

AN OLD SONG RESUNG

I SAW a ship sailing, sailing, sailing. With ensigns and ribbons and apples in her hold. And a bower in a blue coat hawling at the railing.

WHY THE AVERAGE GOLFER IS NOT A GOOD PUTTER

PRACTICALLY every individual who takes up the game of golf looks forward to being classed as one of the top-notchers at some future date.

One golfer has been heard to remark that he can't understand why putting is given a place at all, since it is not golf. He evidently had the idea that one could come to the green, aim straight according to the line that seems to be indicated, etc.

PLEASURES OF PUTTING It is true that there are plenty of golfers who have never had the fact borne in upon them that in putting there is more science than in any other part of the game.

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A Quick Relief for Headache

A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food; the gases and acids resulting therefrom are absorbed by the blood which in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms called headaches, neuralgia, rheumatism, etc.

THE RIVERMAN

BY STEWART EDWARD WHITE Copyright, 1908, by the McClure Company

Chapter 16

ORDE'S bank account, in spite of his laughing assertion to Mrs. Bishop, contained some \$1,100.

Now the task for the ambitious golfer is to educate himself in the various departments and problems of putting, and so increase his skill, as to approach as nearly as possible to this ideal state, and one must certainly regard it as being possible to approach very near to it.

He retired early and arose early, as had become his habit. At the office the clerk handed him a note.

My dear Mr. Orde—I was so glad to miss you that evening because of a stupid play. Come around as early as you can tomorrow morning. I shall expect you. Sincerely yours, CARROLL BISHOP.

Orde glanced at the clock, which pointed to 7. He breakfasted and started leisurely in the direction of West Ninth street. He carried a letter for Mrs. Bishop. The contents seemed to vex her.

Then, breaking the stillness with almost startling abruptness, he heard a clear, high voice saying something at the top of the stairs outside. A rhythmic swish of skirts, punctuated by the light pat-pat of a girl tripping downstairs, brought him to his feet.

Orde sprang to his feet. "Haven't you had your breakfast?" "Didn't you gather the fact that I'm just up?" she mocked him. "I assure you it's a fact. The family has just come down."

Chapter 17

IT became difficult for Orde to unlearn the home life of the Bishop. Everybody seemed a victim to the caprice of the mother, who became hysterical at the slightest provocation and was fond of constructing imaginary life in order to gain added attention.

The day after his walk with Gerald Bishop, Orde and Carroll had arranged for a walk. But Mrs. Bishop met them at the door and demanded that her daughter stay at home to attend to several trifling matters.

"You will have some breakfast with us?" she inquired. "No? A cup of coffee at least?"

"A good cup of coffee is never amiss to an old campaigner," he said to Orde. "It's as good as a full meal in a pinch."

Orde, overwhelmed by embarrassment, turned away. Mrs. Bishop had paid the incident the slightest attention. Only on the lips of Gerald Bishop he surprised a fine, detached smile.

"You're father was in the Mexican war?" said Orde. "He was a most distinguished officer."

"What command had he in the civil war? I fooled around that a little myself."

Orde gave the latter a succinct idea of the sort of operations in which he was interested.

Chapter 17

Orde was for taking his leave, but this she would not have. "You must give my family a message."

"Mrs. Bishop wishes to know, miss, said that functionary, 'If you're not coming to breakfast?'"

"Time," called Gerald for round 2. "Murphy went more richly, aiming and measuring his blows accurately."

Orde had stood like a rock, his feet planted to the floor, while Murphy had circled around him, hitting at will.

Orde was immediately joined on the street by young Mr. Bishop, most correctly appolated.

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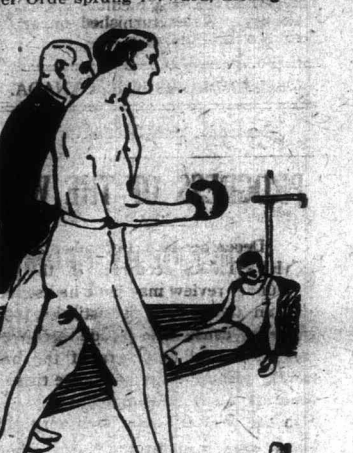
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