

# LOVE IN A HURRY

By GELETT BURGESS  
ILLUSTRATED BY RAY WALTERS

## SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Floe Fisher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night, and that his business is in bad financial shape. Mr. Dornhouse, attorney and justice of the peace, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,000.00 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rosa Roylton calls at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dally calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Floe tries to show Hall a certain way out of the studio, but he is obtuse. Jonas Hassingbury, heir to the millions, in case Hall fails to marry on time, calls.

## CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

Floe stared at him fascinated, as a bird by a snake. Try as she could, it was impossible to deny his accusation.

"Hold on a minute, now!" He shook his finger impressively. "I'd give a good deal if I was satisfied he wouldn't be married before midnight."

Floe could stand it no longer. It was useless to attempt to hide her feelings from this man. Her heart was bursting. "Oh, so would I, if I had the money!" she cried, woe-begone.

Jonas leaned back, with a smile of victory on his face. "Wall, I guess I got to the woman of it at last," he gloated. "All women is just alike, when you come right down to it. 'One man among a thousand have I found, but a woman among all those have I not found'—that is different. But that's neither here nor there. I suspected you was sweet on Hall; your face give you dead away. Wall, then, miss, he brought it out deliberately, 'seems to me our interests ought to be identical.'"

"What d'you mean?" Something in Floe's subconsciousness was awakened.

"You bein' a woman, don't want him to marry anybody else. Wall, neither do I. He watched her closely, heartlessly.

"I see," said Floe frigidly, "because you'd lose a fortune."

"Oh, it ain't the money, miss, don't you misinterpret my motives. I don't want a cent of it for myself. It's what I can do with it. See here; if Hall gets that money, he's bound to throw it away on all sorts of foolishness. He marries tonight, some sheep-headed, extravagant woman will have the spendin' of it." He watched the shaft strike Floe, and went on. "Whereas, if I inherit it—why, I got my plans all laid out a'ready." He leaned forward earnestly. "Why, do you know, miss, they's heathen in the tropics what don't know what clothes be, let alone the Bible. They tell me they ain't a toothbrush nor a pair o' corsets in all Polynesia. And all of them miserable niggers got to be damped everlasting. Then they's hospitals I intend to endow, and tracts ought to be printed." But Floe's eyes were cast down. He saw that he had lost his audience, and came back to his best argument. "Think o' Hall's wife throwin' that cash round on parties, and low-necked dresses—to say nothing o' balls and concerts and theaters!"

"Well," Floe said, with a pathetic look in her face. "I don't see what we can do about it. He's made up his mind to marry tonight, and he's a'ready proposed to three women."

Jonas whistled long and low. "Looks like we got to get to work in a hurry, don't it? See here, miss, he spoke slowly and emphatically. "You can do it. Why, women is born for tricks like this. What's that Jeremiah says? 'A woman shall compass a man.' That's right, too. You'll find a way and depend on me to help all I can. What d'ye say?"

Floe's mind had already jumped to the task. Why not try to save Hall?—that was the excuse she gave herself. To be disloyal to him was unthinkable, but to prevent a lifelong unhappiness due to his marrying any one of the three women he had proposed to—ah, that was another thing! What if she could accomplish it, and get the best of this scheming hypocrite into the bargain? There was a magnificent chance for a woman's strategy! Suddenly the thought came, beautiful, complete. She jumped up excitedly. "I know!" she cried.

"What? Got an idea a'ready?" Jonas grinned.

"Yes! I'll tell you. I'm going to get those three women together in this room—and then—I'll just let nature take its course! If something doesn't happen, then I don't know anything about women."

Jonas chuckled, delighted. "Wall, that will be a picnic, won't it! By jiminy, I'd like to see the fun!"

"No," said Floe, "you'll have to leave. I've got lots to do, if I'm to manage this thing, and I've got to do it alone. Now, let's see! Wait a minute—Hall's giving a party tonight. Suppose I tell him that I invited you, and you come round at about eleven o'clock. Then I'll tell you how matters are going."

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"Eleven o'clock! Lord, I generally git to bed by ten."

"You won't tonight, then. Better drink some coffee if you're sleepy. And I guess it'll be worth sitting up for. Good afternoon, Mr. Hassingbury!" Floe did not offer to shake hands.

Jonas gazed at her in ever-growing admiration. "Say, miss, he ventured, 'it ain't often I get loony over a woman. I don't trust 'em enough. But I've took considerable fancy to you, somehow. You got a good head on your shoulders, you have!'"

Floe evaded his hand. "Well, it's likely to stay there, I'm afraid. At any rate, it'll never be on yours, Mr. Hassingbury."

With which Floe went, without honoring him with another glance. Into the stockroom, leaving him to take his departure alone.

## CHAPTER VII.

After Jonas Hassingbury had left, Floe went to the telephone and called up a number.

"Mrs. Roylton— Yes, this is Miss Fisher—at Mr. Bonistelle's, you know—about your pictures— Could you drop in this afternoon and see some proofs?— Oh, yes, lovely, I think— About three o'clock, if you will— Good-by!"

Next she called up Miss Dally, and said nearly the same thing; both ladies agreed to call. But how about

Rosamund? She wandered from studio to studio. Well, Floe must risk it. Perhaps she could be found later. Meanwhile she had much to do. She flew back to the printing room, and went to work on the negatives. They must all be finished before the ladies arrived, that they might suspect nothing. Quickly her fingers flew. Suddenly she looked up. Who was that in the office? Floe went in and found Alfred the Pale, with a big bunch of evergreen garlands. He pulled off his hat and grinned.

"Will I fix up the studio now?" he asked.

"Yes," said Floe, "right away." She held up a proof of Carolyn Dally's and inspected it critically. Alfred, meanwhile, was regarding his idol.

"Well, why don't you go ahead about it?" Floe inquired severely.

"Say, Miss Fisher," Alfred set down his bundle and approached her. "It's so hard to ketch you alone, you know—"

"No, I don't. We must have those decorations up in a hurry." Floe, however, did see something in the poor janitor's face which made her start hastily for the stockroom.

"Oh, I know it ain't no use, Miss Fisher, but it'll be a satisfaction even to be thrown down. It'll be something, anyway. I can't stand it any longer."

Floe stared at the hopeless janitor. Paint heart never won fair lady, but still, his look was flattering. There was a mild beam in his devotion, as he fawned on her. It softened her heart.

"Now, Alfred," she began, "don't you be silly!"

"I just can't help it, Miss Fisher!" he exclaimed. "I got to be silly! If I didn't see you every day, here—oh, dear, ain't they any hope for me? Not never!"

He watched a moment, wistfully. Floe watched him with a curious far-away interest, as at an injured animal. Then she said gently, "It's not use, Alfred. You know I couldn't possibly, don't want you to say another word about it." Floe, as she spoke, fingered a thin gold chain about her neck. Dangling, warm on her breast, was a tiny golden locket, one of Hall Bonistelle's few gifts, treasured jealously by Floe, worn night and day.

Alfred Smallish had already given up all hope. "Oh, I know," he said

a pair at home which will just about fit you, and I will have them sent to you today. "Thank-ee!" said John. The trousers were duly sent, and the following three Sundays John was seen at church. Then, after being absent for some time, the clergyman again met him. "Well, John," he said, "you have no excuse for not coming to church lately. How is it I have not seen you there?" "Look here, parson," said John. "I like a man to speak plain. I know what you mean: you're a-thinking about them

trousers. I come to church three Sundays, an', if you don't think I earned them trousers, just tell me how many more Sundays I shall have to come afore they're mine altogether!"

"You are going to have a great deal of money some day," said the clergyman.

"Am I going to marry it or earn it?" asked the pleased client.

"You are going to marry it, but you'll earn it, all right!"

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apathetically. "Of course I'm nothin' but a janitor—now—but Miss Fisher, if I only had you I'd show 'em. And—say, don't go yet, please, Miss Fisher—wait till I get rid of it for once and for all—it'll do me good—you wouldn't ever have the likes of me, I know—that ain't all of it—it's only I want to do something for you, just to prove how I feel! If I could only help you some way!—don't you understand how it is, Miss Fisher? Won't you give me a try sometime? That's all I want now!"

Floe, leaning against the table, watched him with tears in her eyes. Ah, Floe understood! How well she knew! She could no longer laugh at him. Kindly she stretched forth her hand; and the janitor who, in all his life had never known gallantry, reached for it, and kissed it as naturally as might a courtier. He touched Floe's little hand as if it were a holy relic; and as it there fell a soft rain of tears.

Floe bit her lip; she slowly shook her head. "I'm awfully sorry, Alfred, really; but I can't see what I can do."

Alfred's lips quivered, and his hands writhed as he replied: "Why, all I want you to do is to promise, Miss Fisher—ask me to do something for you. Something hard to do. The very hardest thing you know. Why, I'd do anything, Miss Fisher, anything!"

Alfred meant literally what he said. She put her soft hand in his. "I know what you mean, Alfred," she said soberly. "You're so good! I'll call on you if ever I need you. I'll promise." She turned a little sadly back to her desk.

"All right," Alfred's look feasted on her. He paused by the door. "It's really more than I ever hoped for, Miss Fisher, what you just said! Thank you!" He left almost with dignity.

Floe turned to her work. From the telephone to her printing she vibrated, and from that to her accounts, occasional inspection of Alfred's progress, and arrangements for the evening's refreshments. Meanwhile her busy mind was going over the problem of managing her trio of rivals. If she could only find Rosamund! Rosamund she had, from the first, disliked; she had always resented her appearance. Now she fairly longed for her to open the door. She thought and thought of some possible way to reach her.

In a half hour, miraculously, as if summoned by Floe's mental demand, who but Rosamund did open the door!—Rosamund Gale, more patronizing, more assured and nonchalant than ever.

"Hello," she said coolly; "Hall here?" She sauntered up to the mirror and poked at her golden ringlets.

"Why, no, Mr. Bonistelle has just left," said Floe, suspiciously cordial, stopping her writing. "But I'm expecting him any minute. Won't you wait?"

Rosamund craned her neck, trying to catch a glimpse of her barrette. "Those pictures of mine developed?"

"No, Miss Gale. Mr. Bonistelle had to work on some of his customers. I'm sorry."

"Well, I should think he might get mine done first. I was in an awful hurry to see 'em."

"Well, he has to attend to business part of the time, you know, Miss Gale," said Floe.

"Oh, indeed?" Rosamund gave her a long, cruel stare. "I don't see why he bothers about his old business so much. He can afford to take it easy, well enough."

"Well, of course I wouldn't say anything about it to a customer, you know, but so long as you and Hall are such great friends, why—well, the fact is, I'm rather worried."

Floe noted with glee that Rosamund was losing color.

"Do you mean to say that Hall Bonistelle isn't doing as well as—well, as well as he says?" Rosamund demanded.

Floe smiled with secret satisfaction. "Oh, I wouldn't exactly say that, you know, but then—well, it costs a lot to run this place. Here, look at those bills! I don't think he'd mind, so long as it's you!" She handed Rosamund a neatly folded parcel. "I don't know how in the world we're ever going to pay them!"

Rosamund turned them over curiously, frowning. "H'm!" she said to herself, through tightened lips. "Quite a bunch of 'em, isn't there? Why, I don't see how he can expect to—"

Floe, seeing her advantage, artfully read. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle is optimistic, you know. He always thinks he's going to come out all right. Just a well big reckless, perhaps, but then—well, I guess it'll be all right."

Leaving this to sink into Rosamund's alarmed mind, Floe walked into the stockroom and proceeded with her printing and washing.

"Say, Miss Fisher!" Rosamund called out, "how much salary do you got, anyway?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Case of Forgetfulness. Mrs. Sherburne Hopkins, who recently left society for the stage, advised the other evening when the conversation at a social affair turned to forgetfulness. She said she was reminded of an incident along that line. Some days ago Brown was rambling along the boulevard when he met Green. Corral handshake, a donation of cigars, and then some talk. "By the way, old man," wonderingly queried Brown, glancing at the other's hand, "what have you got a string tied around that finger for?" "My wife put it there," replied Green. "It was to remind me to mail a letter for her."

"I see," laughingly returned Brown. "Did you mail it?" "No," was the smiling response of Green, "she forgot to give it to me."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sensible Soothsayer. "You are going to have a great deal of money some day," said the clergyman.

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## THE BROKEN ARROW.

John and Frank lived in a cabin on the prairie. This was many years ago, when the Indians were not as friendly with the white man as they are now, for they thought he had taken their hunting grounds from them and left them without a home, and every white man they saw they shot at with their bows and arrows, or, if they found his home, they would burn it and kill all the people.

John and Frank drove many miles with their father and mother in a big wagon called a prairie schooner and drawn by two horses. It had a covering of sallow that kept out the rain, and all their cooking utensils and bedding, as well as other things, were carried in there. It took many days to reach the place where their father had intended to locate, and some nights they made their beds on the ground and other times in the wagon, but they enjoyed it, and, best of all, the cooking was done over a fire built upon the ground.

After they reached the place it was a long time before they had a house or cabin, and they had only two rooms when it was finished. There a place

was built for the horses, and the boys were told they could ride old Hannibal, who was a big, clumsy old horse, but very gentle. They used to climb the horse back with a mane and the other would put his arms around his brother, and away they would go over the prairie, but Indians had never bothered them, so their father and mother felt it was safe for them to ride alone.

One day, after they had been there about a year, their father had to go to the nearest town, which was many miles away, and could not return before the next day, but their mother did not feel afraid, she had been there so long without seeing the Indians. The boys rode a short distance with their father and then turned back, but the days were so nice they did not go directly home. Old Hannibal trotted along, enjoying it as much as the boys did, when all at once he made a queer whinnying noise, and the boys saw that he was trembling.

They did not know that horses could sense Indians, but they felt that something was wrong. Old Hannibal galloped toward home, the boys clinging on as well as they could, when they saw a short distance from them three or four Indians. He did not tell John, but told him to make old Hannibal go faster.

"What's wrong?" came again, and this time the arrows flew very near them.

"Are the Indians after us?" asked John.

"Yes," said Frank; "hang on and we may get away," but their little hearts were beating fast.

The mother had been watching the boys through a spyglass, and saw by the way old Hannibal acted that something was the matter. Then she saw the Indians. She went in and barricaded the door, for the poor mother knew the boys would not have a chance of escape if the horse stopped at the house, and her only hope was that he would gallop on to the town, some miles beyond, but even she did not think the boys would be alive. Then she prayed.

Meanwhile the boys were near the barn, and "whiz!" again came the arrows. This time they felt a sharp pain, and just then old Hannibal ran into the barn.

The Indians came up behind them, looked around the barn, shook the floor of the cabin, looked in the window and for some unknown reason did not break down the door. They may have thought the place deserted, as there was no sign of life. But where were the boys, and why did the Indians give up looking for them?

The mother saw from her hiding place that the Indians were going away and taking old Hannibal with them. But where were the boys? She did not dare think what had happened to them. After a long time she unbarricaded the door and went into the barn. "John! Frank!" she called. Then she listened. Did she hear someone say "Mother"? Yes, it came from under the floor. Again she called, and this time she heard very plainly, "Mother, here we are under the floor!"

And there they were. As old Hannibal bounded into the stable the boys fell from his back and rolled into a hole in the floor, and falling on the left dressing under the stable, they had in some miraculous way escaped the eyes of the Indians.

The mother took a ladder and soon reached them, but they were pinned together by an arrow through the flesh on their thin shoulders. The people who lived on the prairie in those days knew how to do all sorts of things, and the mother soon removed the arrow and dressed the wounds. Then she knelt and thanked the One who

had watched over and saved them. This happened many, many years ago, but John and Frank still have the broken arrow, which they show to their grandchildren, who think it the best of fun to hear the story of the broken arrow and the Indians.

## JUDGE WHO WAS ONCE A BOY

Many a Lad Has Owed His Start in Life to Kindly Encouragement of Inquisitive Tendency.

An eleven-year-old "reporter" interviewed Judge Brown of the municipal court on the subject of boys and their parents. The answers set down by the aspiring journalist prove that the judge has not forgotten his own boyhood. Many a lad has owed his start in life to kindly encouragement of the inquisitive tendency. It is easy enough to snub a youthful questioner or put him off with curt, unsatisfactory answers. Yet it has been said that the beginning of reform is to ask questions and the start can hardly be made too soon.

The boy is to be pitied without a live, quick mental reaction to the stimulus he receives from all manner of natural phenomena. It is a good sign when the child wants to know and is not satisfied with mechanical jargon and listless routine. Most of us treasure to the end of our lives the memory of one who was not too busy to reply. Life is a standing interrogation. The man who writes with force and feeling needs to ask intelligent questions of the whole visible universe, and to explore the secret places of his own spirit. He ought not to discourage the same tendency in others, no matter how young they are.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

## BROTHERS JOIN A PIG CLUB

Three Sons of a Georgia Dairyman Win Considerable Money With Hogs While Attending School.

A year ago the three sons of a dairyman living seven miles out of Macon, Ga., did not have a cent in bank, but had two small purebred Duroc-Jersey pigs. Two of the boys joined the Bibb County Pig club. Today all three boys belong to the Bibb County Pig club, and have in one of the Macon banks over \$150, made while going to school.

One of the banks in Macon offered a deposit of one dollar and a metal savings bank to each of the Bibb County Pig club members who would make good. Making good consisted in exhibiting a purebred pig at the fair and delivering to the county agent a record of feeds and weights, showing how much it cost per pound to raise it.

Out of the 42 boys who made good,

32 let their dollar deposit remain in the bank. Two of the latter were the dairyman's sons, who won considerable prize money with their boar and sow pigs. This prize money was deposited with the bank deposit with making good and is part of their savings, together with subsequent deposits.

A sow they exhibited had her first litter of seven red-headed pigs at fair time. She is at present the mother of a second litter, in which there are 12, all of them thrifty.

These boys will be exhibitors at the fair this fall, and the bank will have to surrender three more one-dollar deposits and three metal savings banks for the three pure-bred pigs exhibited and three complete records delivered.

A: They Tell It in England. "William," said the teacher of a roystered lad, "can you tell me who George Washington was?"

"Yes, ma'am," was the quick reply. "He was an American gen'l."

"Quite right," replied the teacher. "And can you tell us what George Washington was remarkable for?"

"Yes, ma'am," replied the little boy. "He was remarkable because he was an American and told the truth."

Didn't Know Dad. Teacher—One should be thoughtful in dispensing favors. For example, suppose your father, Johnny, was in a crowded street car and two ladies, one old and the other young, got in, in which of them would he give his seat to?

Johnny—Guess you don't know dad. He wouldn't give it to either.

Not Much Account. On Jimmie's birthday his uncle gave him a knife. His mother told him he ought to give his uncle a penny so that it would not cut their friendship.

"Oh, well," rejoined Jimmie, "it won't cut anything else, so I guess it won't cut our friendship."

Apples for All. "Harry," said the teacher to a pup. In the juvenile class, "how would you divide six apples among seven boys so that each would get an equal share?"

"I'd make them into apple sauce," replied the bright youngster.

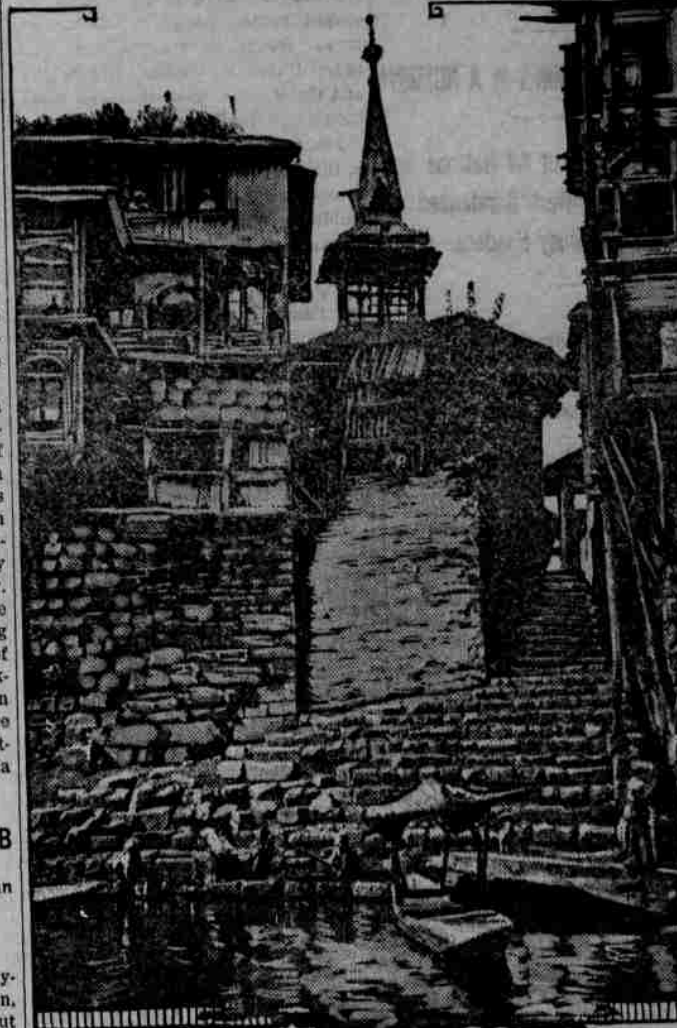
Derivation of "Canon." The word "canon" is Greek for "rule," and is itself derived from "canna," a reed, which was selected by carpenters on account of its straightness. Hence from a measuring rule, it became a figurative rule for measuring and regulating church doctrines.

Qualified Indorsement. "Yes," said J. Fuller Gibson, the deservedly unpopular pessimist, "the Hon. Dodd Gastum was a fine fellow and an able statesman—that is, if you are absolutely certain he's dead."

Imitation Good and Bad. The instinct to imitate is, like most other instincts, highly serviceable. But it has to be kept under control. Before we yield to it we ought to be sure that what we imitate is good. One of the most pitiful things in the world is to see people imitating what such imitation seems creditable.

Agile Kangaroo. Kangaroos, of which there are 56 species, can sometimes leap as much as 20 feet. The male kangaroo stands from six to seven feet high.

# SUMMER TIME IN KASHMIR



VIEW IN SRINAGAR

THE Valley of Kashmir is very like the "Beautiful Country" of a fairy story—one feels after the journey thither as if one had come up to a new world through a trap-door, or even, possibly, up a beanstalk. Anyhow, one is glad to forget the means of arrival and to bask in and gloat over the beauties and comforts around one. Let us say it is a May day, that "we" are two (mind, not three!) "normal, healthy mortals, come to fairland to enjoy ourselves in a quiet way and, for the encouragement of the majority let us add, an economical way, says W. J. Clutterbuck in Country Life.

Our temporary home is a "boarded doonga," a light form of houseboat, floating on the Jhelum river, and, like above, the sky is clearest blue, flecked with high, light clouds, casting shadows which chase each other over the hills and plain. Round us stretches the fertile land, bright with spring crops or brilliant with flowers, but our vision is caught and bounded by walls of dazzling beauty enclosing this favored land—the snow-covered Himalayas. Wherever we look they seem to screen us from the world, and we wonder where the gateway is—the trap-door has closed behind us, and tant pis! Blue, white and green is our land just now, the freshest of is a suitable stretch of river bank spring green—the irises, which cover the banks, sometimes for acres, are blue, the larger irises are white, growing in the Mohammedan graves usually occupying a little knoll in each tiny village. The kingfishers, flashing in the sun, are blue jewels, turquoise and sapphire blended. The water, lastly rippling against our bows, reflects the harmony of blue, white and green. This peaceful beauty alone might make us sleep away our days, but there is too much that is novel and interesting round us for that—the people who live in the magic valley, their homes, their works. Brown villages clustering under magnificent shady trees, cheer (of the great maple family), mulberry and walnut mostly, are pretty frequent near the banks, because the houses are entirely of wood seasoned by weather to this dark shade. There is no glass in the windows—they are simply of carved, pierced wood, or have paper stretched here and there where panes of glass should be. The roofs are of turf of a generous thickness on which a crop of grass and flowers grows.

Women Always Busy. Most of the work seems to be done out of doors, the women are always busy and chattering in groups, forever husking rice, or washing clothes in the river, while delightful children swarm around and paddle and play. Husking rice is the great occupation of the women's lives seemingly, and days, well worth finding out; besides which, in these sauntering through the crowded byways, one sees the people as they live, and not only the English-speaking, tooting and begging crowd who swarm round the houseboats in say six feet long, heavy and thicker

at the lower end, and these they swing on high with both hands, bringing them down on the rice with a resounding whack, in turn. It must be fine physical exercise, and by the results we can highly recommend it, for finer specimens of the female form we have seldom seen. They are tall, upright, and splendidly developed, with a stately walk and carriage of the head, and their hands, bare feet and ankles always seemed fine and slender. As to their features we can give no opinion as they are extraordinarily shy of foreigners and invariably cover their faces on our approach with the cotton cloth which all women wear on their heads. This is a piece of home-woven cotton of a brownish white shade roughly a yard square, one corner folded over for the front and the rest hanging down.

The male population are tall and good looking, of a Jewish cast of countenance and, unless tanned by outdoor work to mahogany color, they are little darker than a southern Italian.

On the Way to Srinagar. And so we glide along towards Srinagar, the capital town, not, however, without hard work for someone; for it is up-stream, and in the spring the current is strong, poles, or when there are propelled by long poles, or when there are towed by four or five boatmen, assisted by the family of our head boatman, who inhabits another boat shared with our servants, in the wake of our doonga. On our way we have to cross the largest lake in India, the Wular, shallow and full of reeds, weeds, and edible plants, but treacherous for top-heavy houseboats, on account of their size and shallowness, and being surrounded on two sides by high mountains, whence wind and storms descend with appalling speed and violence. Here the pluck of the Kashmiri boatman does not come to the front, and he beseeches the sahib not to venture on the dangerous water unless he is pretty sure of a calm crossing.

Autumn is the best time to explore the city of Srinagar and its surroundings, to find out those wonderful old buildings of primeval stone, the origin of which no man can tell us. Mighty temples to unknown gods they must have been, the great slabs of stone wrought and moved by other hands than those of the unenterprising Kashmiri of today, and plans thought out by more cultured brains. Martindale, the greatest, stands alone on a hillside, the inner shrine and surrounding colonnade still visible in mighty fragments; Pandrethan, a perfect little example, standing in the center of a deep pool, perhaps a shrine to serpent gods. In the city itself are many more memories of far off and great days, well worth finding out; besides which, in these sauntering through the crowded byways, one sees the people as they live, and not only the English-speaking, tooting and begging crowd who swarm round the houseboats in say six feet long, heavy and thicker

Watch Your Manner. As a rule courtesy receives courtesy. Many times a rudeness which was resent was called out by something out of the way in our own conduct. A child will very often speak impertinently to one who addresses him roughly, while courtesy he instinctively answers in kind. The girl who is continually encountering rudeness, had better make a study of her own manner.

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Qualified Indorsement. "Yes," said J. Fuller Gibson, the deservedly unpopular pessimist, "the Hon. Dodd Gastum was a fine fellow and an able statesman—that is, if you are absolutely certain he's dead."

Imitation Good and Bad. The instinct to imitate is, like most other instincts, highly serviceable. But it has to be kept under control. Before we yield to it we ought to be sure that what we imitate is good. One of the most pitiful things in the world is to see people imitating what such imitation seems creditable.

Agile Kangaroo. Kangaroos, of which there are 56 species, can sometimes leap as much as 20 feet. The male kangaroo stands from six to seven feet high.

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## MADE A MATTER OF BARTER

John Wanted Contract to Be Explicit as to the Ownership of Those Trousers.

A village clergyman in England, walking round his parish, met an old parishioner. "Well, John," he said, "how is it I have not seen you at church for several Sundays?" "Hain't got no Sunday trousers," answered John. "Well," said the clergyman, "I think we can remedy that. I have