Rosamund frowned, but Carolys

Rosamund tossed her head an

crossed her feet, watching the new-

"Well," said Mrs. Royalton, primly

ronical, "I'm delighted that you know

"Well, now I come to think of it,

Rena, I don't know that I do know

him quite so well as I thought, after all." She exchanged a smile with

all." She exchanged a smile with Rosamund, who laughed aloud, harsh-

ly, causing Mrs. Royalton to turn and

"I'm afraid I fail to see the joke,"

she said haughtily. "But of course Hall Bonistelle isn't at all the sort of

man one sees through at a glance, you

know. He's deep; a very subtle per

son, in fact. However," she smiled

complacently, "I flatter myself that I

understand him a little better than I

Carolyn shot here a suspicious

Mrs. Royalton deliberately nodded

"Oh, I don't know-I fancy he has

something on his mind-in fact, I

know he has-there's a-well, a sort

of crisis-yes, I suppose he would ap-

really have no business discussing it.'

about, Rena?" Carolyn exclaimed.

"Well, you're not saying much."

pear a little excited-but of course I

"What in the world are you talking

"Why, I'm talking about Hall Bonis-

"Never mind, Carolyn, dear, it isn'

"Well, it isn't only trusting you-

calmly, "Rena Royalton, either you're

making an awful fool of yourself, of

else Hall Bonistelle has actually-"

with a busy air, bustled into the room

carrying a handful of prints. She

stopped suddenly, with a fine imitation

of surprise, and gazed at Mrs. Royal-

"Oh. Mrs. Royalton!" she exclaimed

Why didn't you let me know you

were here? I've got your proofs all

ready for you. I think they are splen-

She handed them over, and at

proached Carolyn with two other

proofs. "Here are yours, Miss Dallys.

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting so

long." She returned to Mrs. Royalton.

that lady was saying. She was, nev-

ertheless, perusing them hungrily,

"Oh. I don't like that one-

the soul in them, somehow . . .

stelle, anyway?

I think I ought to try another sitting.

don't you? . . . Say, where is Mr. Boni-

There came a ring at the telephone.

the matter? . . . Oh, naturally . .

Flodie stopped and held her hand

over the transmitter. "Oh, Miss Dallys,

would you and Miss Gale mind not

talking quite so loud for a minute? I

There was a long pause, and the

three women, all studying Flodie's

face, saw a dozen different expressions

nass over it in quick succession. Then

she spoke again: "Really? Oh, you

to pawn that! Why, it was your fa-

Wait just a minute, please!"

can't hear very well."

lost herself in her portraits.

"Oh, how I dread to look at them!"

Carolyn meanwhile had stridden

two girls conspired as Mrs. Royalton

up and down, and smiled cryptically.

glance, "Why?" she demanded. "Made

any recent discoveries?"

telle, of course!'

confidence, do you?"

in you, too, has he?"

only raised her eyebrows.

pefore long," said Carolyn.

so intimate.

comer sharply.

stare at her.

im so well, my dear!"

Hall."

amused.

"Oh, well, I expect Hall will

SYNOPSIS.

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie 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. Doremus, attorney and justice of the peace, calis and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4.000,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royalton calis at the studio. Hall asks her to marry him. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night. Miss Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party. Rosamund Gale, art model, calls. Hall tries to rush her into an immediate marriage. She, too, defers her answer until the evening. Flodie tries to show Hall a certain way out of the sixup, but he is obtuse. Jongs Hassingbury, her to the millions in case Hall fails to marry on time, plota with Flodie to block Hall's marsiage to any of the three women before midnight. Flodie arranges to have Hall's three intendeds meet at the studio as if by chance. Carolyn and Rosamund come in first and compare notes.

## CHAPTER VII-Continued.

Rosamund flinched, but recovered to sneer, "Well, then, what answer did you give him. I'd like to know!"

Carolyn was, for a moment, nonplused. "Oh," she replied, finally, "I didn't want to throw him down too hard, you know. I said I'd let him know later, so that I could break it to him gently."

"Exactly. So did I!" Resamund, triumphant, scrambled upon Carolyn's lifeboat. "But I don't intend to break it to him very gently, after this!"

"No." Carolyn reflected grimly. "We ought to make it just a little hard for him, don't you think? We might even torture him a bit-if possible. The question is, how to do it." She contemplated Rosamund, musing on revenge.

"I don't understand it at all!" Rosamund complained. "Why in the world should a man act like that?"

"My dear Miss Gale, I don't know. But I do know that it's just like men. You never can tell what they'll do. You think you know them-you think you're perfectly safe-years go by and peating things he has said to me in they seem perfectly human and rational-and then-piff! They explode. No woman yet has ever solved the

mystery." Rosamund's suavity was perfect as she looked Carolyn over pragmatical on the scent, having almost caught up "Funny you let Hall Bonistelle go to Carolyn's suspicions. She said nothso far with you, wasn't it! Say, he ing, but her eyes were hot and shinmust have shocked you awfully!"

"Now, see here!" said Carolyn firm- face. ly, putting her hand on Rosamund's "There's no use in our bicker- oughly interested, "I don't see why I ing like this. Don't you realize that haven't a right to know. I'm a pretty we're in the same boat? Now, you good friend of Hall's-you know thatsay you don't want to marry Hall. I'd and I think you ought to be able to like to be sure, though, before I go trust me." any further.'

"Oh, you needn't worry," cried Rosamund, "you can have him, so far as Rosamund, sulkily listening. I'm concerned!"

Carolyn couldn't keep from smiling "Oh, thank you very much; but I have other plans for him. And we ought to try to find out what in the world he's

"Do you suppose it could possibly be a joke?" Rosamund asked anxtously.

"It looks to me," said Carolyn, reflecting, "as if somebody had slipped a powder or something into his coffee Or, it may be a disease. Incipient insanity, perhaps. No doubt he's going about proposing to everyone today.

Carolyn paused. The door was open ing. Mrs. Royalton entered.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Mrs. Royalton, in an almost too wivid shade of purple, was, in contrast to the two rather excited women already there, calm, cool and confident Things were going very well with Rena Royalton; she had a man in her pocket. Rena was getting on; thirtyfive had struck its warning bell; if she were going to be married again, why Wasn't Hall Bonistelle handsome? Wasn't he well born and bred? Rena had thought him over. and decided to accept him. She entered, therefore, in a most becomingly amiable state of mind, lofty and some-

To Carolyn she gave a smiling but Flodie jumped to snatch up the resuspicious, "Why, hello, Carolyn! You ceiver. here?" and to Rosamund the quick, unconscious tribute due the natural blonds Her eyes returned to Carolyn. a little troubled. "I didn't expect to see you again se soon, my dear!" she

Rosamund, meanwhile, was staring at the prototype of the portrait which had started the discussion of Hall's intimacies. Carolyn, noticing, introduced her. Rosamund, however, did not interest Rena Royalton so much as did Carolyn herself.

"Where is Mr. Bonistelle?" she "Oh, he's out-as usual," said Caro-

lyn. "I expect Miss Fisher will attend to you, though. Mrs. Royalton shrugged her shoul-

"Miss Fisher will hardly do for what I want," she said. "I'm afraid I'll have to see Mr. Bonistelle him-

IMPROVING THE CAMP MEAL | can be improved by spices that bring | ry, which is more bulky to carry.

Various Condiments That Should Never Be Forgotten When Party

Goes on an Outing. A well-filled box of spices will be thankfully remembered at every camp if somebody is thoughtful to pack it and see that it reaches its destination, for even the plainest food can be rendered appetising by judicious seasoning, and the most appetizing dainties of camp fare

tor . . . where did you leave it? . . . the overthrow of Pharach

out their flavor. Of course, you will remember to take along sait and pepper, but if you

want the taste immortal have the last of cayenne. A box of paprika, too, will give at tasteless moments a pleas-ant fillip, while lemons and garlic will be worth their weight in gold at all as well; onion juice, herb bouquet and a flask of whisky or brandy. A tablespoonful of the last may be put dances, have you seen the ind in canned meat soups instead of sher- coil."-Cornell Widow,

When will you be here? . . . All right, good-by!

Mrs. Royalton and Rosamund still sat as if entranced, but Carolyn Dallys rose impatiently now, and glanced about, as if in search of an excuse. The room was tensely charged with electricity. It was evident that in another minute the explosion must come. But, first, how to get rid of this important, busy little Miss Fisher?

Flodie herself answered the unous as any of them to bring the thing to a head? Yes; so she must fly and leave the field of battle clear. Still smiling, she disappeared into the stockroom. She left the door ajar. Mrs. Royalton rose, with a self-con-

clous smile. "Well, Carolyn," she said 'I suppose I'll have to tell you, now. It is most unfortunate that Miss Fisher Mrs. Royalton, placid as a cow, eyed wasn't more discreet in her conversaier for a moment, then remarked tion. But so long as she has let the lowly, meditating, "You call him Hall, cat out of the bag. I might as well indon't you! I hadn't known you were form you that the ring she was talking to Hall about is for this finger!" "Oh, Lord, yes. I always call him She held up her left hand, her thumb Carolyn was beginning to be pointing to her third finger.

Carolyn, with a whoop, fell into Rosamund's arms, and the two laughed

until they cried. Mrs. Royalton stared as if they had there is to laugh at! I don't see anything particularly amusing in the fact stelle!

"Oh, don't you?" Carolyn gurgled. now. "Miss Gale, do you see anything funny

"Funny! It's a scream!" Rosamund next one?"

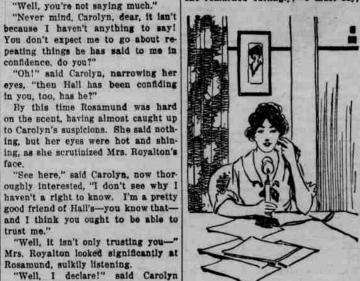
"Oh, the more the merrier!" cried Rena Royalton drew herself up

proudly. "I think you're exceedingly impertinent!" she replied. Carolyn dried her eyes on a lace handkerchief. "Rena," she said, still giggling, "I don't know whether it's too true to be funny, or too funny to be true. But you ought to be in on this joke, really, my dear. It will interest you strangely!"

"Well, I don't call it a joke. It's an outrage!" cried Rosamund.
"Say, Miss Gale," Carolyn turned

confidentially, "d'you know, we ought really to form a society of the survivors, you know. Rena's the oldest, and we'll elect her president!"

Mrs. Royalton stared from one to the other, her temper rising. Finally she remarked cuttingly, "I must say,



the Matter?"

She got no further. Flodie, head up. Carolyn, I always thought you were a lady!" and she walked swiftly toward

> "Oh, don't go yet!" Carolyn called out. "You've got a laugh coming to you, too, Rena. You haven't heard our news, yet!"

> Mrs. Royalton trembled on the threshold. "Your news? What d'you mean?"

"Listen here," said Rosamund, walking over to her coolly. "Hall Bonistelle proposed to Miss Dailys at tenthirty this morning and he proposed to me at a quarter to eleven. Now, what time did he propose to you?"

Mrs. Royalton put out a hand trembling with appeal. "Carolyn!" she im-

Carolyn modded unsympathetically. across the room to Rosamund, and the Mrs. Royalton dropped into a chair, speechless, and burst into tears. Carolyn walked up to her and laid a hand the heaving purple shoulder. Really? . . . Why, I look a hundred Brace up!" she said, "It won't hurt years old! . . . There! That's more like me. . . . Which one do you like but a minute! See here, Rena, were you carried off your feet by his wild best, Miss Fisher? . . . No. do you? Why, I think it's awful. My eyes are wooing, or did you take notice of the so hard to take right; you don't get

"Why-here this morning, Carolyn," Mrs. Royalton sobbed, "I left just took all of Jamie's willpower to keep before you came. It was-it was before that." afresh.

Carolyn nodded to Rosamund. "Make t ten-fifteen, then. I expect he proposes every quarter of an hour, rain or "Hello! . . . Yes . . . Why, what's

"But I don't see," said Rosamund, "if he accepted him, why he ever pro-

CTO BE CONTINUED.)

Red Sea Colored by Weeds. The drowning of Pharaoh and his nest in the Red sea had nothing to do Alice cry. with its name. It takes this from a peculiar reddish color remarked at of this sea, due to marine plants, or know, Mr. Bonistelle-well, personally, to reddish animalculae, called by I loathe them . . Oh, I don't knew. satlors "whale feed," which float on it but a big diamond is so funny, some like seum; or to the reefs of red coral which abound in many parts of upper course was one of the boundther's, wasn't it?... Well, of course aries of Edom, "the red." No Biblical you know best... Oh, didn't you? scholar of any repute has ever as-Well, I might send it by the janiserted that the sea took its name from

Tomatoes always liven up a canned soup, and so also a shaving of garlie and a squeeze of lemon juice. When using the sauce remember that it must be cooked with the soup. A raw egg. beaten into the soup after it has been taken from the fire, or milk cooked with it, is a splendid reviver.

"Speaking of electrifying modern

Jamie asked again. But Alice had

HOW JAMIE FOUND A HOME.

Jamie was a little boy eight years upon his shoulders as he looked at still wet upon her little thin cheek. The lady was crying when Jamie fin-She had cried herself to sleep from ished his story. hunger, and Jamie felt that something must be done at once. His mother had been dead four weeks now. At first his father kept sober and worked, lonely. You and Alice must stay here and they managed to get along very well. Jamie took care of Alice and the house, but one night his father did not come home, and then Jamie was told that the judge had sent him away for six months. The fuel was nearly gone and the food had given suddenly gone mad. Then she ex-claimed angrily, "I'd like to know what eaten anything but crusts of bread eaten anything but crusts of bread for two days. He had managed to Alice get milk for Alice until today, but the that I'm going to marry Hall Bont- last of the money he had received for a locket of his mother's was gone

"I shall have to sell her ring," said Jamie, taking it from a corner of a drawer, "and she told me to keep it shouted with mirth. "Who'll be the for Alice and tell her when she was old enough that she left it for her,



He Looked at the Houses as He Went Along.

asleep."

when he handed the ring to the pawn- ment, or if there is no demonstration "What's the matter, kid?" asked

the man, good-naturedly. Jamie told him as well as he could,

for he was crying now.

The man looked around, to be sure that no one saw him, for it would never do to let anyone think he had kind heart; then he took a quarter from his pocket and gave it to Jamie. "Here's the ring," he said: "keep

Jamie was too surprised to say anything but "Thank you," and he ran to the store and home as fast as he

Alice was awake and crying for "brover." He gave her some bread and milk, and then he washed her face and combed her hair. Then he put on another dress, which was not quite so ragged as the one he took

"Alice go out," she said. But Jamie did not answer; he was thinking. Alice went to sleep when it was dark, and Jamie put on his coat and cap. He then wrapped a shawl around Alice, and taking her in his arms, opened the door and went out. He walked a long distance, and when he came to the part of the city where the rich people lived he turned into one of the streets. He looked at the houses as he went along; one was more brilliantly lighted than the others, and Jamie went up the steps He kissed Alice, who was still sleep ing, and then laid her carefully in the vestibule; then he rang the bell and hurried down the steps. He went across the street and watched. He saw the maid open the door; then several people came, and a lady took Alice, who was crying by this time, and carried her into the house. It from running across the street when Her tears poured forth he heard Alice cry; but when the door was closed he walked down the street

Then he stopped, "Suppose they do not keep her," he said, "and put her out in the cold again or send her to the orphans' home." He went back and walked up and down in front of the house, but the door did not open again, and he felt sure Alice had found a home and he went back to his lonely room. Poor little Jamie! He cried himself to sleep and then awoke with a start, thinking he heard

The next morning he took the fey things that belonged to him and made sertain seasons of the year in parts a bundle of them and started out. He knew that the landlord would take the furniture for rent, and he also knew that he must find work or starve But he could not go away without knowing if the people with whom he had left Alice were going to keep her. He went to the house and rang the

"Are you going to keep her?" he asked the maid who opened the door. What do you want?" she asked, thinking he was a beggar.

"I just wanted to make sure you would let Alice stay here before I went away," he said.

"You young scamp," said the maid. pulling him into the hall; "did you leave that poor little thing on the steps in the cold? You ought to be

Jamie did not answer. He knew that she was angry, but he did not understand. "Here's the villain that left the

baby," she said as a lady came down

heard his voice, "Brover, brover," called, running as fast as her little legs would carry her.

Jamie dropped his bundle and took her in his arms, the tears streaming down his cheeks, while Alice covered his face with kisses.

The maid wiped her eyes, and the ady told Jamie to sit down and tell her why he had left Alice on her steps. Jamie told her that his mother was dead and that the judge had sent his father away; that he had tried to take care of Alice, but he was too small to get work that would support both of them. He wanted Alice to old, but he felt the weight of years have a good home, and he thought as they were rich they might want a little Alice sleeping and saw a tear little girl, and so be brought her there.

"We do want a little girl," she said. "We have lost our little girl and our little boy, too, and we are very until your father returns and then we will see what can be done.'

And so Jamle found a home for him elf as well as Alice, for when their father came home he was soon sent away again by the judge, who also decided that their father was not the sort of a man to have the care of two such good children as Jamie and

Objects and Methods of Movement to Make Rural Life Fuller and More Appealing to Youth.

The primary object of the boys' and girls' clubs which are being organized hroughout the country with the assistance of the United State. department of agriculture, but in co-operation with the state colleges of agriculture, is to aid young people to become more efficient and more contented farmers and home-builders. By cultivating in boys and girls habits of industry and thrift, the possibilities of farm and country life are revealed not only to them but to their elders. The best methods of handling farm products and preventing waste are demonstrated, the spirit of co-operation in family and community is developed, and the dignity of the farmer's vocation enhanced by presenting it as a skilled occupation, capable of returning adequate rewards to the liant castle of the Jagellons is here. competent. Finally, the school life Vilna was probably founded in the idly increasing population have only and the home life of boys and girls part of the tenth century, but just about balanced the annual waste are brought into closer relationship, and the rural school teacher aided in the task of making agricultural instruction a vital thing.

The clubs may be organized under the leadership of the county superintendent of schools or any of the teachers under him. If the education but I cannot let Alice starve," he al authorities of the county are not said, "and I will go while she is yet alive to the possibilities of these clubs, the county demonstration He could not keep back the tears agent may take charge of the move-



Getting a Good Start-Ducks Afford Good Playmates for Growing Lads -Many Poultry Partnerships Have

agent in the county such organizations as local chambers of commerce. the grange, woman's clubs, etc., may assume the leadership. The names and addresses of the boys and girls included in the clubs are collected and sent to the state agent, who will furnish organization and cultural in-

structions upon request. Experience has shown, howeve that the difficulty is not in organizing a club with a large enrollment of members, but in inducing these members to complete their work and to report on the results. The test of ef ciency is not so much the organiza tion of new clubs as continuing interest in those already formed. The leader's duty therefore is to keep in touch with the members of the club, encourage those who need encourage ment, and to see that once a project has been started it is carried on to completion.

They Hope for Spring. little Emma's school, and one of the Grodno and Lemberg lie nearly in the questions asked was:

"On what do hibernating subsist during the winter?" Emma thought for several minute

and then wrote: "On the hope of a coming spring."

Stays on Longer. A mother said to her daughter: Edna, look at your dirty hands, and saw you wash them only half at

"Yes, mamma," answered Edna " just can't understand it, but your washing stays on ever so much longer than mine does."

Small Bobby had hurt his finger and was crying bitterly. "Come here," said his mother, let me kiss the tears away."

"W-wait a minute," sobbed the little fellow. "I a-ain't done c-cryin' yet. Little Calico-Colored Cow.

Small Dorothy was visiting in the ountry and spied a red and white "Oh, mamma," she exclaimed, "look at the little calico-colored cow!

Children in their teens can care fo bees and will enjoy doing it.

## Ancient ity of Vilna

city is given by the National Geographic society.

Vilna is a city of 170,000, an industrial and trade center, situated in the midst of a region of tangled forests, almost impassable marshes and lowlying lakes, at the intersection of the railways from Warsaw to Petrograd and from Libau, the Baltic port, to Rostof, at the mouth of the Don. It lies nearly mid-way between the cities of Grodno and Dvinsk, two other points upon the Warsaw-Petrograd Petrograd lies 436 miles railway. away to the north-northwest of Vilna, and the country in between is a labyrinth of lake, morass, woodland and wet meadowland. It is more than 110 miles from the German frontier, to-CLUBS FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ward which it is guarded by the fortress of Kovno in the northwest.

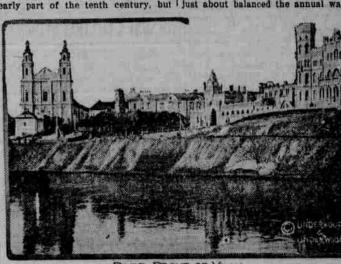
Ancient and Properous. The city is an ancient one, of which fact its appearance bears every testimony, for its irregular ground-plan straggles among, around and over the knot of low hills upon which the city is built in accordance with the tradiional aimlessness of the middle ages. its streets are narrow and not espe cially well-kept. It wears, however, a general air of comfortable prosperity; for Vilna sends large quantities of goods to the Black sea and to the Baltie It handles a very extensive bustness in grains and timber, articles which it exported before the present war in great quantities to Germany, to Holland and to England. It also has mportant textile and leather indusries. Vilna manufactures consider able tobacco, knit goods, clothing, artificial flowers and gloves.

The old town is rich in memories A mass of ruins that were once a bril-

important objectives of the between Warsaw and Petrograd. Kor-Teutonic drives in Russia. A no is a fortress of the first class, and description of this railway, has been considerably strengthened in trading and manufacturing recent years, its main defense consists of a girdle of 11 forts, surrounding the town in an arc with a radius of about two and one-half miles. The fork of the river junction is an important feature of the city's strength. Here it is guarded by three forts in the direction of Vilna, one of which commands the Vilna bridge. The fortress is 55 miles from the East Prussian

border. caused by the demands of the present reneration of Russians for a home industry of sufficient development to hasten the supply of the young nation with the material element of modern civilization. It has developed several important metal industries, and has large factories producing nails, wire, barbed wire and machines. It has also developed a large commission busi-ness, and was an important entrepot for timber, cereals, flax, flour, spirits, fish, coal and building stone, products of trade between western Russia and russia. It has a population of about 75,000. Kovno was founded in the eleventh century, and, between 1384 and 1398, it was a possession of the

Expansiveness of Compound Interest.
The wealth of the world grows very slowly and the amount of real saving is amazingly small. If, for example, the wealth of the United States when George Washington became president was equivalent to a billion dollars (and that perhaps is not a bad guess), and this amount could have steadily earned a little over five per cent every year since, this gain, compounded would exceed the present estimated wealth of this country. This means that all the rest of the saving and the gains from new enterprises and a rap-



RIVER FRONT OF VILNA

is first mentioned as the chief fortified | and loss. True, more than two-thirds town of the Lithuanians in 1128. It of the wealth of nations is still the Lithuanian power grew, and a capital in which the ancient religious service was continued until the end of the fourteenth century. The god Perkunas was housed here in a splendid temple and protected his people in their swamp and woodland until the temple was destroyed ruthlessly in 1387 by Prince Jagiello after his conversion

and baptism. Wars, plague and destructive fires have played havoc with the city's prosperity and growth. It was nearly rulned altogether in the seventeenth century, during the struggle between Russia and Poland, Russia finally took possession of the city in 1795. 'ter Poland's partition. The Poles of Vilna aided the uprisings against their Russian overlords in 1831 and in ministered for this by the czar's government. The native Russian element in the city is small. It is estimated that more than 50 per cent of the population is Jewish, while the Lithuanians and Poles make up the greatest part of the remainder.

Something About Kovno. Koyno the key to the railway system of northwestern Russia, is the central fortress in the Russian northvestern chain of frontier strongholds It stands at the confluence of the Nie men and the Viliya rivers, east of central East Prussia. Petrograd lies 550 miles by railroad to the northwest, while behind Kovno, and between this fortress and Petrograd, the Russian plain is strewn as thickly with lake as fallow meadow lands are with July An examination was being held in and August daisies. Mitau, Kovno same line, north and south.

The railway from Eydtkuhnen, East Prussia, to Vilna runs through Kovno,

taxable property. But the fact serves to show how slight is the annual gain even in the premier get-rich-quick country of the world—the United States. - Carl Snyder in Collier's

Weekly. Life in its Various Forms. The sea teems with plant and ani

mals, and it has been estimated that the amount of life in the sea exceeds that of the land, square mile for square mile. Animal life is found nearly everywhere, even at the greatest depth; but it flourishes best at or near the shore. On the other hand, plant life seems to be absent over the bottoms of the ocean basins, but plentiful at the surface, where the sunlight plays an important part in its growth.

When Death Supervenes. Indicating that the old and the young are most subject to the call of death, the Springfield (III.) survey of the Russell Sage Foundation shows that in 1910 in that city 140 infants died to each 1,000 infants less than one year old, 67 dled to each 1,000 more than sixty-five years old and only seven died to each 1,000 from twenty-five to forty-four years of age.

Anxious to Please. "So you are expected to do a kind act every day?"

"Yes," replied the boy scout. "How about today?" Well, the teacher has been having

little trouble with me. Don't you think I might stay away from school and give her a rest?"

New Zealand has only one town with a population of more than 100,

They Are the Superb Black Opals, Which Are Found Only in One Desolate Spot.

American women were greatly excited over the magnificent show of black opals which the Australian gov ernment sent to the Panania exposi-

These exquisite gems, which were practically unknown up till comparatively recently, cost more, carat for carat, than do diamonds even, while experts declare that they are superbly

And in this connection it may be pointed out that the term "black opal" s distinctly misleading. It was coined to distinguish it from the familiar 'light opal." As a matter of fact the black opal is alive with myriad shades of flaming splendor, from brightest ints of green glowing fire to meteoric old or lavender, that in an instant sulvers to crimson, or slips into molten ruby or sapphire, as the angle of

light alters. Black opals are so dear, not only

EARTH'S MOST COSTLY GEMS | cause they are so beautiful, but because they are so rare. They are found only at one spot, a comparatively small tract of ground in New South Wales, adjoining the Queensland bor-

The field is called Lightning Ridge. It is a wild and desolate spot. The nearest towns to it are Walgett and Collarendabri, and it is about 500 miles from Sydney, as the crow flies.

Black opal mining is about the biggest gamble extant. There is really nothing to guide the miner in select ing a likely spot. The work is hard. The shafts average 40 feet in depth, and all rock has to be "bucketed" to the top. Water is scarce, food almost unobtainable. On the other hand, the prospector who is lucky enough to stumble upon a "pocket" of fair-sized, flawless stones reaps a fortune forthwith-Pearson's Magazine,

Get Wrong Impression. "A heap of unhappiness," remarked Uncle Eben, "is due to de way a girl figures out de chance of a man's bein' good pervider by his willingner