CHAPTER XII. At Ostend the pretty widow showed signs of fatigue, and O'Rourke having

seen her comfortably tucked away in one first-class carriage, with his own traveling rug for a pillow, sought another Mrs. Spry was heavy-eyed when sh awoke, and yawned behind her little gloved hand as she stood upon the platorm watching the assiduous O'Rourke. bustled hither and thither in he behalf in his own brightest and most

cheerful manner. "I suppose your friends expect you at -I forget the name of the place. Ja-nenne? Is it Janenne?" He glanced at her quickly and with so evident a surprise that she added: "Mr. Maskelyne told me you were going there. Is that the name of the place?"

"There is a little place of that name. said O'Rourke. "Maskelyne and I were there together a few days ago. I may go on, or I may not. I shall probably have a day or two in Brussels in any

When the hotel was reached, O'Rourke secured rooms for his delightful companion and ordered for her at her request a cup of warm milk and a biscuit. This modest refection was conveyed to her bed chamber, and she retired, purring an ac-

knowledgment of obligation.

If Mrs. Spry had been charming the night before, she was still more delightful next morning. O'Rourke made a guess as to her age, and set her down as being between three and four and twenty, in which he fiattered her. Bearing in mind all the while how time was flying, and how it behooved him to make the most of chances which were likely to be limited. stay long in Brussels? he asked.

"Well, no," she answered, with a be-coming little blush. "There's only one afraid, Mr. O'Rourke. She's a relative relative, but the only one he had, and he left her out in the cold. I'm afraid she's not very likely to be very good friends with me, but I want to make it up with her if she'll let me." O'Rourke's attentive and sympathetic face was worth a volume of commonplace answers to this statement. "And then," said the widow, I've got a friend to see, and then I've done with Belgium. I shall go and see Paris again, and I shall try to persuade my friend to go with me. I haven't seen her for two years, but she's the dearest

"That," said O'Rourke, "is a flattering description. Is your friend in Brussels? "No. From what I can learn, she's gone and buried herself alive in some eadful quiet place; miles and miles away from everywhere. I've looked it up on the map, and I make out Namoor to be the nearest city. It's a little place called Houfoy."

"I have been there," returned O'Rourke, with admirable naturalness. "There is only one English family residing there.

I have the pleasure to know them."
"Oh," said the lady, rapidly and enthu siastically, "do you know Angela Butler? Oh, now, really! I say, what a little place the world is, to be sure! Well, I do wonder that young George Maskelyne never told me that you knew

"I only met them a fortnight O'Rourke.

ago. No; three weeks since."
"Oh," purred the widow, making her most expressive eyes at companion. "I adore Angela Butler. Don't you adore her, Mr. O'Rourke? Oh.

"I think her a very charming girl. Frank, clever, English-thoroughly Eng-

"Oh, so very English," said Mrs. Spry. "And you are going to Houfoy to see Miss Butler?" asked O'Rourke. "That is delightful news indeed to me. shall be neighbors. I am going to Janenne to see some old friends of mine, and Janenne is the nearest village to

"That will be pleasant," said Mrs When she had said this she lowered her head away suddenly, and a sec ond or two later shot a most vanquishing glance at O'Rourke.

She discharged her one little bit actual business, and she set out on a bright afternoon in early June, with the constant O'Rourke in attendance, Houfoy, having previously advised Angela of her coming by wire.

"Let me see, now," said Mrs. Spry, holding her head on one side and looking up at O'Rourke thoughtfully. "How long ill it take this train to reach Houfov? "It does not go on to Houfoy," return-"It reaches Janenne in ed O'Rourke. four hours and five minutes."

"I think you know everything, Mr. O'Rourke," said the lady, admiringly. Then, clasping her hands with a soft fer 'Will you do me a favor, Mr. O'Rourke?"

"Try me," said O'Rourke, with his own admirable mixture of jest and earn

"Will you go to the telegraph burea and write a telegram? In French, or these dreadful foreigners'll bungle From Mrs. Spry, Brussels, to Miss Angels Butler, the Chateau, Houfoy. To say that I shall be at-what's the name of the station?-at-when does the train get there?—and to ask her to meet me there Because she might forget." 'May I look at your books?" he said.

"Certainly," she answered, taking up a loose handful and handing them over to him. As she did so his eyes met hers, and he drew them away with a sad reluctance. Mrs. Spry blushed, and opened one of the paper-bound volumes. 'Ah!" cried O'Rourke, brightly, a mo-

ment later, "you have bought 'Fireflies, 'Yes," she answered, looking up with a faint memory of the blush still linger-ing in her eyes, "I heard a great deal of talk about it in London, and I want

"A delightful book," said O'Rourke book. The author is a dear friend of mine. He is staying at Ja-nenne with his wife and their little boy. I am going down there to pay them a

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Spry, clasping her

t) Rourke said, "and sure to like him. I himself to the wall and stared at the believe that Miss Butler and Mrs. Farley parcel with an involuntary batting of the

are great friends."
"I shall be afraid of him, I'm sure,"
cried the widow, hiding her face in her
hands, and surveying O'Rourke through
ther fingers. "I was afraid of you at

first." She blushed prodigiously at this avowal, and dropping her hands before her, she turned her head away. O'Rourke caught her hands and held them for a noment.

"Of me?" he said, tenderly. And here, since they were alone in the arriage, and had still a good twenty niles to go before they reached their first topping point, no man can say how rapidly and how happily O'Rourke's fate might have been decided, if only the ad-venture had happened in England, where the guards refrain from walking about the outside of their trains during transit. But at this instant the door swung open and the ticket collector entered, and havng with a perfect stony gravity punched

grin. O'Rourke saw the grin, and for a moment, though he was a fairly good-temred man as a general thing, felt vengeful. The obvious impossibility of pur-suing the ticket collector along the footoard did nothing to assuage his anger for the time.

their tickets, swung himself out through the door on the other side of the car-

iage and went on his way with a broad

CHAPTER XIII. "I should like," said Mr. Frost-"I hould particularly like to know what ur individual caper really is." "Make your desire a little clearer," re-

rned Mr. Zeno. "I speak Engish tol-

erably well, I think, but I have yet to earn American. Try English." The two were seated in Frost's dingy apartment. The tenant of the room was etter dressed than usual, his clothes were better brushed, and his linen was stiffer and whiter than ordinary. A tall, he turned the conversation to the lady's shiny silk hat cocked lazily over one eye probable movements. Did she intend to gave him a rakish air, and as he leaned ack in a broken down rocking chair, with his heels on the window sill, he contemplated the trim and well polished boots t brings me here. There's an old which ornamented his feet with a look living here—a little hard up, I'm of obvious satisfaction. The evening sun hone through the dirty, uncurtained winof my poor dear late husband's a distant dow, and gave his sallow skin an unac-

customed glow. "What do you want to get at, at all?" demanded Frost. "What do you want to know? What do you want to do?" "I want to know and do many things," returned Zeno. "Come to your point, my friend. Be more precise. What do you want to know? What do you want

"You don't put your head into the ion's mouth and hold it there for nothsaid Frost, turning a shifty glance upon him. "You could know every move-ment that old madman makes, if that's your only game, without putting your own skin in danger for a second. There ain't a thing he floes that I don't know, oldn't know if I wanted to, and what I know you could know at a very

alight momentary expenditure."
"Well," returned Zeno, "very well. You know the man in the photograph. You know Athanos Zeno. Nobody knows Athanos Zeno, my good Frost, If Athanos Zeno is betrayed he is betrayed by George Frost. Is it worth while to talk of this any longer? Do you think that I am not content with carrying my life in my own hand, and that I put it into yours? Do you think that I am young enough and foolish enough to trust anybody without a check? Let me tell you why I employed you. I saw that you ightly," said were clever, cunning and without scruple, thing always to choose a man without courage, but it is a good thing in your ase, because when you know that your life hangs upon your good faith you will Now, is it really worth while to talk of this any longer?"

"I own up," said Frost. "I shall not trust you a bit more if you own up, as you call it," said Zeno, tranquilly. "I shall not trust you a this talk, because I have never trusted you. I shall not trust you any more, because I never trust anybody. I am bliged to be in danger. Now, really, shall we talk of this thing any more? Is it really worth while?"

"You're not such a fool," Frost answered, evidently ill at ease beneath Mr. Zeno's smile-"you're not such a fool as to suppose that I'm going to throw up tolerable safety such as I've got hold of. I ain't the man to quarrel with my rations, nor yet to get my skin pierced while I can keep it whole. I was a fool to threaten you, but I wanted to know your game and that was all. If I ain't going to be let know it, I'm placable.

"Then," said Zeno, "we will go out and have some dinner. And you shal pay for the dinner, because you have been a fool. Eh, my Frost?"

"I'm game for that," said Frost. "Are you going to take your parcel with you?" the parcel," said Zeno. parcel is your affair. I had forgotten This is a little invention of your own. You will bring it under the attention of the committee this evening and it will secure you a little praise, I can assure

"What is it?" Frost demanded. "Ha! ha!" cried Zeno, with a laugh you have divined its nature. What a cunning fellow it is, and what a courageous fellow it is!"

"I say, look here," said the other shrinking closer against the wall, "you haven't got any of that stuff here, have you? I can't stand it, Zeno. I won't-"What?" cried Zeno, laying a hand upon Frost's collar. "You call me by that name! You are frightened, are you and you forget, do you, my poor Frost? Never be frightened again, will you? Please! Never forget again, will you! Please !"

"I hate the stuff," Frost declared. "I can't bear to be about it. "Do not mind the stuff, dear Frost,

said Mr. Zeno, tightening his hold on Frost's collar. "Mind me, if you please. You will be very sorry if you call me by that name again. "I won't forget again," he said, stam-meringly. "But I hate the stuff. I wish

you wouldn't bring it here."
"Pooh!" returned Zeno, with a brutal disregard of his friend's sensitiveness "What harm is there in this?" He re leased Frost, and, crossing over to the other side of the room, took from the sofa an unsuspicious-looking parcel in brown paper. Setting this upon the "How delightful to know such table, he proceeded to untie the knotted

people! Oh, how I do envy you that string which surrounded it, grinning and privilege!" at the knots with his fingers. Frost glued

pt at a jocular air and tone, sin't any harm in that, so far as I car Zeno held up before him a packet of half a dozen books, held together by a double strap, and differing slightly in size. Fastened to the two straps was a loop of sewn leather by which the parcel could be conveniently carried. "I don't know," said Frost, "what you want to scare me for. I've told you over and ver again I can't bear the mere sigh

"Come here," said Zeno, laying the acket on the table and unfastening the uckles; "I have something to show ou." Frost approached with a slow wagger of unconcern. Zeno, having laid lown the straps on either side, opened the topmost volume. "A dictionary," he said, "of French and English." He flut-

"Well," said Frost, "where's your in-

"Here," replied Zeno, and, turning over of a tin box, displaying at the same time the fact that the interior part of the leaves was cut clean away, and that the apparent bundle of books was but a case. gin feeding on the leaves. He lifted the dictionary, and some two The full-grown moth is shown in the nches of the tin box stood clear. Then upper part of the illustration. The lifted the second book, which was caterpillar is about two inches long, smaller than the first, and held it up. a with a dull yellow band just back of the tin case itself, and balanced it in his to most farmers, for it may be found hand before Frost, who retired so rapidly in nearly every section of the country. that he fell over a chair backward. "Get up," said Zeno, "it is empty." Frost arose, rubbing the back of his head, which had come smartly in contact with the wall.

"I don't know," he said, "what you want to scare me for. "Why," returned Zeno, showing the gaps in his teeth again, "it is right that

ou should know that you are a coward."
"There are some men," said Frost, rising slowly, "that can't stand snakes. ain't sweet on snakes myself, but I'd sooner go to bed with a hogshead of 'em than be in the same room with dynamite. And outside that, I don't know that I'm such a champion coward as you take me for. It's a natural repugnance; that's what it is a natural repugnance. I've read of men that have that same precise kind of feelin' in respect to cats, and roses, and all manner of things that you and me don't mind at all."

"Well," said Zeno, smiling still, "this is your invention, my brave Frost. I make you a present of the idea. You observe" (he restored the tin box to its is by spraying with paris green, but place again, and strapped the innocent poking volumes together as he spoke) "you observe that there is not the least spicion about this. If any of your friends, who does not share your natural may be applied to the infested limbs repugnance, should want to cross the and the insects destroyed in this manhannel with anything that should not be ner. bserved, this may be useful to him."

"Yes," replied Frost, taking the parcel n his hand and weighing it, "it looks nnocent enough. It's an ingenious idea, and I should think it would act, But it won't hold much."

(To be continued.)

YANKEE TRICKS OF CHINESE.

Dealers in Antiquities. 182,000 horses were The way in which the art trade is human food in 1906. openly is cheap trash to allure the in. and killing dogs."

genuine piece. It requires patience, proper introduction, personal acquaintance and the power of wholly adapting one's self to Chinese, usages to be initiated into the the work of an expert, many years of sanctum where true art wields the practical experience being required bescepter; it is not the possibility that the foreigner may be willing to pay the price or any price, that induces the Chinese to lift the veil; but the certainty that he possesses a discriminating knowledge and judgment. Only this affords a passport to the hall of adepts and to fair treatment, The shrewd Chinaman is well aware of the fact that he can palm off on the inexperienced foreigner an imitation at the same prices as an original. Why, therefore should he let him have the genuine article of which he does not recognize the value?

Another peculiarity of the art dealdown, at the very moment of the sale; while, on the other hand, there is hardobtain on credit. Another interesting point is that in Hsianfu no discount is allowed on any great work of art, except by small houses which may be

standards; everything depends on date or an inscription consisting of a plains, few characters always commands an additional sum; in lengthy inscriptions the number of characters is carefully counted and a conscientious estimate is jons of them scattered far and wide. put upon each of them.

Prophecy Fulfilled.

Patient-I have come to tell you loctor, that that young stock broker, whom my daughter met at the sea four months ago, has now proposed to her

and they are engaged." Doctor-Now didn't I tell you that ou would benefit later by your change? -Meggendorfer Blatter.



Summer Pest. The illustration shows one of the most destructive of the summer insect pests, which attacks both fruit and ornamental trees. It is known as the yeltered over the first two or three score low-neck caterpillar, and is usually found in numbers along the branches of trees, feeding on the foliage until the limb is entirely denuded, when they migrate to another limb. The female another score of leaves, revealed the top deposits the eggs on the leaf of the tree, where they are usually hatched during July, and the young insects be-

ere oblong frame. Then he drew out the black head. This pest is familiar



THE YELLOW CATERPILLAR.

if this is not desirable because of fruit on the trees, a torch made of cloth or small rags and saturated with kerosene

Dog Sausage No Joke. The old joke about eating "hot dog" is no joke in Germany any more, for no less than 7,000 canines of various

breeds were slaughtered and eaten by the subjects of Kaiser William last year, according to a report from Consul George N. Ifft at Annaberg. The eating of horse meat seems to be quite How the Foreigner Is Dealt with by general in Germany, for no less than 182,000 horses were slaughtered for

carried on in Hsianfu is a matter of "Horseflesh is very generally advercurlosity in itself, says the Craftsman. tised in the German papers," says The shops of the dealers are tiny Consul Ifft, "especially in those in rooms, dimly lighted and a never-fail- large industrial centers, and most Gering source of wonder to the new arri- man cities have at least one market val. Trifling bric-a-brac is heaped up which makes it a specialty, claiming in the front room, some crumpled pa- for it a higher percentage of nourishper paintings spread over the walls; ment than that of beef, veal, mutton not a sign that important art objects or pork. Neither is it unusual to find would ever be forthcoming. The for advertisements of dog meat or for the eigner whose eyes are accustomed to purchase of dogs for slaughter. In the the magnificent, giaringly gilt stores of city of Cassel recently the police, in ed that the true Chinese antiquarian private slaughter house and arrested never exposes his heart-loved treasures the proprietors, who were apparently to the profane eye. What he displays making a regular business of stealing

nocent and ignorant. Woe to him who In the city of Chemnitz alone, Conis trapped in this pitfall; he will never sul lift reports, 698 dogs were slaughrise to see himself treated to a good tered for human food in 1906, this being an increase of eighty-eight over the previous year.

> Hedge Trimmer. The trimming of a hedge is properly

fore first class work can be accomplished. As a rule expert bedge trimmers employ a cut-

ter having but a single pair of blades. A Virginia sanit ! man thought that a trimmer could be

would simplify the HEDGE TRIMMER. trimming and assure greater accuracy. Accordingly be designed the Implement shown in the Illustration. It comprises a pair of er is that he does not talk about his knives, containing numerous cutting objects; the buyer of ancient art is ex. teeth. The knives are attached to pivpected by him to know all about them oted handles, one knife moving over as an expert and is responsible for his the other. When the latter are graspown failures. If he is disappointed be ed, one in each hand, considerable must take the blame himself. It has power can be applied to the cutter, also become an established rule that whereby over a foot of the hedge can antiquities must be paid for, cash be trimmed in a single cut. It would be impossible, with this tool, to trim too much in spots, forming an uneven ly anything that a Chinaman cannot surface to the hedge. The extreme

cut throughout. Caett as Stock Food. The New Mexico Experiment Stain immediate need of cash. All the tion has isued a very creditable bulleworld knows how dearly a Chinaman tin dealing with the composition and loves bargaining and haggling and how feeding value of the prickly pear and he advances prices to a point he never other cacti. The spines of the cacti dreams of realizing, just for the pleas- are removed by singeing with a torch. ure and excitement of a bargain. But The protein content in the air-dry mafor the real works of art such hag- terial ranges from 2 to 10 per cent. gling is not permitted and where the the fruit being the richest part. The valuation is thought excessive a piece cacti compare favorably with many may as well be given up at the start. forage plants. Heretofore the great lifficulty in the way of utilizing eacti should have small fields and change ing power of a dollar is a lot greater in as forage has been the spines, but them often, for this gives them short, Belgium than it is in this country, so tery; there are no fixed rules and as forage has been the spines, but them often, for this gives them short, since they can be removed by the torch tender grass, which they like best, and things about even up. Next in importchance and circumstance and not the a large amount of cheap forage is made also keeps them healthy by not allowcannot and circumstance and not the available to the stockmen of the arid ing them to remain upon one pasture culture, and, although Belgium is not

Unseen Workers. Earthworms have a special duty and they perform it-the numberless millunseen and so obscure. They have created all the loam and all the arable land of the whole globe.

They pass through their bodies the fallen leaves and decaying vegetable natter and by their labor rendering cultivation and harvesting possible.

When one kills an earthworm, an agricultural laborer of the most respectable class is destroyed.

"Book learning" for farmers has been a thing to laugh at in the past. It used to be thought that an almanac and one or two patent office reports were all a man needed to make him competent to "run a farm." We are getting past that day, and doing it at a pretty fast pace, in our times. Think of the report just published by the commissioners appointed a couple of years ago in the State of Louisiana to investigate crop pests, with particular reference to the boll weevil and the terrible injury it has wrought to the cotton crop. For two years these commis sioners have been studying and experimenting on the State farms in the Red river region, and now they send word out to the world that they have succeeded in growing cotton that cannot be burt by the boll weevil. Just how they have done this we must wait to learn. The great fact is that they have done it. Think what this will mean in money to the farmers of the cotton growing States! Nor will the benefit of their work stop there. Other people than the cotton growers are interested in cotton. We all have use for the plant and its products. From the poor man down in the most obscure quarter of the city to the millionaire in his beautiful home, we all need cotton in some form or other. And "book farming" cuts the cloud which has hung over the men who grow the plant and lets the sunshine out all over the world.

Potato Tests at Cambridge. The university experiment station at Cambridge, Mass., reports that a variety of tests were conducted on light loam. The sprouting of seeds before planting did not appear very useful for ordinary purposes. Planting entire tubers gave better results than the use of cut seed pieces. Tubers weighing nine or ten to the pound, or 11/2 to 15/4 inches in size, were most

sultable for planting. Seed imported from Scotland produced equally good crops the first and second years, while the third year the crop was much reduced. The second growth, induced by weather conditions in 1904, had a very injurious effect on the cooking quality of the potatoes. The best results on poor light land were secured with a fertilizer application consisting of 175 pounds of sulphate of ammonia, 350 pounds of superphosphate and 150 pounds of sulphate of potash. On the light loam soil the best yield was secured where this same application of fertilizers, together with twelve tons of barnyard manure per acre, was used. The barnyard manure alone gave good results,

Fruit Gatherer. Professional growers of small fruits

the and similar recen

tacles, which are

secured to the body of the picker. vast improvement FRUIT GATHERER, in this line is the fruit gatherer shown here, the invention of a New Jersey man. It consists of a leather receptacle which is attached to the arm, one end overlapping the palm of the hand, the opposite end being sealed. The open end is shaped like a scoop. As the operator picks the fruit, such as berries, cherries, etc., he drops it into the receptacle. The device does not in any way interfere with the free movement of the arm or hands, nor is there any likelihood of the fruit falling

1

out of the receptacle.

Cabbage Rot. The disease known to the cabbage growers as black rot, or stem rot, has come into prominence within the last few years, and is said to be a serious hindrance to cabbage growing in several States. From a recent farmers' bulletin prepared by the chief of the division of vegetable pathology, it appears that no way is known of curing the disease or of entirely ridding a locality of it when once it is well established. The whole subject of treathas once become serious.

Summer Feeding of Sheep.

The summer feeding of sheep is not can be shifted from field to field in sheep. inquires a grower in New England with her cart and dog. Homestead. But do not overlook the Milk and butter are ridiculously lov fact that they also enjoy and thrive priced in Belgium, and the peddler has upon good grass. In order to keep a got to make a lot of sales before a dollarge number on a small farm you lar is earned. However, the purchastoo long.

The intelligence of the collie is be-

ble stories are told about them.

They are for this reason the great sheep dog, and no Scotch herder would attempt to get along without his collies, with which he lives alone far off on the hills, says the Circle.

beauty and charm as companions



shop earnings, When fond recollection presents them

The clerk, the mechanic, for wealth vainly yearning.

And every one else I was able to do. No longer they'll come with the bulk of their wages, And hand them to me, when for mar

gins I call: longer they'll find in the newspaper pages The news that a bucket shop's cone to

the wall; well-furnished bucket shop, swell looking bucket shop, The bucket shop ready to go to

How oft have they stood by the ticker and waited To learn what their profits were going

How oft to their sorrow they've found they were fated To leave all their profits forever with

Their coin! How I seized it with hands that were glowing,

"MILKMEN" OF BELGIUM.

Rigs of Milk Peddlers Who Are Mostly Girls. There is a land across the sea, sandwiched in between Holland, Prussia and France, that is more densely populated than any other country in the world. It is the kingdom of Belgium, where there are a little more than 550 inhabitants for every square mile of have been on the lookout for some equal proportions, are quite numerous such satisfactory device in which the enough to engage in great manufacturpicked fruit can be ing industries, but who are, neverthe temporarily held less, pastoral in their pursuits and depicker. pend on the soil for a livelihood. Many These devices have canals and a network of railroads



TYPICAL BELGIAN MILKMAID lightfully temperate. Cattle is one of the chief products, and the corn and that nothing would induce us to go fruit crops come next. Many engage in fishing, and in recent years the coal there are an electric oven, griddle-cake and iron ore mining has grown to great proportions. Lumbering is also carried water heater, egg boiler, potato steam-

on to a considerable extent. But cattle raising and fruit farming appear to be the national occupations. ment may be summed up in one word The inhabitants seem naturally adaptpreventing. The disease is not con- ed to such tasks, and they are surely ined to the cabbage, but attacks a num- more picturesquely interesting to the ber of species belonging to the mustard traveler when thus engaged. Dairy for a chafing dish and percolator. On family. The planting of other crops products cut no small figure in a counfor a long series of years is said to try where cattle raising is an importbe the only satisfactory way to get rid ant industry, and the milk peddlers of of this disease of the cabbage when it Belgium are without a doubt the most interesting characters the traveler will meet in any country in Europe. All through Belgium you will meet the milk peddler, whether on the city difficult. There is no other animal that streets, the villages and towns or the country highways. And as a general summer to consume the weeds as can thing they are the robust red cheeked When handled in this way, girls from the farms, with their milk they will keep the fence corners clean. cans and jars loaded on carts in which To what better use could you put your dogs are the motive power. The picweeds than to turn them into mutton? ture with this article shows a milkmaid

ance to stock and fruit raising is agrilarge, it excels most of Europe.

Better than They Knew.

A congregation in a hilly district in lieved by many to come as near to hu- Ohio bought a small tract of land and man thought as that of any animal, erected a church building upon it. Then and it is possible to teach them so the question of insurance came up. many things that some very remarka- Mr. Sipes, the wealthlest member, who had contributed more than half the money needed for the new structure. declared that he did not believe in insurance. "This is the Lord's building He'll take care of it," he said.

His view prevailed, and there And that is saying nothing of their no insurance. In a few weeks the building was struck by lightning and almost totally consumed by fire.

And safe in my pockets it speedily Alas! now my business they've been overthrowing. The bucket shop business that did 'em

The lucrative business, the get-rich-quick The bucket shop business that did 'em

up well. Alone in my sorrow, I scarce can be lieve it,
I'll profit no more as a bear or a bull;

My business is gone, and I ne'er can retrieve it, I find they have broken my wonderful

No longer I'll rake in their money and No longer be out when my customers

call: The Legislature has passed a bill that will end it, Forever the bucket shop's gone to the

The old soakem bucket shop, cash-getting bucket shop, The bucket shop now that has gone to the wall. -Detroit Free Press.

other one was erected, Mr. Sipes contributing the greater portion of the fund, as before. This time the demand was almost unanimous that it be insured, but Mr. Sipes again objected, on the same ground.

"If it burns down again, brethren," he said, "I'll agree to rebuild it my-

Again he carried his point. In less than a month the new church was territory. The inhabitants are of struck by lightning again, and although French and German origin of about strenuous efforts were made to save it, the loss was almost total.

"There must be some reason for this brethren," said Brother Sipes, "I am going to find out what it is."

Thereupon he employed a force of men to sink a shaft on the site of the taken many forms, through the country enable the farmers | twice-destroyed church. Within a few the majority con- to transport their products to the mar- days a rich vein of iron ore was found, and the church property was sold for ount ne land in another locality and build

"I tell you, brethren." said Brother Sipes, "It pays to trust the Lord. He's a great deal better business manager than anybody in this congregation."

UP-TO-DATE LIVING.

Electrical House-Everything Runs

One of the delegates to the electric light convention at Washington, who is builder and owner of the famous electrical house" at Schenectady, N. Y., described his wonderful house to the members. "To start with," he said, "I had plans drawn for two houses, one with and one without a kitchen chimney. The cost of the chimneyless house was enough less than the other to pay for the wiring and equipment, and after a couple of years' experience, I can say-with my wife's authorityback to coal and gas. In the kitchen cooker, meat broller, cereal cooker, er, frying pan, coffee percolator and a stove for ordinary cooking utensils, The whole outfit can be purchased for about \$55. But this is not the only way we can use electricity. In the din ing room there is a small electric table the veranda and in the smoking room electric cigar lighters make matches an unknown quantity. In the sewing room the machine is run and the flatiron heated by electricity. In the bathroom an electric shaving mug furnishes hot water in less than a minute. An electric radiator takes the chill off the room and an electric heater warms the water. I am not sure that I have given you a complete list of all our devices. To 'build a fire' in our house means simply to turn a switch or to turn a plug, and the required degree of heat, mild or extreme, is there in a few seconds. The possibility of regulating the degree of heat exactly as wanted results in considerable econ omy of fuel. As to cost, I have kept careful records, and the average monthly bill for electricity for two years is \$6.69 a month, or about 10 per cent more than we paid for coal or gas, And there are no ashes to carry away, no fires to build, no dust nor dirt. The electric kitchen is as neat, clean and healthy as the sitting room. There is no doubt that the electric home will be commonplace in a little while. The immense increase in the sale of all sorts of domestic electrical apparatus proves that."

The Logical Result. "What division did his beirs make of old Moneybag's estate when his will contest was decided?"

"There wasn't any division." "No division?" "No; the lawyers got the whele of it"-Baltimore American,