Jocelin's Penance

This was signed with a curious black mark as if a sooty thumb had been pressed upon the page.
"Tis from Dame Bernice!" Rohese

joyfully exclaimed. "Saved, saved, poor Jocelin from his dreary prison, and I (ah, thank the holy saints) from almost as ill an one," and she shud-dered as she thought of the cruel look the Prioress had given her. Amid her rejoicing, Rohese did not think of the perils and difficulties of her undertaking, but straightway supped heartity, and almost gaily prepared for her dark and dangerous journey. Night had fallen, and she was allowed no lights, but she easily sought and selected the few jewels and treasures she desired, and though there were some hours to wait, she donned a dark hooded mantle, and sat with what patience she could muster until after the nocturnal bell had rung, and she heard the monks, attendant on the Abbot's household, go pattering down the stone passage to the chapel, and

then back again to their cells.

When all seemed securely quiet,
Robese unlocked the door and slipped cautiously into the long corridor, the coor of which the witch's key also opened. It moved easily, as if on greased hinges, and though a watch was set nightly all through Pradhouse, strange to say, the seemed deserted as some ruin. Quickly she passed ncient to the great hall door. Here she paused, feeling doubtfully of the Surely it was far too small for that great lock! But on trying it she found (as the witch had written) it opened all doors;—for the heavy lock turned with a gentle click, and Robess found herself speeding across the icy courtyard. The gatekeeper snored peacefully before the glowing brazier the big little ledge, the heavy hars of in his little lodge; the heavy bars of the gate swung back without a sound, and when she had turned and pushed shut again, Rohese was outside the walls. Along the lonely way she ran, the far-off stars blinking coldly on her through the mist; the night wind touching her cheek with chill fingers, and the hazel coppice through which she passed casting weird shadows on her path, seeming to stretch as if she were shut alone in some great black chamber, where gibbering, hideous phantoms crowded near. On, on she sped, terror lending swiftness to her feet. An owl shrieked from the ood like a tortured thing, and the Half cold sweat rose on her brow. to the tower she stopped. breath came in gasps, and shivering with fright and cold, she leaned against the Abbey wall. All was darkness and silence, save for the occasional rustle of some branch stirred by the wind. Over her head a great hawk flew heavily and slowly, sounding his warning cry as he flew, and Robese, knowing that up there in the wide night sky a soul was passing out somewhere into the void, crossed herself and murmured a prayer.

Just then a dark figure seemed to spring up from the ground at her side. and the shriek of terror which rose to her lips was silenced by a hand clapped roughly over her mouth.

"Milk-liver, wouldst draw the whole monkly pack howling at our heels?" and the eerie face of the witch of ich peered closely into her own. Gooseberry hath stood us we "Old night,' though, odds-bodkins, ould I so torment my aching bones r two young flibberjibbits? Well, hist thee now! I've done all I can or will. What yet remains to do the young heart must dare, for by Grimal kin's eyes, though I'll sport on murk nights about the graves and pluck the shricking man-drake in the dark, I'd venture not where thou must walk to-night. The way itself is dread then, mayhap the tortured dead there, who gnawed the living flesh from off their bones whilst star ving in the Oublictic, None save I know it, so if thou 'scapest the gulf and ghosts, thou'lt find thee safe at

Show me but the way, dame, and though I cross over dead men's bones, I'll follow it, for I fear not." And all the courage of her race was up in is to quell her womanly fears.
Well spoken! Thou hast thy grand-

sire's spirit, maid. I like thee well, little wench, and dare say thou'lt a way to draw the monk forth.
ye now," and digging away the turf from near a boulder, the witch lifted an iron ring with her staff, and disclosed a narrow opening in the

Wind this rope about thy waist, "Wind this rope about thy waist, put this flask within thy bosom, for it will aid the monk's escape. Pass down these steps; then pause, count thy paces carefully as thou leavest them, for if thou takest one-half step too much there'll be no maiden heir that dreary cell: the stones are cald in the country of the stones are cald in the country of the stones are cald in the country of the stones are cald in the stone stone and the stone stone are called the stone stone and the stone stone are called the stone stone and the stone stone stone are stone as the stone stone stone and stone are stone as the stone stone

then pause; press thyself close against the right hand wall ere thou takest one more, and moving slowly, pass through the darkness with great care. Best say thy prayers, for if thou mov-est to the left one-quarter inch thou'lt fall into a gulf none e'er hath fathomed. When thou hast at last turned corner thou'rt safe, if no dread phantom rises on thy path. Move swiftly on-ward until a wall obstructs thee. Lift up thy arm its full length; run thy hand along its ledge, where shouldst find a bar; slide it back, and thou canst bass into the cell where thy monk lies in the Oubliette. Once thou hast got him out, and left the secret way, close and cover it securely, then haste thee straight to De Cokefeld; provide thyself with a chosen few and thence to thy sea-girt tower in Norfolk, There set sail for Normandy where thy father's cousin, Edmund dwelleth in his strong fortress at Gaillon. If thou wisheth not the young monk's company, send him to me at Ely, where for his mother's sake, who one time served me, I'll aid him. Haste thee now. Farewell. Be brave, for all depends on thee Prosper thy quest."

And the witch disappeared as suddenly as she had come. Left alone, Rohese did not pause, but with wild beat ing heart entered the opening and descended the damp, broken steps. On the last she paused, then stepped down, and counting her paces carefully reached the wall, Pressing herself close to it, she found herself on an inclined path very narrow and reached slippery, ever leading upward through the darkness. After some moments, she turned a corner, and reassured by the fact that she had passed the dangerous guil, seen found the bar in the wall, and with difficulty moving its rusty length backward, a portion of the wall slid gratingly aside, and Ro hese passed into a cell dimly lit by the wan light of the early dawn coming through a grated window set high up in the wall. She was in the cell of the Oublie tte, andgoing to the centre of the room, where a low stone curbing ran round a black well in the floor, she leaned over and called, "Jocelin, O localing," The Polyego calls Jocelin, 'tis Rollese calls Far down beneath her a thin. faint voice cried out in surprise and joy one single word—"Robese!" and she snew the poor monk still lived in the depths of the Oubliette.

attempted rescue be discovered, punishment would be sure, and she had no doubt Jocelin's life would pay the forfeit Robese did not think of him now as a monk, a man, or a lover, but as a creature who, for her sake, had been condemned and left to perish by slow degrees in the Oubliette She must not waste precious time in accomplishing her purpose, she told her self feverishly, as she strength and courage which had buoyed her up through her journey falter-So, womanlike, in her darkes ing. our of doubt she leaned over the Ouiblette to encourage the man whose life and liberty depended upon her

strength and determination. "Jocelin," she cried, "I have come to save thee." The monk answered her but fairtly; worn with torture of min and soul, emaciated by confinement and semi-starvation (for very meagre were the portions let down to him by his jailers); his dry tongue could scarcely articulate, and his dull brain scarcely conceive the intelligence that there was still hope for him; a forlorn hore, 'tis true, but when woman wars with unfavorable circumstances, there seems to come upon her an added sense, an instinctive perception of the thing needful. Rohese fastened wicker-covered

and ghosts, thou iscapest the gulf dask, and lowering, said, "See, here is at where thy monkly lover languish-and where thy monkly lover languish-and courage, my poor friend."

Rohese answered her in a firm voice, distant "gug-gug" of the rare Chianti show me but the way dame. as the parched moath drank and drank, as though it would never get its

"God's benisen on thee" he cried. "Take my grateful thanks for coming thus, like an angel to solace the last hours of so tortured, lost and danned a creature. I know not how those found'st the way, sweet, but I see in this a token of forgiveness, or my body would have rotted, and my son

to De Cokefeld. Count fifteen steps, unto thy tender feet; and thou, if to Fate, O anxious ones! It is the slow me are fair, Plutarch,

found here, would suffer for this deed of charity. Fare thee well, light of my life. I can die now in peace. Since then hast forgiven me much, perhaps God can also. I loved thee wall, Romone-to my undoing, but if a broken and contrite heart, and bruised, weary forgiveness. flesh can gain supreme forgiveners, surely my poor soul may yet attain some kwest spot in heaven, where, after years of waiting, it shall bloom in gladness to see these enter into the golden glory of the saints. Ora pro me; Robess, farewell!"

Rohese, farewell!"
'the voice faltered, then died away Rohese's eyes were filled with tears; yet she dared not give away to the emotion which swayed her. "Nay, Jocelin, not farewell, for I have with me means of thy liberty.

Arise—prove thyself a man; though

have with me means of the have with me means of the harsy have and weary, shake off this letharsy. Our Lady has answered my prayers; I was shown a secret way hither, and now in but one little mother, and now in but one little mother than the rooms stout fasment, Jocelin, this rope—stout fas-tened to—to—some nearby thing, an' by my troth, I'll straightway draw thee forth."

"Nay, lady, thy strength of body commensurateth not with thy heart. Stand back—I would but pull thee into this dread place, destroying that which I hold dear above sweet heaven itself."

Rohese was at her wit's end; she knew that, unaided, she could not lift the weight of Jocelin's body, and lift the weight of Jocelins body, and if she did not find some way to raise him, and that speedily, from the dungeon, his stimulated strength would fall, and she would have to leave him to his fate. But how fasten the rope? She searched the cell in vain. Then, as she gazed with a despairing prayer upward, her eyes pierced the gloom, and she saw suspended from gloom, are the oubliprayer upward, her eyes pierced the gloom, and she saw suspended from the intersected groins over the Oubliette, a great hook (used, no doubt, in former times by those who descended into the pit to see if their victims still suffered). But how could she reach it? And if the rope were let from thence, how could the monk, weak and with untrained muscles, ever hope to climb it? Then an explanation broke from her; her woer hope to climb it? Then an ex-planation broke from her; her wo-man's wit had solved the problem. Quickly she seized the sturdy faggots, and began ty'ng them, at short dis-tances apart, along the rope. When they were all distributed thus, and she had tested each knot, she ran to the window, rope in hand, and after much scrambling up the rough stone wall finally reached the ledge. Here she was many feet nearer the hook, for the ceiling was mercifully low. this being the topmost cell in the tower. After many fruitless efforts she finally succeeded in casting the noosed end of the rope over the hook, and when she had descended to the floor, she pulled it tight, and clapped to the property of the rope of the floor of the floor. her bruised hands in glee when it drew taut and held fast.

"Now," she cried, "now Jocelin, take courage!" and she let down this strangely improvised ladder.
"Nay," its useless," said the monk.
"Depart, I beg of thee, as I have not

the strength to come up, if I had the will. An outcast renegade, with a price on his head; an object of scornful pity, let me die in peace here, since thy coming hath so comforted

me. Rohese set her teeth hard and clenched her hands. What was she to do? It was already day, as the to do? growing brightness outside showed.
"Jocelin," she cried, "Jocelin, wilt
break my heart and desolate my life? Come to me! I am frightened in the dark and cold," and what with excitement and despair, she began to sob, crying, "Ah, thou lovest me not, and care not if I die."

Jocelin sprang to his feet, for at that cry all the manhood in him rose. She whom he loved called him to her side. Pain racked him, and weak-ness oppressed him, but he called to her strongly—"Weep not, Rohese, for side. CHAITER XX.

Robese looked about her for an object to which to fasten her rope. The cell was entirely bare, save for a heap of faggots in one corner. The window was too high and far from the pit to admit of using its bars; time was her hardy life at De Coke-fleeting; should her escape and the feld, stood Rohese in good stead, and steadily she held the rope while Joce-lin, slowly, painfully, with hoarse labored breath, drew himself up fagot after fagot. He was half way when Rohese's trained ear caught the beat of sandaled feet upon the stones far below. She knew they were com-ing to see if all was well with the far below. ing to see if all was well with the be she old and ugly as sin, or young prisoner. If Jocelin became conscious and fair as purity. I'll so order it at of this impending danger, the shock might cause him to loosen his hold.

"Hurry thee, hurry thee, Jocelin," she urged; and to herself she prayed -"Time, O God! Give us but time to ch the passage." Dame Bernice had said that none knew of the secret passage from the tower, and Rohese felt that they would be safe if once

cehind the turning stone.
"I come, beloved, I come," said Jocelin; but Robese could tell by his voice that he grew weaker. The fact that he was in the Oubliette kept him rom hearing the approach. Rohese pleaded with heaven, and "Haste thee, Jocelin, oh, for 'hrist's sake, haste thee."

Now they were at the prison door ow they had paused, and she could hear the faint sound of their voices then the jingle of keys. Her arms ached; her head reeled. It seemed ached; her head reeled. It sees if she must loosen hold on the rope and fall fainting into the pit. Jocelin had paused for breath.

i can come but slowly, Rohes "I can come but slowly, as I climb."
| lanted. "I grow fainter as I climb."
| It seemed to Rohese as if she had
| stood there for hours. "Haste," she drank, as though it would never get us fill. It was but a few seconds when Jocelin spoke, in a tone very unlike the first hoarse whisper. The wine had stimulated him and he was himself could not open it, and tried other toys. straining her ears

"Up now, Jocelin of Brakelond, for Mary's sweet sake! For the love thou bearest me! Up, man, up!" Jocelin clambered on, too spent to answer. He was nearing the top. Rohese could hear another key inserted in the rest-lock. Two, three more fagots! How elimber. Now Robese heard the door "Well, suh," he said, "ef I wuz er you is, I should suttinly remain so." vere on the stairs.

"Merciful saints, give us time."
laste, O haste: my friend!" Thanks

TORTURING SCIATICA

A Severe Sufferer Cured Through the Use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

Fierce darting pains—pains like red hot needles being driven through the flesh—in the thigh; perhaps down the legs to the ankles—that's sciatica. None but the victim can realize the torture. But the sufferer need not grow discouraged, for there is a cure in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. These pills make new, rich, red blood, which soothes and strengthens the feeble nerves and thus frees them from pair and restores the sufferer to cheerful activity. In proof we give the statement of Mr. Thos. D. Leinster, Wapella, Sask, who says: "I was attacked with sciatica which gradually grew worse until I was confined to my bed. For three mouths I had to be shifted For three months I had to be shifted and turned in my bed as I was unable to help myself. I suffered the greatest torture from the flerce, stabbing pains that accompanied every move-ment. I consulted several doctors and took drugs and medicines until I was nauseated, but without getting any benefit, and I began to believe I would be a continuous sufferer. Finally I was prevailed upon to use Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and after taking them for about six weeks I was able to get out of bed. From that on I kept steadily improving until I was free from this terrible and painful

malady. The most stuborn cases of sciatica will yield to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills if the treatment is persisted in. These pills are sold by all medicine dealers or will be sent by mail at 50 cents a tox or six boxes for \$2.50 by addressing The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.

feet of old Tristian who, with Richard of Hennan, climbs the winding stair. Lucky chance which made old Tristian pause for breath on the landing, de-spite Richard's surly "Come." Two, one fagot more. The footsteps sounded pause

"Give me strength, Ah, Heaven!" cried Rohese, and as Jocelin reached wearily for the last fagot, she leaned forward, and, bracing herself well against the curb, she lifted him bodily out of it, just as the monks paused at the door. As the lock turned with a rusty clang, she dragged the half-unconscious man across the floor, and pressing hard against the turning stone, dropped it behind her, and stood in the dark, black passage with Joce lin at her feet. Then as she drew breath, she heard the cell door open and the loud exclamations of the entering monks.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was some moments ere Jocelin could stand, and by this time the monks within the cell, having satisfied themselves that the Oubliette was empty, had departed to bear the news to the Abbot; Richard exclaiming "The devil has spirited away his own," and Tristian following him, mumbling thankfully, "It is the holy saints who have rescued him." Wonderful to re late, the Abbot received this startling intelligence with equanimity. have done well to inform me so readily, my sons," he calmly replied; and they departed wondering, to rehearse the tale in the chapter room. In his heart, Samson was glad of Jocelin's escape, ascribing it to some sympathizer among the brethren, who, gain ing access to the prison keys, had spitited the condemned monk away. Despite his anger at the sin, the Abbot loved the sinner, and since Robese's declaration regarded the monk's in-discretion more leniently. "Truly, I

angrily, tugging at his beard, "Since the days of Eden The woman tempted me, and I ate. By my silver cross, c'en I was deceived by the fair young wanton, until she spoke out brazenly before them all, without a falter, when even my rough old cheek burned with the shame of it. 'Twas at my bid-ding he came!' By the saints! Hereafter no woman shall enter his abbey. next chapter.

While the Abbot went toward the audience hall, and Tristian and Rich ard spread the wonderful news, Jocelia and Rohese had come safely across the narrow path and emerged into the light; pausing a mointo the light; pausing a mo-ment in silent horror to gaze back on such part of the perilous way as the morning light revealed. Then, they hurriedly closed the entrance, concealing it as best they might, and hastened into the copse, and so —on, hastened into the copse, and so -on, into the heart of the wood, toward De Cokefeld.

As Rohese's jailer did not visit the Gate chamber till evening, they would have almost a day's start of the monks, and by keeping off the high-way, at a safe distance in the wood, se thought they might reach her castle by daybreak the next morning.
(To be Continued.)

Blissful Depravity

In a border southern town lives an elderly negro carpenter who is locally distinguished for two things—his use of large words and his abiding fear of his wife, who is big, impressive and domineering. In this town a trio of young professional men kept bachelor quarters together. Not very long ago one of the three

called the darkey in to do some small repairing jobs about the apartment "Boss," inquired the old man, in the midst of his work, "does you white gon'l'mens live heah in total depravity of de feminine sex?"

'We do," was the answer. From the bottom of his henpecked soul the old darkey fetched up a long, deep, sincere sigh.
"Well, suh," he said, "ef I wuz ez

Saturday Evening Post.

When the candles are out all wo-

ENGLISH AND AMERICAN.

Differing Forms of Speech in Great Britain and the States.

The common objects and phenomena of nature are often differently named in English and American. Such Amer icanisms as creek and run for small streams are practically unknown in England, and the English moor is a stranger in the United States stranger in the United States. The Englishman is naturally but little fa-miliar with bayou, gulch, gully, can-yon, butte, divide and bluff. He knows the meaning of sound (Long Island Sound), but always uses channel in place of it.

In the same way the American knows the meaning of English bog, but almost always uses swamp or marsh (often elided to ma'sh). Footmarsh (often elided to mash). Foot-hill is an Americanism; so is cold snap; so also are prairie, backwoods, flats and neck (in the sense of penin-sula). The Englishman seldom if ever describes a severe sterm as a hurri-cane, a cyclone, tornado or blizzard. He does not say that the temperature is 29 degrees or that the thermometer or the mercury is at 29 degrees, but that there are three degrees of frost. He calls ice water, iced water.-Pitts

TULLE DANCE FROCK.

A charming tulle dance frock nes ranging from gold to This change of color develops from the top and deepens as it reaches the hem. The simple necked bodice is quite transparent with surplice crepe front and back. Dainty folds of the silk net are tacked here and there, then confined at the waist line by a crushed girdle of brown satin nocturne. The skirt, a fascin ating series of pannier drapes, causes the satin bound edge to dip here and there.

"OLIVER TWIST."

Dickens Got His Principal Characters From Cruickshank.

The true story of the origin of "Oliver Twist" is not generally known. It is this:

After the amazing success of the Pickwick Papers" Dickens was thinking of following it up by a story of London life, with which he was more familiar than with English country life. Just about that time he happened to visit the studio of Cruikshank and was shown drawings the latter had made George illustrating the career of a London thief. There was a sketch of Fagin's den, with the Artful Dodger and Master Charley Eates, pictures of Bill Sikes and his dog and Nancy Sikes and lastly, Fagin in the condemned cell.

struck power of these character sketches. and the result was that he changed the whole plot of "Oliver Twist." Instead of taking him through spirit less adventures in the country he in troduced him into the thieves' den in London, showed up their life of sin, but brought his hero through pure

Thus it will se ceen that George Cruikshank, not Charles Diskews, was he originator of the leading charac ters that appear in "Oliver Twist. London Saturday Review.

Simplicity of Modern Home.

In place of the restless, overfurnish. er, overdecorated rooms that were in vogue a few decades ago, our homes Then, are growing more gracious with the beauty of simplicity. Elimination blowing like a retreshing breeze through open doors and windows, sweeping away that which was needless or ugly, leaving the useful. comfortable and the beautiful behind.

That this is the general trend to-day and that permanence, simplicity and individuality are becoming more and more widely the American home-maker's idea we know not only from observation, but from practical perience. We have found that those who come to us for advice about their home problems are seeking not for the novel or the unusual or the fashionable, but for the thing that is appro priate for their special needs, that expresses their personal taste in de sign and color, that will bring comfort as well as beauty into the home and, above all, that will last. The have had enough of temporary furnishings, of objects that were made to endure only as long as the fad or fashion that deceived them. And to day they are seeking wall and floor-coverings, finishes, furniture and fittings that, once installed, will become ! satisfying and permanent elements of the home.-Craftsman.

Their long acquaintance had ripen-Their long acquaintance nad ripen-ed into love and he had proposed. "Dearie," he asked, confidentially, "when did you first learn that you loved me?" • "When I found that I very angry when anybody referred to you as a brainless boob, she answered.—New York Herald.

Vital Healing Power Fills the System **And Health Returns**

A crowing curative triumph in medi-cine is now given to the world, and all who have been sufferers from stomach allments, indigestion and headache can be cured by a purely vegetable remedy.

Calomel, salts and such like are no longer necessary. They are harsh and disagreeable. Science has devised something far superior, and you can go to-day with 25c to any druggist and buy a box of Dr. Hamilton's Pills, which are considered the very quickest and safest cure for the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys.

Half sick men and women who scarcely know what alls them, will be given a new lease of life, with Dr. Calomel, salts and such like are no

given a new lease of life, with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Depressed spirits disappear, headaches are forgotten; appe-tite increases, blood is purified and enriched, pains at the base of the spine are cured, the nerves are toned up, ambition to work is increased, and day by day the old-time health and vigor return.

A trial only is necessary to prove now beneficial Dr. Hamilton's Pills are to all who are weak, nervous, thin, depressed or in failing health.

FOR GERMAN GUNS.

(Philadelphia Record.)

The crowning, British atrocity has been uncovered. The attempt to kill 65,000,000 people, men, women and children, by starvation, semed to be the utmost limit of ferocity, but it was

not. It was mere trifling for the brutal British to suggest that at any moment when the Germans were tired of dying of starvation they might surrender and get a square meal, because they knew perfectly well that the Ger-mans never surrender. This method of averting extermination might he open to other races, but it is barred to the Germans, who would have to perish to the latest woman and the most recent infant if Great Britain could make her attempted blockade com-

Yet there is food raised in Germany. According to official German authorities there is enough for the comfortable subsistence of the entire popula-tion, so that while the British are en gaged in a horrible and unprecedented measure of exterminating the German nation, they are doomed to failure be-cause Germany produces all the food it needs. This is evidently under-stood by the British, who have now advanced from an attack on a nation's food supplies to an attack upon its instruments of mastication. England instruments of mastication. England is keeping teeth out or Germany. With out teeth the Germans cannot eat that superabundance of food which is produced at home, and are doomed to starve to death in the midst of plenty

Manufacturers in Ohio packed a case of false teeth and shipped it ostensibly to a Swedish port. Evidently there to a Swedish port. Evidently there was a British spy in the tooth factory, who told the British Consul in New York about it, and ee refused to vise the manifests of the steamer unless several hundreds tons of cargo were removed and this case of Ohio false teeth exhumed and examined as to its good faith in pretending that it was going to stay in Sweden. The vise of the British Consul is extremely con venient to a steamer intending to pass anywhere near Great Britain on its

way to German or Scandinavian ports. At an expense of \$3,000 for demurrage and labor in shifting the cargo the box of false teeth was dug up, and the lid marked for Sweden was re-moved, and there was disclosed a German address. The box can't go because the steamer carrying it would be picked up by a British war vessel and and gently but firmly guided into a British port. England will not allow

Here is the hard fate forced upon Germany by her relentless enemy. Fif-teen million dollars' worth of Ameri-can pig has been confiscated by Great Britain in order to destroy the Germans by the slow and awful process of starvation, and the Germans cannot eat the domestic pork products because England will not permit teeth to reach Thus a new horror Germany. been added to war

MY DRUMMER BOY.

My Ned has gone, he's gone away, he's gone away for good;
He's cailed, he's killed.
Him and his drum lies in the rain, lies in the rain where they was stood,
Where they was stilled,
He was my soldiers boy, my Ned,
Between these breasts he'd lay his head.
But now he's killed.

My soldier's gone. His head lies now between two naked stones,
His drum is broke.
There's none to mourn him in the rain,
only the rooks which watch his bones;
Which watch and croak.
His great red hand is wasted bare,
That tapped his drum, that touched my
hair.

hair. Hark! Not a stroke.

But what is this beside my heart, beside my heart that sounds?

Tap, tap, tap, tap!
Oh, what is this that beats within, like drummers beating bounds,

Ran upon rap?

Hap upon rap?

What wonder have I felt and heard?
Is it the wing-beats of a bird?

Tap, tap, tap, tap!

My boy is gone, yet near my heart another boy lies now.

Though the be dumb,

He thumps my heart like soldiers thump,
he thumps a tow-row-row,
To say he's come.

A drummer boy, all gaily dres't,
Will yet again be at my breast.

Hark: There's his drum!

She Was Frank.

The moving picture director was having trouble in getting one of the scenes The girl was supposed to resist right. The girl was supposed to resist an attempt to kiss her, but the re-hearsal was far from satisfactory. "Think, now," said the director, coaching her, "haven't you ever tried to stop a young man from kissing.

"No," was the girl's frank reply .-

London Answers. "Hey,. Moike, and phawt do ye t'ink

of these new sanitary drinkin' cups?"
"Sure, Pat, and soon we'll have to spit
on our hands wid an eye dropper!"— The Gegoyle.