BOYS.

Now, if anyone has an easy time
In this world of push and pull,
It is not the boy of the family,
For his hands are always full.
I'd like to ask, who fills the stove?
Where is the girl that could?
Who brings in water, who lights the fire,
And splits the kindling wood?

And who is it that cleans the walks After hours of snowing?
In summer, who keeps down the weeds,
By dilligently hoeing?
And who must harness the faithful horse
When the girls would ride about?
And who must clean the carriage off?
The boy, you'll own, no doubt.

And who does the many other things

And who does the many other things
Too numerous to mention?
The boy is the "general utility man."
And really deserves a pension!
Friends! just praise the boy sometimes,
When he does his very best;
And don't always want the easy chair
When he's taking a little rest.

Don't let him always be the last
To see the new magazine;
And sometimes let the boy be heard,
As well as to be seen.
That boys are far from perfect
Is understood by all.
But they have hearts, remember,
For "men are boys grown tall."

And when a boy has been working
His level best for days,
It does him good, I tell you,
To have some hearty praise!
He is not merely a combination
Of muddy boots and noise,
And he likes to be looked upon
As one of the family joys.
—The Gem.



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CHAPTER XIX .- CONTINUED.

Saving the two shots from the first boat, not a small arm had been fired by them up to this time, their determination to carry the vessel by cold steel alone being apparent all through the attack. As my eye ranged over the circle of men that spread about us and hemmed us to the taffrail (yet for all their numbers were held off by the command of their officer), I saw many a face well known to me ashore, but not one expressing an atom of mercy. With a watch, and yet through all the pent vigor of tightened nerves and stiffened muscles my gaze aloved beyond their lines and realized to played beyond their lines and marked the

played beyond their lines and marked the details of the surroundings.

The broad ocean lay almost like glass save for the regular heave that passed over it like a wave over the surface of molten metal. Off our starboard beam was an upturned boat floating lazily away, it probably having them stove or capsized by the hatch I had cast into it, the near it drifted the hatch itself. On deck the fallen canvas covered the vessel amidships, and aloft the ragged stump of the topmast, standing clear against the of the topmast, standing clear against the dappled sky, looked like a pine shivered by lightning. A profound silence had fallen where a moment before had been a din of shouts and crashing timber—profound save for a dull thumping forward, which I knew came from the prisoners, who were thus signaling for release. The moment was near at hand when I should pass my soul to its Maker, and yet, though the resolve was as strong as ever, I wavered, not in fear of the next world, but dreading the terrible struggle that would come when a healthy body like mine wrestles in the grip of suffocation. If our captors could not be goaded into shooting me, nothing was left but to cast myself into the set, and this I would not do so long as the young Quaker stood at my side. of the topmast, standing clear against the

A sudden cry from the bow, soon followed by the sound of metal striking metal, told me that the prisoners were out and being freed from their irons. Belden, without vouchsafing to answer my defiance, hung hesitating, evidently awaiting the arrival of his superior to direct future movements. Disarmed save for the bare steel in our deaths now been his object; but as there had been no show of force after boarding us, the peppery royalist, still smarting from the disgrace under which I had been the means of placing him, felt sure of his ultimate tricamph over me, and, giving the order to hold ass where we stood, turned toward the point of the disturbance forward and hurried off. I was a step in advance of Ames, who still leaned against the wheel, when I heard his

"There's a fair chance for a leap, Donald," the whispered. "The last tie is gone. Be thee ready?" "The last tie is gone. Be

Nay, lad," I answered softly. "We are not yet parted. I still hang to my oath. I have seen nothing of Gertrude. Where can she be?"

'She is past the sight of this, thank God!" he returned. "She is dead, man; dead and gone, and we will soon follow her. I saw her-"

Again he was interrupted, this time by a wild yell from the bow, and the man who uttered it started aft chased by half a dozen suarines. It was Scanmell. With little upon him save a shirt and his small clothes, be broke through the half circle that con mesed us, halting just within its limits. He was a horrible object. His halt hung targled over his shoulders; his eyes were fiere and bloodshot; his face was distorted by rage, and its pallot was startling. Without word of warning he called me a vile name a word of warning he called me a vile name, and with an oath raised a pistol he had probably snatched from some one and, levelying it at me, fired. The ball passed betwirt any body and elbow without touching the warn, but it struck Ames, who was just befrind me. I heard a deep groan as the youth field to the deck, his head striking the planking with a heavy blow, and a number of hands sprang upon the infuriated officer and caragged him backward.

At was done in an instant. The shock and suddenness of the attack came like a thunderbolt, and yet I retained my presence of maind. With my eye still fixed on my eneracies. I stooped to one knee and felt for the made, I stooped to one knee and felt for the mand of my friend, calling on him to speak; but no sound came to my repeated appeal, and the hand I found gave no answering pressure. He was dead past doubt, and had quickly joined his sister, who, in some manwer unknown to me, had gone before him.

It was the culminating wave of disaster, and for the moment I felt like sinking beneath it. Within a quarter hour by viokence I had been bereft of m two companions, and thus was I sudden freed from any obligation to live. With I teleft for twhem to combat, surrounded by tumphant whem to combat, surrounded by imphant the rail. Whenemies, and before me ruin in the shape of lad still live?

the noose, it was now my right, as well as considered duty, to preserve myself from the disgrace of being hanged as a spy. "Iwould be but a short struggle, a moment's wild agony, perhaps, and then the end. I braced rayself for the ordeal. Rising to my feet, I gave a last glance around, my eye taking in the vast sweep of the sea, on deck the marines still wrestling with the murderous royalist, and, hurrying aft, Belden, followed by Lounsbury. Then turning my thoughts aloft. I had a revelation, without the slightest mental effort, without the slightest mental effort, without the slightest bending of the mind toward any refuge this the noose, it was now my right, as well as bending of the mind toward any refuge this bending of the mind toward any refuge this side of the great unknown, a possible—ay, probable—way of escape opened before me. As the angel of the Lord at the last moment called on Abraham to desist from the sacrifice of his son, so burst this light out of thick darkness and showed me my work was rot yet finished. More than willing was It of grasp this more than chance. As though a stone had been rolled from my chest, I took a deep breath, and quickly unloosing my clt, threw both cutlass and scabbard to the deck, then turning, with a stride I reached the rail and cast myself headlong into the sea.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SHELL OF THE DINGY.

THE SHELL OF THE DINGY.

Never was my love of life or the certainty of my saving it greater than when I shot beneath the surface of the ocean. Like a plummet I went down, the air bubbles I carried with me roaring in my ears like a cataract. As I lost the impetus of the dive I turned and looked up. Having gone over at the starboard quarter, I was almost under the stern, and the clear green of the water magnified the great shadowy hull of the zebooner as she stretched forward into seeming infinity. Like a blot on the silvery surface above me lay the overturned dingy, still held to the vessel by its painter, and in her lay my salvation.

dingy, still hed to the vessel by its painter, and in her lay my salvation.

With a few vigorous strokes I swam under it, and, regulating my rise as best I could, came to the surface within the shell of the wrecked boat. The move had been successful. If the trick was unsuspected, I was safe. Letting go my pent breath in a blast, I thanked God for His sudden intervention, and prayed that His hand be not removed from me.

Settled low as was the overturned dingy, my head barely cleared her bottom, but that

Settled low as was the overturned dingy, my head barely cleared her bottom, but that was sufficient. Sustaining my position by a light hold on the thwart, that my weight should not prevent the regular and natural roll of the wreck, with nerves now tuned to their highest pitch, I hung and awaited developments. The hole in the boat's bottom recomments. The noise in the boat's bottom furnished me with air, and, to my astonishment, this vent in the hollow which now sheltered me gave to my retreat the character of a trumpet, and every sound was magnified, though its quality was changed magnified, though its quality was changed to the deep sonorous roar such as one hears come from the heart of a cone held to the ear. It was an indistinct babble of cries and oaths that first greeted me, and from the few words I could disentangle I guessed that the whole host had rushed to the schooner's side in the hope that I would rise. Had I still courted death, I might easily have met with it by means of a bullet through my head, for through the confused humming of voices I distinctly heard the sharp clicking of gunlocks, and knew that had I appeared I would have been made a target for a score of muskets. score of muskets.

a score of muskets.

The sound of voices decreased as the moments flew, and when at last it seemed certain that I had gone to the bottom, there came a general awakening, and a sharp order was given to search the hull, strike the fiag, and hoist the British ensign. The clicking of boot heels and the rattling of arms were more distinct than words, but the marines had barely scattered to obey the last commands when, above all else, I heard an unknown voice:

"Overhaul that carrion, and then pitch it overboard!"

"Overhaul that carrion, and then pitch it overboard!"

This I knew must refer to the body of my poor friend, but before I could realize the necessity of the order thus brutishly given, as clear as the order itself rose the voice of Scammell:
"Look, look, Belden! Damn me, but I thought I had brought down a buzzard in missing the hawk, when, after all, I have struck but a peg lower than Thorndyke himself! By the crime of Judas, I wish it had been the other way! If this young, old broad-brim be not Beverly Ames, I'll lose fifty pounds to any one of you! Quick, man! See, he is not dead! "Fore God, but mayhap be can yet give us some news of his sister! Overboard he goes not! Dead or alive, he must be taken to Clinton, else your commission is in danger! Know you not that he is connected with Mrs. Badely? Send off for help! Is not that long-legged Irishman yet aboard wor?" "The ball struck Ames."

be has cost us ten men in all, and only to give us the slip! "Tis small wonder Lounsbury has the shakes at thought of him! Think of the nerve—"

"Damn him!" was the retort. "What about the schooner? Lounsbury wants to take her in. There's nothing gone but the foretopmast, and with three men he comid draw of a draw and the shooner and with three men he comid draw of the captain sold clothes."

"The hold is clear of all life, sir. Nawthin' the lead below, an' cabin an' force's le all cleaned out burrin' some arms an' the captain's old clothes."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," anywered Belden, "and lead is no ton, though 'd be shy of the clear of the captain's old clothes."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," anywing more valuation, though 'd be shy of the clear of the captain's old clothes."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," anywing more valuation, the captain's old clothes."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," anywing more valuation, the captain's old clothes."

"He'll scarce run off with the schooner," anywing more valuation, the captain's old clothes."

thous this, Scammell? said Beiden, evidently turning to that officer. "We saw three men aboard, and but two are accounted for. Thorndyke has gone to hell over the side, and this lad of yours is like to join him by another route! Where's the

"There was no third," came the sharp response. "Two it was that smothered us below. I know of none other! no more does

Lounsbury."
"Nay," said that worthy, speaking for the first time, and with a thick burr to his speech, "there was never more than four legs to the lot. Mayhap that giant split hasself in two for the sake o' looks—there was enough o' him. Thank God for his loss! I would ne'er sleep easy again knowin' him alive." Lounsbury

Here words fell to a murmur until Louns oury again spoke, evidently addressing him-elf to the one who was in authority on

Now I take it, leftenant, that by rights this craft is mine

"Yours, ye toasted mug!" demanded the unknown voice. "What wow

unknown voice. "What mean ye?"
"Ay, only be right o' prize, I mean," was
the answer. "Twas I who first bid hand
on her, an' got a split skull for my pains,
an' not a damn sovereign to help heal it, ceither so much glory as shines from the uttons o' yer coat. Prize be cussed! f yer capting wills to let me take her into or tender that are the take her into port—as I came night doing awhile agone—'twill go far to put me right with the admiralty an' get me a job, mayhap, like that lost through Thorndyke takin' my name, damn his soul! D'ye see?"

"Ay, I see, ye sweep! And is that all? No prize money?"

'Ay, all, all. Only to sail her home; no

more."

"No more, eh? Ye are a cursed deep villain, but I'll touch the captain on it. Go get the grime from your face and look less like a toad. Had he seen you, 'twas no wender Thorndyke launched himself over the rail. What now, Scammell? Does the lad still live?"

to mley beyond vision and far below. It was canly by turning to the hole in the keel that I could guess the hour, nor was it long before the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it long beton the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it long become the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it long become the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it long become the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it long become the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had drawn near the total could guess the hour, nor was it was not apace. By the could guess the hour, nor was it long because the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness came on apace. By the sun had set and darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness came on apace. By the natural attraction of floating bodies, the boat had darkness

"He lives, indeed," was the answer, "but ! "He lives, indeed," was the answer, "but whether or no he will bide long I cannot say. He was better on deck than he is below. The cabin still stinks. I hope 'twill not be forever before the dector gets here. Was he drunk at mess? It is possible he can hold the lad's life long enough to allow him to speak; he does little now but moan." At this the two walked forward, and I heard nothing but the coarse voices of the marines as they sang out to one another or laughed uncouthly.

The knowledge that Ames still lived gave

The knowledge that Ames still lived gave The knowledge that Ames still lived gave me a quick sense of relief—a relief which fled on the instant as I thought of the probable future in store for him. My own position was infinitely better than his, even were he not suffering from a wound, and, as for his sister, after all was done, was she not better off than either? But was she dead? If not what could have been as the? his sister, after all was done, was she not better off than either? But was she dead? If not, what could have become of her? I had heard that the vessel had been searched without finding a trace of the third party to whom Belden had referred. On seeing all was lost, was it possible that she had thrown herself overboard that she might not witness her brother's tragic end? It was like her. It would have been an act showing ber strength of character, as well as the weakness of her sex; a natural recoil from physical and mental suffering without a purpose; a heroic self-sacrifice. It were as well she had not suffered captivity and long-drawn misery. With her brother at death's door, or perhaps saved to die by military law; her property confiscated, withcut a home or relatives and at the mercy of Clinton's heartless mistress, life would have held no more for her than the doubtful benefit of mere existence in confinement for an efit of mere existence in confinement for an

fit of mere existence in confinement for an indefinite period.

And yet was my reason against the idea of her self-destruction. There was mystery in her disappearance, but its solution lay not in that. The attacking party had boarded us from either side, yet not an eye had seen her cast herself into the sea. There was more than this to make me doubtful. For her brother's sake she had sacrificed herself before Clinton, yet on my hand was placed fore Clinton, yet on my hand was placed her last kiss. Had she left the world thus, without a word to him, without a warning to me? It was unnatural, unholy; it was mon-strous to think of, and yet— The possible solution of the riddle as it drove into my train had scarce time to find lodgment before it was put to flight by the voice of Bel-den, which seemed to come from directly overhead, his words showing that the con-tinuance of my present safety was not as-

tinuance of my present safety was not assured.

"Think you that dingy could be hauled aboard and repaired? "Twas a neat shot, and the ball seems to have cleft her like a lenife."

"So it looks," came an answer, "but I'll warrant you'll find her full of fissures. The work will barely repay the trouble. Better cut her adrift. If wind comes, the wreck will drag like a sea anchor. You might give attention to the quarter boat yonder, and get the hatch aboard."

"The hatch, yes," Belden returned; "but the boat is stove badly. Curses on the rebel;



given to a sailor, for presently I heard the splash of the severed line. At the same noment a boat swept by, and from the few words I could gather I guessed the Irish sur-

words I could gather I guessed the Irish surgeon had arrived and gone aboard.

After that more boats passed and repassed as time dragged on, and finally the bulk of the vessel's captors returned to their own schooner, for, saving now and then the sound of a single man tramping the deal, the stillness was unbridged. dcck, the stillness was unbroken.

It was with mighty satisfaction that I had It was with mighty satisfaction that I had heard the final order to cut the tie binding my refuge to the schooner. I gave no thought to what might come of my being adrift on the broad ocean. Beyond each moment as it came and went I seemed to have no interest. The future was blank have no interest. The future was blank, nor need I consider it so long as the wind beld qif, for in the calm the dingy and schooner would not part company, and until darkness fell I would be compelled to remain in my present pinched quarters.

Hooded as I was, up to the present my hearing had been my only sense brought into some property with the departure of the last best.

hearing had been my only sense brought into play, but with the departure of the last boat load of men I used my eyes for the first time. The interior of the shelter under which I hung was lighted almost entirely from be-low, and a delicate greenish-blue tint played ever the planks and ribs of the wreek. Shielded from direct light everbead the ever the planks and ribs of the wreek. Shielded from direct light overhead, the shell gave all the effects of a water telescope, for, on turning my eyes downward, my sight pierced the ocean for fathom after lathom, the color of the depths growing from the most tender blue to a clear and then dark green, showing me that the bottom lay beyond vision and far below. It was called by turning to the hole in the keel that

"Well, by the powers, I suppose I must obey orders. If the boy is moved, he dica-that's flat—an' by me soul, he may go, spite o' me skill! I must bide here the night must I? Ay, well; send aboard a couple o' must !? Ay, well; send aboard a couple o' bottles, Belden, or, by the piper, I'll mutiny. Why should a dirty rebel be worth morthan our men? Is Scammell to bide with

'No," answered Belden; "he's sent for by "No," answered Belden; "he's sent for by the captain. I'll fix the liquor, McCary. Now, Mr. Lounsbury, you have heard your instructions. Follow us as soon as the wind rises; you will have it ere long—the glass has fallen. We will stand near you. Are you ready, Scammell?"

There was suppressed conversation after this, and then another boat put away. In perhaps an hour it returned and was hoisted to the davits and then again there was

cd to the davits, and then again there was silence—a deep, brooding silence, such as is only known in a night calm on the sea. As I have said, I had given no thought to

As I have said, I had given no thought to the future or what consequence my present situation might entail should the schooner follow her captor. But as the darkness deepened and a chill due to my protracted submersion struck to my bones, I realized that, except for having put myself beyond the sight of my enemies, I had accomplished nothing. True it was that I might have laid a course ere this, for I had hung unmolested for a number of hours: but, instead of turna course ere this, for I had hung unmolested for a number of hours; but, instead of turning to my own interests, I had let my brain play over the mystery of the disappearance of Miss King. What this portended I had failed to dwell upon. Knowing that for myself there remained nothing to do but stay where I was until chance should open a way for me to gain the shore or mischance deliver me a prisoner or send me to the bottom, I had racked my fancy for a solution of the one question regarding the lady. tion of the one question regarding the lady As a reward for this constant effort, I had hit upon what I thought to be the correct answer to the puzzle, but to verify it had been thus far beyond possibility. Now the darkness, the warning chill, and my general uncertainty brought me up with a turn, and I gave attention solely to my own

Further than that I must leave my shell Further than that I must leave my shelter and gain the schooner, I could not proceed in laying my line of action. To use the wreck as a support and push the unvanageable thing for an uncertain number of miles to the Long Island coast would result, in my present condition, in collapse and death. It did not take me long to determine that my cally hope lay in the care. and death. It did not take me long to de-termine that my only hope lay in the near-by-schooner; a forlorn hope at best, for the at-tempt to board her would immediately place my life in jeopardy. Nor would I have turned a thought to her had I not over-heard that she would be manned by Louns-bury and three hands only. This handful of men (the doctor counting as nothing in or my eyes), the calm, and the probable total lack of discipline which would follow the transfer of the sailors from a vessel of war to a half-dismantled prize under unofficial command, might allow me to gain foothold on deck. Ay, I thought, by some possibility I may reclaim my loss and become master of the situation, only let me fairly see the

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

YANKEE ADVERTISING DODGE.

An Instance in Which a Shrewd Hus tler Makes a Good Clean-Up with Cheap Cigars.

An ex-collector of customs relates this as among his experiences: "Some years ago and shortly prior to the holidays a man came into the office and said that he wanted to talk with me personally. He looked like an unso phisticated fellow who had come in from the country to try his hand at business, though he had sharp features and a nasal twang. "'Mister,' he began when we were

alone, 'I'm in a kind of a snarl and I've come to you because I want to do the square thing. I had a nice lot of Havaney cigars shipped to Windsor, thinkin' I could do a stroke sellin''em here in Detroit. I had a man there to take care of 'em till I come on, but he, not knowin' nothin' about the law packs them eigars in a boat an' brings em over here without pavin' no duty I reckon it was smugglin', but he's honest as the sun and I hurried right here soon's I heerd of what he'd done Here's a sample of them cigars,' as he held out a box, 'and I want to say right here that I never had a more de-licious smoke.' He took me to the little room he had rented and showed me hundreds of boxes on which he had paid the duty, and I let the matter drop. It got into the papers, even to my verdict as to the quality of the

"Then my honest Yankee made a pecial Christmas sale, patronized chiefly by ladies who did not care so much about price as they did about the credit of having once selected good goods. He was closed out in no time and disappeared. There was a rank odor in the local atmosphere that Christmas. The cigars were cheap Connecticut fillers and cheaper Penn-sylvania wrappers. The cigar he gave me was a 'ringer.' Uncle Sam got me was a 'ringer.' Uncle Sam got money that did not belong to him, but it was an advertising scheme out of which the Yankee made a fat thing. -Detroit Journal.

The Woman of It.

Postal Clerk—This letter is over-weight, ma'am. You'll have to put another stamp on it.
Woman-I think the government is

just too mean for anything. I know I've mailed hundreds of letters that weren't anywhere near full weight, so I think the least you can do is to let this one go through .- Judge.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

Newlywed (complacently)—Oh! of course, all women have sharp tongues; 'every rose has its thorn," you know. Oletimer (dryly)-And have you no ticed, yet, how a rose will fade, but a

Strategy.

thorn won't?-Puck.

"Why is it that you get down to the office so early now?"
"My wife's doing her own cooking, and I have to make her believe that I wait for breakfast."-Chicago

She Talked.

"He said you were a bird."
"Deally?" sne exclaimed, delighted.
"Yos—a parrot."—Chicago Post.

TO CHECK SENILITY.

Dr. Metchnikoff Claims to Have Dis covered a Serum by Which Death May Be Warded off.

Dr. Metchnikoff's discovery of an alleged means of checking senility is still the subject of intense interest at Paris, although the authors are still trying to prevent the premature publication of the results of their searches. The distinguished physician, however, received a correspondent in his private laboratory in the Pasteur institute.

"At present," he said, "we are only in the theoretic stage, but the surprising success that has attended on experiments thus far gives hope that



DR. ELIE METCHIKOFF. (Reputed Inventor of a Serum That Checks Senility.)

we soon shall be far beyond mere the ory. Until the best serum for use to the end of strengthening and invigcrating the pobler cells of the human body is found, we shall be defenseless against old age, but this once discovered, the cells needing it are armed for the conflict with their destroying neighbors. Then death will become less terrible, for we can adjourn the final hour until the tired body calls for rest. The time assuredly will come when we shall be able to maintain for an indefinite period the equilibrium between the constructive and destructive forces of the body. I am not prepared to say that man ever will be able to live always. No one would want that. Some force apparently outside one's self, but really within, now commands that one should die. All of us will be glad of death at some time, just as we wish to

stop eating when we are satiated."

Dr. Mirey, the newly elected president of the Academy of Medicine, expresses regret that this so-called discovery has received such wide publoity thus early. "It has not yet come before any scientific body for examination," he says, "and until this happens scientific men will pay no attention to newspaper talk on the sub-

DUKE OF WESTMINSTER.

Determined to Remain in the Field, Although He Is Now the Richest Man in Great Britain.

The new duke of Westminster, who has just succeeded to his grandfather's titles and estates, is the richest man in England and bears one of the proudest names in the British peerage. But he is not too rich nor too proud to serve his country in war, and at this moment is an aide-de-camp on the staff of Sir Alfred Milner, the governor of the Cape

of Good Hope and its dependencies.

The duke, better known under his former country title of Viscount Belgrave, will come of age next March, should he not fall in the campaign. He is a second lieutenant of the Cheshire Yeomanry cavalry. The romantic interest aroused by the determination of the young duke to remain in the field in South Africa, is increased by a re-



(Said to Be the Richest Man in the United Kingdom.)

cent discovery. It appears that the 600 acres in the heart of London, which constitute the chief wealth of the duke of Westminster came into the family as the result of a runaway love match made by an ancestor of the present duke In 1656 Sir Thomas Grosvenor fell in love with the pretty daughter of Ebury Manor, a house standing far without the city, and surrounded by five large pastures. This property became the dower of the bride and gradually London grew up around it. It lay idle, however, until the first part of this century, when the great-grandfather of the new duke conceived the idea of building up the estate with row after row of palatial houses.

Swords May Be Abolished.

The suggestion of substituting a Martini-Metford carbine for the sword an officer usually carries is being large ly discussed in military circles. The ob jection against the sword is that, when marching through hilly country, it hampers an officer's movements in ge: ting over rough ground, while a car-bine could be used as a walking-stick, thus being a great help and support.

A Miss is As Good as a Mile."

If you are not entirely well, you are. Illness does not mean death's door. It is a sense of weariness, a "tired feeling," a life filled with nameless pains and suffering. In 90% of cases the blood is to blame. Hood's Sarsa-parilla is Nature's corrective for dis-orders of the blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla Never Disappoints

A New Method.

The public schools of a certain New England city have recently taken to an exacting form of art. The pupils are placed before a model and told to sketch as they see. One day a little girl was seated on a chair on the platform, and her classmates were given the usual order. The results varied. Some of the drawings looked like a human being in a state of repose, others like wooden dolls. But one little girl had drawn the chair and a tiny figure standing in front of it. "Mary," said the discouraged teacher, "didn't I say: 'Draw Amelia as you saw her?" "Yes'm."

"Yes'm."
"Well, is she standing in front of the

chair?"
"No'm. She's sitting in it."
"Then why didn't you draw her sitting?"
Tears came into the child's eyes. She was

misunderstood,
"But I hadn't got to it," she said. "I was
just going to bend her down when you rang
the bell."—Youth's Companion. It isn't so easy to collect as to recollect what men owe you.—Chicago Dispatch.



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