

burg, which had not been properly fastened, and traffic was delayed several hours.

Mrs. Barnum's grand mother,

rence, accompanied by Claron Gormley and Mrs. D. H. Sturte-



**RINGO'S Drugstore** 

drops for an infant, six for an adult, and a teaspoonful for an emotic !" I knew I wasn't an infant. I wasn't sure about an adult, so I thought I must be the emetic, and took a spoonful."

BANJO IMITATES DRUM

A banjo of spiral springs that can be clamped to the head of a banjo makes that instrument imitate a drum as it is played.

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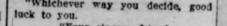
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FEED AND GRAIN

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when Tuppence again entered the hall of South Audley mansions. Albert was on the lookout, attending to his duties in a somewhat desultory fashion. He did not immediately recognize Tuppence. When he did, his admiration was unbounded. "Blest if I'd have known you! That

rig-out's top-hole." "Glad you like it, Albert," replied

Tuppence modestly. "By the way, am your cousin, or am I not?"

"Your voice, too," cried the delighted boy. "It's as English as anything ! No, I said as a friend of mine knew a young gal. Annie wasn't best pleased. She's stopped on till todayto oblige, she said, but really it's so as to put you against the place. Are you going up now, Miss? Step inside the lift. No. 20 did you say?' And he winked.

Tuppence quelled him with a stern glance and stepped inside.

As she rang the bell of No. 20 she was conscious of Albert's eyes slowly

descending beneath the level of the floor.

A smart young woman opened the door

"Tre come about the place," said Tuppence.

"It's a rotten place," said the young woman without hesitation. "Regular old cat-always interfering. Accused me of tampering with her letters. Me! The flap was half undone anyway. She's a wrong 'un, that's what she is. Swell clothes, but no class. Cock knows something about her-but she

the Fire place.

a kind of metallic strength that found expression in the tones of her voice and in that gimlet-like quality of her eyes.

For the first time Tuppence felt, afraid. She had not feared Whittington, but this woman was different. As if fascinated, she watched the long, cruel line of the red, curving mouth, and again she felt that sensation of panic pass over her. Her usual welfconfidence deserted her. Vaguely she felt that deceiving this woman would be very different to deceiving Whittington. Here, indeed, she might expect no mercy.

Mrs. Vandemeyer motioned to : chair.

"You can sit down. How did gon hear I wanted a house-parlor maid?" "Through a friend who knows the lift boy here. He thought the place might suit me.

Again that basilisk glance seemed to plerce her through.

"You speak like an educated girl?" Glibly enough, Tuppence ran through her imaginary career on the lines suggested by Mr. Carter. It seemed to her, as she did so, that the tension of Mrs. Vandemeyer's attitude relaxed. "I see," she remarked at length. "Is

there anyone I can write to for a reference?" "I lived last with a Miss Dufferin,

The Parsonage, Llanelly. I was with

while his folks were away, and brung out a jug of licker he'd got down in the holler. We'd both take ter, Mrs. Homer Mornhinweg. a horn, and then he'd tell his story. It wouldn't be funny the first time, but directly we'd take another horn, and he'd tell it ag'in. It would begin to sound sorter like it ort to turn to sound sorter like it ort to turn out funny, and we'd take another horn apiece. He begin to tell it ag'in, and before he'd get to the print I'd he dead to the mark of the mark of the sould be the mark of the sould be the sou p'int I'd be dead to the world. So I never did hear whether it was funny or not."-Kanses City Star.

## MISERY IN CONSTANTINOPLE

The famous beggars of Constantinople must go. Their numbers have increased so greatly since the war and they have become so importunate and impudent that the authorities have instructed the po- da. lice to stop their operations. They infest the streets and localities where foreigners gather, demanding baksheash at every step. In a recent roundup nearly 2,000 children of both sexes were found to be living by begging and sleeping in ruins, old dugouts, under mosque terraces or in niches in the walls. In one nest more than forty boys and girls were of Albany were. Tuesday evening.

Miss Mildred Allen of Tacoma is visiting at the home of her sis-

Miss Dorothy Satchwell was in Shedd Saturday, attending the fair from Albany.

Mrs. Hoyt and son Russell,

George Coon of Astoria was a Shedd visitor on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ernest of Colorado Springs are visiting their son and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Ernest.

Bill Porter and his brother, Frank are touring Washington exhibiting cattle at the different fairs and may go up into Cana-

Leonard Satchwell, who has been working in Salem, is home visiting his mother, Mrs. Nellie Satchwell.

Mrs. Gladys McClain of Seattle is visiting her father, O. B. Connor.

Guy Porter and his son David of Albany were at Brasfield's