eard.
Jordan eyed him repellantly.
"It is good until it is penetrated," he

said, curtly.
"That's so," assented Lavarick, cheer "That's so," assented Lavarick, cheerfully. "I thought it best to come to the front door this time. Some one might have heard us talking in the room there"—he jerked his finger over his shoulder—"and, thiuking it was burglars, raise a row. And now what's it to be, Sir Jordan? You've had time to think it over and like a sensible man think it over, and, like a sensible man, you've made up your mind to come to

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his

Jordan leaned back in his chair, his eyes downcast.

"I have decided on my course of action in the matter," he said, slowly. "I will give you the money you ask——"

Lavarick snapped his fingers triumphantly and chuckled.

"Thought you would," he said, nodding. "You're a sensible man, Sir Jordan. Another man might have played bluff a little longer——"

dan. Another man might have played bluff a little longer—"
"On one condition," said Jordan, haughtily. "And that is that you place the will in my hands and a declaration that you saw my—Sir Greville, burn it on the night of his death."

Lavarick stared and frowned. "What's the meaning of that, now?" asked. "What's your drift, eh?"
Jordan looked up at him with an evil

smile.

"For a cunning scoundrel, Banks, you with a are singularly obtuse, he said, with a sneer. "You forget, too, a little incisneer . "You forget, too, a little inci-dent in your past career. I refer to your conviction for forgery—" Lavarick, still eyeing him suspiciously,

swore impatiently.
"What's that to do with it?" "Merely this," retorted Jordan, almost weetly, "that I think it highly probsweetly, "that I think it highly probable that in exchange for my money you would give me a forged copy of the will and retain a genuine one for another

A gleam of real admiration lit up Lavarick's face. arick's face.
"'Pon my soul, you're cute," he exclaimed, under his breath. "That's what you'd have done, isn't it?"

Jordan smiled and cast down his eyes.

"And I never thought of it!" mut-tered Lavarick, with honest shame and remorse. "I never thought of it, so help me! Sir Jordan, you're a clever man and I admire you! And to prove it I

say—done with you.'

And he held out his claw-like hand. Jordan looked at it as if he would rather handle a snake than touch it. "Good," he said. "That is my one contion. Give me that, and I am con-

coin I'm off. I did want to stay in the old country a little longer—"

He stopped and his face darkened with an evil scowl.

Jordan watched him.

"Whether you stay or go is your business," he said, coldly. "I have only to arrange for the—the exchange—"
Lavarick noddle.

dan, thoughtfully.

Lavarick smiled and shook his head.

hitting upon the idea of my forging a duplicate! No, no. We're safe, both of us, in the Burrows." Jordan pondered a moment or two.

will is not in your possession?"

"Do you mean do I carry it about with me? No, I certainly do not; I'm not of laugh.

such a fool, in fact. You don't carry the
Lynne diamonds in your control of laugh.

"You the afraid you'll go back on me. You can bring Trale if you like. But you know oth of us want is to settle this little affair between ourselves quietly and comfortably.'.
"Very well." said Jordan, "I have no

he added, after a pause. and he glanced significantly at the door and laid his hand on the bell.

Lavarick took up the highly respectable hat; which formed part of his dis-guise, then, as if by a sudden impulse, stretched out his hand and motioned Sir

Jordan not to ring the bell. "Half a moment," he said, hesitatingly, and looking down at the thick Turkey carpet with a strange and curious expression on his face. "We'v2 arrangexpression on his face. "We've arran ed one little matter, Sir Jordan; butbut there's another matter I wanted to

What is it?," said Jordan, impatiently, and rising as she spoke, as if the man's company grew more intolerable

Lavarick gnawed at his lip, and evielently made an effort to speak indiffer

"It's just this," he said, and his voice was thicker and huskier even than usual; "you might remember, Sir Jordan, that I'—he paused—"that I've got a

Jordan was standing in front of his chair, and as Lavarick spoke he seemed to grow suddenly stiff and rigid; then he turned to the letters on the small table beside him, so that his back was toward Lavarick, as he replied:

"Well,"-Lavarick paused again, and seemed as if he found it difficult to pro-ceed—"she—she was my only child. She was like her mother." He glanced at

sneer, and meant to resent the sneer if it came; but Jordan looked steadily at the carpet. "Her—her mother was a good woman, a—a better wife than I deserved, and it was a good job she died before—I was very fond of my little girl, Sir Jordan. You laugh, I dare say, and you think that such as I am haven't any right to facilizer.

right to feelings."
"I was not laughing," said Jordan, quietly, and without raising his eyes. "Go on."

"Go on."
"Well," resumed Lavarick, huskily,
"my girl was all the world to me, and
—and if anything would have kept me
straight, she would; but I'm one of
those who can't go straight. I suppose
there's something in the blood that
drives a man to the devil whether he will
or won't. I'm a bad lot, I know; but I
was fond and proud of my girl and the or won't. I'm a bad lot, I know; but I was fond and proud of my girl, and the worst part of the business when I was sent off was the thought that I was leaving her all alone and without any one to look after her."

He paused and cleared his throat.

"It was the dreadful longing to see

He paused and cleared his throat.

"It was the dreadful longing to see her that drove me to breaking out of quod. I thought if I could get away and take her to some place on the other side of the herring pond, she and me could make a fresh start. Well, I got out," he continued, with > touch of pride in his tone, "and I risked everything to come down here and see her. I knew I was running into danger, just putting my down here and see her. I knew I was running into danger, just putting my head into the lion's mouth, as you'd say; but I risked it. And when I got down here I found"—he stopped and turned his head away—"I found that my Rachel

had gone.' Jordan still gazed at his boots, outwardly calm and indifferent, but his heart was beating nineteen to the dozen, and his brain was hard at work.

and his brain was hard at work.

"She was gone. That was bad enough, but there was worse behind. My girl had fallen into bad hands. Some villain had—had played her false, and she'd gone off with him."

His harsh voice trembled, and Jordan, glancing up, saw that he was shaking as if with ague.

"That's all I could hear. It nearly drove me mad. I couldn't make inquiries: I

me mad. I couldn't make inquiries; daren't stop and try and find her. I had to bolt as you know. But I swore I'd come back and find out who it was that ruined her and—well, I've come back. But I'm as far off as ever. No one of course—know anything more than that she went off with some one, and that she's not been seen in Stoneleigh since." He dashed his hand across his eyes with an oath at the emotion which he could not conceal, and looked out of the

window. "It occurred to me," he went on, after "It occurred to me," he went on, after a pause during which Jordan remained silent and watchful, "that you might have heard—something; that you might know who it was that led her astray. "Good," he said. "That is my one condition. Give me that, and I am content. You may leave the country or—"
"Wait here till you've hit upon a plan for getting me safely lagged and sent back to jail," finished Lavarick, with a grin. "No, thank you. Once I touch the coin I'm off. I did want to stay in the coin I'm off. I did want to stay in the old country a little longer—"

silent and watchiu, "that you might know who it was that led her astray. You see, you're a magistrate and the local swell, and—things generally come to the ears of a man in your place. I want to find her." He stammered hoarsely. "I Lavarick folded it and thrust it in don't care what she's done; she's my girl, my Rachel still, and I want her. But I want the man that ruined her worse!

"I found it in my brother's room when the was cleaning it out after my father's cal swell, and—things generally come to the ears of a man in your place. I want to find her." He stammered hoarsely. "I Lavarick folded it and thrust it in his pocket, his eyes fixed on Jordan's face with an awful look. "Return it? No! I'll return it to the law of the country and the man that ruined her worse!

ing it here?" asked Jorlook here—"and he struck the small table dan, thoughtfully.

Lavarick smiled and shook his head.
"No, thank you, Sir Jordan, I wouldn't trust mystlf with that precious document in my possession under your roof. You're so clever, you see. Think of your hitting upon the idea of my forging a smost inspirations do and it came as a flash as most inspirations do and it came as a flash. as most inspirations do, and its suddenness sent the blood to his pale face. "You will get into trouble, my good Banks," he said, gravely. "You had bet-

Jordan pondered a moment or two.
"Why Friday?" he said, sharply. "The ter forget your daughter and put your-sill is not in your possession?"
"Do you mean do I carry it about with Lavarick laughed, a gruesome Liid." "You think so. Well, look here; if the

Jordan turned pale, and his yes hid themselves under their thick lids. "I—I scarcely know whether I should

Jordan bit his lip softly as if still considering, then he said, slowly:

"I cannot refuse a father's appeal."
Lavarick swore impatiently.
"Curse that!" he said, hoarsely. "Out with what you know."

"Heaven knows whether I am acting "Heaven knows whether I am acting wisely in—in telling you what I know," he said, "and if I do so it in the hope that I may aid you to recover your daughter—not that you may wreak your vengeance upon her betrayer. I think I saw her but once or twice as I passed through the town. I should ifot remember her if I were to meet her again—" ber her if I were to meet her again—"
"Go on!" broke in Lavarick, impati-

ently.

"You must let me tell you in my own way," said Jordan, rebukingly. "Did you know my half brother, Neville?" he asked, as if with painful reluctance. Lavarick started.

"No," he said. "He was at college, I suppose, when I was at home here. I never saw him. What-whv---, "Wait," said Jordan, almost gently.

He went out and returned aft minute or so with a letter i nhis band.

minute or so with a letter in his hand

minute or so with a letter in his hand.
down with the gait, and, indeed, the expression, of a tiger thirsting for blood, stopped and glazed at him.
"What's that?" he asked.
Jordan held the letter firmly.
"I do not know, as I said, whether I am acting wisely in showing you this. I am not convinced that it—er—brings home the guilt of your daughter's betrayal to the person who received this letter, but I cannot withhold my sympathy from you, or refuse to help a father in the search for his lost child."
Lavarick eyed him with savage incredulity and suspicion.
"Stow all thet?" he said hereals am acting wisely in showing you this. I am not convinced that it—er—brings home the guilt of your daughter's betrayal to the person who received this letter, but I cannot withhold my sympathy from you, or refuse to help a father in the search for his lost child."

Lavarick eyed him with savage incredulity and suspicion.

"Stow all that!" he said hoarsely.

"What is it?"

"I will tell you." said Jordan grants.

"Stow all that!" he said hoarsely.
"What is it?"
"I will tell you," said Jordan, gravely.
"You taunted me that night with being
the cause of the quarrel between my
father and my half-brother Neville. It
was an ignorant and unjust accusation.
The cause of the trouble between Sir
Greville and Neville, who was his favorite son, was—your daughter."

Lavarick started back, gasping.
"What!" he said, 'almost inaudibly,
his eyes fixed on Jordan's face.

Jordan shook his head gravely.
"What I tell you is true," he said. "It
came to my futher's ears that Neville
was—well, well—being seen too frequently with your daughter Rachel, and my
father taxed Neville with his intended
perfidy, and bade him give up his defather taxed Neville with his intended perfidy, and bade him give up his designs upon a young and innocent girl. But I am ashamed to say that my half-brother Neville was as wilful and obstinate as he was victous. He persisted in his evil courses; a stormy scene ensued between my father and him, and then Neville disappeared. I fear—I greatly fear that he persuaded your unhappy daughter to accompany him."

Lavarick stood white and trembling. "Is this one of your lies?" he got out

"Is this one of your lies?" he got out at last. "Is this a dodge of yours to ome over me?"

Jordan shook his head.

"You do right to distrust me, Banks." he said, "but I am telling you the truth. Why should I concoct this story? My brother Neville is doubtless dead, and beyond the reach of your vengeance; indeed if I did not be the story? deed, if I did not think so, I should not have told you, for I bear him no ill Lavarick's trembling lips twisted into

"You hate him," he said, hoarsely. "You hate him," he said, hoarsely.
"But that's nothing to do with me. Give
me proofs. What's that in your hand?"
"The proof you ask for," said Jordan,
and then, as if reluctantly, he handed Lavarick the paper.

It was an old letter which had appar-

the commencement were destroyed, but the body and the signature remained. Lavarick seized it and examined it, then he glared up at Jordan.
"It's—it's her handwriting!" he said, hoarsely. "It's her name—Rachel's!" and he dashed his hand on the signa-

ntly been partly burned. The date

ture.
"You recognize it?" said Jordan, gravely, almost pityingly. "It's a heartrending letter; the appeal of a helpless girl to the man who has ruined and deserted "Where—where did you get it from?" demanded Lavarick, wiping his eyes as if the sight of the familiar handwriting had blinded them.
"I found it in my brother's room when

old country a little longer—"

He stopped and his face darkened with an evil scowl.

Jordan watched him.

"Whether you stay or go is your business," he said, coldly. "I have only to arrange for the—the exchange—"

Lavarick noddde.

"I've thought of that," he said. "Bring the money—I'll take it in notes. Oh, I'm not farial you'll stop them. You couldn't without causing an inquiry, you know. Bring the notes to Lynne Burrows on Friday night at ten o'clock. I'll meet you by the clump of trees."

"Why not bring it here?" asked Jordan, most good anyway, and, look here be said. "Just answer it, and I'm off. Just tell me anything you may have heard—you have heard—anything give me a clue. Why, look here—"and he struck the small table of the carpet.

"And I want her. But I want her f face with an awful look.

"Return it? No! I'll return it to him! I'll return it to him! I'll return it to him when I'm killing him! Oh, my God!" and he seized his head with both hands and held it

but with his eyes fixed on the carpet. "For your own sake," he said, "I trust you will not commit any rash deed. For your own sake..." your own sake-

Lavarick stopped him with a gesture at once defiant and savage.

"Leave that to me!" he said, brokenly; then he laughed a horrible laugh.
"If you'd only told me this, given me
this letter last night, I'd have let you
off the money." off the money."

Poor Jordan started, and a gleam of

egret crossed his face. Lavarick laughed again. "But I'll have the money and my resuch a fool, in fact. You don't carry the Lynne diamonds in your coat pocket, do you? Well, this will's worth almost as much to me as they are to you. I vegot it hid away snug and safe, and I'll produce it on Friday, as I say. I'm not afraid you'll go back on me. You can bring Trole if you like But you had been a like of you had been a suspicion afraid you'll go back on me. You can bring Trole if you like But you had been a like of you had been a suspicion that Jordan, for all his grave face, was venge, too. Curse you both; curse every-body by the name of Lynne! It's you and the likes of you that drive us to that Jordan, for all his grave face, was enjoying the sight of his misery. "I'm going," he said, breathing hard. "Friday, remember! I'll have the money. It will

"I-I scarcely know whether I should be justified in telling you,' he begen, hesitatingly.

Lavariek turned upon him eagtrly.
"You know something!" he exclaimed.
"What is it. Tell me!"

"He went to the door, but his hand shook so that he could not turn the

"Open it!" he said, roughly.

Jordan obeyed and accompanied him Lavarick swore impatiently. "Curse that!" he said, hoarsely. "Out with what you know."

Jordan rose and looked down at the fit of the footman in the hall.

Smith," he said, blandly, for the benefit of the footman in the hall.

carpet pensively.

"You say that your daughter's name was Rachel?" he said.

fit of the footman in the hall.

But Lavarick, as if he had forgotten his assumed character and part, strode down the steps and along the drive with was Rachel?" he said.
"Rachel?" assented Lavarick, huskily.
"What is it? What do you know?"

Jordan sighed.
"Heaven snows whether I am acting the pocket in which he had thrust the letter.

CHAPTER XXIV. A wise maxim maker has asserted that there can be no love between two women when both are young and pretty.
As is usual with maxim makers, he was

wrong, and Sylvia and Audrey proved him so. They were drawn toward each othe by a mutual sympathy which acted with equal force. Sylvia had gone through the furnace through which Audrey seemed now to be passing. But though Sylvia saw that something was troubling her newly made friend, she did not ask for Audrey's confidence, and Audrey did not give it. But notwithstanding this, the two girls had fallen in love with each two griss had father in love with each other with that quiet fervency which evidences somehing warmer, deeper, and more lasting than a transient fancy.

The day after their meeting in Sylvia's room Audrey drove round to Bury

street and carried Sylvia off to Grosve-

nor Square.

Lady Marlow at first received her with a mixture of kindness and reserve, but before an hour had passed, Sylvia. had made her way, unconsciously and with-out any effort on her part, into her little ladyship's heart, and the viscount, hap-

the girls sat and talked over their tea, as women who are fast and loving friends delight to talk, Audrey was resplendent in her evening dress, and Sylvia was laughingly admiring her, and holding up a hand mirror that Audrey might survey herself when the maid-servant entered.

Sylvia, thinking she had come to remove the tea service, paid her no attention; when Audrey, who was trying to put aside the mirror, suddenly uttered a cry and half rose.

put aside the mirror, suddenly uttered a cry and half rose.
Sylvia turned her head to see what was the matter, and saw a tail figure standing in the doorway.

She dropped the glass and ran forward with both hands outstretched, exclaiming. "Lord Lorrimore!"

He took her hands and held them so tightly that he hurt her. But his eyes did not meet hers, they were fixed on the pale and downcast face of Audrey Hope.

"Audrey! Miss Hope, you here!" ex-claimed Lorrimore, his dark face flush-ing, his eyes lighting up with a sudden joy and gladness.

joy and gladness.
Sylvia looked from one to the other, but not a glimmering of the truth

dawned upon her. (To be continued.)

WARM AIR ABOVE THE COLD. Curious Fact Recently Observed by Meteorologists.

Students of the upper air were aston-ished when the little balloons they sent up, with self-recording thermometers, told them one day that in the high atmosphere there is a stratum which is warmer than the air immediately below it. No one has yet explained this strange inversion of temperature, but it has now been observed so many times in different parts of the world that there can be

no doubt about it.

It was discovered in 1891, almost simultaneously, by Mr. Teisserenc de Bort near Paris and by Prof. Assmann in Germany. Since then nearly all the bal-loons that have risen above 40,000 feet in central Europe have penetrated this stratum of warmer air. No one knows yet its upper limits.
In England it has been found that the

In England it has been found that the average height of this layer of warmer air is about \$5,000 feet.

In the last three years Dr. A. Lawgence Rotch has set afloat seventy-seven ballonssondes at St. Louis: Most of those which rose higher than 43,000 feet entered the stratum of warmer tempera-

On Oct. 8, for instance, the temperature at 47,600 feet was 90 degrees Fahrenheit, while at the greater altitude of 54,100 feet the temperature had risen

of 54,100 feet the temperature had risen to—72 degrees. Two days later the coldest temperature, 80 degrees, was found at 39,700 feet, while only 2,500 feet higher the temperature rose to 60 degrees.

This warmer stratum of air has not yet been discovered over the tropical Atlantic, but the noteworthy fact has been established that above the equator in summer it is colder at a height of eight miles than it is in winter at the same height in north temperate regions.

Meteorologists now think they have reason to believe that this warmer air exists throughout the tropical regions at heights exceeding 50,000 feet, and that it is probably a universal phenon at heights exceeding 50,000 feet, and that it is probably a universal phenon existing at some height all around the globe.

KEFP CHILDREN MELL.

## KEEP CHILDREN WELL

DURING HOT WEATHER Every mother knows how fatal the ummer months are to small children. Cholera infantum, diarrhcea, dysentry and stomach troubles are dysentry and stomach alarmingly frequent at this time too often a precious little life is lost after a few hours illness. The mother who keeps Baby's Own Tablets in the house feels safe. The occasional the house feels safe. The occasional use of Baby's Own Tablets prevent stomach and bowel troubles, or if the trouble comes suddenly—as it generally does—the Tablets will bring the little one through safely. Mrs. George Howell, Sandy Beach, Que., says: "My baby was suffering with colic, vomiting and diarrhoea, but after giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble disappeared. I would advise all mothers to keep a box of Tablets always at hand." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25c a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

## Injudiciousness.

Policeman-Judge, this prisoner acted as if he was insane at the baseball game yesterday.

Judge—What did he do?

Policeman—During the game he threw his watch at one of the players—
Prisoner—It was an Ingersoll, Judge, and I was endeavoring to make the visiting catcher muff a foul fly.
Policeman—A few minutes later he ran through the grand stand shrieking like a wild person and smachine king. like a wild person and smashing other

men's hats——
Prisoner—One of our team swatted out a three-bagger and brought in three runs, making the game a tie. Policeman—The next second he jumpede onto the diamond and assaulted the mpire.
Prisoner (excitedly)—The umpire call-

ed that three-base hit a foul, Judge.
Judge (an old fan)—The prisoner is
discharged. Officer, I reprimand you for
your injudiciousness.—From the May

Blame Government Ownership.

Incidentally Japanese statesmen are complaining that it was not so much the cost of war, but the purchase and operation of Japanese railways by the Government that brought about the present serious financial stringency in the land of Nippon.—Cincinnati Com-



Vienna Sausage You've never tasted the best sausage until you've eaten Libby's Vienna Sausage.

It's a sausage product of high food value! Made different. Cooked different. Tastes different and is different than other sausage!

Libby's Vienna Sausage, like all of the Libby Food Products is carefully prepared and cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen.

It can be quickly served for any meal at any time! It is pleasing, not over-flavored and has that satisfying taste. Try it.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago.

THE ENGAGED MAN. Flancer's Loyal Sisters Flee as From

the Plague. The behavior of the newly-engaged often affords the looker-on much food for amusing reflection, but far more in teresting is the attitude which the fam ily assures toward the happy pair during the period of probation. If they enter a room together every one flies from it

the period of probation. If they enter a room together every one files from it immediately, as if they had the small-pox if you come upon them in a library you may not so much as pause to find your book, but must precipitately retreat, taking care softly to close the door. door.
The man does not always seem to like

strange gods.
Sisters who are loyal to one another

would consider it shocking. The man is bound to one, and one only, and it is al-most melancholy to witness the stam-pede which takes place at his coming.

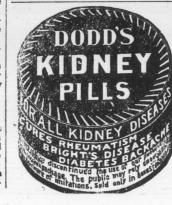
EGOTISM THE MAN'S HANDICAP (By John A. Howland.)

Youth claims title to buoyancy and venturesomeness because of two things. First, perhaps, are the prompt ings of an excess of mere animal spir its; second, lack of a sobering, qualifying experience. Why is it, then Why is it, then, of this statement fying experience. What in the face of which few people will challenge, one of the most hampering characteristics of the young man in business comes of his showing in his business relations a most had avided as the lations a marked evidence of this quality to which youth is the most

An employer will overlook a serious blunder of a young man's on the ground that the boy is young yet. Fellow workers, discovering that in a quiet, sober industriousness the young man has made an error and is in a tight place, will turn willingly to help him out. But that young man who has brought a breezy, push-

man who has brought a breezy, pushing optimism into a staid, conservative house full of old employes will discover, if able to sense it, that excuses are for others than himself.

"He's too fresh," is the colloquial diagnosis of his case when his back is turned; or if in the opinion of the young offender's fellows he has exceeded prescribed bounds, one or more of these fellow workers may make the diagnosis of the young man's especial benefit. nan's especial benefit. Two widely diverging points of view



seem to be responsible for this criticism of the young man's superabundant activity. On the one side are the individuals arrived at more sober estates, who, jealous o' their positions and connection with an establishment. resent the mere intrusion of youth On the other side is the wise, confi On the other side is the wise, confident man of experience who decides that the young matriculant is likely to wreck himself and his chances on rocks of which he is wholly ignorant for lack of a proper chart. This overabundant enthusiasm and venture-some activity from either of these points of view, is distressing in an organization. Men who are jealous of its invasion will have opportunity to put impediments in its way, while the wiser ones who seek to warn the victim of it may see their efforts fail.

I have a friend who has arrived at this age of wisdom from which he may see clearly into the status of the young man of this type. For years he has conducted a department in a great institution which calls for technical work of the highest degree of

young man of this type. For years he has conducted a department in a great institution which calls for technical work of the highest degree. Always the department has had at least one young man in its rather in the position of a postgraduate apprentice. He spoke to me some time ago in discouraged tones.

"T've discharged three young man from this department in three years because of the 'big head,'" said he "and the young man I have now is getting away from me in that direction faster than I can pull him back."

In this particular instance, however, a rather unusual influence is at work in the office to the undoing of this young man. He came into it a gentle, timid, thoroughly conscientious beginner, who was little more than a boy. He became popular with the men in the office, from the first. Had he been full of ego, even, it might have been better for him, for the office considered that he needed encouragement. They encouraged him and overdid it. From the shrinking are agement. They encouraged him and overdid it. From the shrinking, nervous disposition which once appealed to the sympathies of that office this voung man has evolved a distressing confidence and complacency which he has not earned.

Out of the natural buoyancy of his

youth the young man in business is likely to fall a victim of egotism. likely to fall a victim of egotism. True ambition rarely separates itself from the element of ego on the youthful side of thirty. The young man may be constitutionally egotistic, or as in the case cited, he may have egotism thrust upon him.

That young man who would test himself for signs of this hampering ago has a material point to approach.

himself for signs of this hampering ego has a material point to approach. He may ask himself, How well Satisfied am I with the work I am doing? Complete satisfaction with himself and his work is a first sign of decay in even the adult; there is no progress beyond this state of mind. In the young man this evidence of satisfaction can mean only arrested development because of arrested effort. Get a line on yourself, young man. If you are criticized you ought to be able to determine whether jealousy or wisdom is prompting your critic. But either voice is worthy of a thoughtful hearing.

Your dining room and kitchen can be kept free from flies by using Wilson's Fly Pads as directed on each package. Get the genuine Wilson's; no other fly killers compare with them.

WHEN MEN WORE SHAWLS resident Linconl's Partiality to His Big Scotch Plaid.

On very rare occasions you now see some old lady wearing a shawl, but generally speaking this once universal gar-

erally speaking this once universal garment has become obsolete.

Those children that are, say, 40 years
old or more can probably remember
when even men wore shawls instead of
overcoats. For about ten years they
were considered just the thing: This
was the decade beginning with about
1860. President Lincoln was very partial to his big Scotch shawl, which, according to the vogue, he wore, not foldcording to the vogue, he wore, not folded diagonally in femining fashion, but folded lengthwise, says the Pathfinder. This folded shawl was passed over the shoulders and around in front, where it was either held by the hands or pinned by a huge shawl pin. This case of the shawl is about the only one where the men have appropriated an article of wear from the women's wardrobe-though the instances where the reverse has happen-

ed are legion.

Even then, the shawl was originally not a woman's garment exclusively, for the Scotch Highlander has his tartan plaid, and the men of northern Italy still wear a cloak which is very little more than a shawl. There can be no question that the shawl is more useful and more picturesque as an article of attire than the close fitting coats both men and women now wear. The shawl could in case of emergency be used to protect two persons, or to wrap a child in, or as an extra bed covering; its fashion did not change every three months, and it could be used and passed down in the family until it was worn out.

Cook for Francis Joseph

Although the Austrian Emperor eats very frugally, His Majesty pays his chief cook £2,000 a year. The court is noted for its elaborate repasts, and a French contemporary gives an amusing account of how Perski—for such is the chef's name—entered the Emperor's service. Perski was formerly chef to Count Rheingaum, and one day Francis Joseph, who dined at the house of the count, was delighted with the manner in which the boar's head was served, and complimented the chef. Two days later an enormous packing case arrived at Schonbrunn with the Count's respects. When the box was opened they found in it Perski, in good health, but somewhat "shaken up." The Emperor accepted the present, and Perski became head of the intchen.—From the London Globe.

No Doubt About It.

Lawyer—Are you sure that occurrence was on the 17th of the month?
Witness—Yes, it was the 17th.

Lawyer-Now, remember, you are un-er oath. How do you know it was the Witness-'Cause the day before that

Lawyer-Be careful what you say low. Go on. was the 16th and the ·Witnessday after it was the 18th .-- Detroit

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