minded, and the words were spoken before I had time to consider how rash they were The effect was a sudden lightening o Mark's face, that made it for a moment al

Mark's face, that made it for a moment almost boyish.

Did you mean that P' he asked eagerly, 'dont say it lightly, please, it means more than you think.'

Just for a momnet I hesitated, then looked up, feeling reckless and defiant, and repeated—'I mean it.'

Nevertheless, the next moment I felt I could have bitten my tongue through with vexation for having committed myself to so rash a declaration.

I could not recall it, however.

To have done so would have made me appear so miserably weak and inconsistent in his eyes.

And besides, I was not sure I did not mean what I had said.

Of course I must have meant it, or, almost involuntary though the words had been, I surely should not have uttered them.

And yet—

Well, I did not know what to think. Well, I did not know what to think. Something of what was passing in my nind must have revealed itself in my perurbed little face, for I was conscious that Mark was regarding me with a quzzical ook, and the suspicion of a twinkle in his yes.

Somehow, this fact annoyed me beyond neasure.

How could be treat the matter with

How could he treat the matter with uch evident want of seriousness, knowing imself to be what he was?

I turned away petulantly, and without nother word to him, began to retrace my teps in the direction of my home.

It was possibly owing to the fact of my aind being so pre-occupied with what had ast passed between us that I did not not-

where I was going.

At any rate, I suddenly found myself on

he verge of the narrow but by no means hallow, river that ran through the Avonsere estate my steps having unconsciously andered thither from the path along hich I ought to have continued Not only was I on the verge of the river nt I was a little too near the water for

Indeed coincident with the realization of y position, I was horribly conscious of e fact that I was sinking forward. I made a frantic effort to recover my

nilibrium. It was useless however.

I sank forward farther and farther, the ound at the edge of the river crumbling vay from under my feet.

To me it seemed an age that I hung susnded, as it were, over the limpid depths the swiftly flowing stream.

Yet it could not have been more than a

Yet it could not have been more than a oment ere, with a despairing scream, I unged into its cold embrace.

But the agony of that moment I shall ver forget, nor the trenzied terror that emed to paralyze all my faculties as I und myself sinking to the bed of the river, it the water hissing and roaring in my

rs. The next instant. however, with the inne next instant, however, with the in-net of self preservation strong within me, struggled madly to regain the surface. It seemed that I should never reach it. But presently I was conscious of being

le to breathe again.
I gasped wildly, for breath, with the sult that the water poured into my outh, almost choking me.
I could not swim a stroke, and the river

s particularly deep at the spot where d fallen in. d fallen in.
My senses seemed to be deserting me.
The roaring in my ears appeared now
become dealening.
My vision became blurred.

A blood red mist enveloped me, that adually changed to one of intense black-

Just as this was succeeded by a feeling t seemed to numb brain and body alike beard a voice, that appeared to come m atar off saying, 'Courage! I am et to save you!'
Then I telt a hand grasp me and I

Thank God !' was dially conscious of the exclams as returning life began so dawn within and, opening my eyes, freshized with art that I was lying on the ground, head supported on Mark Dering's

saw at once that he was very pale, a look of intense relief swep, across his e, and there was an expression in his s which I could not fathom, but which t a thrill through all my being.

Ind so it was to him I ower my life!

It was!

had yet, how bitterly I regretted I had been saved by a better man.
h! if only M rk had not been what he

## CHAPTER V.

My Dear Elfrid, -Although you have answered my last letter and are being a shockingly bad correspondent,
ust write to tell you some news that
interest you. I need not ask you
you remember the affur of my
en silver, for of course you do, and
be pleased to know that there is at
some chance of the myster being some chance of the mystery being red up. Some weeks ago there was a t committed at Friesich, something lar to the one at the Hotel Kuhn, but lar to the one at the Hotel Kuhn, but time the police were more fortunate, that the thief was caught. When he dd that his case was hopeless, he made il confession of a long life of crime. was a locksmith, it appears, and, his was to make duplicates of the keys his blied to people who had valuables to d, and use them himself on the first sion that seemed safe. Of course he accomplices, and one of these, whom escribes as quite a gentleman, was the who robbed Herr Kuhn and me, u hat had a new key made to his safe Commune on rage Turee. Music and The Drama

TALK OF THE THEATER.

Ada Rehan has just returned to New York after a summer in Europe.
In Miss Viola Allen's company for this season there are over 70 people.

Anna Held now dons a boy's costume in the third act of The Little Duchess at the Casino. She also has a new song, Pretty Molly Shannon.

Marie Wainwright is a specially engaged

actress of the unfaithful wife of East Lynne, in revival to be made by a low price New York city stock company. On his return to England, Sir Henry

Irving will revive Faust as ennounced, after which he will make a provincial four, and then revive Becker at the London Lyceum. The condition of Blanche Bates, who is ill with typhoid fever at Grace hospital, Detroit, is reported as much improved. Miss Bates hopes to resume per profession

al work about Christmas. Robert Drouet, who has been playing the leading role in The Last Appeal, has been engaged as leading man for Mary Mannering in Janice Meredith, the posi tion he filled with success last season.

MIS. Leslie Carter will begin rehearsals in a few days for Du Barry, the new play which David Belasco has written for her and in which she will appear this season under his management.

A coffin containing the remains of Charles Coghlan was I found at Virginia Beach, near Galyeston, Tex, last week. The hody had been placed in a receiving vault at Galveston and was washed away in the great storm that visited that city.

On Dec. 3, Annie Russel who is appear A Royal Family, will be seen in a new play, written expressly for her by Clyde Flitch, and entitled The Maid and the Judge. It is promised that Mrs. Gilbert who is now ill, will appear in the cast.

The Londom fog played havoc with the theatrical business last week. On Monday every London house was playing to £100 below its normal business, and everywhere the attendance were woefully attenuated. Many years have elapsed since stress of weather compelled the closing of theatres. But the Prince of Wales, the Criterion and the Garrick closed on very

A statue to Sir Arthur Sullivan is to be placed in one of the aisles of St. Paul's cathedral, and not in the crypt, as was orig inally suggested. Sir Arthur will be the first composer thus honored, although there are tablets or inscriptions in memory of two or three musicians in the crypt. Sir Arthur's last composition, an English Te Deum, yet unheard in public, was written for St. Paul's.

The initial performance of the new symphonic song cycle, The Trend of Time, words by William H. Gardner, of Boston, and music by Harry Girard, of New York will be given early in the month of De-cember iu New York City with Victor Harris as conductor, and the following singers: Mrs. Seabury Ford, soprano; Miss Marguerite Hall, contralto; McKenzie Gordon, tenor; and Harry Girard,

Varden with Lulu Glaser as the star, opened at Robertson's to one of the largest audience of the season and made an instantanous success. Miss Glaser | was as charming as ever and was accorded excellent support by Van Rensselaer Wheeler, Ritchie Ling, Mark Smith, Tom Daniel, Estelle Wentworth, Ada Palmer Walker, and Amelia Fields.

5 Te Apollo club of New York, of which William R. Chapman is director, enter upon its tenth season with the promise of greater musical success than it has ever before enjoyed. The grand ball room of the Waldorf Astoria has been engaged for three public concerts on the Thursday evenings, Dec 5, 1901, Feb. 20, and April 10, 1902. In addition to three public concerts there will be given three priv ate musicales in the Myrtle Room of the Waldorf Astoria, the first to take place Thursday evening, January 9; the other two will be announced later.

## LIFE A BURDEN.

THE CONDITION OF MR. GARDI-NER, SMITH'S FALLS.

He Spent Miserable Days and Fleepless Night -Hands, Feet and Limbs Stiff and Swollen.

From the Record, Smith's Falls, Ont. "There is a wonderful talk about Dr.

Williams' Pink Pills, why don't you try hem P"

These words were addressed to Mr Andrew Gardiner, of Smith's Falls, by a friend when he was in the depths of despondency regarding his physical condition. For three years he had suffered so much that life had become a burden to him and oftentimes he says, he almost wished that he might die. Then he spent miserable days and sleepless nights, now he is exjoying life. Then his feet, hands and limbs were stiff and swollen and he was tormented with a constant stinging, creepy sensation in his body which gave him no rest day or night; now he is as supple as ever he was, with the stiffness, the swelling

rest day or night; now he is as supple as a the bare wintry seene, and gray, snow laden sky, with eyes that saw neither one nor the other.

The months had gone by so smoothly tributes it all to the use of Dr. Williams Pink Pills.

Mr. Gardiner is a man of about 65 years, and only now and then would the memory of that dark night's discovery cross my man of talk about the improvament effected in his health by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills the Record sent a reporter to abortain the exact truth and Mr. Gardiner field him substantially what is related above. He said that he tried a number of obcors—as good doctors as there were in the country—but got no relief. He was given to understand that the trouble was caused by bad circulation of the blood, but nothing did him any good. He could not wear boots his feet were so swollen and when he tried to walk, his legs felt like sticks. Finally his feet were so swollen and when he tried to walk, his legs felt like sticks. Finally he was induced to give Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a trial. He took six boxes, he said. but did not see that he was much better. He determined to quit taking them but was persuaded to continue them for a little while lon-ger. When he had taken ten boxes he was greatly improved and when he had taken twelve boxes he was so well that he ing at the Lyceum Theatre, New York, in did not need any more. It is several months since he has taken them and he has had no return of the trouble. When the reporter saw him he was wearing his ordinary boots and he said he could get into and out of a buggy as well as any man of

his years in the country.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are the friend of the weak and ailing. A hey surpass all other medicines in their tonic, strengthening qualities, and make weak and despondent people bright, active and healthy These pills are sold by dealers in medi cine, or can be had post paid, at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for \$2.50. by addressing the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville Ont,

Yale.

The celebration which lately made New Haven the centre of interest for the whole country was a fitting culminating of the two hundred years of faithful and fruitful service which Yale University has rendered to the cause of religion, learning and democracy.

The importance of the event is sufficient ly indicated by the notable guests who honored the occasion with their presence—the President of the United States and members of his Cabinet and of the Supreme Court; professors from the lead ing institutions of learning in Europe; representatives from Russia, from Japan;
delegates from other colleges of America;
leaders of the bar and the church; men, in
short, who stand for progress and achieve—
letter mechanically. F. C. Whitney's production of Dolly ment in a hundred widely separated fields. Their presence was a coerhigif eit of the work which every great university does, but in particular of the principles for which an odd look on his face that I could not Their presence was a coerhngif eit ot c but in particular of the principles for which Yale stands and the fidelity with which she

has clung to them. Of these the greatest, as Mr. Justice Brewer said, is the purpose declared in the charter, to train young men for public employment both in church and in civil state; a purpose which made Kale the first educational institution in the world to make the public service and dominant purpose of the educational work.

The state is purpose which made Kale the first educational institution in the world to make light of it, he answered. I think I understand the situation as well as you do; but I ask you again what the state of the s

Does not this avowed and sustained purpose explain the democratic spirit with which the name of Yale has been associated? What better lesson can a college teach than this, that the effort to promote he interests of all the people is both the beginning and the end of real democracy.

You will have to be identified before I can cash that check' said the bank eashier to the man who was unfamiliar with the precautions of banks.

Oh, well, go ahead, then, answered the man with the check, in dignet. 'I don't recken it hurts any more than bein' vac cinated does it?

Moritch that's quite a plain bonnet. I sepsecially admire that modest little rosette of green ribbons.

well as you do; but I ask you again what you wish me to do?

'Oh, what can you do? I cried desper ately. 'There is only one thing you must leave England at once.'

Mark did not speak for a moment; he leaved England at once.'

Mark did not speak for a moment; he leaved England at once.'

Mark did not speak for a moment; he leaved England at once.'

So I am to go away and escape justice, he said, in a cool, irritating voice. 'I suppose you know that you are proposing to make yourself accessory after the fact, or something equally dreadful? Do you think it guite right of you?

'Oh owner and the end of real democracy.

'So I am to go away and escape justice, he said, in a cool, irritating voice. 'I suppose you know that you are proposing to make yourself accessory after the fact, or something equally dreadful? Do you think it guite right of you?

'Oh course it is not right,' I answered hotly. 'Whoever pretended that it was? I suppose an honorably high minded girl would not have told you—would have let things take their course; well, I am not high minded or honourable, and I tell you to go.

'Do you think it is so easy to go away—now?'

The words came a little huskiiy, and Does not this avowed and sustained pur

of green ribbons. Mrs Sharpe—They're not green rib bons my dear. merely a modert little bance of ten dollar bills.

some months before, and the locksmith, some months before, and the locksmith, knowing that my silver had been taken there, gave the duplicate over to the gentleman, with the agreement that he should do the business, and, of course, share the profits. But the gentleman preterred to keep the whole, and the locksmith saw no more of him. The first thing he heard of it was that my things had been returned to me, a fact that puzzled him as much as it did us. However, he pretends to know that the gontleman is at prevent in England, and as he is wanted for something that took place before that particular theft, the police are already keen on his track. My hands fell down at my sides, and

My hands fell down at my sides, and cousin Maria's letter fluttered to the ground, while I stared through the window at the bare wintry scene, and gray, snow laden sky, with eyes that saw neither one

meeting him. Mark had gone to London some days Mark had gone to London some days betore, but, I was told, bad come home last night, so I walked about, not having cour-age to go boldly up to the house and ask for him until the deep clang of the luncheon

or im until the deep clang of the fundacen gong told me it was deeless to wait any lorger, and I might as well go home.

Elirid, my dear, how late you are; where have you been on this wretched morning P you look tired out, aid my mother, as I sat down belated at the lundacen table. cheon table.
'I went for a walk and forgot to notice the time,' I answered, 'I am sorry you

waited.'
'Oh, it does not matter, of course, my dear; only, you had better go and rest as soon as you have finished; you know we have several calls to make today. But in my state of feverish unrest, I could

But in my state of feverish unrest, I could not face the prospect of two or three hours of polite small talk, so pleaded a headache, which was at least no fiction, and begged to stay at home.

Leave was given under protest, and I curled myself up on the 1ug before the drawing room fire, hoping that some kind spirit would move Mark Dering to pay us a call this atternoon.

call this atternoon.

For once my wish was granted, and just when the grey wintry light was beginning to fade, the squire came in; but now, with so much to say, I grew suddenly wordless and awkward, and shook hands with him

and awkward, and should hands with almost in silence.
'I only got home last night,' he began, but I wanted to see you so badly, that I am afraid I should have outraged convention-

ality by calling this morning, had not law yer Bent come over to see me on business I have only just got rid of him.' Full of my own news, I did not answer. I hardly noticed what he said, and I thought he looked at me a little euquiringly as he sat down in a big chair near the fire.

ear the fire.
'Mother is out,' I said at last; but I was hoping so much that you would come to-day. I want to—to tell you something.

'That is a coincidence, he remarked, for I too had something to tell you; but it will wait; we will hear your news first,

please.
I took my couisn's letter from my peck-

fathom.
'Thank you, he said at last, it was good

of you to show me the letter. May I ask
what you advise me to do about it?
His coolness jarred and irritated me,
and I sprang up from my stool with an impatient gesture.
'You cannot have read the letter through

you wish me to do P

The words came a little huskily, and Mark's face had grown suddenly softer, and my impatience merged into pity.

'Oh, I know it's not easy,' I said, 'It is—it is—expiation, and that must always.

be bard. And I know what it will be to leave Avonsmere, now that you have grown to love it; but it need not be for long. Surely y a could go to America, or somewhere let us say for a year, until

somewhere—let us say for a year, until this—this affair is lorgotton' A queer half smile had flitted over Mark's face when I began to speak, but it passed instantly, and he grew grave again. 'Yes; I could do that easily,' he said, 'if

tt were only Avonsmere.
'You must!' I insisted. 'There is no
other way out of it!' 'I suppose there is not,' he said. 'But even knowing that, I can only agree to go on one condition. What condition? I asked; and there was just a moment's hesitation before he

was just a moment's hesitation before he answered—

'That you come with me.'
I smothered a little cry of amazement, and stared at him, breathless; he seemed to read me closely for a moment, then got up and crossed over to where I stood at the opposite side of the hearth.

'Do you think me quite mad for daring to say it? he asked. 'Remember, Elfrid, it will be exile to me' and the thought that I deserve it won't make it any easier to bear; in fact, I would almost as soon put up with—the other alternative. Don't you understand, dear? I love you, andacious as it sounds, and I want you for my wife.'

Mark's voice sounded far away and soft beside the loud beating of my heart; his figure had grown dim and misty in the ruddy firelight, and I could find no words to answer.

'Am I quite too presumptuous, dear?' he asked again. 'I leve you so much; and the past

he asked again. 'I love you so much; don't you think you could forgive the past, and love me a little in return ?' and love me a little in return?'
It was unheard of jot course, he had no right
to ask it, and I was mad to dream of such
a thing. I quite knew all the wise thinge
my triends would have said, if they had
known and yet after one short moment's
heaitation, went up to Mark and put my
hands in his that were held out to me.
'You don't deserve it, of course, I said

and I suppose it is very wrong; but the past is past, and if it will make you happy, Mark, I will go with you.

The last words were faint and smothered as Mark's arm closed tightly round me,

and our lips met.

Are you not afraid, dear? he asked

Are you not afraid, dear? he asked presently holding me a little away from him while he looked searchingly in my face. Just think once more of what I am.

'Oh, don't! I pleaded. I don't want to think of it again—all that is done with—and I am not afraid.

You are brave, my Elfrid. How am I to thank you? But you are right, dear; the past is over, and I hope never to do anything cuite as had again.

thing quite so bad again.

There was an odd tremor in his voice as he drew me back to him, and looking up

in his face, I caught the suspicion of a sup psessed smile.
I am so happy, he said, as if to explain it; but I broke in with an impatient re

'Happy, Mark? How can you be so thoughtless, when every hour is dangerous
How soon can you—we—get away?

Mark looked at me in a cool, quizzical
way that puzzled me sorely; and said mus

ingly— Let me see: a week to settle some busi-Let me see: a week to set to see the see things in order here, and another to devote to the wed ding preparations that is a formight. The drasmakers will probably demand a der here, and another to devote te the wed ding preparations that is a formight. The dressmakers will probably demand a month, at least, but perhaps they can be induced to hurry; and—yes, dear, with good luck I think we may say we will start on our honeymoon in a fortnight.'

'Mark, are you mad? What do you mean?' I gasped; but he closed my lips with his, and then threw his head back, and laughed as I had never heard him laugh before.

'I mean,' he said, as soon as he could speak, 'that you are the sweetest and most foolish little woman in the world, and that I am as safe as you are.'

'What.—' I began; but he stopped me again, and drew me closer to him.

'Effrid, my dear little goose, did you think that I should have the audacity to tell you of my love, to ask you to be my wite, if I had crime oa my hands?'

What will you do?'

'I have written to her, of course,' Mark said. 'Poor little mother! the death will be only a relief to her. I have asked her to come and settle amongst us. She adopted me jonce; it is my turn to adopt her now.'

'Avonsmere is very large,' I said thoughtfully; 'couldn't you make room for her there?'

'That is a question that Avonsmere' mistress must decide, and I hope you remember that in a fortnight."

A silvery laugh sounded behind us, and my mother's face looked radiant.

'I coughed loudly twice,' she said, 'and this door creaks abominably; but—no, don't trouble to tell me, the stopath will be only a relief to her. I have asked her to come and settle amongst us. She adopted me jonce; it is my turn to adopt her now.'

'Avonsmere is very large,' I said thoughtfully; 'couldn't you make room for her there?'

'That is a question that Avonsmere' mistress must decide, and I hope you remember that in a fortnight.

'I coughed loudly twice,' she said, 'and the death will be only a relief to her. I have asked her to come and settle amongst us. She adopted me jonce; it is my turn to adopt her now.'

tell you of my love, to ask you to wite, if I had crime on my hands?"

I looked up in the brown bonest eyes so near my own, and grew hot and shame struck to think I had ever doubted him; and yet—
'What does it mean?' I asked bewilder

struck to think I had ever doubted him; and yet—

'What does it mean?' I asked bewilder ed; and Mark led me to the sota, and sat himself down beside me.

'It is rather a long story,' he began, 'and I had come to day purposely to tell it you, since there is no more need for secrecy. I must commence by saying that Madame Dussel had the misfortune to marry a sooundrel—a man who a few years after their marriage was convicted of forgery, and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment. He managed to escape from goal and get abroad, but a year later he was found, and got killed in the struggle when they attempted to retake him.

'Unluckily, the mantle of his wickedness had tallen on his enly child Fritz and the boy showed himself a liar and dishonest almost from the cradle. He had run away from his home more than once in revenge for punishments, and on one occasion—when I had met him as I told you—I induced him to go back. It was then that I fell ill, and his mother nursed me, and would have had me stay with her; hut it was necessary that I should work, and as Fritz invariably got into some scrape if he was stationary for more than a month, we went off together and began a life of wide roaming that would have been perfection to me but for the constant werry of watching over Fritz and trying—sometimes by main force—to keep him in the straight path. Twice he escaped me and got himself into troubles that it took all my wits and money to get him out of. Two years ago he went home and declared his intention of settling dewn in his own country.

'I was detained in New Zealand, and t seems that in my absence Fritz went a great into the constant of the seems and got himself into troubles that it ook all my wits and money to get him out of. Two years ago he went home and declared his intention of settling dewn in his own country.

'I was detained in New Zealand, and t seems that in my absence Fritz went a great life.

DR. A. W. CHASE'S 25c. is sent direct to the diseased parts by the Improved Blower, Heals the ulcers, clears the air passages, stops droppings in the throat and permanantly cures Catarrh and Hay Fever. Blower free, All dealers, or Dr. A. W. Chasse Medicine Co., Toronto and Buffale.

deal to Friesich, and renewed acquaintance with several bad characters there, I went home shortly before your visit, and soon found that Fritz was likely to give me a fresh trouble. My dear Elfrid, what is the matter?

the matter?'

My face was buried in a sofa-cushion, and I was choking with remorseful tears.

'I know it all now, I sobbed. 'Fritz was the thief, and I dared to think—no, don't touch me, I don't deserve your love, and I shall never forgive myself.'

'But you forgave me a worse crime, and —and I hope I'm not unreasonable, Elfrid; but I should dearly like to throw that sofacushion ou: of the window.'

'Go on with your story.' I said severely, sitting up straight and dignified; and after a moment he continued—
'Neither Madame Dussel nor I had suspected that Fritz was concarned in the

pected that Fritz was concerned in the Friesich robbery. He had been home the day before your adventure, had hidden the silver, as you saw, until he could decide how to deal with it, and left early the next

morning.
'I rode over from a neighbouring town

'I rode over from a neighbouring town that afternoon in the rain, and got myself pretty wet, so put on the first dry coat I came across, which happened to be the one that Fri'z had borrowed the night before For the rest, we are about the same height and colour, and sufficiciently alike to bt easily mistaken one for the other.

'Your story was the first I had heard of the affair; but I saw at once what must have happened, and was thankful enough to be able to rectify it. I kept all this from you and begged your silence, because—well, because he was Fritz and Madame Dassel's son, though it was a little hard not Dassel's son, though it was a little hard not to speak when I tound out whom you sus-'How you must have hated me ! I exclaim

ed.

'I believe I did for a moment' he said candidly. 'But I told myself we should never meet again, and it couldn't matter so very much what you thought.

'And afterwards?' I insinuated.
'Atterwards I learned to love you, and couldn't resist the temptation to see if I could not win you in spite of what you believed—it you could love with the love that

lieved—it you could love with the love that forgives all 'I can never forgive myself,' I said

'I can never forgive myself,' I said again, 'for having once thought you a—' I could not say the word, but hid my shamed face in my hands.

Can't you, dear?' said Mark. 'And yet it is a thing I shall be proud of all my life. I never had much opinion of the love that depends on believing the dear one to be perfection. The best love is that which sees and knows all the faults and loves in spice.

perfection. The best love is that which sees and knows all the faults, and loves in spite of them. But I hyen't quite finished my story. Last week I had a letter from Fritz, who was in London, and intended coming here to see me; but he had fallen ill, and arkad me to go to him instead I found him in a high fever, and in spite of all the help I got, he died three days ago. I got home as quickly as I could, meaning to explain all to yeu at once, but you—'Yes, yes!' I interrupted; ,but do tell me about poor Madame Dussel. What will you do?'
I have written to her, of course,' Mark said. 'Poor little mother! the death will

plains itself; but what was that absurd speech I heard about a fortnight? In six months' time, perhaps, my dear children, but not a day before.'

He Knew What They Would Do.

Sir Charles Locock, who was the physician attending Queen Victoria at a certain period of her reign, was once commanded by Her Majesty to proceed to Berlin and report on the condition of her daughter, the Crown Princess. On the return trip, stop-ping at Dover for a hasty luncheon, he was enabled to snatch a glass of poor shery

enabled to snatch a glass of poor shery and a piece of questionable pork pie.

After the train had pulled out, and Sir Charles had been locked in his compartment, he began to feel drewsy and to fear that faintness was overtaking him. Immediately he thought to himself:

Taey will find me in a faint on the ffeor and bleed me for a fit, and I need all my blood to digest this pork pie.

Thereupon he hurriedly drew out his pencil, wrote on a piece of paper, and stuck it in the band of his hat. Then he resigned himself to the deep sleep that came upon him. He did not wake until the train had pulled into the London station, and still dazed by his slumber, he jumped into a carriage and was driven home.

The grins of the servants and the exclamation of his wife were followed by the inquiry from one of the children. 'O paps, what have you got in your hat?'

Then he remembered his experience on the train. Taking off his hat, he removed the large white paper on which he had scribbled this petition to the general public:

'Don't bleed me. It's only a fit of ind getion; rom eating some co