HIS LORDSHIP'S **ROMANCE**

faced the high road that led to the ancient and celebrated city of Sel ville. One evening a man, coming on business to one of the servants, found in the middle of the road a young gentleman, who had apparently been thrown from his horse, and lay either stunned or dead on the bank, while the horse quietly grazed at some dis-tance from him. In a few minutes the inhabitants of the castle were aroused, and, by Madame Monte he inhabitants of madame Monte roused, and, by Madame Monte eone's command, the gentleman was into one of the bedrooms, carried into one of the bedrooms, and a doctor sent for with all speed. The extent of his injuries was soon discovered; and they were a violent concussion of the brain and a broken ankle. For many days the life of the young stranger trembled in the bal-ance. During that time he never rethat he was an English and a substraint of the was an English anobleman, for in a small pocketbook was written his name, "Stephen, Lord Lynne." They knew he must be wealthy, for he wore diamonds of great value, and a purse full of gold was found in his pockets. Inquiries were made at Seville, and then they discovered that the wounded stranger had heep residing for some stranger had been residing for some weeks in that city, and that only two days before his valet left him and re-turned to England. Some large boxes belonging to him were still at the notel, and these were forwarded to Serranto, at Madame Monteleone's

cover consciousness and strength. His gratitude was boundless. He spoke French fluently, and as both ladies habitually conversed in that lan-guage, there was nothing to check their friendly intercourse. All that he had to tell was soon told. He, Stephen, Lord Lynne, had succeeded habitually conversed to his title two years ago, on the death of his father. His mother was still alive, and in compliance with her wish he was travelling for two years before he married and settled down. He had lingered in Spain, for he loved the country. While at Se-ville his valet left him and returned

with surprise that the plainly-dressed lady, who lived in what he considered a gloomy old ruin, belonged to one of the noblest families of Spain He saw they were very poor; there was no attempt with more dignity than did Madame Monteleone her

obscurity and poverty.
From the daughter he learned an other lesson: the lovely face, the dark, almond eyes haunted him; and he loved her with a wild devotion rare in an Englishman. It was the old old story. What else could happen, given an old castle, a wounded knight, and a beautiful girl? Bianca deeply in Iove with the English lord has he had done with her. A few meeting among the myrtle and orange trees and then Stephen, Lord Lynne, asked Bianca Monteleone to be his Bianca Monteleone to be his He was rich and noble—there for many years Lord Lynne never forgot the look of distress, almost horror, upon Madame Monteleones' face,

blind, how foolish I have been! I never dreamed that you loved her! You must go away and forget her. She can never

"as regards yourself; but my daughter must marry a Spanish neble. I would not give her to the wealthiest duke in

urged Lord Lynne.

fulfill it. She must not see you again. The stern, ambigious mother adhered to her words, and Bianca was kept a prisoner in her own rooms until the departure of Lord Lynne. Mother and daughter said but little on the subject. The mother appealed to her childs love and

So the young girl grew up in the olnely old castle, cut off from all the pleasures and amusements of her age, without any companion except her mother; living only in the glories of the past and the hopes of the future, thinking of the present merely as a probation that must be endured. At the age of eighteen she was beautiful as an houri, and acomplished to an extraordinary degree. She spoke Italian, French and German with as much fluency as Spanish. She sang beautifully, and played with no mean skill. Well might her mother's heart glow with pride as she watched her, and her hopes rose higher day by day.

Madame Montelone has begun to form her plans. She had purposely lived in a most economical manner, and so she managed to save a sum of money. With this she intended to go to Madrid, where her name was still known and honored, and there introduce her beautiful child to the notice of the Spanish queen. While maturing these plans, a circumstance happened which rendered them all useless and unavailing. Destiny had other things in store for Bianca Montelene.

Lord Lynne left Serranto and returned to Seville, determined at any cost to win the beautiful girl who loved him so win the beautiful girl who loved him so will. Once more alone, Madame Monte eleone began to prepare for her journey to Madrid. But another obstacle arose. Bianca, who made no opposition to her mother's wishes, who had submitted silently to the loss of her lover, fell ill, and faded visibly day by day. In vain did madame summon physicians, and pay heavily for their advice. They all said the same thing; her daughter's disease was more mental than physical; and the starred mother began to understand that her daughter was slowly but surely dying, her heart breaking for the loss of the fair-haired Englishman, who had brought such golden radiance into her day, instead of being disman, who had brought such golden radiance into her day, instead of being disman, who had brought such golden radiance in the to several prevention of the radiance in the preve So the young girl grew up in the Lord Lynne left Serranto and returned olnely old castle, cut off from all the to Seville, determined at any cost to

last step completing the final ruin of her race. Still, Bianca's life must not be sacrificed, and she withdrew her op-

Not another word did the stern lady utter, even when Bianca knelt at her feet to thank her. She would not assist in any preparations for the marriage, and the last of the Monteleones was led to the altar by her English lover in plain morning dress and without any orna-ment. Her mother never blessed her never gave her consent to the marriage. She said but these few words: "I withdraw my opposition." So Stephen, Lord Lynne, married Bianca Monteleone, and immediately the immediately the ceremony was ended he took her to Italy. For one year Lord and Lady Lynne

were perfectly happy. Bianca sighed when she remembered her mother in the gloomy castle of Sorrento. She may be forgiven if her mind did not always dwell on that and and cheerless relatives on that sad and cheerless picture. For the first time in her life she was happy; she was out in the fair, bright world, mixing freely with her fellow-creatures, admired, loved, and praised by all. Her husband adored her; never was love so passionate or so devoted as that of Lord Lynne for his beautiful bride. Her lovely face and sweet, graceful manners, her child-like simplicity, won all hearts. In Rome, in Florence, and in sunny Naples, she who had never in her whole life heard one compliment, now found hom-age and flattery everywhere. It was im-possible to be young and not enjoy the new and golden life opened to her. For the first time she wore magnificent jewels and costly dresses that enhanced her eauty and made her doubly fair. She liked the grandeur that surrounded her; it was pleasure to dwell in sumptuous cooms, to tread upon soft, thick carpets; to gaze upon rare pictures and statues, to have servants ready to obey her slightest word. It was pleasant to be a young, idolized wife, whose every wish and whim were gratified.

In the first tumult of this new life, Bianca half forgot the hopes she had wrecked, the ambition she had betrayed. Once when talking to Lord Lynne of her mother, she suddenly clasped her arms round his neck and asked him to give up his English home, to bring his wealth over to Spain, and to call himself by her name of Monteleone; but he laughed long and loudy at the weather the disappointment had been as great the disappointment had been as great to her as to Madame Monteleone. She Bianca half forgot the hopes she had wrecked, the ambition she had betrayed.

too gentle, too yielding to persist in reverting to her wish when her husband had expressed disapprobation, but in a hundred ways he perceived how much she was really bent upon it.

They had spent upon it.

They had spent a year of unalloyed happiness. Day by Day Lord Lynne loved more dearly and deeply the beautiful, gentle girl who had touched his heart gentio giri who had touched his heart as no other woman ever could or did. To make her happy, to watch her beautiful girlish face brighten at his loving words, was the study and pleasure of his life. He divined her wishes, and executed them almost before they were uttered. They wandered about in those fair

"I wish I could understand, dear Bianca," said Lord Lynne to his wife one day, "why you wish to return to that gloomy old Serranto."

"I wish I could understand, dear Bianca," said Lord Lynne to his wife one day, "why you wish to return to that gloomy old Serranto."

"While he lived, Lord Lynne never really loved or cared for any other woods."

or act had she forwarded their marriage; hut now that they were married, not one word of her blighted bones escaned her, and never once in her daughter's presence did she breathe a sigh. Even the expression of her face scened changed. She had lived for one object one hone alone had sustained her, one idea had directed to be a successful to the said, had even more than her more branched by the said that the fire and had sustained her, one idea had directed to be a successful to the said that the pride and hauteur of her ancient race.

he determination that had made accessors and cold.

never reproached her daughter, either by word or look. But in vain did Lord and Ladv Lynne try tre persuade her to leave Serranto for a time and visit Lynnewolde.

"I should be lost in your English er son to be so. The golden-baired child grew up into a sweet and leavely girl; yet no word came to summon the eldest and dearest child to ner father's home.

For Madaine Monteleone life seemed

Lynnewolde.

"I should be lost in your English home," she said to the young lord; "and I do not think I could live away from the myrtle and orange-trees."

Neither mother nor daughter was des-

tined to see the stately English home. Quite suddenly Bianca was seized with a violent and dangerous illness. In vain the distracted husband summoned the the distracted husband summoned the most skilful physicians in the country. The fiat had gone forth; the short life of the beautiful Andalusian was ended. Hope, and love, and happiness, were all over; and she only lived to hold her little daughter in her arms and bless it. "Stephen," she said, looking into the loving face bent over her, "I know now what impulse called me home—I came here to die; but I have been very henry.

here to die; but I have been very happy, my beloved, with you." She then laid the little babe in her mother's arms, and

the little babe in her mother's arms, and said gently, "Let her do for you what I failed in doing; she will repay your care and love better than I have done."

Before the sun set that evening over the Andalusian hills, Bianca, Lady Lynne, slept the last long sleep.

No words can describe the despair of the young husband. The blow was so sudden, so unexpected, that it almost deprived him of life and reason. He could not realize the fact that his lovely and loving young wife had left him forever. Life lost all its charms. In the first bitterness of his sorrow, Lord Lynne had but one wish; it was to die, and so put an end to the anguish for which there.

an end to the anguish for which then seemed no remady. He remained at Ser seemed no remady. He remained at Statemento simply because al lenergy was dead in him. At length he was roused from his grief by a letter from his mother, calling him home on urgent af-

CHAPTER XVI. Two days before Lord Lynne left Ser-

ing the little babe in her arms.

"My son," she said, addressing him for the first time by that title, "I am here to ask a favor of you. You took from me my daughter, my one love, hope, and object in life; make amends for the wrong you did. Give me this little babe in place of the child you took from me."

Lord Lynne hesitated for some min-utes. It was his Bianca's child; and now that she had left him, he had noth-ing else to love. But the pale, wistful face of the lady moved him. If he took a child so young to England, the chanc-es were that it would die on the jour-ney. And after all, it would be a per-petual reminder of his sorrow and his loss; still, he would not part with it altogether. He could not consent to give up all claim to this, his only child. So the matter was compromised and he agreed that Madam Monteleone should have charge of his daughter for at least the next twelve years, if she lived so Lord Lynne hesitated for some min the next twelve years, if she lived so long. But to this he would not even agree, unless the Spanish lady would allow him to contribute a certain sum annually toward the support and education of the little Inez. Madame Monteleone would have conscribed to almost teleone would have consented to almost any terms he chose to offer, so anxious any terms he chose to offer, so anxious was she to retain her daughter's child. So Lord Lynne left the country where he had loved and suffered so deeply. Sorrow had aged and altered him. His

he loved the country. While at Seville his valet left him and returned to England. He was going to visit a small town near, when he was thrown from his horse, and left almost dead at their castle gates. He was young and handsome—as were all the Lynnes—and gifted with an easy grace of manner that charmed and fascin ated those proud, high-bred Spanish ladies

When he was able to leave his room he spent many hours every day in the society of Madame Monteleone and her daughter. From the mother he learned the ancient glories of the family—how they once had been second to none save their royal masters; and the young English lord found and her young English lord found and her young to be a proper to spend the spend to see his wife, a quiet, gentle English girl, without any pretensions to beauty, but the sole heiress to an enormous fortune. But this hepe died when she begins and all he could be an expenditure of the hoped to spend the proper to spend the proper to spend the disappointment had been as great to her as to Madame Monteleone. She knew that the only hope for her son was to marry some one with money, and she had selected in her own mind the lady whom she wished to see his wife, a quiet, gentle English girl, without any pretensions to beauty, but the sole heiress to an enormous fortune. But this hepe died when she wisely abstained from saying anything either of her hope or disappoint ment. When Stephen wrote to say that for him for him the disappointment had been as great to her as to Madame Monteleone. She knew that the only hope for her son was to marry some one with money does he was to marry some one with money and she had selected in h them; but when she expected to hear something definite as to the time of their arrival, there came the sad news of the death of the young and beautiful bride.

They had spent a year of unalloyed piness. Day by Day Lord Lynne loved re dearly and deeply the beautiful, title girl who had touched his heart no other woman ever could or did, make her happy, to watch her beautigirlish face brighten at his loving rds, was the study and pleasure of his. He divined her wishes, and executhem almost before they were utter—They wandered about in those fair lian cities, and life for them resemilian cities. Italian cities, and life for them resembled the golden dreams of the lotuseater.

and then Stephen, Lord Lynne, ked Bianga Monteleone to be his ife. He was rich and noble—there as no fear of refusal for him; but r many years Lord Lynne never for the look of distress, almost horror, pon Madame Monteleones' face, hen he asked for her daughter's and.

"My daughter!" she cried. "How in my old home!"
"You shall have your wish," replied anything for my little child to be born in my old home!"

"You shall have your wish," replied Lord Lynne, looking fondly at her; "but I fear we shall not have a very warm reception from your mother."

"She will be pleased to see us." said Lord Lynne, calm; "Why not!" asked Lord Lynne, calm; "She will be pleased to see us." said Lord Lynne; "She will be please his beautiful young to England for a time."

"Solely to please his beautiful young as a regards yourself; but my daughter marry a Spanish noble. I would of give her to the wealthiest duke in diagland. Her destiny has long been setled."

"But she loves me, madame!" again riged Lord Lynne, more warmly and kindly than they had laffill it. She must not see you again."

The stern, ambilious mother adhered to her words, and Bianca was kept a pri
word of her blighted hores escand her.

ncient race.

Lord Lynne shrank solfishly fr. see.

h it had taken p In after years Madame Mantahana had Downger Lady Lyne died happy in be-

> renewed. Even as she had lived, hopes, and planned for Bianca, so she now lived and hoped for Inez. The same ambition was renewed, the same ideas were instilled into her mind. She devoted herself to the child's education; she tried to make her all the her seth er had been; but no two characters were ever more dissimilar than that of the young mother and her only child. Bianca young mother and her only child. Bianca was gentle and yielding, Inez was proud and unbending; as well try to move a rock as persuade her to change when her mind was once made up. Bianca had heard with reverence of the glories and honors of her race; Incz was proud of them, but frankly told her horrified grandmamma that in her opinion a little present comfort was worth all the past grandeur put together.
>
> Madame Monteleone had managed her own daughter admirably; but Inez was

Madame Monteleone had managed her own daughter admirably; but Ince was beyond her abilities. She did not understand the child's passionate, ardent, artistic nature. She was half frightened when the rich musical voice sang of the hopes and wishes already forming in her young heart; she did not understand her. She could not tell why Ince craved to hear something of her absent English her. She could not tell why like craved to hear something of her absent English father, and looked wearied and melan-choly when the poor lady spoke of the Monteleones. Then began that fatal sys-tem of narrow restraint that ultimately

and misery.
(To be continued.)

GRAND NEWS FOR WOMEN

Mrs. E. P. Richards Tell How Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

fter Suffering for Twenty-Eight Years the Only Medicine She Wants.

Cottle's Cove, Notre Dame Bay, Nfld., Dec. 14.—(Special)—Grand news for suffering women is that being acattered broadcast by Mrs. Elizabeth P. Richards, fering women is the spread of the spread with solution the spread of the spread way in which these noble women have looked after the spread of the Caradians who are buried here."

a few minutes at a time. My back ached so I could not sleep. I tried all kinds of medicine and had come to the conclusion there was no cure for me. when reading advertisements led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. I now sleep

Ma's a suffragetie, an est,
She is busy every day,
Not in sawing buttons on
Trousers owned by me an John;
Not in patching trouser seats,
Carming fruit or pickling beets;
She's not darnin' sucks an' things—
That is work for underlings,
Ma's out there in our Lack yard,
Practicin' an' wor the 'serd,
Throwin' bricks most svery day

Is as busy as can be, studyin' an' readin', t.o'
Not the way to make a stew,
Not the latest recips,
She's cut out such things as these;
She's not learnin' how to make
Something new in layer cake
Or to keep a husbant name
When at night he waster Or to keep a husband name
When at night he waats to roam.
Ma's just learnin' things to quote,
Provin' she should have a vote.
Ma expects to get a job
Leading on a female mob.
—Detroit Free Press.

Only one "BROMO OUININE"

At School. (Ethel M. Kelly in September St. Nich olas. like to sit in school and look

At all the girls I know, When every head above a book Is bending very low.
They are so much alike, you see, And yet so different, too or some have eyes of brown like me And some have eyes of blue.

When we're admiring Marguerite Whose braids are long and fine, She says she thinks that curls

But Josephine and I believe Straight hair is lovelier, And look at Marguerite and grieve We are not more like her

And some have shiny flaxen hair; And others brown or black And some have bows of ribbon gay— Hair parted on the side, But every girl likes best the way Some other girl's hair is tied.

Just think, if all the little girls Could, wishing, change their state, Then all the pigtails would be curls And all the curls be straight, And I should look like Marguerite, And Marguerite like me, And every day at school we'd meet-How funny it would be!

Tommy-Pop, would an ostrich eat acks? Tommy's Pop-So I have been told, my son. Tommy-Then if it would

LIE MAID AT WEET SIXTEEN

Winning, pensive and sweet, with delicate grace and charm in every movement, but that lovely color that once snone so rosily has gradually faded away. Her eyes are expressive but listless, that lightness of step and buoyancy of spirit which once were hers are gone. This girl is in danger Her system demands nourishment; her blood must be renewed. She needs Ferrozone—needs it badly—because it will bring back the nerve energy which rapid growth and nerve energy which rapid growth and study have exhausted. New strength and eld-time vigor return with Ferro-zone. The delicate maid is energized and given the endurance and vigor that means health.

SHE NEEDS **FERROZONE**

Parents, think it over. In Ferrozone there is wonderful power for strengthen-ing and rebuilding. Every child needs it every boy and girl will improve on it. Get a few boxes, 50c each or six boxes for \$2.50. Sold by all dealers.

LION VS. MAN.

THRILLING BATTLE OF CANA-DIAN WITH LIONESS.

Corporal Eagle Died From Terrible Conflict-Caught Lioness by Nostrils and Held On.

George F. Kneen, a former Montrealer, now superintendent of Transvaal police now superintendent of Transvaal police at Heidelberg, Transvaal, sends the Star a thrilling account of a fatal fight between Corporal Eagle and a lioness. Eagle was a Canadian half-breed from Regina or vicinity, who went to South Africa in March, 1901, and was one of the few Canadians left in the old South African constabulary.

analyst that this medicine does not contain a particle of opiate or narcotic. Mrs.

J. Laroque, Log Valley, Saek, says: "I am a great believer in Baby's Own Tablets. I have used them on many occasions and know of no medicine equal to them in curing the common ailments of babies and young ohildren."

African constabulary. African constabulary.

Superintendent Kneen states in his letter that the fight was the talk of From Pains and Weakness and the Transvaal. Incidentally he states How to Make a Cat Stay at Home-To Sleeplessness-Dodd's Kidney Pills for the benefit of Canadians who have friends and relatives buried in South Africa that on All Saints' Day, the Loyal Humane Guild all over South Africa decorated the graves of comrades

Pills and she wants all suffering women to know it.

"For twenty-eight years," says Mrs. Richads, "I suffered from Rheumatism, Kidney Trouble and Neuralgia. It got so weak I could not do my housework. Sleep was out of the question except for a few minutes at a time. My back ached so I could not sleep. I tried all binds of medicine and bad come to the light of medicine and bad come to the acting revenge.
Suddenly the lioness appeared in the

tery—he with bare hands and she with terrible claws. Sometimes he was underneath, kicking at her stomach with his heavy boots, while she tore huge in spite of the fact that their steps. his heavy boots, while she tore huge lumps of flesh out of his thighs with her Then he would struggle round again to her side and back and force her head back, not that he really hoped to break her neck, but more with the natural instinct of keeping those terrible jaws in such a position that they could not touch him.

Time after time the brute got her teeth into him, as well as her claws, and the marvel is that in such an unequal conflict the brave Canadian last-ed so long. Bleeding from a score of wounds, with arms and legs almost torn o pieces, he was just on the point of ollapse when, with encouraging shouts, he Dutchmen who had previously robed the lioness of her cub, rushed upon collapse when, with encouraging shouts, the Dutchmen who had previously rob-bed the lioness of her cub, rushed upon

the scene. They had heard the faint report of the trooper's carbine, and, knowing by experience that the parents would follow them up after shooting the cub, they low them up after shooting the cub, they were quick to apprehend the true facts of the situation. They rushed back as fast as they could, but some time before they came in sight of the ghastly fight they knew what was happening by the agonizing shricks of Trooper Eagle and the outlity training the state of the same than the same that the same than the same tha Eagle and the equally terrifying roars and screams of pain of the lioness, lirious from the pain and loss of blood.

The appearance of the Dutchmen and the discharge of a bullet frightened the lioness, who, with one big effort manaaed to free herself of the now exhausted man. Trooper Eagle dropped to the ground in an unconscious condition, and the lioness made off, but was quickly brought to the ground with bullets and killed outright.

The unfortunate trooper, whose cloth-The unfortunate trooper, whose cloth

whose nostrils were almost torn out by

the despairing grip of the man, who never once let go of the tender carti-lage, though fainting and practically de-lirious from the pain and loss of blood.

ing was practically torn from him, and whose body was lacerated in the most whose body was lacerated in the most horrible manner, was tended with the utmost care. He was removed to the nearest hospital with all speed, and, though he recovered consciousness and was able to recount what had happened, he was unable to recover from the blood poisoning which set in, and died.

He was a voung man slightly built.

He was a young man, slightly built not at all the sort of individual, physinot at all the sort of individual, physi-cally, likely to keep up a 30-minutes' hand-to-hand conflict with an infuriatand tenacity is almost the sole topic of conversation in the Zoutpansberg, and his comrades of the Transvaal police mourn the loss of one of the bravest men who ever donned the uniform.

BABY'S OWN TABLETS A LITTLE LIFE SAVER.

Baby's Own Tablets have saved rporal Eagle Died From Terrible many a precious little life. There is no other medicine for children so safe and sure in its effects. The Tablets cure stomach and bowel troubles, teething troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and prevent deadly croup. And you have the guarantee of a Government analyst that this medicine does not con-

PHILIPINO SUPERSTITIONS.

Find Your Way in the Woods.

In the Philippines, more perhaps than in any other country, says a correspondent of the Cebu Courier, the inhabitants believe in numerous superstitions. In many places the belief is so strong that with each everyday act and occurrence there is associated some superstitious belief.

To domesticate a cat, as soon as it

is acquired take it three times around the stove, then pull out one of its whiskers and bury it (the whisker, not the cat) in the ashes. The cat will never return to its former home.

When a wild cow is bought or obtained the new owner must lead it three times around the barn or other place where he desires it to sleep. He must then take from the animal's suddenly the honess appeared in the roadway in front of Eagle and his companion, and gave evidence of her intentions by an angry roar. Eagle at once unslung his carbine and fired at her unslung his carbine and fired at her things the state of the state

well and rise refreshed every morning. Dodd's kidney Pills are all the medicine I want."

The woman who has healthy kidneys will never know the pains and weakness that make life hardly worth living. Dodd's kidney Pills always make healthy kidneys.

The Suffragette.

The Suffragette.

The Suffragette, and say, She is busy every day, Not in swings buttons on Troopers owned by me an' John; Not in putching trouser seate, Carming fruit or pickling beets; She's not darmin' wocks an' thiage-That is work for underlings.

Ma's out there in our tack yard,

Ma's out there in our tack yard, her head, thrust his first and second fingers up her nostrils, and pulled her head back with all the force at his command. The brute screamed with rage at this unexpected counter-attack, and immediately set to work to rid herself of her assailant.

Then commenced what must have been one of the most terrible combats in the history of creation. For over half an hour man and brute fought for mastery—he with bare hands and she with terrible claws. Sometimes he was un-

were badly constructed and dangerous. She accounted for this very easily. She said that whenever a child lly. She said that whenever a child became a year old she cut a lock of his hair, wrapped it in a piece of paper and put it in one of the cracks of the stairs. The children might come near falling, but never actually did so, for they would always find something to catch hold of.

It is almost a general custom in the Philippines that after a wedding the newly married couple remains at

the newly married couple remains at home. It is believed that should they

When the mountain people lose their way in the woods they have a simple and sure way of finding the right path. They take off their coat, turn it inside out, and when they put it on again in this manner they have no difficulty in reaching the place they desire to go to.

Even to-day these superstitions are generally believed by the mountain people, and they consider as foolish the person who ridicules them, for they say they have been proved true by experience.

by experience Choice of Prayers.

A mother told her child, a boy of five years, to say his morning prayer to her. Kneeling before her, the little fellow asked:

"Mother, shall I say my prayer or nurse's prayer?"
The mother, not being aware that the nurse ever said any morning prayer, beame curious.

"Say, nurse's, dear," she answered. reupon the little fellow began sot-"Lord, O Lord, have I got to get up?" -Nashville American.

Just a Sample. "What's your idea of an enjoyable Thanksgiving?" "Having a good appetite and being invited out to

