SYNOPSIS

Hall Bonistelle, artist-photographer, prepares for the day's work in his studio. Flodie Flaher, his assistant, reminds him of a party he is to give in the studio that night. Mr. Doremus attorney, calls and informs Hall that his Uncle John's will has left him \$4,00,000 on condition that he marry before his twenty-eighth birthday, which begins at midnight that night. Mrs. Rena Royalton calls 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 that night. Mass Carolyn Dallys calls. Hall proposes to her. She agrees to give him an answer at the party that night may be a supposed to the studio as if by chance. Carolyn, Rosamund and Mrs. Royalton come in and much feminine fencing ensues. In which Flodie used her own foll adroitly. Hall comes in and the ladies retire for conference. Alfred, the jantor, brings in a newspaper with the story of the queer legacy. -12-

## CHAPTER IX-Continued.

"'On or before,' " said Carolyn, frowning. She looked over Rosamund's

Flodie looked up with a quick fling of her head. Her eyes snapped. "Four millions!" Resamund put

down the paper. For a moment the three women looked at one another in silence. A wave of bitterest enmity seemed to was set and hard, as each guarded her secret thought. Then each stirred. restless and nervous, in fear of betraying herself. Carolyn spoke, almost in a whisper.

"So that's why Hall proposed to us all "Yes." said Mrs. Royalton. "He evi-

dently wanted to be sure of getting at least one of us." Her lips curled in a "No wonder he was in a hurry," said

Rosamund. "Four millions!" There was another tense pause while Flodie watched, fascinated, taking gasping breaths. Then the three spoke almost simultaneously, one to

another. "You promised!" It was a threat,

question, entreaty, all in one. Carolyn and Mrs. Royalton stared at Rossmund. Rossmund faced the two defiantly. In that crisis the three women were swept millions of miles apart, then clashed flercely together. Little Flodie was forgotten; she turned from one to the other in alarm. Then came the forced confession, with a sigh from each of the three. "Yes, we did promise! Yes, we did! Yes!"

Carolyn again took command. "This is a serious thing, girls. We must keep our word, every one of us. Rosamund, you can't go back on us, now!" "Go back on you? Why do you pick me out. How about you and Mrs. night. Fine! All right, we'll talk it

Boyelton I'd like to know? going to stand by me?" "Yes, you proposed it in the first place, you know, Carolyn!" Mrs. Roybroke in. "I think you had better

"Well." said Carolyn, hesitatingly, "I don't intend to back out of it." She suddenly turned suspiciously to Flodie and forced a laugh. "Oh, Miss Fisher," she said, suavely, "don't think we're insane or anything, but this is a little joke we had planned for the party tonight. A sort of surprise, you

"Oh, yes, I didn't quite understand what you were saying, I was so busy." said Flodie. "About the costumes isn't it?"

"Yes, about the costumes," Mrs Royalton interupted sweetly, "you see we're all going to wear-"

"Oh, don't give it all away!" Rosamund exclaimed. Mrs. Royalton took a step toward

the door. "Well, Carolyn, I've got to go," she said. "I've been here an awful while."

"Well. I've got to leave myself; mercy, it's awfully late! I think I'll go with you!" said Carolyn, moving off nervously. "You've got your car here, haven't you?" Mrs. Royalton nedded. 'All right, then; come on!"

"Say, I think I'll go along, too." Rosamund was now conscious of her equality with these society ladies, and proposed to display it-in her own "I'd just as lief go uptown. have an errand on Ninetieth street.

Mrs. Royalton resigned herself to the inevitable. Truth to tell she was no little afraid of this picturesque blonds. "Oh, then, very well—I'll be delighted to give you a lift in my car, I'm sure!'

Carolyn gave her a glance, and smiled acridly. "Oh, yes, do come, Miss Gale, we'll be so glad to see more of you! That will be charming." No," said Rosamund, bluntly, "I think I'll walk, after all." The three went out with over-polite "good after-noons" to Miss Fisher.

CHAPTER X.

Flodie's account book slammed shut. upon the table. She gave way to a burning torrent of tears. It was all up,

then! Not one of those three women but would fight for Hall now, to the death. "Oh, Flodie could read their faces! Hadn't each one of them, even while demanding the others' loyalty, been sleekly planning to betray her own pledged word to gain the coveted money? What chance had poor neglected Flodie, who hadn't even been asked? She dried her eyes and looked up at the clock. It was three-fifteen. As she watched the dial, her face changed subtly. Dropping her eyes she began to think in real earnest. Her time was short. If she were to play Cinderella at the party tonight, it behooved her to find a fairy godmother as soon as possible. Wouldn't that

went to the door of the studio. "Oh, Mr. Bonistelle!" she called. He came in looking anxious. "Lord

She dabbed her eyes in water, then

have to be Hall-who else?

I've been worrying myself sick!" he confessed. "What in the world were they up to, anyway?" "Oh, they seemed to be talking about

some club, or society, or something sentimental!" He refused to accept that they were interested in. They the token. wanted Resamund Gale to join, I think.

"Well, I'm glad it was no worse than that." He looked at his watch. "Lord I must be off. I've got to hock this timepiece and pay an installment on the ring. I don't care much for rings misinterpret that. You know there's shelter on a woman's hand, especially if it's never been any nonsense between us, pretty. Now yours, Flodie, is perfect." sweep around the circle. Each face She tried to hide her hands, but he took them, and held them up and looked critically. Flodie closed her eyes, that the tears might not come

> "Say, Flo-I s'pose I'll miss you like the devil, after I'm married," he went on, dropping her hands. "I've got kind of used to you, you know. It'll seem funny not to have you round to talk to and laugh at. What's the matter? You don't really mind my laughing at you occasionally, do you, Flo?"

> "Oh, no, I love it, Mr. Bonistelle!" "Say, Flo, remember that first time you ever came in here? D'you know I liked you the moment I set eyes on

Flodie cast down her head. "So did you," she said. "It always makes me smile, just to look at you, somehow. You're such a

queer little tyke. Always happy, aren't

you. Flo?" She looked up bravely. "Oh, yes!" The telephone bell rang. Hall snatched up the receiver savagely. "Hello! . . . Who is this? . . . Oh, yes! Of course . . . Oh! You will? By jove, that's great! . . . Why, yes, I'm delighted . . . But I am, Rosamund, why —why, I'm the happlest man in the world! You've no idea what a relief it is . . . Sure! That's just what I was

He hung up the instrument slowly. "Rosamund's accepted me. Flodie, I'll be a millionaire by tonight. What d'you think, she's promised to marry me im speak for yourself, before you accuse mediately; we'll have it over this eve

He arose thoughtfully. "Well, I guess that's settled, then, Rosamund's

Flodie, unable to control ..erself, had isen and was making for the stock room, when he called her back. "Say, Flo. walt a minute." He went up to her kindly. "Perhaps after I'm married we can arrange it somehow-"

"Oh, no, Mr. Bonistelle," Flodie shook her head decidedly. "I shall go over to Deerfield. You know he's wanted me to come for months.

He turned to her suddenly. "D-r it, Flo, I don't want you to go to Deerfield! He's a beaut! I can't bear to think of his ordering you round."

"Oh, that doesn't matter, now. The only thing I'm afraid of, Mr. Bonistelle -well, never mind."

"What?" "Oh wall nothing: only-I'm so afraid that when you get your money you won't ever do anything more. You're so lazy you need to be poked all the time. Do you think Mrs. Royalton, or Carolyn Dallys, or Rosamund will care a snap for your art, or for your talent, or anything but your

noney?" He went over to her and patted he on the back affectionately. "Say, Flo I believe you do like me, after all. Don't you worry, little girl, I'll pull through all right. You see, when Rosa mund is my wife-" Again the tele-

phone bell rang. "Hello!" he shouted, and then again nore gently, "Oh, hello! . . . Oh, yes the phone was busy; someone just rang me up . . . too bad. Oh, nothing

important . . . What is it? . . . Yes' What, not really? . . . Why, I'm ickled to death, Carolyn, of coursebut-well, why-why, don't you see, it's so sudden, you know, and-well, I busy street without danger of having hadn't expected to hear from you so the lamp crashed into by passing soon. You see I had no idea—what is vehicles. A man in Minneapolis has it? . . . Oh, don't say that, please! . . . I'm perfec' delighted-it takes my breath away, that's all . . . Why, yes. red circles are painted. This the No, only I was just going out. Really Her head fell on her arms, face down I have got to hurry . . . Well, all right, then. Yes, good-by . . . No, good-by!" lower the lamp without fear of He hung up the receiver and whirled collision,

THE SUN GOD

Recepter recept ? Another call. Hall picked up the telephone grimly, "Rena, I'll bet a thousand dollars!" he whis-By H. M. EGBERT. "Hello! Yes, yes, yes, who is (Novelland from the Motion Picture brama produced by the Universal Film Manufacturing Company.) it, for heaven's sake? Oh! Oh, hello, What's that? Confound this phone! Speak louder, can't you!"

to Flodie. "Did you get that, Flot Car-

olyn Dallys! She's accepted me, too. What the devil am I going to do."

horribly busy, anyway. Call up later.

Bang went the receiver on the hook.

woman to make trouble, every time. I

half-past three already. Only-let's

He looked at her in surprise. "Lord,

I should think you were going to com-

Don't be so silly! Imagine your being

"But your wife might object, Mr.

"For heaven's sake, let her object,

then!" he exclaimed. "Don't be a fool!

Why, I gave you that as a friend, that's

all, didn't I? No one could possibly

Flodie turned away and sat down

"Why?" She looked up, startled.

"Oh, I don't know-here all day

ort of thing-it's a wonder we never

fell in love or anything, isn't it? Pro-

pinquity, you know-supposed to be

Flodie looked up, frightened, and

dutched her heart. Hall was gazing

out the window listlessly. She saw his

face in profile; and, as she watched it,

it changed. From a light carelessness

the look on his countenance grew more

and more intense till he fairly

frowned. Suddenly he turned to her

"Flodie!" he beamed on her, now,

strangely illuminated from his inner

thought.
"What, Mr. Bonistelle?" Flodie

knew well enough what was coming.

his fist. "It's the solution of the whole

problem. Hooray!" He walked over to her, and shook his finger. "Flodie,

d'you know whom I'm going to marry?

She jumped up as if he had struck

her, and retreated a few steps, almost in fear. Manlike, he had uncon-

sciously done the wrong thing at just

the right time. He had struck her

secret sorrow, and the pain was, for

the moment, unbearable. Flodie cow-

ered, shrinking away from him, star-

kiss you! For the first time, too!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Lamp-Trimmer's Signal.

Arc-lamp trimmers frequently find

it difficult to lower the arc lamp on a

devised a signal consisting of a tripod

with two white signal wings on which

lamp trimmer places on the street

under his lamp, and then he may

"It's all as simple as day

ing, unable to speak a word.

"By Jove, I've got it!" He pounded

Flo: we're just pals, aren't we?"

hink of it, isn't it?"

dangerous.

there's millions in it, Flodie!"

and handed it to him.

Then he rose. "Say, for heav-

pered.

night!"

way!

his hat.

A blazing sun, and a human figure He covered the mouthplece and scowled at Flodie as he listened. that stood naked beneath it, staring down at the dry river bed! The body 'Rena's saying 'yes!' " he announced. of the man was a chocolate red; never-Then, into the telephone he cried antheless once it had been white. grily, "I can't get a word you say! The thing that had awakened mem-Poor little who? No. it's no use. Oh, yes, I get that-yes! Fine! No, I'm

had been cast months before. All right, then, I understand. Tosweetheart, seemed etched against the He pulled the fiber bag of gold-dust background of the hills. Alice, of the from its hiding place. He strode the "Well, I've settled her for a while, anylittle fishing town where they had beach like a madman, incredulous that en's sake, what's happened to all those lived since childhood; Old Ben, her there were really white men in the father—and then Captain Harding, the incoming boat. three women all of a sudden? Why couldn't they say yes this morning, when I asked them? Lord, it takes a retired sea shark, rich with his in-

guess I'm in for it, now, anyway, and ing freight beneath the waves. Harding had had all that his illlooked at his watch again. "Gee!spent life had ever held out as a substitute for an unstained soul; but that see-nine-no, eight hours and a half. had not been enough. The old man Lord, I've got to chase!" He put on wanted Alice, who filled the young isherman's life entirely. The lovers "Mr. Bonistelle!" Flodie rose and had sensed it dimly, but they were too put her hand down the neck of her hanny to care, and neither suspected blouse. "I think I ought to give this the designs that Harding held in his

back to you-now!" She drew forth a heart. little gold locket, unclasped the chain Harding's mate, Anderson, had lured Herbert aboard his ship and struck him down treacherously from behind. Herbert awakened to find the ship far mit suicide or something rash, Flo. at sea and himself one of the crew.

A drunken crew, a floating hell, shipwreck-the panorama of the past unfolded itself before Herbert's vision. Then the escape of Anderson and himself, the treacherous selzure of the boat by the mate, who put out alone to sea, . . . months of semicon-. . . the oyster beds sciousness shelter . . . gold, on an uninhabited island!

Lifting his eyes, Herbert perceived, at that moment, a fleet of native cahopelessly. "Yes; just good pals. No noes debouching round the point of the island. They were manned by onsense whatever." She smiled wanly. "Funny thing, too, when you come to brown-skinned savages, whose paddles swept rhythmically through the wa-

Without thinking, he ran toward the lone, working together, and all that sandy beach, but halted within twenty yards of the party that had assem-



bled within a little grove of palms. Noiselessly he crept nearer, and, flat "You've No Idea What a Relief It on his stomach, surveyed with wonder some score of natives who had grouped themselves about a curious flat stone in the center of a small open space. Tied to the stone was a girl, black hair fell heavily about her bare arms. Upon her face was an expression of resignation. with an exclamation that made her

From among the savage group stepped forward an aged man, with long white locks that hung over his shoulders. He strained his throat and shouted an impassioned cry. The shout was taken up by the group of natives. The elder began to dance. Frenzy seized on the spectators. The brown limbs heaved, the yells that I will never let you go!" burst from the throats of the swaying natives rang like the sound of tom-

toms tion that the effect was more stunning that it was a woman's name. than the sound. From his loin-cloth the old man drew a sharpened stone was the annual journey of the Sun ed himself to that frail craft. Worshipers to the sacred stone of sac-

He followed her up with all his ego-"Why, see here, Flo!" he exwas their destined victim. Herbert sprang to his feet and light. Why in the world didn't I think of it before? Here we are bully good priest poised the stone knife above pals-get along fine, don't we?-never the heart of the girl. He struck up had a single quarrel. You're right; her. His life seemed not worth a blood-red orb. you're the only one that does care enough for me to make me work and moment's purchase at that instant keep me up to my best. I believe you But the dramatic action had stunefied could actually make something of me. the savages. The old priest stared at Flodie, I'm going to make you a lady the stranger. Burned as he was, Herof leisure! Say, Flodie, I'm going to bert, lighter than any man the natives had known, seemed to them a visitor from some supernal place, And the same inspiration struck them at

the same moment. The god! The god of the stone! With one accord they broke away n terror and fled to their capoes. Herbert picked up the knife which the priest had let fall and with it sev. the United States geological survey, court issuing the decree and asked ered the hemp ropes that bound the girl. She rose from the stone and fell god had come to claim his bride in triffe less than double the output of place for you to get mistakes recti-life instead of death.

Daily Herbert toiled in the bed of the river, amassing a fortune in gold Larrow margin. dust. Life had suddenly become fairer. Alice had grown to be a distant The love of Aloona was

past. Even Aloona cloyed.

nent of clothing, which he hoisted upon a sapling where it could be seen by any distant vessel.

Days passed. Weeks-and his heart grew wearier and his hopes dead. Aloona saw the change in him. Her savage heart acquired the belief that he was planning to return to the gods from whom he had descended to aid her. Very solemnly one day she led

Herbert to the flagpole and pointed seaward. In the distance was a large steamship, vomiting a cloud of smoke. Aloona looked into the face of her lord and saw the agony and anguish there. It was passing. Herbert watched it ory and mind was gold. Gold, on an with a breaking heart. It turned. It uninhabited island, where the man was coming toward them. Aloona had had been cast months before.

With a rush recollection came back to the man. The face of Alice, his with her toward the hut by the sea.

When Aloona knew that she was to surance collected from the rotten accompany him her fears yielded to hulks that he had sent with their livecstatic happiness. Again she crouched dumbly at Herbert's feet.

> "I have supported your father; 1 have saved his life by paying for his operation. Did you think I did that for nothing?"

Alice looked straight into Captain Harding's face.

'What is your price?" she asked. "Yourself," answered the old man. She trembled; she had long known t, but now, even with her lover long dead, she could not realize it as pos sible that she could become this old man's wife.

"I will-marry you," she answered

slowly. He caught her in his arms, tremu lous with delight. All his schemes had come to fruition. Harding had never failed in any of his life's plans. But sometimes failure is the trues виссевв.

Anderson, who had escaped from the wreck, had been bleeding him for months. He had taken to threatening from those who seek the beautiful or lately. Harding had resolved to get this last enemy out of the way-the last that stood between him and his heart's desires. He hated his tool, and his evil mind

was at work planning a method of re- hundred miles. The visitor to that removing him when, striding home along gion usually begins his tour of the the cliffs, he saw Anderson waiting lakes at Kingston, where a governfor him.

ot the girl. You've put her lover out of the way. What about me?" 'You have been paid," "You lie! I hain't been paid.

want ten thousand more, and I want it per head of the lake. quick!

points. He saw his enemy's grinning several perpetually snow-capped moun face above his own. With a wild tains in New Zealand, and on the senseless bodies struck the rocks un- Some of the glacial mountains are so

from their cabin, came running to-climbers. It is considered quite a feat ward the scene along the shore. But to reach the summit of the highest of Old Ben was left far behind, and Alice, these rugg mute with horror, stood alone before | Many natural phenomena are to be

the heaving sea that hid the dead. had traveled over half the world with ter that greet the eye in the thermal perhaps twenty years of age. Her long, face and groped, in her savage, child- in the different parts of the Dominway, for the key to the mystery. Now, Ion. Herbert's arms.

men. I have you now, I want you, and an attraction.

Aloona understood only the one word, "Alice!" She had heard Her. of the South Island is the town of Bluff, bert mutter that often in sleep, often-Suddenly silence—so swift a transi- er of late; but she had not known

Now she knew. Looking shout she saw beached on which he poised on high. And at that the sand, a little canoe. A little, leaky er this claim is true or not, it is made moment the watcher understood. He thing, it had been left there by a sumhad heard tales of the Polynesian cus mer visitor the summer before. An toms from many scafaring men. This expert man would hardly have trust-

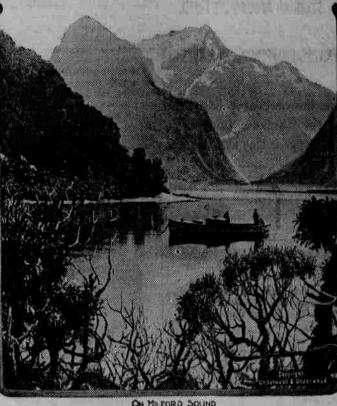
Aloona dragged it to the sea's edge, rifice. And the girl upon the stone entered, took up the paddle, and pushed off. Her child's mind told her only that her god was gone, while berushed among the natives just as the fore her lay the same sun, now sinking, that she had always worshiped. Fearless and trusting, she put out of having been to the most southern the old man's arm and stood before to sea, a little silhouette against the

> Behind her Herbert still held Alice in his arms. Her face was upturned to his, her lips rested on his, the joy in her eyes might have made better men forget

World's Petroleum Production The quantity of petroleum entering amounted to 400,483,489 barrels, ac- He was thought to be dead, and his cording to statistics compiled under effects were distributed. He came the supervision of J. D. Northrop of back after 20 years and went into the Of this record-breaking output the an order to give him his property. United States is credited with 65.26 The judge said: "In the eye of this flat at his feet in adoration. The sun per cent, representing in quantity a court you are dead. This is not the bined. Changes in rank during the you what to do." The man persisted

Tramp's Head Mussed Up Roadbed. While riding the bumpers of a Grand grateful to the starved heart of the Trunk freight train, Fred Scherry, a man. Gradually, however, as his store tramp, slipped and was unable to re-increased, Herbert began to become cover his hold. Two companions held conscious of an inextinguishable de him by the feet and kept him from by his trade, rendered desperate by sire to see once more the world of the being run over, but for three miles his head bumped the high spots on the in a town in which he was not known. tip of my tongue," replied the busy roadbed. Scherry was taken to a He sold a drug, pretending that it was spent every day upon the highest hospital at Belding, Mich., but he did an antidote to all poisons, and ob- I dare say you will find a very good point of the isle, scanning the horizon not even need attention, his head ap tained a great name for himself by tained a





ON MILFORD SOUND

elers, the South Island of New Zealand is so rich in scenic atractions that it merits more attention mposing places of the earth. Moreover, it is not at all difficult of access There is a direct railway running from Bluff to what is known as the "cold lakes" district, a distance of about two ment steamer meets all trains and "You've got what you want. You've conveys the traveler up Lake Wakatipu to the pretty town of Queenston, a distance of 25 miles, writes W. D. Hornaday in Grit. Another steamer 1 plies between Queenston and the up-

"You'll pay me!" shricked Good driveways skirt the shores of Anderson, shaking his first under this and other inland bodies of water Harding's nose. And suddenly he was and running out of Queenston is a struggling in the grasp of the caproad to the summit of Ben Lomon mountain, which has an altitude of He fought desperately to free him. 5,747 feet. Other pleasant drives may self. His fists, dashed into his enemy's face, were impotent as a child's, lages scattered through the rugged re-Harding dragged Anderson toward the gion. Lake Wakatipu is of great depth, soundings having been made to far below, the rocks like needlescream he caught at Harding as he North island, a smoldering volcano, fell. Down went the two men, turning which emits smoke at frequent in-over and over in the air, until the tervals, affords diversity to the view. precipitous that they offer extraordi-At the same moment Alice and her nary opportunity for the exercise of father, who had witnessed the fight provess on the part of mountain

he heaving sea that hid the dead.

That was the moment when Herislands. Besides the wonderful and bert's destiny brought him home. He awe-inspiring outbursts of fire and wa-Aloona. And day and night the home- district of the North island there are longing had stirred in his veins, while some remarkable caves and other Aloona, half forgotten, watched his manifestations of an unseen power

crouching near, forgotten, she saw Not long ago a new set of stalactite the white woman who looked up into caves was discovered in the Nelson her lord's face. She heard the little, district. Of the two or three caves, incredulous cry, saw Alice folded in one is supreme. It is tunnel-like in formation, a huge underground way, "I have come back to you," he was beautiful in its whiteness and the su crying. "Alice! Alice! I have come perlative decoration of deposited siliback to you from a world of dead cla. A river that loses itself is also

Bluff Most Southern City. Situated upon the sea-tossed shore which has the distinction of being what might be called the jumping-off place of the southern hemisphere. Its citizens claim that it is the most southern municipality in the world. Whethto appear so by the way different ob jects of interest about the town are pointed out to visitors. One is that the railroad station there is the most southern in the world, and that is doubtless true. The same thing is said of the little hotel and other public buildings. Occasionally an automo bile touring party visits the remote town in order to enjoy the distinction point of land that a motor car is capable of being driven on regular laid

out roads. There is an element of romance in the very atmosphere of the community. It was there that several Antarctic expeditions paid their adleus

HOUGH not generally known as | to civilization and entered upon voy a field for tourists and not ages into unknown seas. In the earlioften visited by American trav- er days Bluff was the headquarters for many whaling expeditions. This industry gradually decreased, until it is now conducted only on a small scale. Living there today are a number of the sea-hardened men who be longed to whaling outfits. Some of them still have enough strength left to bring in their daily catch of fish, and others of their comrades spend their time idling about the wharf, watching the steamships and sailing crafts go to and fro, and regaling any listener that they may find with stirring tales of their ocean-going experiences. It is from Bluff also that most of the sea-elephants and penguin oil expeditions set forth, Some distance to the south of here lie the Macquario group of islands, where most of these expeditions operate during a certain season of the year.

Tasman Sea Is Rough. It is 931 miles across the Tasman sea from Bluff to Hobart, Tasmania. The most popular route of travel between New Zealand and Australia is that which runs from Auckland to Sydney. Auckland is about 1,100 miles north of Bluff. While the distance between Bluff and Hobart is some less than that between Auckland and Sydney, the former route is usually much rougher. There are few days in the year that the Tasman sea is not in a rage. A rough area of water extends far to the south and even borders the ice-locked land that surrounds the south pole.

So far as the town of Bluff is concerned, it presents few attributes of beauty. It occupies a site on the short distance and bordering it on all sides, except that which fronts the ocean are rugged and desolate-looking rocks that give the spot a forbid ding aspect. The country extending towards the interior of the island is well adapted to sheep-raising, and is taken up by large ranches or "runs." as they are called. In the town itself, the vocation of the male inhabitants is chiefly fishing, although a considerable number of men find regular employment on the wharves. The business through this port is brisk at all times Connecting Bluff with interior points of the South Island and touching the coast of Port Chalmers, Timaru, Lyttleton and other ports is the government system of railways. Much traffic from the interior of the Island passes through Bluff.

Lessons Taught by Enemies. Men of sense often learn from their enemies. Prudence is the best safeguard. This principle cannot be learned from a friend, but an enemy extorts it immediately. It is from their fees, not their friends, that cittes learn the lesson of building high walls and ships of war. And this lesson saves their children, their homes and their properties.-Aristophanes.

Correct Definition. The everlastingly busy man, who never got anywhere and stayed, went rushing by. "There goes Banger," said Old Man Smiles; "he's always at It to get to it and when he gets to it he ain't at it."-Judge.

Daily Thought. Be of good courage; that is the main thing.-Thoreau.

Was Officially Dead. A queer case occurred in the state year affected only Japan and Peru, the and said he "wanted his property and former superseding the latter by a it was an outrage to deprive him of it another day." The judge said: "I tell you that in the eye of this court you are dead. Sheriff, take this application out of court."

> Cobbler Turned Doctor A cobbler unable to make a living poverty, began to practice medicine

serious illness, on which the governor of the town determined to test his the markets of the world in 1914 of Louisiana. A man disappeared, skill. For this purpose he called for a cup, and while filling it with water, pretended to mix poison with the cobbler's antidote, and commanded him to drink it, on the promise of a reward. The cobbler, under the fear of death, confessed that he had no knowledge of medicine, and was only made famous by the stupid clamors of the crowd. The governor called a public assembly, and thus addressed the citizens: "Of what folly have you been guilty? You have not hesitated to entrust your heads to a man, whom no one would employ to make even the shoes for their feet."-From Aesop's Fables.

Generally Fnd It There. "Just what is meant by circumlocution?" asked the seeker after knowl-"I haven't a definition on the edge. man, "but if you will look in the paper

Seems to Prove Truth of Assertion That "We Keep for Our Own the Sharpest Tone."

The talk topic in the lobby of a hotel the other evening turned to the mean things occasionally remarked by hubby, when this incident was reealled by Winston Churchill, the au-

Sometime ago a party named Brown not in the living room of his but

SURELY A MEAN REJOINDER pulling away on a Kentucky meer the mean husband, "you heard what I schaum and reading the evening pa-said."—Philadelphia Telegraph. per. Near by little wifey was jug-

giing an embroidery needle. "Here is another evidence of it, Mary," remarked the old man, glancing up from his paper. "If a man steals, no matter what it is, he will

regret it." "During our courtship, John," reflectively rejoined little wifey, "you used to steal kisses from me quite of-

Inducing Hypnotic State. According to Mangold, the hypnotic condition is induced in man by suggestion or psychical inhibition, but in both cases sensatory stimuli may assist. These stimuli may be optic (fixing the gaze on some object), or tac tile (stroking the skin), or otherwise metimes an absence of wonted suli may induce the state, as in the