

ettemenen intreprentationen betallitettettettettettettettettettettettet Winsome Winnie

"Madam would not be selfish if those she loved were in trouble or danger, I am sure," answered Winnie. "She does not feel her sympathy excited, as yours

not feel her sympathy excited, as yours is, about poor strangers whom she never saw or' heard of. If you or—or ber nephew, Captain Tredennick, were in trouble or danger, she would act very differently. It is a lack of sympathy."

"I should say so, decidedly!" Lady Mildred exclaimed, indignantly. "I wonder if any one, has been saved. I wonder if they know anything about the vessel yet. What are they are doing down there on the shore, Winnie? Will you ask someone you know—a coastguard or someone else—to tell us?" she guard or someone else-to tell us?" said impatiently. "Are they letting people die whilst they save casks and barrels?"

But John Richards, of whom Winnie made inquiries, informed Lady Mount-revor, with a despondent shake of his

revor, with a despondent snake of his head, that there was no one saved.

"Leastways, my lady, theer be no one but fower drownded dead corpses—all white and gashly to look at, my lady—'e daren't go anear of 'em."

"But the men that were seen coming in" Lady Mildred asked eggerly

"But the men that were seen coming in?" Lady Mildred asked, eagerly.
"Bless'e, my lady—I means," John Richards replied, with a more desponding shake of the head, "they couldn't a-come a-nigh the foot o' the Head; they be dead corpses long ago, my lady."
But John Richards seemed fated to make incorrect statements this merning

make incorrect statements this morning, and burly Ned Boscawen to hear and reprimand him

reprimand him

"Who tould of 'e that they was dead?" he demanded of his subordinate, with much acrimony. "Beg 'er pardon, my lady, they was seen alive by young Will Treglyn haafe an hour agone, one on 'em wavin' a white clath or flag—for help, I s'oose, poor fellowst. The

on 'em wavin' a white clath or flag-for help, I s'pose, poor fellows! The young Will Treglyn he see 'em when he elimbed out as far as he could on that spur of rock below theer."

"And are you doing nothing to help them?" Lady Mildred asked, with flash-ing eyes. "Those people below there are risking their lives after the rubbish from the wreck, while the crew perish within sight of aid!"

"We are a siyin' of the coverand at reckless speed hurried her down the steep path to the strip of beach and the excited crowd below. Respectfully and with muttered exclamations of sympathy, the people fell back as she approached, and two Cornish miners held up to the cold morning light a dripping piece of wood, the stern and name-board of a shin, with lengths of splintered time.

within sight of aid!"

"We are a sivin' of the cargo as comes in," Ned Boscawen retorted, doggedly; "but that doesn't say as how men can swem haafe a mile through breakers. We can't do nothen tell the tide is full agen, and then maybe the cufter can get out a bit."

"The tide will not be out yet for an hour, nearly, and you must wait until it is full again!" Winnie said, laying her thin little hand, like a flake of snow,

flake of snow. entreatingly, on the boatswain's rough blue sleeve. "Oh. Ned, can nothing be done before that?" Winnie? It is all scratched and batte

Winnie? It is all scratched and batter-er—no one can make it out!" Lady Mildred cried, in desperation, against the evidence of her senses. By Winnie Caerlyon, looking with tearless eyes on those large white and gilded letters on a dark painted back-ground, they could be deciphered as eas-ily as the letters of a child's alphabet, as easily as a message in a well known done before that?"

"Test no manner o' use in 'e bein' asken of that of me?' responded Ned, testily. "Can 'e fly over the cliff like a gull? Can e' swem like a'fish? Then, ef 'e can't. 'e can't do nothen, I tell 'e, Miss Winnie tell full tide" Miss Winnie, tell full tide."

"Does no one know anything bout the vessel—even her name, exact—anything?" Ladya Mildred inquired again.
"She's bleeved to me a merchantman—her cargo's tea and such like, as far as we can tell—we've seen no name. 'cept her cargo's Loudon bound," Ned replied briefly, edging away from her plied briefly, edging away from her ladyship's inquiries.

Disconsolately irresolute, they stood where the gruff boatswain had left them in the scant shelter of a high bank—Winnie looking sadly at the raging waves, high and fierce as—ever, Lady Mildred, in angry despairing impatience, watching the experience. watching the eager groups on the shore below, between which and the Head intervened the furious seething water and the rocks of the Black Reef, when they both noticed the scattered groups of men; women and boys running together, beckoning and gesticulating in excite-ment over something which had just been snatched from the returning sweep of the waves something which had floated in from the wreck, now lying half bottom upwards, her broken masts smashing away in splinters; and emerging from the excited crowd around the salvage came John Richards, the blundering, simple minded coastguard, running from the strip of beach up the cliff path

23 THE PR

Winnie, seeing him coming, rushed forward to meet him. Her heart seemforward to meet him. Her heart seemed to pause beneath the weight of the presentiment that was the herald of

"What is it, John Richards? What have they found?"

John Richards, charging past her in blind confusion and dismay, pulled up. blind confusion and dismay, pulled up short, with a white face and gasping

utterances. "Lor' bless 'c! Aw, my dear—aw, Miss "Lor' bless 'e! Aw, my dear—aw, Aliss Winnic—how are e' to tell et to um—the 'poor lady, her ladyship theer, an' the' old Madam Vivian? Aw, 'tes saad! Miss Winnie, my the oid Madam Vivian? Aw 'tes saad! Miss Winnie, my dear 'tes the cappum's ship—her name's on the starn they've pulled in! Aw, Miss Winnie, 'tes the cappun of the Chittoor as haave been los in this wisht

sea mists to enter within her and freeze every warm pulse of life into stillness; but the calm presence of mind, the ability to rule and guide the breaking heart and burning brain, which is the merciful gift of those frail, gentle womally harters which always course.

to be done yet; by and by would be time enough for agony and despair.

time enough for agony and despan.

"Lady Mountrevor, dear Lady Mount
"Lady Mountrevor, dear Lady Mount

revor"—she put her slender arms around the tall Juno-like form—"they have learned the name of the ship." "What is it?" Lady Mildred asked, in

momentary amazement. "Winnie, why do you look so? Oh, Winnie, Winnie," she cried with an imploring shriek of terror and dismay, "do I know the name? Winnie, answer me! Oh, Stephen St

Fiercely and angrily in her grief and

bewilderment, she caught Winnie's arm, and at reckless speed hurried her down

f a ship, with lengths of splintered tim-

as easily as a message in a well known

Death had been abroad in the wild

Death had been abroad in the what night—death within and without!

Death-dirges were ringing through the air—death-cries coming on each sweeping blast of the storm! Had not some

one else died? Albert Gardiner was dead, and Stephen Tredennick was dead —how many had died? Was everybody

how many had died? Was everybody dying? How manym more were to die? In a kind of delirious trance she had sunk on her knees on the wet sand, staring vacantly at the name lettered so clearly that it seemed to barn through her sight and write its fatal message on her brain, thinking of the cruel, tossing waves—tossing, tossing, all through the long, dark, pitiless hours—tossing something which had become their prey—while she—oh, merciful Heaven!—sat sheltered from the storm

their prey-while she-oh, merciful Heaven!-sat sheltered from the storm,

warmly wrapped, on a couch by a bright fire! The horror of the thought

seemed to benumb her faculties, as she uttered slowly, as if her lips refused to pronounce the words—"Chittoer the Chittoer Lady Alidred!"

Nonsense, nonsense, I tell

Chittoor? you!"

bers attached.

en Tredennick!

mendous height above the Reef," Win-nie Caerlyon explained. "But don't fear, Lady Mildred; I know one who will go, Lady Mildred; I know one who will go, if no one else will."
"Why?" she asked, looking round, eagerly. But Winnie Caerlyon turned away without a reply. Presently she perceived the distant forms of men hurrying from the Coastguard station with the coils of rope.
"Now, Lady Mildred," she called, "here are the roves, Offer your reward. night!" and John Richards, gulping down sobs, was obliged to pause for breath. For one minute the white angry ocean the bleak bare land, seemed to whirl and fade away before Winnifred Caer-

"Now, Lady Mildred," she called, where are the ropes. Offer your reward, and let us see who will volunteer. Will any of you risk your life to save the lives of the poor fellows on the Black Reef?" Winnie asked, walking in amongst the crowd, "Will any one of you men volunteer to go over the cliff

first."

"Yes—yes, et once!" Lady Mildred cried, cagerly. "I will give a hundred guineas to the first man who will reach them by the cliffs!"

There was cager disputing, clamoring, persuading, dissuading—women crying, men vociferating—amongst the group for several minutes, and at the height of the discussion Winnie Cierlyon put her hand on John Richard's arm again and drew him aside.

It required repeated directions to

It required repeated directions to reach willing John's dull understanding, but he finally set off at a steady trot, shaking his head dismally and muttering hopelessly to himself the

"Ropes—strong new ropes—there are none long or strong enough here. I sent him to tell my father what we are going to do," Winnie said, in reply to Lady Midred's questing; "there are two or three new coils always in the host house."

"But those cowardly creatures," Lady

"But those cowardly creatures, Lady Mildred exclaimed, passionately, dashing away the blinding tears from her eyes—"we cannot make them go down the cliffs—no reward will make them

attempt it! A brave sailor would go Winnie, it is Stephen Tredennick who is perhaps down there amongst those

few half-drowned, half-starved men! Oh dear Stephen, what shall I do?" she wrung her hands and sobbed aloud.

"We shall get news very soon, please Heaven—very soon we shall know the truth, Lady Mildred."

"How-how! They are afraid to venture, the miserable wretches!" Lady Mildred cried, with a wail of despair.

"They are only poor miners and a few fisher-lads, besides the Coastguard men; and Tregarthen Head is a tre-

with a rope?"

A kind of shuddering through the group, each into his neighbor's face.

anly natures which always cover so strong and yet so meek a soul, did not desert her now. There was something "A hundred guineas to him who does it, my men!" Lady Mildred said, passionately, trying to compel herself to coax and entreat, when she would fain have ordered instant obedience. "Is there not one that will try? You know ship is the one lost and broken over there on the rocks-you know who I would fain dare hope is amongst the few who have escaped—you knew him as well as I," she said; and, in spite of en, Stephen! Is is cousin Stepnens: winnie, I don't believe it. They are mistaken. It could not be it could not be!" he went on, wildly. "What are they talking of? The merchantman. pride and fierce impatience, she burst into tears before them. "If you will not try to save Captain Stephen Tredennick -Tredennick of Tregarthen-for his own sake, for your memory of him, my entreaty is, I fear, useless. Five hundred

ounds to him who saves him!"
"I'll do it!" my lady!" The brave words came from the youngest man in the crowd-a mere lad in years-curlyhaired Will Treglyn, a poor crippled

miner's only son. "Oh, not you, Will, not you, and your poor father with no one else!" the women cried. "I'll do my best, I tell 'e!" cried sturdy

Will. "I'll have a try for et, any hows."

"Oh. Will, your poor mother-it will

HOW TO OBTAIN GOOD DIGESTION

The Stomach Must be Toned and

The Stomach Must be Toned and Strengthened Through the Blood.

The victim of indigestion who wants to eat a good meal, and he will suffer if he eats one, finds poor consolation in picking and choosing a diet. As a matter of fact you cannot get relief by cutting down your diet to a starvation basis. The stomach must be strengthened until you can eat good nourishing food. The only way to strengthen the stomach is to enrich the blood and the stomach is to enrich the blood and the crept young Will Treglyn to the enumas easily as a message in a well known writing, as surely, as accurately as the dread words of a death warrant. She did not doubt or disbelieve; it was death — Stephen Tredennick's death that she was looking on—that storms was his graye, that dennick's death that she was looking on—that stormy sea his grave, that black dismantled hulk lying on Tregarthen Reef his only coffin, if indeed his dead body was not the sport of those fierce leaping seething billows. Perhaps he had been drowned early in the night, and those fierce wives had been beating on that dear, node, kindly face, face, so fixed and white, and in a moment! Oh, what shall we do—what shall we do? The tide is on the turn and no chance of rescue! Winnie, Winnie, tell me what are we to do? on the broad, strong breast whose kindly heart was stilled for ever, and through the dreadful hours of darkness? Perhaps that was way she had felt that uncartifly terror of the cruel storm? Perhaps that was why her blood had run cold at each grashy of the ened until you can eat good nourishing food. The only way to strengthen the stomach is to enrich the blood and thus tone up the nerves that control it. The only way to enrich the blood, and tone up the nerves, and give strength to the stomach—strength that will enable it to properly digest—any kind of food—is through a fair use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The one mission of these Pills is to make rich, red blood, that reaches every part and every organ of the body, ringing renewed health and activity The following case illustrates the value of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in indigeshad run cold at each rish of the breakers, each shrick of the Because they had been murdering Steph-

Miss Lottie Carr, of Lequille, N.S., ays. "For several years I have been great sufferer from chronic indigeson. At times I almost loathed food, and no matter how hungry, I found that to cat even lightly was followed by great distress and often nausea. I tried many so-colled cures, but did not get more than temporary, relief, and naturally I was going down both in health and strength, and was greatly discouraged. While in this despondent condition I was advised to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I doubted that they would cure me after so many medicines had failed, but as I wanted health and the Pills were highly recommended I decided to try them. I am thankful now that I did so, for after taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for five or six weeks every vestige of the trouble had left me, and I was again blessed with the best of health. From my own experience I believe there is no case of indigestion I was going down both in health I believe there is no case of indigestion Dr. Williams' Pink Puls will not cure,

f given a fair trial." if given a fair trial."
You can get these Pills from any medicine dealer or by mail, post paid, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for \$2.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co. Prockville, Ont.

"The Chittoor! Is it the Chittoor that is lying over there? Winnie, is it?" Lady Mildred cried. "But they escaped—some escaped—Stephen may have escaped! Some were saved—Stephen may be amongst them! Perhaps he may—don't you think Stephen escaped, Winnie?" she reiterated, piteously.

"I don't know," Winnie replied, in a stunned, dreary way; "we must ask the survivors—we must reach them first." Dizzy Headaches Cured in One Night

f Troubled With Head Fullness, Ringing Noises, Specks Before the Eyes, the Stomach is at Fault

Quick Cellef and Certain Cure Came From Dr. Hamilton's Pills.



"I had terrible pains in my head. My ppetite faded away, and when I did appetite faded away, and when I did eat anything it disagreed and made me very sick for hours after each meal. The pains in my stomach and the dizzy headaches I had to endure almost set one dizzy neadaches I had to endure almost set one wild. Sometimes attacks came on so severely that I had to go to bed. I would feel so worn, depressed and utterly miserable that for hours I wouldn't speak to my family. My system was poisoned with wastes, and acthing helped me till I used Dr. Hamilton's Pills. Without this grand system-cleaning remedy I would still be sick but each day brought me better health and spirits. I was cured and made strong, ruddy, and healthy, and will always use and recommend Dr. Hamilton's Pills,

"MRS, B. C. CURRAN, "Westport P. O." Thousands who are in an ailing, low state of health need nothing else but Dr. Hamilton's Pills. 25c. per box, or five boxes for \$1.00, at all druggists storekeepers, or the Catarrhozone Com-pany, Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

be her death!" the women chorused

be her death!" the women chorused again.

"Is his mother here?" demanded Lady Mildred, turning on the frightened group so that they quailed into muttering silence. "Then hold your tongues, and let the brave fellow alone!"

Winnie Caerlytn grasped his hand and pressed it tightly.

"God bless you, Willie Treglyn!" she said fervently. "Your mother may well be proud of you."

"It's madness—madness, I tell 'e, sir," Ned Boscawen grunbled to his officer.

"Will Treglyn may go swinging over

"Will Treglyn may go swinging over th' Head for a few feet, but of the rope don't cut and smesh him, below theer, he'll haave to be hauled up as wise as he went down."

went down." The rope was around young Will's waist, and Lady Mildred, standing by wast, and Lady Mildred, standing by his side, was uttering promises and en-couragement, whilst Winnie gave him some brandy from the large flask which they had brought with them, secured it safely to his waist belt, adjusted the ropes with her little fingers so that they should not gall him, and was shaking his hand and bidding him "God-speed," when, warned by an alarmed officious neighbor of her boy's intention, Molly Treglyn, bare-headed and in her scanty scanty cotton gown, came running up the road to the Head, and in a minute had him in her arms, shrisking, sobbing, and protesting that not for twee five hundred—ten times five hundred pounds -would she stand to look at her child's murder, tearing at the ropes, kissing him, scolding him violently, crying over him, and giving him smart blows and shakes alternately.

"Mother, do 'e be quiet!" brave young Will said, trying to wrest himself away from her hold. "I be goin 'only to see ef et can be done. They'll haul me up as soon as ever I give the segnal to 'em. brave vouno Do 'e be quiet, mother—and thenk," he whispered—"her ladyship's gom' to gev a hunnerd pound, mother, ef I only

crept young Will Treglyn to the coun-bling edge of the precipies. Holding their breaths, the mea watched him drop himself over the edge, while his mother, sitting on the ground with star-ing cycladls, mouned with every irreath from the anguish of her argument. from the anguish of her suspense. Waist, shoulders, head, slowly slipped acwn out of sight, and the Cornish miners commenced slowly to 'pay out' the rope. Slowly, carefully, with jerks from be-ow, the rope went down, down; then came a jerk, a sudden strain; then more came a jerk, a sudden strain; then more rope was paid out, followed by a terrible strain, a violent jerk that threw one of the rope-holders on his face, then came continued jerks, and a terrible strain again, and then a long pause. "Somethen haave happened to un," the men muttered; "there hain't a humnerd foot of rope raid out yet."

There was a long pause, with only straining and jerking at the rope, and then, after another long pause, without waiting for the signal, the men commenced to pull up. Slowly up came the rope and its burden again, and, with a

menced to pull up. Slowly up came the rope and its burden again, and, with a

the sod.

"Twas they breakers," said poor Will, in his Cornish dialect. "They gev' un a blaw here, a blaw theer, an' affung me here, an' twisted they rope around they rocks; an' a tried to clear et, an' a cuddent—a cuddent ef a was to try haafe a day. An' then a got a-top ev a grut rock, an' a tried to hould on, an' was pitched clane agen the cliff, an' an arm sweshed; an then a cuddent do nothen macro. I be sorry.

my lady," said poor Will, earnestly, with his left hand wiping away the blood trickling from his brows. "Ef ma arm wasn't broken, I'd go down again en a mennit that a would! They poor fellows is alive—they see me, an' one on 'em gev un a shout; an' a wish a could go down to 'em agen!"

"No no my roor fellows again."

"No, no, my poor fellow; you have done what you could," said Lady Mildred. "Go up to Tregarthen House, Mrs. Treglyn, for whatever you may require. Tell the housekeeper you were sent by me, and get the doctor for your brave son at once. And now what is to be son at once. And now what is to be done?" she asked of those around, looking at each pallid, frightened face in gloomy despair.

"Lady Mildred, Lady Mildred"—the

"Lady Mildred, Lady Mildred"—the little figure by her side moved closer, and the upturned, earnest cyes glittered like jewels beneath the blue-veined-temples—"don't fear yet—there's one will go yet! Don't fear—there's one that will go surely yet!"

CHAPTER XXVI.

"This storm affects my nerves dread-"This storm affects my nerves dreadfully," Madam said, peevishly. "I cannot think what is the matter with me. Are you sure the portiere is drawn, Trewhella? The room feels full of draughts. Stir up the fire, please, and draw that banner-screen out farther."

"Will you have your woolwork, Ma-dam?" Miss Trewehlia asked in a most sympathetic voice, "It do try the nerves, Madam, awful! I reely myself as if my head was quite light, and my heart flutterin' like a bird, reely, Madam. I'm sure it's no wonder you should be nervous. It is well for her ladyship to be as strong and as brisk as she isreely amazing isn't it, Madam, to see

"Her ladyship is under the impression that she has a remarkably excitable, impressionable, nervous system," said Madam, rather spitefully. "To see her this morning one would imagine that she was used to living on the cliffe and being out in all weathers, like little Winsia Confirmation." nie Caerlyon."

Miss Trewhella tittered, and then fin-

ished off with a little cough.
"It 's just a fancy of her ladyship's. as you say, Madam, running about as if she was born and bred like poor little Miss Winnie. Up at Tregarthen, before daylight this mornin; ** saw them goin' off, and Miss Winnie with a black poplin skirt of her ladyship's on her—must have been a mile too long for her-ho he—he! Reely—I beg your pardon, Ma-dam—I thought I should have burst out laughing when I saw it on her. It's very nice and kind of her ladyship: I dare say she'll keep Miss Winnie at Tregarthen, sawing and doing up things now until the Captain comes home. Miss Wimie is so clever at making things up nice, and her ladyship do seem to have took such a wonderfud fancy to her."

There was a sly sneer in Miss Trewhella's furtive glance at her mistress, as the old lady pettishly took off her glass. es, declaring that they made her eyes ache, and pushed the basket of wools away.

(To be Continued.) OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"He rowed a horse."

U. S. LAW'S DELAYS.

(Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette)
When twenty-eight persons were killed by a steamhoat explosion on the Chicago river in 1830 their heirs brought suits for damages. They had a good case, as has just been decided finally afted twenty-three years of trials, more appeals, and so on. But the heirs will get no money for the very good reason that they are all dead. If any of them have chance to survive they might or might not have found anything left for them after paying the lawyers. Yes, our American Judical system is all right; the only trouble is that people refuse to live long enough. (Niagara Falls, N. Y., Gazette)

YOUR BABY'S KIN

Is the most delicate fabric in the world. You may cause it permanent harm by using poisonous mineral outments for the little rashes and eruptions that every baby suffers from occasionally. Don't take any chances. Use Zam-Buk, the baby's best balm.

the baby's best balm.

Zam-Buk is made from fine herbal extracts, and is free from any harmful poisonous coloring matter. Like the grasses and the flowers, nature has colored it green. It is nature's own

Most ointments and salves have, as Most omtments and salves have, as their foundation, various animal oils and fats. Zam-Buk does, not contain one atom of animal substance. Most oindments and salves are too coarse to be absorbed by the tender deficit, skin rope and its burden again, and, with a cheer, and with renewed outeries and tears from his mother at the sight of her "laad" dripping with sea-water, his hands and face covered with blood, and one arm hanging useless, broken, at his side, they hauled Will Treglyn on to the sol.

KEEP BABY'S



Alifetime of disfigurement and suffering often results from the neglect, in infancyorchildhood, of simple skinaffections. In the prevention and treatment of minor cruptions and in the promotion of permanent skin and hair health, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment are absolutely unrivaled.

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OUR PRECISE ARTIST.



"Ring around a rosy."

SHE TOOK HER FRIEND'S ADVICE

AND DOD'S KIDNEY PILLS CURED HER SON.

Straight and Simple Statement Tells

of Another Grand Cure by the Old Canadian Kidney Remedy. Springhaven, Yarmouth Ce., N. S.

Mar. 10.—(Special)—Simple and straight to the point is the statement of Mrs. Erven C. Trefry, of this place, but it tells of another grand cure by Dodd's Kidney "My fifteen-year-old son, Angus," Mrs.

Trefry states, "suffered from pain in his back, headache, and a pain over his eyes.

"He was so bad he could not walk across the flood. My friends advised me to give him Dodd's Kidney Filk.

They cured him." That young Trefry's kidneys were wrong is evidenced by the care. Dodd's Kidney Pills only cure discased kidneys.

They never fail to do that. The reason they cure rhomatism, backache, gravel, dropsy, Bright's disease, diabetes, and kindred diseases, is that these all spring from disordered

If you have any of these diseases you haven't tried Dodd's Kidney Pills. Ask your neighbors. They'll tell you Dodd's Kidney Pills always cure them.

SNOWFALL AT NIGHT.

(By J. C. M. Danean.) From the breathless height Of the brooding night, Flake upon flake of silvery winds luto the street. Here at my feet, Keep sifting down, Like white-winged dreams from the

upper deep, Through a stilly atmosphere of sleep The paths of the night.

The paths of the night.
Grow spotless and white.
The stains of day are hidden from sight,
While o'er the town.
Till morning breaks,
The silvery lakes
Kreps Many down,
Kreps Many down,
The silvery lakes

And make, when the still white might gives way,

A faulties path for the feet of day. PRESERVING AN INDUSTRY.

Where bayen't been any not mobiles obtains the speed lim is for more than week," said the co-take. "What'll we do "
"Arrange to lower the aspeed limit," replied the sheriff."

WIDE OPEN. (Boston Transcript)

Caller-What an open conviction re vour Pop-Yes, especially about midnight.

Many a man's religion is based on the assumption that a dollar will make more roise when it drops into the col-