SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. He is reminded by Flodie Fisher, his assistant, of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and warned that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-sighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night.

CHAPTER II-Continued.

Flodie tried to speak, hesitated, ouldn't. "I—think so—" she finally got out. Then, timidly: "Yes, I'm sure she would!"

"By jove, I'll try it!" he exclaimed. Who is she?"

1 1

Flodie almost breke down. She crept up to him timidly. "Why-why, you know, Mr. Bonistelle, den't you? -why, you must know! It's some one"-she stopped and swallowed-"someone you see very often." She couldn't look him in the face, but stood waiting fearfully, trembling.

"Lord, if I could do it!" Hall went on to himself. "Four millions! Be-fore midnight." He paused, gazing at a corner of the ceiling. "Oh, by jove!" he exclaimed suddely, "I know now! You mean Rena Royalton! Why, I never thought of her, before! course. Yes, that's a fact! She did call me Hall, the last time I saw her. didn't she?" He turned to Flodie. "See here, Flodie, you're clever-how the deuce did you know?"

Flodie clutched at her heart and bit her lip to keep back the tears. He put it to her direct. "Is it Mrs. Royalton.

Flodie's smile was a triumph; it had in it a dozen different meanings, it was wonderful in its beautiful renunciation; but it took a full minute for her to control herself, and, meanwhile, she busied herself with the tray.

"Yes," she managed to say finally, and choking, she walked rapidly back

Hall stood and thought it over. He took out his watch and looked at it anxiously. It was already ten o'clock. Once he shook his head. It was too outrageous; then the humor of the affair seized him and he laughed harshly, aloud.

Flodie's white face appeared in the doorway. "What is it?" she cried. "I've got it!" he shouted, "we'll have the wedding tonight. The guests are invited already, and they can't get at



the rice. How's that? Won't that be Flodie Fisher, you've saved my life!"

He grabbed her and whirled her round in a crazy waltz, till she broke away in anguish. "Oh, Mr. Boni stelle," she began, "I'll just have to tell you. I can't bear it-At that moment there was a sound

of the hall door opening. "What is it?" Hall said. "Anything I can do for you? Want to be a bridesmaid, or what?"

Flodie turned, looked, and saw, "Oh, nothing!" She put her hand to her head, as if it were aching. "There she is, now!" she sighed. "Mrs. Royalton!"

"Good! Tell her I'll be ready in just a minute!" Hall rushed into the dark room to load his plate-holders.

Flodie went wearily into the office with a curt "Good morning, Mrs. Royalton," and made a brave attempt to smile.

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Royalton was plump and flam boyant, handsome, if one didn't mind her pop eyes, which were brown and She was a sleek and glossy woman dressed in the extreme of style, apparently quite assured of her own charms. Her motions were pleasantly slow-she moved about with a stately swanlike carriage. Her vocal tones, too, were slow and smooth; full of a sort of sentimental unction.

Vastly condescending always, was Mrs. Royalton, to her inferiors; suave and flattering to those she admired. She wore white, with a purple hat.

"What's the matter, child? Been crying, haven't you? What in the world does a young girl like you have to trouble you?" "Oh, waiting on customers, for one

Mrs. Royalton didn't, apparently, get the sarcasm. "Well, you don't seem to wait on them very much! Isn't Mr. Bonistelle ready for one yet?"

her mind. "I don't know," she said, "I'll see."

Hall was blinking from the dark room, loaded plate-holders in hand. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle," Flodie whispered despairingly, "you aren't going to propose to her, are you? Oh, don't, don't please Mr. Bonistelle!"

"Well, what's the matter now? thought you wanted me to."

"Oh, but I don't now!" "Flodie! You're crazy! Don't you worry! It'll be a happy day for you, little girl, when I'm married! I'll see that you get a better job than this! Say, where's that other plate-holder?" "Over on that shelf. Oh. Mr. Bonistelle, you'll be awfully unhappy! I know you will!"

He stopped impatiently. "Unhappy! With four millions, Flodie? With a private yacht-a country house-a villa in Italy, perhaps-automobiles-a valet-by jove, I guess not!"

Her face was absurdly distorted with pain and anxiety. Her fists were clenched. She summoned her courage for the last despairing stroke. "Oh, she -paints, Mr. Bonistelle! She paints er face like a clown! You wouldn't-" Hall laughed aloud. "For heaven's sake! Is that what's troubling you? Now, I suppose she's the only woman who does it in all New York! Well, put your mind at rest, Flodie; I'll promise to reform her after we're married. Tell her to come in."

Mrs. Royalton wandered into the studio. She began, as usual, with a simper and a smile. "I don't know that I ought to shake hands with you, Mr. Bonistelle! You're a bad, bad boy! Why haven't you been to see me, all this long while?" She filled the place with her dulcet personality.

Hall inspected her sagely, as one in spects a valuable object he is expecting to purchase, seeing her, as it were, for the first time. His first rebarely saved it.

"Busy! Oh, you're always too busy take a horrid picture of me—and I did simply got to have you. Don't say no to comes in sight on the left, and tow-so want to get a good one today!" yet—just listen! Give me some en. Mrs. Royalton rattled on, taking off couragement, Rena, just a bit!" plume of smoke on the right. his impoliteness, she made her big patted his hand. eyes bigger. She did the spoiled child

Hall still seemed distrait. He broke was his custom to engage his object just poor little me!" in conversation, permitting her to change position, talk, drink tea, flirt, or gesture as she would, while she was the richest man in the-" unaware, and before she began to wonder why he did not begin, to have managed the exposure of some dozen plates, from one or two of which he was pretty sure to achieve a triumph can't wait-I want to marry you im- glories of Putcoli.

of art and naturalness. But, at the mercy of his obsession, this method was impossible today. Hall was too busy making up his mind, and could not do two things at once.

"You're not paying a bit of attention to me," she pouted. Mrs. Royalton, babyish, was a picture for a cynic.

But Hall was too engrossed in his own thoughts. He caught her with an unlifted finger, cried "There!" and slipped in a plate. "The fact is, I am a bit worried today," he confessed. Just look a bit over that way. That's right! Fine!" He deftly pressed the

She went up to him and patted his

wish I could help him out!" "Oh, no, I'm afraid you can't help ne," he said irritably. "I wish to heaven you could. Now look up!" he commanded. Then he dived under the focusing cloth, and emerged to say, for the kiss, when she sprang up. "It's partly you that I'm worrying

about, though, Rena."
"About me? No!" Mrs. Royalton was delighted.

"Yes, I am, really!" He went up to ner and adjusted her jabot. Her eyes went off at him like double-barreled shotgun in an explosion of coquetry. "I suppose you tell that to every woman you know!'

He was in for it, now. "Nonsense It's true, Rena." She opened her eyes still wider

Whate in the world do you mean?" She was hungry for more. "Wait till I get another picture." Hall wheeled his camera into a new position, wondering what to say next. the was animated enough, now, her big eyes fairly blazed. The tigress

had scented the antelope. For some time he held her off while she teased for further revelation, in- all about it."

quisitive, tantalized. Finally he sat down beside her on the couch under the window, stretched out his hand, obtained hers without much trouble, and felt of it softly. She stared at him excitedly.

"You know, Rena, the reason why I haven't been to see you, don't you?" "Oh, some other woman, I'm sure." "No; I just didn't dare. I hadn't the

She drew her hand away, but permitted it to be recaptured with case.
"You must know what I've been thinking," he went on. "You must have seen it in my eyes."

"Why, your eyes look all right, Mr. Bonistelle. I haven't sny idea what you're talking about!" She was a forty-year-old baby, now.

"I wish I could see some of it in your eyes, Rena!"

"What in the world? See what?" "I've admired you ever since I first saw you, Rena!" He plunged in, now, over his head. He shut his eyes for the jump, to give it intensity. "I thing!" Flodie tossed her head like a can't get you out of my mind-I-Ilove you, Rena, didn't you know that?"

She moved away, as if a bit alarmed, and withdrew her hand. "Why, Mr. Bon-Hall! I had no idea you thought of me in that way. It's absurd. You Flodie started to reply, then changed haven't known me but a few weeks-"

"Oh, I've known you long enough I've been desperate about itbegan almost to mean it. "Rens, you're the only woman I ever loved!"
"Hall,"—she paused and gave him a long languishing look. "Why, I can't



'Then You Like Me a Little, Rena?"

believe it! When did you first dis- boll, on one of the Lipari islands, is cover that you loved me, Hall?" she seen, and all the way along the gloricooed, drawing nearer.

I think it was-" "You think it was! You mean that orchards far up their slopes.

She looked at him with immense

Rena?" He selzed her hand firmly. away nervously and went to work. It ant. "To think that you're in love with present a decadent suburb of Naples.

> "Then you will say yes-and make me the happiest man in the world- is connected by trolley and steam rail-

Mrs. Royalton would squeeze every you really love me so much?" "Oh, do I! Why, Rena, I simply

mediately—as soon as possible—today, Rena rose. "Oh, that's impossible!" immediately matter-of-fact. "Don't be

silly, Hall. Why, I haven't said 'yes' yet. I must have time to think it he withdraws it. Probably there are the doorways; ragged and dirty chil-

"Time?" Hall's face dropped. shook her head in swift retrospection.

deprived of the opportunity of-" "Of what?", Again her cowlike gaze disconcerted him.

arm. "Oh, you poor dear man! Oh, I piness of, of you know!" He looked pool of Italy," that here was the Luproud of his ardor. Something in her pered Romans with their famous oypleased eyes encouraged him, and he sters, and that the whole bay was put his arm about her shoulder, tried covered with the beautiful yachts of to the pier, he can here enjoy the ento draw her closer, had his lips ready the fashionable folk who made Baiae, chanting scenery of sea and shore,

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Largest Rose 19 Inches

R. S. Hardie Baugh, a rose enthusiast of Ontario, Cal., is displaying a bloom of the William Shean variety which measures six inches in diameter and nearly nineteen inches in cir cumference. The rose is perfectly formed and fragrant. Mr. Baugh declares that a fertilizer of rotted potato parings was responsible for the mammoth blossom. In color it is of a delicate shade of pink,

He's Only a Volunteer. "Where do we find the most miserable of men!" exclaimed the exhorter

"You don't have to find him." r sponded the man in the fourth row.

center, "he hunts you up and tells you

"I understand you are planning a new house."

"I started to." "Why did you drop it." "I didn't drop it. My wife and the contractor got together and I haven



VIEW IN POZZUOLI

I IS thought by some that Paul's I place but from other causes the same defective eyesight may have prevented his appreciating natural scenery. However that may have been, it seems impossible that he

should not have been impressed by the splendid views that anyone sailing up the coast of Sicily through the Straits of Messins and along the south Italian shore enjoys, says Rev. Dr. Francis E. Clark in his series. "In the Footsteps of St. Paul," in the Christian Herald. He would have seen at first smiling, vine-covered hills; and before he had gone far, glorious Etna, snowcapped for much of the year.

An ever-changing panorama delights the eye until we come to Reggio, the ancient Rhegium. Alas, a pitiful sight there greets the traveler today. Messina on one side of the narrow strait and Reggio on the other were both wrecked almost beyond recognition by the disastrous earthquake of 1908. On the Messina shore one sees great rows of little wooden houses scarcely larger than henhouses. These are the portable bungalows which were transported from America, ready-made, to relieve the sufferings of the houseless and homeless people. They are still occupied, for little has been done to build up the ruined cities.

Between Scylla and Charybdis. Shortly after leaving Reggio we pass between Scylla and Charybdis, the fabled monsters of antiquity, the rock and the whirlpool, which have been robbed of all their terrors since steam navigation came to bless the world, and to make the traveler's burdens and dangers light. Soon after, the active volcanic mountain of Strom ous South Italian shore reveals itself; This stopped him for a moment splendid mountains rear their heads Why-since since the second time, in the near distance, their sides clothed with vineyards and olive and orange

were, for the first time. Has have to time you came to dinner? Why, I heen busy—Rena!" That "Rena" thought you were much more interbarely saved it.

That "Rena" thought you were much more interbarely saved it.

Each of the first time. Has have approach the Bay of Naples the scenery becomes constantly more entrancing. We see the promontory "Don't you believe me, Rena? I tell of Sorrento across the Bay of Saler for poor little me! I'm sure you'll you, I can't stand it any longer. I've no, and soon Capri with its blue grot-

the cheval glass. She twitted him on delight. "You poor boy." Softly she past the spot where the notable city of the present day is situated, a place "Then you do like me a little, which was then comparatively insignificant, our travelers came to Pute-Rena was pleased and happy, radi- oll, or Pozzuoli, as it is now called, at

This miserable and dirty town of some 16,000 inhabitan's, as it now is way with Naples, and is often visited by the modern tourist who wishes precious drop out of the orange. "Do to see the remains of the ancient temples and amphitheater and the mights mole, which still tell of the ancient

Nearby, too, is the volcanic field of Solfatara, not a mountain, but a have come ashore. flat plain, the crater of a low volcano, Her voice lost its unction and became into which one can thrust his cane in many places and find smoke and sulphurous vapor issuing from the hole as few more dreary or disreputable places in Italy than this modern suburb of use of a pocket handkerchief, swarm "I want to be sure, this time!" She Naples. It has not the ragged picturesqueness which somewhat redeems "Don't torture me, Rena! You know the worst slums of Naples, but is a now I must suffer. Think of my being squalid, unwholesome town of the

worst type, Was Noted Roman Resort It is difficult to realize that it once "Oh, of everything-of you-of hap might have been called "the Liverjust beyond, the most noted resort, as corrupt as it was noted, for the invalids and fashionable idlers of Rome. There were famous springs here, which attracted the sick from many quarters, and it is said that the andent name came from the sulphurous is no longer a fashionable watering coast

> An Epoch for India. In the annual report of the Kashmir Medical mission Dr. A. Neve says this year "marks an epoch from which everything will date afresh."

"It is certainly an epoch to India, so many of whose gallant princes future, things cannot be the same. alive. The spirit in which we Eng-

of this land may thus be brought to tries .- Tit-Bits. see the distinction between real and only nominal Christianity, and the corollary that religion is a matter of the heart, not of hereditary creed and

Freezing Fish Alive. M. Pictet, the brilliant Swiss man of science, has succeeded in freezing patient must not eat.

name might be applied to the mod ern Pozzuoli.

Yet here we can look upon many of the things which St. Paul saw; the sea itself, fresh and clean as ever; the encircling hills, no less beautiful in their spring greenery than on that spring day when Paul sailed within their encircling arms. We can even see the 17 plers of the great mole which stretched far out into the bay, ly. within whose shelter vessels anchored, one the Alexandrian grain ship on which Paul had arrived. Today we can see the ruins of the temple of Serapis, or the splendid marketplace as it is now thought to be, which very likely was in its pristine glory when Paul landed. .-

Tens of thousands of travelers from many lands sail into the famous harbor of Naples every year, but comparatively few of them realize how near they are to the footsteps of St. Paul, and how, after a short trolley ride from the city, they can plant their feet where he trod,

Let us take the electric car from Largo Vittoria, where the beautiful park, Naples' famous promenade and Rotten Row, begins; a park that stretches for nearly a mile along the water front. Soon, however, we get beyond the fashionable quarters and the innumerable hotels. The car makes its slow way through a slummy re gion where the air is rent with the raucous cries for which noisy Naples is famous, and the nose is assailed by more than the seventy odors of Co-

Tunnel Under Positipo. Shortly a tunnel is reached under

the green hills of Posilipo, a tunnel almost as ancient as Naples itself. for it was dug by the Romans to avoid the steep climb over the precipitous tufa rocks of Posilipo. Seneca we are told, grumbled at the dust and darkness and the odor of this tunnel, and they have not been improved since The noise is deafening from the clatter of horses' hoofs, the patter of herds of goats, the grinding torture of the electric car wheels, and above all the brazen throats of the Neapolitans who urge on their donkeys with an indescribable noise, guttuwith an indescribable noise, guttunow?" said the first sweet young rying balloons will be releas ral and grating, which seems to come from the innermost parts of their anatomy.

Another slum awaits us at the other side of the grotto, followed by vine yards and orange groves and truck farms, until, after a ride of four or five miles, the last part of which affords glorious views of the bay and its islands, which never lose their charm, we at last find ourselves in another slum, more hopeless than any we have yet seen on the way, and find that we have at last reached the old Puteoli, and that the electric car leaves us but a few steps from the spot where the great apostle must

The immediate surroundings of th great pier where St. Paul landed are as filthy as any other part of Pozzuoll. Indescribable old hags leer at us from dren, wholly unacquainted with the around us. Several small fishing boats are drawn up on the shore, and a little church, called St. Paul's Chapel, stands immediately behind the an

cient mole. The modern pier, built over the an cient mole, is a truly magnificent one of solid cut stone, which runs far out into the sweet, clean water, and by helplessly. She still smiled, crine lake, which supplied the pam- going out to the far end we get beyoud the reach of the importunate tout. If one can forget the approaches and I understand he is at home praywhile his mind is stimulated by memorles of the mighty past.

But the volcanoes have brough blessings as well as curses, for the ash which they pour forth becomes in a few years a soil of almost incredible fertility, like the volcanic soil of stench which they emitted. Puteoli the Yakima valley on our own Pacific

live fish and reviving them severa weeks or months later. He put 28 live fish in a box that contained water rich in oxygen, in which several pieces of ice floated. He then reduced the temperature of the water very slowly until it froze. At the end of about two months the cake of ice was graduand troops are in the firing line. In ally thawed and the fish were found

According to the report of the exlish now meet our Indian fellow sub- periment it is essential that the water jects is that of co-operation, and be very gradually frozen, and that it should lead to closer friendship in shall have contained pieces of ice for future. That the spectacle of Chris- from fifteen to eighteen hours before tian nations fighting among them- the whole mass is frozen. The process selves is unedifying goes without say. of thawing must also be very slow. It ing, and especially that there should is believed that through this process combatants; but perhaps the people can be exported alive to distant coun-

"I suffer terribly from Indigestion

LITTLE BOY'S GOOD EXCUSE MINES to School Because Family Comb Had Been Leaned

Here is a story that was told at a ecent dinner by Miss Sybil Baker, who was chosen queen of Rose Fes-tival, at Portland, when reference was made to the wonderful excuses inrented by the rising generation.

One morning the teacher of a public school in a western village was glancing over her pupils, when her eye suddenly fastened on little Wil-"Willie," said she in a stern voice

"didn't I tell you not to come to school without having had your hair

"Yes, ma'am," was the rather meek ful rejoinder of the youngster.
"Well, then," demanded the teacher, a little more severely, "why didn't

"Because I couldn't comb it, Miss Mary," was the startling rejoinder of Willie. "We lent our comb to the Smiths last night and they didn't bring it back."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Limits of Delsarts. Friend-Does the Delsarte system each you haw to act when propos

Bride--"Yes! I studied that part

"Did you use it?" "I used it with three or four whom I rejected, and I did it beautifully, I know; but when dear Tom proposed I forgot all about it."-New York Week-

HELPFUL ARTICLE.

"Yes; before long it will be the correct thing for a child to take a pocket adding machine to school to help in the solution of mathematical

Interurban Prejudice. "Is this a through train?" asked the impatient man from New York. "Yes," replied the conductor. "It

makes only one stop between here "That's a good idea. It gives a man who has started for Philadelphia a chance to think it over." The Query Discourteque

thing.

"Whose?" asked the second, and then the conversation lagged per-

"How did you happen to leave your last boarding place?" "The landlady had such mournful "I don't understand you." "She always bent them upon me

Discouraged.

when I asked for a second helping." Engineering Triumph. "Why are you studying that dachshund so Intently?"

"I consider him an architectural triumph of Mother Nature's," explained huge bags. the bridge builder. "See how nicely the stress is calculated to the span. -Judge.

No Help Then. "Hints on courtship abound, Every magazine will tell you how to win a wife. Anybody will gladly post you on the etitquette of love making.

"What's on your mind?" "But after a man's marries he has to shift completely for himself."

Settled. "Our minister has received a call from somewhere at a higher salary. ing for guidance."

"What does his wife think about "Oh, she's packing up."

His Galt. "That old sea dog at the banquet last night seemed to be continually steering for the wine on the side-

"Yes, I noticed he had quite a lis Force of Habit. "What's the matter with this ho-

board."

tel? I can't get any answer to my ring." "Sorry, sir, but you see all the bellboys have made a rush to the front."

Uninformed. "What were the Seven Wonders of

Had Been to New York. "A Washingtonian has discovered a

"I dunno," answered Mr. Rufnek.

way to remove the bones from a ing at a man," snapped the woman. "Huh! I'll bet there are New Yorkers who could do it without the shad-

knowing it."

But Hubby Pays the Freight. His Wife-Don't you think my new connet is a perfect dream? dream, my dear; it's a genuine night

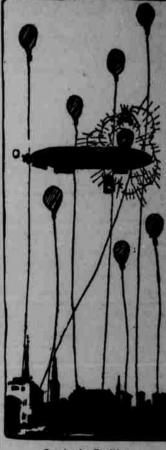
Novel Defense Planned to "Get" the Zeppelins.

Hydrogen Balloone Carrying High Explosive Bombs Are to Be Used as a Protection Against the Dreaded Destroyers.

An American with a German nas s the designer of a system of de

is the designer of a system of defense against Zeppelin attack, which is being tried out in both London and Paris. Literally, Joseph A. Steinmets of Philadelphia would mine the air against the monster dirigibles.

When the war broke out and the menace of the Zeppelin first loomed, British officials coldly rejected Mr. Steinmetz's plans to mine the London for against Zeppelins but with a few. og against Zeppelins, but with a few raids on Paris and English coast cities, the Britishers hastily sent for the plans and now are said to be ready to give them a trial in case of another Zeppelin invasion. Small hydrogen balloons carrying high explosive bombs will fly from every building of importance in Lon-



Bombs in Position.

don and Paris if the Steinmetz plan is adopted in its entirety. The ba will be held by a fine but strong wire, weighing but four pounds to the mile, and having a tensile strength of 120 pounds. The wires will be contro by windlasses. The raiding alrehips sighted by a lookout, will be permit ted to come almost within range of the "So glad to see you again, dear. And bydrogen balloons. Then, when too I've got such a lot of news for you. Did late for the Zeppelins to turn back, rying balloons will be released. As the Zeppelins are 900 feet long, they would have a hard time in escaping

one or more of the bombs. Each bomb is surrounded by a ring of hair triggers and the slightest tot will cause an explosion which would undoubtedly ignite the gas in the Zeppelin. The hydrogen balloons carry a number of hooks to be ensuared in the silken hide of the raider, thus insuring that the hair triggers on the bombs come in contact with the gas bag.

An extension of the Steinmets plan contemplates a fleet of aeroplanes also carrying several of the bombs suspended on a long wire. It would be the object of the aeroplanes to get above the Zeppelins and drag the lines with the bombs directly across the

Curious Headdresses.

In Russia the maiden who is free may dress her locks as she wishes, but not so the wife. She must hide

As a recompense for the sacrifice she dons a hood which may well be called weird. In shape it is not unlike a bishop's mitre, and it is adorned as the fancy or the purse of the wearer dictates. Gold, silver, and even precious stones have been used in decorating the kokoschink, as it is

In certain parts of Spain a hood similar to the Russian style is worn. Par-ticularly is this popular with the danc-ers among the Toledo peasantry, although it must be very hot and un-

The Dutch maiden of Amsterdam pins her faith, and her head, to a hood which resembles in shape an inverted flower pot. It may not be the style nost suited to her round, placid face, but she would not change it for the latest thing in Parisian millinery.

Using Glass to Grind Glass, It is not generally known that glass will cut glass. If a little work on smoothing the edge of some glass object is desired, procure a circular disk of glass, such as a round eyeglass or watch crystal, and mount it as follows: Turn a wood base to fit in the chuck of a jeweler's, or other, lathe and fasten the glass with the concave side against the wood by using some shellac as a cement. If it is properly centered and made to revolve rapidly, the edge can "I never could remember much about be used to grind and smooth other what I saw in a dime museum or a glass pieces.—Popular Mechanics.

An Example.

"You don't see a lot of women star-"You don't?" suggested the mere man; "look what happens to a man when he doesn't get up in a car to give some woman his seat."-Phila delphia Ledger.

Wife—Don't you think my new is a perfect dream?
Husband—It's more than a my dear; it's a genuine night is going to stay perfess.

Just it.

Foreign Nobleman—Sir, I would wed your peerless daughter.

American Millionaire—Yes, and she is going to stay peerless.

Nevertheless, the British Soldier's Desire to Marry Lasted Through the Year of Probation.

There is a famous British general who hates to see his soldiers wed. One day a Tommy came to him and asked permission to marry. The general, hoping to cool the man's ardor, told him to go away and woman."

come back again a year from that

o marry. When the year had passed the soldier repeated his request.

"But do you really still wish to graph. marry?" asked the general in surprise. "Yes, sir, very much?" answered

Tommy. "Well, you may marry now," said the general. "I never believed there was so much constancy in man or

IT WASN'T THE SAME WOMAN | day, and if he was then in the same | leave the room, but when he got to nind permission would be given him the door he turned around and said: Thank you, sir, but it isn't the same woman."-Pittsburgh Chronicle-Tele be such barbarities practiced on non- Siberian sturgeon and Alaskan salmon

Crowded Out.

ceremonies." been able to put in a word since."

doctor. What shall I take for it?" "It isn't so much what you take," replied the physician. "It's what you stop taking." Whereupon he proceeded to make out a long list of the things his