THE ATHENS REPORTER APRIL 3 1901

A PLOT FOR EMPIRE.

A THRILLING STORY OF CONTINENTAL CONSPIRACY AGAINST ERITAIN.

"He must be made to leave it." "By force?"

"If necessary," Mr. Sabin answered coolly.

Lady Deringham raised her hand to her forehead and sat thinking. The man's growing earnestness bewildered her. What was to be done -what could she say? After all he was not changed; the old fear of hm was creeping through her veins, yet she made her effort. "You want those papers for some-

"You want those papers for some-thing more than a magazine arti-cle," she declared. "There is some-thing behind all this! Victor. I can-not help you; I am powerless. I will take no part in anything which I cannot understand." He stood up, leaning a little upon his stick, the dull green stone of which flashed brightly in the fire-light.

light.

Kon will help me," he said slowly. "You will help me, he said slow-ly. "You will let me into that room at night, and you will see that your husband is not there, or that he does not interfere. And as to that magazine article, you are right! What if it were a lie! I do not fly ot small come. Nor do you wider. at small game. Now, do you under-

She rose to her feet and drew herself up before him proudly. She towered above him. handsome, digni-

Wered above him. handsome, dight-fied, angry. "Victor," she said firmly, "I re-fuse; you can go away at once! I will have no more to say or to do with you! You have given me up my letters, it is true, yet for that you have no special claim upon my gratitude. A man of honor would destroyed them long ago." looked up at her, and the t of an unholy smile flickered

"Did I tell you that I had given them all back to you?" he said. "Ah! that was a mistake; all save one, I should have said! One I kept, health. but worse mentally." health, but worse mentally," he an-swered. "I am leaving for that very reason. I do not conceive that in fair-ness to myself I should continue to waste my time in work which can bring forth no fruit. I trust, Miss one, I should have said! One I kept, in case— Well, your sex are pro-verbially ungrateful, you know. It is the one on the yellow paper writ-ten from Mentone! You remember it? I always liked it better than any of the others." Her white hands flashed out in the firelight. It seemed almost as

firelight. It seemed almost as though she must have struck him. He had lied to her. She was not really free; he was still the master and she his slave ! She stood as though turned to stope. "I think," he said, "that you will lister way to be said, "that you will

"I think," he said, "that you will listen now to a little plan which has just occurred to me, will you

She looked away from him with a shudder. "What is it ?" she asked hoarsely.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Mr. Blatherwick as St. Anthony. am afraid," Harcutt said, t either the letter was a hoax. or the writer has thought better of the matter. It is half an hour past the time, and poor Mr. Blath-erwick is still alone." Wolfenden glanced towards the distant table, where his father's sec-retary was already finishing his modest meal.

modest meal. 'Poor old Blatherwick!" he re-

"Poor old Blatherwick!" he re-marked: "I know he's awfully re-lieved. He's too nervous for this sort of thing; I believe he would have lost his head attogether if his mysterious correspondent had turn-

stutter

"I suppose," Harcutt said, "that we may take it for granted that not in the room."

Miss-Blanche for ever, "ne said boury. "May I?" She haughed softly. "Well, I don't quite know about that," she said; "you may for this morning, at least. It is so pleasant to see you again. How is the work "ottling on ?" he is not in the room. "Every soul here," Wolfenden an-swered, "is known to me either personally or by sight. The man with the dark moustache sitting by getting on?

something for me f I am too hungry to mind what it is." Mr. Blatherwick gave a hesitating "I was looking for you," Wolfenden said; "your luncheon party turned out a little differently to anything we

Mr. Blatherwick gave a hesitating order, and the waiter departed. Miss Merton drew off her gloves and was perfectly at her ease. "Now do tell me about the friend whom you were going to meet," she said, smiling gaily at him. "I hope -you really must not tell me, Mr. Blatherwick, that it was a lady!" Mr. Blatherwick colored to the roots "I am happy," Mr. Blatherwick said, "I am happy," Mr. Blatherwick said, "to be able to believe that the letter was after all a hoax. There was no one in the room, as you would doubt-less observe, likely to be in any way concerned in the pictter" woncerned in the miatter." Wolfenden knocked the ash off his

CHAPTER XXVII.

By Chance or Design?

Mr. Blatherwick, that it was a lady!" Mr. Blatherwick colored to the roots of his hair at the mere suggestion, and hastened to dischim it. "My-my dear Miss Merton!" he exclaimed, "I can assure you that it was not! I-I should not think of "You seem," he remarked, "to be on fairly intimate terms with Miss Mer-"We were fellow workers for several

such a thing." She nodded, and began to break up months," Mr. Blatherwick reminded him; "naturally we saw a good deal She nodded, and began to break up her roll and eat it. "I am very glad to hear it, Mr. Blatherwick," she said; "I warn you that I was prepared to be very jeal-ous. You used to tell me, you know, that I was the only girl with whom you cared to talk." "I is-quite true, quite true, Miss Merton," he answered eagerly, drop-plng his volce a little and glancing uncasily over his shoulder, "I-I have missed you very much indeed; it has been very dull." Mr. Blatherwick sighed; he was re-warded by a very kind glance from a pair of very blue eyes. He fingered the wine list, and began to wonder whether she would care for cham-pagne. of one another." "She is," Wolfenden continued, "a

of one another." "Sho is," Wolfenden continued, " a very charming girl." "I consider her, in every way," Mr.. Blatherwick said with enthusiasm, "a most delightful young lady. I-I am very much attached to her." Wolfenden laid his hand on the secretary's shoulder. "Blatherwick," he said, "you're a good fellow, and I like you. Don't e offended at what I am going to si.y. You must not trust Miss Merton; she is not quite what she appears to you." Mr. Blatherwick took a step back-ward and flushed red with anger. "I do not understand you, Lord Wolfenden," he said. "What do you know of Miss Merton ?!" "Not very much," Wolfenden said quietly; " quite enough, though, to justify me in warning you seriously against her. She is a very clever young person, but I am afraid a very un-scrupulous one." "Now tell me," she said, "all the "Now tell me," she said, "an the news. How are they all at Deringham Hall-the dear old admiral and the countess, and that remarkably silly young man, Lord Wolfenden,?" Wolfenden received a kick under the

Mr. Blatherwick was grave, almost table, and Harcutt's face positively beamed with delight. Mr. Blatherwick, however, had almost forgotten their proximity. He had made up his mind Mr. Blather view in the said, "you dignified. "Lord Wolfenden," he said, "you are the son of my employer, but I take the liberty of telling you that

"The ad-ad-azmiral is well in he an

take the liberty of telling you that you are a 1-1-" "Steady, Blatherwick," Wolfenden interrupted; "you must not call me names." "You are not speaking the truth." Mr. Blatherwick continued, curbing himself with an effort. "I will not listen to, or-or permit in my pre-sence any aspersion against that young lady!" Wolfenden shook his head gently. "Mr. Blatherwick," he said, "don't be a fool! You ought to know that I am not the sort of man to make evil remarks about a lady behind her back, Merton, that you agree with me." "Perfectly," she answered, gravely. "The counters," he continued, "is well, but much worried. There have been strange hap-hap-happenings at the Hall since you left. Lord Wolfen⁻⁻ den is there. But the bue Miss Mar. the Hall since you left. Lord Wolfen⁻⁻ den is there. By-the-bye, Miss Mer-ton," he added, dropping his volce, "I do not-not-think that you used to consider Lord Wolenden so very silly when you were at Deringham." " It was very dull sometimes-when you were busy, Mr. Blatherwick," she answered, beginning her lunch. "I will confess to you that I did try to amuse myself a little with Lord Wolfenden. But he was altogether too rustic-too stupid! I like a man with brains!" Harcutt produced a handkerch ef and stuffed it in his mouth; his face was slowly becoming purple with supremarks about a lady behind her back. remarks about a lady behind her back, unless I knew what I was talking about. I cannot at this moment prove it, but I am morally convinced that Miss Merton came here to day at the instigation of the person who wrote to you, and that she only re-frained from making you some offer because she knew quite well that we were within hearing." "I will not listen to another word, Lord Wolfenden," Mr. Blatherwick de-

"I will not listen to another word, Lord Wolfenden," Mr. Blatherwick de-clared vigorously. "If you are hon-est, you are cruelly misjudging that young lady; if not, you must know yourself the proper epithet to be applied to the person who defames an innocent girl behind her back! I wish you good afternoon, sir. I shall leave Deringham, Hall to uncrow". slowly becoming purple with sup-pressed laughter. Mr. Blatherwick or-dered the champagne. "I-I was very jealous of him," he

"1-1 was very jealous of him," ne admitted almost in a whisper. The llue eyes were rai elagath very eloquently to his. "You had no cause," she said gently; "and, Mr. Blatherwick, haven't you forgotten something?" Mr. Blatherwick had sipped his glass of champagne, and answered without a stuttor. Deringham Hall to morrow." He strole away, and Wolfenden watched him with a faint, regretful which upon his lips. Then he turned round suddenly; a little thrill of soft, musical laughter came floating out from a recess in the darkest corner of the hall. Miss Merton was leaning back amongst the cushions of a lounge, here once gloaming with a musement "I have not." he said, "forgotten you !" "You used to call me by my Chris-

her eyes gleaming with anusement. She beckoned Wolfenden to her. "Quite melodramatic, wasn't it?" she c:claimed, moving her skirts for him to sit by her side. "Dear little man's Do you know he wants to marry me?" tian ndme !" "I should be delighted to call you Miss-Blanche for ever," he said boldly.

marry me?" "What a clever girl you are," Wolfenden remarked; "really you'd make an admirable wife for him." She pouted a little.

"Yes," Wolfenden agreed thought-fully, with his eyes fixed upon the two departing figures. "It is a sell !" the beautiful niece o: Mr. Sabin ! You CEYLON

the beautiful nicce o: Mr. Sabin! You have admirable taste." "Never mind about that," he said; "let us come to my offer. I will give you a hundred a year for life, settle it upon you, if you will tell me every-thing," "A hundred a year," she repeated. "Is that much money " "Well, it will cost more than two thousand pounds," he said; "still, I would like you to have it, and you shall if you will be quite frank with me." Wolfenden sent his phaeton to the station with Harcutt, who had been summoned back to town upon im-portant business. Afterwards he slipped back to the hall to wait for its return, and came face to face with Mr. Blatherwick, who was start-ing homewards.

me."
She hesitated.
"I should like," she said, "to think it over till to-morrow morning; it will be better, for supposing 1 decide to accept. I shall know a good deal more of this than I know now.'
"Very well," he said, "only I should strong a dvise you to accept."
"One hundred a year," she repeated thoughtfully. "Perhaps you will have changed your mind by to-morrow."
"There is no fear of it," he assured. me.

her quietly. "Write it down," she said. "I think

"Write it down," she said. I trink that I shall agree." "Don't you trust me, Elanche?" "It is a business transaction," she said coolly; "you have made it one yourself."

He tore a sheet from his pocketbook and scribbled a few lines

it. "Will that do ?" he asked her. She read it through and folded it carefully up. "It will do very nicely," she said

"It will do very nicely," she said with a quiet smile. "And now I must go back as quickly as I can." They walked to the hall door; Lord Wolfenden's carriage had come back from the station and was waiting for

him. "How are you going?" he asked. She shook her She shook her head. "I must hire comething. I suppose," she said. "What beautiful horses! Do you see, Hector remembers me quite well; I used to take bread to him in the stable whan I was at Deringham Hall. Good old man."

She patted the horse's neck. Wol-fenden did not like it, but he had no alternative. "Won't you allow me to give you a lift ?" he said, with a marked ab

a lift?" he said, with a marked ab-sence of cordiality in his tone; "or if you would prefer it, I can easily order a carriage from the hotel." "Oh! I would much rather go with you, if you really don't mind," she said. "May I really?" "I shall be very pleased," he an-swered, untruthfully. "I ought per-haps to tell you that the horses are very fresh and con't go well together ; very fresh and con't go well together; they have a nasty habit of running

they have a nasty habit of running away down hill." She smiled cheerfully, and lifting her skirts placed a dainty little foot upon the step. "I detest quiet horses," she said, "and I have been used to being run away with all my life. I rather like it."

Wolfenden resigned himself to

inevitable. He took the reins, and they rattled off towards Deringham. About half way there they saw a little black figure away on the cliff path to the "It is Mr. Blatherwick." Wolfenden

"It is Mr. Blatherwick," Wolfenden sald, pointing with his whip. "Poor little chap! I wish you'd leave him alone, Blanche!" "On one condition," she sald, smil-ing up at him, "I will." "It is granted already," he de-clared

clared. "That you let me drive for just a mile !

mile!" He handed her the reins at once, and changed seats. From the mo-ment she took them he could see that she was an accomplished whip. He leaned back and lit a cigarette. "Blatherwick's salvation," he ne-marked, "has been easily purchased." She smiled rather curiously, but did not reply. A hired carringe was com-ing towards them, and her eyes were fixed upon it. In a moment they sweet past, and Wolfenden was con-scious of a most unpleasant sensation. It was Helene, whose dark eyes were glancing from the girl to him in cold surprise; and Mr. Sabin, who was leaning back by her side wrapped in a huge fur coat. Blanche looked down at him innocently. "Fancy meeting them," she re-marked, touching Hector with the whip. "It does not matter, does it ? You look dreadfully cross!" Wolfenden just muttered some in-He handed her the reins at once,

Thank you very much," she said. Wolfenden just muttered some in-definite reply, and threw his cigarette into the road. After all he avagely



INDIA

AND

Based as Much Upon Chance as Upon Science, It Holds the Player's Interest at High Pitch, and Its Fatal

Fascination Has Caused Many a Heartache.

A good deal has appeared in the newspapers of late about bridge whist, a game which is taking great hold on card players from ocean to ocean. It has caught on in this city to some oxtent, but nots strongly as in some of the large United States cities. In Detroit, CM-cago and some of the cities in the middle States the papers have al-ready begun to denounce it. this city to some extent, but not so strongly as in some of the large United States cities. In Detroit, CM-cago and some of the cities in the middle States the papers have al-ready begun to denounce it. This is bridge whist, the game which has set London and New York after and which has just alared

which has set London hild New 1018 aftre, and which, having displaced poker, is creeping insidiously into Hamilton society, emptying pocket-books and placing temporary funds into other hands, which they spend recklessly one day to lose in their turn at the which table the next. recklessly one day to lose in their turn at the whist table the next. In London, Eng., bridge whist has become so extravagant a craze that it has been banished from most of the clubs. At the Duchess of Devon-shire's Christmas party bridge whist was played throughout the entire day, stopping only for meals, and on until 5 o'clock the next morn-ing one guest being \$11,000 New

Ing, one guest losing \$11,000. New York society is bridge whist crazy. Early luncheons are given, that bridge may be played during the enhad to be reached by society people that bridge would stop at 5 o'clock to give time for dinners and the theatre. Many of the youth of New York who could not keep pace with York who could not keep pace with their wealthy patronesses have been greatly puzzled to find excuses for not taking a hand at the many bridge parties to which they are invited, but which drain their pocketbooks to the danger point. There is one woman in New York who has made a fortune teach-ing the game, and with the exodus of fashionable New York, on special trains to the south, the woman has been taken along to reap even a greater harvest; for New York so-ciety women would as soon think of leaving bridge whist behind them as their pet poodles.

In William Butler's "Whist Refer-ence Book," published in Philadel-phia in 1898, the game of "bridge" is thus described:, "An offshoot or variety of whist, played after the manner of dummy, with certain ad-ditions which greatly facilitate bet-ting. Like "Boston" and "solo whist" it lends itself readily to gambling purposes, and it is largely used at the clubs by those who play for money. It is said to have originated in Athens, and to have spread thence to Russia and France, and from one of these countries to England, where in 1897 it had become a craze which was ylewed with grave apprehension In 1897 it had become a crace which was sjewed with grave apprehension by the lovers of true whist. In a let-ter received from Walter M. Deane, of Bath, under date of Sept. 6, 1897, occurred this doleful observation: 'I regret to say that whist is greatly on the wane in England owing to

the wane dand o prevalence of a gambling spirit low the double line scoring down. the prevalence of a gamoing sparse that has favored the introduction of the game of 'bridge.' It is with diffi-culty now that at some clubs a whist table can be formed.' Cavenwhist table can be formed. Caven-dish deplored the same state of af-fairs, and had not been to the Port-land Club for, over a year because 'bridge' was in full possession." Presuming the reader to be ac-quainted with whist, and without pretending to suggest the advant-

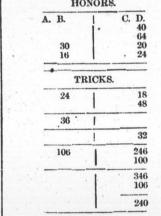
clared. After the first card is played from the leading hand, the dealer's partner becomes a "dummy," his hand being exposed to the table. When spades are trump each trick above six counts 2 points. When clubs are triggep each trick counts 4 points.

counts 4 points. When diamonds are trump cach

fifth

When there is no trump-

wager made or record. The manner of keeping the score may readily be seen by the following example.



This is a score for a rubber, com-pleted in four deals. The honors are scored above the double line beginthe bottom, the tr

trick counts 6 points. When hearts are trump each trick counts 8 points. When there is no trump each trick counts 12 points. ("Doubling" increases the value of extra tricks in proportion. HONOR COUNTS.

honors in one hand, fifth in partner's hand 18 86 54 honors in one hand... 20 40 60

HONORS.

their pet poodles. In William Butler's "Whist Refer-In William Butler's "Philadel

himself is a London solicitor, who built himself a bungalow here four years ago, and comes down every other week for golf. The two men from Norwich; and their neighbor is Captain Stoneham, who rides over from the barracks twice a week, also for golf.

week, also for golf." "It is rather a sell for us," Har-cutt remarked. "On the whole, I am not sorry that I have to go back to town to night. Great Scott! What a pretty girl!" "Lean back, you idiot!" Wolfen-den exclaimed softly; "don't move if you can help it!"

Hacrutt grasped the situation and obeyed at once. The por-tion of the dining-room in which they were sitting was little more than a recess, divided off from more than a recess, divided off from the main apartment by heavy cur-tains, and seidom used except in the summer when visitors were plentiful. Mr. Blatherwick's table was really within a few feet of theirs, but they themselves were hidden from it by a corner of the folding doors. They had chosen the position with care, and apparently with success. The girl who had entered the room otood for a moment looking round

sigh, d for a moment looking round though about to select a table.

Harcutt's exclamation was not with-out justification, for she was cer-tainly pretty. She was neatly dressed inc. grey walking suit, and a velvet Tan-o-Shanter hat with a smart fea-ther. Suddenly she saw Mr. Blather-wick and advanced towards him with wick and advanced towards him with outstretched hand and a charming

"Why, my dear Mr. Blatherwick, hat on earth are you doing here?" e exclaimed. "Have you left Lord what Deringham ?" Blatherwick rose to his feet

Mar. Blatherwick rose to his feet confused, and blushing to his spec-tacles; he greeted the young lady, however, with evident pleakure. "No; that is, not yet," he answered; "I am leaving this week. I did not know--I had no idea that you were in the vicinity! I am very pleased to see you."

to see you." She looked at the empty place at

"I was going to have some lun-cheon," she said; "I have walked so much further than I intended, and I am ravenously hungry. May I sit at

"With much pleasure," Mr. Blather-wick assented. "I was expecting a -a-friend, but he is evidently not

incoherent in its excess of protesta-sion. They walked down the room together. Harcutt and Wolfenden looked at one another. "I will take his place then, if I way," she said, seating herself in the chair which the waiter was holding for her, and raising her veil. "Will you order "Well," the former exclaimed, drink-ing up his liquor, "It is a sell !"

not ?

Mr. Blatherwick's reply was almost

He groaned. "Don't ask me, please; it is awful! am truly glad that I am leaving "Thank you very much," she said. "I am not contemplating making any-one an admirable wife; matrimony does not attract me at all." "I don't know what pleasure you can find in making a fool of a decent little chap like that," he said; "It's too bad of you, Blanche." "One must anywas oneself, and he is -for, many reasons !" "Have you finished copying those awful details of the defective ar mor plates ?" she asked, suddenly awful details of the defective ar-mor plates?" she asked, suddenly dropping her volce, so that it barely reached the other side of the table. "Only last night," he answered; "it was very hard work, and so ridiculous. It went into the box with the rest of the disland model the working." "One must amuse oneself, and he is so odd and so very much in earnest." "Of course," Wolfenden continued, "I know that you had another object." "Had I?" the finished work this morning." "Did the 'Admiral engage a new You came here to try and tempt type-writer ?" she inquired. He shook his head. the poor little fellow with a thousesd No; he says that he has nearly fin-"I am so glad," she said. "You have had no temptatica to flirt then had no temptatica to flirt then with anybody else, have you? "To flirt-with anybody else! Oh! Miss-I mean Blanche. Do you think that I could do that?" His little round face shone with sincerity and the heat of the unac-customed wine. His eyes were water-

"I have never," she interposed caim-ly, "possessed a thousand shilling; in my life." Not on your own account. o course; you came on behalf of your employer, Mr. Sabin, or someone be-hind him! What is this deviltry, She looked at him out of wide-open

She looked at him out of wide-open eyes, but she made no answer. "So far as I can see," he remarked, "I must confess that foolery seems a better term. I can't imagine any-thing in my father's work worth the concoction of any elaborate scheme to steal. But never mind that; there is a scheme and rea on in it. Now I will ustomed whe. His eyes were water-ing a little, and his spectacles were duil. The gir! looked at him in amusement. "I am afraid," she said, with a sigh, "that you used to flirt with ""

scheme, and you are in it. Now, I will make a proposition to you. It is a matter of money, I suppose; will you name your terms to come over to my side ?" "I can assure you, B-B-Blanche,"

A look crept into her eyes which

"I can assure you, B-B-Blanche," he declared earnestly, "that I never said a word to you which I-I did not hon-hon-honestly mean. Blanche, I should like to ask you something." "Not now," she interrupted hasti-ly. "Do you know, I fancy that we must be getting too confidential. That odious man with the eyeglass keeps staring at us. Tell me what you are going to do when you leave here. You can ask me-what you were going to alterwards." Mr. Blatherwick grew eloquent, and Blanche was sympathetic. It was quite half an hour before they rose and prepared to depart. A look crept into her eyes which "Over to your side," she repeated, thoughtfully. "Do you mind telling me exactly what you mean by that?" As though by accident, the delicate white hand, from which she had just withdrawn her glove, touched his, and remained there as though inviting his clasp. She looked quickly up at him and drooped her eyes. Wolfenden took her hand, patted it kindly, and replaced it in her lap. "Look here, Blanche," he said, "I won't affect to misunderstand you; but haven't you learnt by this time that adventures are not in my way? —less now than at any time, perhaps."

unte nan an nour before they rose and prepared to depart. "I know you won't mind," Blanche said to him confidentially, "if I ask you to leave the hotel first; the peo-phe I am with are a little particular, and it rould generate the you are for

and it would scarcely do, you see, for us to go out together." "Certainly," he replied. "Would you -like me to leave you here—would it be better?" less now than at any time, perhaps She was watching his face, and read a expression with lightning-like

"You might walk to the door with me, please," she said. "I am afraid you must be very disappointed that your friend did not come. Are you "Bah !" she said, "there is no man who would be so brutal as you, un-

"Unless what " "He were in love with another girl!" "Perhaps I am, Blanche." "I know that you are." He looked at her quickly. "But you do not know with whom?" She had not guessed, but she knew

"I think so," she said ; "it is with -Tit-bita

was not so sure that Mr. Blather wick's salvation had been cheaply won! (To be Continued.)

Doubts Tears of Preacher.

Here is something else that happen ed at one of the revival meetings of the holiness convention during its siege in this city. At a service in the Metropolitan Church one of the ministers became so carried away with what he was saying that he began to cry, and great briny tears played tag with each other as they curried down his cheeks. During the entire time a little girl not more than 12 years old stood in the rear of the church looking with a

wondering and immobile face at the wild proceedings. None of the shorts nor gesticulations had caused her to move a muscle until the evangelist began to cry. That greened to be more than she

could stand, for, turning to a little companion that stood near her, she said

"Now, that big lobster ain't crying any more than I be. He's just put tin' it on. My ma's a woman an she never bellers fer sech fer nothin'

the never beners ter seen to not motion it's only when pa gives her a slug that she cries, and women cries eas-ier than man, an' that's why the preacher ain't crying. He's only makin' believe."—Chicago Chronicle.

He Got Some Work to Do.

"Prisoner," said the learned magis-trate to a lazy fellow before him, "this is the third time you've been "But, Your Honor," pleaded the

prisoner, "I've been trying to get work, but couldn't." "You wouldn't work if you could get it."

"Yes, I would, Your Honor." "What kind of work?"

"Anything, Your Honor, so long as it was honest work." "What kind of wages?"

"Wages is no object, Your Honor; all I want is work, with food and clothing and shelter." "And you'd work if you had that sort of a job?"

"Indeed I would, Your Honor; only

try me," and the tears actually came into his eyes. "Very well," said the Magistrate, kindly, "we'll give you a job with shelter, food and clothing combined. Six months' hard labor. Next case."

ages of this or that play, the easen-tial changes in bridge whist may be briefly described. The cards are dealt as in ordinary whist, except that no trump is turned. The dealer has the privilege of naming the trump and can select any suit or decide upon 'grand," which means no trump at all; or he may leave it to his part-ner, saying, "You make it, partner." In case neither feels like making it, or declaring "grand," the deal must be played without trump. When trump or "grand" has been declared the player next the dealer has the privilege of "doubling," which means making trick points twice as valuable. If his hand does not war-ant this, he asks his partner. "Shall gas of this or that play, the essen-

ant this, he asks his partner, "Shall I play ?" thus transferring the privi-lege. The latter will either double or say, "Yes;" in which case play beit is possible for the winners of a rubber to lose by score.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

Great Improvements Noted Since the Accession of King Edward.

A complete transformation has come over Buckingham palace since the accession of Edward 'VII. At night it no longer presents a dreary prospect unrelieved by a single gleam of light. The windows are iluminated, the courtyards are bright with incandescent lamps and the le place looks cheerful and inhabitable

Backingham palace stands on the site of pleasure grounds known in the days of Evelyn and Pepys and frequently mentioned in their diaries as the Mulberry gardens. The pro perty was eventually bought by the dukes of Buckingham, who erected the first house, which, however, was the first block, which, however, was not very large or handsome, not-withstanding that it was even then called Buckingham palace. George III. purchass dit from the dowager duch-ces of Buckingham as a residence for

cess of Buckingham as a residence for Queen Charlotte, whose palace, Som-erset House, in the Strand, was re-quired for public purposes. After much haggling with his majesty's

The single lines are drawn across the score when a game (30 trick points) is finished. Three games con-stitute a rubber. In the illustration D dealt first, made diamonds trumps, and won three tricks (18), and held four honors (24). Second deal, A made heart trumps, winning three by cards (24) and three by honors (16). C's deal resulted in a "little slam" (20), and six tricks (48), hearts being trump, and four honors in one hand (64), the trick score closing the game. B's deal, no trump, resulted in three by card (36) and three aces (30) making a game. D made en-ough in his deal to win the game and rubber. Hearts were trumps, and the score of four tricks (32) and five honors (40) being set down, the s tlement was made by adding t scores together, both honors the tricks. Thus A and B made 106 points, C and D 246, to which are added 200 for winning the rubber, 346 in all. Taking from this the 106 made by A and B, leaves a win-ning score of 240 points for C and D, as a basis of settlement. The ele-ment of chance is quite large, and

agent the duchess parted with it for 160,000. It was not greatly altered till 1824, when it was enlarged and almost rebuilt after designs by Jo-seph Nash for the London residence of the royal family.

Feminine Observer.

Power is something for the weak

Power is something for the weak to worship. A small boy defines a lady as a grown up girl who isn't saucy. When a man looks upon the per-formance of a duty as a task the chances are it will not be well done. It is whispered that the Russian blonse is to supplant the bolero. The man who has no rival is at the bottom of the ladder—in a hole. False friends are like your shadow —only with you in the sunshine. Don't underrate beauty; neither overrate it. It is as a magnet at first, but has small power to hold,

first, but has small power to hold, unless it is brainy beauty.-Albany Times-Union.

Mrs. Wickware - I consider those

1 Total Total