

Destiny.

"The mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small,"

THE COUNTRY OF IDEALIZATION.

"If you are thinking," said Lee Newberry, impressively, "of accepting Tommy Raymond, take the advice plus the experience of an old friend, and don't com-

mit such a fawcuss pas!"

Riette frowned back among the rose cushions and smiled vaguely.

"Oh, my dear, don't!" Lee went on. "When one crosses the matrimonial border the Country of Idealization passes away. I know all about it; you see I married Tony, and Tony is good, but where, where are my illusions? Dissolved in a mist of commonplaces—made a mistake. I should have invited Tony down off his pedestal a bit after the honeymoon, but I let him stay on it until it gradually crumbled under his feet."

Riette smiled jestingly. "How do you know that your pedestal is still intact? Perhaps Tony—"

"Perhaps. Life is so full of the commonplace when life is side, that there is no room for pedestals!"

Riette Townsend had accepted an invitation to stop with the Newberys for as many weeks as she could spare from her social calendar, and as it was her first visit since Lee Newberry's marriage, two years ago, it was an event to them both.

They went up together, Riette admiring all the way. The guest-room was a bower of rose and green, with the permeating sweetness of summer wrested from the hot-house to create an indoor June. Riette buried her face in the cluster of daffodils on the dressing-table.

"My favorite flowers! How dear of you to think of them!"

Lee blushed an uncomfortable red. "It was Tony," she said, frankly; "he remembered!"

The moment was awkward for both: Tony's former infatuation for Riette was a subject upon which neither had ever spoken to the other. Riette had often secretly wondered whether Tony Newberry had married her best friend from pique—or the "other thing"; and as she fingered the yellow petals of the daffodils the question again arose.

Two hours later she entered the fire-lit library, and Tony, from the depths of an alluring chair, rose to greet her. "This is good, Riette," he said, cordially, leaning down to her; "but you don't deserve a welcome, you've treated us so shabbily since our marriage. I had an idea a maid of honor was bound to stand by one all the days of her life—sort of a sponsor in baptism, you know!"

Riette laughed softly. "I plead guilty," she admitted. "I am a deserter."

Lee was putting last touches to the dinner table, and the murmur of laughter from the library floated in to her. She stopped pulling the saffronitis into a yellow shower. "Suppose," she said, thoughtfully, "it was Riette, instead of me?"

Then she gave the flower-bowl a little push and straightened a silver candle. "Come in, you two," she called gayly; "dinner was announced ages ago!"

From her end of the table Lee studied Riette with critical admiration. She had always acknowledged the latter's beauty, but tonight there was a more compelling attraction. Tony's shyness was manifest. Lee felt a pang of jealousy as Riette's hand, throwing Riette's vivacity into more brilliant contrast.

Dinner over, they adjourned to the den, where a low fire glowed on the hearth, stepping the room in a rose-colored dusk. Riette went to the piano and her fingers slipped softly over the keys. There was a faint sweetness about her that brought a little stab to Lee's heart, and she felt a wild sense of irritation as Riette's pretty, trivial voice trilled through the room. She was relieved when Riette rose from the piano, pleading fatigue.

"Oh, Tony, are you in?" she said, sleepily.

"Yes, but I am seriously considering being 'out' again. I wrote Lee I'd go to the Harveys' for her. It's so late, though, I'm afraid she's already on the way home."

Riette glanced at the clock. "Of course she is. Sit down instead and I'll sing you into a nice nap." She went to the piano and ran softly through a drowsy lullaby. "Here's a warranted anyody!"

Tony got up and leaned over the piano, and Riette's fingers strayed from the slumber song into weird, fanciful harmonies. A plaintive, Eastern love-cry floated into the dusky room, finding harbor in the shadows.

The hall-door opened, but neither heard it. Tony was absorbed in the music; Riette's voice had never touched him before; now it had the echoing melody of a harp-string, thrilling the words with throbbing sweetness. Suddenly her fingers left the keys with a quick staccato movement; and something behind him made Tony turn his head. Lee stood in the doorway, her face white and tired. The scene seemed to her significant; Riette singing as she had never sung before, and Tony leaning over the piano with a look in his eyes that Lee like a knife.

With a quick glance of concern, Tony went to her. "What is it, dear? What makes you look so fagged?"

She moved away from him. "Nothing," she said, shortly.

"I'm sorry I got home too late to go for you, as I promised."

"Did you?" There was an expression of quiet scorn on her face as she turned and went upstairs.

When her door had insured her against intrusion, she dropped wearily into the nearest chair. It had come to this, then—she loved Riette. She pulled unconsciously at the faded petals of the violets. As she recalled his note the dull, aching sensation left her, and a swift resentment took its place. So his promise was merely a blind! He had not intended keeping it—and Riette? They had both deceived her. She laughed harshly, and rose from her chair, the little purple flowers falling at her feet; in a moment she had crushed them under the heel of her slipper. It was melodramatic gesture played to the gallery of her wounded pride; then she did a very ordinary and human thing; plucking up the trampled flowers, she leaned her cheek against the forlorn nosegay and cried.

In an instant of illumination it flashed over her what she had lost; she had been reaching out after impossible stars, missing in her up-turned gaze, the tender flowers growing in clusters at her feet. The Country of Idealization stood revealed to her awakened eyes; cold, unsatisfying, unreal, like the scenic glitter on a painted stage. It was just the things she had scorned, the dear commonplaces of life, which make the world a sweet and wholesome place. She no longer accused her husband, or Riette; with a little sob she acknowledged that the fault lay with herself.

Below-stairs Riette and Tony were facing each other. The moment his wife had left the room, Tony had started up; then he turned to Riette. "She thinks I've lied to her!" he said, slowly.

Riette's fair head drooped, and her hands hung limply at her sides.

"I must go to her, poor little girl," he continued, tenderly. "How could she think I could care?" He stopped short. Riette laughed; there was a broken ring in it.

Tony flushed. "I beg your pardon. I didn't intend that. I was only wondering how it was possible for Lee to doubt me."

"Yes—I know!"

He extended his hand. "You've been awfully good to me, Riette. You've shown me what I had begun to fear was non-existent, the love of my wife!"

"Yes—the love of your wife!" Suddenly she smiled up at him with her old vivacity. "Tell me how diplomatic I am, why don't you? to—unearth such—such mysteries!" Her face was white, and her hand fluttered in his.

She stood still after he had left her, looking beyond her with unseeing eyes. "Was it foolish to call her out of the Country of Idealization?" she questioned, vaguely. —By Amelia Hamilton McAllister, in Everybody's Magazine.

An Old Bank Closed.

The Doylestown National Bank of Doylestown, Pa., has been closed by the controller of the currency.

The report of the condition of the bank at the close of the business June 9th, 1903, shows its resources and liabilities at that time to have been as follows:

Resources: Loans and discounts, \$936,322; U. S. bonds to secure circulation, \$73,000; stocks, securities, claims, etc., \$178,538; banking house, furniture and fixtures, \$49,000; other real estate owned, \$14,293; due from banks, \$37,809; cash resources, \$130,421; redemption fund, \$3,500; total, \$1,409,885.

Liabilities: Capital, \$105,000; surplus and undivided profits, \$138,400; circulation, \$67,610; due to banks, \$80,592; deposits, \$980,292; notes and bills redeemed, \$40,000; total, \$1,409,885.

THE TOWN SURPRISED.

The following notice was posted on the door of the Doylestown National bank last Thursday:

"This bank closed and in the hands of the controller of the currency."

(Signed) "T. B. KANE, Deputy Controller of the Currency, J. W. SCHOFFIELD, National bank examiner."

The posting of the notice caused considerable excitement in the town, as the deposits of the institution are large.

The bank examiners had been working on the books for two days past, but no statement had been issued either by them or by the officers of the bank.

George P. Brook is cashier of the bank. The capital stock of the bank was \$105,000 and the last report to the controller showed:

Surplus and profits, \$131,780; deposits over \$1,000,000; loans and discounts and stock and securities, \$1,051,300.

The bank is one of the oldest in the state. Its Philadelphia correspondents are the Philadelphia National bank and the First National bank. The former has been its agent for fifty years and the latter for thirty years. Bank Examiner Schoffield telegraphed the Philadelphia banks to make no remittances to the Doylestown bank.

The president of the bank is Henry Lear, a prominent lawyer and candidate for judge on the Republican ticket.

"The losses," said Deputy Controller Kane today, "will absorb the entire surplus and capital stock of the bank. In other words, the total loss will amount to \$215,000, and it devolves upon the directors and stockholders to make up this deficiency."

Francis L. Worthington, a director, said: "The president and cashier ran things to suit themselves. They had no right to do so. They ought to have consulted the board of directors, and this trouble would have been avoided. No one suspected anything wrong. Our stock has been increasing in value, and we were making \$35,000 a year. I suppose I will lose through mismanagement of the officers. I understand there was some speculation—Consolidated Lake Superior, I believe, and in that stock most of the money may have been sunk."

George B. Brook, cashier, declined to reply to the accusations of Mr. Worthington, saying that he was not a director, and that he was not a stockholder.

The statement issued by the controller of the currency says that the failure of the bank was brought about by speculations in stocks on the part of officers and a number of customers of the bank.

Recently a branch for saving small sums had been added to the bank's business.

The bank was financing several business enterprises in Doylestown and for a time these may suffer embarrassment.

This afternoon Receiver Schoffield exonerated the clerks in the employ of the bank from all blame in connection with the failure, and he informed them that as far as the government was concerned their connection with the bank ended today.

Not the slightest intimation had been given that the bank was not in the best of condition. Deposits were received up to the closing hour. On Sunday night Deputy Controller Kane and J. W. Schoffield arrived for a government inspection of the bank and on Monday morning their work began.

Friday afternoon when their examination ended, they announced to the cashier that they would be compelled to order the bank closed.

The news was conveyed to the board of directors who were in session at the time. The directors concluded that events had taken their course, so that morning shortly before 8 o'clock notices were posted on the doors of the bank.

Quickly the news spread through the town, causing a great sensation.

Mr. Schoffield was besieged by depositors and he quietly assured all that everything possible would be done to pay them in full. The bank number among its depositors were farmers, mechanics, women and children.

Carrie Nation Fined.

For Selling Hatchets at Seranton Without Having a Vendor's License.

Carrie Nation was arrested in Seranton recently on the charge of vending without a city license, and paid a fine of \$10.

She was engaged by the trolley company to give addresses at Nay Ang park. Mayor Council declared that she would not be allowed to speak in the park, and the trolley company secured a vacant lot near the entrance of the park and had Carrie hold forth there. Fully 20,000 persons were at the park to attend the newboys' picnic and hear Mrs. Nation and they cheered her for smashing at the police for preventing her from going into the park. The police asked her for her license for selling her so-called hatchets. She didn't have one, and was placed under arrest.

Some one in the crowd told her there was a city ordinance against prisoners being carried in street cars, and Mrs. Nation refused to get aboard a car that had halted to take her to police headquarters. Thirty policemen pulled, dragged, pushed and tugged to force her aboard the car, but she braced herself firmly and fought fully two minutes before she was finally vanquished.

The throng jeered the police, and every time Mrs. Nation would call out some was derision of the police force she was cheered to the echo. Some women in the crowd became so excitedly partisan that they called out to the men and boys to stone the police. The car got under way before any violent demonstration broke forth.

Mrs. Nation paid her fine under protest, and engaged a lawyer to take an appeal.

To Starve Out Convicts.

That is Hope of the Militia and Sheriff's Posses.

Twelve of the convicts who escaped from Folsom state prison in California are still at large in the hills, but the sturdy mountaineers are hot on the heels of the fugitives.

The scene of action has shifted from the scene of last Monday night's battle to the mining town of Lotus. It is hoped that they can be surrounded and starved out. Shots were exchanged with the convicts on Wednesday, but no one was wounded.

When last heard from they were headed toward the Greenwood hills, eight miles southeast of Lotus.

Georgetown, which is in the line of escape of the convicts, is unprotected and the inhabitants of that place spent a sleepless night of terror. A request was sent to Company H, of the militia and the sheriff posse for protection, but none of them could reach there during the night.

A hundred armed men gathered in and around the town of Lotus and all the roads leading toward Greenwood and Pilot Hill are closely guarded. The convicts are known to have divided their forces into two parties of desperate criminals, who are said to be in the hills north of the south fork of the American river. The hunted men are traveling alone, the prison guards held as hostages having been released. They are short of ammunition, and have no provisions. The hard chase which the militia and pursuing posse gave them has held on their energies, as two of the convicts gave out and were carried a mile and a half by their companions.

Now that the prison guards are no longer with the fleeing convicts the officers of the law have no fear of firing on the fugitives. The man hunt has been followed on foot, on horseback and in private conveyances. The militia has done heroic work in pushing the chase on foot and was close on the trail of the fleeing men for several hours on Wednesday. They beat through the brush and forded the North fork of the American river and ended their day's search at Lotus.

One of the striking features of the prison break was the brave behavior of the women within the guard lines. Many of the officers are men of families and occupy cottages on the hill at the entrance to the prison grounds.

Miss Wilkinson, sister of the warden, presides over the household, and she was the only woman in the residence at the west end of the large end of the stone prison. Her horror may be imagined when she was awakened at an early hour on the morning of the uprising by loud raps on her door by the Japanese servant, and the cries:

"Oh, Miss Wilkinson, please get up; they are killing your brother; they are cutting him to pieces in the captain's office!"

Miss Wilkinson was self-possessed enough to direct the servant to go to the room of State Prison Director J. H. Wilkins, who was visiting the prison, and give him the alarm. Mr. Wilkins arose hastily, but before he or Miss Wilkinson could reach the front of the stone residence the bloody scene in the captain's office had been enacted and her brother with the captain of the guard and other officers, flanked by armed convicts, was being marched across the prison farm in the direction of Mormon bridge, a mile away.

It will be but a few years before durable timber becomes very much dearer than it is at present. Good chestnut and white oak posts are worth now 15 cents each, and red cedar posts 20 cents apiece, unpressed, and are hard to get at that. Ten years from now the supply will be much less. No more profitable use of land can be made than to plant walnut, chestnut, oak, hickory, spruce, ash, maple, poplar, willow, locust and other trees that have a value in the arts for their timber. Plant the rough and the smooth varieties, and grow in the southwestern part of our country more extensively than any other exotic forest tree.

These trees are originally from Australia; they are known there under the name of anti-fever trees, as by their rapid growth and large amount of foliage they absorb the poisonous gases of the swamps, making the air pure and the climate healthy. In California, Kansas and Indiana tracts of land several thousand acres in area have been planted with seedlings of the eucalyptus for fuel, railroad ties and for growth they make desirable shade trees for the dwelling and pasture lots. In many parts of the Southwest the eucalyptus is utilized to advantage to furnish shade in pastures. If set along the fences and along the irrigating ditches they can be made to protect the cattle in the pasture without at any time interfering with farm work. Seedlings may be had from the nurseries 100 jobs at 5 cents each. There are some thirty different varieties, and all of them are said to grow equally well in the Middle and Southern States. Plant the hillsides in forest trees and farm the low ground.—Baltimore American.

After a separation of 31 years, Mrs. Aleta McCullough has become united with her son John in a manner suggestive of the modern novel.

When but an infant the son was adopted by Mrs. Ellen Smith, of Plainfield, N. J. Mrs. Smith nursed the child, but did not conceal from him the fact that he had been adopted. He spent years in an unsuccessful endeavor to find his mother, seeking her in several parts of the country. Ten months ago he arrived in New Brunswick, N. J., and sought work at the carpet weaving establishment owned by Mrs. McCullough. Recently he discovered that his employer was his own mother and made known his identity to her. At first Mrs. McCullough refused to believe the relationship, but was finally convinced and has taken him into her household as her son. For a long period mother and son lived within 30 miles of each other without knowing it.

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Helpless Orphan Falls Down Scarcely Speak Above a Whisper Falls Down Stairs and is Cured.

Miss Alice Dane, of Passadena Cal., apparently a helpless orphan and deprived of perfect speech for many years, has suddenly had the use of her limbs and vocal powers restored as the result of an accident. Miss Dane had suffered from spinal trouble and had to hobble about on crutches and could scarcely speak above a whisper.

While asleep one day at her home she fell and the last step struck against her chest. Immediately the pain from which she had suffered for many years left and after being taken to a cot and lying there for a while, she got up and to the surprise of every one walked about without the aid of crutches. Many physicians had treated the case unsuccessfully for years.

The Prodigal Son's Father.

Sunday School Teacher—Can you tell me the story of the Prodigal Son?

Tommy—Oooh there was a rich butcher, and—

Sunday School Teacher—What's that? What has a butcher to do with the story?

Tommy—Dat was de guy's father. He killed de calf.

The saddest accident about the Spanish-American war is that 30,000 applications for pensions have already been filed, of which 18,000 have been rejected. But the pension attorney will keep at it until he will have more names on the pension rolls than were represented in the army which invaded Cuba and Porto Rico, Altona Tribune.

What is a grange? An excellent definition follows: "A lodge or local branch of the Order of the Patrons of Husbandry, an order designed to promote the interests of farmers and to bring the producer and the consumer nearer together."

That man, my dear, who courts Miss Bero is rather fast they say.

He'll have to be quite fast or she won't let him get away.

Woman's Home Companion.

A Bargain.

It was in the raspberry season, and a freckled, barefooted little girl in a torn blue calico gown came to the door of a country boarding house to sell some berries she had gathered.

"How much are your berries?" asked the mistress of the house.

"Bat," she added, in the same breath "Am. You don't want them, you can have them for ten."

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Black Bass Rained.

The State Department of Fisheries announces complete success in the hatching of small mouth black bass at a cost very little greater than for hatching trout.

A week ago there were nearly a million hatched of small mouth black bass at the ponds at Corry, but unfortunately during an unusually heavy storm the ponds were flooded with surface water, the screens were broken and the majority of the little fish escaped out of the stream. It is almost hopeless to get them back, but a few however have been recovered. Although success has been achieved there will be no black bass for general distribution this year.

The success achieved by Pennsylvania is considered by the Department of Statistics as a triumph. The United States has been experimenting for a number of years in the same direction and failing, though it succeeded in raising large mouth black bass, but even they are at a much heavier cost than trout. The state of Michigan succeeded in raising small mouth black bass but the process is said to entail considerable cost.

Pennsylvania has been experimenting nearly five years and until last year uniformly met with failure. Finally the way was accidentally discovered. The eggs of the small mouth black bass cannot be taken directly from the fish the same as can be done in the case of brook trout, shad, pike, perch, white fish and some other species of fish that are propagated by fish culture, when all the experiments are made along the line of the natural spawning of fish. The Michigan method was tried by Pennsylvania but did not prove successful, the spawning fish refusing to occupy the device arranged for spawning beds.

The success was achieved by employing simplest methods possible namely: The exact conditions demanded by the bass for spawning in a wild state and for living when not spawning. Ponds of irregular shape were constructed having a considerable depth at the lower end and shoal at the upper end and the greater portion of the sides. Gravel was thickly laid over the bottom of the entire pond particularly in shoal portions. Water plants were introduced abundantly. Four hundred mature bass were placed in these ponds last fall and were regularly fed on tadpoles, small frogs and minnows. It was found that abundant feeding was necessary to have fish spawn. Soapy fed fish would not properly ripen either eggs or milk. About the first of May the bass went into the shoal water, built their nests, laid and hatched their eggs.

The superintendent who has been so successful in the attempt to hatch the small mouth black bass is Wm. Buller, one of the family of well known fish culturists in this state all of whom are employed by the department of Fisheries. The experiment for the last five years were conducted under the direction and supervision of Commissioner Meehan.

We don't want our milkman to use preservatives, yet there is one we use ourselves that is comparatively harmless, and will give body to a thin cream and make stand up for whipping. Dissolve half a cup of granulated sugar in three quarts of hot water. Add to this stone lime as big as your two fists. When it has slaked add settled water off into a clean can and set away in a cool place for future use.

By putting one teaspoonful in a pint of sweet cream, it will not only keep sweet, but will have a body like ripened cream, and will whip to perfection. One teaspoonful added to a quart of milk will keep it sweet about twelve hours longer than usual. Put in a clean stone or earthen bowl to make. Physicians often prescribe both lime water and sugar in the milk used for children during hot weather. Person who must guard against the introduction of lime in the system may prefer to avoid cream thus prepared.—Good Housekeeping.

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