

her. Miss Herndon wheeled about as if to follow, but Paget was at the "Bigbrain expects to get a tune out of his new incubator. door. "Bertle, listen! Only one moment! I have come all the way to Japan Yet Mr. Babson's insinuations were tune "Any great improvement?" "Yes; it has a phonograph tachment that says: 'Cluck-cl enough to make you throw me over. And we were to have been married 'Cluck-cluck in a week. The girl raised her eyes with such a "How was I to know ?" she retort. What an absurd thing it is to pass ed, stung into self-defence. "Even my brother could not deny that such a toast had been drunk." look of scorn that his words faltered over all the valuable parts of a man and fix all our attention on his in-firmities!-Addison. "So 1 perceive," she said. "Yet would not have gathered the fac "Yet I bluode "Did he tell you who proposed it?" "Not I only asked him the one quesfrom-this." She flung his card to the floor, where it lay, face up, between Hoax-Poor Sandy MacPherson Paget made no answer. "Even 1 should not have dreamed ou capable of assuming a false "Your own brother introduced me them died of grief. Paget made no answer. Joax-Why, I thought he took "Even 1 should not have dreamed you capable of assuming a false carbolic acid. Hoax-So he did, but he thought was Scotch whiskey. under 1 She stood before him with head and Hungry Hawkins-I onct answer-That does not increase my respect arms drooping. Her hair alone might ed a want ad. Tatterdon Torn-Gwan! was de job? for either of you. Doubtless you tricked him into it." "Trickery is unnecessary between arms drooping. Her hair alone might ensnare a man's soul. How often had he kissed those shining waves. A mad desire to seize her in his arms -no matter what happened after-to feel her, to hold her there once more, surged into his blood and brain. But no; he must control him-self he wast proces the advantage Hungry Hawkins-It was all a misreasonable people or-friends. In your case we both felt it to be the last resort." take. A printer advertised fer good feeder. She drew in her breath sharply The Good One-My man, it makes "Have you come all this way to in-sult me-again ?" "I have never insulted you. I have me feel had to see you coming out self-he must press the advantage f a saloon. The Bad One-Well, boss, he had gained. he had gained. "Then have you nothing to say to me, Bertle?" She raised her head as if at the touch of a spur. "If you are demanding an apology, here it is: I acted too hastily. I humbly beg your pardon." Paget hurriedly changed his tac-tics. come to plead wouldn't wouldn't have done yer any good if yer had saw me goin' in. I only had a nickel, an' that wouldn't have bought drinks for both. 'You must have known that it would be useless." "Your brother warned me, but was not willing to believe you as sel-fish, narrow and vindictive as he "Have you heard the story of the seemed to assume.' onion ?" asked Wattles of Pettigrew She winced. He saw the gesture of tics. "I didn't want an apology, cer-tainly not one given in that spirit. I only want things to be as they "Bertie! we were to have been married in a week. Think what that "Well, don't breathe it to a soul." Mrs. Drummer-Yes, indeed; think George is working too hard. only with thinks of the second 'Hush I" she said, trembling, "how Mrs. Hummer-You do? Mrs. Drummer-Yes; he came home awful nervous last night, and said he had been making a round of the dare you mention it-now ?' "How could you have been willing to throw me over at the whispere becandal of a cad, a man who had been my guest at dinner the night before? You have made me a laugh ing-stock! You refused to hear my sample rooms." He flushed. "Pshaw! Of what in Gotrox-So the Count is cured o ortance is that? Less than a trifle bis infatuation for your daughter? Billions-Yes, I bought him off; gave him the gold cure.-Philadelphia defence, even from your own brother And, to cap the climax, you ran away to Japan, shirking it all, and throw ing that much more ridcule on me? f you loved me you would excuse iny means that brought us together love me once. You cannot have changed altogether !" n did ing that much more ridicule on me," "There is no need of going into that again," said the girl, her face Record. Miss Heamley-No, I. won't take changed altogether " She gave him no answer, but moved in a slow, troubled way to-ward the door. Paget stooped for the card, tore it viciously into halves and threw "But is it?" he cried. "Do I loo like a man to be flung aside withou reeson, and take the flinging calmly?" those photos. They make me look like a perfect fright. Photographer-Well, madam, you Photographer-Well, madam, you ould have told me that you wanted She did not meet his eye. "I mus o," she murmured, "I cannot listen me to make them flatter you. it on the fire. At the sudden leap ng up of the flames the girl turned "Is this the end of everything? Nell-There is rumor of an engage ment between May Snapp and Wil Grumble. Paget seemed not to hear. "Asid from losing you, I am not inclined to accept defeat at the hands of a peaching cad like Babson." "I never said that it was Mr. Babsked Paget. She nodded. The movement sent Belle-It's more than a rumor of two tears out from under an engagement. It's a regular pitch ed battle. But they'll make u again, of course. drooping lashes. "Oh. Bertie!" he cried in despair, "will you wreck our two lives for this foolish pride? Can nothing move son who told me." "No," said Paget; "but he was th one. Babble has one eye now, nim fingers and seven whole ribs." "You didn't fight him?" said Mis "She is so garrulous," said the first said Mis vou ? "Nothing !" she said, but her lips deafmute, speaking of a friend who was similarly affected. Herndon, nervously. "One can't fight a bran sack; one "It is the last time I shall ask. "It is the last time I shall ask. Can nothing move you?" "Is that so?" can only punch. I punched!" "Oh' did it-did it get into the papers?" Miss Herndon clasped her Why, do you know, when 'Yes. no one is around for her to talk to she makes her right hand talk to her left."-Baltimore American. At this moment a faint underground shiver was felt, a jelly-like "That's the first thing that

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theme ?"

community, and she deserved al the wooing she received, for she wa all in fact, had all the charming at-tributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi-lips like roses, cheeks the tint of the peach b after the tint of the peach blossom retty, white, evenly-set teeth n1 inuous curves and al that sort of thing. She was simply a pink dream, and there was a great rivalry among the young fellows who vis-ited her. On a certain evening last winter the young gentlemen who figures in this tal, brusheal his hair, pollshed his teeth, and went forth to Wot poissed his teeth, and went forth to woo the rustic queen. The old gen-tleman was at home. I ought to remark at this point that the old man was very fond of hunting, and he had just purchased a new breech-load-ing shotgun, and his exuberance over the event was positively hoy-ish. The your load, hencemed to ish. The young lady happened to drift back into the sitting room, and found her father explaining to a friend the many advantages of the new shotgun, and telling what he would do to his hunting companions on the next day when they mould go would do to his hunting companions on the next day, when they would go out to the lake. The young lady was very enthusiastic over the weapon, and turning to her father she said: "Oh, papa dear, take the gun in and show it to Mr. Blank. I'm sure he'd show it to Mr. Blank. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see it, for, you know, he is so fond of hunting." The old gentleman acted on the sugges-tion, and excusing himself from his guest, made a start for the parlor with the shotgun in his hand. He shoved the door of the parlor open and rushed in rather hurriedly. Well, the young man rushed out after the same fashion, and he left a nicely polished cane and a brand new hat on the rack. One of his rivals had told him that the old gentleman did mot like him, and that he seriously objected to the attention he was paying to the young lady. When the old gentleman broke into the par-lor with a shotgun the young fellow could hear the leaden pellets rat-tling in his face, and he broke the sprinting record of the community He recovered the hat and cane, but He recovered lost the girl. At the Summer Hotel. "She has a good voice, but she doesn't seem to be able to control up "No: she sings whenever anyone asks her."--August Smart Set. Same Old Line. Farmer Brown-Is Mrs. Whiffletree Farmer forwards and an arrest the second sec

can openers !-- Puck.

"missing" and the the fell Leading and cheering their comrades through the death-storms of shot and shell. Many a name we honor, For they've done-well, every one: From young Roberts, Schofield and Congreve, To little Bugler Dunne! To his last dying breath. Greater love hath no man Johnny wrote to his sweetheart the first time he was under fire; To charge alongside Harry had been his heart's desire. My son is living—was living— they brought up the a But it wasn't a charge. It was lance cart, murder, It was death coming out of the air, Not a puff of smoke to tell them If the Boers lay here or there, Tucked away in their trenches; nothwill_ ing to see or to show; And our men dropped out of their saddles without one glimpse of saddles without one glimpse of the foe! "Twas awful!" he wrote. "I was praying That I might know how to die." 'He's a coward," says she in a pas who was sion, And flings his letter by. "My girl,' I says, "you're mistaken! [When a British soldier prays, He's got the heart within him we had in the olden days, -Toronto Telegram. When our enemies fell before us It's them as wouldn't win ! It's them as wouldn't win " But there, she wouldn't listen, She didn't care a pin. "Il write to night and tell him I've chucked him for Charlie Jones!" She says. But before he could hear it something had happened to Bones. One day of that African summer A Lancer patrol went out, In charge of Harry's Captain, Just to leisurely look about, And search the little kopies where the Dutchmen like to hide. Harry was there, and Johnny, and four or five troopers beside. Jerman: night, Herr B.?" "Ach, no!" with a wave of his hand; "der ghost is retty, but der meat is feeble." Then the quiet man straightened out our wrinkled brows by suggest-ing that workible he meant." The You may think the work sounds easy, But it's not the pleasantest thing In cold blood to walk your horses Where every rock may ring To the cracking of a rille; where every bush may screen Some of the surest marksmen the world has ever seen. All at once from a farm in the dis tance. Waved a signal of distress : They could tell 'twas a woman w ing, Most like a bit of her dress. could tell 'twas a woman way

Sort.

Cape Town

And were sent to the front double-quick,

duck, nd day by day in the papers We read of the wounded and sick e dead and the "taken prisoner,"

his weight !" "Shelter yourself, lad! gasped Harry. "Leave me, before it's too late !" "Never, alive!" rang his answer. And the Boers came up to the bend; Like a young lion he faced them, standing over his friend. Three he shot down with his carbine-And then-he met his death, Shielding his wounded comrade Than this, the Scripture saith. Because the poor, broken body of Johnny-lay over his heart. Friends, when this war is over, And we give the Cross "For Valor" To heroes living still; Remember the dead who earned if, where the hills of the Transvaal honor this deed of a Lancer, "Shot while on patrol." -"Jim's Wife." Our Language. At a table of German and English At a taple of German and English students recently, one pleasant lit-tle German was keen on showing his knowledge of English. Every sentence of his was bound to con-tain hayve and alretty; a bit of slang was as ponderance to him as the voice of an oracle and the English th was simply impossible. He commented brokenly on the bewket on the table, and the gaynose in M's. buttonhole. But the climax was reached in answer to a question put in good

do it, "Oh, God! I've not strength for

"Are you going to the lecture to-night, Herr B.?"

ing that possibly he meant, "TI spirit is willing, but the flesh weak."-London King.

A correspondent has discovered number of oddly named persons i Georgia countles. Among the names are: Sorrowful Williams, In crease Thomas, Merciful Jenkins, A gel Jones, Salvation White, Ha ness Johnson, Purity Scott and I adige Lee.