

the rest of it. I suppose I
take his qualification for the
body absent general trading
him up for election. Old
thing to be too much of a
his place in the average
to tell him.

At About Treatment.
son of a rich and fond
body (the old man) had not him
four different ventures, but
the young man has sold out
not more than a few months
came home after a short
goods merchant in Kansas
d that what he really wanted
ing it. He had tried nearly
as and there was something
e and independent life of
the wrongly appealed to him. He
settled down for good if his
supply a farm.

ther brought 160 fertile acres
a town, laid out several
in the purchase of live
had the old farmhouse
started his own as a master of
er the most favorable circum-

the first week or two the
ambition to bring a living
eadily failed. He let the land
to look after themselves and
his time sitting around the
nd the cigar store in town.
er months went by in this
had not been for the care of
hired man there would have
of the farm. Sometimes for
the young farmer remained
and his long absence
e of his agricultural experi-
e matter of common gossip.
e loud father happened into
r store and was met by the
ictor.

ou're son has become a
Scientist," said the cigar man.
you talking about?"
re son has become a Christian
on bought him a farm three
e ago, didn't you?"

been giving the farm absent
r since, hasn't he?"

The Baby Member.
member of the house is Cong.
Carolina. He is only 27 yrs.
90. He was private secre-
Cong. Stokes, and when
d was voted by a grateful
into the vacant seat.

at 11 45 Bert Kennedy, assist-
er warns all persons not en-
floor to vacate, "the rules of
quiring the same." For three
ly saw a small boy sitting at
oolly disregarding the official
retire. He threw his piping,
oice in the direction of the
out effect. On the third day
his troubles to Amos Cum-

don't get out of here before
I'll throw him out, said
asked Cummings.
ver there, replied Kennedy,
ever's direction.
throw him out, said Cummings.
inquired Kennedy.
remarked Cummings, you
our job. He is a member of

didn't say a word, and Lever
disturbed.

White Flamingo.
which no doubt afforded satis-
the perpetrators was recently
post commandant in Cuba, who
fortune to be unpopular with
A New York paper tells the

two fads. He be-
and plenty of it, assert-
the most effective preventive
diseases ever discovered; and he
ch attached to a pet flamingo.
d being kept in captivity, and
assentment by nipping at every
passed his way. For the sold-
nothing to do but to mutter
ath, and wait for revenge.

ing an order came from head-
at articles pertaining to the
were not sheltered from the
id be whitewashed. Later in
commandant went out to look
flamingo. He found him as
driven snow.
row of the soldiers, the bird
treatment.

an I got some of Holloway's
I was entirely cured of my
y remedy and I wish some
my friends. S. J. Miller, Mr.
Chicago.

He was a universal man, a man who
who had a tear and a white over at his
command, and could vary both with mock
professions of pure justice and generous
intent, of a clean heart and a white con-
science. He passed from both for a moment
occasionally to wheedle a coin from
your pocket or to extract a promise of an
old hat or pair of boots.

You felt instinctively that he was a
Christian. There was no spark in him of
the meanness which refuses to be entirely
degraded. He was a mere piece of scold
flesh and bone—as sordid as his dirty
neckerchief, or his greasy coat, or his
battered torn hat, or his boots, purposely
full of holes to attract sympathy.

"No," said he in a tragic tone, "I want
no better life than this. What care I for
life? Nothing—nothing!"

The fellow was furtively eyeing his
listener, and already wondering what sort
of subject he would prove.

"And yet," he exclaimed, with his arms
turned out, "tis an evil fate that holds me
to it!" His tone had now descended to the
pathetic. "That fate is here—here—
here!" He tapped his forehead; he had
once been "super" in a small theatre, and
retained some of "the profession's" man-
nerisms.

"Me ber-rain is seared by the memory
of me ker-rime! Yet it was no ker-rime.
I dip me brother no intentional hurt—
and I followed him meurning to the ker-
save!"

Charlie was better off than I was, better
dressed than I was, better looking than I
was. Though, added the racial in a tone
of self-conscious pride, I was not ill
cared in my time.

I took his money readily. I set down his
sack. Taking his praises in every place
I swung the censor of income eternally in
his face, and Charlie—poor creature—
loved all I uttered.

Dick, said he to me one day, I mean to
marry little Nellie Armstrong.

Never? said I.

sa, said he. Had you penetrated
me, nearest soul you would have seen there,
written large, rage, 'ste, malice, and all
huncheritableness. I loathed the well-
groomed top! How the rascal sneered!
His love-making proceeded well.

Everybody felt that it was a most suitable
match—everybody but me. I made myself
pleasing and presentable to Nellie. She
never had the slightest idea of the mad-
dening passion that possessed me—neither
had Charlie.

He told me of their love-moments, of
the vows they had exchanged, of the hopes
they cherished. And I 'stead—'ow I 'tated
him!—though outwardly I was all con-
gratulations.

Charlie went one day to see his uncle,
an old man who lived thirty miles away,
and from whom he was expected to inherit
a fortune. He was to return next day.

What a night divided them two
days! No man or woman could remember
another like it. The country seemed a

I was at the Armstrongs that night, and
I shared with Nellie—that is, apparently I
did—my glad joy that Charlie was not
riding home until the morrow. Old Mr.
Armstrong had been persuading me to
stop there that night, and just as I had
consented there came a crash as though
the very heavens had been rent asunder.
We knew it was not thunder—we knew
that there had been a more material cause
than that. Some of us pushed out. The
cause was then made apparent. There,
not a hundred yards before us, the road,
sodden with continuous rain, built on an
uneasy foundation, had disappeared!

The thought came upon me even as I
looked that this was a repetition of the
sunken road at Waterloo. You remem-
ber the incident? Napoleon had bidden
the flower of his cavalry "all that might
against us. They galloped on in all
their pasoplied fury. They knew not that
the road had sunk in the night. First one
or two of the vanguard went over, then
tens and twenties, then hundreds—until
that gulf was a 'deous mass of dead men
and horses—mutilated, 'opeless, crushed.

What if Charlie had been riding along
that road! That was my thought.

I looked at Nellie. She was pale as
death, and trembling; the same thought
had come to her. A mock compassion
beamed from my eyes as we exchanged a
glance of sympathy.

I left the Armstrongs betimes, and my
first care was to walk five miles away to
the 'Orange Tree' inn—I knew Charlie

I knew my man. I knew that attempt
would keep him from his sweetheart's side,
and that once his horse was reined he
would gallop to her with all the speed the
animal could command.

I thought of this speed with 'appy
gratitude. It would not allow him to per-
ceive the gulf. Over and over he would
go, and in my madness I revelled in the
thought! Oh, in' human me!

All at once, I stopped paralysed with
fear. What if my letter were found upon
his body? It would be no evidence
against me; but it would show that, con-
sciously or unconsciously, I had lured him
to his doom.

I must get that letter. But 'ow?
As good luck would have it, I had left a
book at the Armstrongs'. I determined to
make that my excuse for going towards
the house just at the hour when Charlie
would be hurrying thither.

I crept to the side of the road. Con-
cealed by an over-reaching tree and by
the darkness of the night, I listened
'tently. It was a moment of maddening
suspense.

Suddenly the sound of 'orses' 'oo's fell
on my hazy ears! I listened more
intently. The 'orseman was coming
towards me at a breakneck speed. It was
Charlie! He would soon be a 'odded
inert mass mingling with another earth.
And Nellie would be free for me to woo!
Oh, yes, I would win her—of that I felt
certain!

The 'orse was on the very verge of

the fact at the
I was a heavy man—my eyes were
over, broken necked and dead. I stum-
bled over something—else—it was a man,
Charlie—for I felt it was he—moaned in
his dying anguish.

I ran my hand through his pockets and
gained every scrap of paper. Then I sped,
shouting wildly, to the Armstrongs. The
door was thrown open, and there in a flood
of light stood—Charlie Davis.

What hideous nightmare was this. Had
Charlie already come to accuse me of my
crime? Did his ghost already menace me.
I stumbled and fell, and Charlie caught
me. His hands were flesh and blood, there
there was no doubt about that!

Why, I gasped, I thought you were over
the sunken road!

Oh, he replied, with a merry laugh. I
received your note at the Orange Tree, and
galloped over here while it was starlight.
I saw the danger in time.

Who, then, was the victim?

"Oh, I know, old man, he added, seizing
me by the hand. You had forgotten the
sunken road when you wrote that note, so
you hurried up here to warn me. I say,
Nellie," said he turning to his sweetheart,
"it isn't every fellow who has a friend like
Dick, is it? You're to be my best man,
old chap. We've decided that tonight."

I turned cold at these words, but colder
still at the thought of the poor fellow who
had gone headlong, shrieking, into that pit
of death. I knew I might have saved him.

"But, Charlie, I hurriedly asseverated,
'somebody went over into that terrible
depth. I heard his shriek. Quick—give
me a lantern!"

Hushed, walking cautiously, peering
anxiously, with lanterns flashing hither
and thither, we approached the awful gap.

Charlie was the first to reach it; a cry
came from him—Dick go the house!
Dick, go away! He was bending over a
body.

I cast one glance on that form. I
knew it. I knew the victim at once.
It was my own brother—Jack! It was he
who had gone to his doom!

In a moment the full 'iderness of my
crime burst upon me. With a cry I rushed
away blindly through the black fury of the
gale. Somehow I got home at last, and
in my pocket found the papers I had taken
from Jack. One was in my father's writ-
ing, and addressed to me.

"Come, my dear boy, come at once," it
ran. "Jack will tell you more; your poor
mother cannot live through the night. She
has had a terrible accident. Come, my
dear Dick! She is calling for you."

Well, mother died, and Nellie married
Charlie, and I—became what I am!

"Thanks," said the fellow a moment later
with a grin; his glance alighted upon the
coins that had been slipped into his hand—
"thank you kin dly. Glad you liked the
yard. Come again, and I'll commit hell a
dozen more murders for the money.

He grinned an adieu, and once more
took his stand on the kerb.

"Please buy a box of matches to help
me to get a night's lodging! I only want
thruppence, gen'lmen," he whispered
plaintively to the first comer.



On The Balcony

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On the Bargain Counter.
A well known society woman was taking
a drive in the park, says the New York
Times. The coachman was too lively in
his use of the whip, and nearly run it into
another vehicle.
"James," said the lady after they had
returned home, "you were very careless
today. What was your head given you
for if not to use?"
"Pardon, mem," replied James. "If I
had any head I'd not be workin' for
thirty five dollars a month!"