The waiter ostentatiously placed the

small bill before her.
"One and a penny, please, Miss." Raymond Hillyard, handsome and distinguished looking, sitting opposite, glanced up with assumed lazy indif-

ference and resumed eating.

The waiter was busy whisking about his napkin, preparatory to being

"Some more coffee, please," said the girl, "I'll remain a little longer."

The man disappeared, shortly re-

turning with the order. She began to sip her coffee very slowly. Her table companion had am-

ple opportunity of studying her. What he saw was this:

A broad, smooth forehead, with dark hair clustering in rebellious curls around her temples; a pair of deep gray eyes, with long lashes; a short, straight nose; a dear little mouth, and a rather square jaw, which showed resolution and determination.

The hands, small, well kept and shapely, were devoid of rings.
"Let me see," he mused, "the hat cost one and sixpence three farthings. and is home trimmed, very neat, and suits her. The blouse was four and eleven off the peg, and the lace round the collar could be bought at any cheap milliner's for seven three far-

things the dozen." "Waiter, one omlette aux herbs," he said suddenly, to the man who hovered round like a phantom

He vanished like lightning. A few minutes later the preprietor strolled to the table, glanced suspectingly at the girl, coughed once or twice, then said "We shall be closing very soon, ma-

dam. Are you expecting a friend? "Yes," was the answer. "I won't wait much longer."

The waiter appeared again and added the coffee to the bill.
"Thank you," said the girl, "you

needn't stand here." The waiter withdrew. Hillyard smiled and began his omelette, which had been brought him.

"Pardon me, but I believe I am right in saying that you haven't got the money with which to pay your bill," put in Hillyard at last, in a low tone. "The manager, I fear, is of the

same opinion." For a moment her eyes flashed in-

dignantly; the mouth quivered.
"How dare you speak to me like that?" she said. "What do you take me for?" I take you for what you are-a

lady, he answered gently.

The answer flabbergasted her for a

moment. She could not meet his scrutinizing gaze.
"Pray allow me the favor of adding

your bill to mine, he continued calm-ly. "You must admit that you are in an awkward corner, and that your

friend is a myth."

The waiter, somewhat agitated, drew near again.

"Curacoa," he ordered sharply, and the gentleman with the napkin disappeared with remarkable celerity.

"Really," stammered the girl, "I-I

-don't know what you mean."
"I mean what I say," he answered firmly. "I will repeat it again if you wish. I don't believe you have the money with-

She motioned him to desist.

"Hush! hush! You have no right to say that. Don't, please don't.' Her earnest entreaty compelled him

to stop.

"You cannot deny that I am right?" he demanded, in a manner that plainly showed he would have a direct an-

Her face wert a deep crimson "Yes, you are right," she replied at length, but with a great effort. "It was very, very wrong, I know, but I was so-so hungry, and I thought that

"That it was possible you would meet with a good Samaritan," put in Hillyard, accurately divining her thoughts. "A very risky game to play. Suppose you had not met me-what

"But you see, I did meet you."

"Yet you seem very reluctant to allow me to add your bill to mine.'

The color flamed her cheeks again.
"It must be a loan." she declared,
mpantically. "I came in here in emphatically. desperation. You don't know what it is to be poor, and oh, so hun-

gry."
"Yes, I do," he answered quietly. "I am so sorry," she whispered tently. "I did not know. I had no

gently. "I did not know. I had not idea. I never thought—"
"Pray don't apologize," he interrupted, again assuming his lighter "If you are really sorry, you

vein. "If you are really sorry, you will pass me your bill."
"Believe me," she repide gratefully, handing him the flimsy bit of paper.
"I am truly grateful. Fortune has not been too kind to me of late."
"Nor to me," said Hillyard. "Dame

fortune is a fickle jade, and has to be treated accordingly. Woo her too much, she often turns and rends you. Treat her with indifference and she will veer round and fawn upon you,'

"She has, at any rate, been good to me tonight," said the girl. "Cne mo-I shall consider this bill a debt of honor. Where can I send you the amount? It—it is not too much,

Too much for you to pay now, though," he answered laughing He produced his card, which here his name and address. She put it

carefully in her purse.
"I will send you the amount tomorrow," she declared.

Hillyard smiled. To what address shall I write an

acknowledgment?" "Oh, Miss Delling, care of Malley's library, Westminster Bridge road," she replied hurriedly. "There will be really no occasion to reply," she hastened to add.

Hillyard made a careful note of the

The account was settled. As they quitted the shop the manager and smiled in a manner that baffles description.
"May I see you to your door?

asked Hillyard.

"No, I would rather you did not, thank you." "Then I insist on seeing you into s

"No, I really-"

"Come, I insist."

And before she could make further remonstrance he had hailed a hansom. He put her inside and handed e man two shillings.
"I have paid your fare. Where to?

"I will tell the cabman, thank you."
"Certainly," he said rather coldly.
"If that is your wish." He raised his

"Good night." "Thank you, oh, so much for your goodness. Good night." In another moment he had gone.

* * "Hillyard, congratulate me," Fairleigh, a handsome young fellow overflowing with good spirits, hurrying into his friend's comfortable cham

bers. "I'm engaged."
"I do congratulate you most heartily," returned Hillyard, warmly. "Who is the unfortunate lady?" he inquired smiling

"A Miss Cunningham, whom I met last summer at a friend's house. The best girl in the world, I assure you." "They are always that," answered

They are always that, answered Hillyard, quietly.

"Oh, you needn't be so beastly sarcastic," put in Fairleigh, "just because youv'e never been in love."

"How do you have the that?"

"How do you know that?" asked Hillyard. 'Because you are not a lady's man

at all.'

"No, perhaps not," said Hillyard. He was thinking of the girl whom he had met at the restaurant. Had he made such a bad impression on her? He knew she had made a great impression on him. In short, he had fallen in love at first sight.

"Here, let me show you her por ait," rattled on Fairleigh, taking trait." a small photo from his letter case There, isn't that a sweet face?"

"Very," declared Hillyard, but with a touch of bitterness, for he realized that all the sunshine had gone out of his life, for the face he gazed at was the face of the girl whom he had befriended.

"It is just like my ill-luck," he muttered. "What's that?" asked Fairleigh,

sharply. "Nothing, nothing. I hope you will

be very happy."
"I'm sure we shall. Ta-ta, old man I must be off now. I'll look in again

soon.' "No wonder she gave the name of belling," mused Hillyard bitterly. 'Delling,' He extracted a postal order from his pocket for one and five and a short

note, which ran:
"With Miss Delling's sincered thanks.

thanks."
"Perhaps," he thought, "I ought to
tell young Fairleigh. But no; it
would compromise the young lady.
Better leave it as it is. I may be wrong.

Then he settled down to write an article, and by the time he had posted it to his typist it was 9 o'clock, so he went to the restaurant where he had "Miss Delling."

Needless to say, he ate his meal in

isolation. Three months passed away. Hillyard was unable to find any trace of "Miss Delling." though he had visited Malley's library many times. Fair leigh had gone to the country pending coming marriage. Hillyard still kept his secret.

It was a strange fate that one day led him to visit his typist's to call for a manuscript which he especially wished for. But when "Miss Delling" came forward in answer to his inquiry Hillyard was completely taken aback
"You have certainly succeeded ad-

mirably in keeping out of my way, he stammered. "Allow me to congratulate you on your engagement to my friend Fairleigh, Miss Cunning-

The girl was visibly agitated.

trait.'

"How did you find out my name was Cunningham, and who told you I was engaged?" "My friend showed me your por-

"There is some mistake," she whispered, hurriedly. "Years ago my fa-ther left America for England, taking with him my twin sister, leaving me with my mother in America. My father died, and shortly after, my mother. My name is Cunningham and have been trying for months to find the whereabouts of my sister. None will ever know what a struggle I have had for existence. Can you help me learn whether your friend is engaged

to my sister?' "Believe me, I will do all I can," teturned Hillyard. "Give me three days. This is Tuesday. Will you meet me at the restaurant on Friday

evening at 7?" She smiled an assent.

They dined together on Friday—a happy pair. Fairleigh was indeed en gaged to Miss Cunningham's twin sister, and all the mystery was cleared

up.
"But why did you not give me your proper name?" asked Hillyard. "You—you see you were quite a shells.—stranger to me. I thought it was bet-

ter we should not meet again," she answered shyly.

"The Fates have thought otherwise," he said smiling. "Fate has brought us together again. This time you will have no hesitation in adding your bill to mine?'

There was a pause.
"Dearest," he whispered, ever so softly, "won't—won't you add your life to mine, for me to keep always; for better, for worse, till—" Their eyes met. It was enough.—

Penny Pictorial Magazine.

THE SNAKES' PARADISE.

On the Borongo Islands, in the Pay of

The Borongo Islands lie about half way between Calcutta and Rangoon. When the snakes die they go to the Borongos. That is their paradise; there they hold high carnival. I spent three years among them and know of these things. From the giant python down to the deadly karait they are all there, all the ophidians. Even the salt water snakes, that are all poisonous—they, too are there. Two Europeans had preceded me on the Borongos, so there was considerable natural history on tap when I arrived, and we rapidly acquired more. One can't live among snakes without studying them; they insist upon it. Each evening I killed an hour or

so of the monotony by walking up and down the path in front of the bungalow. A big cat was my usual com-panion. His method of introducing himself to my notice was generally abrupt. He would lie in wait and as I came along, spring out upon me, alighting against of my legs. At other times he would lie on his back in the path and claw at my feet as passed. One evening, just after turning into the path from the bungalow I felt something soft and yielding against my foot. Thinking it was "Billy," I gave the mass a gentle push.
As I shifted the something, I saw a
twisting gleam of white, not at all like the soft gray of Billy's fur. Of course I knew what that meant. Jumping back I brought my walking stick down on the twisting thing, and yelled for a light. The servants came running from the cookhouse with a lantern and I saw that I had laid out a most villainous daboia. One touch from the catlike fangs on my cotton

hosed instep and within an hour I

would have been dead. One of our party had occasion to visit a Mr. Savage, a half caste land-owner on the other side of the island. He went in a boat, and while the cool ies were bringing up his traps went up to the bungalow. He was sitting in a big chair on the veranda talk-ing to Savage, when he felt something drop from the leaf roof onto his shoul-der. Leisurely he started to rise to see what had fallen, when the other man cried out, "For God's sake don't move—keep perfectly still," Dunlop knew what that meant. Stealthily the old man took a Burmese dah (sword) from the wall and catlike crept toward the white man with the thing on his shoulder. Within striking distance he paused and raised the dah high in the air to cut the thing in two with one swift downward stroke. Then his nerve, rattled and tugged at for 60 years until it was weak, failed him, and the sword clattered from his numbed fingers to the floor. "My God, I can't do it," he whined in a broker voice and reeled back against the wall, where he stood staring with weak eyes

at the sahib and his burden. Dunlop neither moved nor spoke; his only safety lay in keeping perfectly still—motionless. It might be minutes, or a thousand years; they would have to wait till the boatmen came. What would happen then he could not say. He could feel the clinging, pulling thing on his right shoulder. There was an undulating pressure that told him the head of the snake was swaying back and forth just above his neck. Then the song of the Madrassi boatmen as they came swinging along with his luggage broke upon his ear. Those gin thickened voices, carolling the coarse refrain to the time of the measured trot, were angel voices. What would the muddle brained coolies do he wondered. If Emir Ally, his trust-ed servant, saw the tning, it might be well; he had nerve and judgment, even close to that of a sahib. Emir Ally was in the lead. When he came to the steps Savage jerked out an expression that called his attention to the tableau Gathering his loongy tight about his loins he slipped along the veranda like a shadow, grasped the fallen dah, and poising his black lithe body for a swift, strong stroke, brought the sword through the air with a swishing cut that laid a full grown cobra in two neat pieces almost at the feet of the man who had waited .- W. A. Fraser in the Canadian Magazine.

The Social Oyster.
Oysters are widely distributed throughout the world. Their chief habitats are in the United States and in France, with scattering colonies in England, Holland, and other places. But the whole number in other parts of the world is inconsiderable as com pared with that in the United States Maryland alone produces twice as many oysters as all the rest of the world put together. Oysters and poverty, Dickens says, go together, but it is not so in this country. Baltimore cans an immense number for both foreign and domestic consumption, the revenue from which is enormous. The Indians of the coast, before the discovery of America, used them in great quantities. Near the mouth of St John's river, Florida, there is a forest clad mound of over 50 feet in height, etending over many acres of ground, consisting entirely of old oyster-shells.—R. Meade Bache, in New Lip-



New York City.—Short jaunty jackets that extend only a few inches below the waist line, take a permanent place among the latest styles, and will



be much worn both en suite, with skirts to match, and as general utility wraps. The applied yoke is a marked feature and stamps the garment as being up-to-date at the same time that

it is generally becoming.

The smart May Manton model shown is made of zibeline in the new shade or garnet, but corduroy in dark blue, gray, brown and tan is exceedingly fashionable for walking, shopping and sleeves are ample and in bell shape. The front and neck edges are finished with double bands that are turned over to form the collar, but the lower edge and sleeves are simply faced.

To cut this kimona for a woman of medium size nine yards of material twenty-one inches wide, seven and a half yards twenty-seven inches wide. six and a quarter yards thirty-two inches wide or four and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide will be required, with three and an eighth yards for bands.

Popularity of the Pendant.

The pendant is so popular that it is to be found now on bracelets. Beau-

tiful silver bracelets, rather heavy and round, the silver representing a ser-pent, two heads of which meet. In the top of each of these heads is set one large or three smaller stones of some kind, precious or imitation, and a good-sized pendant hangs from the junction of the two.

Woman's Yoke Shirt Waist.

The shirt waist with a pointed yoke makes one of the notable features of autumn styles, and is shown in velveteen flannel, corduroy and similar materials. The May Manton model illustrated is made of the new, soft fin-ished corduroy in Napoleon blue, worn with a tie and belt of black satin and is singularly handsome and effective, the severe style suiting the material to a nicety. The original is made un-lined but lighter weight materials are more satisfactory when the fitted foundation is used.



WOMAN'S KIMONA

out-door sports, and all suiting mate cials are appropriate, while cheviot and covert cloth make satisfactory

jackets for general wear.

The backs fit snugly to the figure, being cut with side backs and underarm gores, but the fronts are loose fitting and include single darts only. The yoke is applied over the cloth, but can be omitted when preferred and the litsmall cut. The neck is finished with a the velvet facing is applied in novel manner, the edge being cut in the Van Dyck points that appear in the newest designs. The sleeves are in bell shape and flare becomingly over the hands. To cut this jacket for a woman of

medium size two and a half yards of material forty-four inches wide, or two and an eighth yards fifty inches wide will be required when yoke is used; two yards forty-four inches or one and three-quarter yards fifty inches wide when jacket is made plain.

Woman's Kimona.

The loose flowing kimona is a recog nized and deserved favorite of wom ankind. It is picturesque at the same time that it is comfortable, generally becoming at the same time that it is a negligee in every sense of the word. The May Manton original, from which the large drawing was made, is of white India wash silk, with figures of rich red and bands of plain silk to match, but Japanese crepe, simple cotton crepe, cashmere, flannel, flan nelette, cotton velour and fleece lined albatross are all equally appropriate, which is best depending upon the use to which the garment is to be put Silk and all fine materials are charm ing when it is to become a lounging robe worn in the boudoir or bedroom flannels and the like are better when it is to serve as a bath robe.

The yoke, cut without seam, fits

smoothly across the shoulders, but the main portion is arranged in gathers and joined to its lower edge. The will be required.

The yoke is cut with two points at the back, one at each front and is somewhat deeper than those of former years. The lower portion of the back is plain, the two box plaits being applied and stitched on each edge; but the fronts are arranged in three narrow box plaits each, which extend several inches below the yoke, then fall free and form folds. The sleeves are tle coat left plain, as shown in the in shirt style with narrow cuffs that are buttoned over. The neck is finregulation coat collar and lapels, but shed with a regulation stock; the buttons are oxydized metal showing raised heads, but plain gilt or pearl are equally correct.

To make this shirt waist for a woman of medium size three and seveneight yards of material twenty inches wide, three and three-quarter yards



YOKE SHIRT WAIST.

twenty-seven inches wide, three yards

Horses vs. Passes

A railway director, who can take a joke as well as he can give one, is the good-natured subject of the following

One of the employes of the road made application to him for a pass, in order that he might go home to visit his family.

"You are in our employ?" asked the director.

"Yes, sir." "And you receive your pay regular-

ly?" "I do." "Well, let us suppose that you were

working for a farmer. Would you expect your employer to take out his horses every Saturday night and drive you home? "No, sir," answered the man, with-

out a moment's hesitation. "I should hardly expect him to do that; but if the farmer had his horses out and was going my way, I should think he was a pretty mean man if he refused to give me a lift."

And the more the director thought of it, the more it seemed to him that his question had been very satisfactorily answered.

The man got his pass.-Youth's Companion.

Nothing Equals St. Jacobs Oil.

For Rheumatism, Gout, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Cramp, Pleurisy, Lumbago, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Soreness, Bruises, Toothache, Headache, Backache, Feetache, Pains in the Chest, Pains in the Back, Pains in the Shoulders, Pains in the Limbs, and all bodily ache and pains, it acts like magic. Safe, sure and never failing.

Even the clock stops for awhile when it feels all run down.

It's always a good idea for people who jump at conclusions to look before they leap.

Each package of PUTNAM FADELESS colors either Silk, Wool or Cotton perfeat one boiling. Sold by all druggists.

The fellow who laughs and grows fat usually finds that the laugh is turned on

The people who never pay their debts seem to regard this as the land of promise.

How's This?

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheny for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale
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Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c, per bottle,
Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Hall's Family Pilis are the best.

The Japanese have become manufacturers of buttons on a very considerable

FITS permanen'lly cured. No fits or nervous-ness after first day's use of Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer, \$2 trial bottle and treatiss free Dr. R. H. Kline, Ltd., 931 Arch St., Phila \$Pa.

Level means flat, but there's a distinc-ion between level-headed and flat-headed.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an infallible medicine for coughs and colds.—N.W. SAMUEL, Ocean Grove, N. J., Feb. 17, 1900. A flier in the stock market often proves that riches take unto themselves wings.

A Cough

"I have made a most thorough trial of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and am prepared to say that for all dis-eases of the lungs it never disappoints. J. Early Finley, Ironton, O.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral won't cure rheumatism; we never said it would. It won't cure dyspepsia; we never claimed it. But it will cure coughs and colds of all kinds. We first said this sixty years ago; we've been saying it ever since.

Three sizes: 25c., 50c., \$1. All druggists.

Consult your doctor. If he says take it, then do as he says. If he tells you not to take it, then dou't take it. He knows. Leave it with him. We are willing. Lowell, Mass.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach is bad, your liver is out of order. Ayer's Pills will clean your tongue, cure your dyspepsia, make your liver right. Easy to take, easy to operate. 25c. All druggists.

Want your moustache or beard a bezutiful rown or rich black? Then use BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for the

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We want intelligent Men and Women as Traveling Representatives or Local Managers: salary \$500 to \$1500 a year and all expenses, according to experience and ability. We also want local representatives salary \$0 to \$1000 aware to the salary \$0.00 aware \$0.00 aware



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