in sent half a dozen futile bullets after the flying foe.
By this time reinforcement had come up, for the major in command, hearing the continued firing, suspected that the affair was more considerable than he had anticipated. They lifted the men and carried them gently to the camp, where the surgeon came and dressed their wounds.
"Ten days on your back and a few more to pull up strength, and you will be as fit as ever," he said to Lesieur. But when he came to Hartley he frowned and said nothing.
"Well, doctor?" he asked.
"Now and again a man staggered and dropped, but they struggled on and until they were brought to a temporary halt by a triple line of barbed wire. Here the men fell fast, and for a few moments it seemed as though they would be driven down hill. Dick Hartley, in front, hacking and cutting, at last succeeded in getting through, and, followed by the remnants of his company, rushed into the enemy's camp. But already their prize had flown. Hoarse cries of command or inquiry, of rage or in all directions, seized their horses and galloped off. Pursuit on foot seemed useless as well as dangerous, and the men were exhausted with the hard won victory. Minutes passed, when all at once a sharp volley sounded from the foot of the kopje in the direction whence they had come. From the formation of the ground they could not see the root, but Hartley's instincts divined the truth.
"They have got round to the horses, and—my God, Lesieur is there! They will kill him!" he cried, and in an instant, without stopping to weigh chances, he was racing down the hill at a breakneck pace.
It was as he had said. A party of the diabolical Boers had crept round, determined on revenge, and attacked the few who were left to hold the horses. The Boers had swept round so as to cut off retreat in the rear, while in front other parties of their companions hovered out of range of the rifles above. For some moments a running fire was kept up, but the odds were too great. Four out of six of the defenders had fallen, and Lesieur was reeling in his saddle; then a chance shot brought him to the ground, and the Boers closed in eager to capture those who remained. But Hartley, resting his rifle on the shoulder of Lesieur's horse, kept up a steady fire to protect his friend. Already he could

In her far-off Australian home a girl waits and watches for her lover's return. But it is not of him she is thinking as her eyes fill with tears that drop gently on her diamond ring.
"He gave us all he had—his love—his wealth—his very life—and for himself he takes nothing—nothing but the gratitude of a heart that would give all—yes, all it possesses, to bring him back once more."
And, for the memory of the friendship which had been betwixt him and the dead, it was as well that Lesieur should not bear this foolish rhapsody of a grateful woman's heart.—Penny Rhodope Magazine.

LOVE THAT FOUND WORDS IN SONG.

The friends of Marcia Egmont often wondered what she knew that she had not been told. Marcia judged all lovers, apparently at least, by their vocal qualifications. As a heart-searching love affair is supposed to be "developing" to the human voice—especially of the tenor variety—Marcia may be supposed to have rendered large numbers of rising tenor singers valuable assistance on the road toward fame. She had grown rather weary of this pastime—and of tenors—when Philip Derwent made his appearance in her world.
Most music-lovers went wild over Philip, praised him unreservedly, but Marcia tossed her head in disdain.
"Cold as the polar regions, that voice!" was her verdict. "Not even wine would take the chill off those top notes."
"Love!" suggested the friends who had most intimate knowledge of Marcia's numbers but not perhaps utterly unselfish efforts in behalf of rising singers.
"Perhaps," replied Marcia, enigmatically, "but it takes a lot of trouble to do some things."
Then she went quietly on with her own life and enjoyment, using her fine voice and eyes so well that Philip Derwent was soon desperately in love with her, or fancied that he was. But still, according to Marcia, the chill remained to shadow the all but perfection of these upper notes. And then came the night of the charity concert.
Marcia was still undecided as to what to do with her voice and her wonderful vocal training; the friend who knew her best was most puzzled than ever. But, for the time being, she was all enthusiasm about her music. The pure enjoyment of singing possessed her night and day. She appeared in the little anteroom of the big hall early on the night of the concert, dressed to perfection, all radiant and sparkling and charming deliciousness from satin slippers to shining hair.
Marcia's turn came first, and Philip slipped into the side of the hall to listen. She sang as one translated, she looked as one transformed. The orchestra engaged for the occasion was a magnificent one; the music swelled out nightly in wonderful, soul-stirring waves. Marcia leaned her voice on its beauty and grandeur and sang as one sings only once or twice in a lifetime. Something, she knew not what, took possession of her that evening and glorified every note.
Three times did the enraptured audience insist upon her returning. Thrice did she repeat her initial triumph, with no shadow of falling off or failure. And Philip Derwent, listening and watching, felt some-

thing awake within him which was different from any feeling or experience he had previously known.
An orchestra number separated his song from her number, and while it lasted he looked at her dumbly, unable to say a word of all that he longed to utter. When, just as the last strong chord vibrated, he opened his lips to express his admiration, she slipped from the waiting room and out into the side of the hall to listen to him; as he realized with a thrill.
At first this knowledge threatened to hamper and hold back his powers of expression. His heart beat like that of a child expecting to be chidden, or of a novice facing an audience for the first time. He would not look in Marcia's direction, he dared not. Then suddenly a thrill of shame swept through him—he feared of a girl who had steadfastly refused to consider him as anything more than the merest of acquaintances! Shame! He faced her daringly, his heart beating faster than ever, and almost lost his breath over the great surprise which followed his movement. Her eyes dilated with something like fear as he stood there, hesitating. The orchestra rumbled out the prelude to his song again, and this time he lifted up his voice and sang.
Something stirred in the back of his throat, and it seemed as though hands, hitherto unresisting, were loosened, something stirred under his heart and he felt like a god rather than a man. The marvelous burst of song that followed was but the natural expression of this new joy and freedom. And all the "chilliness" had vanished from those wonderful top notes.
He, too, was recalled three times, and he reached the waiting room again, the last recall over, in a state bordering on what would have been exhaustion had he not been so uplifted and happy. Marcia met him, cheeks flaming, eyes sparkling, yet moist and dewy, lips parted in generous commendation and sincerest praise. And Philip, still under the spell of that wonderful exaltation, caught her in his arms and drew her head down to his breast.
"My darling! My dearest!" the stage employe, waiting a call in the corner, smiled, sighed, and considerably departed.
"My sweetest girl, I know you love me as you know that I love you. We have told each other all tonight in our singing."
And the friend who knew most of Marcia, coming to the waiting room to congratulate and accompany her homeward, was treated to the greatest surprise of her life. For Marcia lay in Philip's arms quite meekly, and the light of a new born gentleness and affection almost transfigured her face.—Chicago Tribune.

**BAD COMPLEXIONS
RED ROUGH HANDS
FALLING HAIR**
PREVENTED BY
**Citigera
SOAP**
The most effective skin purifying and beautifying soap as well as purest and sweetest for toilet, bath, and nursery. It strikes at the cause of bad complexion, red, rough hands, falling hair, and baby blemishes, viz., the clogged, irritated, indolent work of the sebaceous follicles.
Sole everywhere, British agent: N. W. Stewart & Sons, Ltd., 10, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4, England. U.S.A. agent: J. C. Carter, 100, Nassau St., New York, N. Y.

PROMINENT PEOPLE.
Countess Lonyay, formerly the Crown Princess Stephanie, is accounted one of the most accomplished horsewomen in Europe. She inherits from her mother a fondness for riding.
Dr. J. H. van't Hoff, professor of physical chemistry at the University of Berlin, and one of the foremost scientists of Europe, is to deliver a course of lectures at the University of Chicago during the summer.
Princess Louise of Bavaria, wife of the heir presumptive, has formed a league for the curtailment of the skirts of women's walking dresses. The leading society women of Munich have joined the league and are working strongly for dress reform.
Charles L. Taylor, former assistant to President Charles M. Schwab of the Carnegie Company and the Carnegie Steel Company, has been elected head of the Carnegie benefit and pension system for the United States.

SPORTING EVENTS OF A DAY.
BASE BALL.
National League Games Yesterday.
At Pittsburgh. R.H.E.
Pittsburg . . . 3 0 0 9 8 0 1 0 2-14 14 7
St. Louis . . . 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 1 8-12 16 3
Batteries—Lever and O'Connor; Breitenstein, Sudhoff and Schriver; Umpire Eyer. Attendance 4,000.
At Chicago. R.H.E.
Chicago . . . 0 0 0 6 0 3 0 0 x-9 9 2
Cincinnati . . . 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 3-5 6 1 1
Batteries—Huggs and Kling; McFadden and Peitz; Umpire—Emmie. Attendance 700.
At Philadelphia. R.H.E.
Phila. 2 0 2 5 3 0 0 2 x-14 17 3
New York . . . 2 0 2 4 1 1 0 0-15 15 1
Batteries—Benn, Dugdale and Jackitis; Fisher, Doherty and Lawman.
At Brooklyn. R.H.E.
Boston 0 0 2 1 0 0 0 3-4 4 3
Brooklyn 1 2 3 0 3 0 0 0 0-8 10 7
Batteries—Benn and Klitzberg; McCann, Kison and McGuire.

National League Standing.
Cincinnati 4 2 .667
Pittsburg 3 2 .600
Boston 3 2 .600
Philadelphia 4 3 .556
St. Louis 3 3 .500
Brooklyn 2 3 .400
New York 1 3 .250
Chicago 2 6 .250
American League Games Yesterday.
At Washington. R.H.E.
Washington . . . 1 0 0 1 1 2 0 0-5 12 3
Baltimore 1 0 0 0 9 1 0 0-2 5 3
Batteries—Carrick and Clark; McGuire and Robinson. Attendance 10,000.
At Philadelphia. R.H.E.
Boston 1 2 0 1 0 0 0 1-0-5 12 3
Washington 0 2 1 0 2 0 2 0-8 13 4
Batteries—Cupp and Criger; Bernhard and Powers. Attendance 3,421.
At Cleveland. R.H.E.
Cleveland 0 0 0 1 0 0 0 3 x-4 9 5
Milwaukee 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0-2 8 2
Batteries—Hoffer and Yeager; Hawley and Leahy. Attendance 8,000.

American League Standing.
Cincinnati 4 2 .667
Pittsburg 3 2 .600
Boston 3 2 .600
Philadelphia 4 3 .556
St. Louis 3 3 .500
Brooklyn 2 3 .400
New York 1 3 .250
Chicago 2 6 .250
Eastern League Games Yesterday.
At Buffalo—Buffalo, 2; Toronto, 3.
At Providence—Providence, 7; Syracuse, 2.
At Worcester—Worcester, 8; Hartford, 7.
At Rochester—Montreal, 5; Rochester, 7.
Eastern League Standing.
Worcester 3 0 1,000
Rochester 4 1 .800
Providence 3 1 .750
Buffalo 2 2 .500
Toronto 2 2 .500
Montreal 1 3 .250
Syracuse 0 3 .000

Notes.
Giant McLean was also in the game for Boston at Baltimore Saturday. He had 12 put outs and one assist, without an error, covering first base, but the papers say he will not be in the game before he has had 100 put outs. He is a double play man and will make a good baseman. At the bat he "alone" Young was knocked out of the box. One single and struck out twice.
Yapp pitched three innings after "Cy" when the ex-St. Johner went in there were two on base and no one out. His wildness in this inning helped Baltimore to make the three runs they scored. He continued the batting to a single and a double in the three innings. Yapp lined out a single on the first hit, but was struck out on the second trip up.
In Friday's game, McLean was sent to the bat in the ninth and lined out a two base hit.

AQUATIC.
Gaudaur and Towns.
Toronto, April 29.—The Evening Telegram's special cable from London says: George Towns refuses to row Jake Gaudaur for the world's championship at Ratport unless £50 expenses are allowed, but is prepared to row on Toronto Bay without any allowance for his expenses. Sullivan, Towns' backer, is of the opinion that Gaudaur is not anxious to row.

THE TURF.
Sold for \$10,000.
Louisville, Ky., April 29.—T. P. Hayes today bought of W. T. Shafter the American Derby candidate, Terminus, for \$10,000.

THE RING.
Allie Brown Here.
Allie Brown, the well-known middleweight of Lewiston, Me., was in the city yesterday en route home from Quebec, where he has been engaged in refereeing boxing exhibitions. Brown has sparred with a number of good men, including Dick O'Brien, who is well-known to St. John sports.

Matty Matthews Defeats Coug.
Louisville, Ky., April 29.—Mattie Matthews, of New York, was given the decision over Tom Coug, of Dunkirk, N. Y., in the twentieth round tonight.

YACHTING.
The Shamrock at Southampton.
Southampton, April 29.—The Shamrock II has arrived here.

United States War Revenue.
Washington, April 29.—Up to March 31, 1901, the war revenue act of June 13, 1898, had produced \$280,304,447.
The British Commons.
London, April 29.—The house of commons this evening adopted all the budget resolutions in the report stage with the exception of the coal tax resolution, which will be taken up tomorrow.
The German city of Cassel will celebrate the thirtieth anniversary of its foundation in 1913.

WHITE ENAMEL IRON BEDS--Brass Trimming
A SPLENDID LINE OF THESE GOODS NOW SHOWING.

\$14.50 Has Bow Foot and Brass Arched Top Rails.
\$16.50 Has new Roll Top Rails, Brass Rings and Scrolls.
\$28.00 All Brass Bed. Has Bow Foot.
\$18.50 Has Bow Foot, Half Brass, Handsome Pattern.

Manchester Robertson & Allison
Summer Boarders.

To the Honest Liar.
Here's to the man who lies to us, who's careless of the truth, who slaps us on the back and says, "Geel! who holds you the truth?" Who shrinks not at the future when he has a lie to tell, but, when you're sick and tired and blue, declares, "You're looking well!"
Here's to the man who tells us lies when we're in a hurry, who says, "I'll back you through and through, if it should take my shirt." Who, when you're "off" and cannot write just as you think you should, will tune you up for better things, with "That's what I call good!"
Or when you paint a picture that is wrong in every part, will make you think the dash is great by saying, "Now, that's art!" He lies—but it's in charity, if lying ever was.
So, here's his health, for though he lies, he's honest when he does.
—John Wink, in the Baltimore American.

The New Brunswick Tourist Association receives many enquiries from Americans asking information as to places where a few weeks in summer may be pleasantly spent. Persons in the country, especially along the St. John river, and on the sea shore, who are able and willing to take boarders, would confer a favor by communicating with the Secretary of the Association, stating how many they can accommodate well, and what attractions a to scenery, boating, driving, fishing, etc., there are in the vicinity. The Association, of course, cannot guarantee to send tourists to any house. What it can do, and what ought to be of advantage, is to place before enquiring tourists the information from those willing to accommodate them. Address: CHARLES D. SHAW, Secretary N. B. Tourist Association, St. John, N. B.

Sale of Land at Sackville.
Sackville, N. B., April 28.—Two lots of land situated at or near Westmorland Point, and belonging to the estate of the John H. Eiter, were sold here under a decree in court. William T. Carter, of Mount Whately, bought the 10 acres of marsh land for \$185. Tremblin Carter, of Westmorland Point, bought the 12 acres of upland for \$155.

Brief Locals.
Charles McAuley, of Clarendon, Queens county, and Miss Bell, daughter of Robert Bell, Norcross, Me., were drowned last October in a lake near Norcross while boating. The bodies were recovered on Sunday.
The body of Agnes Tanton was taken through the city yesterday en route to Chatham. Death occurred at Wakefield, Mass., April 27.
This morning on the steamer Star the remains of Mrs. Olive Campbell, of Military Road, will be taken to Washademoak for burial.
Friday Inspector O'Brien has reported Messrs. John M. Christian, Fred Belvee, Fred Malman and Charles Masson for Sunday fishing.
Her address in the rear of Mr. A. Gilmore's house, Duke street, caused a fire alarm about 1.30 yesterday afternoon. There was no damage.
A slight fire occurred yesterday in the chimney of Mr. Michael Sullivan's house, corner Waterloo and Delhi streets. No damage was done.
Mr. Jamison, who has the contract to press hay for South Africa, desires to use one of the warehouses at Sand Point during the summer. If he is unable to get the warehouse, Mr. Jamison says he will have to move his plant to Fredericton Junction. The matter will be considered by the board of works today.
Geo. Petrie, an I. C. R. officer, while coupling cars at the depot yesterday morning was caught between the platforms and considerably injured. He was removed to the hospital. He lives in St. Paul street, and is married and 35 years old.
The Methodist ministers met yesterday morning in Centenary church. The church reports were read and Rev. R. W. Weddall read a paper on St. Paul from "Jerusalem to Rome."
The Baptist preachers held their usual meeting yesterday. After the church reports, Rev. J. D. Freeman read a paper on "The place of Christ in modern theology." The paper was an able review of Fairbairn's book.

The Effort Succeeded.
The efforts being made to have a healthy financial statement for the annual meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association, are meeting with good success. When the directors met last night it was found that \$250 was still needed, of which they have expectation of about \$250. Any help towards the remaining \$100 given to any of the directors today will go far towards enabling the association to close its books tonight without indebtedness.

Every Cold Means Danger
It does not do to neglect even a slight cold. When you have a cold your lungs are more susceptible to the germs of Consumption. Take Shiloh's Consumption Cure. It will cure your cough or cold at once. It will heal and strengthen your lungs. It is a safeguard for your always. Take it at the first indication of a cough or cold.
REV. MR. PATTON, of Toronto, writes: "I used two bottles of Shiloh, and take pleasure in recommending it. There is nothing like it for cough, throat and lung trouble."
Shiloh's Consumption Cure is sold by all druggists in Canada and United States at 25c, 50c, \$1.00 a bottle. In Great Britain at 2s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 10s. 6d. A printed guarantee goes with every bottle. If you are not satisfied go to your druggist and get your money back.
Write for illustrated book on Consumption sent to you free. C. W. Wells & Co., Toronto.

BULL-STRONG!
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They appear to feel to grasp the exact difference between stealing and looking."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.
Excusable.
"I beg your pardon, madam, but are you sitting on my hat?"
"Oh, pray excuse me, I thought it was my husband's."—N. Y. World.
"Only the fool depends on what may possibly happen."
"The Chinese seem a little overparticular about the Christian code of morals."
"Yes. They