# THE ATHENS REPORTER, DEC. 27. 1911.

UND TO FIG ANTERPORT EXAMINED IN

# Sybil's Doom xxx g

while Charlie talked; but at the sound of Captain Hawkesley's and Cyril Trevanion's names, her hands fell heavily with a crash upon the keys. She sat still for an instant after the tipsy Etonian had left the room, and when she did rise, Syhil saw that the pretty, piquante face had turned of a dead waxen whiteness from brow to chin.

CHAPTER VIII.

Lady Lemox, among her pet aversion and she had many-classed early rising as the chief. She liked to get up between te nand eleven, saunter through her bath, and her dressing, and her che colate, a tete-a-tete breakfast with Mrs. Ingram, reading aloud the Morning Post and get out when the day was properly warmed for her. The dotte far niente may have come honestly enough to Charley --inherited from his lady-mother.

On the morning after her arrival at Trevanion, my lady, strolling into her boudoir at half-past eleven, to breakfast, found that elegant apartment de serted to the geraniums in the windows and the bright summer sunshine, / It was Mrs. Ingram's dutiful wont to await her patroness in an elegant demi-toilst her smiles as fresh as her crisp muslin and her perfumed hair shining as orightly as her starry eves; but to-day the handsome widow was nowhere to be seen.

"Where is Mrs. Ingram, Delphine?" lady crossly asked. "Not sleeping still, surely?" "No, madame," the French girl an-

swered in her native tongue. "Madame Ingram was up and away over two hours Ah! she comes here." ago.

The door opened as the chamber-maid spoke, and Edith Ingram, her dark, delicate cheeks flushed, her eyes sparkling, her dress less elegantly perfect than usual, came hastily forward.

"I have not kept you waiting, I trust, dear Lady Lemox?" she said. "I had dear Lady Lemox?" she said. "I had no idea I would be absent nearly so long: nor would I, but that I met your daughter, and she very kindly showed me through the house. Why," with a silthrough the house. Why," with a sil-very little laugh, "I was up and out this morning with the lark, and Miss Sybilwho is an earlier bird still-and over to Monkswood Waste, before the dew was off the roses.

"To Monkswood!" repeated Lady Lemox, in surprise. "What on earth took you to Monkswood, Edith?"

"Simple curiosity, 1 am afraid. One likes to see a haunted house some time in one's life. I did not sleep well last night, and I was glad, when morning came, to get out, for 1 felt half sick and feverish. I walked on and on, tempted by the beauty of the morning-early rising is delightful, once one is fairly up and out — and 1 found myself at the Priory gates before J knew Of course I entered, and went down the Prior's Walk; but the ghostly monk, cowled and cloaked, did not ap-pear. Instead, I met Miss Trevanion, and the above Prior's she showed me around the dear old

Met Sybil!" exclaimed Sybil's mother atill more surprised. "And what took her these, pray, at such an un-Christian hour? hour? Really, it is most extraordinary girl! Up and away to that desolate old deserted house before six in the morngirl!

ing!" Mis. Ingram laughed her gayest laugh as she seated herself opposite my lady and poured out the fragrant chocolate.

"It is Miss Trevanion's daily pilgrin-age. I fancy. If one can not dwell in the presence of the rose, it is something

to visit the abode of that appendid flow-er. If she can not see the lost heir of Monkswood, it is pleasant to pay her matin adoration at his shrine. I creat. natin adoration at his shrine. cat.

Mrs. ligram had been playing softly | plaintively, "he is an old man, and an only son is very dear. Long years of absence have softened his heart. He may be too proud to change unsolicited, but let his favorite adopted daughter speak but one word or pleading for the son he once idolized, and you will see the result."

Lady Lemox seized the bell-rope im-

Dady Lemox seized the bell-rope im-petuously, and rang a peal that brought Delphine flying. "Find Miss Trevanion, and send her here at once! Tell her I want her par-ticularly."

"And, pray, don't mention my name," entreated the widow, as Delphine dis-appeared. "She would consider it a very unnecessary, not to say impertin-ent, intervention on my part. She is very proud. She would not endure for very proud. She would not endure for an instant any unwarrantable interfer ence.

"I shall say nothing about you," responded my lady, in a very ill-temper indeed. "You may leave the room, if you prefer, Mrs. Ingram."

But Mrs. Ingram preferred to stay She was in a recess of the window bend She was in a recess of the window bend-ing over the geraniums and guelder roses, when Miss Trevanion, her head erect, her light step stately, her eyes a little surprised, entered her nother's sitting-room. It had been a morning of surprises, rather, to Sybil. When Mrs. Ingram stated that the heiress of General Tre-vanion was in the daily head to disting vanion was in the daily habit of visiting Monkswood, Mrs. Ingram had shrewdly guessed very near the truth. Always an early riser, she was mostly out and away for a breezy morning walk amid the dewy grass, with the rising sun and the singing larks; and those morning walks, as a rule, were to the deserted Priory. On this morning, as she opened a little door in one of the many gables, and let herself in she was actonished to behold a female figure, with its back to her, standing absorbed before a picture, in what had been the amber drawing-room. It had startled her a little at first; but Sybil was not in the least a nervous young lady, and a second glance revealed her mother's companion-the brilliant widow. The ture before which she stool, with

strangest expression of face, was the portrait of Cyril Trevauion, taken in his gay hussar uniform—a gift to his father upon his nineteenht birthday. "Mrs. Ingram!" Sybil exclaimed, in un governable astonishment. "You here?"

Mrs. lugram wheeled round. It did not often happen to her to change color but a hot-red flush darkened cheek and row at this rencontre. For one second the eminently self-possessed Edith was at a loss. Then she burst out into one her musical laughs, and held out her gloved hand.

"Dear Miss Trevanion! how I must save startled you. Did you think it was one of the mythical monks telling his gbostly rosary? Pray, don't imagine you are the only person in existence awake to the benefit of early rising, or c be deluded into a charming walk under waving trees. And the walk from Trevanion to Monkswood Waste is en-clanting-one long, leafy arcade." "Pray, how did you get in?" Sybil said

cry coldly. That aversion at first sight, imost forgotten in her brilliance last vening, returned stronger then ever. pleasant sensation to see this woman standing, with that absorbed face, before the picture of her hero. "Mrs. Teller standing, with that absorbed race, perfore the picture of her hero. "Mrs. Telier Keeps all the keys of the Priory, except one that opens a little door in yonder turret. You are not a witch, I trust, Mrs. Ingram, and capable of whisking through key-holes?" Again Mrs. Ingram laughed-and the

lvrey peal grated discordantly on Syb-'s ear "Dear Miss Trevanion! What a droll

dea : No, indeed fun it would be! Oh, no; I came through the window near the south entrance; I shook it—only the ivy and the honeysuckle held it down, and I raised as easily as possible, and crept cut, creeping like a burglar through a window!? Again that hilarious laugh. But now, degrest Miss Trevanion, we are here, and together, and as I am posi-tively dying to see this dear, romautic old house, will you not good-naturedly turn cicerone, and show it to me? I am certain it must be full of sliding pan-be out it it must be full of sliding panels, and hidden trap-doors, and subter-ranean passages, and that sort of thing, and the pictures I know are superb." I the pictures I know are superb." There is very little time," Sybil said, trawing out her watch. "I always at-end to the general's breakfast myself, and-however," with a bright, smiling courtesy indicative of the lady born and bred, "I will be most happy to show you as much of the house as we can possibly to in ball no hours. Those secret passages and hidden doors in the Priory; at I am ignorant of their mysteries, I cannot point them out. You were looking at my cousin's portrait-very good, is it not? You never saw him, of course; but still you can easily tell that it is an excellent pieture

lighting. "It was no marriage—there was not even a license—they were mar-ried at Gretna Green, and he was a minor. It was no marriage. She may be alive—the horrible creature who en-trapped him—but Cyril Trevanion is as free as the winds of heaven. Poor fel-low!" the passionate tears starting to her eyes, "he has bitterly atoned for his one act of boyish folly." The widow looked at her astrone. at The widow looked at her askance-at

The widow looked at her askance at the beautiful, flushed, impassioned face —and laughed once more; but this time the laugh had a bister, metallic ring. "How vehement you are! Oh! it is easy to forsee what this idolized soldier's

visit wil end in. And being in London, he will come down here, doubtless. Dear Miss Trevanion, shall I congratulate you beforehand?"

Sybil turned upon her haughtily, her

"You will kindly keep your congratu-lations, Mrs. Ingram, until they are call-ed for. Do you wish to see the pictures? because, if so, you must see them imme-diately. At this hour I have very little time to supra."

diately. At this near a nate to a strength of the spare." She led the way, her head thrown back, the tall, graceful figure haughtly erect, the step imperious—"I.a Prin-cesse" to the core. The widow followed, the start of the set o singular and by no means pleasant

a singular and by no means pleasant smile on her fair face. "I should like to lower that lofty pride, to stoop that haughty head, my dainty Lady Sybil. And I will, too, before I have done with you, as surely as my name is not Edith Ingram!"

as my name is not Edith Ingram!" They went down the long picture gal-lery, the early morning sunlight stream-ing redly on mail-shirt ' and corselet of consider and cavalier, on branching ant-stream and brass helmets, cavalry swords and blue-bright sabers glittering dan-gerously. Sybil led the way, with a look on her handsome face strangely like that Took of stern decision on the pictured faces of the dead and gone Trevanions gazing down upon them from the walls. It was there beneath the the walls. It was there beneath the half-raised visor of Guy Trevanion, who fought side by side with Richard the Lion-Hearted; now half hid, yet there still, amid the suave smile and waving love-locks of another Cyril-the handsomest cavalice in the gay court of the "Merry Monarch;" now under the pow-dered peruke and slashed doublet of Jasper, the brightest star in the court of Queen Anne. And you saw it again in the beautiful, smiling face of Rosa-lind Trevanion, in her starched Elizabethan ruffle and stiff stomacher, under dace and farthingale; in the knight with his bland smile and deadly rapier; in the lady with her diamonds and stiff brocades; in all the faces of the me

and women of the race. There was but time for a glance at There was but time for a glance at all these, for a peep into the great ban-quetting room, large and lofty as a church; into the tapestried chambers; into the long refectory, where the sha-dowy monks had met for their silent water fonts, its dim paintings and pale statues of saints and angels; into the cells, where those grim ascetics sought their omfortless co uches

Then Sybil handed her companion a ey, and turned to depart. "I will be late as it is," she said, "and "I will be late as it is," she said, "and General Trevanion detests being kept waiting; but you can go over the house at your leisure, and let yourself out without the trouble of getting through the window—unless, indeed," smiling, you fear the prior's ghost." the widow responded, gayly, "but I do a reproach from a lady. If you will per-mit me, dear Sybil—there, I can not be formal -1 will walk back with you. It will take us at least an hour and a half to reach Trevanion." Of course assented, not best pleased

to reach 'Trevanion." Of course assented, not best pleased, however. She did not like the affec-tionate widow, with her very familiar "Sybil"; but she was mamma's friend, and, as such, to be treated. She was Sybil's guest, too, and that young lady had all an Arab's idea of the beauty of heavitative. You wartonk of her bread hospitality. You partook of her bread and salt, and lodged in her tent, and though you were her deadliest enemy you must be treated courteously and

ordially from thenceforth. So, through the golden glory of the



ovely eyes. "Yes," she said, almost under he breath; "very; very glad. Poor Cyril! Ah! mamma, don't be hard on him. His crime was not great, and see how they have made him suffer. Think of all the long, weary years of homeless, lonely wandering over the world."

Her voice choked suddenly. She turn ed and walked away to one of the windows. Yes, it was clear enough, the me-mory of this lonely wanderer was inex-pressibly dear to Sybil Trevanion. For he past ten years the dream of her life had been his return-her dear, romanidolized Lara, to whom she Was the adoring

ready to play "Kaled," the page, at a moment's notice. (To be Continued.)

## USES OF TALC.

Made Into Toilet Powder, Griddles, Gas Tips and Other Things. Talcum powder is made from the soap-

stone, some grades of which are produced in eleven States-California orgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, Pennsyl-"I was always tired. Sometimes when I sat down I could hardly get up out vania, Rhode Island, Vermont and Vir-ginia. New York's output of 71.710 tons forms nearly half of the total producof the chain. But thanks to Dodd's forms nearly native tion of the country, marketed as rough Kidney Pilis, my pain is all gone and my back is well. J have proven for my-self that Dodd's Kidney Pills are good. Female trouble is nearly always caused by discased Kidney. Tale is usually marketed as rough from the mine, sawed into slabs and made up into manufactured objects, by diseased Kidneys. The position of the female organs and the Kidneys shows such as hundry tubs, or ground into powder. In 1910 69 per cent. of the tale, was ground and 21 per cent. made ow one is dependent on the other . That is why weak women find new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills. They always cure into slabs and manufacturer. The pro-duct of New York is practically all diseased Kidneys.

## CHINESE VIEW OF LOVE. Marriage a Business of the Head, Not an Affair of the Heart.

Perhaps there is no greater difference existing between the Chinese and the American people than that between their ideas of love. In fact we Ohinese do not believe in love, for we are not sickly, sentimental cratures, but cold philosophical, fatalistic beings. We arrange our matrimonial affairs through hard reesoning and not through the tender passion.

To us marriage is a serious business of the head, and not a light affair of the heart. In these matrimonial transactions we apply the most rigid, keen, calculating business principles, and that is why we are so successful in the marriage enterprise, as we have never been buncoed by Cupid at the game of love.

of love. We never pay homage at the altar of this stupid, brainless, yellow kid, the disturber of peace, the breaker of hearts, the destroyer of homes and the promoter of affinity stock companies. We cannot tolerate his presence in China as China is not a lead of lovers China, as China is not a land of lovers. Consequently the cool, quiet hours of our midsummer nights are not disturb-ed or spoiled by hot air from the wooing and cooing of sentimental creatures. We do not believe in love, for love is not the greatest thing in the world. It is not even a thing nor substance. It is simply the product of an idle brain, the outgrowth of a drowsy mind. It is inconstant and unsubstantial, for its quantitative and qualitative character changes with the changes of scenery and environment, and its drawing and binding power increases or decreases the square of the distance between subject and object increases or decreases as the case may be. Love is the anthithesis of reason; for man sees with reason and only feels with love, and it is the most violent

form of brainstorm. Love is a symptom of a disordered brain, as a nightmare is a symptom of a disordered stomahe. a symptom of a disordered stomach. It turns the strongest head and makes the wisest man a fool. Indeed there is no fool like an old who is affected with amoritis. When a man has contracted this love disease and is under its in-fluence he acts in the most idiotic manner and performs all sorts of antics, all of which he entirely renounces and re-pudiates when he is free from its hypnotic spell.

Now are we peculiar because we not agree with you in regard to the idea of love? But alas! the world is chang-ing, and China is changing with it; the old time proven ideas are fast giving way to the new, and our young people are being converted to the worship of are being converted to the worship of the blind god, and from now on there will likel he more love in our court ships and divorces in our matrimony. Ng Poon Chew in the Chinese Annual

# **PROOF FOR WOMEN** WHO STILL SUFFER

That they can find relief in Dodd's Kidney Plils.

Mrs. Lois McKay Suffered From Pains in the Back, Side and in the Region of the Heart—Dodd's Kidney Pills Cured Her.

Tiverton, Dighy Co., N. S., Dec. 25.-Every day seems to bring a message of cheer for the weak, run-down women of Canada. To-day's message, comes from Mrs. Lois McKay, a well-known resident of this place. She, like others, has found new life in Dodd's Kidney Pills

Before I used Dodd's Kidney Pills," "Before I used Dodd's Kamey Fills, Mrs. McKay states, "I suffered with a bad pain in my back and side, pains in rubies. The Queen of Spain is possessed my howels, and sharp, cutting pairs in ribbes. The Queen of Spain is possessed around the heart.

# Are You Dyspeptic ?

Then Wake Up to the Fact Today That Your Trouble Is Curable.



Thinness, tiredness, poor color, loss of appetite and despondency in-dicate Dyspepsia and Stomach Disorders

You don't require a harsh, griping medicine. Best results come from Dr. Hamilton's Pills of Mandrake and Butternut, which contain soothing, stimulating vegetable ingredients that so strengthen the stomach and bowel muscles as to enable them to again act as nature intended. When this is accomplished all trace of stomach misery and dyspepsia disappears. You will find Dr. Hamilton's Pills a scientific cure for all forms of stom-ach distress headache biliourece ach distress, headache, biliousness, bad color, liver complaint and con-stipation. Not half-way measures but lasting cure for these conditions follow the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. RE-FUSE A SUBSTITUTE. All dealers self Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box, or from the Catarrhozone Co., Kingston, Ont.

## ORIGIN OF THE THIMBLE.

First One Made by a Dutch Goldsmith for a Lady Friend.

The modern thimble dates from 1684, when the goldsmith Nicholas Benschoten, of Amsterdam, sent one as a birthday present to a lady friend with the dedica. tion: "To Myfrouw van Renscher this little object, which I have invented and executed as a protective covering for her industrious fingers."

The invention proved such a success that all who saw it tried to obtain similar ones, and the goldsmith had en ugh to do to supply them. An Englishman named John Lotting took one specimen home with him and copied it by thomsande.

At first thimbles were rather costly and only well-to-do people could afford them, but afterward when male of lead and other common metals by machinery they became very cheap. Their use was a great relief to all who had much sew-

a great relief to all who had much sew-ing to do, and blessings were invoked on the inventor. The Dutch fingerhat (fingerhood) be-came in England the "thimble bell," from its belilike shape. It was originally worn on the thumb, says the Ave Maria, to parry the thrust of the needle pointing through the stuff, and not, as at present, to immed it. to impel it.

All the world over the thimble is a symbol of industry. The gift of one to a little girl is taken as a hint that she hould learn to sew or that some article of her clothing needs mending. A paper of needles presented with the thimble of course makes the hint more pointed. It is lost when a pin-cushion is given. Fashion in thimbles is very luxurious

in the east. Wealthy Chinese ladies have thimbles carved out of mother of pearl, and sometimes the top is a single precious stone. Thimbles with an agate or with her name exquisitely worked in tiny diamonds round the margin.

fear your daughter will lose her inheritance, dear Lady Lemox, now that Colonel Trevanion has returned from Spanish America " Spanish America." I wasn't aware he had gone to Span-

"I wasn't aware he had gone to Span-ish America," my lady said, sharply, Pray, Edith, who told you?" "I-I scarcely remember," murmured the widow, just a thought confused. "i heard it somewhere, however. And now he is back--Charley said so last night, at least." east.

Those odions officers! those herrible "Those odious officers! those herrible mess dinners!" cried Lady Lemox, with asperity. "That dreadful boy was half-intoxicated fast night, and I don't believe he facw what he was saying. But supposing Cyril Trevanion were to come back to England - and it isn't in the feast likely --he could not dispossess Sybil. The will is made, was made years ago. All except the Priory goes to her. General Trevanion will not change his mind. The laws of Draco were never more immutable than the 'I will' of the more immutable than the 'I will' of the Trevanions

Ah!" the widow said, softly, buttering her waffle. "Very likely, 1 don't disputé it. The general may not change his mind, but your daughter will resign sil. He is the hero of her dreams. She his mind but is romantic and a soldier worshipper, like all girls, near Lady Lemox, with quixall girls, near Lady Lemox, with quix-otic notions of duty and self-abnegation, and all that. She will lay her king-som at Count Lara's feet when that darling of the gods appears, and, unless I am greatly mistaken, her own fair self as well."

Good gracious!" exclaimed her ladyship in shrill indignation, "what do you "The Tr. mean, Edith Ingram? Herself as well! Sybil said. an end in ingran ? Herself as well: Subit said. "That sounds conceited," is still av data you instante such a thing! A with a suffee clear t had a meited," is still dier of fortune an advantage.

father to forgive him, to send for him, to make him his heir. Dearest Lady Lemox, it is for your sake I speak. Con-sider how nuplessant is would be for you, after your daughter's brilliant prospects, to find her disjunctied, and you, after your daughter's brilliant one of them. I have never met any of piospects, to find her disinherited, and all through her own mistaken sense of tight. Do not be offended with me, dear friend. Speak to Sybil herself, and see whether or not I am mis-story, his-Charley told is me and she way, an improve person was she wett

Mrs. Ingram turned to look at it once more.

"No," she said, with a queer smile: "I never saw your consin, of course; the picture, as you say, is a work of art. How very, very hundsome he must have

The Trevanions are all bandsome,"

wandered.-Heaven knows what! A with a smiles they I there as an angel. Poor wandered.-Heaven knows what! A married man and just double her age. Are you taking leave of your senses? "No madame. And if he comiss your will see I speak the truth. Nay, it is my firm belief she will persuade his father to forwing him to read for his or the you love him still, new for him so very very "How tenderly she says it." the wide hughed. "Im afraid you love him still, or area you love him still, new Yes, he was handsome as an angel. Poor 5

dearly." "How tenderly she says it." the wide haughed. "I'm afraid you love him still, dearest Sybil. I may call you Sybil, may i not? and you will call me Edith? There "Oh, of course!" exclaimed my lady, yeheanently, "I knew how it would be, will adhere to your old role of I not? and you will call me Edith? There are men, they say, good enough and brave enough and handsome enough to die for, and he looks as it he might be one of them. I have mere at the might be

ago-the drinking, the gambling, the women, the wine-the horrors of all

to think of him without a blush." "Poor fellow!" Sybil said, bitterly.

oudless summer morning, the two ladies walked lack to Trevanion Park, and only separated at the house--Mrs. Ing-ram hastening to meet her patroness. and Sybil to minister to the wants of the sick signeur. Delphine found her just quitting the

General's spartments, and delivered my lady's message. Miss Trevanion hasten-ed at once to obey the maternal be-

"You sent for me, mamma." Sybil re-erked, as she entered. "I trust I merked, as she entered. "I trust I see you quite recovered this morning from the fatigue of yesterday's jour "Thanks, dear," Lady Lemox said, rub-

bing her aquiline nose petitshly. "I am as well, I dare say, as I ever will be in this world. But I am worried neary to death ever since that absurd boy burst in upon us last night with his ri-liculous news."

'Abrurd hoy! ridiculous news!" her "I don't daughter repeated, surprised. understand, mamma.

"There, Sybil, don't pretend to be ob-tuse, "You must understand. I mean Charlos, of course, coming home in a gale, and crying out that Cyril Trevan-ion had returned. It isn't possible, you know, Sybil: but still, the bare report fidgets me almost to death.

"Indeed! And why, pray? Colonel Trevanioa has surely a perfect right to return to his native land, if he 100565.

"Yes, very likely; only L-should think

inself, and where its scanary still so well known." "Ashamed to show his face! Dis-raced himself!" Sybil repeated, her pirited eyes beginning to sparkle dang-pirited eyes beginning to sparkle dangcroasly. "Are not your terms a little harsh, Lady Lemox? You are extremely

You still adhere to your old role of champion. Boyish folly, indeed! We all know the life ac led in Paris some years the

women, the wine-the horrors of all sorts. No right-minded young lady ought

and see whether or not I am mis-taken." "I will," said Lady Lemox. decisive-by "i'll speak to her et once, too. Good Heaven! It isn't possible my daughter could be so infertuated an idited and it is existence yet. And these sort of women live in existence yet. And these sort of women live is nexistence yet. And there never relent, let her plead as she chose." "Ab, my lady." the wildow murmured,

O'Manager .

Most of the ground tale is used in the manufacture of paper of various kinds, especially, building paper, says Health Culture. It finds application also in Culture. It finds application also in the manufacture of moulded rubber forms and as foundry facings nad paints It readily absorbe grease and is used to emove spots from silk and to bleach cotton goods

On account of its slipperyness it is widely used to lessen friction and for this purpose it is dusted into gloves and shoes, and blown into conduits to case the introduction of electric wires or other conductors. One of its widest or other conductors. One of its widest applications is in toilet powders, most of which are made from high-grade tale im-ported from Europe. Laundry tubs, griddles, foot warmers and many other similar utensils are

manufacturer from soap stone. The highif he possessed one atom of spirit, he'd er grades of massive tale free from flaws be ashamed to show his face in the country where he so signally disgraced himself, and where his scandalous story special articles.



ALL THE SAME IN THE END. Mrs. Malade (weakly)-"I wish to explain again to you about willing my

property." Family Solicitor-"There. there: don't worry yourself. Leave it to me.' Mrs. Malade (resigned)—"I suppose I might as well. You'll get it anyway."-London Sketch.

WILLING.

THE SEA GULLS.

Now Here in Great Numbers on Their Winter Visit to City Waters.

Theer are now to be seen flying about ver the city's bordering rivers scores, undreds, great numbers of sea gulls; they are always here in winter. They go away almost all of them, in the spring to the beaches and shores hereabout and to the castward and further norm, in be castward and further north, in rewaters through the summer they comfortable pickings, but in the when the beach waters get colder the pickings in them scantier they back to find a living in the clip

they get some dainty food and a leal that is not so dainty, for the Here they get some dainty food and an good deal that is not so dainty, for the guis are scavengers; they will eat any-thus. For dainty food they got some living fish that may be swimming near the surface and among those they may eat young shad. The manner of their these snecles, after the manner of their dind, come in from the ocean and as-read the rivers to spawn in the spring, in the fail the young fishes thus born in the fail the young fishes thus born in the fail the young fishes thus born aroan enough for the journey cofe down aroan enough for the journey cofe down inter so on their way to their natural one of a the see. Young shad on the way int come down the North River here as at the guils get some shad, and they for more or less the or various kinds hough the whiter, but they live mostly-hour. They east things that float un from the

They eat things that float up from the revers and things dropped or swept over-oard from the innumerable vessels in the harbor and from places ashore. They have to live and they are not particular in the form ion.

the harbor and from places ashore. They have to live and they are not particular where the live and they are not particular The gulls scent to be always on the ving and they are tremendous thers; not perhaps the most graceful, but strong and resolute; robust birds, capable of endiess endurance; flying machines nev-er out of order and whose power is never exinusted. Occasionally they do alight upon the water, but they rise from it readily, then to og soaring and swoop-ing and twisting and turning in the air in seemingly endiess and tireless flight. So from any wharf at this season you may see scores and hundreds of them for and near in constant motion, and so the gulls that frequent these waters keep which they feed all through the winter, to seek again the beaches in the spring.

## THE CARDINAL'S HAT.

Those who have seen the cardinal's hat now why its possessor is glad that he has to wear it so seldom. Made of red felt, it is of enormous proportions, with a crown about four inches high, and flat on top. Around the crown there is

cord of three strands, which separate the ends, fall on either side of the each strand ending in an elaborat sel, and the whole suggesting th and tassel with which the heavy curtains of an older day we back. The biretta, conferred

stely on new cardinals, resem to, worn by a priest, except at being red instead of black. vested with the biretta, the cardinal entitled to wear the zuchetta-that the little red skull cap which covers the tonsure and which is familiar to all. The street hat worn by cardinals in Rome and in Catholic countries generally is wide and flat brimmed, with alow, round crown, different from that worn by many priests in the same places only in color. This has often been confused with

the cardinal's hat, but is quite different. -- New York Tribune.

## WANTED-A HANDHOLD.

Meandering Mike heaved such a deep sigh that his companion was moved to ask him what the matter was. "I was just thinking about bad roads and the wonders of science," was the an-and the wonders of science, "Was the fast.

swer. "This earth is spinning round faster'n a railway train behind time."

"Well, we ain't fell off yet." "No, but think of what a convenience

it would be if we could have some place o grab on to while de territory slid under our feet until de place v to go to come along."-Youth's Compan-

#### TO ATTAIN ATTENTION

Don't talk about your children, your not water plant or your favorite vice. Don't talk about the tariff. Openly admit that you do not mow

your own lawn. Say right out lod that you don't know

how the government ought to be run.

When one needs but a paragraph or two to wind up a column, it cany enough.

