THE ATHENS REPORTER OCTOBER 2 1901

"I think your plenic will have the usual fate of plenics, Aunt Jean-nette," Captain Lacy says, coolly. "A delusively-fine beginning, ending in torrents of rain and incipient rheu-matics. However, if we all take our umbrellas, liks the contented man in Punch, we shan't be cleappointed." "You bird of ill-omen," her ladyship says, dropping her eye-glass, with which she has been surveying the appearance of air, earth and sky, it being one of her dainty affectations to imply that she is very short-sighted. She finds it useful, and the play of her gold-rimmed glasses is capable of much, and rather 'prétty and piquant in expressiveness.

"What do they want? What urges, gathering courage from his slought I to do?" Gillian says, breath-"And what does our pet think?" her ladyship continues with her sweetest smile, laying her long, bony, white hand, with its diamond rings, on Gilling's herd

blushing uncomfortably, and trying to shrink away from the touch of Lady Damer's hand.

These sugared words, and bland smile, and absurdly caressing epithets, which are bestowed in unlimited which are bestowed in unlimited measure on Gillian by her hostess, have only the result of possessing the girl of an ungrateful aversion to Lady Damer's voice, smile and touch;

her influence, authority and presence "Think what I think Miss Deane? "Think what I think Miss Deane?" Captain Lacy says, with mock grav-ity. "Il carry your mackintosh and umbrella along with my own; and with my waterproof camp-sheet has well Itrust you and I at least will be comfortable at the picnic." "You are two impertinent crea-tures!" Lady Damer says, with her sharp laugh, showing her long, bluish-white teeth

white teeth. She is always "pairing" Gillian and Captain Lacy in one fashion or an-Captain Lacy

"But it will be too bad if our day be spoiled !? she continues. "We are to have our luncheon at Ceimanech. and then, after a rest, we are to go up over the hill to Clenemal, to the Mahon's farm, and have tea and a dance in their barn, with Irish fid-dlers and pipers, and show our little cousin"—with her hand on Gillian's bead arein "come of our write head again-"some of our gaietles." rustic "Yes, faith, and have Mahon ex-

pectin' a reduction of ten-per cent. on this half year's rent on the strength of it!" Mr. Damer says, with a shrue of his shoulders. "I Gillfan half turns around, keeping with a shrug of his shoulders. "I don't know how you're going to get us all over the hills after our lunch.

her hand which supports her head partly shilling her face-that and the flowers and leaves. What must you have thought of cousin James and myself, anyhow," he adds, with a chuckle. "James Damer is seventeen stone and I'm fourteen odd. Think of us, my dear," he says to Gillian. "two fat old fel-lows of impling a mountain to ret a lows climbing a mountain to get a dinner, and then climbing another

"What must you have thought of me?" she says, the thought of me?" she says, the thought of diculous, I am sure, I was mistaken, so absurdly, it seems. I am very much ashamed. I hope you don't mind or think my worke than a very silly, impulsive girl?" 'I think you a very generous and warm-hearted girl, who has more money than she knows what to do with," George says, rather coldly. "I am very grateful for your think-ing so kindly of me in any case, though it was all a mistake and a far worse one than you have any to have a dance. Troth, my lady, I'll be reckoned among the missin' if I'm not among the slain at your festivities." And for this frolicsome speech Mr. Damer receives such a scathing flash of impatient contempt from his liege lady's cold, keen eyes that he fairly winces. "Perhaps you will be good enough

far worse one than you have any idea of," he says, bursting into a laugh, though his tones are bitter. "How was that?" Gillian asks quick'y, looking up at him for a moto favor us with an improvement of the programme since you disap-prove?" she says, icily. "Oh, faith, no! I wash my hands ment. "Ah-that I can't tell you," he

"Oh, faith, no! I of it altogether!" Mr. Damer says, resentfully. "You rather shortly and resentfully. "You rejected my programme altogether

Mr. George Archet, your programme. With his usual your brogrammes and frarkness he "What was your mistake?" persists gayly, with a glad tremor in her tones. "It couldn't be worse than mine —now, could it? And if, now that neither of us arc mis-taken and kindly informed us we could use barragh Castle for our dance and supper in the evening as he "would be at home." Did supper in the evening as he "would not be at home.' Did any one ever hear anything so exquisitely hospit-able and courteous as that !" to Anne and you in my ridiculous to Anne and you in my rinculous mistake, could you, or would you, be dillian rprising "I am afraid I should," George says to time in a half whisper, his heart beating vill, and fast as hers, his face pailing as hers ch ex- bushes, the fire of his blue cyes burn-And Lady Jeannette laughs, very shrilly indeed. And Gillian looks up, with kindling "That sounds certainly most in-hospitable and discourteous," she says, quietly. "Wasn't it?" Lady Damer says, ing down into the liquid radiance of hers. "I am afraid I should be covetous laughing ag in. "Here come the Dun-lavin people, Bingham. Sir James and some of his daughters, poor, dear things !" and greedy-Irishmen are, they say." "Covetous and greedy?" she re-peats, with her glad little trembling

left alone with a pretty girl for a few minutes?" CHAPTER XII. "What do you think of the weather, Mr. Damer??" Lady Jeannette con-descends to ask her wedded lord. "Think of the weather, my dear ?" Mr. Damer answers with alacrity, being so honored. "Why-upon my honor-1 don't know what to think. I m afraid the fine weather has last-ed a kitle too long." "Gracious !" Lady Jeannette says, with a supercl.ious little grimace. "What am I to make of that oracra-lar seatence ? Bingham, what do you think ?" "I think your picnic will have the usual fate of picnics, Aunt Jean-nette," Captain Lacy says, cooly. "A debusively-fine beginning, ending in

courteous or inhospitable I can scarcely bellieve," he says abruptly, to test the direction of her thoughts; "there must have been some take." mis

"So I thought," Gillian says simply "but I know Lady Damar does not like him. Captain Lacy has found his test se satisfactory that he strokes his long, soft brown mustache for sev-eral minutes more in silence.

ral minutes more in silence. "I thought so," he says mentally; "more innings for George, because Aunt Jeannette will display her spite toward him! What fools wobecause lay her

"It is bad policy of any one to show dislike, even though they may not be able to avoid feeling it," he men are l'

observes, sententiously. "I hate policy!" Gillian says, curtly. Captain Lacy strokes his mustache

again, and raises his eyebrows. "It is very needful, however," he says, calmly. "'Kou yourself may be practicing policy at this moment, his bears?" Miss Deane

"How so?" Gillan asks, rather sharply, but smilling. "You may be wishing me a hund-red miles off and some one else in

my place beside you, but you are too kind and courteous to tell me so plainly; you are practicing a coniderate policy toward me, in a word," he says, quietly. "What reason have I given you to

imagine that ?" Gillian demands, an-grily, blushing, and speaking in a cold, "Very little reason--none at all, I

"Very little reason-none at all, I might say," he replies, gently, and his voice is as soft as a woman's, modulated and persuasive. "Your considerate policy is only from the dictates of a naturally kind dis-position and a gentle heart. But one learns a thing intuitively some-times" times.

Gillian is slient, vaguely under-standing the gently-spoken reproach. "How do you like mountain climb-

"How do you like mountain climb-ing "he says the next minute, pleasantly. "This is your first at-tempt, isn't it? I hope that you won't decide to-day that it shall be your last." "Why?" Gillian asks, smiling. "I don't find it so very arduous an un-dertaking as yet, and, I think the air delicious and the view is spiendid. I never saw anything like I before." I never saw anything like t before." "Miss Deame, 'the ides if March' have come, but they hav not yet gone," Captain Lacy' says, with an emphatic shake of his head. "Do you see those snow whits clouds all gath-ering over that dark he how to the right?"

Yes. How awfully dark and sullen that place looks! Gillian asks, with a li "That is 'Ceiman' ch What is it shoulde "That is 'Ceiman' ch-manech-'the path of the Lough Cei deer,

says, "and those clouds are coming down to empty themselves into Ceim anech. It's a favorite trick of theirs Miss Deane. And has we wretched picnickers shall be seated on the shores of the lake, the clouds, of course, will empty themselves on our heads." heads.

'You are sure it will rain ?" Gillian asks, with a little amused "Sure!" he repeats. tragically. "It always rains at Ceimanech, ex

cept on three days of the year, peo ple say. On those days I did not hap pen to come, I suppose It always raimed torrents when George Arch-er and I cama here to fish." "Have you been often here?" Gilpen to lian asks, looking up with a quick-ened interest in eyes and voice.

mist, like the smoke of a giant caldron. It is horribly weird, horribly cal-dron-1 ke dimpling, rippling stealthily down in its shadowy hollow, under the pitchy-black precipice and the fan-tastic rising and falling clouds of mist. And through the mist above the

water, filling the ar ever and anon with a weird, wailing, hissing cry, the rising wind rushes over the crater-shaped hollow, and wails and moans as it tries to escape from the fastness of the precipitous crags. "It is awful, terrible!" Gillian shuddering and growing

says, shuddering and growing deadly pale. "It is a fearful place, which I shall dream of at night! I wish we had not come here," she says, shivering again, and drawing back from the mountain-ridge with a childlike motion of nervous ter-

"Everything else was so beauti-ful—I was enjoying everything; but this place looks like an awful, yawning grave—it looks as if it were the portals of hell!"

(To be continued.)

Frae North o' the Tweed

In a country parish in Scotland the minister and the ruling elder went over the muir to visit an old parishoner on a "catatecheesing." and the walk being a long one their appetites were pretty keen when they arrived. Before commencing the serious business they suggested that the "inward man" was "clamorous." Janet accordingly went to the "press," and placed on the table country refreshments, bread, milk, etc., and seating herself at a little distance, requested her visitors to fall on. They soon cleared the board, and the minister remarked, "Now, Janet, we begin the serious business. "So you remember the text last Sunday, Janet?" "Deed, ay," replied Janet ; "I mind it weel-it was the miracle of the loaves and The was the mirate of the lowes and fishes." And have ye pondered the subject during the week, Janet?" "Deed I have; an I'm thinkin' the noo that gin you and the elder had been there they wadha has taen up she mony baskets fu'."

2 1

A tourist in Ireland stopped his car at a hotel for the purpose of having a drink, and he proposed to the car man that he should have one also. The resolution having been carried unanimously, the following conversa-tion tock place. "What will you have unanimously, the following conversa-tion took place: "What will you have, Pat?" "Faith, what's yer anner goin to take?" "Well, I shall have a Chartreus." "And phwat's that?" "It's a warming drink brewed by the monks, and they sell it for the bene-fit of the poor." "Indade, sor! O'll take that same, too." The Chart-nerse was become the linear cheese Pat, having emptied his glass and felt the comforting effect, raises his eves piously, and remarks with unc-tion, "May the blessing uv Hivven rist on the howly min that brewed this drink." Then, raising the empty little glass with an expression of scornful indignation on his face, he adds, "And the devil take the blay-guard that invinted the glass."

The 93rd was drawn up in quarter-distance column on the extreme left of the line as Colin Campbell rode down to review his forces that November afternoon. It was in full Highland costume, with kilts and bonnets, and wind-blown plumes. Campbell's Celtic blood kindled when he reached the Highlanders. "Ninetythird!" he said, "you are my own lads; I rely on you to do the work." And a voice from the ranks in broadest Doric answered: "Ay, ay, Sir Colin, ye ken us and we ken you; we'll bring the women and children out of Lucknow or die wi' ye in the attempt." And then from the steady ranks of the Highlauders there broke a shout, sudden and deep and stern, the shout of vali-ant men-the men of the hardy North-neldering themselves to vali-North-pledging themselves to valiant deeds. *****

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that am sometimes afraid people think I am abusing her.

think I am abusing her. A Despairing Flounce. "She has a way of sighing and turning over in bed with a kind of despairing flounce, and instead of asking me, as is her custom, if I have locked all the doors, she slides out of bed with a suppressed "Oh, me f" and goes on a tour of inspec-tion. Every time she quiets down I try to convince her that she is wrong and that I do love her, but just as soon as I say a word she breaks out afresh, and turns over with another despairing flounce. Next morning she gets up before I awake. When I get up I find her at the breakfast table, with swollen eyes and an expression of such un-uterable sadness that 'I feel like kicking myself. That is what I call the work kind of henpecking.

kicking myself. That is what I call the worst kind of henpecking, and don't misunderstand me when I say a man doesn't want more than two such sieges a month.""

********************** SECRETS OF

> A BURGLAR. Chicago Record-Herald.

"It isn't up to me," said the retired burglar, "to tell where to hide your valuables so that you cannot have them stolen, but I can tell you where not to hide them, and

save you lots of trouble in giving them up. Here is a list of hiding places to avoid: Grandfather's clock. (Burglars hide in them often.)

In the mattresse Under the carpets. (Easily located a sneak shoes.) In the rag basket or waste bas-

ket. In an unused grate or up a chim-

In an unused grate of up a child ney. In sofa pillows or furniture. In the ice chest. "'It certainly is not a compliment to the ability of a professional to secret goods in any of those places and not expect him to find them without hall an effort. The scooped out volume of Dickens or Thackeray is as easily located, and the dia-monds or roll of money which takes the place of literature is a familiar find. The plano often yields a fair harvest, and the shoes worn the harvest, and the shoes worn the day before, left standing at right angles in the middle of a bedroom floor. Once-in my salad days-i cen-fiscated a pair of such shoes, and as they fit neatly kept them for my own use. One shoe always pinched me, and one day 1 sat cown and dug a \$50 bill out of the toe of that shoe. Why, it might have crippled me in time. "And one night I slept in the grast chamber of a gratienan who

guest chamber of a gentleman who was out of town with his family. was out of town with his family. I never slept so badly—in an ele-galt room and in a mattress filled with 40 pounds of white hair. I had horrible dreams, and in the morn-ing there was a lump in my slde as big as an apple. Now what do you think I had lain all night on a diamond sunburst that had given me all those bad dreams and nearly proke a rib. Such methods of hidbroke a rib. Such methods of hid-ing valuables are burbarous."

The retired burglar look thoughtful for a moment, then looked

said in a prophetic volce: "I may be wrong, but the time is coming when there will be a bur-glars'union, which will insure safety for both the owner of valuables and for both the owner of valuables and the man who lives by his wits and

Ing fast. "I have no one to advise me. you see. I haven't many friends. Couldn't you advise me what I ought to do?" The childish heart is so full of dis-may, so terrified by a sense of its him with shame and mortification at on Gillian's head. "I think just what every-body else thinks," Gillian says, his own absurd mistake. "Why do you couple Anne and me together in that manner?" he asks,

hurriedly. "Anne would much rather you didn't !" he adds, with a short laugh. "Anne's fortanes and mine are not hound up together in any way, whatever you have been told or have imagined !" he adds, sharply. "Why, are not you and Anne-

-pardon my saying so relations thought - I include you were, from trustful and generous, that I adds, meaningly, and looking at him thought it was less cowardly and cruel to warn you than to simply hold my tongue."

bold my tongue."
"How am I over-trustful and gen-erous?" Gillian says, honestly puz-zled. "Lady Damer said that, too.
And-why cannot you and Anne be friends, if I wish it?"
"I quite agree with Lady Damer," in that assortion, and at all events,"
"You are sure?" Gillian asks, in a very low, clear, quite voice, as she partly turns her face away, and stops too smcll the verbead, thrust-ing her hot, soft cheeks in amongst the long, green, crisp leaves.
"Gillian remembers something else he has told her at the same time, and the light in his blue eyes, as he

The childish heart is so full of dis-may, so terrified by a sense of its own ignorance and helplessness as

to have for the time forgotten every

suggestion of the other womanly

can I be your friend?" he

feelings.

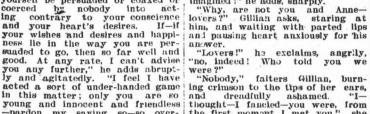
so before." Gillian remembers something else he has told her at the same time, and the light in his blue eyes, as he told her that friendship between them was impossible and she tries to draw her hands away. But George is feeling rather miser-able and sayage and reckless at his

able and savage, and reckless, at his own course of painful plain dealing, and as a natural consequence does and as a natural consequence does not shrink from making the girl suf-fer a little of the pain and discomfort be to address

"I told you before that we couldn't be is enduring. "I told you before that we couldn't be friends," he says, roughly. "You don't want me to keep on saying it? I suppose, though you are young and innocent, you are not such a little baa-lamb as n t to know a wolf when you see him !"

you see him !" There is a certain suggestiveness Incre is a certain suggestiveness in the sudden gleam of his eyes and the smile arount his lips, as he stands before her, looking down, from his height and strength on her sim girl-ishness, in her clinging white gown and short-out locks of bright brown hair, and Gillian resolutely takes her hands away from him, trembling a little, and bittag her lips nervously. "And now I must go. Miss Deane," if you will pardon my leaving you

drawing a long breath, and frading instantly. "I have to fully a stantly in the stant stant stant stantly in the stant s he says, drawing a long breath, and the smile fading instantly. "I have wanted to tell you this since yester-day morning, and I wass unwilling to intrude myself either into your soci-ety or your confidence. I will say good-bye to you now, and I wills and with shy, radiant eyes. "You know." "You are inaccurate, as usual, my be again." But Gillian, keeping back h r little to with shy, radiant eyes. "You are inaccurate, as usual, my dear Mr. Damer," her ladyship says, cooly. "It was your favorite, Mr. George Archer, who overthrew your programme. With his usual ggood-bye to you now, and I will go: ety or your confidence. I will



asks, almost sternly, in his agita-tion. "How can I advise you, except to tell you to trust nobody-to let yourself be persuaded or coaxed or

A few years ago Blue <u>Ribbon Ceylon Jea</u> was unknown, today it is a household word. Mhy?

The Coming of Gillian:

A Pretty Irish Romance.

and it is not likely your and I will meet often during your visit at Mount Ossory. I never visit here, as I told you. I have no right to be here now. The hostess never invites me, itaken, and that I might make you and the host is not master in his own a bona-fide offer of what I offered

"But, surely I may cometimes see such friend: as I choose?" Gillian Bays, quickly, rather surprising George for the second and third time by an evidence of a latent will, and courage, and resolution which ex-ists somewhere in the girl's unformed character. "Lady Damer is not my mother or my mistress, that I should give her any more obedience than is due from a visitor to her hotsess.'

botsess." "But I may not class myself amongst the friends who visit you, Miss Deane, I toll you that before, and you will soon see for yourself." George says, smiling faintly. "Will George tays, smiling faintly. "Will George tays, smiling faintly. "Will Here tays and the formation of th George says, smling fantly. "Will you think of what I have said? It has been hard to say it, and I trust to your discretion and for-giveness if I have offended you in

"You have meant nothing but kind-"You have meant nothing but kind-mess, I am sure," she says, with a quick, upward glance of her dark, appealing eyes, "but you have made me vry miserable. I shall not be able to feel I have one friend here." "No. don't say that!" George urges: "I will be your friend in any way that lies in my power. You may always command me, and trust me to serve you if occasion should arlse; more, I cannot do. I cannot attempt to befriend you or advise you." advise you.'

you?" she asks, with a "Can't dgh of bitter disappointment, and her fingers begin anew to twist about the filmy green-white clema-tis blossoms.

"Well. I car ask Anne, and Anne can ask you," she says, falteringly, "when I want to be advised. Anne is so clever and sensible, and then, in that way, you and Anne can be friends with me. I meant we should twilight. be very good friends," she half-whis-

be very good friends," she half-whis-pered with a pitiful little smile; "and when you told me you were poor, I thought I should like-if you wished -to lend you some money-it, is quite my own in two years' time-if it would be useful to you-and Anne' I said something to Anne about "He had to go away, he said, Mr. Damer. He'said he could not wait and he went out-oh, some time ago." Anned I sold something to Anne about it yesterday, when we were having a long chat," Gillian says, timidly smil-ing, "and she was not displeased; she thanked me, though she did not prom-tse to accept anything from me. Why, you are prouder than Anne," she of an Irishman being afraid to be

George ?'

things f. "I hope they're the younger branches," Mr. Daner mutters, dis-respectfully. "Pon my conscience, if I had four old-maid daughters, as poor James Damer has, I think I'd grow melancholy mad !" Presently the "Dunlavin prople"-as And then he stoops his broad

melancholy mad!" Presently the "Dunlavin prople"—as Lady Jeannette calls Sr James Damer, the present owner of the bar-onetcy, and two of his daughters— drive up in a wagonette and pair of bays, and quickly following them arrived other guests, and after a fair and agreeable arrangement of seats, the cart of big laden hampers is dfiven off by two men servants, and the picnic guests in barouches and wagonettes set off towards Sileve-na-Mor. They travel by a circuitous route, which gives the best view of the mountains and distant glimpses of the beautiful glens and rivers ly-ing away to the left on the lower levels of the landscape, but which leaves Darragh and its gray old castle far to the right. Not so far, however, but as they wind around the base of the mount-ains they can see the little white walled cabins of the village and the gray castellated old barracks on the slope behind very plainly. "The is Darragh Castle whore And then he stoops his broad shoulders and his fair head, and kisses her hand, kisses the soft little pinky fair arm under the lisse pleatings, twice, thrice over, and then dashes out of the room, out of the house, out of the room, dasking lange out of the room, out of the house, away through the darking lanes and lonely woodlands from Mount Ossors, as if he had been guilty of a crime, and had stabbed fair Gillian amongst the flowers, instead of leaving her to ponder over a para-dox, and to hide those tell-tale crim-son marks on the soft warm little son marks on the soft, warm little

A long time afterward, when Mr. Damer returns Mr. Damer returns to the room-it having taken that worthy gentleman three quarters of an hour to take off one coat and put on an-other—she is hiding those tell-tale marks still, with her happy tears, alone with the treasure of her newfound, glad, sweet hope in the happy

"Where on the face of the earth gray castellated old parracks on the slope behind very plainly. "That is Darragh Castle, where George Archer lives," Capt. Lacy says to Gillian, as they drive past the crossroads in the barouche. Mr Damer demands, al ter a searching glance into every corner of the room, up on the win-dow sill and into the recess behind Anne's harp. "Oh, he is gone," Gillian says hur

"Oh, yes, I know," she says, quiet-y, too wistfully intent on gazing ly, up that long, narrow, loneiy road leading to the village, to scarcely notice, who it is that has spoken to her. "It was a pity he did not join us

to-day," Bingham Lacy continues, watching her with a keen side glance.

"And was so discourteous and in the bargain !" into hospitable

"Several times," he says coldy smiling, whilst he glances scrutiniz-ingly at the changing expression of the face which is kept now a little averted, with eyes studiously bent on

averted, with eyes studiously bent on the mosses and scrubby heather at her feet. "Twe been here with him on his geologic expeditions-right across the mountains indeed. There isn't a foot of this range out to Glenemal but George knows," he says, with Irank approbation. "He has a great apount of sound geologic know-ledge and mineralogic knowledge as well. It is a great pity a clever fel-low like him should be buried in a hole of a country village-with noth-ing but a land agent's duties and

ing but a land agent's duties and salary to look forward to in life. There is no coldness or indifference

in the absorbed, downcast, listening In the absorbed, downcast, listening face now. "And he has no prospects of any-thing better?" she asks, very, very carelessly. "It is a great pity?" "It is, indeed," he assents cordially. "George is nearly as poor as I am, but his abilities which would en-able him to surpass me easily in any Career?" As we proceeded, he remarked : career.

And then Gillian looks up at him with a swift light, and a smile like sunlight.

"You are very generous to praise your friend so highly," she says in a low voice, sweet with gratitude, as is the radiance of the fair face delicately carmine, flushed, delicately shadowed under the deep eyes, dark with the glad emotion of her heart. And Captain Lacy, glancing at her again, just shrugs his shoulders

slowly. 'So much for my lady's schemes and

"So much for my lady's schemes and plans!" he says to himself. "I knew that fellow had innings from the first, and on my honor, I believe his blue eyes and broad shoulders will win the stakes after all.! This pretty little soft-hearted fool has fallen in love with him, as sure as—" "There is Ceimanech, Miss Deane!"

he says, suddenly, as they reach the ridge of the ascent, and Gilan sees at the foot of the precipitous green slope below a dark, crater-like hol-low, accessible only on one side where the black, sullen, lapping water armed.

the black, sullen, lapping water touches a border of granite pebbles, and ghastly blacked boulders like the skeletons of glant corpes washed in hy those sullen waves. On all the other sides it is hedged in by lofty, black precipices, rising slimy and sheer from the black depths beneath.

on and declares that I don't love her. When I vow by all things sa-cred that I do love her, and that I was detained by business that could not be postponed, she wrings her hands and weeps so violently closely bandaged. And hovering over the sullen, inky waters. curving and wreathing about the slimy cliffs are filmy wreaths of The reason some persons never see Hope is because they keep their eyes

HOW ONE MAN WAS HENPECKED F *******

"If there is a man in this world 14 that excites my sympathy it is a

henpecked husband," said Col. Rimple to a New York Telegraph man. "Some time ago my friend Amelton invited me to go home with him. I promised, provided he would wait until I transacted a certain piece of business. He agreed reluctantly, saying that he promised his wife that he would be home at a certain hour. After I finished my business I accompanied him.

"'Rumple, I am the worst henpecked man in town. That's why I am in such a hurry.'

"I was very much disappointed when "I was very much disappointed when we reached the house. I expected to see a masculine-looking woman, with a savage face and a harsh voice; but I was introduced to a little, meek-looking woman, with delicate face and plaintive tone of voice. After supper, when Amelton and I were slitting in the liturare gradient to compare the the library smoking, I remarked ;

She Was Very Gentle.

"'Say, didn't you mislead me about the henpecked business? I don't know that I ever saw a gentler woman than your wife." "No, sir. I have not misled you. Gen-

"No, sir. I have not misled you. Gen-tleness in her strongest hold. It is her gentleness that knocks me. Don't think that the scold is the worst type of henpecking women, for she isn't. Why, sir, if my wife were a scold I would get mad and leave the house, but as it is I am dis-curred

'When I leave home my wife always insists upon my appointing the exact time when I will return. If I am late, no matter what business has detained me, she cries and takes on and declares that I don't love

. 4

steals in the dark, in disguise, when his betters steal in the with unmasked. If a man can sleep with his betters steal in the daviime with unmasked. If a man can sleep with his doors and windows open with-out fear of burglarious intruders by paying a moderate assessment on his superfluous luxuries, I be-lieve it would be for the good of the Commonwealth. Some time I will draft a constitution and by-laws from my viewpoint. You see, I have had experience."

Strenuous Life of the Amir.

Strenúous Life of the Amir. It is always best to be prepared for anything that might happen. This seems to be the creed of the Ameer of Afghanistan, for in his book, "The Life of Abdur Rehman, Amir of Afghanistan," he says: "I am always as ready as a sol-dier on the march to a battle, in such a manner that I could start without delay in case of emergency. The pockets of my coats and trou-sers are always filled with loaded revolvers, and one or two loaves of revolvers, and one or two loaves of bread for one day's food. This bread is changed every day. ""Several guns and swords are al-ways lying by the side of my bed, or the chair on which I am seated, within reach of my hand, and sad-dled horses are always kept ready

dled horses are always kept ready in front of my office, not only for myself, but for all my courtiers and

my courters and personal attendants. "I have also ordered that a con-siderable number of gold coins should be sewn into the saddles of my horses when required for a jour-ney, and on both sides of the sad-dles are two, revolvers. I think it is necessary in such a warlike coun-try that the sovereign, and es-pecially a sovereign who is a sol-dier himself, should always be as well prepared for an emergence as

dier himself, should always be as well prepared for an emergency as a soldier on the field of battle Although my country is, perhaps, more peaceful and safe than many other countries, one can never be too cautious or too well prepared."

Advertising Pays.

As a further demonstration of the effect of advertising the Kansas City Journal notes that "Hon. J. B. Fugate, at Wellington, advertised in Friday's paper for a girl. That night his wife presented him with a ten-pound one."