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By Edith Morgan Willett

"Hear what I say? Have her ready to

What happened next was a complete

Up to this point, by a superhuman ef-

fort the chauffeur had kept himself in

curled black lips his teeth gleamed sug-

It was a somewhat terrifying figure

with brown, sinuous fingers writhing un-

pleasantly near the Englishman's throat.

and no one else," came in a sibilant whis-

From his overpowering vantage

dawning amusement.

voice, "get out of my way!

height and bulk the Anglo-Saxon looked

down on the fiery Latin with blank aston-

shment, which gradually gave place to a

"You little foreigner, here," raising his

Forth went his huge arm with unex-

scted directness, brushing the slight

Southerner contemptuously aside, much

as a self-respecting house dog might dis-

ose of a vagrant cur. Then turning on

nis heel, the Englishman sauntered near-

halantly towards the hotel, trolling one

Staggering back against the garage

with a muttered curse and looked

of Chavaller's Coster songs in his sten-

"An apoplexy on thee!" it sobbed in Venetian patois. "Dog of an English-man! I will remember this forever!"

Gone was Annette's gentlemanly com-canion of the tonneau. Gone Mrs. War-ng's romantic lover. -Alas! It was a

very plebeian chauffeur that some time

The next morning dawned overcast, with a soggy wind blowing off the Chan-

nel, and a chill saltiness in the air that

suggested to the shivery Sarto an occa-

around the corner. However, he kept

imself for the most part in the garage,

com which the back windows of the

ony of his work at intervals by a saunter

into the lobby of the hotel, haunting es-

pecially that region around the telephone

n restless expectation of a message which

It was about noon that the machine

tood ready for shipping, packed by the

chauffeur's experienced hands into a shapeless, hide-bound mass, and not un-

il then did Sarto let himself out of the

ity for a much-needed bath and shave.

otor shed and make off with stiff alac

Some time later, obedient to the long

esented himself at Mrs. Waring's sit-

ing room-to find, with an odd mixture

oft was the only one to be seen.
"Come right in," the girl said at once

ier genial smile making him realize re

of late his little comrade of the tonneau.

"As you see, I'm in the depths of pack-ing;" she waved her hands towards a

cattered promiscuously around the room.
'Won't you sit down?"

"I came to report about the car, sig-

"Oh, dear !" The girl's face fell uncon

iously, and as unconsciously Sarte

found himself watching her, his bruised

senses reviving under her friendliness

with a startled sudden consciousness of

something about her which he had felt

Just a waft, subtle, elusive, intangible,

"Oh, yes," she said, with a quiver in r voice. "The poor car! Mr. Buist

going to find a purchaser in England.

e shall never see it again. Well," with

fatalistic shrug of her shoulders.

must tell Mrs. Waring you're here.

there's no use lamenting the inevitable

Just wait a moment," and she turned

away, the complete unconsciousness of

her manner assuring the chauffeur more

strongly than words that Gussie had kept

There was a sense of relief in this dis-

very, and, as the door closed behind

her, he was able to glance around, tak-

ing stock of his surroundings with a faint

The room was a comfortable one, boast

ing of a writing table, lounge and vari-

ons easy chairs, the last heaped with fem-

nine effects from the trunks, which, rang

ed around the four walls, had overflowed

n every direction. A driving rug which

the chauffeur recognized as flung casuall,

on the floor, and a well-known khaki

human-looking mass. In fact, the whol-

Gussie, and, stung by a hornet host of

recollections, Sarto began to pace up and

distinctness the full bitterness of last

night's humiliation-his own mad reck-

ssness and folly! Self-disgust added

fuel to his fury, fanning it by degrees

towards Gussie which craved some outlet

In the man's supersensitive state every

such minor annovances as the jangling

clock on the mantle-piece, the uncomfort

ably roaring fire beneath-contributed to

the sum of his misery, exasperating his

sense of positive injury that he glared at

He leaned out heavily. Ah-h! but

into a burning, unreasoning malevo

feature of his present position-

nerves beyond bearing. It

the window next to it.

place was overwhelmingly suggestive

down, realizing again with

otor clock lay beside it in a huddled,

her own counsel thus far.

letached interest and curiosity.

labelled Charm!

divine essence which has been

ignity. "It's all ready for shipping."

But Sarto remained standing.

orsefully how utterly he had forgotten

of regret and relief, that Annette Ban

expected telephone message, the chauffeur

Maritime were visible, varying the mo-

did not come.

al glass of absinthe at the cafe

later crawled abjectly into the garage.

or, a dusty, oily figure straighter

after the retreating one.

"I take my orders from Mrs. Waring,

CHAPTER II .- (Continued.) At last, however, thinking that the si- ordered at last, with a harsh authority

lence was growing a little too significant, that was almost arrogance. "She's got "What is that gray thing around us?" to be in decent shape for shippin' by toshe queried frivolously, straining her eyes | morrow mornin' at latest." the gloom; "perhaps it's a marsh by his heel, and then, with added sharpness,

The chauffeur drew a long breath. "Is go on to Southampton by the next boat. it a marsh?" he asked. "To me all this seems a corner of paradise, an oasis in surprise to Gerald Buist. a pretty long dry desert!"

He pulled himself up anxiously, gancing at his companion and wondering if hand, but now his face had become livid he had gone too far; but Gussie only star- with suppressed fury, and between his ed absently ahead into the gloom.

"I don't take much stock in oases," she gestively. objected, dreamly, "My experience is It was a somewhat terrifying figure that they generally turn out to be private that shot up suddenly not a foot away. property, forbidden to trespassers, or else are so fenced in by restrictions as to take away all the pleasure, or, what is worst all"-she gave a litle sigh-"they vanish into a mirage, leaving one in the desert as tired and thirsty as before

"Then some one else knows what it is to be tired and thirsty," commented the chauffeur, with significance.

Mrs. Waring inclined her head. "And yet," she said, with a hard little laugh, "my good friends will tell you that I have done nothing all my life but eat and drink and be merry!"

There was another silence, while the fire flies wove a mystic dance in the long. lush grass, and by the roadside the chauffeur stood motionless, his usually aler brain in a whirl, his keen senses for the moment drugged, paralyzed by the overpowering magnetism of the woman beside

After a few moments Mrs. Waring turned her head, to find a pair of strange eyes fixed upon her own in a glowing. inexplicable gaze. Well, what is it now?" she asked, half

involuntarily, little realizing the consequences of her remark.

What it has been from the start," de clared an impassioned voice beside her, speaking in a husky, chaotic mixture of broken English and French. "Ah! it is unjust, it is cruel to be so adorable, so

The man was down on his knees by this time, feeling excitedly for her gloved

"Ah! mia bella!" he sighed brokenly but here an interruption occurred-the

scene changed abruptly. With a quick recoil Gussie was on he feet, gathering her skirts about her intively; then drawing herself to her full heght she looked down, favoring the prostrate chauffeur with an icy, disdain ful stare from head to foot. After which, turning negligently away, "Sarto," she ordered, in the impersonal tone with which one addresses a servant, "just put my wraps and that cushion in the neau, please; I think I hear Mr. Buist returning."

She was not mistaken. From the distance came a loud saitle of approaching wheels, accompanied by the cracking of whip; and, as the chauffeur pulled him self dizzily together, a spidery object came into view around the bend in the road, resolving itself speedily into a high dog cart and galloping horse, while, I up by the swinging lamps, Gerald's cour tenance, tense with annovance and sus picion, peered down at the two figures

by the roadside. "Here's that tire," he said shortly, tossof the chauffeur. Then, to Gussie:

"Miss Bancroft preferred to stay at the hotel," he vouchsafed briefly; "so I got a trap and came right back. I hope you're

Mrs. Waring rewarded him with an un usually grateful smile. "Thank you erry much," she said. There was a nervous the trap looking up at its driver. "Give me a hand, Gerald."

And over her shoulder, to the man he hind, "You will hear from me about the car later," she said casually. "Just come up to the hotel for directions."

Five seconds later the dog cart with Its two occupants was off in a whirl of dust, leaving a wounded motor prone by the ditch side, and a yet more deepl unded chauffeur standing in the middl of the road, uttering strange, uncouth maledictions, as he vowed an eternal ven-

At the end of the Rue Royal in the city of Havre, the Hotel Maritime obtrudes its huge frontal development pressing the great porte-cochere hospita

The lights were all burning in the windows when the chauffeur shot by at ting his motor into the garage at the back

In the big shed two other panting steaming monsters were being rubbed ing off his leather coat. Sarto set to work on the motor, the sharp exercise of pol ishing heating his chilled pulses and furnishing some outlet for the fierce restlessness that was consuming him.

He was on his knees beside the car manipulating the oil can with artistinicety, when steps sounded on the pave ment outside, and a colossal shadow fell the chauffeur's line of vision.

"My ward, Sarto, that you?" came in a hated English drawl; then, as there was no response from the garage, after a mo ment Buist's massive head and shoulders shot up above the gateway.

"I say," he observed sardonically "thought you were by way of bein' chauffeur! How many hours does it take you to put on a new tire?"

Sarto did not reply, and for an Instant the Englishman silently eyed the shirt-sleeved figure before him with cold aversion. It was this common workman, re dolent of petrol, that Mrs. Waring had seen fit to constitute her cavaller for six the small prim grate opposite, and then, insane hours! The sooner he was shown his proper place the better.

Gerald's teeth closed vindictively on his

the stinging salty gust was good! Step-"See that you give that machine a joily ping nearer to get more of it, his boot | it.-Tacitua

heel sank into something soft and musky one of Gussie's feather boas and bending down Sarto picked the thing up and glanced down uncertainly into the steamer trunk beside him.

Some minutes passed; the Swiss clock on the mantel ticked on loudly and the fire crackled as obtrusively as before; but they were alike unheeded by the man on his knees by the steamer trunk, staring down into it with an odd mixture of nterest and incredulity.

"No, I don't go as far as that," Gussie's light voice was again in his ears, blurred by the rush of the motor car. But I do take the precaution of hiding | good polishin' while you're about it," he my diamonds away in an ancient chamols glove case down at the bottom of a hat trunk.' How the speech came back to him;

Was it possible that that innocent look-ing shapeless object at which he was gazing really contained Mrs. Waring's jewels? Mechanically the chauffeur put his hand down and touched it. Then, his curiosity getting the better of every other consideration, he lifted the parcel out and looked it over interestedly.

Certainly the chamois glove case did not contain gloves!

As the thought spun through his brain, a door on the opposite side of the hall opened and two voices became suddenly With a swift realization of his position, Sarto turned and, leaning over, was on the point of-lowering the parcel back into its rightful corner of the trunk. netly through the crack in the hall door, lines

made him pause. "See him again?" she enunciated, evidently in answer to a question. "Good heavens! Say farewell to my own chaufphasis) "and let him go!"

There was a whispered response and the voices sank, but too much had been at 250,000 francs. already heard. The mischief was done. aiready heard. The mischief was done.

Before Annette closed the intervening her trunk while at the Hotel Maritime.

was not all knave-only (like many of the touch of the moment.

When Annette came into the sitting le smile on his dark face.

"Mrs. Waring wanted me to give you this," she said, going up to him with embarrassment and holding out a small square envelope. Then, as he took it with a mumbled

word of thanks, the girl retreated hurriedly to the fireplace and stood, her back to fidgeting restlessly with her handker-"You see," she began, apologetically,

t's all over! How we've enjoyed itthe motor and everything!"

Sarto did not meet her eyes, "No," he

ject.

"Well," she said, with determined cheerfulness, "then I wish you every success in whatever you undertake. Perhaps—who knows, Sarto?"—she smiled a little uncertainly—"we may meet again rattled off, the artist plunged into a starting of the said.

'Who knows!" echoed the chauffeur He was standing at the counter a seriously. He moved away from the win- later, reflectively choosing a note book

dow very slowly, with his face still care-when the sound of wheels outside mad-fully averted. Reaching the door, "It is him start and look out expectantly, but mality, "and thanks to you, Signorina, a station cab, containing a commonplace for your so great kindness—one does not looking man in a brown overcoat, pass

the said, impulsively, holding out her

But the chauffeur shrank back. Grasping the door knob, he made a stiff, mili tary salute, his eyes fixed steadily on the girl's outstretched hand-and "Addio, signorina," he repeated firmly, he asked the clerk suavely, "if His Ex-and closed the door behind him. and closed the door behind him. (To be continued.)

A ROYAL DENTIST.

The Story of a Tooth Pulling by

ed in drawing teeth, and he strictly out the slightest punctuation. enjoined his servants to send for him found himself at length standing outside when anything of that sort was to be of a closed door upstairs. done. One day his favorite valet de chambre seeemd very melancholy. The answer to his ring and a head thrus Czar asked him what was the matter. out.

"Oh, your majesty," said the man, "His Highness begs to be excused," an my wife is suffering the greatest ag- nounced a guttural voice, without any ony from toothache, and she obstinately preliminaries efuses to have the tooth taken out."

soon cure it. Take me to her at once," beld it very firmly, When they arrived the woman de-clared that she was not suffering at The other gave a start. "Come in, come all; there was nothing the matter with in, without doubt," he said in a low voice

"That is the way she talks, your majesty," said the valet. "She is suf. Sarto now found himself, with fering tortures."

"Hold her head and hands," said the Czar. "I will have it out in a minute." And he instantly pulled out the indicated tooth with great dexterity, amid site and drew the draperies more closely profuse thanks from the husband.

cover a little later that his valet had cal French valet, with a sallow, smooth used him as an executioner to punish shaven face. his wife, who had never had an unsound tooth in her head.-Argonaut.

The Truth.

Fear is not in the habit of speaking with a slight smile. truth. When perfect sincerity is expected, perfect wisdom must be allowed. Nor has any one who is apt to be angry when he hears the truth any "have you ever had the scarlet fever?" cause to wonder that he does not hear . The chauffeur nodded his head.

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By Edith Morgan Willett

Three days after Mrs. Waring and her party left Havre, an artist boarded the Liverpool express just as it was leaving Birmingham, barely in time to be locked up in his carriage by the rushing guard.

The two other people in possession of the first-class compartment—young sports with their bulging caddy bags, their suit cases, and their Gasettes—took up the en-tire seat. The artist settled himself modhis can well over his face and long, curly rown hair, opened his Daily Telegraph.

per, took in the various paragraphs of current interest with attention and, one was on the point of lowering the parcel back into its rightful corner of the trunk, when Gussie's clear tones, carrying dispersion of the back into the held door. This was dubbed, "Special from The Paris Herald," and contained these head

> American Woman Robbed by Her Chauffeur."

"The burglary was not discovered until us poor mortals) no more a demon than an angel, merely a sensitive human instrument, capable of fine harmonies and hideous discords, responding all involuntarily, at times, to the player's whim—the touch of the moment.

room a moment later, the chauffeur was rery carefully, the artist folded the paper, standing by the opposite window, his crammed it into his pocket, and leaned hands behind his back, a faint, inscruta- back in his seat, giving himself up to a fit of hard thinking which lasted till the train rumbled into the Liverpool station

the brown overcoat—a tall, thin, stoop-shouldered person, who favored him with has he heard of these little incidental a brief, interrogative stare, then disappeared into the ticket office.

mg a painter and his paraphernalia bowl-"Mrs. Waring is very tired and had to ed swiftly away in the direction of the send her message by me."

Matropole Hotel. From time to time its send her message by me.

She stole a glance at the man, who was looking steadily at the floor, and then went on with rapidity. "I am so sorry ing glance. Finally passing out of a square Metropole Hotel. From time to time its he motor—and—everything!"

There was a catch of regret in her pice and she naused doubtfulls. "Stop." said the many larger at right angles and turned a sharp corner.

voice and she paused doubtfully. "I sup-voice and she paused doubtfully. "I sup-pose you will take charge of some other furtively to right and left. Ahead of him stretched a long, narrow street given Sarto did not meet her eyes. "No," he said. "I think I will give up that for the few unpretentious shops. Pulling out a said, "I think I was a certain bar-present." His tone raised a certain bar-sovereign, "Cabby," he said, speaking rier, and Annette did not pursue the sub-with a strong foreign accent, "behold

Paying for his purchase and shoulder With swift steps Annette came towards ing his bag, the artist walked briskly m. "Good-by, and good luck, Sarto," by the street. Turning on his course, he up the street. Turning on his course, he soon took to side alleys and short cuts walking with the assured gait of one who knows his town thoroughly, until gray stone facade of the Hotel Adelphi

The young man consulted a slip of pa

After a little the door was opened in

But the artist stepped forward and "If that is all," said Peter, "we will seizing the cautious one by the hand

The other gave a start, "Come in, con

"and close the door behind you." opening out at the two ends, and six

cony commanding the street. While the visitor looked about him, his companion slipped to the portiere oppo Turning he came back rapidly, a trim-What was Peter's indignation to dis looking fellow of middle height, the typi

> "And so it is Ludovic Sarto!" he said incredulously, approaching the pseudo art-"I should never have known you. as he surveyed the professional get-up

"I see, I had better ask no questions! Eh bien, my friend, here you are safe at least, only"-struck by a suddeh thought he asked a few words in a whisper-

sented briefly; and then, with some con-

cern "Not the prince?" The other acquiesced. "The devil, say rather!" he ejaculated feelingly. "Such temper, such abuse, for the past week and now this high fever-M. le docteur is in there now." He glanced at the opposite door. "One cannot tell yet positively what may be the outcome. journey this afternoon, where are we to

what we are to do?" He shrugged his shoulders, spread out his hands, rolled his eyes, and glanced dpward, all in one brief, pantomic

The chauffeur pushed back his long ar-stic locks, which now showed unmistak-

able signs of belonging to a wig.
"As you suggest," he said, "it is wiser netimes to ask no questions about the past. For the present"-This with a whimsical lift of his eyebrows-"Scotland Yard is after me. I have been followed all the way from Southampton. That is reason I am here."

He paused, his eyes inscrutably on the alet; but Alceste avoided the gaze.

"You come at a bad time, then," he jected, with sudden fretfulness. nce ill-myself with a hundred nands upon me one must see, under hese circumstances-

"Ah!" broke in the chauffeur. Looking down, he studied the points of his boots and appeared to meditate a moment, then, shaking off his abstraction, "Come he said lightly, "no more of my

once. Sit down; let us talk."

Placing himself leisurely in a chair, be yed the valet with a faint smile that hardened and broadened.

'Ah, Alceste! But the sight of the alls many things! Dost thou remem ber those two weeks at Toulouse?" gaze rested reminiscently on the cell And that accident to the gens d'arme It was an unhappy mistake of thine," he laughed jarringly.
But Alceste did not laugh.

"Un peu plus bas," he expostulated, his

eyes on the closed door opposite.

Sarto crossed his legs with deliberation 'Aha!" he laughed unheedingly. was also that affair in Spain. Ma foi divertisements? Eh, Alceste?"

Alceste made no immediate reply. His eyes were still glued on the door, his usually dull skin turned the spent, un healthy hue of a wax candle. After a pause, "Is not this a bad tim

for such banal reminiscences?" he asked, meekly enough now. "I am all eagerness to do what you wish in this difficulty. is but a question of expedients. Chut! He broke off abruptly, listening, for

from the next room came the sound of voices, and then footfalls. "M. le docteur!" ejaculated Alcesto

'Already !" He moved swiftly toward the door Then, over his shoulder, "Look you Through that door opposite! Make haste I will be with you directly." His tone as almost beseeching.

Rising with a careless shrug, the other tepped into the next room. Having closs ed the door, he stood listening to the sound of approaching feet.

The next instant a voice became audi-, the hoarse, wheezy voice of a very ing wall, Sarto could hear every word.

"Yes," the doctor was saying, "there what the trouble is for twenty-four hour at any rate. If it wasn't that Liverpe had been so full of scarlet fever lately I should say positively—" He broke off abruptly. "Well, keep him quiet and do abruptly. hat I told you."

"Mais, monsieur," the valet's voice ros nents mek for Son Altesse departure to day. Look you! The very trunks have left for the steamer. This hotel full-cr-r-owded. Eef all dese peoples suspec the truth, dere will be great tr-rouble

The doctor was evidently in a hurry, for the chauffeur could hear the struggle

with his overcont. 'Suspect," he grunted. "Why should they suspect? Can't you keep things quiet a little longer? I tell you seriously the prince can't be moved for twenty-four ours without danger. Just tell Mr. Burlington that, with my compliments I'll drop in later and have a word with

There was a shuffle of departing feet and the door closed.

Stepping over to the window which gave on the street, the chauffeur glanced out, hoping for a glimpse of the great nan getting into his brougham, but there was no sign of either.

Instead, a hansom had just driven up to the side entrance and, as Sarto watch some one jumped out and passed rapidly into the hotel-a tall, thin man in a familiar looking brown overcoat With a muttered exclamation the chan feur turned away and stood perfectly still, staring ahead of him with the di lated startled look in his eyes of a hunt ed animal. Listening with sickening expectancy, he made out the creak of the ascending lift outside, the sound of feet along the hall, and a loud knock.

After a moment's silence, it was repeat ed, and the flip-flap of Alceste's slippers came hastening from an inner room to answer It.

The door was opened, and a quiet voice was heard-to the listener's senses-most unpleasantly distinct and

"These the prince's rooms?" it saked suavely. "The clerk tells me that a friend of mine was directed up here a half-hour ago an artist-tall, dark man-I've called for him! Just ask him to step out, please!"

There was a pause, while Ludovic held himself stiffly at bay, wondering what "A would come next; everything hung on the

"Oul, monslear," came the guttural re-"The gentlemans that on describe called here, il-y-a vingt min-

heem he leave directly." The tone sounded incredu-"Indeed?" "That is very extraordinary! The clerk tells me he didn't see him go out.

How do you account for that?"
"I do not know, sir, me!" Alceste's reply was glibness itself. "I shut de door on heem. Son Altesse, he so much occupy, and myself no less.

The detective took the obvious infer-"Well," he remarked, after a pause, "if you're sure he's not here, I Much oblig won't detain you any longer. Good morning!" And footsteps retreated down the hall. The situation was apparently saved, but

the astute chauffeur realized thoroughly that the Adelphi was no longer a possi bility for him. Some other hiding place must be found, something must be doneand at once.

The next half hour he spent tramping up and down his rather circumser b uarters and cudgelling his brains for a solution of the problem that confronted him, so absorbed in his thoughts that host forgot to wonder what had become of Alceste.

At last, however, the valet made his repearance, his colorless face more chalky

than ever. "Ah!" he ejaculated savagelyfi for the noment more interested in his own dil ma than in the chauffeur's woes. "Could anything be worse? Some servant has spread abroad the report that Son Altesse has the scarlet fever, and the hotel is intete, fou! Every one in a panic! M. le Proprietaire declares that if the prince does not carry out his intention and leave to-day, every one in the house will leave; his season will be ruined! Miserable canaille!" He wrinkled his forehead, "If one could but arrest their uspicions, keeps things quiet for twentyfour hours longer, when everything will

Sarto seemed deep in thought. "The staterooms are taken?"

"But yes, taken and paid for—the best on the ship. Ah! Mille tonnerres! Sacre! And the very trunks on board!" "So much the better," said the chauffeur suddenly.

Alceste stared at him. "I mean it !" the other repeated. "Let hem go, even if they have to cross the ocean to save appearances!"

He was standing before a mirror, starng at himself critically, engerly 'Yes"-to himself-"it could be man-

aged with a little ingenuity." turning to the valet, "Calmes toi, Al-ceste!" he said soothingly. "You have elped me and I shall now extricate ye This moment even, a blessed filea has come to me by which all can be managed. The affair is concluded! Between ooth we can accomplish everything. His Excellency can remain here in secret unil the crisis of his illness is passed, and yet at the same time-the proprietor, the notel, all the city if necessary, shall see the Prince del Pino sail for America!" (To be continued.)

Our Consumption of Tobacco.

According to the census figures reently issued the consumption of topacco in the United States is enormous. The money spent for clgars in the year ending June, 1905, was \$198,186,372 and for cigarettes, \$6.354,803. The sales of chewing and pipe tobacco showed an expenditure of more than \$110,000,000, f which it is estimated that \$55,000,-000 was spent for smoking tobacco.

Uncle Sam's appetite for the weed is oraclous. The consumption of tobao has increased from 203,894,453 pounds in 1900 to 355,620,971 pounds in 1905. This includes chewing tobacco, In 1905 he actually smoked more than 150,000,000 pounds. Yes, it all went and with it the the Panama canal and of 27 battle-

The consumption of clgars has inreased 27.5 per cent since 1900, and of sigarettes, 27.3 per cent. From 1869 to 1905 the consumption of cigars and cigarettes steadily increased seevafold. During the same period the population of the country increased only a little

nore than twofold. More money is spent each year on obacco than on potatoes or vegetables or fruits or coffee.

Tame and Wild Game Mixed. School Teacher-And now that we

have finished discussing the lion and the tiger, who can tell me about the A painful pause. Finally a small

and is hesitatingly elevated. Teacher-Well, Tommy, can you decribe the lynx?

Tommy-No'm. Teacher-Then why did you raise your hand? Tommy-I thought Willie Wuggles

Teacher-And what made you think Willie could describe the lynx?

Tommy-'Cause his brother's a cad-

Absence of Mind.

Browning-So your engagement with the rich widow is broken off, ch? What was the trouble?

Greening-Oh, one of my famous bad breaks, as usual. In an unguarded moment I asked her if I was the only man she had ever loved.

Too Healthy.

"Do you believe that mosquitoes carry malaria?"

"Not the mosquitoes around here," inswered Farmer Corntossel. "They ouldn't possibly do it and be so healthy."-Washington Star.

Restaurant Repartee.

"Waiter, what kind of a stenk was that you served me with just now?" demanded the dissatisfied guest.

"Well done," responded the waiter, with a low bow. "H'm! Do you mean me or the steak?"

Of the 387 recorded ministers of the Society of Friends in Great Britain 153 are women.

CHAPTER IV.

Having read the editorials from end to end, he glanced leisurely over the polit-

"Remarkable Burglary at Havre."

And then below heavens! Say farewest to my on the feur, a sort of servant? You must be daft. Give the man his pay" (the last words came out with hard, half-sneering on the Continent with a party of friends, which was not with a party of friends, and washington, who has been traveling on the Continent with a party of friends, and washington, who has been traveling on the Continent with a party of friends, and then below: was the unfortunate loser on Wednesday of some unusually fine diamonds, valued

door, the listener in the sitting room.

The suspected thief is her chauffeur, one yielding to a sudden, inexplicable impulse. Ludovic Sarto, lately iff the employ of to avenge himself, had taken the fatal His Highness the Prince del Pino. Sarto And yet, in spite of his knavery, he for the past two months.

Having read this paragraph twice over

just five minutes late. It was while the artist was hunting ap a cab that he first noticed the man in How amusing!" He raised his voice with

A minute after, a four-wheeler contain

o, then," he said, with a slight for there was nothing unusual in sight—only ing by the shop at a quick trot.

> ame into view. Entering the lobby, "Can you tell me."

ing here?"

"Leaves by Majestic this afterno Peter the Great.

Peter the Great particularly delight. The words came out automatically with-Following the direction, the caller

"Alceste," he said in French, "do you

It was an imposing antercom in which long windows communicating with a bal-

elight case, when I was a boy," he as valet's next words

W. Co. Water . In