

"It made you queer for a moment," resumed Lavarick. "You could have taken your oath that you'd stuck it intaken your oath that you a store to have side your bosom, you know. But it wasn't there. Then you began to hunt about. I suppose you'd lost your head— it was enough to upset anybody—for you looked in all sorts of corners, as if you might have thrust it anywhere, as if the old man might have got out of bed and hidden it while you were outside. You were out of the room quite long enough for him to have done so, if he'd had the strength, and there's things that had the strength, and there's things that will make even a dying man desperate and give him strength to do what one 'us think he was incapable of doing. That's how you put it, I dare say, for you hunted everywhere. But you couldn't find it. It was clean gone as if you had burned it."

you had burned it." He stopped as if expecting Jordan to speak, but Jordan remained silent, his brow knit, his eyes challenging Lavar-ick's expected once

ck's crooked ones. "Just then_after you'd been searching for about a quarter of an hour-I heard footsteps outside. I knew they'd nab stayed where I was, or if I went me if I stayed where I was, or if I went down. I'd got to come into the room-and I came." He laughed grimly. "I thought you'd have a fit when you saw me open the window and slip inside. You looked worse than you looked when I came in just now, and that's saying a good deal. Of course you'd have given me up, but I had this little friend here," and he tapped the table with his revoland he tapped the table with his revol-ver-"and that kept you quiet for a minute till I explained that I'd heard you and the old man, and that if you of ered to give me up I'd split on you." Jordan bit his lips, but remained si-

lent. "You were always a cool one, and you "You were always a cool one, and you pulled yourself together after a minute or two. It didn't take long to persuade you that the best thing you could do was to hide me in the cupboard there, get me a suit of your own clothes, and give me money enough to clear out of the country with. 'Once he's out of the way, thought you, 'he won't date to come back!' And you were right, Sir Jordan—up to a point. I left the house next morning quite free and open-like;; they took me for one of the undertaker's men, I expect; there was all sorts of people coming and going, and I looked such a perfect gentleman, such a respect your togs, that even if that idiot Trale ...ad seen me he wouldn't have known me." And he laughed with keen enjoyment. "I got off clear and never in-tended to come back, but" — he paus-ed, and his face darkened — "well, I got sick for one thing, and _____"

homesick for one thing, and——" "You thought you could blackmail me," said Jordan. "You are a fool. I have listened patiently to your farrago of nonsense and absurdity, listened far of nonsense and absurdity, listened far more patiently than a judge or jury would do. Yes, you are are a fool. Who do you think would believe this covk-and-bull story of a second will? A story told by an escaped convict!" he laughed contemptuously. "No such will ever ex-isted except in your fertile imagination; the whole story is a concoction worthy of a scoundrel who committed a clever orgery and escaped from prison, a well-known eriminal, whom it is my duty to

hand over to the police-"" Lavarick eyed hi msideways with an evil leer. "I'm a fool, am I?" he said. "I dare

say; but I'm not half such a fool as you, who forget that the will was witnessed, and that one of the witnesses, old Mrs. Parsons, is alive and kicking—"

Jordan started, and the color which had been creeping back into his face de-serted it again, but he forced a sneer.

floor where you'd dropped it, and slip-ped out of the window again. You thought, I hadn't been in before when you saw me. And yet it seems singular that a clever gentleman like you shouldn't have guessed what had be-come of it, don't it?" Bir Jordan stood with downcast eyes, trying to realize wh-i had happened to him. This secundrel, it.'s escaped con-vict, a man whose daring equaled his eunning, had him, Sir Jordan, in his pow-er. At a word he could produce the will and ruin Sir Jordan; for the loss of two-thirds of the property, large as it was, would mean comparative ruin to a man in Jordan's position. A cabinet minister who means to be Premier wants all the noney he can get. It is of no use for a politician to be clever unless he pos-sesses the golden charm with which to the display of his cleverness. Rich as he was, with all Sir Greville's money, Jordan could not af-ford to lose a penny, least of all the largeest portion of his wealth. "You've got those papers," low, eager voice. and he looked-well, quite ashamed and crestfallen as he struck the table and

"I've said I'd act on the square with you,and I will. No, I've not got 'em. I've risked my life for 'em, not once or twice only, and each time I've been balked. But," he utterd an awful oath, "I will have them yet!" Jordan watched him closely. Lavarick's tone and manner convinced Jordan that ford to lose a penny, least of all the largest portion of his wealth. Besides, the scandal! How his enemies tone and manner convinced Jordan that he was partly speaking the truth-if not the whole of it. largest portion of his wealth. Besides, the scandal! How his enemies —and what a host of them he had — would leap upon this story of the lost will with yells of delight, and send it flying round the world! His candle would be snuffed out once and for all. not the whole of ft. Iavarick drew his hand across his mouth. "Thew! This is dry work, and I've warmed myself up talking and thinking of all I've gone through. Let's bave something to drink." Jordan showed no resentment at the insolently rough command rather than request, but nodded almost pleasantly. "You shall have some wine," he said. "Curse your wine! Bring somre, branwould be snulled out once and for all. He would be ruined in person and repu-tation, and Neville, the half brother, whom he had always hated, and this un-known girl, would thrive and flourish at

his expense. The thought the vision called up by The photographic the vision called up by his reflections made him turn hot one moment and cold the next. At any cost, he must buy off this man and keep the money. But he would try a little defi-

ance first. He force a smile at last it had been rather long in coming-and looked up. "For the sake of argument," he said "For the sake of argument," he said, and he knew his voice sounded thick and labored, "we will admit that yeu stole the will; but I scarcely see of what use it can be to you." "You don't, eh?" remarked Lavarick,

with a sinister grin. "No," said Jordan, "in the first place "No," said Jordan, "in the first place you can scarcely reproduce it; you can-not account for its possession without laying yourself open to the charge of stealing it; to say nothing of running the risk—or, rather, meeting the certain-ty—of recapture." Tayarick smilled.

the candle. Lavarick poured out a liberal quantity of brandy and a very small quantity of water and raised it to his lips, but sud-denly arrested the glass half way, and with a start looked suspiciously at Jor-dan, who stood silently regarding him. "Here!" said Lavarick sharply; "drink

Lavarick smiled.

yourself! "I do not drink," he said. Lavarick spring off the table and seized

him by the throat. "You mean-livered hound!" he snarled. "You would, eh?" I'll choke you first!" Jordan struggled desperately and suc-

Lavarick smiled. "That's my lookout." "You have been convicted of forgery once, let me remind you," continued Jordan, "and would find it hard to prove this will, which, of course, I should declare to be false." "Of course. But you forget Mrs. Par-eons, who witnessed it." Jordan's eyes dropped. "I forget nothing, my man," he said, coclly. 'But let us suppose that you can persuade a jury that this precious document is genuine—and I should fight it to the last penny, and I am in pos-session; I have nine points of the law on my side—I cannot see how that will help you to what you want—money. You say my half-brother Neville is ben-efited. He may be dead; I think it is ceeded in exclaiming: "What are you doing? What is the matter ?" "Matter!" hissed Lavarick. "You've drugged the liquor!" Jordan gasped a denial, his voice half-choked; but Lavarick held the glass to his lips. "Drink!" he said. "Drink, or I'llefited. He may be dead; I think it is and he caught up the revolver. Jordan took the glass in his shaking

ented. He may be usary 1 with not unlikely." "He may," said Lavarick. "And if he were alive, why should you denounce and ruin me for his sake? You here the how him "."

do not know him. 'Never saw him," said Lavarick. "Never mind what I think!" returned

'Never saw him,' said Lavarick. "Good. The only other person to be corsidered, then, is this girl, of whom I know nothing, nor you, I imagine. She may be dead; may have died even before will was made.

Lavarick leaned forward with his hands resting on the table, and smiled triumphantly into Jordan's eyes. "She's alive," he said, slowly and em-



Jordan's face till they vanished below Lavarick's face fell for the first time CHAPTER XXIII.

The Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart., M. P., sank into a chair as the evil face of Lavarick, alias Jim Banks, dis-appeared below the window sill and covered his eyes with his hands. What he had feared for so long, ever since that awful night when the old man had died, had come to may at last.

What he had reared for when the old man had died, had come to pass at last. For years he had expected Banks, the man who had witnessed the desthled scene, to turn up and levy blackmall upon him, and the man had turned up. And matters were even worse than Jor-dan's imagintion and dread had painted them, for Banks not only knew. of the existence of the will—which would have been awkward enough for Jordan—but actually had it in his possession! If he had only kept away a few weeks longer, until Jordan had secured Audrey and her large fortune, he might have set the ruffian at defiance, laughed his story to scorn, and declared the will a

"You shall have some wine," he said. "Curse your wine! Bring somre.bran dy," said Lavarick, curtly. "Certainly," said Jordan, and went softly out of the room. Lavaric kfollowed him to the door and looked round the handsome corridor, with its costly carpets and hangings, pictures and statuary. "Ah," he muttered. "I'll have a place as good as this myself presently!" Jordan came back, carrying a salver with a liquor bottle and a water carafe and glasses, and a candie, and, putting them on the table, waved his hand. "Help yourself!" he said, as he lit the candle. Lavarick poured out a liberal quantity of brandy and a rey small quantity of brandy and a rey small quantity of brandy and a rey small quantity of brandy and a to his lips, but sudspite of her anger, at the thoughts of some of the possible results. As she Neville and this girl, the daughter of the woman Sir Greville had wanted to marry. Neville might be dead; if so, he, Jordan, would be his heir-thoat was all right. But this girl. Banks had stated that he knew her whereabouts, and that he could produce her, and that she could prove her claim. Give up a third of the Lynne money and all the some of the possible results. As she saw the two men samtering toward the house, she was conscious of a feel-ing of bitterness toward the minister also. He might, at least, have spoken a word in her defence, and her welcome lacked the cordiality to which he was accustomed. third of the Lynne money and all the famous jewels to an unknown girl-oh, customed.

impossible! He did not show himself to any on He did not show himself to any one but his valet the next day; he was too ill and unnerved. An intended visit to London he deferred, and he wrote an apologetic note to Audrey, stating that he was detained in Lynne by some busi-ness which regarded the welfare of his tenarie. When the clock struck b, Esek gave the usual invitation to stay to supper. "I shall be pleased, of course," an-swered the parson, overjoyed at the prospect of again enjoying Mrs. Meek's hot, pulfy biscuits, "but I don't want to

tenants. At dusk the valet lit the candles and At dusk the valet lit the candles and brought a cup of beef tea, which Jordan had ordered, and Jordan was making an attempt to dispose of it when the man reappeared and announced that a gentleman wished to see him. Jordan nodded, as he bent over his lettere

Jordan tool?" he said, trembling with rage at the indignity he had suffered. "Do you think I'd stoop to work with such tools as you use?" Jordan nodder, and letters. "Ah, yes, the er-messenger from London," he said. "Let him come up lease." The valet ushered in a elderly, white come up

The valet ushered in a enterty, white haired man, dressed in the dark-colored clothes favored by clerks and lawyers, and wearing a grey beard and a pair of spectacles, who bowed respectfully to Sir Jordan as he motioned him to take "Never mind what I think!" returned Lavarick, sulkily. "Drink, and drink a good draught. I'd trust you, Sir Jordan Lynne, just as far as I could see you; no further. You've had time to doctor the stuff, and if you haven't done it, you've no cause to refuse to drink it." Jordan, with a gesture of contempt, gulped a draught of the strong mixture and set the glass down. "Wrouthu' na said "Wy nationce is ac

of argument," interrupted Jordan.

(To be continued.)

House flies spread contagious diseases

Cost of Street Car Strikes.

statistics of cost which ought to discourage the most obstinate striker.

The St. Louis strike lasted three months and one-half. The company lost \$868,000, the strikers \$744,000, and the

don't resort to some other means of set-

1.

in being seen here-

vigorously, stopped in the middle of a resounding snort, and stared at the wo-man. "Besides that," Jane added, "she is such a kicker that Esek can't milk her at all without me a-standing and petting her." The angry farme, waited to hear no more, but started for the door, muttering something about "wast-in' a hull afternoon," as he disappeared. As he rode home the thoughts of the rich bargain he was about to make drove the embarrassment of the pre-vious hour from Esek's mind, and when he entered the kitchen a pleased smile played around his shrewd lips. "Where's Carter?" he said, looking around.

"Where's Curter: he ban, or a around. "He's gone," was the reply. "Why didn't you keep him until I got home?" His tone evinced surprise, for Jane could always be depended upon to aid him in making a trade, and he often admitted that, without her help, his business ventures would have proved

"He was so mad that I didn't try,"

"He was so mad that I didn't try." Jane answered calmly, as she turned her biscuits to brown evenly. "Mad! What about?" Jane repeated the conversation, adds ing "sweetly, "I done it to please you, dear; hereafter you shall be proud of having a wife who speaks the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth."

truth." "Jane," the contrite man said sheep-ishly, as he took his seat at the table, "you can't think any meaner of me than I do myself." He blushed painfully as he spoke, and braced himself for his wife's reply. "Have a biscuit, Esex?" she asked pleasantly.—Boston Post.

JOURNALISM IN MOROCCO.

Remarks by an Editor About an Esteemed Contemporary.

Some interesting facts have just been Some interesting facts have just been printed about the newspapers of Mor-occo in the 'Revue du Monde Mussui-man.' These journals originally owed their existence to European initu-tive. The foreign representatives at Fez and Tangier thought it necessary to reach the better class of the people through newspace. They therefore up

reach the better class of the people through newspapers. They therefore en-gaged some newspapes men from Syria, and two papers printed in Arabic were started in Tangier, 'El Seads' in 1904, and 'El Abah' in 1906. Both, being under European influ-ences, have supported the Sultan Abdul Azis during the pending unglessantness in Morocco. Their articles against the attempted usurpation of his brother, Muley Rafig, stirred to towering rage many of the leading men of Fez, who had turned Abdul Asis out of his capi-tal. tal.

tal. They decided that the great party that was supporting the claims to the throne of Muley Hafig must have a newspaper organ of its own. Type and printing paper were hard to get at Fez, but a quantity of material was at last procured and El Ta'oun began to appear, a most astonishing newspaper, which

but a quantify of our began to appear, procured and El Ta'oun began to appear, which made up for its meagre size with heat-ed and virulent language. The way that editor has lambasted the odious reptile who edits one of the rival sheets a en-titles him to a place in front rank of vituperative journalism. Below are some extracts from a recent article in El Ta'oun. Part of it has been blue-pen-cilled as not appropriate for publica-tion in any language: "Fez-May God preserve her from all evil and evildoers! The policy of her enemies is taking the shape of powder tand ball under the incitement of the editor of a miserable newspaper. Who But Jane's disposition was not one to But Jane 4 apposition was not the three harbor churlishness, and soon the three were chatting pleasantly over the hap-penings since the elder's last visit. penings since the elder's last visit. When the clock struck 5, Esek gave

"No fear of that," Esek laughed, "for my wife is always prepared. There ain't a better housekeeper this side of the Connecticut, if I do say it. Ain't

ain't a better housekeeper this side of the Connecticut, if I do say it. Ain't that so, Jane?" and he beamed upon his wife with pride. Here was an opportunity to give a demonstration of "the whole truth and nothing but the truth," and though Jane's hospitable heart rebelled within her, she made answer, "No, you know it ain't, Esek; you know that company. often comes when I am wholly unpre-pared for them. I feel like laughing right out when they say, "We like to come here, for we never put you out any, you are so forehanded." "Now, quit your joking, Jane," said Esek, alarmed at the seriousness of him you mean it, and don't want him to stay."

impartial or of telling the truth I would recount to you the great things that the Caid has accomplished on this very day. But it would be paying you

Practice 8

Theory vs.

Jane Meek had filled her apron with

wood and was about to leave the shed when she stopped a moment, woman fashion, to hear what her husband and

the parson were talking about. The words that came to her ears caused her. checks to fiame with anger and resent-ment. "All women. I reckon, are more or less deceitful," her husband was say-

ment. "All women. I reckon, are more or less deceiful," her husband was say-ing. "Now, there's my wife—as good a woman as there is in these parts—can't seem to tell the truth and nothing but the truth." Without stopping to hear more Jane fled to the kitchen, dropped her wood into the box with a bang and returned to her butter making, where she gave went to her outraged feelings by splash-ing the dasher up and down with un-wonted vigor. As her skilful hands patted and moulded the golden mass into neat looking prints, Jane gave her intentions a thorough search and found them honest, the onry semblance of de-eeit being those little fibs that seemed as necessary to the harmony of every-day life as oil to machinery. However, as Esek objected to her methods, she i would hereafter stick to the plain, un-varnished truth, and she laughed, in i spite of her anger, at the thoughts of

will, if you like; but you have lied in your version of what occurred, lied as a convict naturally would, to serve his purpose and make his story complete. well he sa prove it. It was my father who changed his mind and repented of the will, who burned it. I saw him do it, and so did you! He burned it in the candle a few minutes before he died!"

Lavarick smacked his leg with his hand.

"Pon my soul and body, that's a clev-er stroke of yours, Sir Jordan." he ex-claimed, as if with genuine admiration. "It's smart, right down smart; I couldn't have hit upon a neater idea myself. But" leaned forward and glared cunning ly with his evil eyes at Jordan-"it won't work. The old man didn't burn the will, because-"it's still in existly with ence

Jordan clenched his hands and kept

"That is a lie." he said. "If it is in ex-istence, where is it? Who has got it?" Lavarick's face answered him before he (Lavarick) cound snarl out: "I've got it!"

TRISCUIT The wholescme and dainty Shredded Wheat wafer, for luncheon, or any meal, with butter, cheese, fruit or marmalade, will give you new strength and vitality. Always Ready to Serve. Always Delicious. Sold by all grocers.

hatically Jordan winced and kept his eyes down. "You say so," he said. "You must

"Enough:" ne said. "My patience is ex-hausted. I'd rather give up anything than spend mother quarter of an hour breath-ing the same air with you. The will— you have come to sell it; name your "And I can," retorted Lavarick. "Sir price. I will buy it here and now, or ne

Jordan, I don't go much on Providence; I'm. not a saint like you, who speechify at Exeter Hall; but if ever I was in-Lavarick, still with smoldering rage, clined to be a reformed character, the way this thing has worked itself out replenished his glass and glared him

Jordan shook his head.

way this thing has worked react over would go far to convince me that there's something more than chance and luck in the world. Here am I, quite on the "You won't won't you," he sneered. "You won't, won't you," he sneered. "We'll see! And you think I'm such a fool as to trust myself in your com-pany with the thing about me. Not me, Sir Jordan! I know you too well. I saw you smiling down at the old man as he lay a-dying there and mocking him to his face, and I know the kind of a gentle-man I've go to deal with. I'd rather trust a tiger than you, Sir Jordan, for all your snaky smile and smooth something more there am I, quite on the chance, as you'd say, outside the win-dow the night you were going to de-stroy the will. And here am I, years af-terward, outside a tent in which this girl's father was dying. Oh, I knew him long ago, and I knew him again direct-ly I heard his voice. Yes, there was the girl as was left a third of Sir Greville's money, the daughter of the people he'd hounded to death, and there was I, hap-poning on her on the other side of the world, and me with the will in my pos-sersion that would make a rich woman of her. Isn't that wonderful?" Jordan listened intently. for all your snaky smile and smooth

beat the devil's tattoo with his foot. "Don't try me too far!" he said, threateningly. "I'm more than half inthreateningly. "I'm more than ha elined to bid you do your worst!" Lavarick sneered.

Jordan listened intently.

"I've got it!" CHAPTER XXI. The Right Hon. Sir Jordan Lynne, Bart, M. P., let an oath slip Brough his white lips. "You have got it?" he stammered. "You do not to and fro with easy solf up to the point, and I crossed the formered. "You have got in the sole of the point." Sole of the point." "You have got it. When solf up to the point, and I crossed the formered. "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got it. When he will from the sole of the point." Sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the sole of the point." "You have got in the s



voice! Jordan, writhing with impotent rage

such as typhoid fever, scarlet fever, smallpox and consumption. Wilson's Fly Pads kill the flies and the disease germ "How nice it would read in the papers, wouldn't it? The great Sir Jordan Lynne and his father's will. I'm not

Lynne and its latters will in the sure that it isn't a case for a judge and jury and quod. You'll look well in the prison regimentals, Sir Jordan, and you The Chicago street care strike is one of a series of such attempts to arbi-trarily settle the controversies between wouldn't be so ready to talk of convicts, eh? But I'm as ready for business as you are. Here's my terms: I'll part street railway companies and their em-The Chicago Tribune publishes some

with the will to you—as you're an old friend—for five and twenty thousand

Jordan laughed bitterly and mock-

"I expected some such preposterous attempt at blackmail," he said. "I re-fuse! Do your worst! I defy you! And I regret that I have not done what I business interests of the city a sum es-timated at \$21,000,000. The Cleveland strike of 1899 cost the employers \$500,000, the men \$200,000 and the merchants \$150,000.

should have done the moment you force your way in-handed you over to the In New Orleans the company's loss was \$60,000 and the strikers' \$65.000. nolice.

The San Francisco men lost \$42,000 and the company \$80,000. "Right," said Lavarick, cheerfully, as he got off the table and began to button up his coat. "That's my offer, and I don't budge from it." He swore. "I'll give you till to-morrow night to think These figures show the cost of defeat, since the strikes were lost, except in San Francisco, where a partial victory was won. After such experiences, plain men with no animosities and no obstinate preju-dices cannot but wonder why both sides

t over. I've got some business to do n the place that will amuse me till then. Don't trouble to come down to the front door, Sir Jordan," he added, with a grin. door, Sir Jordan, in a attat you'll give the "Oh, I'm not afraid that you'll give the alarm, and I'm not afraid of my money. Sir come to terms to-morrow,

tling such differences .- St. Louis Post-Despatch. Jordan," and with an insolent nod he A man is known by the company he got through the window and slowly diskeeps away from. appeared, his crooked eyes dwelling on

"Lock it," said Jordan, in a constrain-"Lock it," said Jordan, in a constrain-ed voice; but Lavarick shook his head. "No, no, the flunky will be coming upon some business or other, perhaps, and would wonder why the door was locked. This is better," and he set a chair against it; "he can't come in now without civing up worning. That's a Jane trembled, but remained firm. "He'll think right, then," she answered

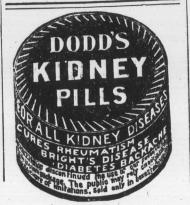
"Why, Jane," exclaimed her husband, "Why, Jane," exclaimed : "what is the reason? Ain't you feeling well?" "Yes, perfectly well; the only reason

enair against it; he tail to tail to the house without giving us warning. That's a trick worth two of locking it. Well, Sir Jordan?" and he nodded coolly at him, "What's the verdict, eh? Is is to be "Yes, perfectly well; the only reason being that there is next to nothing in the house for supper, and what with the churning and the splitting of sev-eral baskets of wood, and picking over three barrels of apples, besides my regu-lar work, I feel too tired to even bake bisenite and am eshamed to put before peace or war to the knife? I don't much care which it is—I can make terms with the other side, you know, better terms biscuits, and am ashamed to put before our visitor the few pieces of stale bread and hashed potatoes left from dinner. However, Elder Durgin, if you care to stay, you are welcome to such as we have." But the parson, with professional than I'll get out of you, p'raps-"" "Do not let us waste time in that kind "The this-this interview is over the better. You ignore danger, but you can-not be insensible to the peril you run have." But the parson, with profuse apologies, was already making his adieus

Now Jane was a tender-hearted little body, and began making amends to her husband by making some buttermilk biscuits, of which she was especially fond. As she defly tossed the mixture upon the well-fioured board, a stranger entered. "Your man told me to come in

entered. "Your man told me to come in and warm up while he drove the parson home," the man said, making his way toward the stove. "I've been looking over the critter he wants to sell me, and she is a beauty, no mistake," he went on, rubbing his hands with satis-faction over the red-hot covers. "What does he want to sell such a good milker

fer, anyhow?" "Because she's all run out and don't answered Jane. bing the dough with her biscuit cutter arter, who was blowing his nose



honor you little carcass of a pig! "The noble mehalla of our Sultan has

ine noble menalita or our Sukran has just triumphed over our enemies, the infidels, and put them to rout. May God destroy you! You will be very care-ful not to print the news you will re-

ceive. "You say, O ass of asses, that the Emir should unite in his person four fundamental things-justness, states-manship, courage, and descent from the Goreichites. Which of these things do man find in the Abdul Azis? Is it in the you find in the Abdul Aziz? Is it in the name of justice that he has made a gift , of two cities in the land of the Moham-medans? And as though this were not

enough, is he not seeking to impose over us the authority of infidels? As the star of Abdul Aziz is again on the ascend, it is likely that this edi-tor will lose his job unless he restrains his ideas and their literary expression.

Logical.

Logical. The class was getting grammar. "Now," said the teacher, "can any one give me a word ending with 'ous,' mean-ing full of as in 'dangerous,' full of dan-ger, and 'hazardous," full of hazard?" There was silence in the class for a moment. Then a boy sitting in the front row put out his hand.

row put out his hand. "Well, John," said the teacher, "what

"Please, sir," came the reply, "'pious," full of pie."-Tit-Bits.

Kicks and Cuffs.

"You get a good many kicks from dissatisfied patrons, don't you?" "Yes," replied the facetious laundry-man, "but we get more cuffs."-Kansas City Times.

than ever.'

First Deafmute—"If you objected to his kissing you, why didn't you call for help?" Second Deafmute—"I couldn't. He was holding my hands." -Harper's Weekly

Cruelty to a Wife. "They say her husband treats her

worse than ever." "What has he done now?" "Why, the other day, instead of giving her the money to pay her bills, he paid them himself."-Life.