

THE HAS SONE YOU NO WRONG FATAER ! HE CHIED

ARK!
That high, clear, vibrant note, striking through the silence like a sword of sound!
"There!" cried Jack Harrowsby.

"They're starting up. That's Kipperton's He's going to play 'Columbia. "No," decided old McClelland. "He's

just a-tunin' up. I don't remember to have ever seen so many folks comin' into town. Jest look at that Kansas hill, an' along by the railroad track. Like as not they'll be full fifteen hundred at the

"Sure! They've got the flag strung acrost the street. It's gittin' wore. "It oughtn't to. It ain't out but Decoration day an' Fourth of July. But the

winds is hard on it." It was a fair day-a fine daly. A day fit for the flag to float high, for music to resound, for prayers to arise, for the loyal living to honor the valiant dead. A day claimed no kinship with fierce midsummer winds. Rain had fallen in the night, and tered, a delicate, brilliant web, fine as after her. lace upon a lady's gown.

"There's John Barriston gittin' out of "I wonder he ain't ashamed to own such a lookin' trap, with all the money he's

"Yes, an' here comes Thorn's carriage from the other way. Thorn's the only farmer around here that keeps one. I don't say he ain't right to git some comfort out'n his life."

The Thorn surrey rolled down the street. On the front seat sat a heavily you hate your brother. Tell me why!" built, auburn bearded man. Beside him beside her a slender young girl, white clad from her head to her feet.

Mr. McClelland shook his head, "They spend too much. They'll wind up in the

"Oh, I guess not," laughed Harrowsby. "Any one who picks up Ed Thorn for a fool is goin' to drop him mighty quick He can afford to spend some. Of course Barriston is with as much again."

"Don't look like it!" clicked out the undertaker.

It didn't look like it. One would never fumbling over his broken rope harness at the side of his ramshackle vehicle, the possessor of more worldly wealth than Norway spruce and good to look uponthe prosperous appearing man driving by striding home in the sunset light, came at ease with his handsome family. One likeness, however, in common they had. Thorn, he was hardly surprised-only Both wore the army blue.

"They're both good haters," went on the speaker. "Them two men come to this country pretty soon after we did. stray Samaritan, but mere courtesy de-One of 'em must be here nigh on to thirty years, an' they've never spoke a word to each other in all that time. From the same town back East, I've heerd, an' fit in the war together-same reg'mentsame comp'ny!

Mr. McClelland nodded. "I remember. Thorns come several years after. An' to think of them two eatin' the same dinner. an' drivin' to the same funerals, walkin in the same Fourth of July procession, or like now in this here Memorial day parade-even havin' the same politics, an' never as much as a civil word between I wonder what caused it.'

"A woman, I've heerd said." "The town's fillin' fast."

It was filling up fast. On every road leading down into the peaceful valley trickled people on foot, on horseback, it buggies, and in wagons. There were burly farmers, greeting neighbors, talking of crops and weather. There were women with children in their tired arms and clinging to their gowns, some alert, more stolid, but almost all in their appearance of premature age and weariness, giving evidence of overwork and latent depres-

The Grand Army hall was only the upper floor of an abandoned and dilapidated building, used as a furniture shop before the town boom had burst. But the men who came down the rickety steps scaling the outer wall were the units who made any one else!" the magnet of attraction. These men street, intervening between their occasional quarters and the livery barn. The stirring notes of the fife rang out, and the beating of a drum throbbed upon the

The blue-clad ranks formed. There was the bent old body, the square, firm face and the floating white hair of the father. Beside him tramped his son-spare, sinewy, upright, but perceptibly lame in one leg-the leg which had been presented at Shiloh with a much-prized bullet. one was pounding, and one was blowing, each with vigor and enthusiasm.

Up the main street they marched, perhaps two-score veterans in all, the colors of their country and their post ahead, the music rising bravely in their midst. And. side by side, as it chanced, in the parade were the two men between whom for so many years a bitter grudge had lain u buried-John Barriston and Edward

Thorn. The summit of the incline was reached, and the wooden church which rose from a sweep of rocky soil. Horses and buggles were hitched all along the rough fence. The foreground was crowded with people waiting to see the veterans pass in. Then there were prayers and hymns and ad- fall. You can go back to college then. dresses. The latter were delivered from The man there needs looking after. behind the dividing rail where pictures of | "I hate farming."

the heroes of a great conflict hung in

For the women of the Relief Corps who had marched up the street in the rear of the men, had beggared the little town of its glowing peonies, its heavy headed snowballs, its pungent southern wood, and starry syringas, and red honeysuckles, and the first white, scented catal pa branches to do honor to the occasion. And here again, side by side, were the two men, who, fast fettered by a childhood and youth of friendship, had gone forth to war together. The services were over at last, and the

crowd in the church poured out into the sunshine. Again fife and drum made martial music. The brief journey to the cemetery was begun. It was here, after the stiff wreaths and crosses which the women had brought from the church were duly distributed and speeches made some of the old soldiers, that John Barriston first caught a glimpse of the young man who had come late into church. He stared in astonishment-strode towards

"What has brought you back?" he demanded. 'A row," replied his son. "I'd a fight with one of the fellows at college. I was in the right, but I did him up a bit worse

than I meant to. I thought I'd better

ome home until it blew over." The old man choked with rage. 'And it's for this-for this-I've toiled for you, and slaved for you, and all but starved myself for you. How-" he was choking in his wrath-"how dare you?"

"I dare a good deal-sometimes, Just then a girl brushed by them. Her gown caught on the point of a stone. She stumbled. Involuntarily Mark Barriston extended his hand to aid her. She shot of blue and gold-of soft breezes that him a swift glance. In that look was recognition and a certain startled, pleased surprise. Then she had passed on, and even yet upon the roadside grass it glit- Mark Barriston stood hat in hand staring

Do you know who that is?" "It's Edward Thorn's daughter," said his old buggy," commented Harrowsby. John Barriston slowly. The hoarse voice shook over the words. "You must never hold word with him or his, orlifted his great rough hand to the dazzling sky, with a mighty oath, "or else you go your way, penniless and poor, save for my curse

"That's unfair!" flamed Mark Barris ton. The old man's blood spoke then "It's unjust! You read the Bible-and But the passion of his father had spent was a white-bloused boy. On the back itself for the time. He looked suddenly seat was a pleasant faced woman, and gray and stricken. He turned and walked unsteadily away to where the close, sharp spikes of an iron railing kept jealous guard over the narrow mound it inclosed. All other boundaries in that sunny little city were of wood, but these John Barriston had deemed too frail to keep the world apart from her-the one woman of his love, whose life had been a brief and unsuspected tragedy.

"Poor father!" The young fellow, look ing after the lean old figure-seeing the gnarled fingers clutched hard around the iron spike on top of the railing, felt a imagined the gaunt old creature, fierce ache in his throat. He turned-

When Mark Barriston-straight as upon the wrecked carriage of Edward most absurdly elated, Obviously, he could not pass on. He might not take the wholly disinterested credit accruing to the manded that aid be offered. And since Mark Barriston had been away at college he had learned a lesson which prairie people are slow to appreciate-that while kindliness, however gruff and sullen, is good, courteous kindliness is infinitely t be preferred. 'And so he uncovered to the ladies in the carriage with a grace that was pleasing as novel to the farmer folk offered his services. And when he had gone to the nearest farm house for rope, and had helped to splice the pole, and all was once more in readiness for the homeward drive, he would have turned away but that Edward Thorn, putting out his hand with a word of thanks, de-

tained him. "Thank you much, Mr .- Mr .- you are stranger hereabouts, I judge?"

'My name is Mark Barriston." "Mark-Barris-O!" He leaned morheavily over the side of his surrey. Twice the lips set in the blonde beard openedtwice closed without speech. His eager look dwelt hard on the boyish face up lifted in the mellowing light. "I might have known," he muttered. And then he said slowly: "Her eyes-you have your other's eyees! "My mother!" echoed Mark.

knew her-you knew my mother?"
"Well, my boy. "Better," he said, and so low his voice now he might have been communing with himself, "better than

There was silence. A chill stole up formed in line on the broad strip of the from the draw below. A gopher ran across the road, frightening the horse which had broken the pole. An anxious voice spoke from the rear seat.

"It is late, Edward. We'd better go "Yes-yes. Well," to Mark, "I'm glad

to have seen you. I suppose," with some hesitation, "I can't ask you to come to our house?" "I'm afraid not, sir."

He moved a step backward. The elder nan sighed—a wistful sigh it sounded, When Mark reached home he found his father sitting reading by lamplight. The book was the Bible, his only literary pesssion. The deep cut lines of the old face seemed deeper, the stern mouth more inflexible, the keen old eyes more relentssly penetrating.

"Tell me about your quarrel, lad." he

Mark told him, not sparing the ether but equally outspoken in regard to his part in the affair. There was a long silence when he had finished. Well?" he asked at length.

"'An eye for an eye,'" said the hard old voice, "'A tooth for a tooth.' You'd better take that north farm. Try it until

"Perhaps," dryly; "but a man muse work with his head or his hands. It isn't every one who gets the chance to choose.

The following day Mark Barriston unpacked his books and set himself to study furiously. But how might one study books when day by day nature turned over a fresher and still more enchanting page of her own inimitable volume? But, sat with bowed head. was not wholly the charms of pature which made Mark Barriston change his mind about accepting a temporary residence on the farm in the North belonging to his father. It was quite casually he learned that this farm which his father had but lately purchased was near an other belonging to and occupied by Edward Thorn.

He told himself he would not attempt to see Delila, but it must be admitted it was a little difficult to avoid doing so when he was obliged to pass her home every time he went to or returned from own. The romance was an innocent one and as sweet as it was innocent. Rambles along the creek-a search for the atest flowers-the steadying clasp of a hand in abrupt descent or ascent-the discovery of mutual tastes-snatches of song-the flutter of her sash ribbon against his hand-silences embarrassing but delicious, and-that was all.

Only Edward Thorn used to remark to his wife that really that girl was growing pretty to be useful, and the man on John Barriston's north farm averred he 'never seen that kind of a farmer afore. It was he who blunderingly precipitated the climax of the situation. He had ridden over to John Barriston's relative to a

shipment of cattle. "You'd better go through to Chicago with the stock, Dan," his master said. 'My son can attend to things until you

He can, if he takes time enough from pickin' posies with Delila Thorn. 'What!" screamed John Barriston.

'What!" "I didn't think, sir!" Dan had shambled "I forgot the bad blood up aghast.

"Saddle my horse-quick! This minute! Quick! Five minutes later he was riding north

at breakneck speed. Mark chanced to meet Delila at the abandoned bridge down by the walnut grove, when his father came tearing along. But when that father dropped from his sweating horse, so shaken was by passion-so racked by rage-he could not utter one syllable.

"What-what is the matter?" Delila ed him. never been told of the enmity between the

"Never mind-now. Go home," he said in the tone of authority no man dare use except to one woman, and she that one to whom he is most madly enslaved, most willingly subservient-she who holds his life in her fingers as one may hold a rose. "Stop!" cried John Barriston.

He burst out into a storm of abuse of his son-her father-herself! There was no stemming the tide of his fury. It ame down in a sweeping flood-a partially incoherent fury, it is true, but none the less overwhelming-resistless. Once Mark strove to speak-twice. In vain. Suddenly he turned—held out his hands to the girl. He had never spoken one word of love to har. He word of love to har. He word of love to har.

irreverently, but fearlessly. "She has done you no wrong, father!" he cried, "she-nor I. You said you would curse me. If you must-curse us! can bear it better for sharing it!"

Again, as that day in the cemetery the hill. John Barriston lifted his hand

A little, fluttering cry broke from the girl. "Papa-here is papa!"

And there, indeed, stood Edward Thorn.

He saw the young people. He saw the gaunt old form towering before them, He saw the hand uplifted in wordless male-They heard one wild word-saw Mark

Barriston spring forward. Then the old have it always." man, tottering down, was caught in the strong arms of his son and lowered to the ground. His face was purple. His eeth were clinched. There was a foam

Although Barriston was borne at once to his son's bed, although the physician John Barriston." lrove over in hot haste, and all was done that could be done, it was many months before a gleam of consciousness irradiated his countenance-before he gazed in telligently into the faces which came and

off into silence. And he slept.
In March John Barriston was moved back to his old home. He was wasted, frail, patient to the point of pathos. He heard all his son had to say on business matters, gave replies that were clear and ogical, but left to Mark every arrangement—every decision. In April, when the like trees in the front garden were purple and fragrant, he went out for the first time. Mark drove him. Neither spoke of the winter passed—nor of what had led up to his seizure. In May he was led up to his seizure. In May he was able to sit out on the front reach his seizure and helper the first time. The reasure that heaven now heldeth led up to his seizure. In May he was led up to his seizure. In May he was led up to his seizure. In May he was led up to his seizure. In May he was led up to his seizure on the front reach his seizure of his law fulfilled nent-every decision. In April, when the able to sit out on the front porch—his one book on his knee. On the morning of Decoration day Mark was surprised to find him up only and decoration his him up only and decoration him up only and him up only and decoration him up only and him up only and decoration him up only and him up only find him up early and dressed in his old

"Why, father," he cried, "you can't think of going in to the ceremonies,' John Barriston could see the black dots than one year old.

before the old Grand Army Hall merge in a close, black phalanx. He could see the farm wagons piling down, as he had seen them often before. He even fancied could hear Kipperton tuning up his fife and see the old man handing his hat to a bystander to be cared for until the lrum "was made go like she ought." sense of serenity came over him as he looked down and away, one hand gripping the iron railing.

Mark Barriston, turning his team into the livery barn, looked around at sound of his name to find Edward Thorn at his "How's your father? Where is he?"

"Up there." He motioned towards the

hillside. Thorn turned past the hotel, the lumber yard, and the little lumber office. Around the sweep by the railroad track, across the lines, up the hill opposite-on he went. Through the gateway on the right-and across the worn path to where by the quadrangular iron railing a man

"Jack!" It was the old name that leaped to his

s. The other looked up.
'Ned!" He rose trembling to his feet. "Let's talk it over, Jack. I never meant to do so. I thought she-she might not wish it. But I think she'd rather we would, than that our children-yours and

mine—should suffer."
"Yours and mine." Then the old Barriston vindictiveness came back in all its

strength. "Mine shall not suffer. Why should I care for yours? You know what you did, Edward Thorn. Played fast and loose with the woman you loved-the woman I loved!"

"I don't know what you mean," said Edward Thorn.

"I'll tell you then." He was trembling still, but his grip on the railing helped to support him. "The day we marched forth to fight you told me Annie Lester had promised to be your wife when you came back. You knew how I loved her

"Loved her-then?" Thorn's voice was a husky whisper. "No-no!" Barriston stared at him a moment.

"That's all right. It doesn't really matter what you say now. But you know how you acted down there in Virginia. The disgraceful scrapes you got into-the dishonor you brought not only upon your own name, but upon that of the woman who has been rash enough to promise to marry you!"

"Yes," Thorn said slowly. "Yes, I did all you say-more. I was young. I'm not urging this in extenuation. Buthe paused, fumbling in his breast pocket, and extracting one yellow slip from a package. "I wish you'd look at this, was after I had got this that I- Hold Have you finished?"

"Not quite. Then you went home-you remember? I staid away. I couldn't go back and see Annie and you-" "Well, what then?"

"Then-Jack! Do you think I'm imbe-cile-or delirious yet? Then you jilted her-flung her over as heartlessly as a man flings aside the woman who has lov-There is no comparison to be turned appealingly to Mark. She had made. The whole town was talking of had gone. You coward!" Edward Thorn took one step-then

stood quite still. "Will you listen now?" he asked. "I did love Annie-yes. And I did many things I am ashamed of in those old army days-that is true. But that I ever of my own accord broke faith with Annie-

John Barriston-no!" Barriston laughed-a harsh laugh.

"Go on!" he said. "Perhaps," Thorn rejoined, "it would be better if you were to read this first." He held the slip of paper toward him.

Suddenly he turned—held out his hands to the girl. He had never spoken one word of love to her. He spoke none now, But there was that in his eyes which no woman needs words to interpret—a look that was at once a surrender and a demand.

Ned, dear, forgive me. You will, I know. Ned, dear, forgive me. You will, I klow. You will, I klow. Ned, was even so wicked as to answer you wished. But I did not on the you will, I klow. I klow. I klow. You will, I klow. mand.

The old man saw the gesture—saw the look. A silence fell upon him. Indeed, there was no sound betwixt earth and sky just then save his heavy breathing.

Mark put his arm around Delila, drew her to him. And he faced his father, not large the same than the same t

It was a long time before either spoke The procession had left the church, and one could trace its sinuous progress through the town. In silence Barriston handed back the letter.

"I wish you had known it always, Jack," murmured Thorn. "The pride of a woman," muttered Barriston.

"The stupidity of a man," said Thorn. There was the roll of vehicles up the hill-the tramp of feet. The veterans filed in the gate. The little doctor came forward in all his gay regalia. Delila Thorn knelt beside Barriston. She comprehended the broken sounds he

made. "The letter-with you? Yes-you shall

The band played on. The doctor put a professional foretinger on the pulse of the prostrate man. He rose-spoke. He could not make himself heard.

"Men of the Grand Army of the Repubhe essayed again. "Your comrade -The music swelled aloft, martial, tri-

umphant. But John Barriston did not

The Grave in My Heart.

went at his bedside. Dellia was sitting with him one radiant January day. Her right hand held a book. She felt a touch upon the left which rested on his coverlid—a caressing touch.

"A pretty hand," she heard a voice murmur. "Annie had pretty hands. Annie—" The murmurous sound trailed off into silence. And he slent.

They are covering the graves of our heroes With the loveliest flowers they can bring. And the tender memories mingie With the fragrant blossoms of spring. For the graves belong to the nation; She claims and makes them known and she counts among her heroes first the graves of the brave ones.

ones With tender and reverent hand, And the low and mournful music Steals soft forth o'er the land. They cover the graves of our soldlers, Each one in his place apart: They cover the graves with the flowers— What shall cover the grave in my heart?

The faith in his wisdom and kindness,

In the United States for not more than "Not into the hall-nor to the church- one year may also be patented in Canno. But you can drive me up on the hill, ada. A patent will be refused in Can-and I'll wait there until they come." ada if the United States patent is more

FLOCKS SHOULD HAVE A HOME OF THEIR OWN.

A Large Number of the Birds May Be Kept in One House if It Is Arranged in the Proper Manner-Cats Their Foe.

Cats are too fond of pigeons to be permitted to get anywhere near them, and in the arrangement of a house for these birds care is to be taken that these animals cannot disturb them. For a small flock a small house may be made round or with eight sides, and with three or four floors. Each side will have a door for the pigeons to enter, and this house is set on a pole firmly placed in the ground and eight feet high or so, and having two cross bars safely fitted to it so that a ladder may be used to get up to the house. This will do for a dozen birds, half males and half females, for pigeons pair, and each pair must have its own nest.

For larger flocks a house may be

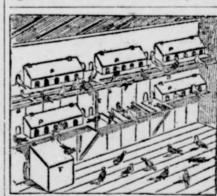


EXTERIOR OF PIGEON HOUSE.

made on the top of a barn, and if the barn has a cupola on top of it, this is the very thing. Twenty, or even forty pigeons may be kept in such a place, but it will be necessary to have a trap door at the bottom which must be carefully closed every time the house is

left, after having been visited. But larger flocks may have to be provided for, and a small flock will soon become a large one, for although these birds have only two young ones in the nest, yet they will nest several times in the year, and the young ones soon go to keeping house for them-

A large number of pigeons may be kept in one house if it is arranged in a proper manner. And pigeons if left to themselves will soon bring their owner into trouble, for they are apt to go on to neighbors' newly sown fields, and gather up the seed with much industry. This, however, is easily prevented, for these birds love to stay about their home, and if they are regularly fed they will not wander away after food. But if it is thought that the home fields may be injured by the your conduct when I returned. But you birds, it may be said that where pigeons have had full opportunity to run over wheat or oat fields (or peas, of which they are extremely fond), yet the seed they eat is well spent on them. for as a rule the thinning of the seed will increase the crop, so that the yield at harvest time is often much larger than it would have been but for the pigeons thinning out the seed. If the pigeon house is kept at the barn, or on it, the birds will not wander away to the fields, unless to one quite close to them. A house large enough for a hundred pigeons is shown in the drawings, both the outside and inside of it. The house is ten by eight feet and the walls are eight feet high. The arrangement of the inside is shown in figure 2. The nest boxes are placed



INTERIOR OF PIGEON HOUSE.

on shelves fastened to the sides of the house, and a roosting platform is made in front of the shelves. The shelves are supported by props, and the little doors on the outside open on to them. There is a box in the house in which food is kept for use in stormy weather when the birds do not wish to go out.

To get a good view of the inside of the house, bend one hand so as to make a short of tube to look through, and use one eye only, shutting the other. This makes the perspective very plain, and shows just how the house would look if one were in it.

Of course these birds, like all others, must be kept very clean, and the house should be swept and sanded twice a week. It will be the least trouble to do it every day, when a few minutes will suffice to do the work. The floor should be sanded after every sweeping, and the nests should be dusted with a mixture of sand and fine gravel, wood ashes and sulphur. There will be no trouble with vermin if thorough cleanliness is observed and above all things the sweepings of the house should be disposed of safely in the barnyard or away from the house, for there is nothing more likely to harbor lice or fleas and supply a breeding-place for them, than the sweepings of the house.

The nest boxes are each four feet long, nine inches wide, six inches high in the front, and ten inches in the rear. They are divided by partitions into five apartments, each having a separate entrance, which is four and a half inches Inventions that have been patented high, and three wide. The picture shows only one side of the house, the other side is fitted in precisely the same sides will hold fifty nests, and if the him a good time,

HOUSE FOR PIGEONS. ends of the house and the gables are furnished in the same way a hundred and fifty pigeons may be kept in a house of this size.

Pigeons should be fed four times a day if they are expected to stay at home. If not fed they will wander a long distance, staying away the greater part of the day, and returning at night to their homes. There is very little trouble and quite a satisfactory profit in rearing them, for there is always a demand for them in the poultry markets and at the country hotels and boarding houses, so that while much pleasure and amusement may be enjoyed, quite a little money may be made as well. But we may be sure that this result will not happen unless the right attention is given, and this includes regular feeding, and watering, the right kind of food, especial cleanliness in the house, and protection from cats and winged enemies.

A CUBAN BEAUTY.

Senora Abreu Is Rich, Charming, Democratic and a Widow.

Senor Rosa Abrue is the richest and probably the most beaut ful woman in in Uncle Sam's new possessions. She is the queen of Cuba society and is a "Cula libre" democrat from the crown of her head to the tip of her pearl-encrusted slipper. And she is a widow. She is possessed of a plantation near Havana covering an area of 20,000 acres under perfect cultivation devoted to coffee growing. Her income, as may be imagined, is enormous. During the Cuban-Spanish war her plantation was idle, most of her 500 workmen having gone to the front. But the patriotic beauty paid every one his wages-all for the good of her country's cause. This charming woman lives in a magnificent mansion at Cerro, a pretty little suburb of Havana. Her drawing-rooms are noted for their splendor and exclusiveness, and officers of the army and navy vie with one another for her favor. But as yet she is heart whole, and, it is freely



SENORA ROSA ABREU.

said, she is by no means unwilling to " change her condition in life when she can find a man who will realize her ideal. She is especially fond of Americans because, she says, Americans "can achieve great deeds," while Cubans and Spaniards can only sigh and play upon a mandolin or guitar.

He Believes in Horse Sense.

"Experience has convinced me that there is such a thing as horse sense," said a veterinary surgeon who has a shop on the South Side. "A friend of mine had a beautiful chestnut driving mare that was subject to severe spells of colic. About a year ago she got very sick and Jones, the owner, brought her over here for treatment, I cared for her, and she seemed as grateful as a human being might, rubbing her nose against my coat sleeve, and showing

her affection in her dumb way. "One day about six months ago up she came to the door of the shop, moaning and evidently suffering acutely. I treated her again and she got better. I found out afterward that there was no one at her home stable that day and that she had worked the halter off and

hau set out to find the doctor." "Curlous circumstance," said the man who had heard the story.

But that's not all of it," said the doctor. "Three days ago I came down to my office in the morning about 9 o'clock. There lay the chestnut mare in front of the door-dead. She had been taken sick, and had made her way as before to the shop in the night, and found nobody there to give her medicines, and she had died. Now, if this story isn't proof that a horse can reason I would like to hear something to beat it!"-Chicago Inter Ocean.

Wanted God to Hear Both Sides. The family were at their devotions the other morning in the home of a

West End clergyman. Master 6-yearold thought his papa's prayer was rather long when breakfast was waiting. and he undertook to beat a quiet retreat to the kitchen. Suddenly there was a crash, and a table with its contents fell to the floor with the young deserter from the family altar beneath it. Prayers were interrupted temporalily, and when they were resumed the father prayed for the naughty boy. A short time later the lad's mamma found him in a closet upstairs. He was sob-

bing bitterly. "Oh, mamma!" he exclaimed indignantly, "papa tells God of all the bad things I do, but never tells Him a word about the good that's in me."-Cleve land Plain Dealer.

Smokin : by Boys.

The Japanese House of Representatives has passed a proposal to prohibit boys below the age of 20 from smoking.

When a man is on his honeymoon trip way, and the ends may be occupied by other men are puzzled as to what he ada if the United States patent is more nests as the stock increases. The two would appreciate in their efforts to give