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"considerably above the average for a beginner. It is commonplace, however; too much so to publish. But it will never do to refuse it, for if I do she will be mortally offended, no doubt, and I will not see her again. I must

"I thought all editors were old and cross," Elnine observed to Miss Wilson, her "dearest friend," that evening. "Well, aren't they?" asked Miss Wil-

"No, I took that poem on 'Spring to the editor of the Monthly Messenger to-day, and he's a young man, and as nice as he can be. He seemed very much interested while I read the poem to him, and said it was ever so pretty. He asked me to call again, too, and said I seemed to possess tal-

"Perhaps he was more interested in you than in your poem," Miss Wilson agely remarked. "It's lucky you took

"Why, what an idea," said Elaine,

When she went again to the office of the Monthly Messenger, a few days later, the editor greeted her with a

"I have accepted your poem, Miss Gray," he said. "You write well for a

"Thank you," she said, gratefully. "I am very much encouraged."

"But I warn you," he continued, "that to succeed as an author requires a great deal of hard work and much perseverance, and even those who have become celebrated in letters often question if their success is worth what

"Oh, I never expect to become famous," said Elaine, innocently. "I will just write a little occasionally for the pleasure of writing."

"By the way," said Mr. Winthrop, hoping to divert her newly-awakened literary energies into another channel. "can you not contribute to our 'Household' or 'Fancy-Work' departments,

"Well, perhaps," she said with some Mamma Hatters me D saying I am something of a housekeeper, and I might give you my recipe for making the erullers that mana appreciates so highly. And then I am doing a little fancy work, and if you care to have me I can tell you about it." "Exactly what we want, Miss Gray, and I should like to have you contrib ute each month. I am sure your cooking receipts will appeal to the popular taste. "But these subjects are so humdrum and prosy, Mr. Winthrop." "True, but this is a humdrum world, Miss Gray. Where there is one who will read a poem there are ten who will read a receipt for making crullers." "But I prefer the appreciation of the one who reads the poem to that of the ten who read the receipt." "If the receipt is a good one the crullers will be appreciated, even if the author is not, and, besides, they muy furnish inspiration for a poem from some grateful epicure." "Your arguments are unanswerable," said Miss Gray, laughing. "The cruliers win the day. Each month after this Elaine contributed to the Monthly Messenger a few directions for fancy work or one or two of her choice cooking receipts--for she was, thanks to her wise mother's toition, an eminently practical young lady, and well-skilled in all that goes to make a woman's education com-As for Mr. Winthrop, the girl, so sweet and womanly, grew very dear indeed to him, and became the bright center around which revolved all his hopes and ambitions. Love with Howard Winthrop was no light matter. As the ocean is stirred by a tempest, so his nature was moved to its profound depths by his love for Elaine. It was May. A little party had exchanged for a few days the gray city for the sweet, green country, and among them were Mr. Winthrop and "It makes me feel like writing spring poetry," said the girl, as the two were strolling over the verdant meadows. "By the way, Mr. Winthrop, you never published that poem I gave you a year ago. I don't believe you intended to" -this last with a charming pout. "No, I reserved it for a better fate," was the grave reply. "And what is that, pray?" she asked. "It is this," he said, taking from an inner pocket the crumpled manuscript. "I have carried it near my heart." She blushed, but turned the subject aside with a laugh. "Why couldn't you publish this, and keep the receipt for crullers, if you desired to-to honor me in that way?" "Because it was through this I came to know you," he said, in a voice that made her suddenly serious. She had taken the manuscript, and some penciled lines on the back attracted her attention. She read this: "The woods and fields from sleep have sprung, Awakened by the son's warm kiss: The birds a song of love have sung-For mature's mating time is this From marth below to heaven above All holds a message sweet to me,

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"Here! Chnek it over if it's presentis title. As consider is not remained work We supply you with all that is readed. It will able," cried Barrington. cost you nothing to try the business. Any me Perry skinned the photograph can do the work. Beginners make meany in-a-

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sin, Constipation,

CHEAPER

1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1.1

across the room to the captain, who the start. Eathers is miknown with our workers. stooped, picked it up, glanced at it, and them sat suddenly down with the ex-Every hour you labor you can easily make a deilar. clumation which seemed to have been No one who is willing to work talls to units more wrung from him by a turn of the rack. noisy every doy than can be made to three days "MY God!" at any ordinary cansily most. Send for free book "What what's the matter? Are you comparison the fullest information. ill?" eriot Perry, starting up and hor-H. MALLETT & CO.,

rying across the room to Barrington, a no for a moment made no answer. Presently he forced himself to look trein at the photograph, when he again grouned and gasped hoarsely: "Where-?" "Where?" echoed Perry in perplexity.

"Where did you take this?" cried the aptain, with a sudden fierceness which nucle Perry recoil a step. "1-4 took it somewhere in Ireland.

Where the deucedid I take it now? Oh, o be sure! It was near Inchichree. There was a sudden shower, and I ran for sholter to a ruined castle and was mly stopped at the entrance by the sight of dimset we spooning together. Just then the sun burst out again, and, as they were too much taken up with each other to notice me, I could not resist taking a snap shot at them with my kodak."

"It was a gentlemanly thing to do, Mr. Perry," the captain said, in a keen and cool tone, with a surprising recov-

ery of his self-command. "What do you mean?" stuttered Perry, blushing scarlet. "if you were capable of understand-

ing my meaning you would be incapable of this," he cried, in a tone that cut like a whip-lash, pointing to the photograph.

DR.SANFORDS Then, with a withering look at the two foolish lads, he stole from the room.

Perry turned an inquiring look of perplexity to Colthurst, who promptly answered it.

"You've been and gone and done it now, my boy, and no mistake! It's the girl he's engaged to. 'Inchichree castle' or 'house' is her address, for Eve-INVIGORATOR posted letters to her for him more than

"Good heavens!" cried Perry, aghast. "But, hang it all!" he added, "He's well out of it. An engaged girl, like that, who would sit on another fellow's knee, with her arm round his neel, and her check against his, is better found

out before marriage than after." This also was the concoling conclusion the captain tried to persuade himself that he had calmly come to: but his wild, mad love for Kitty Power

cried aloud against it. If only he had not known! If only he had been allowed to live in his citysian illusiona fool's paradise-but such a paradise! But no. He was driven out from it with this flaming sword which pierced and burned and seared his very soul.

As he paced his own room to and fro he had again and again tried to force himself to look at the photograph once more and make assurance double sure; but he could not for a long time. When he did at last look at it, he struck

it savagely with his clenched fist and cried:

"Hy ----! He'll answer this to me!" And for some time he really did cherish the absurd hope of a duel with his rival in Belgium-a hope which, like a lightning conductor, diverted his fury from Kitty-but soon, seeing its foolishness, he was again torn and tortured with thoughts only of her. How he loved and hated her! Worshiped and scorned her! Her? Whom

should he justly scorn? flimself-him-self alone! Had he not been warned

get it: it's the most I can hope for," she aid, with an aching desolution in hervoice which mp is her mother press her almost passionately to her bosom. But, though poor Kitty would not allow her mother to discuss the letter or its writer, or the motive of its writing. with an inconsistency that girls will understand, she permitted, even perups encouraged, her dearest friend. Miss Bell Herbert, to discuss the whole

or have it spoken of. Let me try to for-

illa'r exhau dively. "It's the nunt, of course; and it's Mr. tolleston, of course; but nothing you could do or she could say justifies such a letter. I should dearly like to give him a little lesson with this," switching her riding-waip vielously in the air. Need I say that a little of this vigorous virago talk of physical vengeance upon the recreast had a reactionary of-

fect on Kitty? Her love was deadmurdered, as she thought -but she revereneed, so to say, the body of the lead, and could not endure its desceraion by such talk. As Reil had the tast to perceive this the went at once upon the opposit tack of trying to imagine an adequate

provocation for such a letter. She cross-examined Kitty upon all flictations with Mr. Rolleston without finding anything which anyone could candidly consider disloyalty to her en-

gagement. "But there's no knowing what she'd think improper," she wound up-"she" being Mrs. Lyncourt, the captain's aunt. "Some of these prim Englishwomen are like Ned's wooden soldiers -so stiff that anything which pushes them out of the perpendicular by a hair's breadth sends them over altogether."

Having done something by her sympathy at least, if not by her comments and her counsel, to comfort poor Kitty's harrowed heart, Bell had to quit her to ride home, where there happened to be argent need of her presence at lunch Just as she was in the act of mount-

ing her mare unaided, and for this purpose had gathered up her habit with one hand, she caught sight of the recreast captain standing staring at her as though turned to stone. He had no sooner posted his letter to

Kitty than he repented of its brutality and hurried after it or rather with it in the limited mail to Ireland. It intense love coming upon him with a rush swept everything before it,

so that in this mood and for the moment he would believe nothing-not that infernal photograph, not his own very eyes-against Kitty's truth and modesty. Ecil, though she had no idea that

this was the captain (whom she had never seen), was arrested by the stupefaction expressed in the face of this man who stared at her as at the ghost of some one he had murdered Presently he took out a photograph

and compared it with her face and figure-not forgetting her riding trousers! "I beg your pardon," he stammered, "but is this you?" Yes, it was Bell sure enough, with

Kitty sitting on her trousered knees, in riding she had overtaken Kitty and been overtaken by a shower. Leaving her horse with hac groom, she scampered across with Kitty to the

castle for shelter, and as there was only one sheltered sent available she took Kitty on her knee. Kitty had occuited all her person but her trousered legs and her close-cropped RICHARD ASHE KING. head.

Plenty to Do.

at length, by four o'clock in the afternoon, I had discovered a delightful bracken-covered dell by the dry bed of a brook in Richmond park, where, but for the distant shouts of the gay and h'l ss cyclist, nothing disturbed the

thought it would be presemptions to talk of imarriage to you, even had I felt hopeful of galning your love. I will not venture into your presence again until I have beard from you pastoral beauty of the scene. Only, I entreat of you, for the sale of our de-lightful friendship, if I have made a mistake, Here I stretched myself out, with my arms under my head and my hat tilted and it is some one clse whom you love, not to write to tell me what a fool I have been. I shall over my eyes, and fell to dreaming inderstand and respect your science and and to wondering when, if ever I, a much as I may suffer, I will not intrude upon bank clerk at two hundred a year. "Always, my dear Miss Engrington, what should so distinguish myself by the literary efforts which wholly occupied rou wish me to be-your sincere friend or your you wish me to dever, most devoted adorer, "Envisy Wyyren"

all my spare time as to be wholly independent of the bank, except as a place I suppose other men have watched for the postman before now, but surely no of safety for my superfluous thousands. If only I could write a brilliant tovel man ever waited upon his footsteps as -the novel of the season! But Ameri-I did for three whole weeks. an authors had declared that the stories of the world have all been told, have gone on hoping, but for the sect and the serial papers preferred rothat, meeting Ella and her sisters in mances written by young indics as the street, her manner toward me left being more sentimental and soothing, no doubt as to her decision, for, whereas

and the libraries would have nothing the younger members of the family to do with the work of an unknown were as friendly as ever. Ella's manner man, andwas chilling to a degree. She would A feminine shrick broke in upon my not even look at me, nor would she despondent musings, and the idea of a shake hands when we parted. lovely woman in distress brought me I own I was thoroughly miserable,

to my feet and developed a faculty for caustic She was lovely; of that there was no epigrams at the expense of the sex in possible doubt. Tall and slender, with general, writing several stories, entitled respectively, "Jilted," "No Heart," light brown hair and big appealing, lark blue eyes, eyelashes curling up-"A Coquette's Conquest," etc.

wards and a red mouth drooping downwards dolefully. She was angry, flushed and frightened, as was a small, stumpy gir', evidently her maid, who accompanied her. She clasped her gloved hands implor-

move any further.

over the dog's leg, and one of her tears

plashed on to the back of my hand.

Elia blushed, laughed and apologized.

I never saw a lovelier blush or heard a

Seeing that the beast was resolved

not to walk, I carried him. He was a

tremendous weight, and fidgeted

abominably. But with Ella beside me,

and her sweet, white hand, from which

she had withdrawn the glove, con-

stantly stroking the brute's neck, I trod

on enchanted ground. The maid

deal, but, as she constantly dragged be-

did not in any way hamper us.

sweeter laugh in my life.

'Ella !

"It is quite an uncercanonious ocingly, and looked at me with tears in casion. And, to tell you the truth, I her eves. "My dog!" she panted. "My dog. shall be glad of a stranger's presence Bull! Pray save him. Some 'Arries to control the family weeping. My are murdering him!" Ella leaves us to-morrow, as I suppose

Then she ran through the bracken you know, upon her marriage with my and I ran after her to the spot where friend Sir John Westbury, the future lord mayor of London." five little east-end roughs and a villainous mongrel with one ear bitten No, I did not know, and I could have

gone home and blown my brains out. through were wreaking veng ance upon a white bull terrier. But instead, I went to dinner with him, My six feet of authority, armed with feeling that 1 must see Ella for the last a stout stick, speedily dispersed the dog's assailants. They retreated in con-

She was looking very lovely, but extremely pale, and her red-rimmed eyes fusion, employing language so bad as seemed to dwell on me reproachfully, 1 to be fortunately unintelligible to my damsel in distress, who was by this could not congratulate her, the words stuck in my throat. Sir John Westtime kneeling beside her precious dog. hugging him effusively and trying to bury was there, a handsome, wellmannered man, who hardly looked his wipe away the blood from an injured fifty years of age.

After dinner, Ella stole out to take a The dog really had been a good deal long farewell to her precious "Bull." knocked about, although I have no Sir John objected to dogs on a honeydoubt he richly deserved it; he now, moon trip, and she feared she would be feeling himself an object of sympathettoo nervous to attend to him in the ic interest, sat down and refused to morning.

meant to keeps secret-that ever since I first

madly in love with you that I can think of

not exceed two hundred and fifty a year I have

Even at the end of that time I should

Then, one dreary November day, I

met Mr. Barrington in the streets of

Richmond. He was unusually genial,

and insisted upon my coming home to

"Never mind about dress," he suid.

dinner with him.

othing else. But as my catire income

met you, three months also. I have been

I knew something about dogs, and Suddenly, as Sir John and Mr. Barrington and brother Bob and I sat over specially bound up his paw with my our wine and smoke, the dining-room own handkerehief and that of his door burst open, and Ella flew in, in mistress, which was simply marked tremendous excitement, laughing and erving hysterically. Our faces were very close together

In her hand she held aloft some dirty, crumpled pieces of paper, and at her heels was "Bull."

"Mr. Wynter! Ernest!" she cried. "This letter. Is it from you? When did you write it? When did you send it? Bull must have taken it from the hall table and buried it! It is dated a month ago, and I have only just found it in the ground in front of his kennel. Oh, please explain to papa and Sir John! ] can't. I-I thought you didn't care about me, and that is why I was going to marry him!"

brought up the rear, giggling a good All this happened three years ago. hind to stare at soldiers, her presence Bertha is lady mayoress this year, and Ella Barrington is Ella Wynter, the The accident took place near the idol of my heart. And installed in a White Lodge, and we had to pass out | palatial kennel in the garden of our He had just returned from a more or by the Star and Garter gates. Long be- pretty home is my white, my only, "Will you let

editorial sanctum of the Monthly Messenger with fear and trembling. A young man seated at a desk looked up and stuiled approxiatively-for Elaine was sweet and winsome and her confusion made her positively charming. "Can I see the editor?" asked the girl, trying unsuccessfully to seem un-

concerned, as if such visits were of daily occurrence. "I am the editor, at your service."

said the young man, politely. "Pray be seated." "You!" she exclaimed, then checked

herself, and said, with flaming checks: "You see, I had surposed that editors were all old and wore spectacies. I don't know what gave me such a ridiculous idea, I'm sure."

"We sometimes find our preconceived notions are wrong," said Mr. Horace Winthrop, "When I was a boy I thought that a bald head and a wart on the nose were the distinguishing characteristics of all doctors, because he only one I happened to know had

They both laughed, and Elaine was at her ease again.

"Do you accept poetry from an unknown author?" she asked.

"Very seldom," said the editor. "We receive so much verse from authors of established reputation that only by reason of especial merit can we accept contributions from unknown authors. I am always willing to read and pasjudgment upon manuscripts, however." "I have a poem here which I would like to read to you." said the girl, producing her manuscript, "You see, it is a spring poem"-this last haif apologetically-"and I suppose you get plenty of those. I wrote it while visiting in the country last spring, when I was so enthused with the clurm of the place and the season that I feit I must offer some tribute-and only verse was in harmony with my feelings. I read this to a friend the other day, and she advised me to bring it to you. It probably doesn't amount to much, for it is

so difficult to write poetry! If I could only express myself as I desire!" "That is a difficult art indeed," said Mr. Winthrop. "I suppose all poets have found their finer conceptions too subtle to transcribe in black and white. They are like the evanescent charm of a beautiful sunset-glorious to behold, but hard to describe and soon gone.

Will you read your poem?" Elaine read, in a voice that to Mr. Winthrop seemed very sweet, the following:

" All day the sunshine, clear and soft. Has burn shed earth with golden sheen; All day the baimy breezes waft weet promises from land of groun; All day his come the rapturous voice Of tuneful birds from every tree. "Tis spring-all nature doth rejoice-And why not we?

" All day the distant mist-wreathed hills Cave taken yet a greener hust All day the placid lake reveals cionilless heaven's cerulean blue; All duy the brook its joy has fold. While hastening to the distant sea. The world forgets that it is old-And why not we?

"All day from youder grassy plain Has come the lowing of the herd; And softly falls the low refrain Of insort, los and tuneful bird. Oh, why should mus alone be sad? All shows its happiness but he. The world is hright—creation's glad— And why not we<sup>20</sup>

During the reading of the poem Mr. Winthrop, it is but true to say, paid little attention to the literary merit of the production-he was too busily engaged in studying the living, breathing poem before him for that. "It is very pretty indeed," he said.

e it with me? I should living?"

And speak in accents not of love-So why not we?" With crimson face she returned the paper to him. He took the unresisting h and in both of his own, and held it

tightly. "That verse on the back, Elaine," he said, tenderly, "I wrote with you in mind. I have loved you since the day you brought me the poem. Will you give me your own sweet self to brighten my life and make it worth

<ul> <li>In each Droken straker, Ner- bran, Urinny or Liver Diseases, it is in a second second second second removed and poissons the blood, and removed year annot have Ioaith, but the years ago of Bright's Disease - Mrs 1 L. C. Minison, Schlehem, the states similar testimonials. Try commission is kidney Care Co. The Ventum server, Philadelphin, Pa. Schlehelming and Schlehem, 421,98</li> </ul>	MEN BESTOP Discharges & Emissions STOP Discharges & Emissions CITRE Spermatarrhas, Tarloacelo and RESTORE Lest Vigor. Let fl and Fay if satisfied. Atless. VON MOHL CO Sole American Agents, Clarianati, Ohlo. Sales SMEN WANTED	again and again and again that the girl was a flirt? Did not his aunt no later than last week complain to him in a long letter of her conduct with a Mr. dolleston—this very man probably? Knowing his amu's English and old- maidish profery he had been impatient of her wooden warnings—assured that she had misconstrued the innocent gruety and guileless abandonment and	left his wife and daughters. Meeting one of his friends on the street, he ex- changed greetings, and casually ob- served that he had that morning got back from S— "How is it up there?" asked the friend. "First rate," was the reply. "Much to do there?"		Maximilian's Ruse. Apropos of the recent train robberies an old story told on Maximilian is re- called: When Maximilian was emperor of Mexico he broke up train robberies by a trick. He disguised three hun- dred soldiers as peasant women and placed them on a train. A gaug of	like to read it carefully." "Certainly," said Elaine, rising to go. As the editor opened the door for her, he said: "I hope you will call again, Miss ——" "Gray," she said. "—— Miss Gray, and submit any con- tributions you may have. You seem to possess talent." She marmured her thanks, gave him	She spoke not a word, but only leaned her head against his shoulder— and he was satisfied.— Walter Hall Jewett, in Chicago Graphic. Wonderfol Mechanical Kittens. A most wonderful mechanical toy has been on private exhibition in Paris late- ly and it is understood that efforts are to be made to secure the enriosity or curiosities for the Chicago exposition.
tory Fire Insurance Agency	the best v ricties, old and new, replace all stock that dies, and guarantee ratisfaction. Highest salar or commission paid from the start. Write	the wistful winsomeness of an Irish girl through putting upon them a matter-	"Not for me; but my wife and daugh- ters are kept pretty busy." "What doing? Driving?"	"Barrington's Starch" lived in a brand new stuceo palace he had built for himself, near Richmond Hill and,	bandits stopped the engine, when the three hundred disguised soldiers rose and fired a valley that killed one hun-	her sweetest smile and tripped out, very happy.	This remarkable piece of mechanism consists of seven life-sized kittens, cov-
T. W. DICK,	for terms H. E. slooker Co., Nurserymen, Rochester, N. Y.	of-fact English interpretation. But "flirt" was a mild name indeed	"Oh no; dressing for meals."-Har- per's Magazine,	athough he was not exactly a "Perkyn Middlewick," I could never understand	dred robbers. After that the trains were not molested.	"I'y Jove!" was the editor's mental ""l'amation when she had gone, "that's	ered with real skin, but with eyes of emeralds set in white enamel. Each
eral Irsurance Agent	Established 1835. Incorporated 1883.	to give a girl who, while writing nimest daily letters to her betrothed.	Practical Philan	how he could be the father of so re- fined and lovely and fairy like a being	Mongelian Finery. The wealth and station of a Mon-	a pretty girl. Why didn't I think to take her address? She may not call	kitten is provided with some musical instrument, such as a flute, a zither, a
EBENSBURG, PA.	W pushing and bright to represent the Font- hill Nurveries of Canada, the largest in the Do-	alive and alight with seemingly the most artless love, could sit upon an-	The queen of Italy, having a desire to improve the condition of the sub- merged teach in the southern king-	as Ella. Before the gates of Barrington hall,	golian are told by the number and ele- gance of the gowns which he carries	again. I guess she will, though, for she seems to have the literary fever in	violin, a drum, a harp, a cornet, an ac- cordion, all perfectly harmonized.
N1FO Enclude men to sell our shades and leastly Namery Stock, and Seed Po- Ull and complete line. Many varieties y he abained through us. Commission er baid weekly and promptir. Ecclus a due of network given. Don't delay it dres his ferme. ALLEN NURSERY Co., 26, 201.	BONANZA to AGENTS SAMPLES FREE BONANZA to AGENTS Soft Science With an and a second state of the second seco	other man's knee (not a brother's, for she had none) with her arm round his neck, her check nestled against his, and her hand smoothing the hair from his for head. It was at this freuzied point of his meditations that the captain sat down	dom, is setting about the business in a practical way. That is to say, she is attempting to reform the ragged little children of the gatter. They are to be rescued from the streets and taught	as he called his brick and mortar mon- strosity, we paused. We were f. iends, dear old friends, by this time. I knew that she was nineteen, and that she loved nothing in the world so much as her bull terrier pup, except her father	on his back. Some Chinese are known to wear no less than eighteen heavily embroidered coats on state occasions, and to have so the state occasions,	a mild form. Let's see-I didn't pay much attention to her poem-too busy observing the color of her eyes. Some- thing about spring-like most of the rest of them." He read it critically. "Not so bad," was his comment;	With these the kittens play the most difficult pieces of music, operas and such. The mechanism is similar to that of a common music box, and the whole apparatus, kittens, etc., is valued at about twenty thousand frames. The curiosity is even reported to be insured

for twelve thousand francs.