

IN AUTUMN.

Come out with me on the hillside, The world is in gay attire, The maples along the lowlands Glow with October fire.

THREE OLD-TIMERS.

A Story of Loyalty.

Too soon the door pull was violently jerked, and its bell clattered hysterically in the kitchen and rang through the still house. Mrs. Gill hurried along the front passage and stood in the door, her bent and trembling little figure sweetly framed in the burgeoning honey-suckle.

Mrs. Gill, as you see, is engaged—"That's all right," the doc interrupted, agreeably; "go right ahead." Candless was nonplused for a moment. His lawyer shuffled his papers, chose one.

"Thank you, Judge," Nancy Gill said. When she could avoid the savage eye of Perry Candless she found the mists disappearing from her brain. She tried to keep her gaze steadily on the lined, weather-beaten face of Doc Winship or on the ruddy, strong countenance of the old judge.

Cross-Word Puzzles Boon to Golf Widows It already has been suggested that cross-word puzzles are the almost providential and overdue instruments of vengeance ready to the hands of wives who have long suffered from golfing husbands.

Bandits Buried "Loot" Awaits Lucky Finder About one hundred thousand dollars in gold dust and currency lies buried in a certain Colorado gulch and has been there since 1894.

FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN. DAILY THOUGHT. Foresight is very wise, but foresorrow is very foolish; and castles are at any rate better than dungeons in the air.