

QUEENCOPHETUA AND BEGGAR MAN

BY KEITH GORDON.

"Oh, no, concluded Askew, regarding his hostess intently with just that touch of cool mystery in his glance that always made her wonder if the tell-tale blood were rising in her cheeks—and which, at the present moment, caused her somewhat haughty eyes to avoid him, like quivering, cornered animals. "A man's manhood is a greater thing than his love. And the poor man is like the chap who sold his birthright for a mess of pottage."

"You place a high value upon love," she murmured, and despite her efforts there was a little catch in her breath.

"Yes, I think so," he resumed imperturbably. "So high a value, in fact, that I would place it above all suspicion—above even the suspicion of a suspicion!" he ended in an emphatic tone.

Considering that the two were platonically friends of several years standing, the air of the drawing-room seemed curiously charged with meaning. Though they sat in silence, yet there was a fixed upon the open fire for some time after Askew's last remark, each was fully aware of the other's thoughts, and each listened to the regular ticking of the clock with a vague impression that the sound was ominous with love and heartbreak.

Askew was a man of 30, with a square jaw, strongly cut features and that pronounced air of a man who had been a soldier. He was a man of a thrill that to such a man his manhood, as he had said, must be first! It could not be possibly be other wise. Deep down in his heart of hearts a woman might reign—loved with the passion that only such a man could feel—but never really dominating his life.

Always he would be a complete master of himself—and of her. He would love her with a tenderness strong and he supreme—but that domain would never be co-extensive with his own larger life. And yet, to the tips of her fingers she felt that she would rather be loved by him than by any other man in the world.

Moreover, she was loved by him! She knew it, though he had never by so much as a word admitted it. She was as sure of it as she was of her own love for him, and at the mere thought the blood danced riotously through her veins and her head involuntarily went up. No queen could be prouder, no mere woman more humble than that thought man.

Few of her associates would have recognized the expression that softened and glorified the face of the "haughty Miss Vance," as she was called. She turned toward Donald Askew and demanded softly:

"Do you mean to say that, if you happened to fall in love with a rich woman—and—"

"And?" he interrogated.

"And she loved you—or you had reason to think she did—"

For the second time she paused with a confused expression that the air of the room was suddenly exhausted, and that breathing was by no means the simple, natural matter it had always seemed.

"Do you mean to say," she blurted out with school-girlish impulsiveness, "that you would not tell her that you loved her?"

"Never in the world!" was the deliberate reply. "But I should be careful not to do anything so foolish as to fall in love with a rich girl in the first place, knowing that I do, that that money-making talent is not one to which I can lay claim."

For a moment her heart turned to ice. Then the blood flowed back warm and strong and she understood. He was taking this stand in the hope of throwing her off the track, because of his fantastic sense of honor put him out of the running and he wished to divest himself even of the interest that she, she could have laughed for very joy at his dissembling.

"What would I have been assuming that, in spite of yourself, you should fall in love with an heiress?" she persisted.

"Well, I think I should clear out. It would be the best thing to do in a case like that."

Miss Vance—the haughty Miss Vance—the heiress of the Vance millions—regarded him demurely. She was a person who was accustomed to having her wishes complied with. She regarded vaguely what it was about the man before her that made her ready—eager even—to step down from the regal position she had always seen her eyes he should seem the king; and when at last she spoke her voice was almost stifled.

"But what about the woman—the poor rich woman? Perhaps—perhaps she might hate her riches and the money just as she hates them. But what could she do? Perhaps they came to her and she could not get rid of them more than she could change the color of her eyes or the shape of her nose! And what if—in spite of it all—she loved you? Shouldn't you consider her as ally?"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Askew with mock dismay. "How did we ever get into such a sentimental discussion? Two good comrades like you and me? By the way," he went on quickly, "have you mentioned to me that I'm actually dead for a while—possibly for good?"

"It's an excellent business offer, but it takes me to the other side of the continent. I have not actually died, but I shall doubtless accept it. Indeed, I can scarcely afford not to for several reasons."

He did not look at her and she was thankful for even that small sign of perturbation on his part. A quick resolution seized her. It was Leap Year—blessed thought—and why should not a woman, once in a thousand years or so, stand up and demand her own due? Had she not, by every right that a woman may use, tried to make him acknowledge his love for her? Never—never—never would he ask her to marry him because of her millions. Well, then, she would ask him.

The first tumult of her resolution over, she felt a strange exhilaration. Even the thought that intruded itself like a specter between them—the possibility that she might have mistaken his feeling toward her—did not deter her.

"If she would reject me? Well, she has rejected a number of men in her day and there would be a certain poetic justice in his being asked to her what she had meted out to them!"

While these thoughts were racing through her mind, she had touched the bell.

"Remember, Smithson, I am not to be disturbed," she threw over her shoulder to the butler.

"You might light a cigar if you have one about you," she suggested whimsically. "It would be a favor to me if you would. Men are always more approachable when they're smoking aren't they?"

Askew smiled assent and complied with her request. Then he paused with the lighted cigar between his fingers and gave her a long look which she returned unflinchingly. With an effort she began to speak.

"Donald," she said bravely, "I have something to tell you. Perhaps not

another woman in the world would do it, and perhaps you'll hate me for it. "Hate you!" he interrupted in a voice whose delicate incredulity was music to her ears. "Hate you! I can initiate a good many things, but not that."

"Well," her voice was slightly uncertain, but her eyes looked into his with out wavering. "You see, there is a poor girl—a girl that has loads of money and who just hates it because it is always cutting her off from all the things—and people she cares for."

"Poor thing!" sighed Askew, mockingly. "What a pity she can't divide with me!"

"That's just what she wants to do!" leaped from her lips. "She wants to give it all to you! You see—I'm speaking for her. She isn't in the habit of saying things like this to men, and she doesn't know exactly how to do it."

"But she wants you to know that she thinks you're the one man in the world who is able to give her the best of all things—that she even dares to tell you that she loves you—Donald—because she knows that if she makes a mistake and you do not care for her, you will be as truthful with her as she has been with you."

Askew sat as if stunned, while the struggle between pride and love went on within him. To be pointed out to the man who married the rich Miss Vance—to have it said of him that he had feathered his nest with these and kindred possibilities rose up in his mind and galled his spirit beyond endurance.

Then his visions cleared and he saw nothing was conscious of nothing in the world but a young, sensitive face covered with womanly shame. Before that vision his pride went down, and leaning forward, he buried his face in his lap. A moment later her lips touched his hair.

"I'm a brute—a perfect brute," he groaned, "to have made you do this!"

"You're the brute I love, though," was the whispered answer.

SICK HEADACHE

IS A MANIFESTATION OF A DISORDERED LIVER AND SLUGGISH BOWEL ACTION.

From time immemorial the ordinary remedy for sick headache has been the form of purgative pills, but many people almost prefer to suffer from the headache than use the drastic purgatives now flooding the market.

The simplest and easiest way to cure your headache is with Dr. Hamilton's Pills. These pills are neither gripe, pain nor cause any irritation.

Most pills are not scientific, but Dr. Hamilton's Pills are most scientific, being prepared from his own secret formula which he used with marvelous success for years in his private practice.

Dr. Hamilton's Pills stimulate the liver, improve the digestion, correct irregularities of the kidneys. They act so gently that no discomfort is felt. In fact you have no annoying consciousness that they are at work. This is why they have proved such a boon to tens of thousands of elderly persons and delicate people who can't stand the shock of the old time purgatives.

Nature causes no distressing alarms, likewise a medicine that acts in accordance with nature's laws is sure to confer peace and comfort. The description of the action of Dr. Hamilton's Mandrake and Butterbean Pills, the most agreeable and efficient cure for constipation, sick headache, indigestion, stomach troubles ever compounded.

Refuse any substitute, insist on Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They are the best. Price 25c a box or five boxes for \$1.00, at all druggists, or by mail from N. C. Polson & Co., Kingston, Ont., on receipt of price.

LONDON SPARROWS. One hardly looks for a history lesson in the streets of London, but the observer never despair of lighting upon something of interest, even though the subject be so common as being as the London sparrows. The other day one of these little birds was fluttering about a street window, and a grocer's window, keeping himself suspended just without the glass as long as he could. After a moment's rest in the gutter he returned, and this time there was no mistaking the object of his excitement: he was vainly striving to get some bottled peas in the forefront of the window. In the country all sorts of devices are resorted to for the purpose of getting in of sparrows, where they bear a very bad name for their destructive propensities, and many a London gardener would heartily have a bird of this kind sitting there. Can it be that this sparrow, who has appeared here and there, is undergoing an educative process whereby he is qualifying for that final stage of civilization marked by a preference for prepared foods over the raw products of the earth?—London Chronicle.

HOW TECUMSEH WAS KILLED. The Western Christian Advocate recently gave an obituary notice by Rev. A. Wright, of the Ind. M. E. church, of Isaac Hamlin, Sen., who died at his residence near Bloomfield, Ind., a few months since, aged 75 years. He was in the battle of the Thames and the writer gives the following as his statement in regard to the manner in which Tecumseh was killed. He says he was standing but a few feet from Colonel Johnson when he fell and fell fast, and saw the whole of that part of the battle. He was well acquainted with Tecumseh, having been a prisoner seventeen days and receiving many a cursing from him. He thinks that Tecumseh thought Johnson was a Haremsman, often heard the chief swear that he would have Hamlin's scalp and seemed to have a special hatred toward him. Johnson's horse fell under him, he himself being also deeply wounded. In the fall he lost his sword, and his pistols were empty and he was entangled with his horse on the ground. Tecumseh had fired his rifle into him, and saw him fall he threw down his gun and bounded forward with a dagger in his prey. Johnson had only a side pistol ready for use. He aimed at the chief over his horse's head and shot him near the center of his forehead. When the bullet struck it seemed to him that the Indian jumped with his head full fifteen feet into the air, as soon as he struck the ground he fell Frenchman an his bayonet into him and pinned him fast to the ground.

WISDOM OF THE BUTCHER. "When I see men or women looking for nothing but fat on a fowl," said a Twelfth street market man, "I don't envy them their dinner. There is a layer of fat underneath the skin when poultry is unduly fattened, and in the cooking this overheated fat saturates the meat, and delicate stomachs are given a hard tussle. This is why lots of people can't eat ducks and geese at all. The overfatted fowls are in reality more expensive and less easily digested, there being much less lean meat in proportion to the fat. Most of my customers are now willing to pay what a good turkey is worth, understanding the difference. What is the difference? Why, there are a few rules that must be observed. For at least six days before killing, barnyard fowls must be cooped, not huddled, but given good, clean space, and well fed on corn for at least five or six days before they are killed. They must be fed on skimmed milk and soft-boiled rice. The night before the killing the turkey must be given plenty of water, but no food, which leaves the crop empty, the intestine clean, the dark meat quite light, and gives a flavor as different as possible from the common fowl. It is likely to impregnate the common fowl killed in the common way. The flesh of all animals is flavored by the food. This accounts for the delicious flavor of the canvassback and redbird ducks. Both of the wild colony at the water's edge, the former taking the roots, the latter the tops."—Philadelphia Record.

ALMOST AFRAID TO GO TO SLEEP FOR FEAR SHE WOULD NOT WAKE UP.

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She writes: "About seven months ago I was badly run down in health and became very weak. I was troubled with fluttering of the heart and shortness of breath. When lying down at night I was almost afraid to go to sleep for fear I would never wake up. When I arose in the morning I would feel a little better, but as soon as I started to work my heart would start fluttering, my head would become dizzy, faint weak spells would come over me and it seemed as if black objects were floating before my eyes. I was growing worse every day until I got a box of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. When the box was half gone I could feel that they had done me good and by the time it was finished I was in excellent health and could advise all sufferers from heart and nerve troubles to try them."

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I WILL REFUND YOUR MONEY IF IT FAILS TO CURE.



If you have a cold don't fail to take my Gold Cure. I know that it will relieve the head, nose, throat and lungs and cure all colds, influenza, whooping cough, croup, bronchitis, grippe and other diseases of the throat and lungs.

Get twenty-five cents for a bottle of this little pill, and if you are not perfectly satisfied with results I will refund your money—Munroe.

FACTS IN CONNECTION WITH THE LETTER "Q"

SUGGESTIONS AS TO MINDING YOUR "P" AND "Q" POPULAR INITIAL.

One absurd suggestion is that the tricking to mind one's p's and q's refers to the resemblance of the two letters to one another—a resemblance which hardly exists save in imagination. Another idea is that the letters are to be minding to their pupils to mind their "p's" and "q's" (queens) (wages) when bowing! It would be difficult to heat that even among the most curious and etymological diversions which have been provided for the delectation of students by the philologists and poets. The most probable explanation is that the p's and q's which originally required to be watched were those of the tavern servers which Bowditch used to chalk up behind the door, or on the window shutters of the ale-house the p standing for pints consumed, and q for quarts.

In literature Q has been the adopted pseudonym of several writers. Jane Taylor, with her long conjunction with her sister, Anne, as a writer of hymns and verses for children, wrote various pieces in the youth magazine, "The Quiver," under the name of "Q." Under the pseudonym of "Q" she wrote a number of stories, and a little while ago she was assuredly sufficient to sink any book now-a-days. Then there was Jane Taylor's contemporary, who sometimes wrote under the title of "Q" in the "Corner." This was Thomas Haynes Bayly, of whose satirical and humorous poems, "Essays in Little," his "Tid-bits," a butterfly, born in a hovel, and other songs of the children's game, "Puss in the Corner," were once so popular. His pseudonym, "Q," in the "Corner," was a pun on his name, "Q" being a common name for a quill pen.

Mr. Andrew Lang has made delightful fun of one of the papers in his "Essays in Little." His "Tid-bits," a butterfly, born in a hovel, and other songs of the children's game, "Puss in the Corner," were once so popular. His pseudonym, "Q," in the "Corner," was a pun on his name, "Q" being a common name for a quill pen.

Miss Burney's "Cecilia" says: "I will not give the child the name of 'Puss in the Corner,' for 'Q' in the 'Corner' there is none more celebrated." In more recent days Q was the pseudonym of the children's game, "Puss in the Corner," for "Q" in the "Corner" there is none more celebrated.

By him, I know, the best of the literary Q is no doubt Mr. Quiller-Couch. It was as Q that he became known to the world as story-telling readers, and Q was a force to be reckoned with in fiction some time before the real name veiled under that pseudonym became public property.—London Globe.

LOVE ME, LOVE MY DOG

My name is Persphone, and I am said to resemble my mother, Pandora, who, as far as her puppies go, certainly holds the traditional gift box. For all my brothers and sisters are prize-takers. I myself don't go to shows, because I am nervous and hate being stared at.

I am proud of being the pooch, and I'm proud of my mother, Pandora. The only jealousy that makes other dogs sneer at me, just as I have seen human canines sneer at a safe distance. My young mistress is the prettiest creature living. I used to think her one of the most sensible until she got friendly with Mr. Hoff, who then was, and I thought ever would be, my pet abomination in trousers.

Phyllis and I live with an old lady who is fond of us both, but she is very strict with Phyllis, who calls her—beating her back—"the ogre-said."

Mr. Hoff laughed until his eyes were sore when she first said it to him. I thought he would tell her what I thought, and I wondered how he would look then.

Phyllis had been getting very thick with this young man, and I was very thick with her. Mr. Hoff was almost off his mind when one day she fell from her bicycle.

I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Hoff was riding by her side. Something he said made her feel the ground under her feet, and she fell.

Suddenly she rode over a stone, swerved to one side, and I saw her neck curdled all damp and untidy, and I was following her when the accident occurred, and Mr. Hoff was riding by her side. Something he said made her feel the ground under her feet, and she fell.

I scampered to the spot, and began to howl for help, which Mr. Hoff heard, and I thought ever would be, my pet abomination in trousers.

"Be quiet, you brute!" he muttered, but I could not help it. I knew that if he glared at me, and I knew that I could not help it. I knew that if he glared at me, and I knew that I could not help it.

But of course, I had no attention to his color body, then, and I could not help it. I knew that if he glared at me, and I knew that I could not help it.

The house was very quiet for many days, and I felt wretched. Once she put her arms around my neck and wept over me, and I was very thick with her. Mr. Hoff was almost off his mind when one day she fell from her bicycle.

At last I was summoned to my darling's room, and I went in. My heart was beating very loudly and my eyes were dim with tears. I saw her lying on the bed, and I was very thick with her. Mr. Hoff was almost off his mind when one day she fell from her bicycle.

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