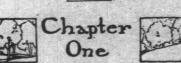
# Sophy of Kravonia.

By ANTHONY HOPE, Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda."

Copyright, 1905, Anthony Hope Hawkins.

In vain will the readers of this tale of romantic love and brilliant daring search the maps of the world for the picturesque land of Kravonia, wherein lovely, fascinating Sophy and her mysterious Red Star played their parts. This much we may tell him before he embarks on his voyage to Kravonia. But we may assure him that when he reluctantly parts with Sophy, sometime scullery maid of Morpingham, Essex, England, later spiritualistic medium of Paris, France, and still later of high rank in Slavna and Volseni, in Kravonia, the country of her adoption will be to him, like Zenda and Graustark, more real than are many of the smaller, actual kingdoms of the earth. Sad and tragic in some of its aspects is the love story of Sophy of Kravonia, but its pathos is so lightened by devoted loyalty, hardy bravery and tender, self sacrificing affection that at the end the reader will surely feel its telling has not been unworthy of the master hand of its famous chronicler.



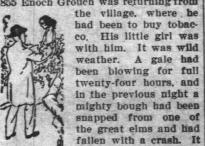
ROUCH! That is the name, and in the interest of euphony it is impossible not to regret the fact. Some say it should be spelled "Groutch," which would, not at all mend matters, though it makes the pronunciation clear beyond doubt-the word must rhyme with "crouch" and "couch." Well might Lady Meg Duddington swear it was the ugliest name she had ever heard in her life! Sophy was not of a very different opinion, as will be shown by and by. She was Grouch on both sides-unmixed and unredeemed-for Enoch Grouch married his uncle's daughter Sally and begat as his first child Sophy. Two other chil dren were born to him, but they died in early infancy. Mrs. Grouch did not long survive the death of her little ones. She was herself laid in Morpingham churchyard when Sophy was no more than five years old. The child was left to the sole care of her father, a man who had married late for his class-indeed, late for any class-and was already well on in middle age. He Brownlow. held a very small farm, lying about slip of a girl of fifteen, who had pre- squire's face with grave eyes. sumably both to cook and scrub for him and to look after the infant Sophy. Nothing is remembered of him in Morpingham. Perhaps there was nothing to remember-nothing that marked him a yard from the thick end of the lower off from thousands like him. Perhaps the story of his death, which lives in

Morpingham lies within twenty-five miles of London, but for all that it is a sequestered and primitive village. It contained, at this time at least, but three houses with pretentions to gentility-the hall, the rectory and a small er house across the village street, fac-ing the rectory. At the end of the street stood the hall in its grounds. This was a handsome red brick house set in a spacious garden. Along one side of the garden there ran a deep ditch, and on the other side of the ditch, between it and a large meadow, was a path which led to the church. Thus the church stood behind the hall grounds, and, again, as has been said. beyond the church was Enoch Grouch's modest farm, held by Mr. Brownlow, the owner of the hall. The church path was the favorite resort of the vil lagers, and deservedly, for it was shaded and beautified by a fine double row of old elms, forming a stately avenue to the humble little house of wor-

the village traditions, blotted out the

inconspicuous record of his laborious

On an autumn evening in the year



He set the child lay now right across the path. As they went to the village her father had indulged Sophy with a ride on the bough and she begged a renewal of the treat on their homeward jour ney. The farmer was a kind manmore kind than wise, as it proved, or this occasion. He set the child astraddle on the thick end of the bough, then went to the other end, which was much elenderer. Probably his object was to try to shake the bough and please his small tyrant with the imitation of a seesaw. The fallen bough suggested no danger to his slow moving mind. He leaned down toward the bough, with outstretched hands, Sophy no doubt watching his doings with excited interest, while the wind raged and reveled among the great branches over their heads. Enoch tried to move the bough,

but failed. In order to make another effort he fell on his knees and bent his back over it. At this moment there came a lor crash, heard in the rectory grounds and in the dining room at Woodbir cottage, the small house opposite
"There's another tree gone!" cried Basil Williamson, the rector's second

son, who was giving his retriever an

A second later the garden gate of Woodbine cottage opened and Julia, the ten-year-old daughter of a widow named Robins, who lived there, came out at full speed. Seeing Basil just ahead of her, she called out, "Did you

He knew her voice-they were playmates-and answered without looking back: "Yes. Isn't it fun? Keep outside the trees-keep well in the mead-

"Stuff!" she shouted, laughing. "They don't fall every minute, silly!" Running as they exchanged these rords, they soon came to where the bough, or, rather, the two boughs, had fallen. A tragic sight met their eyes. The second bough had caught the unlucky farmer just on the nape of his neck and had driven him down, face forward, on to the first. He lay with his neck close pinned between the two and his arms spread out over the unlermost. His face was bad to look at. He was quite dead, and apparently death must have been instantaneous. Sobered and appalled, the boy and girl stood looking from the terrible sight to each other's faces.

"Is he dead?" Julia whispered. "I expect so," the boy answered. Nelther of them had seen death before.

The next moment he raised his voice and shouted, "Help, help!" then laid hold of the upper bough and strove with all his might to raise

it. The girl gave a shriller cry for assistance and then lent a hand to his eftween them not out to buy a plane on the installmove the great ment plan or to view the scenery they could not

neither of them

hall. He had

afraid.

(To be Continued.)

HER GREAT HAUL.

The Female Burglar Wasn't Looking

For Diamonds or Greenbacks.

It was 2 a. m. on Easter morning.

Quiet reigned supreme, however, on

Fifth avenue, the scene of our tale,

man muffled up to the ears and glanc-

ing suspiciously about them turned in

from a side street, and that they were

would have been evident even to a

policeman had one been in sight. The

couple had walked a distance of three

or four blocks when the man nudged

"I see it, Bill," she whispered.

front of a large brownstone re-

front hall the woman said:

watch the moon."

of this."

in Judge.

"That's the house, Lil; four doors

A moment later they stopped in

the street the gate was opened, and

they were soon at work. As they

stood in the handsomely furnished

"You remain here on watch, Bill

while I get the swag. If all goes well

we may be able to buy out that gam-bling house and become honest peo-

"Take no chances, Lil," he cautioned

her. "I'd do the trick myself, only I

want to be near the door, where I can

With a dark lantern in one hand and

revolver in the other, she softly tip-

toed up the broad stairway, and it was

half an hour later when she returned

to her companion with a large bundle

"The best haul we ever made!", she

excitedly replied. "Come, let's get out

An hour later they were safe at

"Sparklers and silverware, I sup-

"Well, it's just as well. Bank notes

"Nor did I come across any bank

are good enough for us, and it's no trouble to get rid of 'em."

notes," said the woman as she began

had made the haul of your life. What

"Look, Bill-just look at that!" And

she held up a woman's hat for him to

see. "Isn't that just the swellest Eas-

ter bonnet you ever laid your eyes on?

Tailor Who Looked Like the Kaiser.

The German emperor is in the pecul-iar predicament of having no less than

two doubles. One, a certain Herr

Nitsche, follows the humble and pro-

saic calling of a chimney sweep. A

year or two ago when the emperor was

staying at a small German watering

place, so the story goes, a tailor of the

locality, suddenly waking up to the

fact that he was rather like his maj-

esty, had his mustache trimmed ac-

cordingly, copied the style of dress as

nearly as possible and boldly sallied

forth into the town. His reception

even exceeded his own expectations,

authorities. Next day the ambitious

tailor received a visit from a police of

ficer with a peremptory recommenda

tion to alter his appearance or else

leave the town. He chose the latter

looking up some Canadian connections.

13:20 o'clock and arriving at your des-

tination at 22:10," O. E. Barbre, the

"What in thunder are you talking

bout?" the traveler demanded.

Then Barbre had to explain that sev-

eral of the Canadian railroads use the

twenty-four hour system of time, using

clocks with figures beginning at mid-

night and counting the hours straight

through to midnight again. The train

the afternoon and arrived at the des-

tination at 10:10 o'clock that night .-

An Easy Parlor Trick.

Balance a cane on the back of

chair and bet any one that you will

All you need to do is to dry a card well before a fire, rub it vigorously

And to beauty lays principal claim. (Eye.)

What is it that is so dangerous that

Kansas City Star.

he traveler desired to take left his

necting station at 1:20 o'clock in

information dispenser, said.

course.-London M. A. P.

"Anything doin'?" he asked.

and overcoat he remarked:

room I searched."

to unwrap the package.

have you got there, anyway?"

and all was not well.

new Easter bonnet.

ahead there, to the left."

had perceived his companion and softly said: Next on the scene was Mr. master of the "He's dead, poor

fellow," said Mr. Brownlow. been in his greenhouse and heard the crash of the bough. Of that he took no heed. Nothing could be done save heave a sigh over the damage to his cherished elms. But when the cries for help reached his ears, with praiseworthy promptitude he rushed out straight across his lawn and, though he was elderly and stout, dropped into the ditch, clambered out of it and came where the dead man and the children were: As he passed the drawing room windows he called out to his wife, "Somebody's hurt, I'm afraid!" and she, after a moment's conference with the butler, followed her husband; but, not being able to manage the ditch, went around by the road and up the avenue, the servant coming with her. When these two arrived the squire's help had availed to release the farmer from the deadly grip of the two boughs, and he lay now on his back on

the path. "He's dead, poor fellow," said Mr.

"It's Enoch Grouch!" said the butler. half a mile behind the church. Proba- giving a shudder as he looked at the bly he made a hard living of it, for the farmer's face. Julia Robins sobbed, "I'll get a hurdle, sir," said the butler. His master nodded, and he ran

Something moved on the path about

"Look there!" cried Julia Robins. A little wail followed.' With an exclamation Mrs. Brownlow darted to the spot. The child lay there with a cut on her forehead. Apparently the impact of the second bough had caused the end of the first to fly upward. Sophy had been jerked from her seat into the air and had fallen back on the path, strik ing her head on a stone. Mrs. Brownlow picked her up, wiped the blood from her brow and saw that the injury was slight. Sophy began to cry softly,

and Mrs Brownlow soothed her. "It's his little girl," said Julia Robins. "The little girl with the mark on her cheek, please, Mrs. Brownlow." "Poor little thing! Poor little thing!" Mrs. Brownlow murmured. She knew that death had robbed the child of her only relative and protector.

The butler now came back with burdle and two men, and Enoch Grouch's body was taken into the saddle room at the hall. Mrs. Brownlow followed the procession, Sophy still in her arms. At the end of the avenue she spoke to the boy and girl:

"Go home, Basil. Tell your father, and ask him to come to the hall. Good night, Julia. Tell your mother, and 1855 Enoch Grouch was returning from | don't cry any more. The poor man is the village, where he with God, and I shan't let this mit come to harm." She was a childles woman, with a motherly heart, and as she spoke she kissed Sophy's wounded forehead. Then she went into the hall grounds, and the boy and girl were lef



together on the road. Basil shook hi

fist at the avenue of elms, his favorite playground. "Hang those beastly trees!" he cried "I'd cut them all down if I was Mr.

make it fall without touching it, blowing on it or moving the chair. "I must go and tell mother," said Julia, "and you'd better go too."
"Yes," he assented, but lingered for a moment, still looking at the trees as with your sleeve and put close to the though reluctantly fascinated by them, end of the cane, which will follow it, ng as iron follows a magnet, until, after "Mother always said something would happen to that little girl," said losing its equilibrium, the cane will Julia, with a grave and important look drop to the floor.

in her eyes. "Why?" the boy asked brusquely "Because of that mark—that mark A word of one syllable, easy and short, Reads backward and forward the same

she's got on her cheek." It expresses the sentiments warm from at his companion uneasily. The event of the evening had stirred the superstitious fears, seldom hard to stir in

HOW AUTHORS WROTE.

pie, no wiser, said the same thing later. "Rot!" Bash muttered again. well, I must go." She glanced at him timidly. "Just come as far as our door with me. I'm

ome as far as our door with me. I'm Alexander Pope, who was the literary pontiff of his time, thought best when in bed. Whenever a thought came to Woodbine cottage and waited till it closed behind her, performing the escort with a bold and lordly air. Left the feet decrease which have the feet decrease whic alone in the fast darkening night, with no become hackneyed quotations.

Victor Hugo wrote "Les Miserables" standing up, an attitude which Hawthorn also provided in the tree of the tree of the standing up, an attitude which Hawthorn also provided in the tree of the tree essaying new mischief in the tops of the elm trees, he stood for a moment, istening fearfully. Then he laid his

sturdy legs to the ground and fled for chair or sitting on the arm of his sechome, looking neither to right nor left till he reached the hospitable light of his father's study. The lad had been home, a position which he varied now brave in face of the visible horror. and then by patting that scribe on the head or pulling his ears. Fear struck him in the moment of

Sir Walter Scott could while reclin-Julia's talk about the mark on the child's cheek. Scornful and furious at ing on a lounge dictate to two amanuimself, yet he was mysteriously enses, who frequently had to stop writing, so funny the dictated passages seemed to them.

Balzac, in a monk's robe, frequently

wrote from midnight till noon, taking

drafts of strong coffee when drowsiness attacked him and thus shortenng his life by many years, no doubt. William Morris made one of his fanous translations from the Greek vhile riding on the steam cars. Walt Whitman and Horace Traubel, original n all things, were most original in the position they took while thinking. They and only occasionally was the silence broken by the moans of some female vere wont, so Mr. Traubel says, to who tossed and turned and dreamed that the bull pup had devoured her As the hour rang out a man and wo-

Indge in a rural Alabama court.

Accused. "Jed Blake to the bar," ordered the

A big, hulking negro ambled up to be arraigned for murder. "Jed," began the judge, "you are charged with the gravest crime known to the law, that of taking the life of a fellow man. One of the forms of punhment for murder is death. Have you made any arrangements for your defense in this case, Jed?"

"No, sub, jedge. I ain' done nuthin'." "Have you a lawyer, Jed?" "No, suh, jedge. I ain' got no law-yer. I ain' got nuthin', jedge." "Well, Jed," said the judge, showing a little impatience, "have you talked to

anybody about this case?" "I talked to de sheriff some dat night when he come after me, jedge, but you knows dat didn't do no good."

"For your information, Jed, I will

state that it is within the province of this court to appoint counsel to any defendant who has none. I am now ready to appoint you a lawyer. Do you want one?" "No, jedge. I don't want nuthin',"

enlied Jed rather dolefully. "See here," snapped the judge, "I won't have any more of this foolishness. You say you don't want any lawyer. Well, then, what do you intend to do about this case?" nome, and as the man removed his hat

"Well, I tells you, jedge, I ain' 'tendin' to do nuthin'. Ef It's jes' de "No. Bill; I didn't see a diamond in cerned I's willing to let do whole matter drap right here."-Everybody's

Woman and the Jewish Talmud. The Jewish Talmud has these sen tences about women: "A good wife is heaven's noblest gift. A housewife never allows herself to be disturbed from her work. Even while convers ing she is busily spinning. An old, ex-perienced woman in a household is an rnament to it like a pearl. He who ives in an unmarried state knows no loys, none of the blessings of home, and is without support. The man who stands at the deathbed of his wife And today's Easter tool"-A. B. Lewis feels like those who saw the temple of Jerusalem reduced to ashes, for the wife is the temple in which each man finds repose and quiet, where he rests after the labors of the day and where he can give expression to his feelings, joyful and mournful. God has given woman more ability of judging correctly than man."

## THE BACHELORS' FAIR How the Girls of Ecaussines Manage

to Get Husbands. The wind of matrimony is blowing over Belgium. The maidens of the village Ecaussines, in the province of Hainaut, issue a cordial invitation to "all available bachelors in the world" to come and seek a wife among them on Whit Monday, when a party will be offered to prospective husbands. This party is a yearly event at Ecauseines. It was organ. but the incident got to the ears of the husbands. This party is a yearly event at Ecaussines. It was organ-ized seven years ago with the assistance of the authorities, who thereby encourage the domestic virtues. The success of the scheme has increased traveler at the Union depot was year by year, many marriages follow-ing the party. All the maiden mem-bers of the original committee are "You connect with a train leaving at

now married. now married.

This year the festival is to begin on Whit Monday at 10 o'clock, when maidens will meet the bachelors at the station and take them to the town hall to sign the golden book. In the afternoon there will be on the market-place a pageant of bachelors, who will be addressed by the president of the Maiden Committee.

Afternoon tea will be served by the

dent of the Maiden Committee.
Afternoon tea will be served by the maidens, and a concert and ball will include the day's festivities.

Anyone wishing to receive an invitation must send in his name to the president before May 15.

On the other hand, the bachelors of a neighboring village, Ronquieres, announce a similar tete for Whit Sunday, and all maiden ladies are invited to attend. Whitsuntide in Belgium will offer a unique opportunity to anyone "in the world" whe wants to get married.

wants to get married. Deep Breathing and Character. We are beginning to learn the value to health and lungs of the habit of "deep breathing." To throw our windows wide open, breathe in fresh air so deeply that not only the lungs, but the whole of the body right down to the hips, is expanded, exercised and bathed with clean air, prevents chest weakness and consumption and helps to cure anaemia and—bad temper. and-bad temper.

In Germany there is a certain very "People don't have those marks for proudly wears about her neck with gold band, which the Kaiser alone is nothing—so mother says." Other peo- comfort? (Boa.)

# QUESTION OF HEALTH

Without Rich, Red Blood You Cannot be Healthy-How to Obtain This Blessing.

If every woman and young gir would realize the danger of allowing blood to become thin and poor, would understand that the majority of com euralgia, sciatica and even partial aralysis. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills ild up the blood, repair waste and event and check disease. They fill the system with rich, red blood which neans good health and life.

Miss Marie Dionne, St. Angele, Que

says: "I am deeply grateful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me. My blood had almost turned o water. I was pale, had no appetite suffered from pains in the back an-side, and had a feeling of constant de eave me breathless, and I was re pounds. I got nothing to help me un pounds. I got nothing to help me un til I began the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills. They began helping me after the first couple of weeks, and in a few weeks more I was again perelimb upon a pile of lumber and lie down upon their backs. In that way each found out what the other's best thoughts were.—Boston Globe.

WANTED NO LAWYER.

Wanted No. 17 Hauber and lie clerks, the pains left me, and I gained in weight until I now weigh 130 pounds. I feel so happy for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for me that I hope some other ailing, miserable girl will profit by my experience and obtain new health."

These Pills are sold by all medicine dealers or you can get them by mail dealers or you can get them by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Mediine Co., Brockville, Ont.

A New Englander was travelling in Texas on a new railroad.

"Hello, neighbor!" he called out to a fellow-traveller. "How about the fellow-traveller. outhbound train? How often does

'She's a try-weekly," said the Texan. "She runs down one week and tries mighty hard to get back the next."—Judge.

Through indiscretion in eating green fruit in summer many children be-come subject to cholera morbus caused by irritating acids that act vioently on the lining of the intesting Pains and dangerous purgings ensuand the delicate system of the chil suffers under the drain. In such cases the safest and surest medicine is Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial. It will check the inflammation and save the child's life.

"That's quite an ideal marriage Watson's. Actually, I feel certain that husband and wife think absolutely

"You're perfectly correct about the thinking, old man. But perhaps you have noticed that Mrs. Watson always thinks first.'—Scottish American.

# COMFORT FOR MOTHERS;

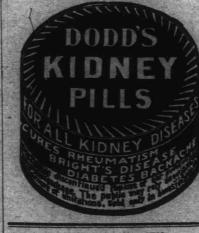
HEALTH FOR CHILDREN cure indigestion, colic, constipation, fiarrhoea and teething troubles, deprevent deadly croup. This me ortains no poisonous opiates or narcotics, and may be given with absolute safety to a new-born child. Mrs. C. L. Manery, Leamington, Ont., says: "My baby suffered from colic and conpation so badly that we did not know what it was to get a good night's rest, but since giving him Baby's Own Tablets the trouble has disappeared, and he now sleeps well. The action of the Tablets is gentle yet very effective." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.; Brockville, Ont.

"I have adopted a new motto for my life," sighed the man who resided with his mother-in-law. "What is it?" they inquired. "Everything is relative."— Detroit

Minard's Liniment used by Physi-

Public Lands Within the borders of the United States there are still 754,895,296 acres of unappropriated public land, not including the large areas held by the state of Texas. The meaning of these figures can be gleaned by comparis with the size of Illinois, which conains 35,840,000 acres. The unapproriated area, according to figures sued by the government, is more than twenty times as large as Illinois. It should be remembered, however, that mountains and other regions that are not even surveyed are included, along with 368,021,509 acres in Alaska that probably never will be occupied. There is so much waste land included in the above estimate of unappropriated round that the figures are deceiving. The fact is that good public lands are ecoming scarce. Only a few years igo the settlers could drive until they ound a place that suited them and here make their homes, but that was efore the value of such ground was stood and before the present attack of "land fever" seized the general public.-New York Post

Ugly Hands In Evidence. To keep the hands smooth and white toak them in sweet almond oil every night. Pour the oil in a bowl and im the hands for several minutes. gently with a soft towel and draw on loose white gloves for sleep-



THE SMART DRUMMER.

There Was Something Coming to Him and He Got It.

"Gentlemen," said the drummer of druggists' sundries as he looked around on the half dozen men who were asking him for the latest story, "I believe I have felt about 400 different feelings in my life, and the balmiest one of all was the feeling that I had son ning to me and would get it if stayed on the road long enough. "And have you got it?" was asked.

"I have. I got it coming into Chi-cago. I was very comfortable in my Pullman when a young man came along and told me a pitiful story and wanted me to buy his diamond ring The game is older than the hills, and I was on in a minute-bogus story and bogus diamond; willing to seme a \$200 ring for \$30. I asked him where the green spot was in my eye. and while I was pluming myself the man in the other part of the section pulled out three tens and pocketed the ring. Did I look down upon him with pity and contempt? Did I smile? Die I grin? Did I ask him where his guardian was? Oh, yes-oh, yes, and Men Made to Look Like Beasts by he spoke up and claimed that the stones were diamonds and the ring well worth 200 plunks. It nettled ma to see the ass so cocksure and to hear him say that of course I was no judge of diamonds, and I put up \$50 tha he'd been done for. The conducto held the money, and when we got intrown we made for a jewelry store. We took in four of 'em before I laid down Same story in each place-ring worth

"And you lost your \$50?" "Slick as slick,"

"And there was a game in it?" "Of course, you camel. Seller and buyer were confederates, and they probably worked the scheme six days a week. If I'd got ready to buy, some excuse would have been made to head me off. Yes, gentlemen. 1 had something coming to me, and I got it, and I feel relieved."

### EQUATORIAL AFRICA.

How Hunters Dress Where There Is No Dawn and No Dusk.

We wore khaki for daytime and warm clothes for night when sitting around the camp, as after the sun goes down a great chill immediately settles down that makes winter clothing and a good big fire most essential. During the daytime we always wore

pith helmets, although sometimes early in the morning and late in the afternoon, when the sun is not at its maximum, a double terai felt hat may be substituted. It is far more com-As additional protection we wore

sun pads which covered the spine. These are merely heavy quilted strips the shoulders, as we were advised that the effect of the sun was i st as deadly at this point as on the head. I do not know what maximum the thergrees, as beyond that point there was in New York now wear silk hats, in Baby's Own Tablets will promptly great danger of breaking it. In the business hours anyway. In the course sunlight the next, and the reverse occurs in the evening, for the sun goes down and night comes on as if a curtain had suddenly been drawn down

over the west, and the chill of night egins instantly.—Percy C. Madeira in Metropolitan Magazine,

If Furniture Could Talk. If furniture could only talk there would be a sorry time for some house-Why are there so many homes which make us feel as if we would

like to make quick exit from them, as

the conglomerated mixture of carpets

furniture and pictures give an actual ent amazement at such atrocious ple, "to have artistic surroundings if you have the money to pay for them." In a certain sense this is true, but a full nurse does not always guarantee good taste, which is in fact nothing

more than having a well developed sense of the suitability of things in onnection with each other. A piece of furniture in itself may be ing, but in the room in which you have to place it it can be a posiive fright. To buy such a piece just ecause you have taken a fancy to it is very foolish, just as foolish as for a man to marry a woman for her good looks, with no regard to other qualitles she may or may not possess. Not only must you live with that purchase, ut so must everything else in the

The secret of good furnishing is not only the question, "Do I like it?" but Will it agree or harmonize with the rest of the furniture where it is to be

A Conscientious Forger. A Conscientious Forger.

The following incident is told of Austin Bidwell, the notorious forger who many years ago attempted to break the Bank of England: When he was arrested he remembered that being short of money at the time, he had procured lunch on credit at a London restaurant and wrote to an acquaintance whom he had befriended to settle the score. This was duly acquaintance whom he had befriended to settle the score. This was duly done, and Bidwell was apprised of the fact. Then the forger recollected that he had forgotten to tip the waiter threepence, as usual, and he forwarded three postage stamps to the restaurant keeper for Robert's benefit. Bidwell's missive to the landlord, framed, was long on view in the bar of the restaurant.

Radiator Brushes tor trush is giving her maid unneces-nary work. These little affairs do not cost much, and they are shaped so that they get into every crevice of the radi-ator and take out the dust that clogs



No trouble with Sunlight Soap, Just follow the directions on the rest. Costs little-goes farnever injures hands or clothes

### LIVING HORRORS.

To transfer a man into a beast would

at first seem to be impossible. It is accomplished, however, by the Chinese, known. The skin is removed in small particles from the entire surface of the body, and to the bleeding parts bits of the bide of living animals, bears and dogs, are usually applied. The operation requires years for its full accom-plishment. After the person has had his skin comp'etely changed and becomes a man-bear of a man-dog he is made mute to complete the illu and also deprive him of the means of informing the public he is intended to amuse of his long torture. A Chinese journal, the Hupao, prints a description of one of these human animals exhibited in the Kiangsi. His entire body was covered with dog skin. He stood erect (although sometimes the feet are so mutilated that the beast is forced to walk on all fours), could not utter articulate sounds, rise and sit down-in short, make the gestures of a human being. A mandarin who heard of this monstrosity had him brought to his palace, where his hairy skin and bestial appearance caused quite as replied with an affirmative nod. He also signified in the same manner that he would write. A pencil was given him, but he could not use it, his hands were so deformed. Ashes were then placed on the ground in front of him, when the man-dog, leaning over, traced in them five characters indicating his name and district. Investigation showed that he had been stolen, imprisoned for years and subjected to ong tortures. His master was apprehended and condemned to death.

Loudon Spare Moments. Tall Men In Tall Hats. A man who walked down Broadway mometer would reach in the sun, as I below Fourteenth street in the middle was afraid to leave it exposed when it of the afternoon on a business day got higher than a little above 150 de- came to the conclusion that few men shade the temperature would be usu of ten blocks, along which he met hunand teething troubles, de-ally from 85 to 100 degrees, but there dreds of thousands of men, he en-s, break up colds and thus was always a breeze blowing, and the rapidly as soon as one got out of the more than fifty, and both were tall sun. It was always cold in the morn- and slender, while the other, though ing when we started out at the first under forty years of age, was like the peep of light, and we were usually other two in altitude, and he approxi shivering for a few minutes prior to mated them in slenderness-three tall, the sun's appearance. Day does not slim men wearing tall, slim hats, dawn in equatorial Africa, but it and these the only men met wearing bursts! It is dark one minute and full silk hats in ten blocks of Broadway.

A Pill for Brain Workers .- The man who works with his brains is more iable to derangement of the digestive vstem than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fag begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for such cases and all se who use them can certify their superior power.

Magistrate-You say you are inno cent. How do you explain the fact that you were found near the scene of the robbery with the stolen pro-perty in your hands? ner-That's what's puzzlin' me oo, your worship.—Scottish American

Eyes Are Relieved by Murine en Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye when Irritated by Chalk Dust and Eye Strain, incident to the average School Acom. A recent Census of New York City reveals the fact that in that City alone 17,928 School Children needed Eye Care. Why not try Murine Eye Remedy for Red, Weak, Weary, Water Strain Carpulation Pink Eye and ery Eyes, Granulation, Pink Eye and Eve Strain? Murine doesn't Smart; cothes Eye Pain. Is compounded by Experienced Physicians; Contains no njurious or Prohibited Drugs. Try Murine for Your Eye Troubles; You will like Murine. Try it in Baby's Eyes for Scaly Eyelids. Druggists Sell Murine at 50c. The Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, Will Send You Interesting Eye Books Free.

Mand Muller on a summer's day Put up a bluff at raking hay, But on the highroad kept an eye In case a judge came riding by.

And sure enough, a judge did pass
At forty mile an hour, alas!

It gives to romance quite a jar,

The modern honk-honk touring car

Keep Minard's Liniment in the house Father-Don't you forget to say

'Thank you," for your Christmas presents, Tommie.

Tommie—I don't have to till I see what they are, do I?-Harper's Ba

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

Not Twins.

Two new scholars came to school the other day. "Are you brothers?" asked the teacher. "Yes," answered one of the boys, and as their ages were both the same the teacher remarked, "Then you must be twins?" "No," said the boy. The teacher, after a minute's thought, said, "Well, if you are brothers, and both the same age, I'll admit you are more clever than I am if you can prove that you are not twins." "No," said that you are not twins." "No," said the boy, "we're triplets, but the ither yin dee'd."

BUFFALO WAINW

Government Park wright Now H Head of Buffalo From Elk Park mont.

Wainwright, June 1

day morning, when a 23 cars, containing 3 here at 6 am. The from the Elk park ne berta, being the portion lo herd from Montana the Dominion govern Superintendent of I Howard Douglas and Ellis of Buffalo park, of the consignment. gan to arrive at an by the time unloading o'clock a large crowd the corral, one mile i chute had been built the cars to the corr another chute 100 feet quarters, of a mile new home of "the me

plains. No great difficulty in driving the buffalo although at times a b to put up a fight. Wh reached the corral the ing in a most uncol and paid no attention roundings until driven park chute by the would approach the wary manner, but as passed all started on th lope, characteristic of they would maintain u ed the park.

As car after car w record time the banks lakes, which abound t monster corral of 2,00 north end of the park, with small bunches of among the luxurient g time the last car had well worn buffalo trail from end to end of th was an interesting sig buffalo follow this wit from it. Half way d was a small hill and ched this they stopped the surrounding countr Occasionally a litt would be created by a a couple of bulls, who head on at each other, of short duration, due tion of the bulls after

the cars. A picturesque touch the scene by the presen number of Indians who to see the buffalo which thers were partly respo ing from the prairies. was heard from the b were driven from the c in the corrals an old bu occasionally flash, his and with tail up would and around the corral the entrance to the which he would go a speed. The buffalo mad to break through the discovered the futility confined in Elk park. heavy rain fell and the

road journey and the

ter of the bluffs. The animals were in after the hard winter died on the journey This herd will be held corrall of two thousan north end of the park ance of the Pablo here Montana early in July in retaining them in th enable tourists to obta the animals. It is there will be great exc the next bunch arrives as they are the outlaw herd and extremely tendent Douglas expr tion at the excellent the buffalo stood the l

be seen in the distance

## Missing Manage

Grenfell, Sask., June iety excited by the di Jas. Y. Thompson, has by his being found on much exhausted, havin been wandering for sev Thompson has been Sunday, when he eng stead, he turned up at Thornton's, saying he bath in Crooked Lake. his horse, walked to was not seen until too getting uneasy at his a search to be nade the kept it up till he wa porary mental abbera

Further developme Manager Thompson Investment Co., was f ed Lake in a semi-cons and is now in charg Brown of the R.N.W.M aining his valuables bush nearby, and it is he was endeavoring t cide. Nothing unusual ed in the bank, but a