

# Sweet Miss Margery

"Hurston to me is the most beautiful place in the whole world," Stuart said involuntarily. "I love it."

"Ah, so do I!" cried the girl. "But then I am different." There was a slight pause, and she went on thinking of what he had just told her. "Then I was wrong when I said you had not worked—why, you helped to save the ship that stormy night, Mr. Stuart!"

Stuart smiled as the moved nearer and held out his hand.

"There is the mark of the cut from one of the ropes. Now you will give me credit for some good, Margery?"

The girl took the hand between her own two small brown ones. She bent her head to look at the scar, while, at the touch of her fingers, Stuart felt his whole being thrill and the last barrier that stood between himself and his love melt away.

"Yes—yes, I see," Margery said, gently. "Oh, Mr. Stuart, what pain you must have suffered!"

She raised her luminous eyes to him, their blue depths darkened almost to blackness at the thought of that terrible night at sea, and met the steady passionate gaze bent on her. Some new sense flooded her mind; in one second all her girlish innocences vanished, she knew that she was on the brink of a great wondrous event, though she could not guess what it was. She dropped Stuart's hand, and rose hurriedly.

"It is getting late; we must go," she declared. "Mother will want me." Stuart at once moved to her side. He took the sun-bonnet from her hand, and imprisoned the small fingers within his own.

"Margery," he said softly, "is mother the only one who wants you? Will you not stay with me? Ah, my darling," he cried, bending to catch her other hand and seeing the trembling lips and great wondrous startled eyes. "I have frightened you! You do not know—how could you? how much you have become to me. Margery, I did not mean to speak yet—I meant to wait, and let you love me, but your sweet face has urged me, and I can wait no longer. Margery, my own darling, I love you! Do you love me?"

Margery felt herself drawn into his strong arms. She looked up at him for one instant, then said softly—

"Love! What is love?"

"Love," cried Stuart, "is the greatest joy or the greatest pain. To love is to think, dream, live only for one person, to be happy when near them, lonely when away, ever longing to clasp their hand, listen to their voice, as I have done these past weeks, my own sweet dear one."

"Then—the color came vividly into the cream-white cheeks, the eyelids drooped and the graceful head was bent—

"Then I do love you, Mr. Stuart; but—"

"But!" interrupted Stuart, gathering her to his arms. "There is no 'but,' my darling, my very own! Oh, Margery, if you could know what happiness I feel! It is such peace after doubt and perplexity. See—just now you thought me mad and away, I give it to you again, my darling, yours to defend and tend you when you are my wife."

"Your wife?" faltered Margery; and she trembled—the suddenness, the sweetness of this news seemed to have taken all strength from her. She lay in an indescribable dream of happiness; Stuart's arms were round her, his eyes gazed into hers, his voice was whispering tenderly in her ear. She could not then grasp the full extent of her joy, she was dazzled by the passion and depths of his love.

"Yes, my wife, thank Heaven!" said Stuart, reverently raising one small hand to his lips.

"Margery, each day that has gone has linked me closer to you, try as I would, my love would not turn to you. There are storms in life, but I have gone on hurriedly, involuntarily drawing the slender form closer to him as he thought of his mother's anger—"there may be trials, battles to fight; but we will be firm and true in each other. If we have love, we shall be satisfied."

"My love will never, never die," Margery murmured slowly, drawing herself out of his arms. "But it is all so strange—you to love me! And—ah, what will madame say, Mr. Stuart? I don't know why, but I am sure she does not like me."

"Margery," and Stuart drew her back to him again and kissed the sweet lips—"we are pledged to each other, and none shall part us. Leave all to me, and it will come right. And now I have a lesson to teach you, my honey—I am Stuart, and Stuart only don't forget."

"I will not," she promised. She was silent for an instant, then said softly: "How good you are! I will try to be worthy of you. Something tells me, Stuart, that I am not a common village girl. You will know the truth perhaps some day, and then you will be proud of me."

"I shall never be prouder of you than I am now," cried the young man fervently. "I care not what you are—I love you; you shall be my wife!"

Margery raised her lovely eyes, eloquent in tenderness, to his, and then smiled.

"Our picnic is ended," she said, losing herself in his hold as he picked up her sun-bonnet; "the dogs are tired of waiting; we must go."

Stuart watched her pack her basket and tie on the simple headgear, his heart throbbing with pure passionate love. Hereforth, let come what might, this girl belonged to him—she was his very own.

"Margery," he said, as they stood together before starting, "this is the birth of our happiness. Remember, my darling, that you are now my wife, my very own. If I should ever gather, turn me and I will sweep them away."

Margery rested her hand for a moment on his shoulder.

"Stuart," she said steadily, "I was a girl an hour ago—I am a woman now. As you love me, dear, so I love you, and ever shall, though a world should stretch between us."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SUN was growing ruddy in its glory, filling the heavens with a radiant beautiful light. Margery parted with Stuart at the Weak gate, and urged by the wonder and fullness of her happiness, she turned back again to the spot henceforth engraved on her memory with a golden touch. She stood beneath the tree that had reared its branches over her unconscious head through the past hours, and her heart thrilled again and again at the thought of the marvelous treasure that had come to her. Stuart Crosbie loved her—loved her—Margery Daw—a girl without even a name to call her own! She covered her eyes with her hands, as if to shield them from the memory of his passionate glances. What had she ever done to deserve this happiness? Had not her soul murmured often, fretted beneath the cloud of mystery that hung over her? Ah, how wrong she had been! Even while she murmured a gift was coming to her, a gift beside which all else faded away and vanished. A sudden impulse moved the girl. She was alone; save for the occasional notes of the birds, the faint flutter of the leaves, there was not a sound to break the silence. On the very spot where she had stood when Stuart uttered his earnest, fervent vows she knelt and sent up words of thankfulness. Then she sunk upon the ground, and, nestling close to the tree, let her fancy wander to the future. She felt at times as if she could not be the Margery of the morning—so far away now—and she almost doubted whether it was not all a dream, till a sudden recollection of her lover's words—the memory of his words returned, and she knew it was a blissful reality.

The minutes slipped away, and it was not till the chiming of a distant clock fell on her ear that Margery began to realize how long she had sat and how late it was. She rose hurriedly and made her way through the wood to the path. She had her secret to whisper to the poor sick mother at home, and the thought lent speed to her feet. What joy she would bring to that tender heart! What happiness to share her new delights with such a one!

She ran down the hill, the ripple of the stream sounding in her ears like music, and approached the garden gate. A lady was seated in the cottage doorway, and as Margery was hurrying by the path, she rose and came to meet her. "Miss Lawson!" exclaimed Margery, in surprise.

"I have been waiting here nearly an hour," the governess returned; "your mother has been extremely unwell, and—"

"Mother ill!" exclaimed Margery, with a sudden pang. "Oh, let me go to her!"

Miss Lawson put a detaining hand upon the girl's arm.

"You must not disturb her; she has just dropped off to sleep. Reuben has just come from the city, and Mr. Carter is sitting in-doors to see to her."

Margery's face had grown very sad. "What is it?" she asked, in a low voice. "She was weak when I left her today, but not more than usual."

"She had a severe fit of coughing, and it brought on an attack of the hemorrhage again; it has stopped now, but it has left her very weak. You can do nothing just now, Margery; and I came purposely to talk to you."

Miss Lawson was a small thin woman with a quiet determined face, which from long contact with the world had grown almost stern; but there were gleams of warmth and kindness from the clear gray eyes and a touch even of tenderness about the mouth sometimes. Now, though she spoke in her keen dry way, there was an expression of kindness, almost affection, on her features as she looked at Margery. The girl turned back from the door at once.

"Shall I bring you a chair here, Miss Lawson?" she asked quietly. "This news of her mother's illness had fallen as a cloud on the brilliancy of her joy."

"No, come outside and stroll part of the way home with me," said Miss Lawson. "I have something of importance to say to you—indeed I have wanted to speak to you for several days past; but I had nothing very definite in my mind at the time. Today I have."

Margery followed the rectory governess down the path in silence.

"Margery," began Miss Lawson, abruptly, "have you ever thought about your future? Have you ever thought what will become of you when Mary Morris dies?"

The flush called up by the first sentence died away quickly, and Margery's face paled. She put her hand suddenly to her heart.

"Is she going to die so soon?" she murmured, involuntarily. "Oh, Miss Lawson, you do not think she will die soon?"

"It is impossible to say," returned the older woman, quietly. "Mrs. Morris has been gradually sinking all this summer; she may linger for months, or she may pass away at any moment. It is not her present illness that has caused me to speak; as I tell you, I have intended doing so for days past. I have considered it my duty to put matters clearly before you."

She paused for an instant. Margery's face was pained and sad; her heart was heavy with sorrow and dread; all sunshine seemed suddenly to have gone from her life, and for the moment, Stuart, her lover, was forgotten.

"Perhaps you will think me harsh," Miss Lawson went on, "when I say that I consider it time you begin to plan for your future life. Remember, you are now about seventeen, and in another year—indeed, now—should take upon yourself the responsibilities of life. Hitherto you have been tended and cared for by two women, Lady Coningham has owned her purse generously, poor Mary Morris has lavished the wealth of her whole heart on you; but now, when she is taken from you, you will have but Lady Coningham to fall back upon; and, unless I judge you wrongly, I think you will grow weary of your dependence, and long to be free. Don't think me unkind, child," continued Miss Lawson, putting a hand on the girl's slender shoulder.

"If I did not like you so much—if I did not know the good in your nature—I should not speak so plainly. But you must review your position. You are grown now almost to womanhood; you are educated above the level of many a girl of wealthier station; you have natural gifts that will aid you; and I say distinctly, you should shake yourself free, not with ingratitude, but with a sense of duty and independence. Believe me, Margery, in the long run you will be far happier."

"Yes, you are right," the girl assented. She had followed each word and had grasped the meaning instantly. Her natural pride was roused in one moment, and she felt a thrill of desire to add no more to her heavy debt of kindness—no, to be indeed free.

"Understand me—you must not turn suddenly and be selfishly murmuring over the past," urged Miss Lawson, who had been closely watching the girl. "Whatever happens, be grateful, Margery."

"I am—I am," cried Margery, "thankful to all, and to you, for you have done so much for me, and now you come to help me again!"

"As I shall always help you, I hope," returned the governess. "I know you would understand me, Margery—I felt you would be true to your nature. I waited only till I had something definite to propose before I spoke to you." She drew out a letter from her pocket as she finished. "You have heard me speak of my nephew, Mrs. Fothergill. This is from her. She has married a doctor in London, a man who is fast becoming celebrated as a specialist. I have written many times about you, and, when we have met, I have chatted to her, till she thoroughly realizes what you are. This letter came only this morning, and it contains something that I thought would just suit you."

"Yes!" said Margery simply.

Miss Lawson unfolded the letter.

"You have often heard me mention Lady Enid Walsh," she read, "the poor young creature whom John has been attending during the past year. I was sitting with her yesterday. She seems to have taken a fancy for me, and during our conversation she asked me to help her to find a companion. She has a lady with her now, an officer's widow; but she is not a pleasant woman, and they are going to part. I feel so sorry for Lady Enid, she is so young, so beautiful, and a cripple for life! She leads such an isolated existence!—for her aunt, Lady Merivale, at whose house she resides, is very old, and almost always confined to her room, and Lady Enid's only brother, the Earl of Court, is never in England. She welcomes me so warmly, and opens her heart to me! She told me that she would like a bright young girl for companion—if possible from the country. Lady Enid adores the country; but she is compelled to live in London to be near the doctors and under the so-called care of her aunt. Immediately she spoke of a country girl my thoughts flew to your mind, Margery. From your accounts I feel sure she is the very person to suit the poor young invalid. Do you think this could be managed? She would have a luxurious home, a really magnificent salary, and my very own love. Love Lady Enid—no one could help doing so. I half said I knew of some one, and she adopted the idea eagerly; so I hasten to write to you."

"The question is whether Margery would like the life. It would be dull, very dull; but Lady Enid is a most charming and intellectual companion, and very unselfish. I know you have been anxious about your pupil; and this seems such a wonderful chance that I can not help saying I shall be disappointed if it falls through. I suppose Lady Coningham would not object to her protegee's becoming independent? Write to her, and let me know what you think of my proposal; and, if you approve, try to arrange it as quickly as possible, as the widow lady leaves in a fortnight."

Miss Lawson folded the letter slowly, and put it back into her pocket. "That is all," she said quietly. "Now, Margery, it remains for you to express your feelings."

"It is so sudden," responded Margery faintly; her hands trembled together, and her face, hidden behind the flowing sun-bonnet, was perplexed, pained and troubled.

"What must she do? How could she leave Hurston, where every tree and stone is so precious to her? How could her heart be bound? Should she speak openly of her love at once, her future marriage with the young squire of Crosbie Castle? The words were on her lips and then she hesitated. Instinctively she felt that Miss Lawson would not approve of the engagement and she vividly recalled madame's unceasing dislike. No, she could not speak of it yet; it was so new, so strange; perhaps, after all, it might not be so bad. She would press her heart closely. She would leave all to him; he must speak out, she could not. And what then must she say to this proposal? Could she leave Hurston—go from the sun, which gave her being life into a lonely, strange world?—leave all that she knew and loved so well—the tiny cottage, the sweet-smelling woods and lanes, and the poor sick woman, a mother in all but truth? That last thought came as a golden gleam.

"Mother!" she said hurriedly, "I can not leave her."

"Then you renounce all thought of independence," she observed coldly, watching the girl's face with something like a frown on her own.

"I do not," replied Margery firmly. "I have listened to your advice, and I will take it; but I must first think of her. She will miss me, Miss Lawson—I know she will."

"Well," said Miss Lawson, after a pause, "that is true. It would be cruel to leave her now. I will write to my sister and thank her in your name, and explain why you refuse."

"You are not cross with me?" Margery murmured, putting out her hand suddenly.

"Cross? No, my child. I wish it might have been arranged; but you are right; it is your duty to stay with Mary Morris, and help to cheer her sad sunshine or shade, and can have a land-seape, seascapes or backyardscape to feast her eyes on at will."

"I will come to you," she said, simply, and the two women separated.

Margery hurried down the hill toward home. She felt weary, almost exhausted; it had been a day of extreme mental excitement. As she passed the woods and the stream, her thoughts went back to Stuart, and she felt again

"If I did not like you so much—if I did not know the good in your nature—I should not speak so plainly. But you must review your position. You are grown now almost to womanhood; you are educated above the level of many a girl of wealthier station; you have natural gifts that will aid you; and I say distinctly, you should shake yourself free, not with ingratitude, but with a sense of duty and independence. Believe me, Margery, in the long run you will be far happier."

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# For Skin Health

A lifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from improper treatment of the skin or neglect of simple skin affections. Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, affords the purest, sweetest and most economical method of caring for the complexion, preventing minor eruptions from becoming chronic, and speedily dispelling severe eczemas and other torturing humors, itching and irritations, from infancy to age.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by Druggists everywhere. For Free Booklet, send 2¢ stamp to Dept. Sales Dept., Boston, Mass. Mail free. Outlines Book on the care of skin and scalp.



the power of his love. Why should she have doubted him? Why not have spoken bravely of their love? Had he not said himself that storms might come, but he would face them all? To-morrow she would seek Miss Lawson, and, strong in the knowledge of Stuart's great honest heart, tell her all. Now she must hasten to the sick woman, and watch beside her with tender care and hope.

Stuart Crosbie strode home to the castle, feeling that he had left behind him everything that made life happy. His love for Margery had been growing slowly but surely during the past three months that had elapsed since his return home. Her beauty bewitched and enthralled him, her freshness and sweetness linked him still more strongly, her dauntless and natural refinement appealed to him through all. He knew there would be trouble, that his mother would denounce his choice; but his mind was so proud herself, would be firm as iron. Let all the world rage, Margery should be his wife. Though she was a pure, sweet girl? Were these worldly considerations stains on her fair character? No; his heart was given, his mind made up, and nothing should move him. He raised his head proudly at the thought, a look of determination on his face. He was armed for the fray; but while he gloried in his own strength, there came the thought of Margery's weakness. Would she brave the storm as he could? Would not the bitterness of his mother's anger, wound and humiliate her? His face softened. He must shield his sweet love from the fierceness of the battle, tenderly protect her from the cruel wind of harshness and coldness that would most assuredly greet her at Crosbie Castle.

(To be Continued)

House flies are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diarrhea, and the Bowels, etc. Every packet of Wason's Fly Pads will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

THEY WERE ALL "PILLS."

(Musical World.)

One of the fashionable East Side churches recently witnessed a funny incident at a choir rehearsal. They were preparing for the following Sunday morning a beautiful selection, the first words of which were "I Am a Pilgrim." It so happened that the music divided the word "Pilgrim," and made a pause after the syllable. The effect was most amusing. The soprano sang in a high key, "I am a Pil—" and stopped. The tenor acknowledged that he was a "Pil—" and when the bass came thundering in with a like declaration, "I am a Pil—" it was too much for the gravity of the singers, and they roared. No amount of practice could get them past the fatal pause without an outburst, and the piece had to be given up.

REVOLVING SUN-PARLOR.

A revolving sun-parlor mounted on ball bearings and operated at the touch of a button by electric motors, is being built to carry out the inventive ideas of Mrs. L. Z. Leiter at her summer home at Beverly, Mass. She can sunbath or shade, and can have a landscape, seascapes or backyardscape to feast her eyes on at will.

RATTLING THE SKELETON.

(Helen Sanders in Chicago Tribune.)

There was a young man from Chicago Who asked, "Where did Harry K. Thaw go?"

Have they tried him again? Is he still in the pen? And where did his pretty young squaw go?

# WIT AND HUMOR

HIS REAL REASON.

(Harper's Bazar.)

Daniel entered the lion's den. "Not that I care for the circus, myself," he explained, "it's just to take Johnny."

HIS QUICK CONCLUSION.

(Philadelphia Record.)

Sillucus-Bones says his wife is an angel. Cynicus-Why I never knew Bones was a widower.

BUT IT WON'T BE COMPULSORY.

(St. Paul Pioneer-Press.)

We will all be able to see the Corona as soon as the moving machine operators get home.

HIS PEEP AT ROYALTY.

(Detroit Free Press.)

"Did you ever gaze on royalty?" "Did you ever gaze on Mrs. B. and the chap who held it over two cards, too?"

SOME PROGRESS MADE.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

In New York people are worrying over the propriety of wearing detachable collars. The seamstress has settled the collared collar problem there.

MAY HAVE LOST IT SO.

(Toledo Blade.)

"Nature knew what she was doing when she deprived fishes of a voice." "How do you make that out?" "What if the fish were to cackle every time it laid an egg?"

CONSISTENCY.

(Teller.)

Jones (filling in the census paper)—And what is your age, Aertina? "Married," said the old maid. "I say I was when I came here."

ANSWERED.

(Puck.)

Teacher—And why should we begin at the foot of the ladder? "Willie—So if any of the guys at the top fall, we'll be near enough to get 'em on the laugh when they hit the bottom."

FACT AND FANCY.

(Life.)

Howard—Do you intend cultivating a garden? "Coward—No. That would forever deprive me of the joy of reading and believing in these beautiful seed catalogues."

THE BRUTE.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)

"John, I listened to you for half an hour last night while you were talking in your sleep." "Thanks, dear, for your self-restraint."

PROGRESS.

(The Tribune.)

Lady—And did you make your congregation give up cannibals? "Missionary (suppressing a grin)—Not quite; but after much trouble I persuaded them to use knives and forks."

PROBABLY.

(Judge.)

"Now they claim that the human body contains sulphur." "In what amount?" "Oh, in varying quantities." "Well, that may account for some girls making better matches than others."

HOW WILLIE WON.

(Boston Transcript.)

Mother—Did you do as I told you at Mrs. Winters', and not ask the second time for pie? "Willie—Yes, ma. I didn't have to ask only once. I got the first piece 'bout asking."

THE COOL PART.

(Houston Post.)

"Do you think he would be cool in time of danger?" "I think his feet would."

THE EGOTIST.

(Harper's Bazar.)

"Thinks he's in the same class with Abraham Lincoln, does he?" "Yes, and evidently expects a promotion."

SOME SACRIFICE.

(Philadelphia Inquirer.)

Jenny—Jack, you ought to make some sacrifice to prove that you love me. What will you give up when we are married? "Jack—I'll give up being a bachelor."

A FIXTURE.

(Harper's Bazar.)

Mistress—Are you sure you'll stay with us, Bridget? "Cook (on her hundredth day)—Faith an' I will. Don't you suppose I know an aisy mark when I see wan?"

HER SACRIFICE.

(Life.)

Madge—What is today's ambition in life? "Marjorie—She hopes to marry a millionaire and save him from the disgrace of being a dink rich."

RAPID PROGRESS.

(Chicago News.)

"Minnie," called the mother of a four-year-old who was dressing, "haven't you got your shoes on yet?" "Yes, mamma," answered Minnie, "all but one."

THEY GO WITH THE FARM.

(Louisville Courier-Journal.)

"What's the matter? Made an election bet to let your whiskers grow?" "No, but I dashed 'em out till fall. It would be a big disappointment to the summer boarders not to have some whiskers on the place to make jokes about."

WITH SAUCE.

(Boston Transcript.)

Peck—Before we were married my wife swallowed everything I said. "Beck—How is it now?" "Peck—Now she often makes me eat my own words."

BOUNDED INVITING.

(Boston Transcript.)

Editor—This is the most inviting manuscript Penley has ever sent us. Assistant Editor—What is it? "Editor—A poem beginning, 'Come and drink with me.'"

RESEMBLANCES.

(Washington Star.)

"We are but pawns in the game of life," said the serious woman. "Fudge—What's the additional game? But those of us who wear hobble skirts look more like cribbage pawns."

AS USUAL.

(Lippincott's Magazine.)

Jokeley—I got a batch of aeroplane jokes ready and sent them out last week. "Fudge—What luck did you have with them?" "Jokeley—Oh, they all came flying back."

DEMORALIZED.

(Washington Star.)

"You disapprove of poetry?" "Yes, sir," replied Farmer Centennial. "Shan't any more of it come into my house. The hired man's been reading about dandelions and buttercups an' daisies till I can't get him to pull up a weed."

# WEAK STOMACHS MADE STRONG

Through Tonic Treatment With Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

After all has been said about indigestion and stomach trouble, there is only one way to get a real cure. The stomach must be made strong enough to do its own work. Indigestion disappears when the stomach has been made strong enough to digest ordinary plain food. This strength can only be given the stomach through the tonic treatment supplied by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which enrich the blood, strengthen the nerves and thus enable the stomach to perform the duties which nature intended it should.

In every neighborhood you can find people who have been cured of indigestion, or other stomach troubles after a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this is the best proof that they are the one remedy to successfully do this. Mr. D. B. McLean, Sterling, N. S., says: "For a couple of years I suffered very much from indigestion with most of the accompanying painful symptoms. As a result I became very much run down, and as the medicine I tried did not give me any relief I grew melancholy and unhappy, and felt as though my constitution was breaking down. Quite accidentally my attention was called to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I decided to try them, and I am happy to say that they effected a complete cure, and made my stomach as strong as ever it had been. I am glad to say a few words in praise of the medicine that cured me, and I hope my experience will benefit some other sufferer."

Enrich the blood and you banish most of the every day ailments of humanity, and you can enrich it quickest and best by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

THE CENSUS MAN.

(Toronto Star.)

He asked me did I have a vote, and were my children grown, and I was a green-eyed census man who paused before my dog.

And when I came he asked me things I'd never been asked before, and did I ever have the pip, and were my teeth my own, and had I married more than once, and was I married yet, and was my wife a red-haired blonde or was she a brunette, and did I ever take a drink, and did I ever smooch on my neck, and was my father fair, and did I keep Thomas seat and were my boys all girls, and did I ever wear a wig and were those real curls?

And then he touched on baseball lore, and asked was I a fan, and had I seen the Jordan's leg, and did I like their plan, and then he reigned his eye upon his lengthy list, He asked was I a Protestant, or just a Methodist, and had I ever been in jail, and if I hadn't, why, and if I used much squareface gin, or lager beer and rye, and did I ever cut my corns, or ever take a bath, and did I owe the landlord much, but here I rose in wrath, and with a club I swatted him, and broke his blooming neck, and "Now you will bother no one else," I loudly said, "By heck!"

And if you in my garbage can should cast a wary eye, You'll see what census man's remains just where I let him lie.

The female house fly lays from 120 to 150 eggs at a time, and these mature in two weeks. Under favorable conditions the descendants of a single pair will number millions in three months. Therefore all housekeepers should commence using Wilson's Fly Pads early in the season, and thus cut off a large proportion of the summer crop.

KING GEORGE'S DIFFICULT TASK.

(N. Y. Journal of Commerce.)

The occupant of the British throne has one of the most trying positions in the world. At this period of our history, the limits of constitutional sovereignty, and must constantly remember that his function is to reign and not to govern. But neither must he forget as ministers come and go and parties rise and fall, that he is the only stable representative of the State. There is