

Sophy of Kravonia by ANTHONY HOPE Author of "The Prisoner of Zenda" Copyright, 1909, Anthony Hope Hawkins

Markart understood them very well. There was no need of Stanfutz's mocking little smile to point the meaning. Markart was to be Lepage's jailer; most civil and considerate form he was made as close a prisoner as the man he guarded. Evidently Stanfutz had come to the conclusion that he could not ask Markart to put too great a strain on his conscience. The general, secondly, seemed very kindly disposed toward him and was, indeed, almost apologetic.

"I've every hope that this responsible and, I fear, very irksome duty may last only the few hours of the day. Under the best of a personal obligation by undertaking it, my dear Markart."

In the absence of any choice Markart saluted and answered, "I understand my orders, general."

Stanfutz interposed, "Captain Sterkoff is also aware of their purport."

Stanfutz looked vexed. "Yes, yes, but I'm sure Markart himself is quite enough." It seems odd that in the midst of such a transaction as that in which he was engaged Stanfutz should have found leisure or heart to care about Markart's feelings. Yet so it was—a curiously human touch creeping in. He shut Markart up not under the strongest sense of necessity and with great reluctance. Probably Stanfutz had insisted in the private conversation which they had held together, Markart had shown such evident signs of flinching over the job proposed for Captain Hercules!

Lepage's heart was wrung, but his spirit was not broken. Stanfutz's ironical smile called an answering one to his lips.

"I would console my feelings if I also were put in charge of somebody, general," he said. "Shall I, in my turn, keep an eye on Dr. Natchez or report if the captain here is remiss in the duty of keeping himself a prisoner?"

"I don't think you need trouble yourself, M. Lepage. Captain Sterkoff will relieve you of responsibility." To Lepage, too, Stanfutz was gentle, urbane, almost apologetic.

"And how long am I to live, general?"

"You're in the enviable position, M. Lepage, of being able, subject to our common mortality, to settle that for yourself. Come, come, we'll discuss matters again tomorrow night or the following morning. There are many men who prefer not to do things, but will accept a thing when it's done. They're worse to you than give you the opportunity of being one of them. I think you'll be prudent to take it. Anyhow, don't be angry. You must remember that you've given us a good deal of trouble."

"Between us we have killed the king."

Stanfutz waved his hands in a commiserating way. "Practical men mustn't spend time in lamenting the past," he said.

"Nor in mere conversation, however pleasant," Stanfutz broke in, with a laugh. "Captain Markart, march your prisoner to his quarters."

His smile made the order a mockery. Markart felt it, and a hatred of the man rose in him. But he could do nothing. He did not lead Lepage to his quarters, but followed sheepishly in his prisoner's wake. They went together into the little room where Lepage slept.

"Close quarters, too, captain," said the valet. "There is but one chair. Let me put it in your service." He himself sat down on the bed, took out his rance and began to roll himself a cigarette.

Markart shut the door and then threw himself on the solitary chair in a heavy dependency of spirit and a confused condition of feelings. He was glad to be out of the work, yet he resented the manner in which he was put inside. There were things going on in which it was well to have no hand. Yet was there not a thing going on in which every man ought to have a hand on one side or the other? Not to do it, but to be ready to accept it when done? He was enough of a soldier to feel that there lay the worst, the meanest thing of all. Not to do it, but to do it to profit by the doing! Stanfutz had used the words to Lepage, his prisoner. By making him in effect a prisoner, too, the general showed that he applied them to the captain also. Any thing seemed better than that—any thing would be better to ride to Praslak behind Captain Hercules! In that adventure a man might, at least, risk his life!

"An odd world!" said the valet, puffing out his cigarette smoke. "Honest men for prisoners and murderers for jailers! Are you a prisoner or a jailer, Captain Markart?"

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not find out for himself what had happened in the palace, were his opponents bound to tell him? In fact, given that an attempt to change the succession in your own interest was not a crime, but a legitimate political enterprise, the rest followed.

Except Stanfutz! It was difficult to swallow Stanfutz. There was a mixture of ingenuity and brutality about that move which not even Kravonian notions could easily accept. If Stanfutz had gone—say, if he himself had been sent—probably Markart's conscience would not have rebelled. But to send Captain Hercules—that was cogging the dice! Yet he was very angry that Stanfutz should have deceived his feelings and shut him up. The general distrusted his courage as well as his conscience. There lay the deepest hurt to Markart's vanity. It was all the deeper because in his heart he had to own that Stanfutz was right. Not only the brass conscience was lacking, but also the iron nerve.

Getting no answer to his unpleasantly pointed question, Lepage relaxed into silence. He stood by the window, looking out on the lawn which sloped down to the Krath. Beyond the river the lights of Slavna glowed in the darkening sky. Things would be happening in Slavna soon. Lepage might well look at the city thoughtfully. As a fact, however, his mind was occupied with one problem only—where was Zerkovitch and how could he get at him? For Lepage did not waver. He had taken his line.

Presently, however, his professional instincts seemed to reassert themselves. He opened a cupboard in the room and brought out a clean pair of sheets, which he proceeded to arrange on the bed. Busy at his task, he paused to smile at Markart and say, "We must do the best we can, captain. After all, we have both camped, I expect here's the bed for you—you'll do nicely."

He went back to the cupboard and lugged out a mattress. "And this is for me—the shakedown on the floor which I use when I sleep in the king's room—or did use," should say. In my judgment, captain, it's comfortable to go to bed on the floor. At least one can't fall!"

It was 8 o'clock. They heard the outer door of the suit of rooms open and shut. A man was moving about in the next room. If they could judge by the sound of his steps he also paid Dr. Natchez a brief visit. They heard the clink of dishes and of glass.

"Dinner!" said Lepage. "Ah, that's not unbecomingly! Have I permission?" Markart nodded, and he opened the door. On the table in the sitting room was a savory dish, bread and two bottles of wine. Captain Sterkoff was just surveying the board he had spread, with his head on one side. There was nothing peculiar in that. His head was permanently stuck on one side—a list to starboard—since the day when the lamp had injured the vertebrae of his neck. But the attitude, together with his beaked nose, made him look like a particularly vicious parrot. Markart saw him through the open door and could not get the resemblance out of his mind.

"Supper, gentlemen!" said Sterkoff, with malevolent mirth. "The doctor can't join you. He's a little upset and keeps his bed. A good appetite, I trust not to be obliged to disturb you again tonight."

Markart had come in by now, but he was too surly and sore to speak. Without a word he plumped down into a chair by the table and rested his chin on his hands, staring at the ceiling.

It was left to Lepage to bow to Sterkoff and to express thanks. Then he broke into a laugh.

"They must think it odd to see you carrying fishes and bottles about the palace, captain!"

"Possibly," agreed Sterkoff. "But, you see, my friend, what they think in the palace doesn't matter very much, so long as none of them can get outside."

"Oh, they none of them spend the evening out?"

"Would they wish to when the king has an attack of influenza and Dr. Natchez is in attendance? It would be unfeeling, Lepage!"

"Horribly, captain! Probably even the sentries would object?"

"It's possible they would," Sterkoff agreed again. He drew himself up and saluted Markart, who did not move or pay any attention. "Good night, Lepage!" He turned to the door. His head seemed more cocked on one side than ever. Lepage bade him "Good night" very respectfully, but as the key turned in the door he murmured longingly, "Ah, if I could knock that ugly mug the rest of the way off his shoulders!"

He treated Markart with no less respect than he had accorded to Sterkoff. He would not hear of sitting down at table with an officer, but insisted on handing the dish and uncorking the wine. Markart accepted his attentions and began to eat languidly, with utter want of appetite.

"Some wine, captain. Some wine to cheer you up in this tiresome duty of guarding me!" cried Lepage, picking up a bottle in one hand and a glass in the other. "Oh, but that very necked fellow has brought you a dirty glass! A moment, captain! I'll wash it."

And off he bounded—not even waiting to set down the bottle—into the little room beyond.

His brain was working hard now,

marshaling his resources against his difficulties. The difficulties were thirty feet to fall, Sterkoff's sentries, the broad open spaces of the Krath, even in normal times there was always a sentry on the bridge—then the search for Zerkovitch in Slavna. His resources were a mattress, a spare pair of sheets and a pair of drawers.

Dr. Natchez had prescribed for the king. "It's very unfortunate, but I've not the least notion how much would kill him," thought Lepage, as he poured the medicine—presumably a strong sedative—into the wineglass, and filled up with wine from the bottle Sterkoff had provided. He came back, holding the glass aloft with a satisfied air. "Now it's fit for a gentleman to drink out of," said he, as he set the glass on the table. The captain took it up and swallowed it at a draft.

"Ugh! Coked, I think! Beasty, anyhow!" said he.

Captain Markart thought he would smoke his cigar in the little room, lying on the bed. He was tired and sleepy—very sleepy, there was no denying it. Lepage sat down and ate and drank. He found no fault with the wine in the bottle. Then he went out and looked at Markart. The captain lay in his shirt, breeches and boots. He was sound asleep and breathing heavily. His cigar had fallen on the sheet, but apparently had been out before it fell. Lepage reached him with purposeful strides, shrugged his shoulders and slipped the captain's revolver into his pocket. The captain's recovery must be left to fate.

For the next hour he worked at his pair of sheets, mending, twisting and splicing. In the end he found himself possessed of a fairly stout rope twelve or thirteen feet long, but he could find nothing solid to tie it to near the window except the bed, and that was a hard way. He would still have fall of twenty feet, and the ground was hard with a spring foot. There would be need of the mattress. He put out all the lights in the room and cautiously raised the window.

The night was clear. He could not see the ground. He stood there ten minutes. Then he heard a measured tramp. A dark figure, just distinguishable, came around the corner of the table, walked past the window, and the end of the building, turned, walked back and disappeared. Hurriedly Lepage struck a match and took the time. Again he waited; again the figure came. Again he struck a light and took the time. He waited through this process five times before he felt reasonably sure that he could rely on having ten minutes to himself if he started the moment Sterkoff's sentry had gone about the corner of the building.

He pulled the mattress up on to the sill of the window and waited. There was no sound now but of Markart's stertorous breathing, but presently the sentry came. He was dressed in a low case, passed, turned and passed away. Lepage gave a last tug at the fastenings of his door, slipped the mattress and dropped it very carefully as straight down as he could. "I wish I knew the safest way to fall!" thought Lepage, dangling at the end of his rope. It swayed about terribly, but he waited awhile for it to steady itself—he feared to miss the mattress—but he could not wait long or that measured tramp and that dark figure would come. There would be a crash and a light and a report, and that of Lepage then. He hatched his legs up behind his knees, took a long breath—and fell. As luck would have it, though he landed on the very edge of the mattress, yet he did land on it and tumbled forward on his face, shaken, but with bones intact. There was a numb feeling about his knees—nothing worse than that.

He drew another long breath. Heavy boots and even mattresses fall on one's feet! He must have seven or eight minutes yet!

But not heavy bodies, even mattresses, falling quickly, make a noise. Lepage, too, had come down with a crash, and he had hidden air out of the interstices of the mattress. The silence of night will give resonance to gentler sounds than that, which was as though a giant had squeezed his mighty sponge.

The steps came, not measured now, but running. The dark figure came running around the corner. What next? Next the challenge—then the spurt of light and the report! What of Lepage and the rest of humanity for certainty knew.

Of that nothing, actual or possible, Lepage did not approve. He hit the mattress on to his back, bent himself nearly double and, thus both burdened and protected, made for the river. He must have looked like a turtle scurrying to the sea lest he should be turned over and so left for soup in due season.

"Who goes there?" halted Halt!

The spurt of light—the report! There was a hole in the mattress, but well above Lepage's head. Indeed, it hit all his bones, and most likely to be in the neck. That vital portion of him was tucked away too carefully. He presented a broader aim, but the mattress masked him nobly. There was another shot—the northwest corner of the mattress this time—but the mattress on the river's edge. The next instant it was floating on the current of the Krath, and Sterkoff's sentry was indulging in some very pretty practices at it. "What is it every time until the sentry current carried it around the bend and out of sight."

(To be continued)

"I can marry a rich girl whom I do not love on a penniless girl whom I love dearly. Which shall it be?"

"Follow the dictates of your heart, my boy, and be happy."

"Any boy, any girl, any—would you mind introducing me to the other one?"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Not His Business.

"Pow! full fertile country down there in Texas," said the colonel. "Yes, seh! I know, I know spots down there where the trees grow so close together that you-all couldn't shove your hand between them trunks. And game, seh! Why, seh, I've seen Pehngyah dead in those same forests with antlers eight feet spread! Yes, seh!"

At this point, some middle-aged idiot mistaking the colonel for such a deer, managed to get their antlers between such tree trunks.

"That seh," said the colonel, drawing himself up with squealing dignity, "is thob business."—Everybody's Magazine.

Women vote! Never, sir, with my consent.

"Why not?"

"What! And have my wife losing 130 hats to other women on the election?"—Boston Transcript.

Minard's Liniment for sale everywhere.

When I was in the East I met with many begging derishes.

B—I thought they called them howling derishes.

A—Thee's what they become when you don't give them anything—Meg and her derishes.

Mr. P. Cook Cooked—May I offer you this nice fat anglo-worm, Miss Lehorn?

Miss Lehorn—Thank you so much, but Dr. Quaker's has told me to keep on a light diet, so I'm eating nothing but glow worms and fireflies.

Chicago News.

An old gentleman was playing with his little granddaughter one day, when he noticed that most of his hair was gone.

"Grandpa," she queried earnestly, "why don't you wear a switch?"

Chicago News.

Proof Positive—Little Ted, seven years old, was sent to the bathroom or a "good scrub" before dinner, but returned so excitedly that his mother declared he couldn't positively have washed himself. He replied: "Truly I did, mother, and if you don't believe it you can just go and look at the owl."

The Delinquent.

The Wise Mother.

Doctors Baby Wisely.

Nowadays wise mothers do not dose their children with nauseous, griping, aster-oil or purgatives, nor do they give them poisonous opiates in the form of soothing medicines. Baby's troubles take the place of the harsh and dangerous drugs, and the mother has the guarantee of a government analyst that the tablets are absolutely safe, and will cure all stomach and bowel troubles, destroy worms, break up colds and make teething easy.

Mrs. Thos. Craft, Binsworth, Kan., says: "I have used Baby's Own Tablets for constipation and teething troubles, and do not know of any other medicine that can equal them in safety and satisfaction."

Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Stockville, Ont.

First Goller—Who's the turf rover?

Second Goller—He's an actor—plays he grave digger in "Hamlet."

First Goller—Wish he'd find some there else to rehearse.—Funch.

A Pleasant Purgative.—Parnelle's Vegetable Pills are so compounded as to operate on both the stomach and the bowels, so that they act long the whole alimentary and excretory system, but mildly purgative in their work, but mildly purgative, and the pleasure of taking them is only equalled by the gratifying effect they produce. Compounded only of vegetable substances the cumulative qualities of which were fully tested they afford relief without chance of injury.

"Pa, what is a sure thing?"

"One sure thing, my boy, is that upper will be late on the afternoon your mother's card club meets."—Detroit Free Press.

Minard's Liniment Co., Limited.

Gentle—A customer of ours cured a very bad case of distemper in a valuable horse by the use of MINARD'S LINIMENT.

Yours truly, VILANDIE FRERES.

Miss Hunt—I didn't know that Miss Flash was a college graduate, did you?

Miss Hunt—To be sure I did. She is one of the alumnae of Vassar.

Lifebuoy Soap is delightfully refreshing for Bath or Toilet. For washing underclothing it is unequalled in cleanliness and purities.

Rooster's Five-year-old—Papa!

Rooster—Yes, my child, what's the matter?

R's P-Y-O.—What's a "fan" for?

R.—A fan, my child, is something to make you cool.

R's P-Y-O.—After a few moments' "ho-ho-ho"—Papa!

R.—Yes, my child.

R's P-Y-O.—Didn't you tell me the other day that you were at the ball game and that a "fan" made you hot?

—Buffalo Express.

What a Storm Costs.

It has been calculated that a rainy day makes a difference of over \$5,000,000 to shopkeepers in the West End of London on one day. While nearly all classes of tradesmen are grumbling and groaning, the tobacconist, however, cheerfully rubs his hands. The rain increases his takings by about 15 per cent.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 77, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment, with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the cause are in her. This treatment also cures adults and aged people troubled with urine difficulties 75 days or night.

Telling the Truth.—Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that?

Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other.—Judge.

"Now," said Miss De Playne to the artist, "I want you to make as pretty a picture of me as you possibly can."

"Oh, I'll attend to that," replied the portrait painter. "When I get the finishing touches on you won't know yourself."—Chicago News.

Pupil—They say Tony's injuries were the result of a practical joke.

Professor—Yes, the chemist told him that a big, burly fellow in the smoking-room was dead and dumb, and Tony walked over to him with a sweet smile and told him he was a bally fool.

Pupil—Well?

Professor—The man wasn't dead and dumb.—Illustrated Bits.

Why Stanfield's Make Underwear

UP to 20 years ago, most everyone considered that all Underwear—no matter how well cut and made—would shrink and harden.

In those days, the makers were working on the wrong idea. They were trying to find a way to finish Underwear so that it would not shrink, instead of trying to find a way to get the shrink out of the wool before the yarn went to the knitting machines.

The late C. E. Stanfield—who knew wool as only a man can know it who studies it from the sheep's back to the wearer's back—gave his attention to the problem for years.

Living in Nova Scotia, he soon realized that woolen underwear, and the best of the Canadian against the rigorous Canadian Winter. He found that as underwear was then made, he could not make woolen underwear that would not shrink, mat and harden. He devoted himself to this problem and after many years of experimenting, he finally discovered a method by which he could take the shrink out of the wool before the garments were knitted.

This method, improved and perfected, has made possible the immense business of Stanfield's Limited, with a larger output of their special classes of Underwear than any other factory in Canada.

The Stanfields make underwear today because Canadian people find Stanfield's Underwear the most comfortable, the most durable, and the warmest for its weight.

The Stanfields are making more underwear every year because the buying public demands more of it. Popularity is a good test of quality.

In a standard weight—Light (Red Label), Medium (Blue Label) and Heavy (Black Label) and 17 other weights and qualities to suit the needs and requirements of every man and woman.

The best dealers everywhere handle Stanfield's Underwear. Catalogue showing styles, and sample of fabric, sent free for your address.

Stanfield's Limited, TRURO, N.S.

A SCRAP BOOK.

To Be Useful It Must Be Arranged With System.

The scrap book habit, provided it is not carried to excess, is invaluable. For reference nothing takes its place, as it has an advantage over other compilations in that it is usually arranged along lines that peculiarly appeal to the owner.

A scrap book to be useful must be arranged with system. A hodge-podge of information defeats the purpose of the book. It is well to have smaller books than are usually used both because a scrap book is more valuable if it treats of but one class of subjects.

Be careful in selecting a scrap book that it opens out flat and is well bound. It is a mistake to get one with a flimsy cover or poor paper that crinkles with pasting. Many books that these are more expensive than ordinary kinds and sometimes fails to stick.

A good photographer's paste is the best means of mending it sticky and not lasting and flour paste sours. Have a broad brush to apply the paste and put it on thinly enough not to get lumpy.

There will be less danger of pages sticking together if, after a clipping is pasted in, a thick paper or piece of muslin is put over it and pressed with a moderately hot iron. This makes the pages lock neater and flatter.

Even where a book is devoted to one class of subjects the clippings should be grouped in subdivisions, and an index should be placed in the front of the book. While the pasting is not alphabetic and paged, it should be done by hand. The alphabetizing may be omitted, but the paging never.

It saves much time in making a scrap book if each clipping is carefully trimmed as it is cut out. It should be pasted at once; to let it lie around for some convenient time means to lose it possibly or to have the edges curl so that it is doubly hard to paste.

There should be a censorship of clippings though it is self imposed it is not worth while to cumber the book with information which has no definite value or is of only passing interest. To cut out everything one reads that attracts for the moment is to c