CROSS PURPOSES

her every minute. You have been running a race without knowing it, and you have won, you see. I thought she would have been here first. She has been with friends

"In Cornwall!" Gilbert South repeated the words with a touch of startled interest in his voice. "She used to live in Cornwall—I was there one summer a long while ago. I won der where she has been staying now? And, after a moment, he added, "Not in the old house, I know."
"It's a beautiful country," said

Mrs. Leicester. "Not pretty, like Dev-oushire, of course."

"No, not like Devonshire; but I like it better, perhaps because I knew i first. The Land's End, on a still mid summer day---" He stopped short in the middle of his speech, and looked down, but his silence was full of re-

"Oh, delightful!" said Mrs. Leice ter, fanning herself slowly with a Japanese fan. "Do I hear the car-rage? No. Of all places I think the Land's End—" and she glided through two or three soft common-

"Yes," Gilbert interrupted her. beg your pardon, I mean I think you

'Why, of course I do." There the sound of an arrival in the hall. Mrs. Leicester put down her fan, but the door at the far end of the room was thrown open before she could reach it, and "Mrs. Austin" was an-nounced. "Here you are at last!" she exclaimed, hurrying to meet the new

Mrs. Austin bent her head twice to receive her friend's kiss of welcome and the two came up the room with a soft rustle of drapery. The western sun lit up Mrs. Austin's pale face. "You know Mr. South?" said Mrs. Leicester, and with a smile she answered "Oh, yes." and put out a gloved hand He was cool enough usually, but his beat fast, and he hardly knew what he said, as he stepped out of s long vist of shadowy years and a confusion of memories to greet Mrs. Austin, newly arrived from a Cornwall whose sunsets, blue seas, and fringe of chafing white waves were those of a summer long gone by. It was only when she said, "Yes, it is a long while ago," that he rememwhat his own remark had been

At that same moment Tiny Vivian dainty little rustic figure, swinging a tunch of pale honeysuckle green-coated nuts, was crossing corner of a distant field. She had gone some way in silence, with thoughts intent upon the romanos awaiting her at the Manor-house. It is true that to Tiny it was a dim and -gone affair, which had been laid by so long that it could have no better sweetness than that of dried rose leaves and lavender, yet, being real romance, it was interesting; and was with an absorbed and carnes glance that she looked up at Frank, and said, "I wonder how those two will meet! Don't you think she will

ed Frank. "I should think they would both feel rather queer after eighteen years." He aimed a blow at a thistle as he went by. "I've been thinking," he said, with a laugh, "it must be eighteen years ago, if it isn't nineto-s, since I had the measles. I was a harrid little spoiled wretch, I know —I remember crying because I could not go to a children's party—I used wear a hideous tartan frock with frills, and had my hair curled. It is certainly eighteen years ago this

Why she more than he?" demand

Tiny laughed too. "I suppose I was -my birthday is in August, you know. Isn't it a long while ago? But if he had been waiting all these years,

and been true all the while, he has nothing to be ashamed of."
"Might be ashamed of wasting his time, I should think," said Frank.
"Don't bestow too much sympathy on Mr. South. And you expect Mrs. Aus tin to blush for her inconstancy? Not I'll bet you anything you like cooler of the two, and, if there is any blushing when they meet, he will have to do it."

'The sunset is doing it," said Tiny "Look what a glow there is dying away behind those willows."
"We must look sharp," said Frank.
He glanced at his watch and quick-

ened his pace. "You can walk a little

"Oh, yes—are we far from home?" and, without waiting for an answer, Tiny went on. "I've made up my mind I shan't like Mrs. Austin." There was a determined expression in her brown

eyes as she spoke.
"Sorry for her," said young Leices,
ter. "But, to tell the trutn, if it
wasn't for pleasing my mother, I could very well dispense with the pair of them. I suppose he'll like some shooting; but I can't go out with him to-morrow—I've promised to ride over to Bridge End in the afternoon. I don't know what you'll all do, I'm sure—go for a drive, if you like."

Tiny pushed out a scornful little lower lip. "All packed in the carriage together!" Then, after a moment's consideration, "Well, we might go to the castle."

"Isn't it rather reckless, using up our one show-place the first day?" said Frank. "Though, to be sure, it isn't worth keeping—there's so very little of it."

"And don't you think it might harmonize nicely with their feelings?" Tiny continued, taking a higher range "Won't they like to poke about little old remains of something that used

should think it would give them a chance of saying all sort of things."

"Oh, go to the Castle—go to the Castle, by all means!" said Frank laughing. "I only hope they'll have laughing. "I only hope they il nave yeur fine sense of harmony, and make the most of the opportunity. Mind you don't interfere—that's all."

"I shall take care of your mother,"
Thry answered, loftily. "I shall carry her shawl. And I shall pick ivy leaves

off the wall. I hope I know my duty."
"Most people do," said Frank, dryly.
"For instance, our duty is to be home in proper time to receive these good folks."

"Sha'n't we do it?" said the girl, a little apprehensively.

He shook his head. "No, like most

people, we sha'n't! Can you dress in two minutes? You must try to-night, two minutes? You must try to-might, I'm afraid.* It's all my fault; the time. slipped away, and I. didn't notice." Tiny, in epite of her uneasiness, was very happy. They hurried on, the glow in the west grew fainter, and the rooks went by in, great clouds, cawing their good-nights overhead.

"I can't think what possessed my mother to want those people!" said Frank, with a sudden burst of irrita-tion, as he helped Tiny over a stile. "I hate having to hurry you like this -you'll be tired out, thanks to them!" "Oh, never mind me!" said Tiny. breathless, but loyal.

"But I do mind you," Frank answer ed, hotly. "I wish they were a thousend miles away! Anyhow, their touching meeting must be over by

He was right, the meeting was over

and, as he had divined, Mrs. Austin had been the more numeved of the two. While she shook hands with Gilbert South she did not cease to answer Mrs. Leicester's hospitably anxious questions. She was not tired -her train was rather late, yes, bu she really was not tired—she would not have any tea-no, she would not have anything. Gilbert looked at her over the top of Mrs. Leicester's head. There was something of doubt, appea! almost of entreaty in his glance, and Mrs. Austin did not seem to evade it, yot he hardly knew whether it had reached her or not. At that moment he felt it harder to realize how he had parted from Mildred Fairfax than it had been when he stood on the rug and listened through Mrs. Leicester's talk for the sound of approaching wheels. Mrs. Austin's softly-modu lated and unhurried speech was like and yet unlike, Mildred's voice as he remembered it. It seemed like ar scho of old days awakened in a strange place. She looked at him with gently inquiring eyes, as if to dis gently inquiring eyes, as if to discover how much he had changed since their parting, and she not the same mute questioning from him. Meanwhile Mrs. Leicester wondered aloud, with much discomposure, what Frank and 'fin selves. It was getting late; would Mrs. Austin like to go to her room? So the party broke up, to meet again

The question which troubled Frank's mother was solved when, at three minutes to dinner-time, she met him on the stairs, looking very hot and dusty. She expressed some views or the subject of punctuality which seem ed to make him hotter. "Wy went farther than I intended—we went along the river after I saw Huntley, and had to hurry back. What's the use of making a row about it?" he said, rather grossly.

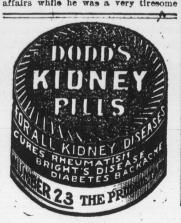
"You promised me you wouldn't be

"Well, don't I tell you we hurried nome? I believe Tiny nearly ran all the way. I wish I'd made her take !! Frank had the disgusted look of a man who faces an 'Where is Tiny?"

"Gone up-stairs like a flash of light-ning. Look kere, mother, it wasn't her fault, you know."

"Well, all I can say is, that it is very thresome," said poor Mrs. Lei-cester. "Do make haste, Frank." cester. "Do make haste, Frank."
"I'm only waiting till you've done
talking to me," Frenk replied, with
boylsh doggedness, and stood stockstill with his hands in his pockets.
Mrs. Lelcester uttered an impatient
exclamation, and flounced down to the

exclamation, and nounced down to the drawing-room, whoreupon Frank went up the stairs two at a time, narpowly escaping a meeting with a very cool and carefully-dressed gestleman who was just coming from his room. He made the most of his time; but it was a heavy-browed and rather sullen young heat who made his annexage. young host who made his appearance nounced, and offered his arm to Mrs. Austin, with a muttered apology Frank was profoundly discatisfied with both his greets and himself. People who were busy with their love affairs while he was a very tiresome



little boy getting over the measles, belonged altogether to a peculiarly belonged altogether to a peculiarly uninteresting past, and the consciousness that he had been wanting in politeness made him angrily uneasy. He made up his mind about Mrs. Austin and Mr. South between his spoonfuls of soup. There was a slight likeness between them at the first glance. It was hardly enough to suggest the idea of brother and sister, but they might have ben ceusins. They were both tail, fair and pale; they were very quiet, and when they spoke, it was with a subdued clearness of tone, and with a little more finish than very quiet, and when they spoke, it was with a subdued clearness of tone, and with a little more finish than Frank himself. The resemblance made them still more uninteresting, and the soft voices struck him as slightly affected. So far as they were concerned, he saw precisely the pair of faded lovers he was prepared to see; but he noticed that Tiny, whose checks were a little flushed. whose cheeks were a little flushe and whose pulses were a little quick-ened by their baste and her fear of his mother's displeasure, looked peculhis mother's displeasure, looked peculiarly vivid and young by the side of the new-comers. There was something happy and eager in her utterance of the most commonplace remarks which Frank had not observed marks which Frank had not observed before. Cross theugh he was, he flashed an occasional glance of sympathy and encouragement to his fellow-culprit when he chanced to encounter her bright, timid eyes. He would not have Tiny scolded for that afternoon's misconduct, and he watched his mother's manner so jealously that when Mrs. Austin said something about Culverdale, and the road by which she had oome, he was preoccupied and answered rather at random. She turned away with a hardly perceptible smile, and spoke to Gilbert South.

South. It was a little better when the lad-ies left the dining-room, for Frank contrived to exchange a smile of re-conciliation with his mother as he conciliation with his mother as he held the door, and so went back to conciliation with his highest as he held the door, and so went back to his duty with a somewhat brighter face. But it was not much better. These people were not to his tasts. They had the air of having seen and the highest having the range of Anown things beyond the range of Culverdale society and Frank felt shy, young, and half-defiant as he sat over his wine with Gilbert South. He suspected his guest of possibly laughing at his youth and awkwardness. It is true that there was nothing in Mr South's manner to justify the suspic-ion. He did not look like a man who was in the habit of laughing at his neighbors; but Frank was in an unreasonable mood that evening. He held himself aloof when they went into the drawing-room still with that heavy consciousness of imposnitable heavy consciousness of inhospitable manners upon him, and suffered Mr. South to esk Tiny to sing, and to go to the piano, talk over the songs, and turn the pages for her, while he sat by the table, holding a paper which he did not read.

And then in a moment all was changed—Frank himself—the whole world. Mrs. Austin rose from her seat by Mrs. Leicester, came out of the shadows into the mellow lamplight, and walked to the plano. simply crossed the room, with the light shining on her pale, beautiful face, as if she were drawn softly by the music. She was utterly unconscious of Frank, who lifted his hea from his hand and sat gazing at her astonished and spell-bound, seeing her for the first time. He had been too sulky and absorbed to pay any attention before, he had had her hand on his arm feel that her band on her had been too the serior feel that her hand on her had been too the serior feel that her hand on her had been too the serior feel that her hand on her had been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too the serior feel that he was not been too that he was not been that he was no tion before, he had had her hand on his arm—fool that he was—and had taken no heed. Now as she went by it was like a wonderful revelation, and with a perception which to his own consciousness was singularly quickened, he noted every detail of the picture—the delicate features, the soft, fine hair the shadowy eyelids, the lips parted a little in a lingering smile, the hand that drooped and held for the ducky acceptance for the ducky acceptance. a fan, the dusky softness of her trail-ing velvet gown, and the web of yellowish lace at her throat, with a white spark of diamond light in it. It was not such beauty as Frank had ever taken pleasure in, or even re-cognized, before, and for that very on he was unable to set any limit to his admiration. The charm was that of a pale gleam in an unknown sky, revealing a new world. He was startled at the sudden rush of feeling which carried him out of the narroboundaries within which he had be eating, drinking, and sleeping till that moment. It seemed to him as if none of the thoughts and words to which he had been accustomed in that earlier life would serve him now. He had scorned poetry as something fool-ish and unreal; but it struck him that if he took up a volume of poetry he might chance to find it all coming Something wonderful unexplic able, unforseen, had befallen him in that brief minute; but the important events of life may very well happen in a minute which often goes unrecog-nized. Frank, however, recognized

in a minute which often goes unrecognized. Frank, however, recognized his as it went by.

He moved a little as he sat, to command a better view of the room, and saw how South, who was stooping to untie a portfolio of Tiny's, rose with as swift glance of welcome as Mrs., Austin approached, and silently gave her a chair. She laid her hand on the back, but pauced, listening. Looking eagerly at the two as they stood side by side, Frank forgot that he had ever seen a resemblance between them, and would have taken it as an insuit had any one suggested that such a resemblance existed. The secret love story, over which he had laughed that afterneon, rose up terribly before his eyes. He remembered every word. He had said how he had proposed to give them their weading-breakfast, and how he had joked with Tiny about the elderly brids. He hated himself as he recalled the word. Of course, it had been nothing but a joke; Frank knew well enough that a woman who was a girl eighteen years earlier was not elderly; but still he woman who was a girl eighteen years earlier was not elderly; but still he had used it, and the blood rushed to his forehad at the recollection. It was such a detestable word, hard, prosale, and commonplace; it seemed to vulgarize and spoil whatever it touched Frank would readily have sacrificed a year of his life (which at his age means that he would have consented to be a year younger) could he have unsaid that hateful word "elderly." His meditations speedily became so unendurable that, in sheer despair, he got up and went toward the piano.
Anything was better than sitting

Joint and Muscle Pains Banished by Nerviline

IT CURES RHEUMATISM

Thousands of people, chuck full of the loy of living—happy, glad, bright people, that Nerviline has cured of people, that Nerviline has cured of their pains, all tell the same wonder-ful story of its power to drive out the aches and tortures of rheumatism and kindred ills.

kindred ills.

"My goodness, but Nerviline is a miracle worker," writes Mrs. Charlotte Chipman, mother of a well-known family residing at Mount Pleasant. "Last month I was so crippled up with sciatica and muscular rheumatism as to be almost unable to do a bit of housework. My joints were so stiff and the muscles so frightfully sore that I even cried at times with the pain. For years we have used Nerviline in our family and I just got busy with this wonderful, good old liniment. Lots of rubbing with Nerviline soon relieved my misery and I was in a real short time about my work as usual."

No matter where the ache is, no matter how distressing the pain you can rub it away with Nerviline. For forty years it has been curing lumbago, sciatica, back-ache, colds, chest trouble and all sorts of winter ills. "My goodness, but Nerviline is a iracle-worker," writes Mrs. Char-

trouble and all sorts of winter ills.

Keep a large 50c family size bottle
handy and you'll be saved lots of treuble and have smaller doctor bills.

Small trial size 25c at dealers every-

there alone, with an idiotic paper in his hand, which would not distract his attention for a moment, and his thoughts full of the remembrance that he had made fun of Mrs. Austin.

It was with a singular sensation of being at once very dull and clumsy, and curiously keen-sighted, that he approached his guests. For the first time in his life he understood that real life could be dramatic, since hitherto he had supposed that novels and plays were interesting simply because of their unreality. To say that such a their unreality. To say that such a thing was like a play, meant that it was unlike anything which would really happen to a sensible English-man. He had not sufficient imagination to enter into the feelings of hatton to enter into the results of the people who came and went about him. Long habit might teach him something of their likes and dislikes, hopes and fears, but he had little or no instinct in such matters, and conno instinct in such matters, and con-sequently saw nothing beneath the every-day aspect of life. That night, however, his mother's reminiscences had given him a clew to the deeper meaning of what was passing under his roof, and with that secret know-ledge of Mrs. Austin and Mr. South he grasped the situation as if it were on the stage. He saw it as if it were on the stage, but he knew that he was

on the stage, but he knew that he was more than a spectator.

There was singing, and Frank halted little way off as if to listen. He had never felt so shy and ill at ease in all his life; never felt so little at in all his life; never felt so little at home as he did standing there in the Manor-house drawing-room— in the very heart of his kingdom. Of course, he knew well enough that he was the master of Culverdale, but he did not see that Culverdale had anything to do with the matter. In fact, for the first time in his life, he was profoundly dissatisfied with Cloverdale; it was a hole of a place to live in foundly dissatisfied with Cloverdale; it was a hole of a place to live in—
it had no capabilities. How should
they amuse Mrs. Austin? She had
been everywhere; she would be bored—
she would laugh at it. It was all
very well for Tiny, but Mrs. Austin
was very different. They might have
company, might "call the neighbors
in," as the old nursery rhyme has it;
but all the neighbors were bores.
Frank had not discovered the fact before; but he perceived it now in the fore; but he perceived it now in the light of Mrs. Austin's presence, and reflected that a dinner-party of twen-ty-hore power would not mend mat-

Tiny's song came to an end, and Frank awoke to the consciousness that he was looking at Mrs. Austin, in his

CHIMNEYS ON LAMPS.

Why They Prevent the Lighted Wicks From Smoking.

When a lamp is burning without a chimney it generally smokes. That is because the oil waich is coming up because the oil watch is coming up through the wick is being only partially burned. The carbon, which is about enchalf of what the oil contains, is not being burned at all and goes off into the air in little black specks with the gases which are thrown off. The reason the carbon is not burned when the chimney is off is that there is not sufficient oxygen from the air combining with it as it is separated from the oil in the par-

To make the carbon in the oil burn you must mix it with pienty of oxygen at a certain temperature, and this can only be done by forcing sufficient oxygen through the flame to bring the heat of the flame to the point where the carbon will combine with it and

When you put the chimney on the lamp you create a draft which forces more oxygen through the flame, brings the heat up to the proper temperature and enables the carbon to combine with it and burn. When you take the chimney off again the heat goes down when the draft is shut off and the lamp smokes again.

The chimney also protects the flame of the lamp from drafts from the sides and above and heips to make a brighter light, because a steady light is brighter than a flickering one. The draft ereated by the chimney

also forces the gases produced by the burning oil up and away from the flame. Some of these gases have a tendency to put out a light or a fire.

Visitor (at private hospital)-Can l see Lieutenant Barker, please? Matron—We do not allow ordinary visit-ing. May I ask if you're a relative? Visitor (boldly)—Oh, yes. I'm his sister. Matron—Dear me! I'm very glad to meet you. I'm his mother Boston Punch.

TRAPPING A PYTHON.

The Monster is a Victim of His Own Greedy Appetite.

The python's weak point is its ston ch; it is a glutton. Not satisfied with a full supper, it will start at once on next week's breakfast if by chance that future meal happens to be within easy reach.

A python generally lives in a hole in the ground or a hollow in a tree, but if it can find an old ruin in the jungle and there are many old ruins in India—it likes to take up its sleeping quarters there, because even in the heaviest rains the water runs off the ruins quickly, whereas a hole in the ground is likely to be flooded. The python needs to cat only once a week, and to get that real it like the classes. and to get that meal it lies flat alon the bough of a tree near a stream an waits for its prey to come to drink.

waits for its prey to come to drink. When the natives see the long trail that the python's body makes near the bank and find a heap of rains near by they make a hole in the ruined wail just exactly big enough for the python to get through. They that the a pig to a stake near the hole on one side of the wall, ane on the other side of the wall opposite the hole they the another pig to a stake. They also the a wire to the leg or the tail of the near side pig, and as evening draws on they twist it from a distance, and the pig squeals. As the python comes home to bed it hears the squeals.

So the python comes along merrily

So the python comes along merrily so the python comes along merrily and selzes its supper at a single bite. Down goes the pig into the big snake's throat, sucked in slowly by sheer muscular action. In about half an hour the pig has passed completely down the long neck, and in another half hour it is down a counter that thour it is down a couple of yards far-ther into the python's stomach.

Most animals would go to sleep right

away after a gorge like that. But meanwhile the second pig on the other side of the wall has realized its unhappy brother's woeful fate and has se up a most distressing noise. The py-then puts its head through the hole

"Ah!" it says to itself. "Here's my

next week's breakfast. And instead of waiting for next And instead of waiting for next week to come that greedy python swal-lows the second pig too. The wily na-tives wait until the second pig is well on its way down the python's body; they they have the snake caught. Pig No. 1 prevents it from advancing, and pig No. 2 prevents it from retreating. The natives lasso the python around the neck, break down the wall and pass a coil of rope between the two lumps of pig before they can amalgamate. Then they bear away the py-thon to captivity.—"Wonders of the

QUEER PERSIAN VEHICLES.

Riding in Them is Like Being in a Rolling Ship at Sea.

The two kinds of vehicles in common use in Persia differ only in appearance, the palaki being open, the kejovah covered with a light roof, generally made waterproof and with curtains before the entrance to keep out the sun, rain, wind and snow. The ke jevah is the more elaborate convey-ance, heavier and more expensive to hire, and therefore is used chiefly by the richer classes.

But the most comfortable means of travel and one which is used only by the wealthiest and most luxurious classes is the takhtiravan. This is a sort of palaquin consisting of a box about seven feet long and five feet high, fitted with doors and windows. Inside are a soft mattress and some comfortable cushions. The whole is built on the sedan chair principle, but with mules instead of men as bearers. The poles rest on the pack saddle on the backs of the mules, which walk tandem. They can, of course, only no used in the long plains and are useless when the route goes over hilly country. The motion reminds one of a rolling ship, and some people even get giddy and seasick at first in them

Such personages as princes, gover mors and high officials always travel with many followers and hangers-on. with many followers and hangers-on. It is a mest picturesque aight to meet such a caravan, from which the pipe bearer is never missing. In front of his saddle are fastened large round cases covered with bright red cloth, containing the silver water bottles and the silver tops of the kalian (water pipe.) Under the horse on one side is a perforated metal fire box hanging on a chain and containing the burning a chain and containing the burning charcoal, while on the other side swings a heavy leather bottle full of water in readiness to prepare the lipe on the road. A clever bearer prepares the apparatus as he rides along, gal-lops up to his master and hands him his ready prepared smoking pipe to enjoy a few pulls.

The luncheon or tea horse is another necessity for the journey. Anywhere on the high road it can be un-

Sleepless Nights



You can't sleep be-cause the nerves are irritable and ex-hausted. Narcotic cannet give you any lasting help, but Dr. Chase's Nerve Food

It cures elections ness, irritability nervous headaches etc., by restering vigor and vitality to the run-down and exhausted nervous system. The benefits obtained are both therough and lasting. 50 cents a box, dealers. or Edman-Lid., Tromto.

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hase's Nerve food

Pale Cheeked Women **Told About Restoring** A Rosy Complexion

A few years ago the girl with pale, drawn cheeks scarcely knew what to do in order to restore her fading appearance. At that time there was no blood-food medium made that really would put color and strength into systems that were more or less worn out. To-day it's different. The blood can be quickly nourished, can be made rich, red and healthy. All you have to do is to take two Ferrozone Tablets with a sip or two of water after meals. The effect is almost magical. Mothers, look at your children. Are they ruddy and strong—do they est and sleep well, or are they pale, weak, and anaemie?

FERROZONE will rebuild them.

naemie? RROZONE will rebuild them.

and anaemie:
FERROZONE will rebuild them.
Take your own case is your blood
strong and rich? Have you that oldtime strength and vigor, or are you
somewhat under the weather?

THE TOTAL OF THE PROPERTY OF T FERROZONE will supply the strengthening elements you require. It is a blood-forming, nourishing tould

It is a blood-forming, nourishing toffice that makes every alling person well.

FERROZONE is a marvellous remedy, it contains in concentrated form certain rare qualities that especially fit it in cases of ansemia, poor color, thin blood, tiredness, and loss of weight.

Every day you put off using FER-ROZONE you lose ground. Get it to-day, sold in 50 cent boxes by all dealers, or by mail from the Catarrh Co., Kingston, Ont.

oaded, and within a few minutes the felt carpet, carried on the saddle be-hind the rider, is spread on the ground, the samovar, cups, sugar and emons arranged on a tray on one corner, and, kneeling behind these, the elers. When ready to remount they leave him behind, and he packs up and follows at a smart canter, soon rejoin-ing the caravan.—Lieut.-Colonel A. ing the caravan.— Heinicke in Travel.

SOME HOWLERS.

Answers by Public School Pupils in New York.

A Mangle is a circle with three corners to It.

The alimentary canal connects Lake Erie with the Hudson River.

The government of a country that is ruled by a king is a monkey. A saxophone is an instrument play-

ed on by the early Saxons. A mountain range is a big cooking stove used in a hotel.

The torrid zone is caused by the friction of the equator, which runs around the earth in the middle.

Longitude and latitude are imagin-cry lines on the earth which show you which way you are going.

A vacuum is an empty place with

A Mr. Newton invented gravity with the aid of an apple. There was no such man as Hamlet. He lived in Denmark.

A curve is a straight line that has

Bi-monthly means the instalment The climate is caused by hot and

The Pagans were a contented race until the Christians came among them.

A moat was something like a wart

A boy who is amphibious can u The days are shorter in winter be

Gold was discovered in California

before anyone knew it was there.

Mars is the name of a star so far off it would take a million years to walk there in an express train. A miracle is anything that someone

does that can't be done.

When a volcano spits fire it is called

Epidermis is what keeps your skin on.—New York American.

The Bull of Perillus.

Perillus of Athens is said to have invented for Phalaris, tyrant of Agrigentum, 570 B. C., a brazen bull which opened on the side to admit victims who were to be roasted by the fire which was built underneath. The dying groans of the sufferers resembled closely the roaring of a mad bull. Phalaris greatly admired the invention and way of test roasted the inventor first. Later the populace rose in rebel-lion and burned Phalaris.

Ring Weighed a Pound.

One of the largest rings is the one which was presented to President Franklin Pierce, in 1852, by some citizens of San Francisco. It weighed one poind. The hoop of the ring is cut into squares, on each of which was shown some scene in the history of California. The bezel, bearing the seal, has engraved upon it the arms of the state of California, surmounted by the stars and stripes of the United States and the name of Franklin Pierce. This ring was valued at \$2,000.

We all admire a man who does things, unless we happen to be num-bered among the things he has done.