

## "TWIXT LOVE AND PRIDE"

"Poor old fellow!" she said, softly, whereupon Eddie Trevanion, in spite of his twenty years, fairly broke down, and buried his face on his arms, and burst out crying.

This was too much, even for "the queen's" stoicism; she repented her righteous anger immediately, and, putting her arm round his neck, proceeded to press her lips lovingly to the only portion of his ear at all visible, while Mildred, with tears in her soft blue eyes, told him to cheer up and have courage, and "may be they'd manage it somehow, you know," with a good deal more to the same purpose.

As the girls hung round him in this fashion, and petted the shinning Eddie, until a looker-on would have deemed him a suffering angel at least, Denzil Younge sauntered up stairs in his mud-stained scarlet coat. Entering the picture-gallery on his way toward his dressing-room and not seeing very clearly, in consequence of the fast-approaching darkness, he came upon the tableau at the end of the apartment almost before he had time to collect his senses.

The three figures looked gray and ghost-like to his bewildered eyes, but one thing was distinctly evident, and that was Eddie Trevanion's unmistakable distress.

"I beg your pardon," Denzil said, hastily. "I'm awfully sorry, Miss Trevanion, to have intruded in this rough manner, but unfortunately I did not perceive you until I was quite close. However, as I have committed my blunder, can I—may I—try to be of assistance?"

Mabel looked up eagerly. Here was a golden opportunity! Here was a rich young man with nothing on earth to do with his money, and unquestionably good-natured!

"Could he be of some assistance?" Of course he could—the greatest—if Mildred would only look up and answer him. Mildred did look up and answer him—answered him very distinctly, indeed, though scarcely in the spirit that Mabel had hoped for, having interpreted "the queen's" glance and interpreted it correctly.

"You are very kind," she said, steadily—"very kind indeed, but this is a matter in which I fear, you can be of no help to us."

"Let me try," he implored, eagerly. "Impossible," she returned, coolly: "you do not understand; it is a case in which no stranger can take part. Thanks very much all the same."

When Miss Trevanion said that, of course there was nothing left for the young man to do but to bow and go on his way, which he accordingly did, with a courtesy and respect in his breast, engendered by that one word "stranger."

"What a stress she had laid on it! How obviously it had sounded as applied by her to him. How coldly distinct had been her voice when speaking it! Well, it wasn't her fault, he supposed, that she was gifted with neither heart, nor gracious manner, nor anything else tender or womanly—only with a glorious face and figure, which, of course, did no good to any one and only made one—Where the deuce had Connor put his brushes? That fellow was growing more confounded careless every day; and how abominably that brute of a horse he had given one hundred and fifty pounds for last week, had taken that last water-jump this morning, just when the entire field was looking on, too! On the whole, it hadn't been so very pleasant a day as he had fancied in the first heat of the moment, when it was all over, and he was discussing it during the homeward ride with old Appleby. Hanged old nuisance that old Appleby was, by the bye!" And so on and indefinitely sped Denzil's reflections, while the cause of them all still stood in the gallery where he had left her, with her kind little white hand on Eddie's shoulder.

"Hadden't you better go and get yourself ready for dinner, dear?" Mildred suggested, tenderly.

And then came told her that it was of little use for him to go and clothe himself in broadcloth and fine linen when he knew that the first bite he ate would infallibly choke him.

This seemed dreadful to Miss Trevanion. He must be very far gone indeed in misery when he could refuse to accept the goods the gods dole out, and she was just beginning to argue with him on the subject of that presupposed strangulation, when Mabel broke in suddenly.

"Mildred," she said, "I have an idea." And Mildred appearing sufficiently struck with the novelty of this announcement, Mabel went on: "I have a plan, so say nothing further either of you about this matter to any one until to-morrow evening, and leave everything in the meantime to me."

"But won't you tell us your plan, whatever it is?" Miss Trevanion asked anxiously, rather taken aback by this unexpected prospect of rescue from their slough of despond. "I think it will be wiser of you to let us hear it," upon which "the queen" said:

"No, I won't," very emphatically indeed, and marched out of the room with colors flying.

At eleven o'clock the next morning Mabel Trevanion said to Wilmot, the footman—

"Tell Jenkins to bring my horse around."

And Wilmot, the footman, having scrupulously and on the instant delivered that measure to Jenkins, the groom, it so happened that ten minutes later "the queen" of King's Abbott was riding away on the high-road to Blount Grange, with her sister's little nondescript, black-coated dog at her heels.

When at length she had reached the

wished-for massive iron gates, and had traveled all down the long line of stately elms that in the summer-time proved the glory and comfort of the Grange avenue, and had evoked a servant in answer to her impatient summons, she asked, eagerly:

"Is Mr. Blount at home?"

"Yes—the master was at home just then, the man told her; whereupon Mabel jumped from her horse, desired a groom, summoned by the butler, to take her horse round to the stables, and gathering up her skirts, entered the spacious hall, her little bright-eyed follower still close behind her.

She went up one flight of low broad stairs and paused.

"In the drawing-room?" she asked, and nodded her head in the direction of that apartment.

"No, 'm, not there; in the library, I think. But, if you will be so kind as to sit down for a few moments in the drawing-room, I will inform the master of your arrival," said Dick Blount's most gentlemanly butler, with a majestic wave of the hand, after which he proceeded solemnly to open the door for her.

On the mat, precisely outside that very identical door, lay a large dog—a large and hungry-eyed dog—that fixed his glistening orbs on Boski's smooth sleek sides, and moved his lantern-jaws with greedy anticipation, and uttered a savage growl.

Mabel stooped hurriedly and caught the tiny black creature in her arms.

"Dear me," she said, fearfully, "what a very unpleasant animal!"

The butler administered a kick more serious than playful to the huge-boned growler, which sent him to a considerable distance, whence he snarled viciously to his heart's content, while his conqueror turned to Mabel, and reassured her gracefully.

"No fear, 'm," he said, still solemn, still the essence of good breeding—"no fear, I assure you, 'm. He's Mr. Roy's dog, and his bark is worse nor his bite."

After which piece of gratuitous information Mabel was allowed to proceed without further molestation, and presently the door was closed behind her.

She was still in a state of uncertainty as to whether it was Mr. Roy or his dog whose bark was of a character to out-herod his bite, when the butler at length had succeeded in ushering her into the "Gron-room." When, however, in a moment or so, she had recovered from her fit of abstraction, she became aware that a bright fire was burning in the large old-fashioned grate, and before the fire, with a foot on either side of the topmost bar, and a newspaper held before his nose, sat a man—a man with dark brown hair and a gray coat, and no whiskers to be seen—a man horribly unlike old Dick Blount, or any one else she had ever seen—and who took no notice whatever of her entrance.

The room was a long one, the carpet of the thickest, most sound-disguising texture; and so it was evident that the owner of the boots that were frying so peacefully on the bar had heard the door neither open nor shut.

### CHAPTER VIII.

"Here's a pretty go!" thought Mabel to herself—she was given to siang in moments of excitement—"here's a pretty go, to be sure! I, all alone in a bachelors' establishment, without a chaperon of any description whatsoever, and the very first thing I meet is a young man, who, of course, will ask everyone and near who I am. Oh, if papa hears of this, won't there be somebody to pay, and no mistake! I'm in for it regularly. Well, at all events, if this man turns and sees me, and asks me a single question, I feel that I can summon up courage and tell him the truth."

So, fortified in thought, she coughed slightly and dropped her whip, upon which the brown head turned lazily, and the handsome hazel eyes in that brown head saw her.

When he saw her, he said, "Good heavens!" quite loud, and, drawing his feet from the bar, stood up in double-quick time, newspaper in hand, and had the grace to blush a good deal.

"I really beg your pardon," he said; "I had no idea there was anyone in the room. Won't you come over to the fire and warm yourself? You must be quite frozen over there."

Miss Mabel bowed, summoned up a gracious air, and advanced a few steps; then, remembering her ill-used whip, she stopped suddenly, and glanced interrogatively, first at him, and then at the prostrate article in question.

Standing so, Mabel Trevanion was, of all things that could be seen, the prettiest that day. She was flushed and warm from riding, slightly confused also at the turn affairs had taken, and a little wave of hair had come undone of its own sweet will; having made its escape without permission, it hung down abashed and penitent at one side of her oval face, a rich, sweet piece of loveliness that greatly enhanced the beauty of its owner. The tiny black dog she still held closely in her arms, while one hand supported the heavy folds of her riding habit in such a manner that, unconsciously to herself, it revealed to the stranger's admiring eyes one of the smallest, dearest little feet imaginable.

He picked up her whip and placed it on the table; and just at that moment it occurred to him, oddly enough, that a certain Grace Gordon of his acquaintance was by no means as good-looking a girl as he had hitherto believed.

"Won't you come over and sit here?" he asked, again, indicating the comfortable arm-chair from which he had a minute before extricated himself.

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"It's by far the pleasantest article in the house."

"Is it?" said Mabel, and forthwith proceeded to make herself at home among the cushions. "I dare say it is, really; but then it is scarcely polite of you to say so, because—where is Mr. Blount?" added Mabel, breaking off abruptly.

"Well, he is out of the house just at present," said the young man with charming unconcern.

"Out!" exclaimed Mabel.

"Yes—gone on a tour of inspection with some old tenant, who came for him about half an hour ago—dreadful sort of person, you know, with a disfigured nose, who, Dick tells me, is always wanting him at the wrong time. Shouldn't wonder, from his general appearance, if he insisted in taking Blount to the extremest end of the plantations."

"At that rate he can't be back for hours," said Mabel, half rising, and looking disconsolately pretty; "and so perhaps I had better mount my horse again, and go and find him out myself."

"I am afraid you couldn't possibly do that," observed her companion, with decision. "In the first place, you would never hit upon the right direction, and, in the next, if there is a thing on earth Blount is particular about, it is his young trees. He'd be awfully angry, I'm certain, if you went crashing through them with a horse. If you will allow me to offer you advice, I would suggest your sitting quietly here for a little time, and probably in twenty minutes or so he will turn up. But perhaps I can assist you—can I? Pray make any use of me you like."

"No, thank you," Mabel said, hesitating slightly, and coloring; "it is Mr. Blount himself I wish to see. I have some business with him; and then she felt that this young man was staring at her, and doubtless wondering naturally what business sufficiently interesting she could possibly have with a bachelor to bring her from her own home at half-past eleven in the morning."

Who could it be? She puzzled her brains to try to remember anybody she had ever heard of answering to the name of Roy, and failed. Of course he was one of those Blount officers come over for a day's amusement, and happily must be utterly ignorant of anything connected with Clifton. The latter place found the military element at Broughton, which was eight miles nearer than Blilton, quite sufficient for their needs, and so associated little with any of the other surrounding barracks; only Dick Blount, who was in the habit of enlarging the circles of his acquaintances, at times brought over to the Grange a strange man or two, to scatter powder among his game.

This man, "the queen" concluded, must be one of those occasional visitors, and if so, the incident might end very disagreeably indeed for her. Stories travelled with railway speed in that part of the country, and certainly lost nothing in their travelling, whatever they might gain. Although personally unacquainted with the Trevanions, he was probably in the habit of hearing the name mentioned two or three times a week in the course of conversation, and so would understand perfectly who she was once he discovered her identity with the baronet's family. Then, if he repeated this escapade of hers, as in all likelihood he would, what was to prevent the story spreading, until it finally reached Sir George's own ears?

Mabel knew well how seriously annoyed both her father and mother would be if they heard any rumors of that sort—how she would be questioned and cross-questioned, until the whole truth was elicited, and Eddie's shortcomings as well as her own brought to light. She determined at all hazards to keep her name a secret—or would it not be better to get some other cognomen altogether, and so put this young man off the right track completely? Not Stanley—her friends called that name were at her father's, and it might possibly get them into some scrape—but Manvers; they were cousins of old Dick's, and nobody would think it in the least extraordinary that they should ride over to see and question him about their affairs; besides, whether or no, this troublesome young man would not have time to prosecute any very deep researches into the truth, as she had heard last week that the present regiment stationed in Blilton sailed for India on the 14th.

So far so good—the only pity was that it had not sailed on the 1st, and then all this uneasiness might have been spared her. But now how was she to bring matters to a crisis, and leave him under the full conviction that her name was Manvers? Dick Blount would never betray her—that was one thing certain—and surely—

"Asleep?" said the voice by her side. "No—only thinking."

"About Blount? What a lucky old fellow he is! I almost think I shouldn't much mind being Blount myself, if I could get some people to think about me. What a very charming little dog! Is it your own? May I know its name?"

"Boski; and it is not my own, but my sister's. Poor little creature!"

You are not quite yourself, are you, after the fright you got awhile ago? Do you know what your great dog outside the door did his very best to eat my poor pet, and frightened it almost to death?"

"What, Sancho? I'm sure I'm awful sorry. I won't keep that brute any longer, I think; he wants to devour everything he sees—myself included, at times—and isn't worth half the trouble he gives. But—with a smile—"how did you know he belonged to me? You didn't see any resemblance, I hope?"

"No, it wasn't in that way I made my discovery; but Mason, when he was driving the dog away, said he was 'Mr. Roy's'; and—and that's you, isn't it?" said Mabel, with a beautiful upward glance and smile.

"Yes, that is my name," he answered, after which he laughed, a little curious, intensely amused laugh, that puzzled "the queen" a good deal.

She smiled again, however, and the young man willfully led on by the expression of her eyes, said, softly—

"And yours?"

"The queen" was at heart essentially truthful; indeed, up to this, she had never, in the whole course of her existence, uttered a deliberate falsehood, and consequently, the sin being new to her, she blushed. She did more—she grew actually and hopelessly crimson, and hesitated unmistakably for a moment; after which, having passed her Rubicon, she said, slowly and distinctly—

"Manvers."

"Manvers," repeated the man named Roy; and when he had repeated it again, he stopped short to stare at Mable Trevanion in a manner that betrayed the most open and extravagant amazement; but she, with her eyes bent upon the lowest portion of the fire, could not see the expression of his—could only hear the somewhat questioning tone of his voice.

"Yes, Manvers," she declared, for the second time, but did not find that repetition made the lie easier.

"Of Dering?"

"Mabel answered, rather more faintly this time, and without raising her eyes."

Her companion appeared mystified beyond all conception, and seemed utterly unable to remove his gaze from the face of the girl before him. He attempted no further conversation, but stood there as though moonstruck, watching now poor Mabel's restless hands, as they lay quietly upon her lap, now her disconcerted, ever-changing features, as she sat in silence and contemplated the burning coals. Presently she roused herself with an impatient shrug, and rose to her feet.

"Am I to stay here all day?" she asked fretfully, almost angrily. "Is Mr. Blount never to return, I wonder? It seems to me that I have been idly sitting here for hours and hours and hours."

(To be continued.)

## KEEP CHILDREN WELL

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## Wanderings of Minor Planets.

The "mislaying" of the minor planets is sometimes due to their actually failing to keep their appointments at the places where, according to calculation, they ought to be. An instance is the case of No. 153, otherwise known as Hilda. Dr. Palisa discovered her in 1875 and calculated her orbit. But attempts to find her again failed, and she was almost given up as lost until Dr. Palisa found her again in 1879—a long way, however, from where she had been expected. The discrepancy was caused by the effect upon Hilda of the attraction of Jupiter, of whom she is a comparatively near neighbor. For these little planets are scattered over a wide belt. Hilda gets within 33,000,000 miles of the orbit of Jupiter, and Aethra, at times actually comes nearer to the sun than Mars ever does.—London Chronicle.

## The Things That Come Hard.

"I am happy because it is so easy for me to write," said a beginner to one of the great masters of French prose.

"Go home and pray," said the master, "that it may come hard."

It is so of writing, so of thinking, so of life. The easy thing is barely worth doing. The hard thing is worth doing, though the end be failure. A goal, to make which one fairly tugs at life and yet misses, is better than a victory softly won.

So often the man who speaks easily tells us least, while the sparing words of one wrenched from a taciturn speaker are imbedded in thought. Shakespeare said that Gratiano talked more than any other man in all Venice. But he compared his speech to a bushel of chaff in which lay hidden a single grain of wheat and that not worth the finding.

## Science Short Ones.

A California man has a watch which is kept running on the principle of a pedometer by the action of the feet falls in walking.

When interviewing first became a feature of journalism in the United States, English writers denounced it as the most dreadful form which American impertinence had yet assumed. Ladybirds are of great service to the gardener by reason of their destruction of plant lice, among which they lay their eggs, and as the larva come to life they feed on the lice.

The action of the surf is now stilled by jets of compressed air released at points below the surface from pipes leading from a compressor on the shore.

Half a loaf is better than no loaf.

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## ANTIQUES

One of the best regarded objects, in an collection of antiques, is the clock, and it would be a fairly safe argument to give the "time-keeper" credit for having started more antiquarian collections than any other of the articles of absolute necessity in every household.

"Timekeepers" mark the subdivisions of a day. The ancient Persians divided the day into twenty-four hours, with sunrise as the commencement of each day. The Athenian day began at sunset. Astronomers count the hours continuously from one to twenty-four, beginning at noon. Our day begins at midnight, and is divided into two equal periods of twelve hours each. A shadow on a wall recording, but heat and water were early requisited for same purpose.

"Water-clocks" of very remote antiquity were known to the Egyptians, Babylonians and Phoenicians, and were used throughout the ages even to as late a date as the seventeenth century.

One form of water-clock was simplicity itself, just a bowl of water placed so that the water could trickle through a spout into a receiver marked to show the time by the depth of the water received.

Southern India had a "water-clock" worked in the opposite way; a thin copper bowl shaped like the half of an egg shell, with a small hole at the extremity, was floated upon water, and could be regulated by the size of the hole and the temperature of the water, to fill and sink at a given time.

Sermons and speeches seem to have been "clocked" by the sandglass in very early times, but the degree of accuracy by this medium seems to have been determined by the manner of preparing the sand; one curious prescription for this involving the preparation of ground black marble dust, which had been boiled in wine, and after being thoroughly dried the grinding to be repeated nine times.

It is not known exactly when wheels actuated by weights came into use as clocks. As early as 606 A. D. we hear of a command for "clocks and dials to be set up in churches to distinguish the hours of the day," but possibly these were of the "sun-dial" order.

As the word "clock" signifies a kind of bell or mechanical contrivance of some kind must have superseded the "shadow" method when it was coined.

A thirteenth century contrivance described as "resembling internally a celestial globe, in which figures of the sun, moon, and other planets, formed with the greatest skill, moved being impelled by weights and wheels," is sufficient proof that the clock was in evidence at that period.

Contrivances for telling the time by the striking of a bell seem to have been in use before the "dial" made its appearance as part of a clock, but we hear of clock dials early in the fourteenth century.

Some of these forerunners of the "Wag o' the wall" and the "grandfather's clocks," gave opportunities to artists and craftsmen to exercise their skill and ingenuity, but the "antiques" just named very materially widened this road to greater advantages for all.

## LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

In one of the Southern States the negroes are great patrons of a matrimonial agency. One negro, anxious to find a wife for his son, went to this agent, who handed him his list of "ad" clients. Running through this the man came upon his own wife's name, entered as desirous of obtaining a husband between the ages of twenty-eight and thirty-five.

Forgetting about his son, the darky hurried home to announce his discovery to his wife. She was not at all disturbed.

"Yes," she said, "I done give him my name. I puts it down when you was so sick in de winter and de doctor says we must prepare for de worst."

## Tibetan Penal Code.

The Tibetan penalty code is curious. Murder is punished with a fine varying according to the importance of the slain; theft by a fine of seven to one hundred times the value of the article stolen. Here, again the fine depends on the social importance of the person from whom the theft has been committed. The harboring of a thief is looked upon as a worse criminal than the thief himself. Ordeals by fire and by boiling water are still used as proofs of innocence or guilt, exactly as was the custom in Europe in the middle ages. And if the lamas never inflict death, they are adepts at torture.

## GHOSTS OF THE LIVING.

### A Case That Throws Light On the Problem of Apparitions.

It is not at all necessary to resort to the supernatural as the only sufficient explanation of apparitions. In truth, there is one insurmountable obstacle to regarding them as supernatural manifestations, and that is the simple circumstance that the ghosts wear clothes. It is quite conceivable that there really may be ghosts of persons, but nobody who gave the matter a second thought would contend for a moment that there can be ghosts of clothes. Nevertheless apparitions are always clothed and sometimes in garments of such modern cut that they were unknown at the time the person seen as a phantom lived on earth.

Aside from this, there is the interesting and by no means unimportant circumstance that houses are sometimes haunted by apparitions not of the dead, but of the living. I know of one case in which a gentleman entering a drawing room at 4 in the afternoon saw seated on the sofa a young lady with reddish gold hair, who appeared to be reading a book. There were two other persons in the room, one seated beside her on the sofa, and the visitor was surprised to find that they did not offer to introduce him to the young lady—did not, in fact, seem to see her. Later a guest at a week end party saw the same apparition in the same house, and it was seen a third time by one of the servants.

No light was thrown on the strange affair until, a year afterward, the wife of the son of the family arrived from Australia to pay a first visit to her husband's relatives and was immediately identified by the servant as the figure she had seen. The two visitors who also had seen the apparition subsequently made the same identification.

Since it is incredible to suppose that a person can be in two places at the same time—so that a lady can be both in Australia and in a house thousands of miles from Australia—it is a legitimate inference that phantasms, whether of the living or of the dead, are devoid of objective reality, are, that is to say, always and only hallucinations.—Metropolitan Magazine.

## SPEED OF PROJECTILES.

### How the Velocity of Cannon Balls and Bullets is Measured.

How fast does a bullet travel? The highest velocity ever given to a cannon ball is 1,626 feet per second. This is equal to a mile in little more than three seconds, or nearly twenty miles a minute.

A rifle bullet does not travel so fast as a cannon ball, the average rate being 1,275 feet per second. This matter of speed is tested in a very interesting way.

A long wooden shed is used, in which a distance of exactly 100 feet has been carefully marked off. At each end of this space is a stand something like a target with a large circular opening where the bull's-eye should be. Across each opening is stretched a small electric wire, connected with a delicate instrument in another room.

The rifle from which the firing is done is so aimed that the bullet which flies from it cuts both wires. Obviously the difference in time between the cutting of the two wires marks the speed of the bullet through that 100 feet.

When the first wire is cut an electric current is broken and a rod falls, moving a pointer on a slide in its descent. The breaking of the second wire acts in the same manner on another set of rods, slides and pointers.

The difference in the marks made by the pointers on the "slides" makes it possible to estimate the difference in their time of falling, and from these calculations accurate figures as to speed are obtained.—London Answers.

## Science Short Ones.

Japan has fifty-eight coal mines.

Sweden has 5,600 co-operative societies.

In Denmark there are 10,000 women unionists.

The billboard is prohibited in Manila by legal enactment.

The olive crop of California is worth \$2,000,000 annually.

The iron ore deposits of Sweden are estimated at 1,300,000,000 tons.

All steel trolley cars are now running between New York and Boston.

Nearly 300,000 persons are employed on the electric roads of the United States.

Sixty thousand tons of iron ore were taken from the soil of Ireland last year.

It is claimed that there are more varieties of flowering plants in New South Wales than in all Europe.

Bicycling in India is interfered with by the hordes of mosquitoes, which not only attack the rider, but pierce the tires of the machine.

The largest forest in the world is that in the Labrador-Hudson Bay district, which covers an area about 1,000 by 1,700 miles.

To get rid of a tree stump in Germany they bore a hole in the stump and pour into it equal parts of nitric and sulphuric acids. After a few weeks the largest stumps of hardwood are eaten by the acid and easily crumbled with a pick.

## A PROJECTING PERSONALITY.

"Cap, we'll have to let this recruit go."

"Why?"

"He weighs 350 pounds, mostly bay window. If we put him in the front rank it kills the alignment. And if we stick him in the rear rank he's the front rank too."—Kansas City Journal.