

THE USURPER

"Because we were!" said Sylvia, pitifully. "Why, he was a brother to me—what brother could have done more? Think of it!"

"Yes—yes!" assented Audrey. "But you aren't brother and sister now," she murmured.

Sylvia's face grew hot, then pale. "I—I was such a mite," she said, hurriedly. "And he was so big! Just now—just now—I thought I was up to his shoulder! Yes, I must have grown—altered."

Audrey laughed softly.

"Yes, and he thought so. He gazed as if he could not believe his eyes. He must have thought it was a vision. And she drew her head back in bird-like fashion, and looked at the lovely face admiringly. "Oh, how wonderful it all is! Thank heaven he has found you! He won't go away again! He can't leave his sister!"

Sylvia's face grew scarlet, and she covered it with her hands as she remembered how, on the terrace, she had flown into his arms. Had she kissed him? She did not know. It was likely.

Audrey put up her hand and stroked the soft wealth of dark hair lovingly.

"Ah, how whippy you must be to-night, dear," she whispered.

"Yes—no—I don't know," faltered Sylvia.

Then she rose with a start.

"I must go and tell Mercy," she said. "Wait here for me, Audrey. I—I want to talk—I want you to tell me what I am to do. Oh, I don't know what to do!"

And with a little piteous sigh, that was like that of a heart trembling on the verge of a great happiness or a great disappointment she left the room.

Mercy was awake and started up as Sylvia entered.

"What is it?" she asked, almost in a tone of alarm.

"It is news—great news—Mercy, dear!" said Sylvia. "Jack—I mean—well, he is not—dead. He has come back. Don't speak, dear! Let me tell you in my own way."

Mercy listened in silence, but holding both Sylvia's hands, her large, sad eyes fixed sympathetically on her face, until Sylvia came to the scene in the drawing-room.

"And he is not 'Jack' at all, but—oh—Mercy, his name is Neville Lynne, and he is Sir Jordan's brother!"

Mercy dropped Sylvia's hands and uttered a faint cry.

"His brother!" she breathed, with white lips and a startled, horrified expression in her eyes.

"Yes," said Sylvia. "He is Mr. Neville Lynne, of Lynne Court. No wonder you are surprised. It all came upon me like a flash of lightning. I am dazed by it still. But how could you be, dear?" she broke off, for Mercy's hand, which she had taken, was like ice.

Mercy sank back on the pillow, and turning her face away, was silent for so long that Sylvia bent over her anxiously.

"How thoughtless of me, dear!" she said. "I ought to have waited until the morning, not come to you with all this excitement when you are tired out with the journey!"

"No—no!" said Mercy, in a slow voice. "You were right to tell me at once—at once! Sylvia, I must go to London to-morrow. I must go by the first train."

"Go back to London! Leave me, just now!" exclaimed Sylvia, aghast.

"Yes—yes—I must!" said Mercy, almost fiercely. "Leave me now, dear. I am glad, glad at your happiness. You know that, but yet, I am tired. Go, now, Sylvia!"

Her voice was so imploring that Sylvia kissed her and returned to Audrey.

"Mercy is ill—very ill, I am afraid," she said, gravely. "I think she scarcely understood—oh, it was thoughtless of me to disturb her to-night! Audrey, I must send for a doctor to-morrow."

"Certainly we will," assented Audrey. "Poor Mercy! We will both nurse her back to health. But you'll be ill, too, my dear, if you don't go to bed and get some sleep. You are quite feverish. See, you have almost undressed—she had put on her dressing-robe during Sylvia's absence—and you must let me help you. But I will. How lovely this hair of yours is! I have never seen it down before. And what a length!"

Sylvia hung her head so that the hair covered her face.

"It used to make him angry," she said, archly. "I wonder whether it would make him angry now, or if he would complain even if it did get into his eyes?"

"Don't!" breathed Sylvia, almost inaudibly.

"Why, what have I said?" exclaimed Audrey, with mock innocence. "How pretty you look when you blush, and—why, what's this, Sylvia?" she broke off to inquire.

She had been unfastening Sylvia's

dress while she had been bantering her, and had caught sight of a faded ribbon attached to a small, flat package which nestled under Sylvia's bodice.

Sylvia put her hand up to it.

"I don't know!" she said, with sudden gravity.

"Don't know?" echoed Audrey.

Sylvia shook her head.

"My father gave it to me the night he died," she said. "It is the story of my birth, Audrey."

"And you do not know?"

"No," said Sylvia. "It was not to open it for three years," and in a low voice she told Audrey how the package had been given to her, and the injunction that accompanied it.

Audrey listened open-eyed.

"And when do the three years expire?" she said, in almost awe-stricken tones.

Sylvia thought for a second, then she started slightly.

"To-morrow," she said, almost solemnly.

CHAPTER XXXIII

Jordan followed Neville out. He was conscious that he carried off the meeting well—very well; but with this consciousness was mingled no little apprehension. Neville had received his fraternal advances so coldly, to put it mildly, that Jordan knew he should have to be careful how he dealt with him; and he looked at the stalwart figure in front of him and shuddered as he swore under his breath. He knew Neville's temper of old, and that if he should be suddenly enraged he could turn and crush Jordan like a nut.

"Curse him!" he muttered. "I thought he was dead. I wish to heaven he were!" Then aloud he said: "What a big fellow you have become, Neville! I am delighted to see you in such splendid health. Ah, you wanderers have the advantage of us stay-at-homes! Give me your arm, my dear fellow!"

But Neville strode on, ignoring the affectionate request, and Jordan had to walk quickly to keep up with him.

"You have been gaining health and strength while some of us have been wasting our sitting up past midnight in the House of Commons. How familiar the whole place must seem to you," he raved on, smoothly, and ignoring his brother's silence. "We have often thought of you, Neville. I may say that you have seldom been out of our thoughts, and when I say 'our,' I especially allude to dear Audrey. She will be your sister before long. I am sure that will be welcome news to you. And now tell me, Neville—I must hear the whole account of your life since we parted, when we got home—but tell me this: has Fortune smiled on you? Have you come back with your pockets full of gold? I hope so—I hope so, fervently."

Neville forced himself to speak calmly.

"No. My pockets are empty," he said.

"Tut, tut, I am sorry that you have Jordan sympathetically, a smile of satisfaction playing for a moment on his thin lips. "I had hoped that you had returned with wealth as well as health."

"I am glad to see you, rich or poor, my dear Neville, and—perhaps not so sorry for your ill-luck as I should be, for it will give me the opportunity of proving my affection."

"Oh!" said Neville, grimly.

"Yes," went on Jordan, blandly. "I am afraid from your manner, my boy, that your mind is recurring—going back—to our parting. Pray do not allow it to do so. If there is anything—any will between us, time and absence have softened and dispelled it; and in its place, I trust—for my part, I am sure—there is the best and truest of good will."

Neville looked straight in front of him.

"And so Fortune has proved unkind?" continued Jordan.

"Very," curtly.

"Well, well! I can understand your disappointment. But is not given to all of us to succeed; and on those of us whom Fortune favors is bestowed the privilege of helping those near and dear to us. You must let me help you."

Neville stopped short and looked at him in the semi-darkness.

"You offer to help me?" he said.

"Certainly, my boy; what more natural? Do you think I am lost to all sense of kinship, that I forget we are brothers?"

"Half brothers, please," said Neville, grimly.

"Just so, and I cannot forget that our father did you—yes, I will say so candidly—a wrong. You know that he—er—did not mention you in his will!"

Neville's face flushed. Oh, why had he promised Trale to keep quiet, and leave the working out of affairs to that astute inspector! Why couldn't he seize this smooth, oily gentleman by the shoulder and shake him!

"Yes," said Jordan sadly. "I did my best to induce our father to be reconciled to you—to leave you, at any rate—a competency, but he was immovable. He would scarcely permit me to mention your name. But we will not speak of that; it can

only sadden both of us! Tell me your plans, Neville?"

"My plans?" growled the young man.

"Yes," said Jordan, blandly. "Do you intend to remain in England? Ah! I am afraid not. I have always noticed that when a man has taken to wandering he cannot settle down; once a globe-trotter, always a globe-trotter, and I suppose you Jordan are ready thinking of starting off for somewhere?"

Neville was silent.

"Silence gives consent! I feared that it would be the case! Well, well! After all, a roaming life has its charms. But you must let me help you. I think I may say without immodesty that I have some interest, you know—or perhaps you don't know that I am in the Cabinet?"

For the life of him, he could not keep a long, proud superiority out of his smooth voice.

"Oh, yes," said Neville, grimly. "I know, I saw you one night coming out of Audrey's house—or the Marlow's—to your carriage, and heard the crowd shout for the great Sir Jordan Lynne."

"In-deed, Really, now! And you did not come forward and make yourself known! I am afraid you are proud! Beware of pride—"

Neville stopped, restrained himself, and strode on.

"Well, yes, I have some influence," resumed Jordan, little guessing how narrow a squeak he had had of being shaken, "and I must use it. I must get something for you, some money abroad. A consular, or something of that kind. And—er—meanwhile you must come and live at the Court."

"No!" Restless and anxious to be on the move already, said Jordan, pleasantly. "Well, well! I am sorry. You must let me make you an allowance—no refusal! You must indeed!"—he stopped short and started.

His quick ears had heard a foot-step behind them. He was looking round, and saw a man's figure crouching stealthily under the shadow of the hedge, and his heart leaped as he recognized Jim Banks.

"They were in the avenue now; the lights of the village glimmered in the distance. He glanced over his shoulder stealthily, and was silent for a moment or two, then he went on:

"Yes, you must not allow your pride to come between us. You must not forget that I am your brother."

"Half brother," said Neville again, grimly.

Jordan laughed softly.

"Son of the same father!" he said. "I cannot forget it, if you would. I shall esteem it a favor if you will accept," he paused. "Shall we say two hundred a year?"

Neville stopped again and looked at him. This man who had robbed him of five or six thousand a year, generously offered him two hundred! He actually laughed—a laugh that made Jordan shrink away from him.

"Not enough, Neville? I was afraid of offering you more; your pride, you see! Let us say four! And if you have made up your mind to leave England, we must have five; money does not go so far abroad as it does here. Yes, five! Come! I will get you a berth in my private place in the colonies and allow you five hundred a year. I beg you will not wound me by refusing."

They had reached the lane leading to the Court, and crossed over to the lodge. Neville stopped short.

"You will come in—you will stay at the Court?" said Jordan, with feigned eagerness.

"No!" said Neville. "You say my father shook his head."

"I am sorry—very, very sorry, to say he did not," he replied.

As he spoke he glanced round; the dimly seen figure had crept closer.

"And you offer me four—five hundred a year?" said Neville, restraining himself with an effort.

"And I hope, I earnestly hope, you will accept it!" said Jordan. Neville drew a long breath.

"I'll tell you to-morrow," he said, grimly. "Good night," and he strode off. Jordan put his hand on the lodge gate and as he did so he felt a hand on his arm.

The shadow that had been following them stood beside him. It was Jim Banks. He wore a rough workman's suit and a fur cap almost entirely concealed his face.

"Who—who was that?" he asked, hoarsely, looking after Neville.

"That gentleman?" said Jordan, quickly, his breath coming and going in sharp pants. "That is my brother, Neville Lynne."

Lavarick started.

"Him?" he said, hoarsely. "He's Neville Lynne?"

"Yes," said Jordan, bending down till his lips were almost level with Lavarick's ears. "That is Neville Lynne. His breath came fast and hot. 'It's—it's a quarter of a mile to the village—a lonely road. I—I hope you won't do anything rash, Banks. But remember your poor daughter!"

With an oath Lavarick left him, and still crouching close to the hedge, followed the unconscious Neville, Jordan stood and watched, his face white, every limb trembling.

He saw Neville striding along, and Jim Banks following like a shadow. He saw Banks gain on him, and crouch as if ready for a spring, something gleaming in his hand.

"Kill him! Curse him! Kill him!" broke from Jordan's white lips; and at that moment, though he could not have heard the injunction, Lavarick rose as if to spring.

But as he did so, Sir Jordan saw another figure emerge from the darkness and join Neville. It was Trale.

Lavarick saw it, too, and he stopped, and slunk back into the hedge.

Jordan waited a moment, watching Neville and Trale walk off together, then with a bitter sense of disappointment he turned in at the lodge gate.

CHAPTER XXXIV

Neville tossed and rolled through the night, but strange to say, it was not the thought of Jordan's villainy which kept him from the sleep which knits up the raveled sleeve of care. It was Sylvia.

"Her brother!" he thought. "That's all I am to her. Just her brother, nothing more! She wouldn't have flown to me, and made so much of me, if—if she'd cared for me in any other way. And why should she care for me in the way I

FREE

The balance of 1908 FREE to all new subscribers to the **HAMILTON SEMI-WEEKLY TIMES** from now until the end of 1909 for \$1.00 in Canada or the United Kingdom.

This is a chance of a lifetime to secure **Hamilton's Leading Newspaper** Daily Times by mail \$2.00 per annum. Address **TIMES PRINTING COMPANY, HAMILTON**

want? A lovely, radiant creature like her—she looked like a young princess!—and famous, too! No doubt there are dozens of men in love with her, belted ears and swells of that kind. And perhaps there's one she cares for!" At the thought he clutched his short hair and groaned, and called himself, for the twentieth time that night, a fool ever to have lost sight of her. "I've lost her!" he sighed. "And serves me jolly well right, too!"

Nor did Lorrimore at the inn have a particularly good night, and as he lay awake thinking of Audrey, he called himself a fool for staying on at the whispered suggestion of Neville.

Perhaps of the three Jordan slept best, though his dreams were disturbed by that spectre of fear which will haunt the guilty, he they never so bold.

In the morning Trale came round to Mrs. Parsons, and found Neville pacing up and down restlessly in front of the cottage.

"Mr. Neville," he said, in an excited whisper, "I've found him!"

"Found him? What?" said Neville, starting. He was too much engaged thinking of "her" to have any room for any reflections about a "him."

"Why, Jim Banks!" said Trale, looking round cautiously.

Neville's eyes flashed, and his interest awoke.

"When—how?"

"Last night," said Trale. "One of my men came upon him at an inn outside the village, where he was drinking heavily, and sent me word. He is keeping his eye on him. We'll give him just rope enough; we'll just see what he means to do."

"And lose him!" said Neville, grimly.

"Not this time, sir," responded Trale, confidently. "I've told my men to knock him on the head and handcuff him, if necessary. No, don't get him this time. If you can only manage to keep civil to Sir Jordan for a little while longer!"

"It's a large order, but I'll try," said Neville, doubtfully.

"Do, sir, do," pressed Trale. "I'm beginning to get both so tight that they can't shuffle out of it. I'm off now, Mr. Neville. Don't be surprised to see me at any moment."

Neville walked down to the inn to spend the time, but he was not to be long. Lorrimore had gone out, and after hanging about still thinking of Sylvia, he made his way to the Grange. As he entered the avenue he saw Lord Lorrimore in front of him, and soon overtook him.

Lorrimore looked grave and anxious.

"Mr. Lynne," he said, almost at once, "last night when I stated my intention of leaving England immediately, you said 'don't.' Will you tell me your reason? Excuse the abruptness of the question, but—well, you see how it is with me."

"Yes, I do," said Neville, "and that's why I said 'don't.' Lord Lorrimore, I want you to believe that I've good reasons for asking you to stay awhile, but that I can't give them."

"It's something in connection with—Miss Hope?"

"It is," assented Neville. "Look here, Lord Lorrimore, any one can see that Audrey is not happy, that—that, in short, her engagement to me—to Jordan is not making her happy, and that—well, I don't think it is possible that it may be broken off."

Lorrimore's face lighted up with the hope that rose in his heart.

"You think it may?" he said.

"No, I don't think; I'm certain," said Neville, gravely.

Lorrimore nodded.

"I will not ask you another question, Mr. Lynne. I will wait. I will only say this—that if—if I thought Au—Miss Hope would be happy with him, I would resign her without another effort. But—well, I don't like Sir Jordan, and I mistrust you. Now, if it were you to whom she was engaged—"

(To be continued.)

PAPER-HANGING IN PANELS.

Latest Method of Wall Decoration—Handsome Imported Papers.

The better sort of wall papers, imported to help to make the American home beautiful, are hung in panels. The arrangement is good from an artistic point of view, presenting a series of framed decorative pictures. The infinite variety of decorative effects to be thus obtained is apparent to the skilled designer, while the simplicity of execution must commend itself even to the amateur who is disposed to dispense with the services of the professional decorator.

French and English wall papers, conceived and carried out on the lines of the classic decorative periods, are all intended for use in panel form, being complete in design, without the necessity of frieze or border to produce a finished effect. A large variety of the foreign wall papers are matched by linens, tulle, chintzes and cretonnes, so that an entire room may be decorated and upholstered without change of pattern or coloring. For the drawing room are used papers simulating a velvet surface, or showing the design in relief of silk flock on a background of embossed silk or smooth satin. With them, according to the New York Tribune, are used mouldings of gilded wood or moulded carton pierre, the wall spaces around the panels following in color the door and the window framings or having a metallic treatment in glazed aluminum or gold leaf.

Dining rooms furnished in French tapestry or Japanese leather papers may have the hardwood mountings suggested by the woodwork, while mouldings in leather effect, showing metallic nail heads, are sometimes employed with excellent results.

When a Japanese grass cloth or the Corran splint cloth is used for the sake of a plain effect on the walls of a library or a music room, panel mouldings, indicating a conventional treatment of the bamboo and colored in agreement with the woodwork, are appropriate. Hills, hung with landscape papers, are most effective when the panels are given a wainscot effect, grass cloth or splint cloth being used on the larger plain surface.

For the nursery or playroom, as it is sometimes necessary to remove the wall decorations for the cleansing or renovation of the room, the panels had best be in the form of detachable frames.

TIDES AND MOSQUITOES.

Drainage Ditches a Simple Prevention of Insect Plague.

It is not generally known, says the New York Sun, that the responsibility for the mosquitoes which scourge the Atlantic coast rests primarily with the tides, which for a few days each month rise to a height considerably above the normal.

On these days the sea water enters into numerous pockets and depressions along the edges of the uplands, which are not reached by the ordinary tides, and is there trapped to form stagnant pools undisturbed till the next high tide. It is in these places that the salt marsh mosquitoes, Culex solitans, are bred. They may be easily recognized by the black and white rings on their legs, and they fly long distances.

The eggs are laid in the mud, and development starts with the arrival of the high water; in a few days they are on the wing. This accounts for their sudden appearance in hordes.

It is a common error to believe that they breed all over the salt marshes; if they did the seashore regions would be uninhabitable by man. On the contrary, there is no larvace equal to fresh sea water; it is vastly cheaper than kerosene and is automatically applied. No mosquitoes breed in places flushed by the daily tides; the eggs and larvae are washed out and devoured by the small fish.

It is therefore extremely cheap and simple to cut ditches into the higher pools along the uplands, which will cause them to be flushed by the tide every day. This is the principle which has been followed in the work that has been done on parts of Long Island and New Jersey looking toward the extermination of the pest.

Of course, this cannot stop invasions from outside regions, but it serves to prevent the invaders breeding in the neighborhood and vastly improves the situation over large territories.

Most farmers whose acres border on the salt marshes could stop breeding on their places by two or three days' work in cutting ditches. It is not to be expected that this simple fact will ever penetrate their skulls, or that if it does they will take the trouble to dig the ditches until some enlightened Legislature makes it a misdemeanor for any one to maintain such a pestiferous nuisance as a mosquito hatchery and compels enforcement of the law.

There are many miles on both the north and south sides of Long Island and along the Sound, such, for instance, as the marshes at the mouth of the Bronx, where mosquitoes are produced in large numbers, unhampered by any attempt at restraint. From these regions they drift on the light winds to New York city and other distant places, as we have been forcibly reminded in the past weeks.

We Lay Us Down to Sleep.

We lay us down to sleep,
And leave to God the deed;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more we best.

Why vex our souls with care?
The grave is soon and low—
Have we found life so fair
That we should dread to go?

We've kissed love's sweet red lips,
And left them sweet and red;
The roses on their cheeks
Bloom on when he is dead.

Some faithful friends we've found,
But they who love us best,
When we are under ground
Will laugh on with the rest.

No task have we begun,
No other hands can take;
No work beneath the sun
Will stand when we are waked.

Then hold us fast, sweet Death,
If so it seemed,
To Him who gave us breath
That we should go to rest.

We lay us down to sleep;
We leave to God the deed;
Whether to wake and weep
Or wake no more, He knows.

Louise Chandler Moulton.

WHEN LOVE IS DYING.

The Only Thing a Woman Can Do in the Matter.

It is not until a man realizes that he is tired of a girl, and never really was in love with her, that he also realizes how foolishly he has acted. It amazes him to find that he has gone so far as to be considered the fiancé of the maid. Then, not knowing how to get out of the tangle, in which he has become involved, he falls back upon the unmanly method of neglecting the girl, he has hitherto courted and flattered. True, this is little more foolish than the former recklessness of his conduct, but it causes a good deal of suffering to a woman who has loved innocently and is desirous of better treatment.

A man's methods are often cowardly in dealing with the woman for whom he has ceased to care. He tries to force her to break with him by giving her ample grounds for complaint, but a woman is usually too generous and too loving to take advantage of his devices. Her cry is, "Why are you so changed?" She cannot understand why the lover who has left her with a fond good-bye can go away and put her out of his mind. She writes him frank, open letters, then pleading imploring ones, begging all the time that he will tell her what she has done to vex him. He cannot tell her without putting all the blame on himself, without showing that he has not acted a meanly part. But even if he could and is not disposed to, his conduct should show her that his love is dying. The signs are unmistakable. If there is a woman, who, being thus treated, does not know the truth at the beginning? She does; but she will not admit it. Yet all the time, from the moment when the first doubt arose in her mind, she has known it.

There is only one thing to do when a man's love is dead, and that is to let him go. To "win back his love" is next to an impossibility. It is a pathetic sight to see two people, one madly in love with the other, and the other unable to reciprocate. And yet, "Try to forget" is the only advice that can be offered.

A man shows it plainly enough when he has ceased to love. Appointments cease to be sacred, he cannot summon up courage to write letters, he is moody and silent, and shows in his manner all that his tongue refuses to say. If he can get an excuse to go off somewhere away from his fiancée he seizes hold of it, and gives her no explanation for his conduct.

The signs of a dead love are unmistakable, and no woman who values her self-respect will seek to keep a man by her side who cares for her no longer. The parting will be hard but afterwards she will be glad that she made her decision before it was too late.

True love, said Sir Philip Sidney, can no more be diminished by showers of evil-hap than flowers are marred by timely rains.

Engineer Also Dressmaker.

W. B. Baldwin, one of the oldest and best known engineers on the Missouri Pacific road, for a number of years has been not only the bread winner, but the family "seamstress" for a family consisting of his wife and three daughters.

His family is now in California, but Baldwin still continues to sew for them and sends their clothes to them in the far West. He owns a beautiful home in this city, and it is not through poverty, but on account of his wife's poor health and the love of the sewing machine and his family that he acts as dressmaker.—Council Grove correspondence Kansas City Journal.

Women Makes Pet of Wildcat.

Mrs. G. J. Grommet, one of Alton's best-known society ladies, has a Mexican leopard wildcat for a pet.

It is a gift from her husband, who is in Mexico. The leopard cat, which is a mixture of leopard and wildcat, is now four weeks old and is the size of a big kitten. The animal knows nothing but captivity. The mother of this kitten and another was killed that the young could be taken.

Mrs. Grommet is exhibiting the little prize to her guests, but says she will be careful to have a chain or something else to the animal when it grows up, fearing it may sometimes answer the call of the wild.—St. Louis Republic.

Kansas Lake of Burning Ice.

"Cold! Then we'll set fire to some ice and warm ourselves."

The speaker made with the heel of his skate a hole in the ice. He applied a match to the hole. The ice blazed up instantly with a hot, bright flame.

"Oh, how good it feels," said the young girl. She removed her gloves to warm her slim hands the better. "But isn't it rather odd," she said, "to warm one's hands at a fire of ice?"

"You are a stranger to Atchison," said the young Kansan, "or you wouldn't find it odd. We are used to it here. Always when we skate on Lake Doniphan we set the ice afire if we are cold."

She watched her own little fire.

"What is the explanation of this miracle?" she said.

"A very simple one," said the young man. "This lake is full of natural gases. When it freezes over, gas in the form of bubbles impregnates the ice. You have only to burst open a bubble and set a match to it and up shoots a magical flame."—From the Minneapolis Journal.

Reserved Her Verdict.

A gentleman who was no longer young, and who never was handsome, said to a child in presence of her parents:

"Well, my dear, what do you think of me?"

The little one made no reply, and the gentleman continued:

"Well, you don't tell me. Why won't you?"

Two little fat hands tucked the corners of a pinafore into her mouth, as she said, archly, in a timid whisper: "Cause I don't want to be whipped."

—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Horrors of a Dilemma.

Presidential Possibility (proudly)—I would rather be right than be president.

"When we are married I can learn to cook."

"Hadn't you—er—better begin practice," suggested the thrifty suitor, "while your father is yet supplying the raw material, so to speak?"—Washington Herald.

SHREDDED

Make Your Stomach Happy with **SHREDDED WHEAT** and fresh fruits. An ideal summer food, wholesome, nourishing and delicious. CONTAINS MORE REAL NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT OR EGGS. Sold by All Grocers

WHEAT

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS

CURE ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
BRIGHT'S DISEASE
DIABETES
GRAVEL
RHEUMATISM
MIGRAINE
HEADACHE
NEURALGIA
AND ALL AFFECTIONS OF THE URINARY TRACT.

Prepared by J. C. Dodd, Lowell, Mass.