## \* The Contrabandist;

One Life's Secret!

TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)

"We are almost net."

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Egerton, as he supported his companion with a lover's temberous that met now with no repulse.

For Helen Montauban knew nothing of it. She was saying to herself, "Is Rose deat? Has she ex-aped me? Am I to be spured my work at last?" She listen ed for a sight—a grean, from the lipf of that manimats figure that was borne before her. No sound was heard from them. Aircardy, a strainge fever of joy mingled with the shivering excitement, the awe, the horror, which Helen Montauban had felt. She never heeded the rain that poured over her in sheeted torrein; the wild winds raged in vain for her now; they were anheard. She only longed for light—light, to behold that childsh countenance—to know the truth.

In when a come, But I an wo straing 1 in wheth a cincip. I fount think it ever straing 1 in the straing 1 in four think it ever was longery. I don't think it ever whether the pourney? I don't think it ever her it is straing 1 in the long at the modern and I am when a come, and I am when a come, and I am wash no tend I in when a line we her straing? I don't think it ever when yourney? I don't think it ever when yourney? I don't think it ever when yourney? I don't think it ever had not be made in a longer ourneying somewhere. But an a straing 1 intended in a longer wash as traing 1 intended in a longer was provided in the part of the part in tooks for strain and troubled that the part of the part in the part in the part of the part in part in the part in the part in part in the part in part in the

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And she knell down there to look at that pallid face, round which the dripping chestnut curls were lying in shining masses. Once those white lips parted-reddened.

"See see! she lives she breathes!" uttered one of the women, in an eager, trenulous tone, subdued almost to a whisper "she lives!"
"It is a he" muttered Helen Montau

ben, between those beautiful shut teeth.
A moment clapsed. The women gathered, with glad, excited, hopeful eyes.

rountess, who bent over her, she signed faintly, and potting her hand to her head, whispered, "O, yes, I remember—I re-

Helen Montauhan was gone. In an ad-joining chamber she removed the satu-rated garments she had worn, and satethe chateau by a domestic, then proceeding to the kitchen, joined her father and companions, who had Just learned that Rose had revived. The head of the marquis was bowed, his face laried in his hands. The emotion of gratitude he

felt at the bringing back of that young life almost overcame him.

The night passed and morning broke. the pleasant valley. They here Rose with gentleness and care back to the chateau. She was quite ill, almost unable to move a limb from weakness. The inincies that others had escaped, she had received; and from being so long exposed to the storm, there was every reason to believe that serious consequences would

And the apprehension was justified, During the day her indisposition increased, and at night, feverish and delirious, she tossed upon her couch, with a wild brilliance in those soft eyes, and a scorching flush upon her heautiful check. It was pitiful to hear her wandering words, and listen to the incoherent mings of sorrow and lor, in her wild do. words, and listen to the incoherent ming-lings of sorrow and joy, in her wild de-lirium. The marquis looked upon her once, and then turned away with streaming eyes from the room, to seclude him-self in the library, where he passed the night in watchings. The Count Frederic and Francis Egerton remained till dawn in the saleon. Every domestic in the chateau kept vigil during those long and mournful hours; for not an eye could close in alumber. Helen Montauban and the countess had their post in that sick chamber, beside the couch of the sick elel who recognized neither of them. All night long she raved, and the flush burn-ed strong and steady on her check, and the lightning's flash was not more brilliant than the fire scintillating from those

Blowly the leaden night hours waxed and waned, and Helen Montanban sat beside the pillow of Rose, regardless of slumber. The countess, sitting by the fire, still wept and prayed in silence. The doctor came to the bedside.

"You need rest, mademoiselle," he said; "Xou need rest, mademoiselle, he said, "cannot I prevail apon you to retire and snatch a few hours' repose while I watch here? The fatigue and exposure of last night, though no present Ill effects are felt from them, may be productive of evil consequences, if your nerves continua-thus overtaxed."

"Ah-well!" sighed the good old man; "If you are fully determined on this, it must be so; and I trust all will be well."

He sat down by the bed, leaned his head on his hand and fixed a thoughtful and socrowful glance upon the feverish countenance turned towards him on the pillow. Rose looked at him with her

"Where is Louis?" she asked; "where is he? Why do they keep him from me?"
Tears stood in the physician's eyes. He laid his gentle hand, with its cool touch, on that burning forchead.

The marquis is The glazing eyes opened again. The lips moved.

"Agmande, hear!" were the slow, painting was through their efforts that Kriss Kriagle found his way across the ocean to fully whispered words. "Ross—I stole to make the day a cheerful one, and it was through their efforts that Kriss Kriagle found his way across the ocean to fully whispered words. "Ross—I stole to make the day a cheerful one, and it was through their efforts that Kriss Kriagle found his way across the ocean to fully whispered words. "Ross—I stole to make the day a cheerful one, and it was through their efforts that Kriss Kriagle found his way across the ocean to fully whispered words. "Construints and the laid his gentle hand, with its cool to fully whispered words. "The lips moved.

"Agmande, hear!" were the slow, painting the fully whispered words. "Construints to make the day a cheerful one, and it was through their efforts that Kriss Kriagle found his way across the ocean to fully whispered words. "Gross the fully whispered words." (To be continued.)

"Be quiet, my child," he said. "He will

CHAPTER XIX.—(Continued.)
They left the broken vehicle, the presentate horses that struggled and bleked in with come—Louis will come—Louis will come—the will not with attempts to from the horness and rise, and in the darkness and the storm pursued with all possible haste the road to the choican. There was no shelter near. The light form of Rose was as nothing in the strong arms of the marquis. Rapidly he bore has along, keeping the folds of his close well wrapped about her.

"We are almost at the village," said Francis Exercise, as he supported his francis Exercise, as he supported his prometying somewhere. But such a supported him the solid." he said. "He will come—Louis will come." "No—no! he will com

childish countenance—to know the truth. "never, never,"
But so near were they to the farm
houses now that no delay was made, the lave drawn tears from a stone; but Heisu
first one was entered, and Ruse placed Montauban was more than a stone.

houses now that no delay was made, the first one was entered, and Rose placed upon a couch, while the farmers' wives crowded about, with carnest kindness and sympathy to render assistance. But at the sight of that pale, quiet face, those closed eyelids and coloriess lips, they were slient; and some whispered among themserives. "She is dead?" white others, with scarce a hope, ret seeking still forme, worked over the lifeless form. And without stood the marquis and the countess had entered the whathers.

Helen Montaulan and the countess had entered the whathers.

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Helen Montaulan there to be take the forchead of the sick girl, and office water to those parched lips. And she late the heated forchead of the sick girl, and office water to those parched lips. And she late the heated forchead of the sick girl, and office water to those parched lips. And she late the heated forchead of the sick girl, and office water to be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter went for ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form be fore ber, "She is in my power!" The douter being down upon the stricken form being down upon the stricken form being down upon the suick gir, and office water to see ber, "She is in my power! who knew of such; few-atmost no tests, that could detect its presence. To Helsa Montauban had been given a knewledge of this poison in by gone years, and she had guarded that knowledge like gold. The secret, so long preserved, was likely to become useful to her now.

It was midnight. All over the chateau,

there was deep and heartfelt rejoicing; but it was subdued in its manifestations, ered, with giad, excited, hopeful eyes, about the reach those poor, simple, has not thearted peasant women, praying for that young life, whose slender thread one them would so gladly have seen burning glance, a heart that stood still. It was no lie!

And hercely watched that one, burning glance, a heart that stood still. It was no lie!

attill It was no lie!

attill twas no lie!

attill twas no lie!

attill the reach of the glad, smilling faces gathered to burning glance of the grave; seemed like the rest of a living form. For scarce the faintest breath could be perceived, or the slightest motion of that feelly beating heart. Yet had the physician filled the breasts of those shout him with a too deficious hope that hung for certainty upon her acute that hung for certainty upon her acute that hung for certainty upon her acute that

for certainty upon her awakening.
Then had the evil desire of Helen Mon-tachan grown to an intendity that was fiendish. Watching, with her haggard on the almost lifeless being who lay there looking with cruel and terrible engerness for the sign of death to set itself upon that roung sufferer's brow. Yet it came

put, and her eagerness grew almost into madness. The one way remained. She would make that sleep a lasting and Hat there was another watcher there. The aged physician had taken up his post also by the couch. He, too, was waiting; but it was for the angel of life-not that of death; and he stirred not from that place. Not a morsel of food had passed The night passed and morning broke, the right passed and morning broke, and still above the earth, where so place. Not a morsel of food had passed place. So that day, Since dawn he had his lips that day. Since dawn he had heep the temperature of the sunlight above the sunlight above the complete the sunlight above the complete the sunlight above the case of the sunlight above the tated upon, was almost insane. Still be watched there; never for an instant was his vigilance relaxed. And the hours maned on and Rose awoke-safe!

CHAPTER XX.

It was nearly morning when the cure ame to the chateau to request an inter-iew with the marquis. He told him that Hugh Lamonte was at the village and dying. The marquis, astonished and affected at this sudden announcement, in the midst of his joy for the safety of Rose, prepared immediately to visit him; and the physician, M. Mery, satisfied that the most favorable change had tak-en place in his patient's case, left her in the care of Mademoiselle Montauban and the countess and accompanied the

narquis, In a few moments the party arrived it the auberge. Maurice met them with nominous countenance.
"How is he—is there any change?" ask-

ed the cure, anxiously. ed the cure, anxionaly.
"None, monsieur," answered the man.
"He raves still; but he talks of some guilty deed to be atoned for—some secret to
be confessed. I can make nothing satisfactory, though, out of what he says,

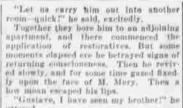
he wanders so.' The three ascended to the chamber above, where lay the dying man. The marquis started as he behold him, stretchshorn and emaciated countenance, and coarse, rough garments, which he had

not suffered to be removed, presenting a spectacle so wretched. The kind-hearted old man could scarcely refrain from shedding tears as he gazed upon the wreck of that one proud form.

"Is this indeed Hugh Lamonte?" he reaching advancing towards the couch. exclaimed, advancing towards the couch "Who calls Hugh Lamonte?" shouted the sick man, stornly; "who calls him-the outcast—the robber? Who calls him. I say? And who are you?" fixing his thus overtaxed."
"Your parsion," returned Helen, in cold and quiet tones, "but I anticipate no unpleasant results from our adventure of last night; and you must be conscious that, even if such were not the ease, I should find it impossible to sleep now. I should find it impossible to sleep now. I where is Guidette?—where is she? You were in the counternance wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance ban, I know you." he ut there is guidette?—where is a she? You wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance ban, I know you." he ut the marquis. "Don't tered, flercely, trying to spring upright tered, flercely, trying to spring upright tered. I know you." he ut the marquis. "Don't tered, flercely, trying to spring upright tered, flercely, trying to spring upright tered, flercely, trying to spring upright. The counternance wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance wild, gleaming eyes upon the countenance ban, I know you." he ut have hidden her from me! You have wedded her; and she was mine-mine! You stole her from me! I will have your

He sank back, exhausted, with white

"Look-look," monsieur!" uttered the



Your brother?" school M. Merr, in tonished excitement. "It is true! It is Henri who lies there

"It is true! It is then who is to him."
"My dear friend, be calle, I command you," urged the physician, gently.
"I am calm; but I must go instantly, If he should die—ah, save him, I entreat

Weak and trembling as he was, he mails them assist him to re-enter the other apartment. They advanced towards the couch; there was a different sight there now. From the height of delirium Hugh Lamonte was suddenly sinking into Itugh Lamonte was suddenly stating atos a stupor. His eyes were almost closed. Only faint, unintelligible mornaurs broke from his lips at times. He did not see them approach. The cure and M. Mery cast gluners at each other. The marquis comprehended them.

"You think he is dying, then?" he ask-

ed. "Ah, save him, Gustave! We were encomies once—he and I. Let him live, that we may once more subtrace one an-

"Be calm, my dear friend," entrested physician again, "and listen to the low; he is sinking fast. But maintain your energies; he may revive before leath, with the possession of his full resbefore

"Ah, Henri" murmured the marquis. with indescribable emotion—"my brother that I should recognize you thus, after all these years! See—see, Gustave?" and he lifted the matted hair from the temples of the uncoiscious man-"see where I struck him once! I knew the mark. Our father told me he would bear it to

he grave—that scar."
"How," said M. Mery, in a low voice, "can this be your brother?—this man, sho, for twelve years, has dwelt within of a league of you, and who has only en known as a peasant?" "Ah, I recognize him but too well!"

answered the marquis, sadly; "it is he-f know him now through the disguise that has served him so long. And did you not hear his words? He said I stole Guidetto from him. Alas! it is but too true, though I was innocent of wrong. Henri-my brother speak to mel say that we are friends once more?" Engerly be leaned over the couch, with

his eyes fixed upon the sick man's face; but he was not recognized. There was no intelligence in that dying glance, Hugh-or Houri, rather, awakenes

from the dull stopor. But it was only the sudden and firful flare of the expir-ing flame of life. He lay, for an instant, glancing about the spartment; then looking opwards, he encountered the regards of the good cure, who stood by the couch 'Monsieur le cure, I recognize you," he

said. "I am dying is it not so?"
"It is true," answered the good man, mournfully. "But there is yet time for confession and repentance."

on-repentance! You know, then, that I have a confession to make-sius to repent of?" "It is a work which every dying man

has to do, my friend." The marquis advanced towards the

"Henri, my brother!" he uttered, in sorwful tones. "Ha! you know me, then? I have be-

every form within that chamber.
"Henri," cried the marquis, throwing himself on his knees beside the couch, "recall those words, I conjure you! Listen to me. I knew not of the wrong I had done you, till it was too late. Guidette ceived me; she never told me that you oved her-that she was betrothed to you! I welded her, thinking her free. But she was a curse to me. Ah, Henri, if you desired revenge, she was the fittest in-

The dying man's eyes were fixed earn-stly on his brother's face. "Say it once more-once more!" he panted, eagerly; "tell me again that you

were innocent—that you knew not of our betrothal—that she deceived you, and was false to me?" "It is true. Listen, Henri; I swear it!" His face was pale; the tears streamer from his eyes; his clasped hands, uplift

ed, trembled. "Then pardon me, Armande, for the njustice I have done you." The marquis clasped that wasted hand

tenderly within his own. His tears fell . upon it. "Henri, I have nothing to forgive. We have both been unhappy," he uttered.

home. Ah, if the prayers of one so good and pure as she could be offered to heaven for my salvation, surely they would be heard! Ask her to forgive, and pray for me, Armande." He paused, panting for breath, and unable for a mement to continue. There was a terrible and mournful silence in the room. Suddenly he regathered his wasting energies. "Itear me, Armande, my brother, while I have strength left to make atonement. Beneath the hearth at the cottage, you will find an iron chest; it contains my configured." It contains my configure in the contains and present found celebrating the day, "either by forbearing of labor, feast-ing or any way, should pay for every such



The celebration of Christmas is a coin- | sges to the Dutch youngsters, who firmlmemoration of that night at Bethlehem believed that his thy reinders dragged when the birth of a Child in a stable forcebadowed the birth of Christianity, roofs of the houses, and that he stole and yet the featival itself is one that down the chimneys with his gifts some may be traced back so far beyond that event that it becomes lost in a tangle of mas morning.

It is older than Christianity, it is older than civilization, for been associated with the festivities of the practically an adaptation of the few. been associated with the festivities of Christmas, historically speaking the saint Christmas many has become synonymous for "Dis is do sam the walter, "it's nection with the anniversary itself, Santa since last year." val of the winter solution and the winter solutive has been observed as a sen-son of fearing and revelry from the re-mote ages of antiquity.

The transformation of this festival

Claus being the corruption of St. Nich class being the correption of St. Nicholas, who was a bishop of Myra, in Asia Minor, during the fourth century.

St. Nicholas was a min who was as widely known for his generosity and charling as for his picty, and there are many pretty legends that show him to have been the friend and protector of the young.

While the use of the mistletoe and hands after all. holly as well as that of the Yule log, are customs which may be traced to the day of the Druddiesl observance of the fea-tival of Jul, the Christmas tree is not such a heathenish plant, for its appear-ance in Yuletda celebrations was not Drulds had become a decidedly misty tradition.—John A. Meader in the Metropolitan.

FAITHFUL DOG

Guarded Tressure, but Death Was His Sole Reward.

Here is a pathetic story told to my informant, the venerable Judge N. A. Patterson, by his father, as an incident of which he knew. In the early days of North Carolina a man rode a long distance on

borseback to collect a debt of several hundred dollars. He took with him, for company and as a protection against robbers, a dog to which he had long felt much attached. He collected the money, all in silver dollars.



trayed myself at last—the brother who swore rengeance on the husband of Guildette? He raised himself, with main strength, upon his arm, and fiercely remade our Christmas Day, with all its These he tied up in a strong sack, strength, upon his arm, and fiercely regarded the marquis.

"Ah, Henri, forgive nee?" cried the grief-stricken man.

"Never?" shouted Henri, madly. "I have been revenged on you; I have brought sorrow and darkness to your hearthstone, and I am satisfied! For the sake of your child—the angel who has smiled upon a wretched life, and touched an evil heart with her innecence—for her sake I will atone, at this last hour, for the misery I have caused you. You shall be happy once more; but I will not forgive you for the wrong done to me—newer—no, never!" And raising his clenched hand to heaven, he scaled the declaration with a fearful oath. Then he sank down, exhausted. A shudder ran through every form within that clamber.

"Mele the succidious, a possibility.

While it may be the popular impression that Christmas is the exact minuterary of the birth of Christ, there are no facts, historical or otherwise, upon which one an logically base such an assumption. In fact, Christmas as a festival was unfact, the same and the second century before the churches serving such an anniversary; while, even at that time, the carry Christmas were so the grant of the second century before the churches that the second century before the churches the second century before the churches

THE BOAR'S HEAD.

man Saturoniia to the joyous Christmas celebration that we know was a slow pro-

cess of evolution, for each step marked a corresponding change in the conditions

that prevailed throughout the world. In the days when men and women stimbled blindly toward the light the doctrine of "peace on earth and good will to men" made slow progress against the ignorance

and license of paganism, and it was not until a new civilization had come that the old festival assumed the fresh beauty

and the noble significance which have



BRINGING MISTLETOR.

toms in the new religion, the Puritan reagainst all such rites and cereme under these new conditions, Christmas was strongly denounced as a beathen fea-tival. In England, during the Common-wealth, acts of legislation were passed have both been unhappy," he uttered.
"Nay—yon do not know the minery I have caused you. But I repent. It shall be confessed." His voice grew weaker. "Where is Hose?" he asked.
"She is at the chateau. She has been ill; but, thanks be to heaven, she is recovering!" snawered the marquis, earnestly.
"It is well. Give her my blessing, if she will receive it from me, when she knows all. I have been a wretch; but she has been as angel in my miserable home. Ah, if the prayers of one so good forbidding its observance. In 1644, for me. Ah, if the prayers of one so good persons with instructions to search the

neath the hearth at the cottage, you will did not be in the country of the property of the pro

for a moment longer? he and.

Although it was lost tell me; breathe but one word; what tell me; breathe but one word; what Marguerite? He bent down nearer.

Dutch at New Amsterdam never falled to be provided to be and it.

lashed it to the saddle behind him, and started for home.

When they had traveled about half of the homeward journey the dog manifested a great deal of uneasiness, to which he gave expression by nervous barkings and frequent dives at the horse's forelegs. The man was sorely puzzled, and watched the dog for some time to see if he could find an explanation of its strange conduct. His reinctant conclusion was that it had ordering her first bill of supplies. "I've been bitten by a mad dog and was the put down parlor matches; what next?" victim of hydrophobia. And so to save his horse and to put the poor dog out of the misery he supposed it was suffering, he drew a pistol and shot it. Not wishing to see it die, he applied the spurs to his horse and rode rapidly for some distance. The thought came money than to have been forced to kill | ing to leave.-Judge.

that good dog." Thus reminded of the treasure, he put his hand around behind the sad-die, to see if the bag was safe, but it gested when he arged his suit; "what was not there. He turned and rapidly rode back. When he reached the point where the dog first commenced to bark and plunge at the horse's legs he found the bag of coin, and the poor victim of his cruel mistake dying there, with his paws resting patiently on either side of his master's treasure. He had tried so hard to make the masunderstand, but had failed, and paid his life as the price of his fidelity .- Springfield Republican.

Took it Literally. Englishmen are proverbially matter of-fact, and find it hard to understand

our modes of expression. One of them, in company with an American friend, was pushing and shoving at a gateway of the Reading Terminal recently, thinking that he would be late for his train. The guard, somewhat angrily, re-

nonstrated with him, saying: "Just keep your shirt on, there. You'll get through in time.' When he finally got through he turn ed and glared at the guard. Then

turning to his friend, remarked: other day. "I wonder if that beastly fellow hought I was going to pull my shirt off right here in public?"

Bad Boys in the Parsonage. Mrs. Goodart-There was a little baby born at the parsonage this morn-Mrs. Feersome-It's a girl, I hope

Mrs. Goodart-Yes, but why are you

o anxious? . Mrs. Feersome-Well, you know how ministers' sons turn out as a rule.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Always a Chance. Clariesa-Frankly, I don't think ever saw the man I would marry. Kitty-Oh, well, dear, have patience he may heave in sight, you know, Boston Transcript.

Only One. Boarder (sipping disapprovingly)-This is singular soup.

Walter—Yes, it's oyster. Bulgaria's Area and Population.

Bulgaria corresponds in area to Ok-lahoma and in population to Missouri, for the cook.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portraved by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day - A Budget of Fun.

La Montt-We have some fast autosobiles out our way. They go so fast you can't see anything but a streak of

La Moyne-That's nothing. Some of them go so fast out our way that the you can't see them at all-just smell

Peat Givenway.

"You used to put up some pretty od turkey sandwiches," said the fastidlous guest. "I want the same kind of turkey you had last year." 'Dis is de same kind, sah," replied

His Objection. Ernie-I hear old Strongwood was sternly opposed to his daughter cloping

the walter; "it's been in storage ebch

in an automobile. Ida-Yes, automobiles are so uncer tain he was afmid it would break down and he wouldn't get her off his

Ida-I was reading about the polar explorers. The book says they never had anything but frozen cream. May-Gracious! It must have been intil long after the last sacrifice of the delicious to have lee cream three times

Sure of It.



You say Jack has become quite poet. How do you know?" Well, you can't understand anything he writes now."

A Frequent Catastrophe. "When Aigernon left college we thought he had the world at his feet," "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I have seen it frequently. A man appears to have the world at his feet. And then his foot slips."-Washington Star.

A Boss' Estimate. "Do you think you are giving your city a good government?" asked the earnest man. "Well," answered Mr. De Graft

after some deliberation; "it's as good as money can buy."—Washington Star. Not Patented. Citiman—Are you still troubled with our neighbor's chickens? Suburb—Not at all. They are kept

shut up now. Citiman-How did you manage? Suburb-Every night I hid a lot of eggs in the grass, and every morning. when my neighbor was looking.

went out and brought them in. A Bright Thought. un'am," said the obsequious grocery clerk to Mrs. Bridey, who was "Well-er-I suppose I ought to

oughtn't I?"-Detroit Free Press. Revenge, Poet-At last! The editor has accepted ten of my poems. His Wife-He has probably had a fight with the many

His View of It.

will you say then?" "I won't say anything," replied the foreign nobleman, "because I am too much of a gentleman to say anything that would reflect on your taste." Chicago Post.

Got Even with a Rival, Frank-I've got even with Jim at Ned-How did you do It?

Frank-I gave his girl a pair of pretty vases and he will go broke keeping them filled with flowers,

"I know his flancee is plain because he says she's sensible." "But you can't be sure of it." "Oh, yes. No girl is pretty who is spoken of as 'sensible.' But how can she be sensible? Isn't

she engaged to him?"-Philadelphia

Ledger. Better Than None. Ernie-They say Agnes is perfectly crazy over elopements.

Ida—Yes, she was actually pleased when the horse ran away with her the

Friendly Tip. "What can I do to create a sensa tion?" asked the theatrical star. "Well," replied the advertising man ager, "you might take lessons in act-

She Was Hopeful. Mrs. Nextdoor-They say that the Widow Flipperton is after another kusband. Mrs. Homer-Goodness me, I hope

she isn't after mine. No Regular Pay. "He tells me he's a professional actor now."
"Oh, no, he's a semiprofessional." "How do you mean?"

paid for his services. He's only half paid."-Philadelphia Press. The Ruling Power.

"Well, a professional is one who is

The Peddier-I want to see the mis-The Master-Do you? Then step around to the kitchen door and ask

Near Neighbors.
Sympathetic Parson (to prisoner)—
Ah, my unfortunate man, what would

your poor, old father think of your Prisoner-Ask him; he lodges in the

next cell to the right of mine

After the Prevaling Fashion.
"You will marry again after you get your divorce, of course?" ".oz acogqua I"

"Any particular preference in riew?" "Not just at present. But of course

Great Responsibility. Nodd-Your baby and your cook are both away, are they?

Dealer.

A Telltale Fign. 'Old Blinker is a confirmed bache-

or, isn't he?"
"Yes, but I am sure that he was

ertain period of his life when he went to church regularly,"

Carlouity. "Let's go out an' see what's burnin'," said Pat to Mike at the theater.

"What d'ye mean?"
"Those two men behind us said they vere goin' to the foyer."

fainted. Short Pickpocket-How in de world

Tall Pickpecket-I went through people's pockets. Should Be Cantions.

Daughter—Edwin says he wants a wife with good lungs. It shows how considerate he is of her health.

Typical American. "Yes, his painting attracts a great

"Great artist, ch?" "No, just a house painter. He puts out a sign. 'Fresh Paint,' and every one touches it to see if it's dry."

"Look here," telephoned the irate man, "I didn't tell you to send me any school supplies." "School supplies?" echoed the

"Yes you sent me up a load of state." Usual Thing.

we weeks I have come to the conclution that the title is the only thing about the place that isn't defective.

Giles — Take two letters from money" and one is left. Miles-Is that a Joke? 'Yes, verily." "Well, I know of a fellow who took oney from two letters."

Difference in Method But-Traveler (in Europe)—What are those two beautiful girls? Steamer Captain-One is a Circussian whose purents are going to self

Liked Church But-Sweet Girl-Do you enjoy taking e to church? Lover-Not so much as riding with

ou in a street car. Sweet Girl-Goodness! Why? Lover-The sexton never yells "Sit

There Were Others. "I seen you kissin' Mame," said her

"Sure! I never peached on any of the other fellows when they gave me

Mrs. Crabshaw-Why, they're so rich that, if they preferred, they could afford to stay in town all summer .-Smart Set.

Yes, but I've recovered." "How much?"-Cincinnati Commerinl-Tribune. Anticipation vs. Experience.

ter without continually hovering on the erge of bankruptcy? Sultor-Ob, yes, str; I am sure I can. Old Gentleman-Well, that's more

The Secret of Harmony. Young Mrs. Mend, whose experience of married life had been brief and happy, had just engaged two servants, a man and his wife, for work at her

summer place. "I am so glad you are married!" she said to the man, with whom she had made terms. "I hope you are very, very happy, and that you and your wife never have any difference of opin-

replied the new servant, "for we have a good manny; but Oi don't let Bridget know of thim, an' so we do be getting

Huntness. Mr. Nuritch—You take orders for

painted pixtures in good frames.--Philadelphia Press.

ding? Knocker-Yes, indeed; they threw breakfast food instead of rice.

I can marry my lawyer if nothing bet-ter suggests itself."—Cleveland Plain

Todd-Yes. Nobody but my wife and myself are left to run the house.

nce engaged," "Why?"

"Because he tells me there was a

Easy Ontlet. Tall Pickpocket—De crowd at de football game was so dense dat people

Mother—I wouldn't be too sure. He might want her to blow the kitchen fire in the morning.

many people."

amazed coal dealer.

Brown-So you bought that suburb-in property, ch? Did you investigate the title to see if it was all right?

Green-Yes; and after living there

Not a Joke.

"That's a good joke." "Not it; he got twelve months."

her to a Turk; the other is an American whose parents are going to give her to a nobleman.

loser, please."

"Well, here," said the dear girl's accepted lover, "if I give you a dime an I trust you to say nothing about

money."-Philadelphia Ledger. Gossip-proof, Mrs. Crawford—Have they much

Question of Cash, "I hear you have been suffering with very romantle love affair.

Old Gentleman-Do you think, sir, that you are able to support my daugh

than I can do. Take her and be happy.

"Faith, ma'am, I couldn't say that,"

along well."

pixtures here? Art Dealer--Yes. Mr Nuritch-Well, I want you to send a man up to measure my parlor walls fur about \$10,000 worth o' hand-

Suggestive. Knicker-Was it an up-to-date wed-