# HIS LORDSHIP'S ROMANCE

A mist swam before her eyes; her heart beat so loudly that she could have counted its pulsations; but her proud step never faltered, her face never relaxed. Then a stately gentleman came toward her, and clasped her in his arms.

"Inez, my own child," he said, "look at me!—you have your mother's eyes."

She saw his face grow pale as he gazed on her own. The pain he had so selfishly shrunk from for many long years, struck him with redoubled force. It seemed to him that his passionately loved Bianca stood before him again in all the pride of her youth and wondrous beauty. There was the same exquisite southern face, the dark almond eyes, the rippling southern hair. But in his dead wife's face there had been a look of gentle repose, of which he found no trace in the features before him. He gazed upon her until large tears rose in his eyes, and he could see her no more. It was as though the ghost of his youth had risen before him—the beautiful past that he had tried to bury and forget—that one year of happiness greater than words can tell. She stood quite silently before him.

"Will you learn to love me, Inez," he said at last, "and forget the past? I shrank selfishly from opening an old wound that time has but half healed. Child, if you knew how I loved your mother, you would not wonder at me."

It was a strange method of showing affection, she thought, never to wish to see that mother's child; but she turned to him and said she would try to win

"You have some one else to love also," said Lord Lynne, as he touched the bell. "Ask Miss Agatha to come down," he said, to the footman who his love, while she gave him hers. answered the summons.

Before Inez had time to think, two loving arms were thrown around her, and a golden head was laid caressingly upon her shoulder, while a gentle voice cried, "My dear, new sister, welcome, welcome home!" Then she saw a tall graceful girl, with a fair sweet English face and a wealth of rippling golden hair.

"This," said Lord Lynne, drawing her to him again, "is your sister Agatha, who has been longing to see you. I consider myself the happiest, and I ought to be the proudest father in England, for my daughters are matchless."

When Agatha led her sister to the apartments prepared for her, her girlish love and vivacity surprised the haughty Andalusian.

"If you could but know, Inez," she said, "how happy I am! I always longed for a sister, little dreaming that I had one like you, shut up in an old Spanish castle. Now remember, darling, you are papa's eldest child, you are Miss Lynne, and mistress of Lynnewolde; none will love, serve and cherish you more than your sister."

Lord Lynne made all the atonement in his power for the wrong done to his daughter. He perfectly idolized her; he was never weary of gazing at her face or listening to her rich musical voice. He did not notice how she avoided all reference to her Spanish home, but Agatha did; and she wondered then, as she did afterward how it was that, when she had told all the simple incidents of her life to Inez, her sister had nothing to tell her in return—no pretty little love-idyl, no story of a Spanish knight, no little episode of love in any shape or form; she only saw that when she asked the simple question, "Did no one love you, Inez?" her sister's face grew proud and cold. If she had known the tempest that raged at that moment in the young girl's heart, she would have wondered still more.

Lord Lynne lavished costly gifts upon Inez; he spared neither time, expense, nor trouble, in gratifying her every wish; and she loved him for his kindness. The life she led now was like an entrancing dream. Wealth, luxury, magnificence surrounded her. A thousand times she wished that the false Italian could have known all that he had missed in tiring of her. She was glad that he was dead, but she would have liked that one revenge, that he should have known the penniless girl he had slighted was the wealthy heiress of a rich English lord.

When her kind, indulgent father died, Inez mourned for him, but it seemed to her then, that her capacity for love or sorrow was gone, crushed in the weight of sorrow and shame that oppressed her. When she met Lord Lynne, and for the first time in her life really loved, she understood that what she had felt for Count Rinaldo was but a liking springing from gratified vanity and a love of romance.

"That I could ever have been so mad, so foolish, as to call that passing fancy by the name of love!" she said, and more than ever she hated and loathed the memory of the man who had deceived her.

How she grew to love Lord Lynne with the whole force of her passionate nature, how she strove to secure his love, how she triumphed, and enjoyed her victory, the reader knows. No clouds obscured the brightness of her new life. She began to think less of the fatal secret that had darkened and blighted her youth. Slowly and gradually the remembrance of it was dying away, when she went to the Duchess of Ruthwell's ball, and there, in the stranger who stood watching her, she recognized the man whom she had believed dead and buried two years ago—the false, treacherous Count Rinaldo.

In the first moment that her eyes fell upon his dark face, she believed it to be an apparition, and the blood curdled in her veins; but when a cynical smile overspread his features, she knew at once that it was a living man upon whom she gazed. For one moment the trick of which she had been the dupe and victim flashed across her mind. He had feigned illness and death, to be rid of her, and she, foolish, credulous girl, was the wife of two living husbands—one whom she hated and loathed with her whole soul; the other she loved more than life itself.

One thought, one sentence rang the night through in the ears of Lady Lynne: it was this—"my sin has found me out."

CHAPTER XXIII.

Inez, Lady Lynne, sat alone in her sumptuous boudoir on the day after the Duchess of Ruthwell's ball. Her husband and sister had begged her to join them in a drive, but she declared herself fatigued, and said that nothing would restore her so quickly as a few hours of rest and solitude. They were unwilling to leave her, for her illness of the previous evening had alarmed them; but she asked to be alone, and they could not refuse. She wished to be alone, to collect her energies and her thoughts, to meet this crisis of her fate. Of all blows that could possibly have fallen upon her, this was the least anticipated, the most deadly; and yet, when she thought it all over, she wondered that it had never struck her before. The plot was so clumsy; yet at the time she had not doubted its truth. Even when she discovered the husband, whom she believed dead, to have been false, treacherous and deceitful, when the traitor friend stood before her, convicted by his own words, no shadow of doubt as to his death crossed her mind. She hated herself now for her credulity; a child would have had more penetration and more sense. But the crisis of her life was come; the hour was at hand when she must confront, almy and coldly the past and its secrets.

Women are always true to their instinct; although Lady Lynne believed herself to be in deadly peril—although not only her happiness, but her fair name, her love, her life itself, were all at stake. It may be that thought of revenge actuated her, and she meant Rinaldo to see that the girl he had slighted and deceived had grown into a woman so beautiful that the world lay at her feet. She bathed her face until all trace of her night's weeping disappeared. In the rich tresses of her hair was placed an exquisite white camellia, fastened by a diamond arrow. A dress of rich silk showed her noble, graceful figure to advantage. Her face was proud, cold, and inflexible; her rich red lips had no quiver, her dark Southern eyes were bright and defiant, her white jewelled fingers did not tremble. There was no one single sign of weakness in Lady Lynne. Beautiful and dignified in her queenly magnificence, she descended to her boudoir, there to await what she knew was inevitable—th coming of Count Rinaldo.

All the spirit of her brave Spanish race was awake within her. He was a brave man who would not quail beneath the light of her eyes and the fire of her words. When she heard the knock that told of his arrival, and the footman announced his name, she rose haughtily, and received him as a queen would have done a rebellious subject.

He expected weak, womanly tears; but this magnificent haughty lady, whose proud face neither paled nor softened, whose eyes wore a look of unutterable contempt, took him by surprise. For one moment, as she looked calmly and coldly upon him, there came to her mind a vision of the summer evening when she had first met him, of the orange-grove where he had asked her to be his wife, and the rapture of happiness that had thrilled her girlish heart. She sickened at the thought. He drew near her, and tried to take her hand.

"I expected you, Count Rinaldo," she said; "and yet I wondered if you would dare to come."

"Dare is a strong word, my lady," he replied in Spanish, and the sound of the words brought for one moment a deep flush to her face.

"If I did not know that all words are wasted when spoken to one so unprincipled," she said, with bitter scorn, "I might ask Count Rinaldo how it is that, after the pathetic story of his illness and death, the grief of his friends, the heart-rending 'last message,' delivered with such sorrow, he finds himself alive and in England? Answer me," she continued; "explain, if you can, your cowardly, infamous lie."

She stood before him, proud and unbending; the count's face fell as her words shamed the manhood within him.

"Lie is not a nice word," she continued, mockingly; "and for a Venetian noble to tremble before a woman and feel himself a convicted liar, is no enviable position. But I am preventing thecount from explaining the miracle of his appearance."

"Don't take that tone with me, Inez," he replied, savagely; "remember, you are in my power; one owrd from me, and you are hurled from your present height of grandeur to the lowest depths of infamy and disgrace."

"I do not fear you," she retorted; "but I intend you to fear me; as every man should fear the woman he has deceived. I am no coward, Count Rinaldo; you might slay or torture me, but you could never cause me to fear."

She looked so bright, so brave, so undaunted, that he felt she spoke the truth, and that one part of his scheme had already failed; for Count Rinaldo had intended to trade upon his wife's fears. He knew that she was enormously rich, and he had arranged in his own mind that she should purchase his silence at a very high price. But he saw at once there was no hope of that; he might trade upon her love, but never upon her fear.

"Inez," he said, gently, "it is useless for us to quarrel; let us be friends; believe me, it will be better policy for us both."

"Friends!" she repeated, with a tone of scorn and contempt in her voice that half maddened him; "friends!—to say nothing of the difference that exists in our position, I, a descendant of the Montelcones, could never stand on friendly terms with a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

"By heaven, Inez," he replied, "if you were a man, and dared to say such words, I would slay you."

"Being a woman, Count Rinaldo," she said, with a mocking laugh, "I dare repeat them; and I tell you again that you are a liar, a traitor, and a coward."

He made a hasty step toward her, his face livid with anger, and half raised his hand.

"Complete the description of your character," she said; "let me, to those charming titles, so descriptive of your nobility, add yet another."

"If you retain any sense of wisdom," he replied, "you will be silent, and not irritate me; we shall not perhaps be here alone much longer. You had better listen to reason. If you do not, the moment my Lord Lynne returns, I will ask him to restore to me my wife."

Even then she gave no sign of fear.

"I have much to say to you, Inez," he continued, rapidly; "do not let us waste another moment in idle altercation. We have important interests at stake."

"You have, perhaps," she replied, carelessly; "I have none.

"Yo ushall not irritate me again," he said; "and, after all, you are foolish. Are there many people, think you, who would credit the story you have to tell? Were you not very willing to be imposed upin, Inez. Did you not receive the news of my supposed death very calmly"

"No," she replied; "may heaven pardon you my long agony of suspense and grief."

"Was it so?" he said; then Luigi deceived me; he told me you were easily consoled."

"I may add that you were easily deceived," she retorted.

Again anger nearly overpowered him, but by a strong effort he controlled himself.

"Nothing can make wrong right, I know," he continued. "I am not here to defend my conduct, or excuse it; it was the desperate resort of a desperate man. I did love you—nay, spare me that contemptuous look—I did love you. Had you been rich, I would have been faithful. Hear me patiently, I pray you, and then say what you will.

"When I persuaded you to that secret marriage, I was already a ruined man. My impetuous love hurried me along blindly; you were so beautiful, nad I loved you so, that I felt that at any price you must be mine.

"I had borrowed largely in Seville, on the prospect of my marriage with a wealthy heiress, Donna Maria Fabez. After I had seen you, I gave up all pursuit of her. But a few weeks after our marriage my life was hunted from me. Debt, prison and ruin stared me in the face. I was lost and bewildered. Then Donna Maria smiled upon me again, and almost asked me to follow her to Madrid. You were the only obstacle between me and fortune. I determined to give you up. I offer no excuse for what I did." I repented of the hasty marriage, which had plunged us both into ruin, and I resolved upon letting you believe that I was dead. I thought you were young, and would soon forget me. I thought I should marry Donna Maria, and share her fortune. In that hope I was deceived. She used me as a blind, and then cast me off with scant courtesy."

(To be continued.)

Old Chronic Sores Cured by "THE HOUSEHOLD SURGEON." Druggists refund money if DR. PORTER'S ANTISEPTIC HEALING OIL fails. 25c.

## ST. LAWRENCE IS OPEN.

### Records of the Department Show No Similar Case.

Montreal, Jan. 3.—Thirty years ago and again twenty-six years ago the River St. Lawrence was free from ice below Montreal until after January 1st, closing up with a hard freeze on the 2nd. To-day there is a clear channel from Montreal to the sea, with the exception of a short distance through Lake St. Peter, the most shallow part.

Careful records are kept by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, and these with reference to the St. Lawrence ship canal rate back to 1852. In no year since that time has the ice been so late in making as this. Only three times in all was the official close-up later than the opening of the new year.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.
PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

## NO ONE WANTS WAR.

### Sir Charles Dilke Scouts the Idea of Trouble in Pacific.

London, Jan. 3.—Sir Chas. Dilke, M. P., in an interview to-day on "the world's politics in 1908," expresses the opinion that there will not be a war between the United States and Japan. "Why should there be?" asks Sir Charles. "You cannot have war unless one side wants it. What could possible be gained by war? Japan is supposed to covet the Philippines, but she has not yet digested the slice of Manchuria that the Russo-Japanese war gave her, nor has she even settled Formosa. Does she not know that even if she did defeat the American fleet her triumphs would not be forever, since the United States would build a new fleet and Japan's expenditure in blood and treasure might be for nothing."

"I can't see what causes that young man who calls on you to stay so late?" "You can if you look at me, pa."—Houston Post.

PIMPLES

"I tried all kinds of blood remedies which failed to do me any good but I have found the right thing at last. My face was full of pimples and blackheads. After taking Cascarets they all left. I am continuing the use of them and recommending them to my friends. I feel fine when I rise in the morning. Hope to have a chance to recommend Cascarets."
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# TRAVELERS' GUIDE

## HAMILTON RADIAL ELECTRIC RAILROAD—TIME TABLE.

Time Table taking effect, January 6th, 1908.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and intermediate points: 6.10, 7.10, 8.00, 9.10, 10.10, 11.10 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30, 4.10, 5.30, 6.10 7.45, 9.15, 11.10 p. m.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville: 6.10, 8.00, 10.10 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30, 5.10, 8.25, 11.10. These cars stop at Beach Road, No. 12, Canal Bridge, Hotel Brant, Burlington and all Stations between Burlington and Oakville.

Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and Intermediate points: 6.00, 7.10, 8.00, 10.10 a. m.; 12.10, 1.45, 3.15, 4.10, 5.10, 7.00, 8.30, 10.10. p. m.

Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton: 7.50, 9.35, 11.30 a. m.; 2.35 4.00, 6.45, 9.45 p. m.

These cars stop at all stations between Oakville and Burlington, Hotel Brant, Canal Bridge No. 12.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Intermediate points: 8.10, 9.10, 11.10 a. m.; 1.00, 2.30, 4.10, 6.10, 7.45, 9.15 p. m.

Cars leave Hamilton for Burlington and Oakville: 8.10, 11.25 a. m.; 2.30, 5.10, 6.10, 8.25 p. m. These cars stop at Beach Road, No. 12, Canal, Hotel Brant, Burlington and all Stations between Burlington and Oakville.

Cars leave Burlington for Hamilton and Intermediate points: 8.10, 10.10 a. m.; 12.10 1.45, 3.15, 5.10, 7.00, 8.30, 9.15 p. m.

Cars leave Oakville for Hamilton: 9.50 a. m.; 1.15, 4.00, 6.45, 8.45. These cars stop at all Stations between Oakville and Burlington, Hotel Brant, Canal, No. 12.

## BRANTFORD & HAMILTON ELECTRIC RAILWAY—TIME TABLE.

Commencing December 20th, 1907.

Leave Hamilton: 7.00, 8.30, 10.30 a. m.; 12.30, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30 p. m.

Leave Ancaster: 7.30, 9.30, 11.30 a. m.; 1.30 3.30, 5.30, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays a special car will leave Hamilton at 10.30 p. m. This car will wait until 15 minutes after the close of the evening performances at the different theatres.

This time table is subject to change at any time without notice.

SUNDAY SERVICE

Leave Hamilton: 10.00 a. m.; 12.30, 2.30, 4.30, 7.00, 8.30 p. m.

Leave Ancaster: 10.30 a. m.; 1.30 3.30, 6.30, 7.30, 9.00 p. m.

AT R. McKAY & CO'S, MONDAY, JANUARY 6th, 1908

McKAY'S GREAT JANUARY Clearing Sale

NOW AT ITS BEST

COME TO THIS BRIGHT STORE ON MONDAY AND SHARE IN THESE SPLENDID BARGAINS : : : :

These are opportunities that shrewd buyers should take advantage of, and don't forget many others await you here, but the price cards will tell the rest. Come on Monday to this store; that is if you want to save much money. READ

January Sale of Embroideries and Insertions

Embroidered Edgings 3c yard.

1,000 yards only of fine Cambric Edgings, in open embroidered designs, 1 to 3 inches wide; Insertions, worth up to 8c yard, clearing at .... 3c yard

Embroideries and Insertions 5c yard

3,000 yards of Swiss and Cambric Embroidery, 2 to 5 inches wide, all good patns, also Insertions to match, worth up to 15c yard, clearing 5c yard

Embroideries and Insertions 11c yard

5,000 yards of fine Swiss and Cambric Embroidery and Insertions, 2 to 12 inches wide, in dainty eyelet designs; insertions to match, worth up to 25c yard, clearing .... 11c yard

Nottingham Torchon Laces 3c yard

1,000 yards of fine Nottingham, Torchon Laces, with insertions to match, ½ to 3 inches wide, all dainty designs, regular 5c yard, clearing at 3c yard

English Valenciennes Lace 2 yards for 5c

Fine English Valenciennes Laces, in dainty floral designs, 1 to 2 inches wide, made for trimming fine underwear, regular 5 and 8c yard, on sale 2 yards for .... 5c

Great January Sale of White Gloves

White Cashmere and Wool Gloves 39c pair

Fine white Cashmere Gloves, in fleeced or silk lined, with dome fasteners, also jersey wrist, Fowne's make, fine Woolen Gloves, in all sizes, worth up to 60c, clearing at .... 39c

Long Woolen Gloves 69c pair

25 doz of Heavy Woolen Elbow Gloves, in white only, sizes 6 to 7½, regular 89c, .... 69c

Ladies' White Kid Gloves 59c pair

20 doz of fine White French Kid Gloves, in two dome fasteners, fine Paris make, sizes 5¾ to 7, regular $1 and $1.25 pair, clearing 59c pair

Children's White Kid Gloves 69c

10 doz of Children's Fine White Kid Gloves, in two dome fasteners, fancy embroidered points, all sizes, regular $1.00, for .... 69c

Ladies' White Kid Belts 25c

15 doz of fine White Kid Leather Belts, with two and three piece shades and buckle, all sizes, regular 50c, clearing sale .... 25c

Soiled White Kid Belts 15c

5 doz of Plain and Fancy Kid Leather Belts, in white only, with fancy buckles, slightly soiled, regular 35c, clearing .... 15c

The Greatest Sale—COATS—Of the Year

COATS AT ¼ PRICE. COATS AT ⅓ PRICE.
COATS AT ½ PRICE.

About 15 new, fresh, perfect Coats of all kinds to select from.

$15.00 Cloth Coats $6.90

Handsome Cloth Coats, in box and fitted styles, 48 inches long, all excellent style, perfect in every way, regular $15.00, while they last on Monday at .... $6.90

Extraordinary Price Smashing on

Women's Furs and Fur Garments

The Biggest Fur Bargain Event in Years

With months of winter yet to come, this announcement should meet with an enthusiastic response.

We not enumerate all the items. These are merely hints.

$125 Persian Coats .... $75 | $75.00 Fur Lined Coats .... $50
$175 Persian Coats .... $150 | $75.00 Mink Stoles .... $50
$75.00 Mink Muffs .... $60

January Clearing Sale in the Dress Goods Department

60c Black Henriettas for 39c

You will be your chance to secure a nice silk finish black Henrietta at great reduction, 42 inches wide and a splendid shade of black, our regular 60c, on sale to-morrow to clear at .... 39c

50 to 75c Tweed Suitings, January Clearing Sale Price 29c

A splendid Tweed Suitings go on sale Monday in winter shades, in checks, stripes and plaid effects, just the thing for children's school dresses or women's separate skirts, worth up to 75c yard; January clearing price 29c

Visit Our Busy Staple Dept.

Specials for Monday that will Interest Every Housekeeper

Many good things not on this List

Splendid January Sale Prices

Cretonne Damasks

70-inch cream Union Damask, good, firm quality, 40c value, for .... 25c

63-inch cream Damask, firm, heavy quality, and 45c values, for 29c

Towels 15c

29 dozen huck Towels, hemmed and fringed, a size, regularly 40c value, sale price .... 15c each

Sheets Specials

Extra heavy Unbleached Sheeting, plain and twill, bleaches easily, cannot be beaten for wear, 30c value, for .... 27c

Bleached Twill Sheeting, round, even thread, 2 yards wide, 27c value, for .... 23c yard

Remnants Cotton 8c

200 yards remnants White Cotton ends, 1 yards, long cloths, cambrics, cloths up to 13c, for 8c yd.

Flannelettes 10c

20 pieces heavy, Striped Flannelette, warm, soft finish, regularly 12½c, for .... 10c

10 pieces soft finish White Flannelette, fleecy finish, 15c value, for .... 12½c

Glass Toweling

Red and blue checks and plain, wide width, close, absorbent weaves:
11c values for .... 9c
13c value for .... 10c
15c value for .... 12½c

Hemmed Napkins

25 dozen Hemmed Napkins, 17 x 17, worth $1.00 dozen, Monday .. 72c doz.

Odd Napkins 10c

50 dozen Odd Napkins, pure linen, slightly imperfect, regularly $1.75 doz., special .... 10c each

Pillow Shams 25c Pr.

Swiss Tambour Pillow Shams, good pattern, well finished, regularly 50c, sale price .... 25c pair

Table Cloths $1.69

Pure Linen Cloths, 2 yards square, bordered all around, rich satin finish, slightly imperfect, regularly $2.50, for .... $1.69

Longcloth 10c

Fine, soft finish English Long Cloth, 13c value, for .... 10c

Watch Monday Morning in the Men's Furnishings Department

Men's Wool Underwear ranging from 34 to 44 in size, regular price $1 and $1.50, on sale Monday .. 69c

Ask to see our lined Glove at $1, these are worth $1.25 and $1.50.

Another bargain in Silk Ties, 10 dozen Ties to sell Monday at 19c, regular price 35c and 50c.

Men's Silk Mufflers, all colors, to be sold at less than half price, regular $1.25, for .... 50c

R. McKAY & CO.

## STEAMSHIPS

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ROYAL MAIL EMPRESSES

LIVERPOOL.

| To | From |
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| Jan. 4 .... Lake Champlain .... | Dec. 18 |
| Jan. 10 .... Empress of Britain .... | Dec 27 |
| Jan. 24th, Corsican, by arrangement. | Jan. 10 |
| Feb. 1st .... Lake Erie .... | Jan 15 |
| Feb 7th .... Empress of Ireland .... | Jan. 24 |
| Feb. 29th .... Lake Manitoba .... | Feb. 12th |

Steerage $27.50 and $28.75. Second cabin $37.50 up. First class $45 up.
"Lake Erie" and "Lake Champlain" carry one class, second and steerage only.

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Jan. 29th, "Montrose" will leave West St. John to London direct, carrying one class (second) only. Rate $30.
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ROYAL MAIL STEAMSHIPS

FROM PORTLAND.
*Canada .... Jan. 4 Welshman .... Jan. 25
Cornishman .... Jan. 11 Ottoman .... Feb. 1
*Dominion .... Jan. 18 *Canada .... Feb. 8
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Steamers sail from Portland 2 p. m.
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PORTLAND TO BRISTOL (Avonmouth).
Manxman .... Jan. 3 Turcoman .... Jan. 16
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Joggson—Is it right, wot I 'ears, as yer wife rules yer wiv a rod of iron? Boggson—No, t'aint; she ain't used anything but the rolling pin on me.—Boston Globe.

## RAILWAYS

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