

"Oh, very well," he said, slowly. "If ou have taken a fancy to it, you shall

""have it; but it's cheap." "Cheap! I should think so!" said Ber

ie, with a flush on his cheek, and he nut

If Mr. Craddock had been blessed with

the faintest glimmer of what he had sold,

Bertie would not have purchased that picture for twenty times fifty pounds.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Lord Bertie carried the picture which

he had bought of old Craddock home-to

his rooms in Piccadilly. If anyone had asked him why he had felt such a keen

pang of mingled pain and pleasure at the sight of the face on the canvas, which

They say that those we help we love.

He examined the picture thoughtfully

its original, but there was no name, ei-

frame of black oak, carved round the

The picture was encased in an old

ther of artist or owner.

in his pocket.

Royce came to Vernon Crescent every

light. His eyes were bright, his voic

lips. Scarcely a day passed but he brought

a present in his hand. Sometimes it was

only a bunch of rare flowers, at others a book that she had happened to say

she would like to read, but now and again it would be a little morocco case containing some article of jewelry.

And Joan took them gratefully, but

The first night of "A False Love"

weeter and happier, and a smile of ex-

didn't know that he loved her;

cheque in his pocket and went out.

"Do not go," she repeated, moistenportrait-can't part with it.' ing her lips and trembling in every Bertie laughed limh "Look here," he said, "you can make

"Ida, oh, be merciful! If I stay it "lda, oh, be merciful! If I stay it must be because you bid me hope. Is that so?" cut that cheque for nine hundred and fifty, if you like, and throw the portrait in; I've taken a fancy to it." that so?"

She looked at him steadily, though her lips and hands trembled like a leaf. "I have been thinking," she said, slowly, like one in a dream, "and-and

"And you consent, you give yourself me?" he said, with a pant, and he the picture under his arm as he put the drew nearer to her.

She held up her hand. "Stop listen to me!" she said, heav-; "let me tell you all. You have asked me for my love-my love. I told you then I could not give it to you. I can-

not, I have no love left to give. If I had had it would have been yours. But I have not. My heart is dead, dead, dead!" and her voice broke into a wail. But if you are content--if you will have it so-

"I am content!" he broke in, passionwas so strangely like that of the young and beautiful girl whom he had rescue "I care nothing for the past! ately. Let it go! The present, the future, at least, are mine! Give yourself to me, Ida, and I will make your life happy, 10m Stuart Villiars' hands Bertie would have been puzzled to find an answer. He had only seen Joan for a few min man can make a woman's life hap Oh, my darling, give yourself to tes; but her beauty, her nameless grace. er helplessness, and the terrible danger in which she was placed had produced an xtraordinary effect upon him.

He drew nearer, he went on his knees to her. He was not acting now. Pas-sion held him in thrall, and he scarcely knew what he was doing. Joan extended her hand slowly, hesi but he knew that ever since that day he

had carried her in his thoughts-that Joan extended her hand slowly, ness-tatingly. He seized it in both of his and kissed it passionately. "My darling," he murmured, broken-ly, "you shall never regret this! Never! I—I am all unworthy, but I will make the lovely face, with its pathetic look of horror and alarm, had risen before him

in many a varied scene and at strange moments. you happy! Yes, I swear it!" He rose, and would have taken her to see if he could find any name or mark which might help him to trace it to

in his arms, but Joan shrank from him. "Not yet," she murmured, "not yet.' He rose, and still holding her hand

wazed at her. gazed at her. "It seems all too good to be true," he faltered. "You--you are not play-ing with me. Ida. Say after me, 'Mordaunt, I will be your wife!" Joan put her hand to her heart and hesitated a moment, then she said:

Mordaunt, I will be your wife!" but she shrank back again when he would have embraced her. "No, no, not now!

io now! He raised her hand to his lips and kissed it twice, thrice, passionately, then

he left. Outside, in the street, he stood staring heavenwards, wrapt in a sense of

He had won her at last. Patience, and a skilful use of all the arts of which he was master, had made her his.

day. Over him a great and marvellou And not only her, but two millions of His brain whirled, and he walked change had come. It was just as if he had suddenly slipped from shadowland into a warm and dazzling flood of sun-

in a kind of cestacy. But pres-he came to himself and began to think of wave and means. To carry out his plans to their fulfil-ment he wanted money, and at the prespectancy and coming joy sat upon his

ent moment his funds were running low. meant to give her no time consider ber consent. He would plead

and insist on a speedy marriage. He would want money for this. There was one person of whom Mordaunt Royce could get the sum he re-quired, and that was Bertie, Lord Dewsbury, and his evil genius led him to the in Piecedilly

with something that was almost like re-Two or three men were seated in the luctance. room amoking and drinking, and Bertie hailed his appearance with joyous alac-

been, so Mr. Giffard said, a very fair "Here's Royce, the long absent, mysonc, and Joan, though nervous and doubtful at first, had forgotten herself, terious Royce!" he exclaimed, as Royce entered, looking the picture of health ied, as Royce

agai

He laughed.

looked at the brilliants, a though struck her, and she said, with a little catch caten her, and she said, with a little calculation her breath, "Are they real?" "They are diamonds," he replied, smiling, and speaking carelessly. "Real diamonds!" she exclaimed, gaz-ing at him. "Why-why they must be worth. They must have cost.—" Her face flushed. "(I don't know what dia-monds cost but there are a great many monds cost, but there are a great many here, and—and they are large and beau tiful! Oh, why did you do it? It is present for a princess, not for a simpl

actress! "You are my princess," he said, gent

"You are my princess," he said, gene-ly, enjoying her surprise. "Eut then," she persisted, "they are magnificent. Far, far too good for me. Why did you buy them? I am sorry." "Do not be," he said, gently. "They are not too good for you. Nothing can be; and when you wear them it is you who adorn and enrich them, dearest." She looked from the splendid jewels to him and back again.

she howed from the spining jowers to him and back again. "I have never thought of it before," she faltered, timidly; "but you must be very rich to be able to buy such gems as these are."

He smiled strangely, nad shrugged his shoulders. "Passably rich," he said. "I shall be

rich, you." indeed, some day, when I have There was a double meaning in his words that smote him a moment after he had spoken them, and his face flush at after ed almost as hotly as hers. "You will wear them, dear?"

"Of course I shall wear them." she aid,, softly, then her brows contracted. 'You load me beneath a weight of kind ness, and 1---' She stopped. "You will pay me back some day," he

whispered; "some day , when you have learned, how dearly, how deeply I love you, Ida. She still looked at the diamonds as they glittered in their satin bed, to which she had returned them. "How do I know what sacrifices you have made to get these for me?" she

said to him, gently. He laughed, and his face paled for an nstant as he wondered what she would ay if she knew that he had won the money from Lord Bertie on the prece ing night to pay for them; perhaps she would have flung them at his feet. "No sacrifice at all," he said. "I could

not endure that my queen should wear false jewels even on the stage, and it was to please myself as much as you that I bought them. You see I am ter-ribly selfish, dear Ida." She looked up at him and put out her hand. He took it and drew her nearer

edge of black oak, carred round the edge of the gilt framework, and pan-elled at the back, as was usual with cab-inet pictures of value; but there was nothing to guide him in any search he wight from the black of the black o might make, and after looking at it for some time, he went to lock it up. As he stood with the key of the burto him. For the first time she did not shrink cau in his hand, the dark eyes seemed almost human, and obeying an inspiraback, but stood as if prepared to receive the kiss. His face burnt, and he bent tion which was irresistible, he bent and forward, then suddenly the color died out of his face and he drew back. touched the lips of the portrait with his own; then, with a flush and a half-"No," he murmured. "I should think laugh of shame and self-mockery, he it was only to pay me for the diamonds. I will wait until you kiss me for noth-ing but my love, dearest," and dropped it out of sight in the bureau, and carefully locking the door, put the key her hand and left the room.

Joan looked after him, and she pale and trembling. "He was right," she said to herself. It would have been simply a payment for his gift. I wonder when hall be able to repay him for his love?"

and she put the diamonds from her with sight. Emily went into a frenzy of delight "Why, my dear!" she exclaimed,

"they are magnificent! they are—are— oh, dear, 1 can't find a word big en-ough: Anybody lend me a dictionary? Ida! They must have cost a fortune. Why, a real live duchess couldn't want anything finer! Mr. Royce must be an enormously rich man, or else he has ruined himself to pay for them!"

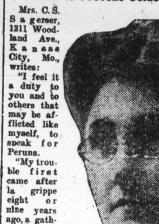
"I don't know," said Joan, smiling at her enthusiasm; "I only know that I am sorry he should have spent so much drew near. The first dress rehearsal had money on them. Imitation gems would have done as well."

"You will make me vain enough be "You will make me vain enough be "You will make me vain enough be tween you!" said Joan, with a laugh. (To be Continued.)



THE ATHENS REPORTER, JAN. 18. 1911.

Her Terrible Experience Shows **How Peruna Should Bein Every** Home to Prevent Colds.



ering in my head a n d in my neuralgia. I Mrs. C. S. Sagerser. s u'f fe red most all the time. My nose, ears and eyes were badly affected for the last two years. I think from your descrip-tion of internal catarrh that I must have had that also. I suffered very

severely. "Nothing ever relieved me like Pe-"With the exception of some deafness, I am feeling perfectly cured. I am forty-six years old. "I feel that words are inadequate to

express my praise for Peruna.

Queen; it now remained to be seen whether she was worthy of anything higher or whether she should have to stick to playing in pantomine and bur-

Joan fully realized the importance of the occasion, but she was hopeful, hough very quiet and reserved. She had done all she could do to pre-

pare for the ordeal, and like all per-sons who have done their best, she awaited the result with composure. Emily ran in and out of the dressing

Emily ran in and out of the dressing room every now and then, much more excited and agitated than Joan, and uttered bird-like notes of encourage-ment. Of her own part the unselfish little, mite scarcely thought in comparison with Joan's.

"You'll bring the house down, dear!" she said. "Do you remember your first night, your first appearance here?". "I'm not likely to forget it!" said

foan, smiling. "Well, they made row enough then, but it will be nothing to what they will do to-night; you'll see!

"And nothing to what they will do if I fail!" said Joan. "Fail!" exclaimed Emily, scornfully,

and the dresser, as she put the finishing touch to the magnificent evening dress in which Joan was to appear in the first "Miss Trevelyan only talks of failing

to make her success all the greater,"-sh

"No, she doesn't!" retorted Emily; "Miss Trevelyan never plays tricks of that kind. She says it because she is really modest, which you will never be lieve, Mrs. Jones, because you have been about theatres all your life!" "You will make me vain enough be-

ELLEN TERRY IN CLOTHES.

A Fancy Costume for Sixpence an Exampie of a Cheap Stage Dress. "If you 'mix your colors with brains,' writes Ellen Terry in McClure's, "it is quite possible to be cheap and not nasty in stage costume. My daughter Edy, who has designed and made so many peautiful dresses for the stage, has always understood this.

"I remember that years ago, when she was at school, she wrote to me and asked me to send her some money, as she wanted to go to a fancy dress ball. Times

boy of immaculate appearance, and all for sixpence!

for sixpencet "Again the other day we hastily ar-ranged to do the sleep walking scene from 'Macbeth' at an entertainment in our vilalge town hall. I had my dress for Lady Macbeth; the doctor's we white as chalk. I recommended Dr. Wil-liams' Pink Pills and gave him some. He began taking them and in a short time or him doctor's we have began taking them and in a short time began taking them and in a short time for Lady Macbeth; the doctor's was hired from London; but Edy as the gen-

form, where she was busy arranging the ights before the curtain went up. 'Wh #* did vou get it?' I knew she had none of stage dresses in the country and t she had not time to write to Lonthat she don for them.

I made it this afternoon,' said Edy, and there was laughter in her eyes. 'The

dress is a tartan rug belonging to the dog, the head dress is a motor veil and ornaments are bunches of buttons! "I think I may say without boasting that I have always been well dressed on he stage, but I doubt if there has ever been a more cheaply dressed actress. Off the stage, tout au contraire! After try-

ing garments of every size and shape in private life I have ended by adopting the Inappese style one day and the Greek the next. A cupboard full of unworn corsets bears witness to the number of presentations and representations I have eceived (and disregarded) from stay-nakers and stay recommenders begging

On this same subject William Winter savs in Harper's Weekly that it was not s is customatily supposed, Burne-Jones who invented the Ellen Terry draperies

but Ellen Terry, who deviced them and who inspired Burne-Jones to paint them SYSTEMATIC CATARRH CURED

Proof From Nova Scotia.

"After ten long years of suffering with Catarrh in the throat and nos I write to tell you that I am now completely cured with Catarrhozone. What a relief it was to get that buzzing stopped in my ears, to have

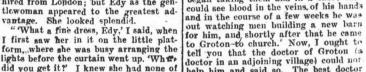
AN OPEN LETTER

By a Baptist Clergyman, Telling of Cures Wrought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brock-ville, Ont.: Gentlemen,-It has been my intention o write to you for some time, but be-ng busy I have neglected to do so until

ed me to send her some money, as she wared to go to a fancy dress ball. Times were improving with me then, but I still had to be very careful, and I answered that I was sorry, but luxuries were not for the likes of us! That this was one of the things she could do without, must do without. "But I enclosed a postal order for two shillings sixpence, telling her that if she rest of that large sum on chocolate! My young lady went to the ball and her dress was the success of the soen tears and old red slippers on her face, neck arms and ankles, brass curtain inge in her ears and old red slippers on the toes, she took the Turkish towels from her bathroom and draped her little body with them, twisting one around her heat to say the success of the soen tears and old red slippers on the toes, she took the Turkish towels from her bathroom and draped her little body with them, twisting one around her heat to say the success of the sold and the fulles towels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he sould walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could walk again and his bowels were regular. The paralysis not long before he could age. T Was or I am a Baptist minister.

toes, she took the lurkish towers from her bathroom and draped her little body with them, twisting one around her head into a fine turban. With these and her own clever skill she presented an Arab boy of immaculate appearance, and all Canadian, I went to see him. I found



doctor in an adjoining village) could not help him and said so. The best docto in the hospital of Burlington, Vt., came and saw Mr. McCrea, but said he could not help him. He did not get any help till Dr. Williams' Pink Pills put him on

his feet again. Later I returned to Dalesville, Que., as pastor. A young lady who lived about six miles west of Dalesville at a underneath part is an old dressing gown of yours turned back to front, the over-

place called Edina, sent for me to come to see her, as she had been a member of my congregation in my former pastor-ate. I went to see her and found a sim-

lar case to that of Mr. McCrae, of Gro-ton. Vt. This girl[®] was so weak she could not sit up. She appeared to be bloodless. I said to h[©]r: "It will cost you \$600 to get a doctor to come out from Lachute to see you, whereas you can get six boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink-Pills for \$2.50." She followed my ad-vice, took Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and

when some time later I saw her in La-chute, she was as well as ever, and Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did it all.

makers and stay recommenders begging me to improve my figure. "But on the stage I have submitted even to the iron body casings of the Tudor period. As Queen Katherine I paid my tribute to archaeology in those awful stays, and added thick brocade dreeses with fur sleeves of tremendous weight. But my preference is for loose, diaphanous dress; I am always happy in it." On this same subject William Winter

the present time a permanent address. I can, however, refer you to the editor of the Canadian Baptist. (Signed), .

PRESS. PULPIT AND PLATFORM. We are still waiting for an audience

of musically educated people; it is our greatest need.-Miss Horniman, at Manchester. There are dunces in all classes, and

clowns in the upper regions of society as well as the lower.—Bishop of Lin-coln at Rawmarsh. There is spreading about us a There is spreading about us a mirit of heedlessness, of self-will, of self-con-ceit—a spirit of impudence.—Archbishop

of York, at Sheffield.

T. C. Sowter.

and played strongly as the piece and prosperity. They sat down to loo, and

sat down to sat down to and with bad luck, seemed and with bad luck, seemed bis old form. then proposed Royce, who badly

to have recovered his old form. He won heavily. Pontelere then proposed that they should change sides, and stin Royce won, and Bertie, now opposed to him. lost.

They played until far info the night.

and they the party broke up, leaving Bertie and Royce alone together. "I've lost to-night," said Bertle, with a laugh. "Lost awfully! I ought to have suck to you for a partner, old fellow."

'I wish you had." said Royce, putting ile of gold and notes in his pockets.

Can I lend you anything?" "Oh, no, thanks," said Bertie, care-saly, "Much obliged, all the same! No. I shall pay a visit to that old curmud geon Craddock, of Chain Court, Fen-

church street!" Bertie sat over the fire thinking of his losses and his fast disappearing estate

In the morning, about twelve, he drove his mail phaeton down to the city, e^{*} Mr, Craddock swung round upon his stool as the elegantly dressed figure of

the young peer entered the office, and with a welcoming grin.

"Ali, my dear young lord!" he croaked. and what can I do for you?" Lord Bertie taughed and flung himself

into a chair. How do you do. Mr. Craddock? never come here but I think of the spider and the fly. But now to business; I want a thousand pourde."

Old Craddock opened the safe slowly and as he did so something fell-out. It was an oil painting. Bertie spooped forward and picked it up. It was the portrait that Craddock hal taken from e Wold. It was the face of Joan ner

elf. He sat with the picture in his hands.

5

"What' that?" aid Croddock, peer at it. "Oh, that picture," and h ard out his hand for it. But Bertie still held it.

"Didn't know you were a connoisseur, Mr. Craddock," he said, jestingly. "How did you come by this?"

The old man grunted discontentedly. "Hem! sh, that's a portrait of my my aunt. Give it here, my lord," he

"Your aunt is a good-looking woman, snyway," said Bertie. "Nicely painted, too, Will you sell it, Craddock?"

Giffard was perfectly satisfied, Even diamonds don't move you--and everybody knows that it was really diaand told her so when the rehearsal was over. "It is all' night," he said. "You go

home and tell yourself that, and you'll find it will come true. Oh, by the way, Joan laughed. "I suppose I am a strange being, Emyou will want some diamonds in the ily," she assented; "for even diamonds first act. I'll see what I can find amnot move me." orgst my collection of stage jewels for "Well, you are a very particular young lady." said Emily, turning the jewels over in her and looking at them

Royce was standing near as he spoke but he himself said nothing. apth ously. "It seems that you want to

The next morning he came to Ver-non Crescent and asked for Joan. marry a millionaire; he can't be much less when he can make such presents. "Don't disturb her if she is studying," he said; but Emily ran upstairs with a

laugh 'As if a girl would consider studying more important than love-making !" ehe said. "She'll be down in a moment." Joan came down, and he advanced to all, dear Emily."

meet her, his eyes brightening at sight of her becautiful face. "I am very early this morning." he said. "I hope I haven't disturbed you, much," retorted Emily, naively.

dearest ?

"No," said Joan, and she gave him cold heart at last-he had nearly kissed her hand, which he kissed twice or thrice

passionately. "How well you look this morning!" The diamonds had cost a great dealmore even than the large sum he had won from Lord Bertie on the preceding he continued, with fervent admiration. "I almost envy the house the delight night-but he did not regret the Your appearance will cause the defight wednesday. I think if you did not act half so well as you did, 'A False Love' "I shall get it back a thousand fold," he muttered; "and if it were not so I guish un would not care. I would give my heavet laments

would be a success." "If it is not a success," she said, "I blood to win one word-one look of love from her. But patience, patience! The shall never dare to face Mr. Giffard prize is almost within my grasp! -my love, my darling, my qneen-and the two millions of money."

· CHAPTER XXXII.

Joan shook her head.

Well.

"No." she said, listlessly.

He langues. "See here, dearest !" he said, and he took a case from his pocket. "Here is the set of stones Mr. Giffard mentioned It was the first night of "A False and the Coronet was crowded. yesterday for the first act." Joan opened the case, and she uttered Not only the "first nighters" present, but the ultra-fashionable world, the an exclamation of admiration-womanmysterious class known as "society."

moved to curiosity by all that had been complete set. A necklace and bracelets, and pendant! Are they not beautiful Anyone would thick it. "How beantiful !" she said ; "and a Anyone would think they were real diawho usually occupy the dress scats, and the gallery was dotted here and monds instead of stage imitations?" and she held them up to the light, where they shone "like to a dragon's eyes."

there with evening attire. It was said that, as much as ten pounds had been offered for a stall, and I must thank Mr. Giffard. How kied and thoughtful he is!" Mordaunt Royce smiled curiously. that many of the dress circle scats had been sold by the speculators for a

"I have robbed Mr. Giffard of your thanks, dearest," he said. guinea. Mr. Giffard was, as was usual with Joan looked at him.

"You bought these for me?" she said. a deep and intense anxiety reigned.

"They are beautiful; and it was a most critical test for the new you," she added, softly. Then, as she actress. She had played as a Fair

WINTER ON THE SHEEP RANGE.

monds and not apples that the serpent tempted Mother Eve with." It's a cruel business, this range-sheep growing, cruel and hard and rough. The

waste of animal life through starvation, freezing and smothering in stampedes s enormous. A few, a very few, flock-

masters make provision for hard win ters, but the majority do not. Let there come a wet snow, falling with litthe wind, as happens on some parts of the range, each winter, and the grass is, buried. The sheep then huddle on their

dda. don't you really know no more about him than we do?" bedding ground and wait; the herder sits in the wagon by the stove, reading his magazine, or smoking his pipe, or chewing his tobacco, or indulging what that he is far too good and too kind, and too tender-heafted for me-that is ever similar foible he may foster. He knows he can't help the sheep. A regi-He

knows he can't help the sheep. A regi-ment of empty-handed herders could do certainly you don't know o more than one. It snows on the wind As for Mordaunt Royce, he went home with the blood surging through his veins. He had nearly touched Joan's blows afresh, the temperature drops. The wet snow covering the brown grass out on the pasture lands takes on a crust of ice; ice cakes the fleeces of the sheep. They huddle together, pleading in tremu-lous bleats for the succor which does not come. The storm rages across the wilds bending its force upon them. They sink beneath the weight of junger and cold and snow, and perish wailing their an-guish until death stifles their quavering laments Many a man's start, mony a man's all, goes this way each year on the

sheep-range .-- Everybody's Magazine.

The

Joan



THREE CHOICE DURHAMS. (Exchange.)

Senator Depew, at a dinner in Wash ington, recounted a number of senator-ial "bulls." "It was a southern Senator," he said.

"It was a southern Senator," he said, "who once met an interruption with the stern and lofty reluke: "The geutleman, like a mousing owl. It other kinds of water affect their

is always putting in his ear where it isn't wanted.' 'I think it was a Senator fr'om Chica-

tion Herald.

my nose free and easy to breathe through—what a blessing it was to get cured of droppings, catarrhal dyspepsia and bad breath. All this is the result of Catarrhozone, which I recommend everyone to use for any tradition of the theory of the second trouble in the throat, nose, bronchia Moosebrook, N.S. Cure guaranteed with Catarrhozone.

25c. 50c and \$1.00 sizes at all dealers

A GREAT FIGHT AGAINST ODDS. Mr. W. G. McAdoo opened an office in New York and had his home in New Jer-

sey. This was in 1892. Every morning he took part in the rush and crush to get across the ferries, and in the melee and free-for-all contest to get back at night. He saw that conditions were growing worse and would soon be intol-

erable with New York growing at th rate of a fair-sized city every year. New York at that time had no tunnels, no subways, and only one bridge--the old Brooklyn Bridge, which was already oaded far beyond the plans of its build-rs. More ferries would not be a great ers. help: they were only a makeshift and could not be depended upon. Many a time when he wanted to get home he had been sailed around in the fog, while had been saled around in the log, while the pilot was trying to make out wheth-er the lights ahead were in Jersey City or Hoboken. At other times the ferries were blocked with floating ice, and there

more delay. r. McAdoo decided that the tunnels Mr. Alchub trail found that he was the only one who thought so, and he decided that he was the min to put the decided that he was the man to put the stupendous project through. As he had not a cent at the time to back up his idea, and was but little known, it was little wonder that all he had at first was plenty of discouraging refusals. The urged that tunnels had been put under the Thames in Eugland and under the Seine at Paris, but the Hudson Riv-er scheme was so much larger that the woney men not with McAdada

stocks rather than that which separated

New Jersey from New York. As the tunnels went further the go who once declared: "The iron heel, of stern necessity darkens every hearthstone." "And I'll never forget a Texas ora-and nerve, force by their use, they can

a deep and intense anxiety reigned. It was a most critical test for the new ing embers of a life that is fast ebbing successful.—Robert S. Blair, in the Chris-

The proximity of extreme wealth extreme poverty gives a sting to the rich and the poor .-- Dean of Manches at Manchester Our general education is far toon

developed on the purely literary and our boys are brought up too not to look forward to cheap brain here.

to look forward to cheap brain her. Mr. A. J. Hobson, at Sheffield. When working men earn good wages they are not careful to save for times when trade is bad, because they know they will be able to get credit," said Judge Emden, at Lambeth County Court.

The main object of education is prepare the youth of the country for the duties of citizenship and for giving good judgment on questions of State.—Mr. R. Blair, at the Evening School Teachers' Acculation Association.

Shiloh's Cure quickly stops coughs, cures the throat and lungs.

SALMON LEAPED INTO BOAT.

A curious thing happened at Dunfalandy, Pitlochry, during the night a few days ago. The Tummel was in high flood and Stewart Fergusson's oversman went down early in the morning to see to the safety of one of the boats, riding in the river at the end of a long pole and about fifteen feet from the bank.

about fifteen feet from the There had been a lot of rain during the night and the boat had about nine to ion inches of water in her, in the mid-dle of which floated a fine, almost cleau, saluco nof about twenty pounds.. It was stil lative, though much exhausted, as the water had become quite deoxygen-ized. It had leaped into the boat during The sides of the boat are the night. quite fifteen inches above the water line, The salmon soon revived and swam away after being put into some clean water. London Globe.

I Would Seem So.

Gyer-I understand young Seers was married last week.

Myer-Yes; he married a clairvoyant. Gyer-Indeed! Case of love at sec

banks of Ruston have paid out more than \$60,000 to planters for peanuts this season.

and sight, I suppose?

LOUISIANA PEANUTS.

Peanuts are a dollar a bushel. The