apring tide of youth. There was some thing in the brightness of her face that harmonized with the beauty of the day. It was a picture that an artist would have immortalized—the variety of flow-ers of every color that diversified the green grass of the lawn, and the golden

anbeams that lit up the scene. The centre figure, which seemed to concentrate the light and brightness, was that of young girl, Florence, the only child Lord Wyverne. A plain morningdress of white muslin showed to advan dress of white musin showed to advan-tage the slender, girlish figure. The rippling golden hair was simply tied with a blue ribbon; the lovely, half-childish face was a poem complete in it-self. It was a face that changed with every thought—one moment gay and bright in another thoughtful and sad. There was passion and deep feeling, and, withal, a quaint kind of imperious, half-wilful look that charmed even mode the regular featuers or the violet eyes.

Lady Florence was wilful. The friends

ho admired her most and loved her est admitted it. She had been spoiled all her life-had known no law, no will, save her own, no well-medited rebuke, no lecture, ever fell to the lot of Lady Wyverne's daughter. Her very faults were smiled at as being part of her pretty, wilful, fascinating manner, that no one wished to see changed. She was a fair picture—a type of English beauty as she stood this summer morning. In her dainty white hands she held some pieces of bread, with which she was regaling magnificent peacock that was exhibiting his airs and graces in the sun.

"You will spoil that bird, Lady Florence; you flatter him too much," said a clear voice; and the young girl started as she heard the words. Good-morning, Mr. Lynne," she said,

without turning round. "If my bird is proud, you must at least own that he has something to be proud of."

The young man sat down to watch the process of feeding the peacock and the pretty tame white dvoes; and then it was that the picture became beautiful. There was the slightest and prettiest

air of embarrassment in the young gir!'s face as his eyes followed her every movement, although sh.e affected to be movement, although she affected to be quite unaware of his close observation. She revenged herself, however, by making many little speeches to the birds which were intended for him. These little symptoms were not unoted, for at the window of the break-

fast-room, which opened upon the lawn, stood Lord Wyverne himself, watching, with an eager and scrutinizing glance. the faces of his daughter and his guest. With one look at Lord Wyverne's face his history was told. Years of wild disorder, unbridled indulgence in vice and folly, had left unmistakable traces. The bent figure, the dimmed eyes, the fur-rowed brow, the trembling hands, told their own tale. Lord Wyverne was not much above fifty, yet he was an old man. He was wont to boast that he had seen more of life in his f ty years than other men had in a hundred. Most probably that was true. He had spent a noble fortune. When it was all gone he married an heiress, and in the course of a few years he spent her fortune also. Lady Wyverne died, the doctor said, of disease, her friends said of despair, leaving one only child, Florence

Ruined in fortune, shattered in health, and came to live upon the estate he had so long neglected. It is not a pleasant picture to gaze

upon, this ruined spendthrift, this pos-sessor of a noble name, the descendant of a noble race, who had bartered honor. character and fortune for mere pleasure. There were times when he turned in dis-gust even from himself; and such a mo-ment was the present, as he stood watching his daughter's face and trying to understand its expression.
"It would do charmingly," he mutter-

"She would be Lady Lynne; and it would not matter so uch that I have not a penny to leave

"There is papa at the window," cried the young girl. "He is waiting break-fast for us, I suppose. Pray tell him, fast for us, I suppose. Fray tell him, Mr. Lynne, as the young man rose, "that I will be there in three minutes. Try," she added ,softly, "and be more amiable to pap than you are to my bird and to

Mr. Lynne looked half bewildered, and stood for a moment as though in-clined to dispute the charge; but she gave him a saucy little mutinous smile

hat sent him to breakfast in an unusual Lord Wyverne stood at the window. He did not leave it while his guest exchanged greetings with him. There was a wistful look on his worn, worldly face.

"Have I rested well?" he said, in reply to the young man's inquiries. "Yes, as well as I can do with the remembrance of a lifetime of folly strong upon me. I do not like my nights, Philip. In the daytime I can disperse my ghoststhe ghosts of lost years; but in the night they draw around me, and do not let me rest. I have been thinking, as I stood here, that perhaps it is not too late to begin even now to do something bet-ter. Do you know what would happen

him with surprise,
"Why, she would be left penniless," "Why, she would be left penniless," said his lordship; "porer even than the poorest housemaid in the kitchen—literally and truly penniless. I have got through every farthing of her mother's fortune. I have lost five thousand pounds in one night's play. There is nothing left now but the entailed estate, and Floy, poor child, will receive no benefit from that. I ought to have saved money for her," he added, despond-

replied Mr. Lynne, looking at

"It is a strange position for her to be placed in," said Philip Lynne, gravely.
"You would say so if you knew how."

CHAPTER 2.

It was a pretty and picturesque scene upon which the June sunbeams fell one bright summer morning some few years ago.

Out upon the lawn of Severnoke Castle stood a young girl just in the first apring-tide of youth. There was something in the brightness of her face that

said Philip, anxious to console him.
"There will be some provision found for

her."
"I tell you if I died to-morrow sh would not have sixpence, said his lord-ship. "I looked my affairs in the fac-yesterday, the first time for many years, yesterday, the first time for many years, and if anything happens to me Lady Florence Wyverne would be neither more nor less than a beggar."

"But she has friends," interrupted Mr.

Lynne. "What are they worth?" said Lord Wyverne, with a sneer. "I know the world. Of all those who have flattered and sought her now, how many do you ter I am gone?"

"I, for one," began Philip, warmly. "I have long wished to say—"
"A telegram, my lord," interrupted a footman who are transfered to

footman, who entered the room hurriedly, and presented Lord Wyverne with one of those unmistakable folded papers, al ways the harbingers of sorrow or joy.

"It is not for me," said Lord Wyverne, looking at it. "It is for you, Mr.
Lynne—no bad news, I hope."

"My uncle is ill—dying," said the young man. "I must go at once. How can I get from here to Lynnewolde?"

"Drive to the retains and take the

"Drive to the station, and take the train to aBthurst—that's the quickest way," said Lord Wyverne. "How suden! He has not been ill long, has he?"
"I have not heard from him for some months," replied Mr. Lynne, who had grown pale and looked half bewildered.

grown pale and looked half bewildered.

"The telegram is from my cousin, Inez
Lynne. It says: 'Lord Lynne is ill—
dying, we fear. He wishes to see you.
Come at once.'"

"How did they know where to find
you?" asked Lord Wyverne.

"I wrote to my uncle three days ago,"
replied Philip, and Lord Wyverne noted
the warm color that flushed his face.

"What a solemn council! I never saw
the owls in committee, but even they
could not look wiser," said Florence,
whose bright face smiled in at them
from the window. "Pray do be like
ordinary mortals," she continued. "How
can I make tea or coffee for gentlemen can I make tea or coffee for gentlemen who look as though the world depended

on their next word?" "Hush, Floy!" said Lord Wyverne.
"Mr. Lynne has bad news. Lord Lynne

"I am so sorry," said Florence, as her face changed. "Pray forgive me, Mr. Lynne. I never dreamed there was anything earlier thing. Lynns. I never dreamed there was anything serious. What can we do?"
"Nothing at present," said Lord Wyverne, "Give Mr. Lynne a cup of tea, while I order the carriage. I will go down to the station with you myself," he added, turning to Philip, and then he left them alone.

"I am so grieved, Mr. Lynne," said Florence; "bad news always seems to me doubly sorrowful coming on such a bright, beautiful day as this. Half an

hour ago, while we were so careless and happy out in the garden there, how lit-tle we thought what was coming for She held out the cup of tea, and Philip drank it hastily; he could not eat, and she watched him wistfully as he pushed the plate away.
"Are you very grieved?" she asked,

he could no longer play his favorite part, be so terribly changed! The first trou-Lord Wyverne gave up his town house ble is, that I have to leave Severnoke and you." "But you will come again?" she said,

eagerly. "Yes, I shall come again," he replied; "that is, if I can do so."
Philip finished his tea in silence, and

Florence watched him with a wistfu look on her beautiful girlish face.
"You will be ill before you reach Lynnewolde," she said, "unless you try to eat something. Let me persuade you to try.

"I would do anything at your request," he replied, "but to eat just now is impossible. You do not know—you cannot understand what the shock is to me. My thoughts were full of something so very different. I feel lost and bewildered and unlike myself.'

ed and unlike myself."

He drew near her as he spoke, and held out his hand to say adieu.
"I shall never forget this pleasant visit. Lady Florence," he continued. have been happier than I ever was in my life before. I only regret that it ends so

abruptly. There was no mistaking the young There was no mistaking the young girl's face—the warm color that mounted to her white brow, the trembling lips, the shy, drooping eye. If ever a face told a love-story, it was Florence Wyverne's in that moment when she turned away lest Philip should read too clearly what the could not help showing. He what she could not help showing. He looked at her with a half-mournful smile. looked at her with a half-mournful smfle.
The bright, dainty, wilful beauty, whom
no one had ever yet tamed, shrunk timidly from him.
"Florence," he resumed. "if I——"

The sentence was never finished; for at that moment Lord Wyverne entered the room hastily, saying that the car-

riage was waiting.

"Good-bye," said Philip to the young girl, "my regret at leaving you is lessented by the hope of being allowed to see you soon again."

If Philip Lynne could but have foreson where and how he would see that

If Philip Lynne could but have fore-seen where and how he would see that beautiful young girl next—if she had known how many years would pass be-fore her hand touched his again—before she would see his face or he his voice, she would not have parted with him so

cheerfully.
Twice that morning Philip Lynne had been on the point of proposing for Lady Florence—once to her father, and once to herself; but each time a sudden and accidental interruption prevented the words from being spoken that would have bound him to her for life. In after years he wondered much what his life would have been had he quitted Severn-



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Emminimum oke Castle as the betrothed husband of Florence Wyverne.
There was not much time for thought.

In two minutes after Philip Lynne had said good bye to Lord Wyverne's daugh-ter he was on his way to the station. It was not until Philip was seated in the train that he had time to review at leisure the events that had happened, and to speculate upon the future that

CHAPTER II.

It was not a very eventful life that Philip Lynne reviewed on that summer morning as he travelled from Severnoke to Bathurst—a calm, happy life of 25 years' duration, neither brightened by vivid sunshine nor darkened by violent storms. His home had been a peaceful one—no dark, dull care brooded over it; but he remembered how his parents had struggled to keep up appearances, and to maintain the dignity of their name and race. His father was the youngest and only surviving brother of Lord Lynne. He was not a wealthy man. He had but a younger brother's had but a younger brother's portion, and that was not a large one. He married a lady who, though well-born and beautiful had no fortune; and their union prove a happy one, although they had been obliged to economize, and deny themselves, sometimes tven the comforts of life, in order that they might live as became the Lynnes of Lynnewolde. No expense had been spared on Phil-

ip's education; for, although his parents had much ado to keep their footing in nad much and to keep their footing in society, he had bright prospects. He was the heir of his uncle, the wealthy Lord Lynne, of Lynnewolde. There are not many older families in

England than the Lynnes. In the earliest history of the kingdom they figured largely in nearly every reign. One of the bravest knights who served that brave King Edward I., was Hubert Lynne, of the Wolde, as their house was

then called. Stephen Lynne fought with the Black Prince, and added fresh laur-els to his name. Henry V. had no braver or better soldier than Bertrand the or or better solder than bertrand as Strong, Lord of Lynne. In the Wars of the Roses they fought and distin-guished themselves. A Lynne helped to win the battle of Bosworth Field. At the Field of the Cloth of Gold a Lynne suddenly.

"Yes," he replied. "I esteem Lord
Lynne very much. I should grieve to
lose him; and if he dies all my life will Lord Lynne. When Charles I. came from ard Canadian Kidney remedy, his prison cell to the scaffold a Lynne stood near his royal master, and would gladly have died in his place. When the "Merrie Monarch" was welcomed to his throne none received him more joyously than the Lord of Lynne, who had expended nearly all his wealth in the service of his debonnaire sovereign. But from that time the glory of the Lynnes faded. Whether they were realimpoverished through the immense sums raised by Richard, Lord Lynne, for the benefit of his royal master, or whether their zeal died with the Stuarts, one can say; but from the reign of Charles II. there is no more mention of them—at least, in public history. In the private annals of the family there is a record of each Lord Lynne who lived and died at Lynnewolde.

The present Lord Lynne had succeeded to the title when very young. His father had been a wild, reckless man; and the once great wealth of the family had nearly all vanished when Stephen Lynne took possession of the estate. Nothing, in fact, remained of their once large possessions except Lynnewolde, He married twice. His first wife was a beautiful Spanish lady, who was never seen in his stately English home. Her portrait was in the picture gallery; but she had not lived to shine, as she would have done, fairest among the pecresses of England. She died in Spain, one year

after her marriage, leaving one little birl, an infant, a few days old. Stephen, Lord Lynne, married again not a beauty this time, but a gentle English girl, one of the wealthiest heirnot a beauty this time, but a gentle English girl, one of the wealthiest heir esses of the day. She also had one daughter; but a son, the wish of Lord Lynne's heart, was not given to him. Lady Lynne loved her husband; she was Lynne's heart, was not given to him. Lady Lynne loved her husband; she was very happy; and at her death she left the whole of her large fortune to him, giving him the power to do what he would with it.

Lynnewolde had been restored to more than its ancient grandeur, and Lord Lynne was known to be a wealthy nobleman; still, many people wondered how it would be with the heir of the Lynnes. The title he must have — Lynnewolde, too, for it was entailed, but a title and a large house are not sufficient for a man to live upon, and many wondered whether Philip would in-herit his uncle's money as well as his

Perhaps some such thoughts crossed the young heir's mind even now, as he drew near Lynnewolde. Philip knew well what the want of money was. When his father died, he heard his mother say,

in the midst of her grief, that anxiety had shortened his life; he had known no had shortened his life; he had known no other care than want of money, want of means sufficient for keeping up the position he thought himself entitled to. His life had been a struggle, and when his son gazed upon his dead face, and heard his mother's words, it was no wonder that a strong conviction of the need and value of money crept into his need and value of money crept into his heart. He tried not to think of that now, but to remember the errand he heart. He tried not to think of that now, but to remember the errand he was upon, the dying man who wished to see him, and the two fair young daugh-ters, who would be left orphans if the worst happened and his uncle died. He remembered the last time he was at Lynnewolde—Lord Lynne was well and healthy then and his cousin Agatha had healthy then, and his cousin Agatha had talked to him of nothing else but her sister Inez, that half-Spanish sister, who sister Inez, that nair-spanish sister, what never seen her English home. She was expected there daily, and Philip felt some curiosity as to what she would be like. If she were only one-half as beautiful as her mother, he knew she would create a sensation even in a country where beautiful faces are not rare. He had never seen her, this strange cousin, this Inez Lynne, who had telegraphed for him.

Then his thoughts flew back to Florage Wynerre whom twice that mornage.

ence Wyverne, whom twice that morn-ing he had been on the point of asking to be his wife. Bathurst was reached at last, and

Bathurst was reached at last, and there Philip found the carriage waiting to take him to Lynnewolde.

"How is Lord Lynne?" he asked the footman who helped to find his luggage and seemed anxious to hurry him away as soon as possible.

"He was no better when I left, eir," said the man "Miss Lynne begged you

"He was no better when I lett, £17,"
said the man, "Miss Lynne begged you
would make all possible speed, for my
lord has been asking for you all day."
"Why did they not send for me sconer?" he inquired.
"My lord was as well as you, sir, on
Tuesday morning," replied the servent.
"He was taken ill on Tuesday night
with a kind of fit, and he has never
specker since except to ask for you.

with a kind of fit, and he has never spoken since, except to ask for you; and then Miss Lynne telegraphed at once. It is Thursday to-day; he has now been ill three days."

"And is he in danger!" asked Philip.

"When I left home, sir," said the man,
"Miss Lynne told me to return as quick-lyne Leguld for it was life or death."

ly as I could for it was life or death."

It was not a very long drive from Bathurst to Lynnewolde. The coachman did not spare his horses and in less time than he thought it possible Philip saw the dark masses of wood that sur-

(To be continued)

COLD BROUGHT ON KIDNEY DISEASE

Brantford Lady Suffered Till Cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Lumbago and Rheumatism, and Tells How She Was Restored to Health.

Brantford, Ont., Oct. 12 .- (Special.)-How Colds, La Grippe and other minor ills settle on the Kidneys and develop Rheumatism, Heart Disease, Bright's Disease and other terribly dangerous ailments; and how any and all of them are cured by Dodd's Kidney Pills is fully shown in the case of Mrs. A. H. Thomson, whose home is at 48 Aibion street, this city.

Mrs. Thomson was, some years ago, taken with Cold and La Grippe and Straining, which affected her Kidneys, and the result was Backache, Lumbago, Rheumatism and Heart Disease, which caused both her and her friends grave

She had suffered some years when she heard of cures effected by Dodd's Kidney Pills, and bought a box, which she used with such splendid results that she conwith such splendid results that sale con-tinued to take them till she was cured. Since then she has used Dodd's Kidney-Pills in her own family and recommended them widely to her friends, all of whom have warm words of praise for the stand-Kidney Pills.

Heart Discase, Rheumatism, Lumbago and Bright's Disease are all Kidney Diseases or are caused by diseased Kidneys. eases or are caused by diseased Kidneys. You can't have any of them if you keep your Kidneys sound and your blood pure. Dodd's Kidney Pills make the Kidneys sound. Sound Kidneys strain all the impurities out of the blood.

HOUSES IN ROME.

They Are So Scarce People Want to Confiscate the Convents.

The police on duty in the Piazza Colonna (the Trafalgar square of Rome) were astonished a few nights ago to see it invaded by a shabby little procession, consisting of a man, his wife, their four children, with the domestic pets, and a porter pushing a barrow, on which were piled the scanty effects of a small family. Arrived at the bandstand, the unloading of the barrow was begun, when the inspector on duty put a stop to the proceedings with a stern inquiry as to what it all meant.

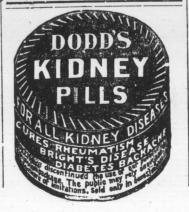
"It means this," said the head of the fam-

ings with a stern inquiry as to what it all meant.

"It means this," said the head of the family, "we have been turne dout of our miserable room by the authorities, who said it was unhealthy; so there is literally nowhere to go, no one who can take us in for the small sum I am able to pay. At least, no one can say that the Piazza Colonna is not big enough for us; and here we have come to stay."

Police persuasion to the contrary was strengthened by the arrival of a porter or two, who, under the direction of a constable, are moved the sorry heap of goods and chattels; and in the end the family were conducted to the station, where the superintendent gave them sufficent money for one night's lodging. But the question is not solved. Solved it must be, for it is the question of the people.

It is a question which touches not only the proof and necessitous. It touches with al-





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TORONTO

clean, convenient, and nealthy, for a fairly reasonable rent. There are not enough of houses to go round, and the building failures of the eighties have made people afraid to put their money into that kind of enterprise. Plans have been discussed for the extension of the city, but they are not likely to get beyond "talk" for years to come.

Rome, in the course of 40 years, has doubled its population without doubling its house-room. Hence the present deedlock. Then, again, since Rome, became the capital of Italy, the number of its religious houses, convents, monasteries, colleges, seminaries, etc. has been steadily increased, and they now occupy many of the choicest positions in the central quarters of the city. The "Vita" has just published a plan of Rome, showing the large portion of the city occupied by these establishments. The reason for their multiplication probably lies in the fact of the great development of the monastic or semi-monastic orders which have been mulkiplying for years past. Every new order or congregation, to facintate its business with the Vatican, seeks to have a central house in Rome, and for this accommodation is prepared to pay handsomely enough to tempt house owners to get rid of their existing tenants to make room for the wearers of some picturesque habit more or less mediaeval.

An English lady of my acquaintance, forced to leave a flat which she had occupied for some years, because her rent was raised 40 per cept., succeeded in finding another in a perfectly new house in a less aristocratior, to put it plainly, in a rather slummy quarter of the city. She was no sooner instelled than she was informed that she might have to leave at any moment as a religious order was in treaty for the purchase of the building, and in the event of the moderately well-to-do, is probably the most expensive capital in Europe, for the increase in the price of provisions has kept pace with the rise in rents. Here and there, it is true, model dwellings are slowly rising, but near them, too, are rising big

sufficiently large scale is being made to solve the difficulty as far as the poor are cease-ned.

As for the middle clauses they occasionally utter a wail, but no notice is taken. They see around them on every side palatial convents, monasteries, and colleges, with pretty roof gardens, and arcaded terraces, while they themselves have to live in stuffy rooms, in which there is not ispace to swing a cat. The enormous increase in these religious houses no doubt brings money into the city. The communities For that very reason they are able, to buy of the best at contract prices, and in the end live much more chossly than the struggling families who envy their spacious and comfortable quarters. Corporate bones of this kind are rich, and the poor Roman householder can make no stand against them. And the worst of it is that the tendencies of the time, being mostly in a clerical direction, there is little or no chance that the municipal elegtions now imminent in kome, will do much to relieve the woes of the house-seeker. tions now imminent in Rome, will do much to relieve the woes of the house-seeker. There is a pretty spot under the old walls of the city, with a glorious view of the dome of St. Peier's and Moate Mario behind it, where a family, wiser than the man who meant to camp in the Piazza Calonna, have lived for months under a little tent on the greensward without molestation. Tired of climbing 156 stairs to my too expensive habitation. I mean to seek a similar spot, and pass the rest of the summer under the canvas and read my evening paper by the light of the moon as Ilisten to the croaking chorus of the frogs, which reaches the ear from a dietant marsh across the fields. — London Leader.

Repeat it:-"Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds."

WHY HE QUIT.

Even the Older Man Admitted That the Youth Had Cause.

"You, Jim!" called the man with the hoe to the young fellow with the shambling gait, who was making for the street exit, putting on his coat as he went

The young man stopped hesitatingly and turned about.
"What you doin' with your coat on? Where you goin'?" "I've quit the job," replied the young

"Come here and tell me why you quit," said the man with the hoe. "What's the trouble with you? You ain't been on

"Mac's been raggin' me again," said the young man. "He's picked on me right from the first, an' I told him jest now I wouldn't stand for it. I'm through, and that's all there is about it." "Rate!" said the man with the hoe.
"You don't want to quit every time the
boss gives you a lick with the rough side of his tongue. If you do that you'll work just about one day out o' the week an' put in the rest huntin' another job.

thing. I don't have to. I know when a feller don't treat me right."

"See here," said the man with the hoe.

"Mac's bark's worse than his bite. He

don't mean one-half o' what he says. There aim't a man on the job he ain't got after some time. What do you think bosses are for, anyway, if they can't bosses are for, anyway, if they can't talk a little. They've gotter do it to earn their pay. You're a too sensitive. Any little thing puts you out."

"Oh, I guess not," said the yourg man.

"He told me I wasn't worth my sait an' that I moved around like I was goin' to sleep. He said I was so slow that I made a snail look like it was exceedin' the

speed limit."
"What of it?" said the man hoe. "You don't think he's fool enough to pay you wages if he don't think you earn'em, do you? If you do you're fooled. Mac ain't that kind of a man. He wants you to move a little quicker, that's all. The more work he can get out of us the better he'll satisfy his boss. That's all there is to it. Humor him, my son; humor him. Step around lively; it won't do you no harm. I tell you you've got do you no harm. I tell you you've got to get your hide toughened up. Jest laugh an' let it go at that—only don't let Mac see you laughin'. You'll get along all right as soon's you realize that the bosses ain't got time to be a like. the bosses ain't got time to be polite."

"He called me a knock-kneed loafer,"
said the young man, with a highly in

jured air.
"Your knees do kind o' interfere a little," said the man with the hoe. "I don't say he ought to have mentioned it, 'cause it ain't your fault. You can't help the

it ain't your fault. You can't help the way you look or the way your knees bend in, and I don't blame you for feelin' a little sore. But you don't want to quit on that account."

"That's not all he said to me by a good deal," muttered the young man, starting toward the door again.

"No use o' your bein' too thin-skinned. You'll prob'ly have a darned eight worse things than that said about you before you're as old as I am. You've got to get used to it. Here, don't go. Come on

get used to it. Here, don't go. Come on and we'll see Mac about it."
"He cussed me, too," said the young

"What does that amount to?" said the man with the hoe. "Oussin' don't break no bones. Don't take no notice of it. Jest go on as if he was readin' out loud an' pay no 'tention to him. I'd let him cuss a blue streak if he wanted to. He cuss a blue streak if he wanted to. He don't hurt nobody but himself. But it don't mean anythin'. A few little pet names—that's all. You wait till he boots you off the place afore you get mad. He'd do it quick enough if he didn't like you. Then you'd have some cause to get sore about."

"He done it," said the young man.

"By gol! That's what he done."
"Kicked you."
"Sure, the big slob."
The man with the hoe rubbed his The man with the hoe rubbed his bristly chin with his lime-crusted hand.
"If that's the case," he said, thoughtfully, "I don't know but what you done right to quit. You don't want to be too sensitive, but it looks to me as if you've gotter draw the line somewhere."—Chicano Navas.

it: - "Shiloh's Cure will always cure my coughs and colds." LASTING STAGE HEROINES.

Must Be Women First and Heroines Afterward.

The stage reflects the manners and thoughts of the time in no uncertain way. Types of stage heroines are almost as numerous as types of women. Most of them vary temperamentally according to the period in which they are created, and cease to exist at the end of that period

cease to exist at the end of that periodecause for lasting fame a bed-roo of true womanliness is essential.

The greatest heroines of the stage-Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliera in Portia, Rosalind, Beatrice, Juliet and Desdemona—will live for all time, because the greatest characteristics they possess is their true womanliness; and where a heroine lacks this quality she is unlikely to outlive the period in which

he was created. The early Victorian namby-pamby type of heroine has practically ceased to exist. Modern audiences no longer crave for mere maudlin sentimentality. The morbid heroine, too, with her in characteristic of over self-analysis, has had her day. The period when she was appreciated has passed. The stage hero-ine must, if she is to live for posterity, be a woman first and a heroine afterwards.

Repeat it:- "Shiloh's Cure wi ways cure my coughs and colds."

WHERE W. WRIGHT FLIES. Le Mans a Fine Old French City With a Long History.

Le Mans, where Wilbur Wright is performing aerial marvels, is about 125 miles southwest of Paris and thirty miles north of Tours. It is a fine old French city of about 60,000 inhabitants.

The history of Le Mans goes back to even before the time when the Romans took possession of it. The present theatre was built on the site man amphitheatre. Under Charlemagne the city was one of the most important in the whole kingdom. There are two fine old churches in Le

Mans, the cathedral being one of the most noted in France. It contains the tomb of Queen Berengaria, the wife of Richard Coeur de Lion. Henry II. of England was born in Le Mans in 1133, the first of the Plantagenet Kings.

The town is the chief place in the Department of the Sarthe, and is the headquarters of the Fourth Army Corps.

The flights made by Mr. Wright take place on a plain which is used in the

military manoeuvres in which the French army is especially addicted.

To accommodate the crowds attracted by the airship flights the town has half

a dozen hotels, none of them particularly good. In ordinary times the prices at the best of them was moderate—from 60 cents to \$1 for a room, 25 cents for break-fast (rolls and coffee or chocolate), 60 cents for luncheon, and 70 cents for din-ner. Since Wright's aeroplane has been soaring, the hotel prices have doubtless followed its example

Would Risk One Mo: Bottle. an' put in the rest huntin' another job.
Here, I'll go talk to Mac. Come along
o' me and we'll fix it up."
The young man shook his head. "No,"
he said. "I told him I wouldn't stand
he said. "I told him I wouldn't stand
he said. "I won't I don't take everysaid the modern Figaro; "I can't understand it." "Look here!' said the countryman. "I dont mind drinking another bothers."

> phia Inquirer. Tommy-Pop, everything moves fast er on a down grade, doesn't it? Tom-my's Pop—Yes, my son, especially a fast

tle, but this must be the last.'-Philadel