

Bits of Byplay

By Luke McLuke

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Huh!
Both jokes and humans have one thing in common, we are sure;
And we spend much time wondering
Why most of them are poor.

Paw Knows Everything.
Willie—Paw, is a bigamist a man who has one wife too many?
Paw—Not necessarily, my son. Lots of men who have one wife too many are not bigamists.

Maw—Willie, if you don't quit asking your father questions you will be as big a fool as he is.

Advice.
Don't think that fame will seek your door.
Get out, my son, and hustle some;
Go after things and you'll get more
Than he who waits for them to come.

Sure Thing.
"Johnny" said the Sunday school teacher, "do you know that when your father has to whip you it hurts him more than it does you?"
"Yes," replied Johnny, "I know it. My father has rheumatism in both arms."

The Deadly Twins.
To teach them we are good,
These twins that we all know:
"I didn't know 'twas loaded," and
"I was driving very slow."
—W. S. H.

The Wise Fool.
"Love is blind," observed the sage.
"Yes," agreed the fool. "When a girl has a million dollars and a million freckles the freckles are invisible to the average man."

Sure!
Our fellow men we would exalt,
We'd bring them happy days
If we could all quit finding fault
And start in finding praise.

The Names is Names Quartet.
For special solo work the By-play Minstrels, Luke McLuke's celebrated organization, we recommend Miss Hazel Kakeier of the Rockville (Conn.) Methodist Episcopal church. If Luke can find a suitable alto a mixed quartet might be organized with Percy Bray of Emory college, Georgia, and Percy Xowler of Norwood, O., as the bass and tenor respectively.—Arkansas Democrat.

Small Change.
Dear Luke—Do you know that John Nichols and O. Dimes live here?—Lancaster, O.

Oh, Joy!
Dear Luke—In Cincinnati lives Miss I. Kim, and her first name is Ima—Reader.

In Which Rome Runs Second.
Be it remembered that Rome was not built in a day. Like Carey had its beginning and now a commercial center. The social and moral support in civic and business relations has placed Carey in line with the commercial interests of the world, rarely excelled. Are you in doubt?

JOSEPH F. WUNDER,
Mayor, Village of Carey, O.

Names is Names.
Mr. I. M. Wright is a preacher in San Francisco.

Things to Worry About.
A cubic mile of water weighs 4,200,000,000 tons.

Sense of Humor.
"What is a sense of humor?"
"A sense of humor," replied Mr. Grover, "is what makes you laugh at something that happens to somebody else which would make you mad if it happened to you."—Washington Star.

Full moons.
The period from one full moon to another is 29 days 12 hours and 44.4 minutes.

Luke McLuke Says:
Some of the June brides who are now living in castles in the air will soon be living in furnished rooms up near the attic.

There was a time when a copy of "The Pilgrim's Progress" was considered an appropriate birthday gift for a boy. But the modern boy doesn't know whether "The Pilgrim's Progress" is a new game or a new story on the jittery automobiles.

The man who minds his own business doesn't have to carry a rabbit foot and a four leaf clover.

Men haven't any sense. A girl will carefully paste a piece of black cut plaster on her face and call it a beauty spot. But you can't get a man to believe that there isn't a pimple hidden under the black patch.

Why does a man always drag a woman down with him when he starts to go to the devil?

The old fashioned faker who used to scratch up a living by selling Indian dope with a medicine show now has a son who spends \$500,000 a year advertising Buncos and who is worth a million dollars.

It takes a wise man to realize that he doesn't know anything about women.

The lad who carries a big "Safety First" sign on his automobile often goes home and forgets to frisk his coat for long blond hairs before he enters the house.

The old fashioned man who would just as soon see his wife dead as divorced from him now has a son who has to have a fresh wife every second year.

Somehow or other the doctor never has to advise mother to take plenty of exercise. This advice is always reserved for daughter.

A princess who is wearing a tin plate hanging from each ear will turn her nose up at the other princesses who are merely wearing glass saucers as ear pendants.

GREAT FOUNTAIN GEYSER.

One of the Many Wonders in the Yellowstone National Park.

The Great Fountain geyser, in the Yellowstone National park, lies a mile and a half southeast of the Fountain geyser. It is the chief wonder of the lower basin and in some respects the most remarkable geyser in the park. Its formation is quite unlike that of any other.

At first sight the visitor is tempted to believe that some one has here placed a vast pedestal upon which to erect a monument. It is a broad, circular table about two feet high composed of hard, siliceous deposit. In its surface are numerous holes, moldered and ornamented in a manner quite unapproachable, at least on so large a scale, in any other part of the park. In the center of the pedestal, where the monument ought to stand, is a large irregular pool of great depth, full of hot water, forming to all appearances a lovely, quiescent spring.

At times of eruption the contents of this spring are hurled bodily upward to a height sometimes reaching 100 feet. The torrent of water which follows the prodigious downpouring upon the face of the pedestal flows away in all directions over the white geyserite plain. No visitor to the Yellowstone can afford to miss the Great Fountain geyser. — "The Yellowstone National Park," by Hiram Martin Chittenden, Brigadier General United States Army, Retired.

EARTHQUAKES.

How the Process Known to Geologists as "Faulting" Generates.

It is a well known fact that the majority of the severest earthquakes are produced by movements and readjustments of the outer shell of the earth. The process, known to geologists as faulting, is as follows:

Owing to various subterranean causes the solid crust of the earth is put under stress. The stresses keep growing greater until finally they reach the breaking point of the rocks. These yield suddenly and move over another along the line of fracture until the strain is relieved. This breaking of the rocks sometimes along lines hundreds of miles in length and the movement of the broken parts over one another set up jars or vibrations which traveling outward in all directions through the rocks constitute an earthquake.

The severity of the shock depends upon the character and extent of the break, the amount of movement and the distance of the point from the place of origin of the disturbance.

Earthquakes also occur frequently in connection with volcanic eruptions, but these are likely to be more local in character and, on the whole, less severe than those due to faulting.—Review of Reviews.

Vegetable Ink.

There is in Colombia a curious vegetable product known as the ink plant. Its juice, called chanchi, can be used, it is said, without any previous preparation. The letters traced are of a reddish brown color at first, but turn a deep black in a few hours. This curious juice is less injurious to steel pens than the commercial inks. These qualities of the plant seem to have been discovered under the Spanish administration. Some writings were wet through by sea water on the voyage. While the papers written with common ink were almost illegible, those written with the vegetable ink were quite uninjured. Orders were given in consequence that this plant juice be used for the inscribing of all public documents.—New York American.

Arresting a City.

Berwick-on-Tweed has more than once been "arrested" by contending nations, since, being independent of both England and Scotland, by legal fiction or reality, it has happened to offend one or the other of them in a crisis. By the way, it may not be widely known that Berwick-on-Tweed is still at war with Russia, for the town was specially mentioned as a separate belligerent in the ultimatum delivered to Russia ere the Crimean struggle began. But when the peace was signed afterward the name of Berwick was omitted as a party to this. So technically Berwick still continues to be at war with the czar.—London Answers.

Luminous Pictures.

Luminous is a process by which pictures are made of translucent colored papers applied in different thicknesses to glass, the light behind them pouring through them and adding realism to the effect. The principle is not unlike that used by makers of a certain kind of glass window in which the effect is secured by different layers or platings of glass. The advantage of the paper method lies, of course, entirely in its comparative cheapness. The use of oiled paper as a substitute for colored glass is an old device. It only remained to apply technical skill to the making of designs and working them out in this medium.—New York Times.

Nose Rings.

Hindu married women wear a nose ring of the value suitable to their position. Sometimes it is simply a wire of gold; sometimes it is set with valuable and brilliant diamonds. Of whatever description, the nose ring is a most hallowed thing. If you are not careful how you speak with the lady about it, or if you say, "There is no necessity for wearing such a useless thing," she will understand by this that you wish her husband's death.

A Regular Excuse.

"Does your husband carry much life insurance?"
"I don't know the exact amount, but it's just enough so that whenever I want a new gown or hat he always manages to have a premium to meet."
—Detroit Free Press.

When the Price Goes Up.

"We never learn to value things until after they are gone."
"That's very true. A silver plated butter dish that cost us \$4 becomes family plate worth \$100 if burglars break in and steal it."—Detroit Free Press.

HIS BOYS

How They Won a Mother

By AGNES C. BROGAN

It was a very bedlam of screeching sounds below which caused Mollie to avenge wide the casement of her study window.

What could it mean, this riot of noise in a house supposedly vacant? For the owner's assurance that the house next to the bungalow was unoccupied had been one of Mollie's reasons for renting the place in the country.

Here, far away from city distractions, she might fittingly finish the novel serial for which a publisher waited. But now! From a rear door of the neighboring house came a rushing line of boys, boys bareheaded, boys shouting, leaping good naturedly at each other's shoulders—five of them.

Indignantly Mollie descended to seek explanation of this intrusion from her housekeeper.

"Sure, they moved in last night," said Nora, "and dived a wink of sleep did I have all night. No one left to look after them but an old red face of a cook, and the father ridin' off this mornin' in his automobile."

Disconsolately Mollie wandered out into her well kept garden, the spirit of writing destroyed. Mr. Doffin, the cat, came scampering wildly from his customary seat on the garden wall, his exit evidently hastened by a well aimed missile.

"Dear me," cried Miss Mollie, "this will never do! Peace, indeed, and quiet and all the desirable advantages promised by that real estate man! Well, we shall see." And then her gaze fell upon one small lonely boy seated on a sunny corner of the old veranda.

Near to the touch of his thin white hand rested a wooden crutch, and presently, bearing his frail weight upon it, the little cripple swung himself out into the garden.

"Poor child!" sighed the girl in ever ready sympathy and retreated thoughtfully to her room again and her seat before the casement window.

From this viewpoint she could see the lively brothers vainly trying to climb her garden wall to reach the holyhock row which bordered it.

"If they dare!" she murmured, with flaming cheeks. But the cherished blossoms were just out of reach of the grimy fingers; then, with upraised angelic face, the little crippled brother leaped against a nearby tree and, much to the enjoyment of the others, delicately lifted his wooden crutch and with straight aim knocked from the holyhocks their brilliant blossoms.

"Oh!" cried Mollie, and "Oh!" again, and rushed down to deal with the offender. It was necessary to make the climb of the great house, which had been empty yesterday, and to knock loudly at the close fastened door. When this was opened the red faced cook confronted her, and Mollie, pointing toward the limping culprit, asked, still a little excitedly, if the boy's mother was there and if she might see her.

"Tim's mother?" asked the cook; then she stared curiously at the girl. "Why, Tim's mother's in the hospital, havin' an operation."

Again Mollie experienced the same helpless sensation which had come over her at sight of Tim upon the veranda, the little crutch close at hand.

"I did not know," she said. "I am sorry. Perhaps you could—keep the child from being so mischievous. He's ruined my choice flowers. He has been spoiled no doubt," she added leniently, "left to grow up unpunished because of his weakness. If his father—"

The woman interrupted with a course laugh. "Spoiled? The fellow? Unpunished? Tim, come here!"

Quite cheerfully the little fellow obeyed. Quickly the woman's rough fingers, which could also be gentle, rolled back the lad's white waist. "There," she pointed—"there's what's the matter where he's been punished."

Mollie drew back in horror. "Oh, no!" she cried protestingly. "Surely no father could be a brute like that! But Tim exhibited his scars proudly as scars of battle. "Sure," he said. "I've been licked!"

Then Mollie's anger turned to pity. "You poor little thing!" she cried. "They did not know how to teach you. Come with me, Tim, and let me tell you about the flowers."

"You see," she explained as he hobbled along at her side, "they were just little seeds at first, planted in an empty garden. And the sun came along and did its warming work, then the rain, and the wind, and—the spring. The little seeds had a hard, brave fight of it; but after all, the brave sprouts came peeping above ground, then the stalks, and after, oh, ever so long a time, the green tiny leaves, next the buds unfolded slowly, slowly and then—"

The boy's eyes widened expectantly. "Then," finished Mollie, "came the flowers—the wonderful, glorious flowers." Her voice fell sadly. "And in a thoughtless moment you killed them all! I'll tell you," she added at the boy's conscience stricken face. "You may come over and gather all the flowers you want, but don't kill them."

The lad sank down upon the porch step of Mollie's home, and his small eyes regarded her absently. "Say," he asked, "after all I did you'll let me come over here? You'll let me have your flowers?"

The girl nodded. "Well, you are a good sport," said Tim, and their laughter mingled together.

"But you must be good," she admonished him. "You must be my knight errant and guard my garden."

And so faithfully did Tim perform this task that Mollie was called hastily one day by Nora to handage an offending brother's head upon which Tim had used his one weapon of correction—the crutch.

Mollie watched each morning with eyes which tried to be sternly disapproving as the master of the lawless

household entered his waiting car. It was difficult to frown continually upon one so gaily happy.

And the man's own brow would wrinkle perplexedly at the girl's forbidding salute in return to his friendly "Good morning."

Mollie wondered if the suffering wife in the hospital had no influence at all over those cold blows. She heard him call to the boys quite savagely one evening, "You stop that!" Selding upon the first excuse for intervention at hand, she picked up a tray of Nora's freshly baked cookies and ran to the garden wall. "Here, boys," she called over its top, "I've something for you."

In an eager melody they came and, when they had been rewarded, as swiftly departed.

Mollie found herself looking directly into the man's smiling eyes. "You are very good to my boys," he said. Mollie hesitated, in anxiety to say the right word.

"One can do so much more," she remarked, "by kindness than by force."

"I agree with you," the man's tone was hearty. "And," continued Mollie, "little Tim was no doubt, too frail for much schooling, but he has such an apt mind—if he had but—half a chance now."

Her voice reproved his neglect, but the man was most amenable. "I know," he said. "I intend to see that Tim has a good education."

Mollie turned slowly away—again that helpless feeling of defeat. "His mother," she asked perfunctorily—"is she doing well?"

"Very well, they tell me," the man replied. He sought to detain her as she went up the path. "I'm going to take Tim in to see his mother tomorrow," he told her. So, in strange contradiction of emotions, Mollie gathered her choicest flowers, and when upon the morning the limping automobile waited before the next house door she went forth in her white muslin frock to place the roses in Tim's thin arms.

"You will give them to your mother," she said. It was hard to reconcile this tender father who settled Tim, the little cripple, so carefully among his cushions with that unspeakable father whose cruelty had scarred the same small body.

In the evening the man came back alone. "I had to leave Tim there in the hospital," he explained. "It seems he was not as well as they at first thought. The broken limb has not mended as it should, and it has to be forcibly broken again. He wants you. He says he can bear it better if you are there, holding his hand." The man's voice broke off huskily, and Mollie raised a pale face.

"I shall be ready to go with you in the morning," she said. "So as they entered the hospital room the boy looked up with his own cheerful grin. "I knew you'd come," he told Mollie. "You're a good sport!"

The girl laughed shakily as she pressed her tear wet face to his. "You must show me now," she said, "what a 'good sport' you can be."

"Sure," Tim answered bravely. When it was all over Mollie turned to find the man's eyes fixed upon her in a sort of worshipful adoration. Warmly he grasped her trembling hand.

"You are one of God's angels," he said softly.

So across the still motionless body of the little lad they gazed wonderingly into each other's face as at the birth of some new joy.

"Say," murmured Tim's weakly returning voice, "don't let them keep me here. Make him take me back to the country. You—make him." His entrancing eyes were on Mollie. "He'll do whatever you say. He's dead stuck on you."

Mollie turned about breathlessly. "Oh," she cried, "he doesn't know what he is saying. He is quite out of his mind." But the man regarded her quietly.

"Tim does know," he replied, "just what he is talking about." Then as Mollie stood staring speechlessly the boy again spoke. "He is good," said Tim—"most as good as you are. Doesn't he come down to the hospital where homeless kids are getting better of different things, and doesn't he pick out a bunch of 'em and carry them out to his best well house? 'You come along,' he says to me, and 'I'll father you up in the country,' and my mother didn't care where I was, and my dad had broken my leg."

"Your father?" breathed the girl incredulously. Little Tim nodded. "Threw me downstairs," he explained succinctly. "Oh," cried Mollie remorsefully. Shamefully her eyes met those of the man. "And I've been thinking," she confessed—"thinking you were that father, blaming you all along."

"Good heaven!" exclaimed the man. His tone was eloquent. "Get!" echoed little Tim. "But, say," he added quickly. "Won't you get him to take me back to the country?" "I'll make a bargain with you, Tim," the man began steadily. "I will promise to take you back for an indefinite time if you will try to persuade her to take me for good and all—later."

With a sudden tremulous laugh Mollie inhaled the boy in her arms, while Tim winked back over the girl's bowed head. "She will," said Tim confidently. And she did.

An Exchange of Right.
"Pa, what is a stock exchange?"
"A place, my son, where an outsider is apt to exchange a stock of money for a stock of experience."—New York Mail.

Great works are performed not by strength, but by perseverance.—Johnston.

On the Sea.
From all antiquity and in all ages men have gone down to the sea in ships and plowed the main. There is a fascination about the ocean that never grows old, and the terrors that encompass the waste of waters seem but to add to its attractions. Perhaps this arises from the fact that the ocean covers the only free land on the globe. The sailor on his humble bark has an equal right of way with the mighty steamship; he pays no rent and calls no man master. Once he touches land he must bow to the law of King. This is Queen. That, on the high seas he can roam without let or hindrance and owns allegiance to no ruler but nature. The sailor leads a hard and perilous life and has the single bond of freedom to compensate for risk and privation.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

SENORITA MOLINA

A Story of the Cuban Revolution

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

While the revolution that brought independence to Cuba was brewing the government of Spain through the governor of the island used every effort to secure the adhesion of prominent Cubans. Among those whom it was deemed desirable to win over was a lawyer named Enrique Fernandez, who was becoming prominent in his profession. One Jose Molina was summoned one day before Captain General Weyler and ordered either to win Fernandez by argument or bribery or force. Weyler at the time had unlimited power, and his orders were not to be disobeyed.

Molina was an elderly man and the father of a family of children, one of whom, Rosa, was grown. Fernandez was about thirty years old and unmarried. Molina invited Fernandez to his house that he might have an opportunity to persuade him to align himself on the side of the Spanish government. Fernandez accepted the invitation, listened to his host's arguments, but was unconvinced.

Molina noticed that Fernandez cast admiring eyes on Senorita Rosa, and it occurred to him that what he himself could not accomplish by argument his daughter might bring about by persuasion. The father therefore held a private interview with her, at which he said:

"My child, I have been ordered by the captain general to bring Senor Fernandez to the support of the Spanish cause either by argument or force. I have tried the former and failed. The latter course remains. I must tell you my guest that the Spanish government demands his adhesion of his life. At times a woman may accomplish by persuasion what a man cannot effect by argument. If you could win over Senor Fernandez you might save his life."

"But, father," asked Rosa, "why are you obliged to do this work?"

"General Weyler is an autocrat in Cuba. He may send me to prison or to death, whichever he chooses."

The girl replied. She did not speak for some time. Then she said: "Do you wish me to win Senor Fernandez's adhesion to the crown by first winning his love?"

"I do not. I would rather suffer than have you do anything dishonorable."

Again there was a silence, at the end of which Rosa threw her arms about her father's neck and assured him that she would do anything honorable to save him from the consequences of failure.

What made this duty odious to Rosa Molina was that she was heart and soul for the cause of Cuba. One morning she sat on the veranda of her home with Fernandez and began to reason with him why he should embrace the cause of Spain. He listened to her while she spoke hesitatingly and without animation, and when she came to a halt he said:

"Tell me the truth. Your heart is not with Spain; it is with Cuba. There is some reason why you are endeavoring to win me to a cause with which you do not sympathize yourself."

Rosa did not dare tell him what he wished to know. If he should do so he might betake himself beyond her father's reach, and the latter would have to suffer for his failure. She would not tell an untruth. Rising from her seat, she went into the house, leaving Fernandez wondering what all this meant.

Senorita Molina sought her father and told him that she had tried to influence Fernandez, but had failed because she was unfitted to plead a cause to which she was bitterly opposed. Molina sighed, but the sigh was only his reply. Rosa was much troubled. She asked him many questions. If he reported a failure to the governor would he be imprisoned? What would be her next move in respect to Fernandez? What did General Weyler mean by using force to secure the latter's adhesion? She received no reply.

Whether her father was himself uncertain in regard to these matters she did not know. The only information she received was that either her father or Fernandez must suffer.

Rosa left her father to shut herself up in her room that she might form some plan of action. Would it not be best for her to tell Fernandez of the situation and trust to him to find some way to save her father? This would be trusting too much to a man whom she had known but a short while. If he should take himself off to the revolutionists Rosa would feel that she had betrayed her father.

Fernandez, who suspected the source of this pressure which had been brought to bear upon him, would have departed had he not been interested in these persons who he believed were made the unwilling tools of the Spanish government. More than this, he was powerfully drawn toward Rosa. It occurred to him to pretend to be uncertain as to which cause he would espouse in order that he might gain time for observation in the hope that he would be able to solve the mystery. So long as there was any hope of a willing surrender there was no reason to use force, and day after day passed with no change in the situation.

Meanwhile the attorney was falling in love with Rosa Molina. Nevertheless he could see no evidence that she regarded him in the same light. For some reason unknown to him she seemed to look upon him with a sort of dread. One day he said to her:

"Senorita, you and your father have some interest in wishing me to support the Spanish government. To convince you that you can safely confide in me I will tell you something which you do not suspect. I love you. Tell me the source of your efforts to convert me to a cause that you not approve. I swear to you not only on the

honor of a gentleman, but as one who loves you, that I will not betray you; that if either you or your father or I must suffer it shall be I."

Rosa at this avowal gave a quick snap, and an expression of pain crossed her face.

"You have only added to the complication that besets us all," she said. "If I could assure you that your love was returned it might simplify matters, for we might then come to a mutual understanding. As it is, to tell you what threatens us would be to invite a sacrifice on your part without being able to reward you for making it. If you have seen anything in me to warrant your avowal you have been mistaken."

"I have seen nothing to warrant an avowal, and I am not surprised to receive an unfavorable response. I have made my confession that you may understand that you have nothing to fear from me—that my life is at your service."

Naturally these words had a powerful effect upon Rosa Molina. She fixed her gaze on the speaker with an expression that it was difficult for him to interpret. It seemed to be a mingling of awe and reverence. But there was no love in it. After thus looking intently at him for a few moments she said:

"Leave me to think over all this. So many strange things have followed upon one another so closely that I am bewildered."

Meanwhile Senor Molina was acting irrespective of anything that was taking place between these two. Weyler had become impatient and given him a definite and imperative order. One morning Molina summoned Fernandez into his private room and said to him:

"Senor, the government demands your influence and your efforts to assist in putting down this rebellion against the authority of the king of Spain."

"And what if I refuse?"
"You will pass into the hands of the governor general. I cannot answer for your life."

"You can answer for my death. These who go into General Weyler's parlors never come out. You have my reply. Long live Cuba and Cuban independence!"

With this Fernandez turned to leave the apartment. Molina stopped him. "You cannot leave this house."

"Why not?"
"It is surrounded by Spanish soldiers."

Fernandez paused. He had been hasty in giving a definite answer.

"Am I to be taken from here immediately?" he asked.

"Unless you recall your reply."

"Give me time."

"My instructions are to require an answer within twenty-four hours."

"Very well. Before tomorrow noon I will choose between life for Spain or death for Cuba."

The Spanish fleet had been destroyed. Santiago had fallen. Cuban independence had been achieved. Sufficient time had elapsed for the Pearl of the Antilles to become the pearl of her own people. Enrique Fernandez was now a judge on the bench. Quite often it was his duty to pass upon a matter arising from the antagonism existing between Cuban liberators and Spanish adherents during the revolution. A man whose hair was prematurely white was brought before the judge on a charge of having legally executed a man by order of the king of Spain. The culprit was supported by his daughter, who was doing all in her power to encourage him.

"Jose Molina," said the judge, "do you remember me?"

"I do."

"When last we met you demanded my support of the Spanish cause of my life. I was given you a day in which to arrive at a final decision. The decision was not given, for that night I escaped from your house. You were only partly to blame for these acts of tyranny, for you were the unwilling tool of the tyrant. You gave me my choice between Spain and death, and yet I am under a great obligation to you, not to you directly, but through a member of your family."

The prisoner stood waiting for the judge to explain.

"It is to your daughter that you owe the life that I am about to give you. For it was she who provided for me the means of escape from your home. What I owe to her I give to you. Go free. We have had enough of these reprisals since the revolution. I will hear no more of them."

Then, turning to Rosa Molina, the judge continued:

"Senorita, I once offered to give my life to solve a problem that distressed you. You repaid me by giving me a freedom which enabled me to fight for Cuba. If I had a hundred lives with which to repay this debt I would give them all to you."

As Senorita Molina led her father out of the courtroom she turned and looked at the judge. What was in that look he understood, for not long afterward when she and her father had returned to her home a wedding was celebrated there, Judge Fernandez being the groom and Senorita Molina the bride.

Close Figuring.

Postal Clerk—Your letter just balances, miss. If it weighed any more you would have to put on another stamp. Pretty Blond—Gracious! I'm glad I didn't sign my middle name!—Judge.

Not Guilty.

It was 4 a. m., and Bilkins crept softly into the house and removed his shoes, but as he tiptoed up the stairs one of the trends gave a loud creak.

"Is that you, John?" demanded Mrs. Bilkins from above.

"No, my love," replied Bilkins; "