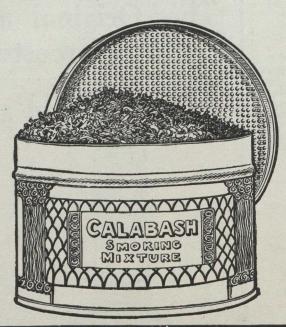
## CALABASH

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man as the highwaymen of other

man as the highwaymen of other times. She felt sure that she would be safe in his hands, so long as he had no great temptation to ill-treat her. "I am going to give Mr. Lowick three weeks in which to make up his mind," the Spaniard continued. "If at the end of that time he decides to keep his correct by shall carry it down with him of that time he decides to keep his secret, he shall carry it down with him to his grave. If he decides, on the other hand, to do as we wish, we shall detain you both here till we have made a large machine, and tested its efficiency. We shall then send you back safely to Europe."

"How are we to know that?" gueried

"How are we to know that?" queried oan. "It might suit your purpose to Joan. kill us, after you have gained possession of the secret."

sion of the secret."

The Spaniard flushed a dark red. "I have much on my conscience, madam," he said, harshly, "but I have never yet broken my word. Now, if you will come with me, I will conduct you to Mr. Lowick's residence. It is not all that one could wish for a gentleman of his position, but he is a prisoner of of his position, but he is a prisoner of war.

Joan Endermine rose, and the man Joan Endermine rose, and the man held open the door for her. As she passed him he looked hard at the profile of her face, and a hungry look came into his eyes. It was more than a year since he had even spoken to a woman.

(To be continued.)

The Social Whirl.—"What are her days at home?"

"Oh, a society leader has no days at home any more. Nowadays she has her telephone hours."—Smart Set.

All Bad.—"Yes; I have just done Europe." "Can you give me a list of hotels to go to?" "No; the best I can do is to give you a list of hotels to keep away from."—Louisville Courier-Lournal

The Hardy Scot.—Recently a first-year high-school pupil handed her history teacher what she evidently considered an exhaustive and final study of Lacedaemonian customs. In it she stated that one Spartan habit of strengthening youth was to compel the boys to sleep always on beds of this-

tles.
The incident reminds one of a story that is told of one of the Camerons of Lochiel.
The chief, when bivouacking with

his son in the snow, noticed that the lad rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. He thereupon rose and kicked it away, saying sternly, "No effeminacy, boy!"

\* \* \*

Not as Green as the Garden.— "Wombat must have made a garden

"Goes about it in an intelligent manner, does he?"
"Yes; he isn't promising his friends any vegetables."—Washington Her-

Respectability. — Dean Ramsay's story of the artist whose interest in the picturesque was thought out of place on the "Sawbath," recalls an anecdote told by Max O'Rell. Once when the genial Frenchman was staying with a friend in Edinburgh he took up his walking-stick preparatory to going out for a walk. But it was Sunday, and his host remonstrated. "Do you mind taking an umbrella?" he said. "It looks more respectable."

Death's Shining Mark.—Crawford: "Who was the man killed in the wreck?"

Crabshaw: "I don't know, but he'll be the fellow the coroner's jury will put the blame on."—Life.

The Viewpoint.—"Tell me about Spain, romantic Spain." "Well," said the motorist, "there are a few bad places as you come down the mountains, but in the main the roads are pretty good."—Washington Herald.

Doesn't Owe Much.—"Hear Dubbleigh over there bragging about his wife." "What's he saying?" "He's telling Brown that all he is he owes to her." "Humph! Do you call that bragging?"—Boston Transcript.