

Bellefonte, Pa., July 3. 1908.

IN THE GARDEN.

"A garden is a heavenly spot, God made the first !" I know it all : Yet envy not your red-rose plot,

"And it was in a garden, too, That God walked softly to and fro, At sunset-when a cool wind blew-I know, dear child; I know, I know.

"And in a garden, hushed and lone, In the dim breaking of the day, An angel sat upon a stone-A stone which he had rolled away.

Oh, had that angel but been shown One instant to my human eyes-Could I but kiss that hallowed stone Your garden would be Paradise.

RUTH'S HUNT MEHITABLE.

-Vida Briss, in the Sunday Magazine,

[By Anne Heilman.]

Hetty Peters sat gazing out of her window across the closely cropped lawn, past the garden of many hued roses and away to the woods, all white with dogwood and purple with violets. She held a letter in her hand. Not in many a long year had Hetty's face worn such an expression of woe.

"If you please, ma'am," awakened her from the trance. She turned to the cook and gave her orders for the day. Then, with a sigh, she opened the letter and reread it:

Dear Aunt Mehitable-Papa and Jessie Miller will be married Tuesday morning and sail for Europe the same day on an extended trip. So I shall leave college and go home to look after you.

The Stirlings are here for the wedding

You know they are related to Jessie Fred looks as old as his father. They have made a mint of money mining in Colorado and intend to buy back their estate and settle down as our nearest neighbors again. No place like the south, they declare. Papa invited them to make our house their home while negotiations are pending. Business will detain Mr. Stirling in Boston for a few weeks, but Fred will come to town with me. Expect us on Thursday. Your loving RUTH.

"Jessie's a dear soui. I hope they'll be very happy," Hetty murmured to herself, "but I never thought John would marry again. And Ruth coming back a year before I expected! This'll never seem like home to me any more.'

Hetty Peters was single. She had never had a lover, had never looked for one and, incredible as it may seem, had never wished for one. She had been altogether too busy, first, in looking after a younger sister and brother, and, second, in caring for her delicate mother, to consider her matrimonial prospects. The brother and sister had grown up, married and moved north. Her mother's death had left her alone.

When her elder brother's wife died she had gone to live with him, and for several years her existence had been happy if monotonously uneventful. Now came the disquieting news of John's second marriage and of her niece's unexpected return.

Ruth had a decided predilection for managing everything and everybody she came in contact with. Her aunt had always tresplied before her. Ruth was the only one who remembered her baptismal name, and Hetty detested it, but Ruth persisted in calling her Aunt Mehitable.

"Perhaps she intends to marry Fred!" Hetty reflected hopefully. "If she does, of course he'll have to give in. He was a nice looking boy when he left. I remember I kissed him goodby, he seemed such a boy, and he is a year older than I am."

On Thursday Miss Peters was at the station when the northern train arrived. While she was watching the outcoming passengers from one car a hand touched swiftly her arm, and a pleasant voice exclaimed, "Hetty, you have not changed a bit since we part-

"I've grown fifteen years older," she answered, giving her hand to a tall. bronzed, handsome man, whose dark eyes were scrutinizing her admiringly. "I know it," he replied. "So have I"-

"Fred, loosen that checkrein. Aunt Mehitable, how could you drive this horse in such a condition? You really need some one to look after you!" And Hetty realized, with a pang, that

Ruth had come back to her own. "No tea for me," she commanded at the dinner table. "Aunt Mehitable, I'm surprised at you! Any doctor will tell you that tannic acid is a rank poison. It's positively criminal to use tea or coffee when one can have fresh milk." The next morning Rath's sway be-

"Just up?" she called out as Hetty made her appearance at 7 o'clock. "I've been up for hours. I shall move the breakfast time an hour earlier, and you must come for a walk every morning before breakfast. It will do you a world of good." And Aunt Hetty, realizing the futility of argument where Ruth was concerned, miserably acqui-

esced. "Is it possible you sleep on a feather bed?" exclaimed Ruth that evening, unexpectedly invading her aunt's room. "Don't you know that feathers are not sanitary? You need some one to look

after you, Aunt Mehitable." "I'm not so old as that," protested Hetty.

"It isn't altogether a matter of age; it's temperament. You take life like a grasshopper. You really do need some one. Of course you'll have me until" "Until you marry?" suggested Hetty.

"I have been thinking of it," Ruth admitted complacently. "By the way, how do you like Fred?" "I think he is in every way desira-

ble. I don't believe any woman could ask for a better husband." "I'm glad to hear you say so," said Ruth. "Was his father a good hus-

"I do not remember Fred's mother. She died when I was very young. But I always understood they were very happy.'

"I met Mr. Stirling frequently at Jessie's," said Ruth. "He came to Boston on business. If Fred is like his father I'm sure he'll make a good husband. We were talking about you this afternoon. He thinks you look younger than I do, and he thinks, as i do, that you need some one to take care of you. He really takes a great interest in you, Aunt Mehitable."

"He takes a great interest in you apparently, which is more to the point." ejaculated her exasperated aunt. "Do you mean to pretend that you don't

want Fred to be fond of you?" "Why, of course," asserted Ruth as she rose to leave the room. "Of course I hope Fred is going to be fond of me. I shall have that feather bed taken up to the garret tomorrow morning, Aunt

Mehitable." In the days that followed Hetty found herself taken in hand and "looked after" with a thoroughness that reduced her to the verge of melancholia. All her actions and movements were regulated by her energetic niece, who decided what she should eat, what she should drink and wherewithal she should be clothed.

"Ruth is so systematic," said Hetty loyally when Fred awkwardly attempted to condole with her. "She has such executive ability. She's really wonder-

"She is, indeed," Fred assented. She is a perfect example of what the higher education can do for a woman. But, joking aside, I don't think she's an awfully good sort, and I'm fonder of her than any other girl I know. This is a very pleasant day. Can't you come for a row on the river, Hetty?" "N-no. I have some work that must

be attended to," she faltered. "You haven't given me any of your attention since I've been here," he complained. "You're not treating me

"But-Ruth"- Hetty began in sur-

Fred rose to his feet. "Hetty," he said, "I want you to know something. When I left for the west, you kissed me goodby. Oh, I know you felt nothing but friendship for your old playfellow, and it sounds silly to say, but it's true, I've never kissed another woman. I meant to tell you some day, and now that"- He paused. "I promised not to say any-

thing until Ruth told you, but"-"I understand," said Hetty softly. "Did she tell you?" he asked.

"Not in so many words, but I think she meant me to understand. I am so glad."

"It began last winter," said Fred. "I'm glad too. I think we're all going to be very happy. "Aunt Mehitable," broke in Ruth's

crisp voice, "here's a telegram from Mr. Stirling. He will arrive this evening." The interruption was welcome to

Hetty. She felt that she could not have endured another word. Hetty spent the remainder of the day in her room. Fred and Ruth waved their hands gayly when she drove off to the station to meet Mr. Stirling. How well they looked together, she thought. Something in the sight stirred a strain of sadness in her. She seemed to realize for the first time that she had been cheated out of

her girlhood. Absorbed in her sad musings, she absentmindedly took a turning which made her drive longer by half a mile. When she reached the station Mr. Stirling had already started for the

Pines. Hetty drove back slowly. The full moon arose and the air was sweet with the scent of roses, but Hetty had no thoughts for the beauty of the

She threw the reins to the stable boy and took a short cut for the house. She was in no mood to join the family party and intended to go quietly to her room.

As she passed the rose garden she caught sight of Ruth's white dress in the shrubbery. Ruth's face was upturned to her companion, and-yes, he had taken her in his arms. It was Ruth's kiss Fred would remember

Hetty sat down on a rustic seat under a live cak. The meaning of it all swept over her. She was thirty-four, and there had never been moonlight or a rose garden for her. She had always left love out of her plans for herself, and now it was Fred, Ruth's Fred, out there in the rose garden, and she was alone with the emptiness of thirty-four unlived years-alone and old. Her eyes filled with scalding tears, and she sobbed aloud.

"Why, Hetty, what on earth are you crying about?"

Fred sat down beside her and gathered her in his arms. "Don't cry, dearest," he implored. "Tell me what the trouble is. Don't you want dad to have Ruth? Why,

"Your father!" gasped Hetty. "Is that who she's with?" "Why, of course," said Fred. "I told

you all about ft." Hetty sprang up in astonishment. "I expected her to marry you," she

cried. He laughed softly.

"I didn't. She knew all along that I wanted to marry you. She's been doing all she could to make the match. She knew you needed some one to look after you."

One of Life's Little Tragedies. He seized her, drew her to him and deliberately struck her. She made no sound. Again and yet again the brute repeated the blow, and still she gave no sign of suffering, but when, with rapidly growing anger, he struck her for the fourth time she shrieked aloud, and her head flew off. She was only a match.-Bohemian Magazine.

Do You Remember?

And the other fishing days when you got up before dawn and stole down stairs to the dim kitchen-a drink of milk, a doughnut and a triangle of pie, then you stole out quietly to the barn and got the spading fork; then the search, armed with fork and tomato can, under the broad leaves of the rhuharb bed, back of the henhouse and down by the cow barn until you had enough worms for the day's sport. Then of course you left the fork sticking in the ground-you never would learn to put things away-and started off; through the garden and orchard. stopping long enough for a handful of currants and a pocketful of sopsavines over the pasture bars, eating a handful of huckleberries or low bush blackberries here and there; into the wood road-very dark and still in the dawn -where you stepped along very quietly so as not to disturb the bears (you knew perfectly well there were no bears, but you rather enjoyed the creepy sensation); then out through the deep wet meadow grass to the river, where the sun was now beginning to burn away the wisps of mist and the red winged blackbirds were making a tremendous fuss over their housekeeping. You reached the river bank at the pout hole or the big rock or the old willow (of course you know the exact place), and then you started fishing.-Atlantic.

Suction. People often speak of chimneys "drawing." We also speak of the suction of a pump. There is not so much harm in these expressions, except that they are liable to lead us away from the true state affairs. But in truth there is no such thing as suction. Suction is merely partial or entire absence of pressure in one place which enables the greater pressure of air or fluid in another place to rush in. In the case of the chimney the heated air in it does not weigh so much as an equal volume of cold air, and if the air in the chimney, the air in the room and the outside air were all the same temperature there would be no tendency to any motion. But when the air in the chimney is hot it does not press downword so much as the colder surrounding air presses upward. Consequently an upward current is started and will continue if the air in the chimney is kept hot .- A. S. S. Ackerman in London Express.

ing of the symbol is more complex. Changed the Name. Some folks trace it to the sun. He had given up town life, with its cares and dissipation, and was living in the country.

"What a charming cottage!" exclaimed a dainty lady visitor from London. "What have you called it?" "I have called it the Nutshell." he told her, and she exclaimed:

"Oh. how delightful!" After tea and cakes she took the train back to London, where she remained for six months. Then she "ran down" to see him again. "As sweet as ever!" she told him. "But you have changed the name'

Why is it now Chez Nous?" "Why?" he responded, with some warmth. "Pecause I was tired of being jollied! Because I was tired of being kidded! There isn't a boy for a mile round who hasn't stopped and rung the doorbell every time he passed to ask if the colonel was in!"-London Telegraph.

A Surprise Coming.

A horse was standing along Chestnut street the other day anchored by an iron weight. The horse, not knowing what else to do to pass away the time, was industriously chewing the strap. A newsboy happened along, and after watching the animal for awhile he grinned a cluster of grins and turned to a man who was standing near.

"Don't say a word," he gleefully remarked. "Old Umpire here is going to have the surprise of his life in a few

"What is the matter with him?" asked the man, glancing first at the kid and then at the horse.

"Nothin' is the matter with him," was the happy rejoinder of the newsboy. "He may eat the strap all right, but when he gets down to that weight he will think he has struck a boardin' house."-Philadelphia Telegraph.

A "Washing" Mission.

The visiting housekeeper recently described in the New York Sun must be a stout armed angel or she would never have lived to write the entry in her daybook quoted below:

"Washed the sick woman in bed washed and dressed four children, did the washing, scrubbed two floors, washed the dishes, washed the windows."

A discriminating glance at this en try will disclose the fact that she washed about everything in the house. How the head of the family escaped the wash rag is not stated. Perhaps there was no head.

Smugglers' Philanthropy.
At Broadmoor and Perth, England,

the criminal lunatics have a free supply of the most exquisite pipe tobacco, cigars and cigarettes. In fact, they smoke far finer stuff than the average rich man. Yet all this good tobacco costs the government nothing. The smugglers of England pay for the smoking of the criminal insane. It is from her confiscated smuggled tobacco that England fills the tobacco boxes of Perth and Broadmoor.

"My income is small," said a rather dilatory lover, "and perhaps it is cruel of me to take you from your father roof."

"But I don't live on the roof," was the prompt reply. According to Chinese law, a wife

who is too talkative may be divorced.

Finding a Horseshoe. There is a man who has a very poor idea of the horseshoe as a bringer of

good luck "I found one in the road some time ago," he remarked. "As a matter of fact, another old gentleman found it also about the same time. We both wanted it, and there was a tussle for

"I got the shoe, a black eye, a torn finger from a rusty nail in the shoe and a summons for assault and bat-

"It wasn't a very good start, but thought I'd give it a fair trial. Of course in nailing the shoe up above the front door I managed to smash my thumb and fall from the stepladder. "Then I sat down and waited for the luck to begin. That shoe seemed

to be endowed with the power to attract trouble in every form. "Duns, bailiffs, the landlord, measles and poverty were rarely out of the house, and my faith was shaken.

"Then one day, when the rate collector was standing on the top step. that shoe came down with a crash"-"Ah!" interrupted the sympathizer. Luck at last!"

"Not a bit of it." sighed the unlucky one. "It missed him by a foot."-London Answers.

The Way of Womankind. Women are indefatigable in their

analysis of conduct. A man accepts a white ray of light for what it is; a woman passes it through a prism and resolves it into its component rays. If pass Mrs. A. in the street without saluting her she conjectures a dozen painful motives to account for my absentmindedness. If she passes me I conclude that she is shortsighted or ab-

sentminded. If I say to my niece Molly that 2 and 2 make 4 she consents, but is unconvinced. But if I show her this little formula-11/2+1/2+13/4+1/4=1-she is at once all alive with interest and sits down to work it out and proclaim in triumph that it is so. From a hard and dull statement of the fact it has become a problem and an intrigue, and here she is in her element.

That is the way of womankind in ail relations to life.-"Comments of Bag-

This Makes It Very Plain. The meaning of the word "swastika" is "It is well," or good luck. The mean

"The emblem is the sun in motion," argued Protessor Max Muller. "A wheel with spokes was actually replaced by what we now call swastika. The swastika is, in fact, an abbreviated emblem of the solar wheel with spokes in it, the tire and the move-

"It is the summary in a few lines of the whole work of creation," said Mme. thropogeny, from the indivisible unsymbols of every old nation."

The Defect In His Dressing.

The professor of surgery in one of England's universities has the reputation of being one of the most painstaking and delicate operators in Britain, thoughtful of the patient and careful in the clinic. One day in the course of a clinical demonstration he turned to a student who had just commenced his studies with the question:

"Now, sir, can you tell me what is

wrong with my dressing?" The ingenuous youth turned red and preserved a discreet silence. The professor, however, was not to be put off and repeated the question. After a long pause the youth stammered out in a fit of desperation: "Well, sir, if you insist on my telling

you. I should say your tie is not quite straight."-London Globe.

The Son's Answer.

After his son's great success with the "Dame aux Camelias" Alexandre Dumas wrote to him as though a stranger, congratulating him on the book and expressing a desire to make the author's acquaintance. "I myself am a literary man," said he in conclusion. "and you may have heard my name as the author of 'Monte Cristo.'

Dumas fils was equal to the occasion. He wrote immediately in reply, expressing the great pleasure he would have in making his correspondent's acquaintance, principally on account of the high terms in which he had always heard his father speak of the author of "Monte Cristo."

Before Going Elsewhere.

"Good morning, Mr. Highprice!" greeted the friend, entering Mr. High price's furniture store. "I saw your ad. in the newspaper saying that you would be pleased to have your friends call in on you before going elsewhere to buy, so I thought I'd call."

"Very good!" returned the appreciative Mr. Highprice, rubbing his hands. 'Now, what can I sell you?" "Nothing. I told you I was going elsewhere."-Pearson's.

A Forgetmenot. Citiman-You ought to know something about flora and that sort of thing. me, what is a "forgetmenot?" Tell Suboubs-Why, it's a piece of string that your wife ties around your finger when you go in town on an errand .-Philadelphia Press.

Conceded Fitness. "This 'Gates Ajar' design is a handtome one," said the tombstone man. "It is just what I want," said the

widow. "He never shut a door in all

our married life without being told."-

Indianapolis Journal.

Women and children are more apt to suffer from somnambulism than men, possibly because their brain is more delicately poised and therefore more easily influenced by dreams. A som-

nambulist nearly always walks with

his eyes wide open, the pupils being such dilated. He is a dreamer able to act his dreams, and in this state the timid become fearless, the weak strong and the stupid brilliant. Their somnumbulistic condition presents many curious anomalies. The somnambulist's sense of hearing is not often suspended. for, generally speaking, he will answer questions even if whispered, but often the same ear is deaf to loud noises. The sense of smell is frequently altered. Brimstone and phosphorus are said to be pleasant scents to the somnambulist, and many cannot tell wine from water, as the sense of taste becomes perverted or entirely suspended. Some people walk periodically in their sleep, while others do it spasmodically. One German doctor goes to the extreme of asserting that somnambulists are attracted by the moon, and thus they walk on roofs of houses and at great heights because they derive a peculiar pleasure from contemplating the moon.

A Tiny Death Dealer. A most agonizing death is caused by an insect half the size of a pea-a small black spider. It lives in Peru in South America, but a few specimens have reached Europe in shiploads of timber. Not long ago a dock laborer was unlucky enough to come upon one in the Victoria docks while unloading a bark. The tiny death dealer dropped upon the back of his hand and dug its fangs into his flesh. The bite itself was nothing, but as soon as the poison began to work the man fainted with pain. Soon afterward he came to and lived three days before the end came. This spider's venom scorches up the blood vessels and spreads through all the tissues, causing the most fearful agony a human being can have to bear. The worst of it is that the victim lives at least two days, enduring unthinkable anguish the whole time. This spider is luckily not common. It is known as the "specky," and when a man who knows what the bite means is bitten he generally blows out his brains.-London | cury. Chronicle.

Extreme Obedience. The Youngs had unexpectedly dropped in on the Baileys just as dinner was about to be served. The hostess, considerably disturbed, called her little daughter Helen aside and explained that there would not be enough oysters to go around and added, "Now, you and I will just have some of the broth. ment being indicated by the cramprus. and please do not make any fuss about it at the table."

Little Helen promised to remember Blavatsky; "is evolution, as one should and say nothing. But when the oyssay, from cosmotheogony down to an- ters were served Helen discovered a small oyster in her plate which had acknown to materialistic science, whose cidentally been ladled up with the genesis is as unknown to that science broth. This puzzled the little girl, as amid forests and vegetation of almost as that of the all Deity Itself. The she could not recall any instructions swastika is found heading the religious covering this contingency. After studying a few moments she dipped the oyster up with her spoon and, holding it up as high as she could, piped out, "Mamma, mamma, shouldn't Mrs. Young have this oyster too?"-Christian Register.

Countess Hertford's Bell.

Edward Seymour, earl of Hertford, in the days of Queen Elizabeth married as his third wife a beautiful young widow who had been engaged to Sir George Rodney, but whom she jilted for Lord Hertford. Sir George Rodney traveled to Amesbury and, putting up at the inn, awaited the homecoming of the earl and countess, who were expected to arrive the next day. The infatuated man wrote a dying ode to his fickle love, using his blood as ink, and upon the arrival of the bridal party he went out to meet them. Lady Hertford was agitated and terrified at the appearance of her old lover, and before Sir George could be prevented he drew his sword and, falling on it, expired at Lady Hertford's feet. The countess presented a bell to Amesbury church perhaps as a slight penance for her fickleness. The inscription runs:

Be strong in faythe, prayes God well, Frances, Countess Hertford's bell.

Stars That Outshine the Sun. One of the government astronomers referring to stars that are so distant that they have no measurable parallax. asserts that one of these, the brilliant Canopus, can be said with confidence to be thousands of times brighter than our sun. Whether we should say 20,-000, 10,000 or 5,000 no one can decide. The first magnitude stars, Rigel and Speca, also are at an immeasurable

distance and must, in view of their ac-

tual brightness, enormously outshine

The 'Anged and Un'anged.

the sun.

An American actor was once seeing London from the top of a bus. As they swung down the Strand he asked the driver to point out the places of interest. "Light you are, sir!" agreed the driver, touching his hat. "There's Luggit 'ill, where they 'ang 'em." A little later. "There's parliment 'ouses. where they make the laws wot does it, across the way. An' there's Westminster habber, where they buried the good 'uns wot didn't get 'anged!"

His Only Chance. "Why did you shake your fist at the

speaker?" "Well," replied the congressman, "I didn't want the whole session to slip y without my having made a motion f some kind."-Philadelphia Ledger.

Calmness under contradiction is demonstrative of great stupidity or strong intellect.-Zimmerman.

An Exasperating Mamma The small boy's mother was the only one who sat unmoved, while the small boy himself-most unwelcome addition to the informal afternoon tea-gleeful ly galloped around the circular table daintily spread with silver and china and towered over by a cut glass lampe.

"I's a squircus pony!" shrilled the in-

fant joyously as he tossed his flaxen

locks and twinkled his besocked legs with ever increasing speed. "Mercy! He'll have the lamp over!" shivered a nervous young woman as the human gyroscope stumbled over the edge of a rug, clawed at the table for support, then triumphantly continued circling. Conversation froze on pallid lips as they sat awaiting the inevitable crash. Only the voice of the small

boy's mother rippled along serenely. The nervous young woman could stand it no longer. In sheer despair she ventured, "Mrs. Archibald-er-par-

don me-your dear little boy"-The lady addressed stared blankly, then grasped the situation. "Malcolm," she said sweetly-"Malcolm, dear, run around in the opposite direction, darling. Miss Vinton's afraid you'll make yourself giddy."-Woman's Home Com-

Making It Simple. In the course of his sermon a preacher in a rural district used the worl phenomenon. This word caused one the members some trouble, for he unable to attach any meaning Finally he determined to seek : planation from the minister and close of the service approached I

the subject. "What did yer mean by that tuere long word yer used in yer sermon?"

he began, "Oh, I see you do not know what a phenomenon is," replied the minister, "Well, have you ever seen a cow grazing in a field in which thistles were

growing?" "Yes; many a time." "That is not a phenomenon. And no doubt you have often listened to a lark singing merrily away up in the clouds.

"Yes." "That, again, is not a phenomenon. But if you saw that cow sitting on a thistle singing like a lark that would be a phenomenon." - Liverpool Mer-

Kadiak Island's Queer Climate. Of the abnormal climate of Kadiak island. Alaska, a writer says: "In spite of its situation in such high latitudes we find here what may well be described as 'the parting of the ways' between the arctic and more temperate regions. For, thanks to the moderating influence of the Japanese current which flows along its southern coasts. Kadiak is favored with climatic conditions such as are unknown even iplaces a few miles north or east of i on the mainland of Alaska. So pronounced is the demarcation line that even on the island itself a trave summer will suddenly emerge from tropical luxuriance into a barren, ses olate land of silence, where lofty snow capped mountains tower aloft, brooding, as it were, over the past terrors of an arctic winter, which will soon descend once more, enveloping them

The English Channel One of the most famous bits of ter in the world is the English channel, which separates and yet unites the sister countries of England and France and has been the scene of so much of their history. It extends on the English side from Land's End to Dover and on the French side from the island of Ushant to Calais. Its entrance from the German ocean is the strait of Dover, twenty-one miles wide, while at the other extremity, where it joins the Atlantic, it is 100 miles from shore to shore. The greatest width midway is 150 miles. Owing to the strong current setting in from the westward, the high winds which frequently prevail and the configuration of the shores it has a roughness which has become proverbial and few cross it without seasick-

its icy grip."

It Would Flatter Man. Few men have deserved and few have won higher praise in an epitaph than the following, which was written by Lord Byron on the tomb of his dead

Newfoundland: "Near this spot are deposited the remains of one who possessed beauty without vanity, strength without insolence, courage without ferocity and all the virtues of man without his vices. This praise, which would be unmeaning flattery if inscribed over huma ashes, is but a just tribute to the m ory of Boatswain, a dog, who was bor at Newfoundland May 3, 1803, and died at Newstead abbey Nov. 18, 1808."

Husband (arriving with his wife the Azcarraga station just as the train steamed out)-There! If you hadn't taken such a fearful time dressing we shouldn't have lost that train. Wife And if you hadn't hurried me so all the way here we shouldn't have such a long time to wait for the next one. Philippines Gossip.

At Home. "He was perfectly at home at the banquet." "Why, he didn't have a word to say."

for him."-Houston Post. Won a Smile. Attractive Young Lady-I should like "The Wide, Wide World." Chivalrous Bookseller-Were it mine, miss, Ti

"Well, that's being perfectly at he

Ander. None knows the weight of another's burden.-Herbert.

would willingly give it to you.-Patho