but thinking.
Thinking no doubt of his home far away in England; of the relatives and friends he might never see again; of the dear old home in the soft, luscious green fields in Devonshire; he used to think it rather a sloppy place and had been wont to declare that it always rained there. What would be give for a Devonshire downpour now. A young man, a gentleman, dressed in rags, who has had a crust of dry—very dry—bread for breakfast, and is rather uncertain as to whather it will run to guite neck or expense. whether it will run to quite such an ex-tensive feed for dinner—a young man so utterly and completely down on his luck as Neville Lynne has plenty to think of. The old hag came up shuffling—near everybody shuffled in Lorn Camp, is was found to be less exhausting than walking in the proper Christian manner—and shook an empty meal bag at him.

This yere bag's empty, young 'un," a said, not complainingly, but as if said, not complainingly, but a were stating a matter of fact. "So it is; so am I; so are you," said Neville, quietly; "and so is the claim." But he got up and fetched his pick and spade and dropped into the hole

This was soon after noon on the fourth day after the doctor's visit. He had grown to hate the sight of the hole, the tools, the very sand and pebbles which he painfully cast up to the surface and after digging for an hour he looked up

he said. "It's played out, as the Doc said, and Pm off. But where."
He looked absentl yround the plain. "To some other camp, I suppose. No use going back to England without money; better stop here where it isn't wicked to wear old clothes and go barefoot. Poverty's a crime in England, and I should be punished. Besides," he wiped the sweat from his brow and his handsome face clouded. "I couldn't face them; couldn't face Jordan's sneer. No! not England!" Then he sighed. The old woman came down to the hole again, and shook the

"This yere's empty as a drum!" she

Neville got out of the pit slowly, and My last piece of plate, Meth," he with a short laugh. "Take it down to camp and swar 2." and took out a silver pencil-case, value probably two and nine

to the camp and swap it for meal. Some-body who can't write may take a fancy don't know what that means. Luck The old woman clutched at it with

her grimy claw—every hand in Lorn Hope was more or less grimy; generally more—and shuffled off toward the

mp. Neville went slowly back to his claim and took up the pick.
"Yes," he said, "the Doc was right;

"Yes," he said, "the Doe was Fight;
Lorn Hope is played out. I ought to
have cut it with my partner. Now, look
here, I'll take just six strekes, and then
good-by and be blowed to you!"
He raised the pick above his head,
and struck to the right of him. Cnce,
twice, thrice, four, five times, A cloud

red dust, a heap of stones—as sual. He held the pick poised, a grim smile on his un-browned lips. "The sixth and very last, so help me boiling kettle from the fire. "But it is and I"

down rattled the stones. He scarcely looked at the heap, but let the pick fall, and turned to leap from the hole. As he did so the corner of his eye, the corner only, caught the sweet, the precious, the dear, dull glitter, which is the grandest light earth holds for a digger's eyes. He swung round, dropped on his knees, and clawing at the heap with his hands drag-

ged out—a nugget.
The sudden turn of the wheel of ftr-

could not believe in it.

He took it up and weighed it in both hands. In nine months a digger learns hands. In nine months a digger learns something of the value of a nugget. New tille thought there must be over a thousand pounds in the one he held in his hat trembling hands.

a cake. He drank the awful mixture of current bush and iron filings and ate some of the hot meal cake. Your gold digger knowns not indigestion.

He turned it over as a misér turns over He turned it over as a miser turns over his title deeds, a bibliomaniac his rare first edition, a numismatist his precious coin; he held it close to his eyes, stroked it, even smelled it.

"Fifty pounds," he said, as he set the tin mug down on the top of the box. "That will give you a fresh start, ch, Meth?"

coin: he held it close to his eyes, stroked it, even smelled it.

Over a thousand pounds! He sank down in the pit, leaning against the side, and still with his eyes fixed on it, thought of what he would do with it.

The washed himself, thrust on a light pealacket, and with the precious rangest hidden beneath it, left the hut.

A new monut was rising placidly above.

thought of what he would do with it.

It was not a fortune. By no means.
But a thousand pounds, remember, is a large sum to fall into the hands of a youngster of nineteen, especially when a few minutes before his only valuable was a silver pencil case—which he had parted with for meal!

With a thousand pounds he could go back to England, if not rich, as riches are counted, yet at any rate, not a beg-

are counted, yet at any rate, not a begare rounted, yet at any rate, not a begare rounted, yet at any rate, not a begare Jordan—no one—would laugh or
eneer at him. A thousand pounds. He
solud buy land a small farm in Devonblire, and rear cattle. He could—at any

solud buy land a small farm in Devonformed the outposts of the camp and

pale children is magical.

by little folk.

rate, he could get out of this beastly

sun-smitten, plage-stricken, blackguard-haunted Lorn Hope.

The thought recalled him to himself, sent the fire through his veins, indue him with energy, strength, hope, spirit. He leaped—not climbed—out of the pit with the precious nugget hidden under his tattered shirt, and ran toward the but and began turning out the contents of his box, flinging the things to right and left in a senseless kind of fashion. What he was trying to do was to look out some more decent apparel.

The old woman darkened the doorway.

"This yere's all I can get," she croaked, holding up the bag, in the bottom of which was some meal. "Tain't much, 'tain't half enough, but there don't seem

no run on pencil-cases."

Neville turned his glowing face up to

Nevlie turned his glowing face up to her wrinkled, weazened one.

"All right, Meth!" he said, with a laugh in his voice. "It's all right! I've struck it!" And he held up the nugget. "Hush!" for the old woman had uttered a suppressed screech. "Struck it just now, five minutes, half an hour—" He didn't heavy heavy learn heavy hear heavy didn't know how long he had been sit-ting in the pit staring at the nugget. "Just after you had gone. Grand, isn'

man. "To think of it! And I'd 'er bet my bottom dollar that there warn's spark of yellow in the whole claim."

"That's just it! That's just the way of it," said Neville, rapidly. "It always comes when you don't expect it, when you're not looking for it. That's the charm of this confounded gold-digging business. But it's come, that's the main

"Let's wet it." said Mrs. Meth.

Neville raked inside the box.
"Sorry. Gave the Doc. the last drop
of liquor I had, Never mind, Meth. You of liquor I had. Never mind, Meth. You shall have enough to swim in to-morrow. Let me see. This is the 16th, isn't it? Yes. The day the bank agent comes down. I'll take it down to the camp and swap it for notes, and then——"

He drew a long breath.

"And then you're off," said Mrs. Meth, stirring up the fire with one hand and turning out the meal on to a board with

the other.
"Then, I'm off, as you say," he assenten.
"No more Lorn Hope for me, thank

There might be more where that "No; it's just a pocket, Meth. I know
"No; it's just a pocket, Meth. I know
"No; it's just a pocket, Meth. I know

the look of if. And if there were-Well, I don't think it would keep me! I'm sick of it—just sick of it. I want to go back. I'm homesick—do you understand, Meth?"

Old Meth, rapidly making the meal into cakes, nodded.
"That's it." he said. "Homesick. Got

don't know what that means. Lucky for you, perhaps. What's the time?" He sprang up and screening his eyes with his hand, looked at the sinking sun. "The bank arent will be down at the camp, I should think. I'm off."

"You'd best stop and get a cup of te "You doest stop and get a cap of car, and some ut to eat," said the old woman.
"You go rushing down there with that there nugget on an empty stomach, and they'll get the best of you, young un."

He laughed and pushed the short curly hair from his forchead.
"Ye arrest the worker wishow and

eurly hair from his forchead.

"You speak the words of wisdom and of truth, old Meth." he said. "I'll stay for tea. And, look here, I mean the square thing by you. You've stood by me through a long run of luck."

"That's nothing." she said, shifting the balling leath.

Down came the pick, up went the dust,

You shall have—let me see—you shall the audience.

"Just so! Well, this yere child is a

have fifty pounds."
"Fifty pounds!"
She opened her lips and showed her toothless gums. "Yes," he said. "And if my partner were here he should have half of it-the nugget, I mean. But he chucked it up."
"All the better for you," said the old woman, with a grin.

Neville podded "Yes; and I wish he'd hung on. It's tune stunned him for a moment. It was so unexpected, so unlooked for, that he could not believe in it.

strange that I should have stayed."

"You believed in your luck, young un," she croaked. "Nothing like sticking to

your luck. Here's your tea; and here's a cake."

He drank the awful mixture of cur-

It makes them plump, rosy, active, happy.

It contains Cod Liver Oil, Hypophosphites

and Glycerine, to make fat, blood and bone,

and so put together that it is easily digested

ALL DRUGGISTS; 50c. AND \$1.00.

The effect of Scott's Emulsion on thin,

resently neared the centre-Sandy Mc-Gregor's grog tent.

It was a larger tent than the rest, and reville as he approached it saw that Neville as he approached it saw the lights of the candles and benzoline lamps shining through it. He also heard the buzz and murmur of voices. They float-ed through the evening air, still blick and heavy with the remnant of the day's

He trod lightly, springily, drawing strength and energy from the nugget pressed against his breast. He knew that the bank agent, if he had arrived, would the bank agent, in he had arrived, would be found there, and in imagination he al-ready held and counted the precious notes which he would receive in exchange for his nugget.

He paused as he reached the tent, and

repaised as he reached the tent, and drawing the lump of virgin gold from its hiding place, to take a last look at it! A thousand pounds! Away flew his thoughts. England! Dear, sweet, green, smiling England; a farm, lowing cattle, green fields! Home! Oh! you discontented ones who dwell at home in the dear all loyd and growthly at the week. dear old land, and grumble at the wea-ther and the this, that and the other, if you only knew how the wanderer longs

The flap of the tent door was thrown drew near and looked it. Sandy was standing at the bar, behind a counter of rough deal. The place was full, but the men were not sitting and sprawling around, playing cards or quarrelling, but standing in a crowd, with all their faces turned toward the card of the tent. end of the tent.

Something unusual and out of the or dinary was going on. Neville drew nearer and looked farther

He saw, at the end of the big tent, a man standing on an upturned barrel. He was the spokesman of Lorn Hope, a ne'er-do-well with the gift of the gab, a man named Lockit, and was evidently

He stood, ragged and with unkempt hair, and long, neglected beard, a tin can in one hand, the other held up to invoke Neville, curious but impatient, listen-

And this is what he heard:

"Now, pards," the orator was saying, "this yere's the case in a nutshell: A stranger comes to this yere camp, comes here from no one knows where or how, sick and sorry, and this yere stranger, after receivin' every attention from our mutual friend, the Doo "Three cheers for the Doc!" cried

voice, thick with Macgregor's whiskey; followed by "Shut up! Turn it off!" "Arter receivin' every attention from the Doc," continued the orator, "this yere stranger hands in his checks. It ain't an unusual proceedin in Lorn Hope by no means—" A custom more honored in the breach

than the observance," called out the doc tor. "That's Shakespeare, boys."
"Right you are, Doc, and you ought to know," was the shouted response

"Order!" said the speaker on the bar-el. "This yere stranger cuts his cable and upon my mortal soul, it's the best thing he could do." "There's no luck in Lorn Hope for the

residents, leave alone a stranger, boys."
"Hear! hear!" with increased empha "The stranger goes," continued the orator, "but he leaves something more than his blessing behind. Boys, he leaves You a child—a girl. And now, gertlemen, the cy for question for this free and independent He assemblage of Lorn Hope citizens is to what shall be done with that

> hiccoughed a miner close to the entrance against which Neville stood and watched

"Nothin's known of this yere stranger," resumed Lockit. "He don't leave no will and he don't express no wish, and it's left to the—the—he sought for a big and appropriate word, and found it at last— "for the collective wisdom of Lorn Hope to decide. Here's the Doc. He was with the stranger in his last moments and he's offered to take the child; but"—the speaker paused-"it 'pears to me that the Doc has as much as he can do to

useful presently, and if any one wants a premising young un, as can be taught to cook and look after things, now's his

A hubbub of voices arose, almost drowning the speaker's last words, and in the midst of the noise Neville made his entrance without attracting any at-

H. looked round the tent. It was filled with the Lorn Hope population—man, boy, woman. His bright young eye feel ultimately upon a group standing just beneath the orator

There were three or four women, and in their midst a young girl with gray eyes and dark hair. She looked half dazed with fear, and clung to one of the women with one hand, while the other held back the thick wealth of hair from her puzzled and frightened eyes.

He saw the bank agent sitting on plank and watching the proceedings with a smile of indolent amusement, but even as he looked at the agent he forgot him; the girl's pale, frightened face fas-cinated, absorbed him.

"Here's this young girl," resumed the orator, 'a'-going beggin', as you may say. Now, who say. Now, who
"I'll take her!" rose

from different parts of the crowd.
"Too many of you!" recorted the speaker, tossing off a draught of Macgregor's whisky and chucking the empty tin to the proprietor of the saloon. "One at a time. You can't all of you have the young orphan. What's to be

done!"
"Put her up for sale," cried a voice.
"The highest bidder has her."
The orator paused a moment, and semed to consider the proposal; then he nodded.

he nodded.

"Right you are," he said; "that's fair and square. Here's a useful lot—a young grl that'll learn to wash and cook before you can say Jack Robinson; a sunbeam for any man's home, let him be whomsoever he may. Who bids for

the orphan?" The girl looked round at the hot, sun-burned faces, and her breath coming fast and thick, clung sill tighter to the woman nearest to her and the woman tried to soothe her

The bank ar n

tomed to the rough humor of a digger's camp, but it had been reserved for Lorn Hope to afford a new excitement. The scent reminded him of the "good" old slave times in the States.
"Now, then!" shouted the auctioncer

"Here's the rules and regulations. The orphan to be disposed of to the highest

"What are you going to do with the money?" demanded a voice. Lockit considered a moment. "We'll hand it to the doctor as the beginning of a fund for the Great Lorn Hope Hospital."

"A jail 'ud be more useful,' comment-

"Or a cemetery and lunatic asylum combined," yelled another.
"As you please, pards," said Lockit.
"We can decide what we'll do with the money after we've got it. Jail, ceme-

Now, then, first bid!"

The men looked round at each other and laughed half shyly, no one liking to make the first offer.

"What! I'm to start the running eh?" said the auctioneer. "All right." He took out some buttons and odds and ends from his pocket, and pretended to count over a large quantity of coin. "Well, to start you, here's a shilling." Somebody, half in jest, shouted: "One and sixpence."

The ball was started and ran merrily. By sixpences and shillings and an occa-sional half crown the bidding was run up to three pounds. Three men only were bidding, and presently with a laugh one dropped out, leaving the contest to

Just as Lockit was, in burlesque imitation of an auctioneer, exhorting these two, Neville felt some one push past him and saw that it was Lavarick. He had come into the tent in his usual

stealthy fashion, and stood, his eyes fix-ed—the left, with the cast, on the girl, the other on the men.

Neville disliked the man, suspected him of being the worst scoundrel in the camp, and instinctively put his hand over that part of his coat which covered his

(To be continued.)

HEALTH FOR CHILDREN. EASE FOR MOTHERS

Baby's Own Tablets will promptly and urely cure all the minor ailments of babies and young children, such as constipation, colic, indigestion, diarrhoea, worms, teething troubles. They break stipation. up colds, prevent croup and cure simple fever. The Tablets contain no poisonous opiate or narcotic, as is testified by a overnment analyst. Mrs. Ronald Seafield, Palmer Rapids, Ont., says: "I have found Baby's Own Tablets so satisfactory in curing the ailments of child hood that I would not care to be with out them in the home." Sold by medicine dealers, or by mail at 25 cents a box from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co.,

REVIVAL OF OLD INNS.

Automobiles Have Given Old Taverns New Lease of Life.

When the railway superseded the diligence, the coach, the chaise and Sterne's "disobligeant" as means of Europeau travel it was natural that the small roadside inn should suffer loss of pat-

Your tourist, unless a sentimental journever like Sterne or Stevenson, be gan to leap by rail from spot to spot like a grasshopper upon a map. He breakfasted in London, took train lunched in Dover, had tea at Calais or train.

Dieppe and supped in Paris.

Now with dining cars he's even worse, unless he be a motorist—a sentimental motorist. And despite speed and rumors of speed, there are such things as sentimental motorists. Indeed, it is owing very largely to this class that such of the old inns of France and England as managed to survive the introdu the railroads have blossomed into re "Just so! Well, this yere child is a newed prosperity and usefulness.—Tra-kid at present, but she'll grow up to be vel Magazine.

The Poetry Crop.

The peetry editor of one of the duller and more expensive magazines took out his notebook

his notebook.

"I'm compiling statistics on the way the poetry trade is trending," he said.
"Last year's crop was a good one. It totalled up to 3,916,472 pieces. I'd classify it about like this:

Despair 800,019 My duty

3.916.472 -Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cheaper Radium. Speaking at the Royal Institution,
London, on the results of recent researches in radio-activity, Professor
Rutherford, of Manchester University,
commenting on the fact that certain
bodies had been separated from the substance thorium, said that the interest

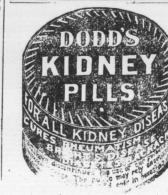
low was swearing
of explanation:
now. Ise mad."

LETTING

"But surely y
whom I gave s Speaking at the Royal Institution, attaching to the separation of those bodies lay in the fact that they might hope, by their aid, to obtain a reasonably large quantity of a radio-active substance at a comparatively low price.

Evils that are passed should not be

mourned.-Italian.





More Than That. "Is this a pay-as-you-enter car?" ask "Is this a pay-as-you-enter car: assi-ed the man on the rear platform, who was inclined to be sociable. "Yes, sir," said the conductor; "and it's an enter-as-you-pay car. Move along, sir. You're blocking the passage."

"Squibob, you've made a remarkable success as a writer of adds. It must take a peculiar talent to do that sort of

work. "Ruggles, I'd rather you wouldn't say "Or drinks all round,"," put in a voice.
"Whatever you like. Now, then, the first bid. Mind, the money's no use without a comfortable home and a good character; understand that. This yere orphan is the ward of Lorn Hope Camp.

Now then first hid!"

Auggres, Id rather you wouldn't say anything about it, but my success was only an accident. I can't write ads. for shucks. I found that out when I advertised for a hired girl for Mrs. Squibob. We didn't get any applications, Ruggles, not a lone, solitary, dog-goned one."

TOO FRANK.

Irate Leading Lady—Did you put this notice in the paper? Manager—I sent them a notice that you had signed for another season. Irate Leading Lady—Well, it reads that I have sinned for another season.

The Blow Falls.

'Amanda," said the Rev. Dr. Fourthly, sinking heavily into a chair, "I have a plece of bad news to tell you."
"You're not going to have your Euro-

this year, Flavius? "Worse than that, Amanda," he groaned. "The congregation is going to give us an old-fashioned donation party next month!"

For, at a considerable sacrifice, they had just filled the house with new furniture. Crusty.

Uncle Allen.

"It's next thing to impossible," spoke up Uncle Allen Sparks, "to be a candid friend. If you're candid you don't have any fronds" any frends. Precocity. Teacher (of class in geography) - John

ny, how is Chicago bounded?

Johnny—Lake Michigan on one side,
ma'am. Ain't any boundaries on the other sides. Very Dull. "She's not a very brilliant convers:

onalist. "No, we went to the theatre to-gether, and would you believe it, she never spoke a word while the play was going on."

"Some people get up with a song, others with a headache," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Curiously enough, too the latter gentleman is generally the one who goes to bed with the song.—Washington Herald.

The Farmer's Retort.

"What do you call your red automo-bile, mister?" drawled the old farmer at the drawbridge.
"The Fool Killer," bantered the man goggles. "I call it that because it kills I the fools who happen to cross in

front of it." The old farmer cleaned his pipe with The old farmer cleaned als pipe with a straw and then replied, evenly:

"That so, mister? Wall, is there any chance of it blowing up and killing the fool inside?" —Chicago News.

Planet of Hammers.

The Maritans were prepared to catch the first message from the earth.
"Let me see," exclaimed the first little green man, "I wonder if the first ommunication will be a flash, a tick or a knock.' knock, very likely," laughed the

"A knock, very likely," laughed the second little green man. "You know the earth is just full of knockers." Which shows how wise the Martians really are.—Chicago News.

The Rude Girl! I wish sometimes that I could fly And soar through the air.' So quoth the callow dude. Then said the maiden rude: "Of flying fish I've often heard, But flying lobsters, on my word, Are rare, oh, very rare.'

-Chicago News. Children's Sayings. A little girl in Camden surprised Ler grandma the other night by concluding her prayer with "Amen! Good night

"Who do you mean?" asked her grand-"Why, God, the angels and everybody why, God, the angers and everybody up there," was the reply.

A little boy four years of age was rebuked one day for swearing. "You swear, papa," was the reply.

"Only when I'm mad," said the father.

In less than ten minutes the little fellow was swearing again, adding by way of explanation: "Well, papa, Ise mad

LETTING HER KNOW.

"But surely you are the man to whom I gave some pie a fortnight ago?"
"Yes, lady. I thought p'raps you'd like to know I'm able to get about again."

The Father's Fault.

Mr. Sampleson is a very irascible man, and is in the habit of punishing his boys very severely. Not long since he ob-served that one of his sons needed a new

Tommy-No, it isn't, either; but if I do my mother'll know and lick me. Jimmy-How'll she find it out, ch? Tommy-She'll see the doctor going to your house.

"Coming Through." Marjorie was gazing intently at her father's bald head as she remarked: "Papa, are you still growing?"

you ask: Marjorie-Because

He (bashfully)-There, I scopped

He (bashfully)—There, i sopped on your foot. Miss Swift. You must think me a perfect bear.

She—Oh, no, Mr. Slowboy, you do not act a little bit like a bear.

And it was three days before he tumbled.

A JOYOUS OCCASION. Minister-I made seven hearts happy to-day.
Parishioner—How was that? Minister-Married three couples.
Parishioner-That makes only six.
Minister-Well, do you think I did
it for nothing?

Which One? "What is the name of this line?" ask ed the stranger on the front platform steadying himself as the car bumped along the track, lurching from side to

of the suburban trolley car, taking a chew of tobacco, "they call it a dairy line."

"Why do they call it that?" "Because if you bring a bucket of sour cream aboard it'll be butter when you get to the end of the run."

Useless.

Ray-I don't see any use in my study

ing Greek, dad.
His Father—Why not, my son? Ray—Greeks don't mount to much, anyhow, and I don't ever expect to know any of them to speak to.

An Objection

"I hate dancing school," said Jack.
"It's lots of fun dancing, but every time
I want to waltz I have to load myself up with some girl or other. Why ce they let a feller dance by himself?

NEW STRENGTH FOR THE SPRING

Nature Needs Assistance in Making New Health-Giving Blood.

In the spring your system needs tom-ing up. In the spring to be healthy and strong you must have new blood, just as the trees must have new sap. Nature demands it, and nature's laws are in-exorable. Without new blood you will feel weak and languid. You may have twinges of rheumatism or the sharp, stabbing pains of neuralgia; there may be disfiguring pimples or eruptions of the skin, a tired feeling in the morning, and a variable appetite. These are some of the signs that the blood is out of order, that the long trying months of indoor winter life have told upon you. A purgative medicine, such as too many people take in spring, can't help you. Purgatives merely gallop through the system, and further weaken you. Any doctor will tell you that this is true. What people need in the spring is a tonic medicine, and in all the world there is no tone can equal Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Every dose of this medicine helps to make new, rich, red blood—your greatest need in spring. This new, red blood clears the skin, drives out disease and makes weak, easily tired men, women and children bright, active and strong. Try this great blood-building A purgative medicine, such as too many men and children bright, active and strong. Try this great blood-building medicine this spring, and see what new life and energy it will give you.

You can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any preliming dealer or by mell

rou can get Dr. Williams' Pink Pills from any medicine dealer or by mall post paid at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for \$2.50, from The Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Beyond Him.

The Admirable Crichton who had just delivered an impromptu speech in verse, knocked out a professional pugilist, de-ciphered a cryptogram that nobody else could dissolve, and disarmed in a twinkng two experts who had attac with their rapiers, all within the space of an hour or so, heaved a sigh of regret. "I can do these things easily enough," he said, "but to save my life I can't pitch a curved ball!"

relatively great. TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. B. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

From which we see that the distinguished men of the olden time were only

And There Was Light. Edgar's mother, wishing to keep him bed for a slight cold, thought by darkening the windows to convince young man that it was still night, and so closed tightly the inside blinds. All

holes where the adjusting rod of inds worked.
"See," said mother, "it is dark, dark;
"See," and sleep until it is light." lie still, now and sleep until it is light."
"Mamma," queried a voice from the cot presently—"mamma, look at the window; the dark has got holes in it."—Harper's Weekly.

was thus dark except the small round

True Worth.

(Abraham Harper in Leelle's Weekly.)
Some love the glow of outward show.
Some love mere wealth; and try to win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I like the people in it.
What's all the gold, that glitters cold,
When linked to hard and naughty feeling?
Whate'er were told, the nobler gold
Is truth of heart and manly dealing.
Then let: on ceek, win - minds are weak,
Mere Pachlon's smile and try ti win it;
The house to me may lowly be,
If I but like the people in it.

very severely. Not long since he observed that one of his sons needed a new pair of trousers. He scolded the boy for wearing out his clothes so fast. "Pa, no trousers can last any time the way you hits;" replied the son, reproachfully.

His Reason for Not Fighting.

Jimmy—You're afiaid to fight; that's what it is.

Tommy—No, it isn't, either; but if I

A povel method for fighting subm

A novel method for fighting submarines is, it is said, to be tried. Three ship's cutters have been fitted up to carry a steel net about 200 feet long. While the cutters are being towed along they will drop these nets, and endeavor to take in them the submarine boats that may locate. The submarine boats they may locate. The submarines on their part will try to dive under these nets or break holes through them.