

Where does the passage lead—will the draw-bridge, they remember, is just bandits, or, with better luck, may they arrive at some point where an escape can be made? All confess to a great interest in the matter, and sometimes people feel more excitement than out-ward appearances indicate.

Silence no longer broods over this strange old castle of the prince—loud shouts echo through the halls and corri-dors, for the bandits have been fully aroused by the late events, and intend to tear the building down rather than permit the escape of those who have

permit the escape of those who have treated them so contemptuously. "Here are some steps," says Sam sud-denly, and they see him apparently sink from view. "Take care, Miss Aileen; they resemble a ladder more than any-thing else. It is only a descent of some seven feet, but a fall would be serious," How solicitous he is about her wel-fare, and with what tenderness does he help her down! Dudley is forced to grin when he sees his care of her, and quietly whispers, as he assists Miss Dor-

Quite a gone case. I'm afraid, and a o the fact the good fortune to save her life on Mont Blanc, I suppose Sam has the inside track. I never coold try to hold out against him, you know," To which the New England spinster

To which the New England spinster ventures not a word in reply; at an-other time she would have protested that nothing short of a duke would be a fitting mate for the beautiful Call-fornia girl, whose millions run up to nearly half a score; but Miss Dorothy is not herself—the recent bitter exper-ience to which che here here unbitted. ience to which she has been subjected has had a serious effect upon her; and she hardly feels the same respect for foreigners who own titles. Slowly the cure is being radically effected, and ere long she must realize that a good, honest American centleman, even if he is a plain Mr. instead of His Royal High-ness, is the best after all.

"A door, by Jove!" announces Sam. He has discovered it in rather ; He has rough way, for, turning at the moment to make a remark to Aileen, and con-tinuing his forward movement at the time, he finds himself suddenly same give way—the aforesaid door. He trasps the knob and tries it—fastened, of course. Then he shakes it vigorously.

as though he would protest against such a barrier. "Let me get at it," remarks the great

Canadian door destroyer; "kindly give me room, please." One glance has satisfied Dudley that

McLane angry. McLane angry. He has reason to be proud of his work, for when in answer to his sum-mons, in the shape of a sudden terrific kick, the door gives way, it is with a crash. Nothing bars the path. The door has shot back on its hinges, and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall leaving to hurt themselves more the forward and crashed against the wall be aver the forward the forwar seen. the opening clear. Sam again steps forward, the opening clear. Sam again steps forward, the opening clear. Sam again steps forward, the opening clear.

who are armed and desperate, and mean to continue the battle, which, up to this time, has gone so hardly against

them. Sam Buxton has seen something of can look back on many scenes that kindle his blood, but he does not remember a single instance where he seemed to have so much at stake as now, since Aileen Winchester look to him for protection.

He has not known her a great while, but for all that her interests have bevery dear to him ,and he stands, ready to strain every nerve in order to win success.

It is a plain case. Here are the fugitives, yonder the gate that leads to freedom, and be tween them swarm the ragged bandits be. To gain the exit they must of necessity come in contact with the rascally band. When Baron Sam sees a plain duty before him he never beats about the bush. He believes in the stern, soldier-like principles that sent the immortal Light Brigade into the jaws of death at the battle of Balaklava:

"Theiris not to reason why,

Theirs but to do and die." "Dud," he says, in a strained voice, "we must teach them another lesson." "Yes," returns the Canadian, gloomily yet firmly, for he likes not this butch-ier business, being a peaceable man un-

der ordinary circumstances. Then suppose we start in before they have entirely recovered from the

other shock." "Give the word and I'll make 'em

lieve a Canadian wolverine has broken oose "Now then!"

They might open fire from the en-trance to the secret passage, but this is not Sam's way of doing things. He knows not sam's way of doing things, he knows a demonstration must be made that will effectually alarm their foes, giving the fugitives a chance to open the heavy gate, lower the draw-bridge and escape. So the two of them rush into the court-yard side by side, and with trem-endous shouts open on the banditti.

The Italians, of course, being taken by surprise, experience a sort of de-moralization. They scatter, and this adds to the confusio, while the terrible reports of those American revolvers sing

out upon the night air. Could the Italians mass their forces One glance has satisfied Dudley that the door opens in the other direction, and he knows he can start if flying with a single vigorous kick. They watch him with interest, and Sara makes sundry remarks in criticism of his style, all of which the other takes good-naturedly, for it is well nigh impossible to make McLane angry.

THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 17, 1913.

Now the heavy gate looms up lefore them—through its openings, they can see the deep moat, over which hangs the drawbridge. If ever men had difficulties to wrestle with, these two certainly find them now, but energy will do much toward reduc-ing the mountain of trials that often

ing the mountain of trials that ofte

ing the mountain of trials that often stares one in the face. Baron Sam shouts something to his comrade which the latter does not quite eatch, but he can easily guess its mean-ing. He is to pay his respects to the gate, while the other searches for eome means of lowering the drawbridge— surely ropes or chains must be found somewhere that will accomplish this. Dudley makes one survey of the field, picks up a great har of iron that fortu-nately lies near by, ond sends it against the lock of the gate. He has tossed the lock of the gate. He has tossed weights in many a match, but never with to much at stake as now, when he plays for human lives.

plays for human lives. There is a terrible crash, and the gate no longer stands as a barrier to their progress—the great bar of iron has smashed the lock to splinters. Dudley seizes held of the gate—it is a massive affair, and generally needs two men to turn it, but he sends it flying back. At the same moment a roar of tri-umph is heard from Sam, and that worthy is discovered clambering to a platform, to throttle an astounded Ital-ian on duty there, toss him below. and

ian on duty there, toss him below, and with a sharp knife sever the ropes that hold aloft the draw-bridge.

As the ropes are thus rudely severed, the drawbridge drops into place with a crash—luckily it is not splintered by the fall, else our friends would be in as bad a predicament as before, in spite of the work done, for to cross the most that surrounds the castle on the side where it faces the valley, some sort of bridge s necessary.

Dudley gives a rousing Canadian cheer that brings to mind the maples of his native forests the leap of the salmon, the rush of the great mocse, and the shout that announces the end of the chase.

"Come, Sam-come, old fellow. The way is clear. Let's be getting hence!' he cries.

They cross the trembling drawbridge, and the gloomy castle belonging to a feudal age is left behind. There is not prim Miss Dorothy has had her idea of things considerably changed of latewhat she has seen has opened be reves, and she looks upon the two comrades who stand up for the women as the noblest men in all the world. Handseme is that handsome does. She may not be able to wholly recon-ile harsaff to the thought of situation

cile heiself to the thought of Aileen taking up with so plain a man as Baron Sam, when a much finer-looking fellow

-Dudley, for instance-is near; but that young woman does not go around asking opinions about her friends, being

able to decide for herself. The Canadian is in exuberant spirits just new. After all they have passed through, to think that success has come at last! He can hardly contain himself -he feels like Manmion did after escap-ing from Castle Deuglas, when he turn-ed and shook his mailed hand at the grim walls ere putting spurs to his steed.

So this modern Marmion feels like burling his definee back at the great pile of masonry that was to have been a trap to them, but from which they have esceped by good luck and the exer-cise of these powers which heaven vouchsafed them.

"Farewell, Fra Diavole! farewell, Casthe Despair! And if forever, then for-ever-fore thee well!"

Having delivered himself of this per-oration, and sent a shot flying at a fig-ure on the walls that he believes to be the doughty count, just 50 see him sprawl, as he declares. Dudley hastens to follow his feigure while hastens sprawl, as he declares, Dudley hastens to follow his friends, who have already moved off. There will be some sort of a pursuit,

that is almost certain, but they breathe the pure air, and feel abie to defy the lawless banditti that infest this region, "I have climbed langhing at the efforts of the government to disband or annihilate them.



Thick, Fine and Red. Agony of Itch-ing and Burning Frightful. One Cake of Cuticura Soap and Box of Cuticura Ointment Cured.

Lower Onslow, N. 8.— "At first we thought my child's trouble was his teeth. The whole body was a solid rash and at the arm pits and elbows and thighs the skin came off as ... if he had been scalded. It was a very thick fine rash, red in color and intensely itchy and burning. The A itchy and burning. The skin just wiped off leaving a raw sore with little specks of yellow matter in them. The skin on every finger split down on each side and looked like a ruffle. His toes

broke out in little yellow pimples and the bottom of his feet did the same and he would ne and he would uld not walk, that there were pins sticking in his feet.

"The agony of itching and burning was something frightful. If he got a chance he would scratch the skin right off and make a sore, but to prevent that I made mittens for bin wut of orthon. Furnishing the state for him out of cotton. Every night from twelve o'clock until three in the morning he would have to be taken up out of bed and rocked, his sufferings were so bad.

With no permanent cure in sight I got the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. first night the child slept the whole night through, the first night for four months. I am thankful to say the cure was complete and I just got one cake of Cuticura Soap and one box of Cuticura Ointment." (Signed) Mrs. Samuel Higgins, May 17, 1913.

Mrs. Samuel Higgins, May 17, 1913. Cuticura Soap and Ointment sold everywhere. For liberal free sample of each, with 32-p. book, send post-card to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Dept. D, Boston, U. S. A.

sists Aileen with all the gallantry of sists Aileen with afl the gallantry of his nature. She even clings to him at times, where the descent is rough; and as for Dudley, he finds Miss Dorothy quite a load, for she gives out at criti-cal places, and has to be carried bodily over obstacles, with many a little shriek of dismay to find that of all persons, she, Dorothy Green, should be lifted by a man. However, she survives the ex-perience: and perhaps deen down in her perience, and perhaps, deep down in her withered heart, secretly enjoys it. They are making progress downward,

and must sooner or later land in the valley; but Baron Sam has discovered that this is not the same road up which they climbed when accompanied by the count and the ragged retinue of servants.

Never mind; if only a moderate de-gree of luck attends them they will reach the valley where the road runs to Turin, and by using proper judgment may arrive at that place where the train lies. In the direction of the castle a bed-

lam of sounds is heard. Perhaps Fra Diavolo is marshaling his hosts to come forward anew. Men of his character are like wolves on the trail of a young stag-their pertinacity and ferocity make up for the real cowardice of their natures

"That reminds me, Dud-more am munition, my dear boy-let us cry a halt for a minute"; and while they thus secure a breathing spell, the centemen proceed to place their weapone upon a serviceable footing, as there is no telling when the shooting irons may be called upon.

"Now I feel better. Let us once more push on. You stand it well, Miss Win-chester," says Sam, when all has been done, even Aileen's small revolver receiving it share of attention, although her chaperon raises her poor hands in horror, as she always does at sight of the California girl holding such a wea

Aileen laughts as she replies: "I have climbed too many mountains in the gold country not to have become

As a result, progress is immediately made, and order begins to arise out of chaos. Of course, the only benefit Sam Buxton expects to reap from all this lies in the fact that they will be the sooner away from this dangerous locality, and in Turin.

He forgets nothing-all the while he The forgets nothing—all the while he watches the men clearing the wreck, and offering suggestions in his peculiar way to the man in charge, he is keeping one eve upon the road that leads to the old castle at present occupied by Fra Diavolo and his nefarious hand. Any momnt Sam fully expects to see the infamous bandit of the Apennines upde an appearance at the band of his

make an appearance at the head of his men. What will follow is a matter of conjecture; but the rascals will find the American traveller and his comrade just as hard nuts to crack as on previous

Dudley McLane meanwhile has found Dudley McLane meanwhile has found the guard, and lodged the ladies once more in the compartment they deserted so willingly earlier in the night. They had scorned its comforts then, with the prospect of a night in a real live prince's castle before their eyes—now the compart-ment, with its cushions, seems very ac-centable

ceptable. McLane carries all their little traps

into it, while he makes the ladies as comfortable as their circumstances will odmit. They are both deeply indebted bound. Let are both deeply incebted to this stalwart young man, and do not hesitate to tell him so in the frank way that seems a part of Aileen's nature, and which her aunt has doubtless caught from her Thus time passes.

Now and then Sam comes to the car to inform them of the progress being made. None of them think of sleep. made. None of them think of sleep, save the spinster—she, the only one of the quartatte who has sleept in the cas-tic. Really overcome by fatigue and ex-citement, not to mention the bitter dis-appointment at seeing her idols turn to common day. Miss Dorothy lies back upon the cushions, with a rug thrown over her, and slumbers, but that her sleep is troubled an occasional mean tessleep is troubled an occasional moan tes tifies

Aileen asks to be allowed to see what is going on, when Sam makes one of his pilgrimages to the car, and he willingly placing a mantle over her us the night air is chilly. esists in shoulders, as (To be Continued.)

NOT WELL SUITED



He was trying to sell a windbroken horse, and, after trottng him around for inspection stroked the horse's back and remarked to the prospective buyer:

"Hasn't he a lovely coat?" But the other noticed that the horse was panting, and answered: "Ah, I like his coat all right; but don't like his pants.'

STORM SIGNALS. Nature Has Some That Are the

Best.

More eyes than usual are turning to the barnieter on chese mornings. The gar-dener cries out for rain, the devotee cf spohrt or society for just one more fine

In his discussion of the general situa-tion, Mr. Meredith described the year day, and so on; but there are barometers other than the one with the glas- eres 1913 as a memorable one. "In Great Bri-tain the demands for money have been unusually heavy, with the result that the rates were higher than in other years. He pointed out that there were many factors effecting the monetary situation, the most notable being the Bal-kan War, the world-wide trade activity, the rise in prices of commodities, and the serious political disturbances in France and Germany. Further, the de-mand for gold on the part of several countries, such as Egypt and India, add-ed to the acuteness of the monetary sit-uation. Coupled with this was a conuation. Coupled with this was a con-siderable degree of social unrest in Great Britain. Another distu the Mexican situation. Another disturbing factor was In his review of the trade of Canada, Mr. Meredith was most optimistic, point-ing out that the export trade is now tationary, indicating thereby that Canada is paying her bills by the exporta-ion of produce. The aggregate foreign trade of Canada for the seven months ending October. was \$636,000,000, as against \$560,000,000 for the same period year ago, while in the same period the Skees of imports over exports have been sut down from \$190,000,000 to \$145,000, 000. Mr. Meredith cetimated the value of the field crops this year, at present prices, at \$509,000,000. He then took up each province by itself, showing the conditions prevailing in each, and summar-izing the trade outlook, closing with the izing the trade outlook, closing following optimistic summary: "Business as a whole continued good. Our vast resources have been scarcely scratched, immigration is large, railway construction active, new territory and new sources of wealth are being steadily opened up and the confidence of British opened up and the confidence of brind and foreign capitalists in our country A temporary halt can only refresh Canada for yet greater achievements.

BANK OF MONTREAL

Ninety-Sixth Year the Best in Its History

The minety sixth annual report of the Bank of Montreal is the best ever issued by Canada's oldest and best known The net profits for the year bank. mount to \$2,648,000, as compared with \$2,518,000 for the previous year, being at the rate of 16.56 per cent., compared with 16.21 per cent for 1912. An examination of the report shows the bank to be in a particularly healthy condition. The capital stock of the bank is now \$16,000,000, while the Rest Account is also \$16,000,000. During the year dividend disbursements amounted to \$1,-920,000, being made up of four quarterly dividends, at the rate of 21/2 per cent. end two benuses of 1 per cent. Altogether the Bank has \$3,451,000 available for distribution, which is made up of net profits for the year of \$2,648,000, and a balance carried forward from the previous to \$802,000. Dividend disburse-ments thereby the upper of the previous to \$ ments absorbed \$1,920,000 and bank premises account \$455,000 ,leaving a bal-ance of profit and loss cerried forward of \$1,046,000.

During the year eleven branches were

opened and three closed, making a net gain for the year of eight branches. A further examination of the report shows that steady and consistent pro-grees was made throughout the year. grees was made throughout the year. The Note Circulation of the bank is now The Note Circulation of the bank is now slightly over \$17,000,000, showing a net gain of almost \$1,000,000 over the re-turn of the previous year. The Depos-its shew a gain during the year of \$2,-500,000, which must be considered sat-isfactory in view of of the many calls for capital during the past few months. The bank shows a healthy increase in gold and silver coin, but on the other hand. Government notes and other quickly available assets show a slight falling off. The proportion of liquid as-sets to the liabilities to the public is al-most 50 per cent., which is slightly less than it was a year ago, but is still un-Host b0 per cent, which is slightly less than it was a year ago, but is still un-vesually high. Current Loans made throughout the year amounted to al-most \$129,060,000, or \$10,000,000 more than those made in the previous year. Considering the many demands made Considering the many emands made upon banks during the past few months by manufacturers, business men and brokers, the conservative attitude of the Bank of Mentreal in holding euerant leans to within \$15,000,000 of the previ-ous year's record must be regarded an satisfactory. The total Assets of the bank now stand at almost \$245,000,000, as compared with \$237,000,000 for the previous year. Altogether the showing made by the Bank of Montreal reflacts the highest praise on the president gen-eral metger, and officials connected with it. The past year has been some-what trying one to banks, and the fast that the financial storm has been wen-thered so successfully and with so little

thered so successfully and with so little inconvenience to the public indicates careful and conservative banking prac-tices tices The address of the President was a

The address of the President was a masterly summary of financial and econ-omic conditions both at home and abroad. Mr. Meredith reviewed the his-tory of the back, touched on the monetary situation abroad and throughout it maintained a note of optimism. all All maintained a note of optimism. While advocating a policy of conserva-tism and caution, he expressed the opin-ion that the commercial condition of Cananda was fundamentally sound.

what have we What have we here, now?" and he crosses the portal, almost immediately crying: "Keep back, ladies! in the name

of Heaven, keep back!-the rascals are vard with the ladies, he resolves to dison hand! would seem so, judging from the

cries that break out upon the night air. One fact is patent to all-they have reached the outside of the eastle, or above can be seen the stars, and the moon is shining around an adjacent

It stems to be a sort of court they have reached beyond lies the gate, and

tt seems to be a sort of court they have reached—beyond lies the gate, and the statian handitti. Fra Diavolo, though venomous and cruel, is not brave, and when masquerading as Colonel Marchesi venomous and cruel, is not brave, and when masquerading as Colonel Marchesi venomous and cruel, is not brave, and when masquerading as Colonel Marchesi venomous and the sas seen enough of the man from across the sea to have a decided respect for his abilities as a marksman. The object that induced this assault has now been pretty generally accomplished, for the courtyard seems to be the terkinown than Mr. Thomas Hogan, of 27 Fortification Lane, Montreal, who writes: "To limber up a stiff joint, to remove every sense of soreness from tred muscles 1 can tell you nothing compares with Nerviline. It is really a wonderful limment, and I use it counts and such securition. "We are ready, Alleen—Miss Dorothy, Follow me," he pants, and they do not hesitate to oby, as Sam Buxton eathers up an armful of traps and leads the way in the direction of the gate. McLane has seen his intentions and speedily follows suit, so that in a min-generally recommend Nerviline is a wonderfut limines."

the opening clear, Sam again steps forward, 'Well done, my hearty! I'll recom-mend you to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland to lead his constables when cjecting tenants. You beat the record. What here may are the record.

Baron Sam hears that voice, and believing the prince may even fire upon them while they are crossing the courtlodge the other. With this object in view, he suddenly rushes to the quarter whence the valorous shouts have pro-

Wives and Mothers where the valorous should have pro-ceeded, gains an angle of the building, after hearing a bullet sing past his ear, and catches a glimpse of a fleeing figure that races like mad into the castle, races with his white moekery of hair streaming in the air, for the leader of the Italian banditti. Fra Diavolo, though venomous and erned is not brave, and

CHAPTER XI.

-what can stand beside it?

be the right road, and along this he as-

Suffer With Backache

Trouble.

xhaustion.

tire me out, Baron Sam!" "And you, Miss Dorothy?" politely All of them bless the bright moon. Only for this, new difficulties must face them; but now they can see where to go. When they eventually reach the valley, will there be any means of that for Turing and the set of the se though with a sly nudge at Dudley's ribs "I am dying by inches, but I trust you go. When they eventually reach the valley, will there be any means of starting for Turin, only a score of miles away—perhaps another motor has been sent to the scene of the wreck? True, they do things very slowly in this land

will not deem it best to desert me," she replies, in a sort of hysterical way. "The prince would see that you were taken care of—if he thought there was a ransom back of it," remarked Dudley,

of sunshine, oranges and laziness, but surely the railroad officials would not let a whole night pass without making "Wicked man, you reproach me. But I am of a confiding nature—I prefer to believe good of everyone," she simpers. They waste no time while exchanging these few sentences, but continue on down the hillside, overcoming what ob-stacks there are in the way, and finally some sort of effort to rescue the pas-sengers who have come to such grief in the valley of the River Po.

So they push on hoping for the best, yet ready to meet the worst, if need be. That is a spirit to comquer difficulties stacles there are in the way, and finally arriving at the base of the elevation. Here they run across the railroad, while just beyond shines the river of which much has been written in Roman Sam has found what he believes to

history-the Po, which, with its sources among the snow-covered Alps, crosses Northern Italy, and empties into the beautiful Adriatic not a great distance below Venice. To turn and head in the direction of

the wreck is an easy matter—the sounds that come from this quarter are enough in themselves to guide them, for Italians Unfortunately They Fail to Recognize the Dangerous Cause of the

their own good judgment to assist them. As they draw nearer they discover that another motor has arrived, bearing a force of men. This is evidently the wrecking train, though few appliances

Constantly on their feet, attending to the wants of a large and exacting fam-ly, women often break down with rervfor business, beyond a few ropes and levers, are seen. It seems like a bee hive-men are

ous exhaustion. In the stores, factories and on a farm are weak, ailing women, dragged down with torturing backache and bearing down pains. Such suffering isn't natural, but it's dangerous, because due to diseased kid-neys.

neys. The dizziness, insomnia, deranged menses and other symptoms of Kidney complaint can't cure themselves, they re-the is able to grasp a dilemma, and

accustomed to the exercise. You can't

day, and so on; but there are barometers other than the one with the glass_des. Frequent allusions have been made to the warnings given by nature. places the scene of great excitement, the dust, scene as a writer in the Hamourg Mahrichten in making a summary of the ducks are just as lively, diving frequently. Peacocks give vent to their hare, metallic cry, expressive of a scul-in gnuish. Pigeons lose their conscious-ness of the time of day and seem to be in dubt whether they ought not at once seek shelter of the dovecte. "Swallows give us their aerial circling and press down towards the earth in pur-suit of insects, which also have dropped into lower strata. "Other animals seems to know that the time of cheerful, sumy, warmth is detarting. In a corner of the yard the cat scratches hereful being the rur with a paw, as if she wanted to remove some invisible spot. In barn and corn lotis rats and mice emerge from their dark criners.

merge ""Files are all agog. Their quiet re-ectiveness gives blace to a restiess and reedy buzzing around everything and rery one. Ecces either stop at home, in a hourry. They cease to be pacified at go out of ther way to sting 2n unsus-ecting wayfarer if they see a storm com-g.

etting wayfarer if they see a storm of "Sidders stop in the middle of the feveris's ceaving of their web and hang dully ind tiredly by their threads. So, too, with the humble dealgens of the soil. Verms wiggle up and stretch themselves, while toads come out of their holes in troops. In the pond the chorus of frog codes sound louder than ever as they in-work the clouds to pour down the long desired rain. "Even under the water the coming change makes itself feit. Fish-rise, Tv enty-four hours before the change in the weather the roach comes out of its middly bed and swims about continually, making what looks like terrified gesp-ings for breath, which gives its name of "weather fish." The froxs, those true haremeter, leaves are water and show themselves. "Even plants reflect coming chang-s of weather. Fennel stands up stiffly straight if colder weather is looming on the horizon. The wood sorrel lifts its leaves before a storm, while those again opens its leaves before rain. "So many and so carled are nature's signs."-Chicago Inter Ocean: the services of such here in Hamilton. THE CARELESS PUBLIC. "Spiders stop in the middle of the feverist seaving of their web and hang dully

A Spotted Character.

"Do you know what happens when a little boy tells a story?" asked mother,

No, ma'am," replined Bennie, dubious-

"Well," said mother, "every time little boy tells a falsehood a black mark

goes on his soul." Econie though hard for a moment, then, with brightening countenance, he exclaim-ed: "Mamma, I'll bet Jimmie Jackson's soul is just speckled-"-Youngstown Tele-gram.

Wigg-I don't think Bjones will ever make much of a golf player. Wagg-No, I've even heard he sometimes neglects his game to attend to business.

