

"Villain!" cried Walter Somerset, the village blacksmith, as he laid his sturdy hand on the shoulder of the earl and flung him prostrate to the ground. "Wretch, who would'st creep like an unhallowed vampire into the home of innocence to nip it in the bud. Avaunt, or I'll"—And he clasped the fainting and dishevelled maiden in his stalwart embrace. 'Tis ever thus.

### CHAPTER III.

BY ROBERT TYSON.

"How fortunate," said Walter, "that I happened to be passing by on my way to the meeting of the Single Tax Association in time to frustrate yon titled miscreant's foul design."

"I am greatly obliged," said Mabel. "But what is the Single Tax Association?"

"Our object," said Walter, "is to appropriate to public uses the unearned increment which goes to distend the coffers of the wealthy. The land belongs to all—but owing to its having been monopolized by a few, the masses are continually growing poorer. If we could impose a tax equivalent to the yearly value of the land upon all real estate owners it would give all an even chance. I trust that this explanation will bring the subject within the comprehension even of the dullest mind."

"Thank you for the compliment," said Mabel, sarcastically.

### CHAPTER IV.

BY R. W. PHIPPS.

Lord Dungarvan strode moodily away. As he passed along the concession line he noticed that the country had been cleared of most of its timber. "We manage things better at 'ome," he murmured. "We understand the necessity of preserving the timber in order to modify the climate. Deforestation is always followed by national ruin and decay. Happy is the country where the laws of forestry are properly regarded and the foliage of plenteous woodlands diversifies the landscape."

I may add that my annual Forestry report containing a good deal of useful information on this subject will shortly be issued.

### CHAPTER V.

BY SANJONES.

Night fell on the scene, also on the unseen. In the



NOT ELIGIBLE.

SOL WHITE—Your Majesty, you have inadvertently overlooked my claim for a knighthood. I also am an Annexationist."

HER MAJESTY—But you have never signed a Manifesto, have you?"

[Mr. White is crushed.]



### REVISED VERSION.

MINISTER—"Do you go to Sabbath school, my little man?"

YOUNG CORNELIUS—"Yes, sah."

MINISTER—"When the prodigal son came home what did his father do to welcome him?"

YOUNG CORNELIUS—"Cut a watermelon, I 'spect."

distance glimmered the camp-fires of the Algonquins. The life of an Indian, as compared with ours, is intense—very much in-tents. With a muttered curse the earl turned into a neighboring tavern. Singular metamorphosis! Thus, by a neat touch of the supernatural is he finally disposed of.

Mabel readily became the bride of Walter. They live happy and contented with their 50 x 120 lot, but will shortly erect a new house. The old log shanty which, in its day, was the pride of the clearing, will be utilized as a clearing-house.

The Algonquin maiden was exposed as a fraud by Miss Pauline Johnson, and quitted the neighborhood in disgust. She did not have money enough to go in a Pullman car.

So wags the world away!

THE END.

### SCANDAL IN HIGH LIFE.

MR. BUMPUS—"The papers have a very interesting account of the visit of the Grand Duke Constantine to Nancy."

MRS. BUMPUS—"Yes, the interviewers expose all such goings-on now, and quite right too. I hope the Grand Duchess will make it lively for the wretch when he gets home."