

ant's death, in the seclusion of his room Stuart had broken the covering of the packet intrusted to his care, and read the contents. The funeral was over now, and the will read. Beecham Park was left to Stuart, with the proviso that he fulfilled certain conditions con-tained in a letter already placed in his bands

The writing was close and crabbed, but it was distinct, and Stuart read it

easily. "When I first decided upon making you my heir, Stuart, I determined to couple that decision with another that would perhaps prove as irksome to you as it has been sorrowful and disappointing to me. But a new influence has since come into my life—hope, sweet, bright, glorious hope, with peace and gladness behind it. Let me tell you my

You will have heard of your cousi Douglas Gerant as a scamp. a proflig-ate, a disgrace. I was wild, perhaps foolish and hot-headed; but, Stuart. I never dishonored my name or my fath-er's memory. My brother Eustace and I were never on good terms. He hat-ed me for my wild spirits, my good looks and my success with women; and I on my side had little sympathy with his narrow cramped life and niggardly ways; so one day we agreed to part and never meet except when absolutely necessary. I left him in his dull home at Beocham Park, where his one idea of enjoyment was to scan rigidly the accounts of the estate and curtail the

expenses, and went to London. "From my mother I inherited a small income, which proved about sufficient extravagances, and I passed my my with a crowd of boon companions davs just as the mood seized me. Among my acquaintances was one whom I held than all: we were bound to by the firmest bond-true friendship. Conway was a handsome fellow with a reckless, dare devil style that suited my wild nature, and an honest heart; we were inseparable. And next to him in my friendship was a man call d Everest, a strong-willed being with plain face, but having the manners a plain face, but naving the manners of a Crichton, together with a fund of common sense. Everst was a barrier to Conway's and my wildness, and to him we owed many lucky escapes. We were with one accord railers at matri-unony, and a very bad time of it any poor fellow had who described our ranked to take unto himself a wife. I laughed and bantered like the others, deeming myself invulnerable; yet, when I laugh ed the loudest, I felt wounded. My rallery was over, my whole nature chang-The laughter and jokes of my com panions jarred on me; my soul revolted from the lazy, useless life I was leading. grew earnest and grave-I had fallen I had seen a woman who suddenly changed the current of my life. "Gladys, my angel, my sweet star! She was the niece of one of my mother's old friends. I rarely visited any of the old set, but one day the mood seized me to pay a visit to a Lady Leverick, with whom as a boy I used to be a great favorite; and at her house I met my darling. What need to tell you all that followed? I haunted the house, unconscious that Lady Leverick grow

unconscious that Lady Leverick grev colder and colder, heedless o fall bu Gladys

colder and colder, heedless o fall but Gladys' sweet face and glorious eyes, "At last the dream was dispelled; her aunt spoke to me. Gladys was an orphan under her charge; she was pen-niless. dependent on her charity, and she would not have so wild, so disso-lute a man even propose for the girl's hand. I was mad, I thirk, for I an-swered angri?; but in the midst of the storm came a gleam of golden light. gleam of golden storm came a

On the night after Sir Douglas Ger- | did not last, and as soon as we were

did not last, and as soon as we were to-gether the expression changed. "One evening I was leaving the club, and, in passing out of the door to enter the cab—I could afford that luxury now—I felt myself touched on the arm, and, turning found myself face to face with Hugh Everest. I welcomed him warmly, yet something in his manner sent a chill to my heart. "Diamisa your cab, and walk a little

"Dismiss your cab, and walk a little way with me; I want to speak to you,' he said. I turned to the cabman and did

s my friend wished. "'Now what is your important busiaess, Everet?' "'Have you seen Conway to-day?' h

ked, abruptly.

"Conway? Yes. He came to say good bye; he starts for Monte Carlo to-night Nothing wrong with him, I hope?" "'Not with his health.'

"I turned and looked at Everest; he was deadly pale and greatly agitated. "'If you have anything to tell me,' I "If you said firmly, 'do so at once. I can not

stand suspense. "Then prepare for the worst. Con-way has gone to Monte Carlo alone; but he will be joined in Paris by a woman to-morrow night. That woma.1 is your wife.

"My hand flew to his throat, but was prepared, and pushed me with al-most superhuman strength against some railings close by. We were at the corner of Pall Mall, and, suddenly put-tions his carm through ming, he dragged ting his arm through mine, he dragged me toward the steps of St. James' Park. Here it was quiet. I loosed myself from his grasp.

"You are a coward and a villain!" I exclaimed. 'Your words maddened me at first, but I am sane now. Great heavens, that you should have dared to utter such a lie and be alive!"

"He grasped my hand with his. "Keep your head cool," he said. If I had not proof, do you think I should speak as I have done? "Proof!"

"I staggered to the steps and sunk

down, burying my face in my hands. "This afternoon,' he went on quick-ly, 'I called at your house. Your wife was in, the maid said, and I entered the drawing-room. I waited several minutes, and then the maid returned, saying that and then the maid returned, saying that her mistress was not at home after all: and, leaving a message for her, I took my departure. At the gate I picked up this note in Conway's hand; you can see it by the light of this lamp. It says, "Come to my studio at once for final arrangements. To-morrow, I trust, will see the end of all your trouble, suspense and anxiety.

all your trouble, suspense and anxiety. Then will come my reward: for you will trust in me henceforth forever, will you 1 was stunned when 1 read it, ot?" Everest went on. 'My first impulse to tear it into shreds to to cast it from me; but I thought of you, Douglas, and a vague sense of danger stayed me. It still early, and I determined to go to Conway's studio and reason with

-demand an explanation. I went.' "Everet's voice grew husky for a mo-ment, Stuart, while every word he ut-tered went to my heart like a knife; my youth died in that moment of su-

reme agony. "'I went,' he continued, 'and asked to "I went, he continued, and asked to see **Gonway**; here came to me for a sec-ond. Tooking strangely agitated. I sug-gested staying with him till he started that evening, but he refused to let me, and hurried away. I took my depar-ture, ill at east; for, despite his repost-

ed asservations that he had much to do, I felt he had a visitor: and my suspicions were only too well grounded, for, on turning my head when I reached the road, I saw your wife standing with him in the studio talking earnestly. came to you.' "'To crush my happiness!' I exclaim-ed, recklessly. 'It was thoughtful!' "'You judge me as I feared.' he an-ered, sadly. 'Well, I have done what swered, sadly. I considered my duty; the rest is for

THE ATHENS REPORTER, OCT. 4, 1911.

and strange entrett eyes. I was writ-ing only for the morning; then I standed for Paris-for Conway and revenge. "Gladys I would never see again." I left my money and the settlement of my affairs in Everest's hands in case of my death, and he promised me to look after Gladys; for, though I deemed her dis-honored, I could not let her starve. He was anxious to stay in England, but 1 kept him beside me and refused to let him go. "I crossed to Paris the next day, and

sought everywhere for Conway, but could not find him. Everest grew impa-tient, but still I would not release him; and two days passed without incident. On the third day I learned that Conway

had never left England, that he was seized with sudden and severe illness at Dover; and, when I reached that place, he was dead. "Robbed of my revenge, I sunk into gloomy despondency. Everest went to London to look after my wife. My body seemed paralyzed; 1 seemed no longer a man. My friend was away a week and then returned suddehiy

told me, with a strange pale face, that Gladys was gone—had disappeared with her child, and could not be found. "My misery was so great, I scarcely realized the horror of this. My brain was dulled by intense pain. As in a dream, I listened to him, hardly heeding

him, and conscious only of a vague re-lief as he left me to go abroad, to shake off, he said, the anxiety he had suf-"I stayed on another week or so at

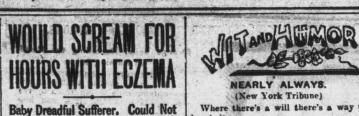
Dover, still in the same condition. Ther my brain suddenly cleared; but my mis ery returned in greater force. I was mad once more with an agony of pain. I left Dover; it was hateful to me. I travelled to London. A longing, a crav-ing seized me to see Gladys, to look or her once more, though she was dead to me forever. I drove to the house; and the memory of Everest's words came back to me then—that she was gone. Pale and faint with anxiety, I alighted at the well known gate, and I saw at a glance that the house was deserted.

"What had become of Gladys? How had she managed? Was she starving-lost in London, with not a friend in the world? In an instant my rage was quenched. I saw her only in her sweet ness, her beauty, and I leaned against the gate, overwhelmed with the flood of miserable thoughts that crowded up-

"But it was not a time for dreams. I But it was not a time for dreams. I felt I must act. So I hurried to the house agents, feeling sure that they could tell me something. From them I gleaned the barest information. My wife had visited them early in the morn ing following that dreadful night, paid them the rent to the end of the quarthem the rent to the end of the quar-ter, and left the key. I questioned them closely and eagerly, but could gather nothing more, and then I went away, feeling like a man whose life was al-most ended. Over and over again I whispered to unsafe with a trainer of whispered to invself, with a twinge of remorse, that Gladys was innocent, and would have explained all if I had only let her. Then the memory of Everest's words, the damning evidence of Con way's note, returned, and I knew not what to think; but on one point I was certain-henceforth life held no duty for me till Gladys was found. Though the golden dream of our joy was ended, though I doubted her, she must be found and cared for.

was engaged upon of herself and her child, which she had intended heaving at her aunt's house, hoping that the sight of the baby's angelface would break "I began a search-a search, Stuart that has lasted all my life. By good "I began a search -- a search, Stuart, that has lasted all my life. By good hap at this time a distant cousin, dying, bequeathed me his property, which, though not large, came like a godsend at the moment, for every available pen-ny I had had been expended in my search. I was beautal be my wife's his, suggested when he saw how the es-trangement troubled her. She was at Conway's studio, but only for the pur-pose of discussing the delivery of the picture; and, catching sight of Hugh Everest, in a moment of agitation and dislike a conclus expressed a wish not ny I had had been expended in my search. I was haunted by my wife's pale, horror-stricken face gleaming in the moionlight, by the memory of my baby-child, whose prattle had sounded like music in my ears. I knew too well the miseries, the horrors, of London, and I could not bear to think that the woman I had held so near and heaven woman I had held so near and—heaven help me!—still treasured in my heart, was thrown into its terrible jaws and left to perish without a helping hand.

to see him. Conway at once undertook to prevent their meeting, with what ter-rible result you know. My wife ended her letter by stating that she was gone from my life Yorever with her child. The shock of my suspicions had destroyed all joy or happiness evermore for her; but, though separated, she would live as become my wife and the mother of my child, for whose sake alone she could now endure life. This ended it; there "I pray heaven, Stuart, you may never know the darkness of those days, the unspeakable anguish, the depth of deow endure life. This ended it; unspeakable anguish, the depth of de-spair! Weeks passed. 1 could find no was no sign. no clue no werd me to her. spair! Weeks passed. I could find no trace, and when I was tortured with the conflicting emotions which surged within me an event occurred that put the last stroke to my misery, added the ghastly weight of a wrong to my bur-den, a wrong which I could never wipe awaw. read that letter; I was a brute-a savage animal. Had Hugh Everest been near me, I should have torn his cruel heart from his body, and his tongue from his false, lying lips. A fury seized me to find him-find him .though I searched the world round; face to face away. "I had resigned my post at the club, and, in my eager restlessness. wandering about the London streets, either alone with him, I could breathe out the passion, remorse, revenge, scoren and agony of my bursting heart. But I could not or with one of my detectives, I was lost even to the remembrance of the freleave England till I knew where my darling was, my sweet, wronged ange --till I had knelt in the dust at her even to the remembrance of the fre-quenters of my old haunts. One day, however, I met a man who had been very friendly with me, and in the course of conversation—i would gladly have avoided him if I could—he told me there were several letters awaiting me feet, and bowed my head in shame; and so my search went on. "Years passed, but only a slight clue turned up now and then, always with the same ending. I have wandered -led



break it. Keep Him from Scratching. Every Joint Affected. Used Cuticura Soap and Ointment and He Is Well.

Enclosed find my son's photo and I feel writing these few lines to you I am only my duty, as my son was a dreadful sufferer from eccema. At sufferer from eczema. As the age of two weeks he began to get covered with red spots on his legs and groins, which mother thought was red gum or thrush; but day by day ---×

(Rochester Post Express.) Just at this time Edward Payson Weston, might have found more kindred spirits in town if he were on a horse-back tour. Pedestrianism seems to be neglected just at present in Rochester.

The second secon

was a long, hurriedly written letter-

overcome his baser feelings, and that he would go away. Of Guy Conway she spoke tenderly and earnestly. The let-ter I had brought forward as a proof

of their guilt was indeed written him; but it referred to a painting

down the icy barrier which caused her such pain. This had been a little plan of

dislike she openly expressed a wish not to see him. Conway at once undertook

SOUNDS REASONABLE. at the club. None knew where to send

them. "I went for the letters, urged by a wild hope that Gladys might have writ-ten. She had. It was a letter that is graven on my heart in characters of blood. Heaven give me strength to tell

(Puck.) "What should be done in case of drowning?" asked the timid man, who was learning to swim. "Well," replied the instructor,' I should think the natural thing would be to have

NEARLY ALWAYS (New York Tribune)

WISE PROSECUTION.

(Chicago News.)

EITHER FOR HIM

THE ART OF WALKING.

SMACK DAB.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Buggins-My father is over 80 years old tud has never used glasses. Guzzler-Always drinks from the bet-

THE MODERATION OF JAEL.

(New York Sun.) Jae' justified herself. 'I only used the nall on my husband,' she cried. 'I didn't go around with a natpin spiking Tom, Dick and Harry."

COMBINATION.

competition? Beila-Well, I think the men should compete and I should monopolize them.

(Puck.)

(New York Sun.) -Do you believe in monopoly or

Do self?

Guzzler le, eh?

Stella

the letter of a distraught woman. I

(New York Sun.) Knicker-We must reduce expenses dur-

SOCIAL CHIT-CHAT.

Adam was discussing his rib. "It is the only operation I can talk about as yet," he apologized. Herewith he anxiously awaited the ad-vent of appendicitis.

(Cnicago News.) First Doctor-I advised Jones to submit an operation a year ago; and now it's

THE INFERENCE. (Life.)

Hokus-Mizs Caustique says she is very for:-1 of young Saphedde. Pokus-Why, I thought she was a man hater. Hokus—So she is. I suppose that's why she likes Saphedde.

understand that the leading lady and prima donna had a violent quarrel."

"Yes." "How did they settle it?" "Oh, they went to their dressing rooms nd made up."

BERTILLION FOILED.

(New York Sun.) Little Jack Horner stuck in his thumb

d drew out a plumb. "And I won't leave any print, either,"

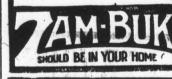


That when you put a salve onto your child's skin, it passes through the pores and enters the blood, just as surely as if you put it into the child's stomach?

You would not put a coarse mass of animal fat, colored by various mineral poisons (such as many crude salves are) into your child's blood by way of the stomach? Then why do so by way of the pores? «

so by way of the pores? « Take no risk. Use always the Durse herbal essences provided in Xam-Buk. Zam-Buk contains no trace of any animal oil or fat, and no poisonous mineral color-ing matter. From start to finish it is purely herbal. It will heal sorer, elcen, abeces-res, cruptions, varicoss elcers, cuts, burns and bruises more opreparation. It is a achiespic, quickly stops the smarting of a sores or cut, cures piles, inflamed sores and blood poisoning. It is a combination of healing power and scientilic purity. Ask those who have proved it.

All druggists and stores 50c box or Zam-Buk Co., Toronte, for price.



JAPANESE KITE FIGHTS

Clever Manoeuvres That Bring Rival Fliers to Grief.

In: Japan there is an annual feast day

Filers to Grief.
The Japan there is an annual feast day for boys, when each house having male children hangs out strings of paper carp, which inflated by the breese become life-like monster field.
"It was on this feast day," says a writer in the Wide World, "that we left yckohama for Kamakura, ohce the eastern capital of Japan, now merely a cut the world made holiday, some families hurried to the seashore to fly their enormous humming kites, from which the parents appeared to derive cut as an unch enjoyment as the children, the jacents appeared to derive from shoulder to shouder.
"The taut bamboo filiment hot only actions when his terfeched tightly acress from shoulder to shouder.
"The same time is deafend."
"The same the is deafend.
"The same time is deafend.
"The Japanese kite has no tall, but is indicate which has been previously worked into a capatite has the shear mentions are held by the size of powdered glass, which has been previously worked into a definite intra far the size into a so bring the vanguished kite to the ground.

Strained Back and Side.

"While working in a sawmill," writes "While working in a sawmill," writes C. E. Kenney, from Ottawa, "I strained my back and side so severely I had to go to bed. Every movement caused me torture. I tried different oils and limi-muts, but wasn't helped till I used Ner-viline. Even the first application gave considerable relief. In three days I was again at work. Other men in the mill

Nerviline with tremendous benefit.

too." An honest record of nearly fifty years has established the value of Pol-

AND FOREVER AFTERWARD. (Boston Transcript.) Marks-Owens isn't a bad sort. I believe he'd let you have his last doilar without a thought of repayment. Parks-Couldn't say as to that; but I know that's about his mental attitude when he borrows yours." you; for even now, after so many years, I grow faint when I think of it! It WILLING TO HELP.

will not give it to you here; there were no reproaches, but there was a clear statement of facts given by a broken heart. In my anxiety I could scarcely read the first lines, but some words fur-ther on caught my eyes, and held them as by megnetic nover. They spoke

as by magnetic power. They spoke, Stuart, of the persecution she had en-dured for weeks from Hugh Everest. Again and again, Gladys wrote, she felt ing hard times. Mrs. Knicker-Why not go to Europe to live like the returning emigrants urged to speak to me, but she knew I valued him as a friend, and she trust-ed that his bonor, his manliness, would

(Harper's Bazar.)

THE IMPORTANT POINT.

Second Doctor-What! Is he dead? First Doctor-No; lost his money.

THE PROPER PLACE.

(Woman's Home Companion.)

Gladys entered the room, and, in sponse to her aunt's commands to retire, put out her fair white hands to me, and, leaning her head on my breast, whis-pered that she loved me, and that nothing should separate us. "We were married. Lady Leverick re-

We were married. Lady Leverick re-fused to see, or even receive a letter from my darling; and my brother Eus-tace, in lieu of a wedding-present, sent a curt note informing me that I was a madman. A madman I was, but my mania was full of joy. Could heaven be fuller of blies than was my life in those fuller of bliss than was my life in those first three months? My income was all we had, but Gladys had had little luxury, and we laughed together over our poverty, resolutely determining to be strictly economical. We took a small house in St. John's Wood; and then began my first real experience. I sighed over the money I had wasted; but "Everest tried to calm me, but it was over the money I had wasted; but Gladys never let me sigh twice, and always declared that she would manage everything. Out of all my old friends I invited only two to our home, Guy Con-way and Hugh Everest; but very hap-py little reunions we had.

We were quite alone; and though We were quite alone; and though Gladys tried over and over again to reinstate herself with her sunt, from rifectionate desire only, she failed. Lady Leverick would not see her or own her from and my darling had only me in the wide world

'How happy I was then; Through Everest's influence I obtained the secre-taryship of a good club, and the ad-dition to our income was most welcome and helpful.

months slipped by with incredible swiftness and sweetness till a year was gone and our baby born. All this time Conway and Everest were our be-loved and most inmiate friends, and Gladys seemed to like them both. We christened the child Margery; but she was to me no earthly being- her beauty and delicacy seemed scarcely mortal.e She was like her mother, and both were marvels of loveliness, so much so that Conway, who was a bit of an artist, in-sisted on painting them in angel forms.

"Have you ever seen a storm gather in a summer sky and in one moment darken the brightness of the sunshine with gray heavy clouds? Yes? Then you can conceive how myslife was changed by swift fell stroke that almost crushreturned at night, that my wife's face took me to his rooms, and sat watching was disturbed and sad: but the feeling me like a mother, with his grave face

you.' "'The rest will be forgotten,' I answered.

"'What-will you submit to dishonor, you will stand deceit! You will receive her kisses to-night remembering her lover's this afternoon! You are no longel a man, Gerant!'

"His words fanned the flame of jealous passion to madness. Hitherto I had spoken mechanically, remembering my wife's purity and sweetness; but at his taunts the blood in my veins became "Everest tried to calm me, but it was useless; he had set the match to a train

that would not be extinguished. "The remainder of that night is like a

hideous nightmare to me. I can see my-self now hurrying him from the steps to the street and into a cab. I can remember how sharp was the pain at my heart when I repeated the vague, yet self-condemning words of Conway's note. 1 can see again the houses seeming to fly past us as we dashed homeward. I can feel again the agony I endured when, in answer to my hoarse inquiry, the maid said my wife was not at home. Again I can feel the agony of suspense, rage, mad-ness I suffered as I strode up and down the road before the house, with Everest standing a little way off, watching me with a calm anxious face, till the sound of light feet came to our ears, and 1 stood before Gladys.

"I can see her paie startled face, her shrinking form, as in a suppressed voice I demanded to know where she hade been. She did not answer at once, and her hesitation maddened me. 1 lost all manliness, Stuart. It haunts me now the misery of her face, the pleading of her lips. But I would listen to nothing. In a flood of passionate words I de-nounced her, thrust aside her hands when they would have held me, and then, telling her we should never meet again, I rushed away, leaving her dumb and pallid as a figure of stone.

"Once I turned to go to her-a mo manhood. I was much occupied at b, and was away from home many the club, and was away from home many hours. Sometimes it struck me, when I hours at night, that my wife's face took me to his rooms, and sat watching SECURITY IN BUYING BONDS

I Bonds are the safest investent a person can make because they are secured by first mort-gage on the whole assets of the Corporation issuing them.

g Bonds are the best investment a person can make because no other investment offering the same security pays as high a rate of interest.

G Bonds offered by us are thor-oughly investigated as to their safety before being offered to our clients.

G Write us to-day for literature on Bond Investments and a list of those we recommend.



BANK OF MONTREAL BUILDING YONGE AND QUEEN STS. TORONTO

R. M. WHITE - Manager

TREAL-QUEBEC-HALIFAX-LONDON(ENG

was not a man, Stuart, when I had

came, a day not long past, when we met and on his dying bed I forced him to

and on his dying bed i forced num to confess his wrong and own his deceit. Then, when he was gone, the misery of my wasted life returned, and I sunk for a while beneath my load of care. (To be Continued.)

WHERE BABY CUT HIS TEETH.

(New York Sun.)

"We are called upon to repair all kinds of damage," said a furniture dealer the other day. "But the most puzzling defacement I ever saw was

puzzling defacement I ever saw was that which appeared on a beautiful ma

THEN HE SLUNK AWAY.

(Toledo Blade.)

otherwise uninjured.

good for the baby.""

there

my

at her

he brasted. Yet later he wondered how they had found it out. SOMETHING CHEAP.

> (Pathfinder.) Lady-I wish to get a birthday present for my husband. Cierk-how long married?" Lady-Ten years. Clerk-Bargain counter to the right.

SELF-EVIDENT.

(Chicago News.)

Lucy-Papa, whenever I dream of Ar-thn he appears as a protect. Papa-len't he a ribbon clerk in the day time?

Lucy-Yes, papa. Pr.pa-Then he must be leading a dual life.

CAN'T NOW. (Roseleaf.)

"You used to send me candy and flow-ers," said X:r. Meekton's wife. "Yes, Henricka, but you know in those days I could do what I liked with my sal-ary." by these disheartening clues-from one country to another; and at last the men I employed grew weary, and I had to work alone. But I was kept alive by my love and my desire for revenge. Ev-erest never came to England-coward and villain-but the day came, a day

TIME WAS UP.

(The Smart Set.) "Yes, I was once engaged to a duke." "And what crule obstacles came be-tween two loving hearts?" "'Oh, nothing in particular. We just let the option expire."

REFERENCE TO AGE RILED HER.

(Boston Transcript.) Mr. Wibbles-What Jine, dark hair you have, Miss Knox. My wife, who is young-er thar, you are, has her hair quite gray. Miss Knox-Yes, and if I'd been your wife, no doubt my hair would have been quite gray, too.

WAS EXTRAVAGANT. (Stray Stories.)

"Yes," said the young wife, proudly, "father always gives something expensive when he makes presents." "So I discovered when he gave you away." rejoined the young husband.

hogany table brought in for re-finishing. All around its margin were rows of sciatches and small indentations which Throw Medicines To The Dogs ! were hard to explain, as the table was

At best they are unpleasant, often "What happened to it?" I asked when the owner came in. "Well,' she replied, 'the baby insisted useless. You have some disease of the nose, throat or lungs. Doctors would call it bronchitis, asthina or catarrh. The on cutting his teeth around the edge of common root of these diseases is germ or microbic irritation—Catarrhozene not it. Of course, it was rather expensive, but we both think there is nothing too only destroys disease germs, it does more, it heals diseased and inflamed tissue. The disease is not only cured, but its return is forever prevented by using Ca-tarrhozone, which is splendid also for colds, coughs and irritable throat. Re-"You are false." he hissed. "You are the artificial product of the artificial age. Even your figure is not your own." "Liar!" she cried triumphantly. " I paid the last instalment on it "" sorn-ing." He slunk away. member you inhale Catarrhozone-Na-tures own cure-use no other but Ca-tarrhozone---it's the best catarrh cure

made.

PORTUGAL.

tact. He will need all his ability to "get away with" his job, as Portu-gal is stirred up and the royalists are busy trying to restore Manuel to the thron

WHICH WAS IT? (Puck)

Mrs, Flint (severely)-Do you ever drink intoxicants?

drink intoxicants? upt z v suit. 5 N t?l bmmbb Spoiled Spooner (at th do?)—Betore replying, madam, permit me to ask you if dat is an invitation or merely an inquiry?

Si-Did yer get bounced on yer last trip to the city, Hi? Hi-Nope. I beat them confidence fellers this time, Si. Si-Dew tell. Pi-The porter on the sleeping car didn't leave nothin' fer 'em ter git.-Toledo Blade.



PRESIDENT M. MAUVEL OF

The National Republic accembly of Portugal has elected the first president of the new republic. He is M. Mauvel of Arriega, an exper-ienced politician and a man of much