

# NO MAN'S LAND A ROMANCE

By LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE  
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SYNOPSIS.  
Garrett Coast, a young man of New York City, meets Douglas Blackstock, who invites him to a card party. He accepts, although he dislikes Blackstock, the reason being that both are in love with Katherine Thaxter.

CHAPTER I.—(Continued.)

He felt her eyes upon him, seriously sweet and questioning, and frowned slightly, wishing he had held his tongue, though aware that he could not have, caring the way he did.

"Why not tell me? I'm waiting, Garrett."

"Well, . . . It was difficult: an impertinence; incredible, besides. But now that he had committed himself, he stiffened a resolve and plunged. "It was said that your engagement to this man Blackstock would be announced before long."

"That out bluntly, he caught a long breath and, divided between fear and faith, sat watching her."

"The seconds of her silence spun for him an hour of anguish."

"Katherine?"

"She turned. "Yes?"

"Have you nothing to say?" he asked involuntarily, and at once regretted it.

"What do you wish me to say?" Her tone was dull, as if she spoke mechanically, with a mind detached.

"Either affirm or deny. You owe me that, at least."

"Do I?" She seemed surprised.

"But what," she pursued, rousing, "does this man Blackstock—"

"You know I don't like him, Katherine. I can't."

"But I can and do, Garrett."

There was simplicity in that, almost confessional. His fears assailed him more imperiously.

"Then it's true? Don't tell me that!"

"What does Mr. Blackstock say?"

"I haven't interviewed him, of course. I seemed too absurd—"

"Why?"

The only report he had at command was pitifully inadequate: "Because I love you."

"Is that any reason why Mr. Blackstock should not?"

"There are reasons why you shouldn't let your name be coupled with his."

"And they are—?"

She put it crisply. His heart sank, foreseeing defeat. He veered at a tangent, evasive. "You haven't answered me. Is there any truth in this rumor?"

"Not yet."

"You mean it may be true—later?"

"It's possible," she affirmed quietly. "Mr. Blackstock has asked me to marry him; he hasn't as yet had my answer."

"Katherine! . . . You can't really—care for him?"

"I'm trying to be sure, Garrett, before I tell him so—or you."

"But—but you mustn't! . . . The thing's impossible. . . . You—"

"You'll tell me why?"

Her composure was sobering. He got himself more in hand; she was not to be moved by storming, he knew. Reason, logic, an appeal to her intelligence: she would require these of him. Yet when put to it he could not bring himself to tell what he knew of the man by hearsay, if very credibly. Personal defects, lack of breeding, and the like were all unstable objections. . . . In the end the best he could do, since some sort of an answer was essential, was to frame a halting, inconclusive: "He's not the sort."

She misinterpreted his confusion. "I know what you're thinking; that he's not a spoke in our particular social wheel, an outsider. Must I condemn him for that? Are there no right men, Garrett, but yourself and others of our 'set'?" I know he has his lacks; I fancy you'd call him crude, if you were candid with me. But men of his genius, his upbringing. . . . Not that I concede any crudity in him; it's hardly that; he merely lacks—something—difficult to name it; not cultivation, not sensibility, but, I'd say, friends."

"He has many."

So she cared enough to fight for him! There was bitterness, surpassing the bitterness of aloes, in that discovery.

"I mean the right kind, yourself, for instance; friends to bring him out. He's quick, adaptable, of a good family—if not a wealthy one."

Coast fell back upon the one mentionable objection of which he had certain knowledge. "He's got a villainous temper."

"Friends would teach him to control it. And there are excuses for that; his sight—his eyes are in a bad way. He injured them seriously, somehow, in his work—something about the spark, I believe."

"Those wireless experiments of his?"

"Yes. He's going to do great things, Garrett."

"Late in the field."

"He leads it today; they all look to him. His inventions, discoveries, improvements, will make wireless as every-day a thing as the telephone. . . . I don't mean he couldn't win without friends; he's strong enough."

"Men have little use for him, Katherine."

"Women have."

Coast struggled temptation. . . . "He has magnetism."

"That and strength, ambition, enthusiasm. He's worth being a friend to. I want you to know him better, to like him, Garrett."

After a little he managed to say: "I'll try, if you wish."

"I do wish. Please, Garrett."

"Then I'm to understand you seriously contemplate marrying him?"

"Her 'Yes!' was absolute.

"Don't you see?" he hated himself for this—he's after your money, Katherine."

"Garrett, that is unworthy of you." He said nothing, doggedly taking what comfort he might from the knowledge that he was right.

Gradually he comprehended that in the course of their conversation the car had left Fifth Avenue at the Plaza and was crossing Central Park at the Seventy-second Street entrance.

"We're near the gate," he said abruptly. "If you'll drop me there, please—"

"Certainly. Tell Patrick."

Coast groped for the speaking tube and communicated with the driver. When he sat back he was conscious of the woman's softening regard.

"You're not angry, Katherine?"

"No, Garrett; but I'm very, very sorry."

"If I've seemed presumptuous—"

"To me, Garrett? Can you remember the time when we were not—friends?"

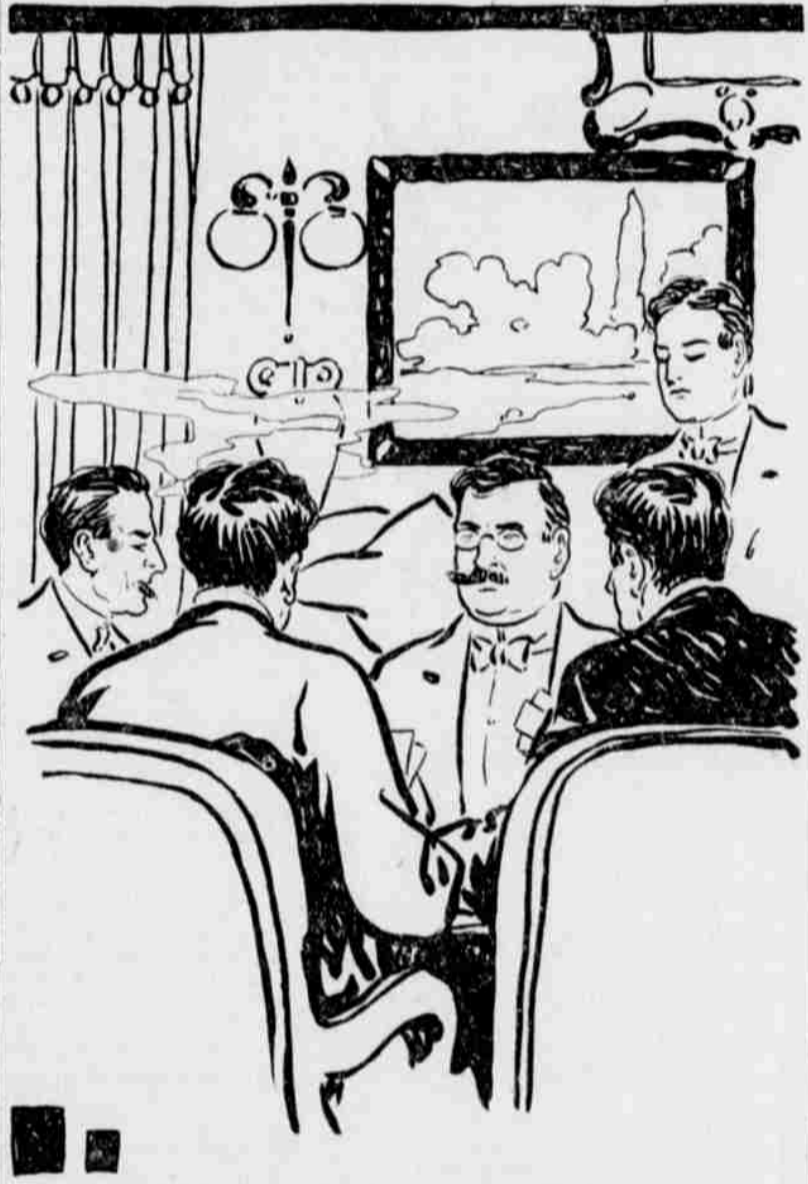
"No. . . . I want you to understand that it wasn't altogether because I love you myself—need you, because I love you—as you know—have loved you for years. . . . It was jealousy of your happiness. I said nothing that I didn't believe."

"I know. But you were—mistaken. You'll come to understand."

"I don't want you to make a mistake. Wait, Katherine, wait a little before deciding. I'm sure of your heart; it won't misguide you."

"I believe not. I know my heart and mind."

"You know mine," he said gently, and no more.



"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuyl blandly.

That stabbed her; she winced, wondering why. But the personality of Douglas Blackstock stood forth so largely, limned in such vivid coloring, in the foreground of her consciousness, that there was left little room, even for old friends such as Garrett Coast.

Afoot, Coast lingered at the door, keen eyes searching hers almost plaintively.

"I'll drop in for tea tomorrow, if you ask me, Katherine."

"Have you ever needed an invitation, Garrett?"

"Then I'll come."

He nodded to the driver and the car swept away.

Long after it had shot out of sight, he stood staring. Then discovering himself bareheaded, hat and stick in hand, an object of amused regard, with a curt laugh of confusion and awakened self-consciousness, he turned back through the park.

## CHAPTER II.

Resigning with little reluctance his place at the card table to Dundas, whose turn it was to cut in, Coast

lighted a cigarette and wandered round the dining-room of Blackstock's apartment, idly inspecting the half-dozen hunting-prints that adorned the green burlap walls.

Unspeakingly bored, he went to the buffet, where he poured a very little Scotch into a tall glass, drowning it with icy charged water. He had refused to drink up to that moment, and was thirsty, but as he sat sipping and watching the players, Van Tuyl's unnatural pallor, moist hair and fixed smile affected him with a faint disgust, and he put the glass aside, not half-emptied. His brows knitted in his concern for the man, who had been drinking heavily and would pursue that madness until satiated or sodden; no influence that Coast knew of would restrain him; he was as unmanageable as a wild horse, and as spirited.

Slender, graceful, high lord of Devil-may-Care, Van Tuyl sober was inimitable, more loved than feared to spite of, perhaps because of, the wit he wielded like a whip-lash. Excesses fanned that brilliancy to a burning frenzy; at such times he knew no friends, and those who knew him avoided him; his wits, submerged, frothed with a satiric humor that etched as indelibly as an acid when he did not lay on with a bludgeon of vituperation. . . . A dangerous foil to Blackstock Coast thought, comparing them, wondering that they were so much together. Contrasting them he thought: fire and tow, rapier and broadsword!

Blackstock was the broadsword of that comparison, heavy and cumbersome if capable. Without an effort he dominated the others, Van Tuyl always excepted; the sheer weight of Blackstock's personality forced them into the background. Little Dundas, with his deferential smile, delicately pink face and permanently rounded shoulders, seemed the veriest shadow of a man; Blackstock's shadow he had apparently constituted himself. Truax, round of face and blandly practical, if unquestionably independent,

was only less dwarfed by his host. "A good bridge"—Blackstock in the current slang; giving himself wholly to the game, playing to win, "wallowing the tricks," Van Tuyl told him.

The comment brought a darkish smile to the man's face.

"What do you want me to do with 'em?" he growled semi-humorously, flipping a card from his hand and as swiftly making his play from dummy. "Make you a present of 'em?"

Play to that, now; come through with that ten-spot. He chuckled as he gathered in the trick and led the final card from dummy. "That'll teach you to double my original make. I guess. . . . Game and rubber, Danny; six without, doubled, and a little slam. Got that down?"

"Yes," replied Dundas, grinning feebly as he jotted down the score.

"Tough luck, partner," Truax observed to Van Tuyl. "You couldn't help doubling on your hand, of course, and equally of course I had to be chicane in hearts."

"Brains, rather," observed Van Tuyl blandly, shuffling.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Religious Part in Health

It is the interpreter of Sickness and Death, and of Health and Well.

There is a great deal of nonsense written about religion and health; there is a great deal of sense in reality connecting the two. There are a great many religious people who get sick and die. A great many irreligious people who do the same thing. It would be possible to get figures to prove anything you like in this connection. But they would not prove the truth. A clear mind, a pure heart and a cheerful spirit stand a better chance in the face of disease, than a muddy mind, a dirty heart and an ugly spirit. Health is a by-product, but a sure product of religion. But there are few of us who get religion enough to successfully combat our own foolishness in other directions. So we get sick and die. And there are many worse things than these in life. Religion is the interpreter of sickness and death, and health as well. Fearsome things are those which are not understood. Religion explains sickness and death and we can adjust ourselves to these great blessings. Religion explains health and shows how it means opportunity and obligation; that is religion clarifies all experiences, we see them as they are, adjust them to each other and ourselves to all, and such an adjustment is not far from a condition of health. Religion will not set a broken leg, but will contribute very largely to its healing, through keeping the sources of healing pure. A clean heart produces a clean mind, a clean mind insures a clean body and a clean body is conducive to health.—Universalist Leader

Different.

"Why, a year ago you told me this place was easily worth \$15,000. Now you estimate its value at less than \$10,000."

"You must remember that I was trying to sell it to you then. Now you want me to sell it to you."

Shoes of Snake Skin.

Shoes made of snake skin are worn by many ultra fashionable English women this year.

### Christian Art of Getting Mad

By Rev. INGRAM E. HILL  
Pastor of North Shore Baptist Church, Chicago

TEXT—Be ye angry and sin not.—Eph. IV, 24.

It is a great thing to know how to get real angry without making a fool of one's self. Not everybody knows how to do it. It is an accomplished art, the ability to get mad like a gentleman. To know when to get angry is a criterion of character. It is an accomplishment which is not learned in the schools. It is acquired in the relentless training of practical experience.

It is not a sin to get angry. Any man with half an ounce of ginger in his system ought to get angry occasionally. Temper is the impress of God upon the soul. It is the mark of personality and intellectual stamina. The scriptures say that God is angry with the wicked every day. Jesus got angry. Can you not see him standing at the temple door? Can you not see the market scenes which were enacted there? Can you not see his eyes kindle? Can you not see his illumined countenance blaze fierce and glorious? Can you not see the miraculous energy of his personality as he cast out all them that sold and bought in the temple and said unto them: 'My house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves.'

Christianity is something more than a religion of love. Jesus said: 'I came not to send peace, but a sword.' Passivity may be all right for weaklings, but action is the birthright of heroes. The man who tries to be sweet with everybody will find some day that he is nothing but a lemon.

It is very easy, however, to get angry foolishly. Sometimes it is proper to get angry, and sometimes it is not. It may be proper at times for a man to get angry with the janitor. It may be proper at times for a man to get angry with the umpire. It may be proper at times for a man to get angry with the family upstairs. But it is never, never proper for a man to get angry with his wife. There is many a man who will say nasty things to his wife that he would not think of saying to his chauffeur.

Temper is good. A bad temper is what you have made of a good thing. A rifle is a good thing in good hands. But when it has become rusted and out of repair it is going to explode some day in the hands of some cheerful idiot who did not know it was loaded. If your temper gets the best of you what you need is to go off to the repair shop and be made over. These fits of temper, this sour disposition, this iceberg atmosphere, this spiteful spirit are as contrary to the Christian as light is opposed to darkness.

Tell me, what do you get mad about? That is the practical question. A man calls you a liar and you retort in similar language. But men are making God a liar every day and you do not get angry. Wherever there are wrongs to be righted, wherever there are evils to be trampled under foot, wherever there is justice to be meted out, wherever there is iniquity in high places or low, there is your opportunity to show of what stuff you are made.

Somebody treads on your corn and you get mad at him. This very night a courtly and attractive son of perdition will lure a girl in her teens to one of the wineries of this prodigal city. He will give to her a drink that will inflame every passion and deaden every moral sense. He will lead her forth to her ruin and laugh like a devil over the havoc he has wrought.

If you are going to get angry, in God's name get angry at something worth while.

We are in the midst here of a society which is fond of wine and joy rides and clandestine flirtations. A society that is rotten to the core. Gilded resorts or doubtful character flaunt their disregard of high morality. Fiends in human shape are stalking the streets and outrages are committed at our very doors. There is a time to be angry. There is a time for Christian men to speak out, and that time is now. When the good people wake from their lethargy and begin to tackle something that is really worth their while, then shall right be triumphant and justice win the day.

The Law of Love.

The consecrated Christian brings to the lowliest duties the loftiest motives. His consecration to Christ carries with it consecration to the service of his brother men. The law of Christ is the law of love. We fulfill it in doing well our part of the world's work as well as in direct acts of sympathy and burden bearing. The holy man is the more energetic in business on account of the fullness of divine life in his heart. As Christ came into the world to do the Father's will, so he sends us into the world to do his own will, which is always the Father's will. Business becomes ministry when it is inspired by fidelity to Christ. The salvation of society, the redemption of business, the subordination of power to principle and love, can only come through the law of love, which is the law of Christ.

Fellowship With Christ.

"Did not our heart burn within us, while he talked with us by the way, and while he opened to us the scriptures?" Luke xxiv, 32.

"While we talked with him by the way?" Oh, no. . . . While he talked with us. There is a burning of heart that will never come as long as we are talking to him, but when we let him talk to us, let him open up the scriptures, let him make the old dead bones move with new life, then will come the burning of heart, the final evidence of personal, close, intimate communion. . . . If we will find in every day some sacred minutes in which to wait alone with him, there will break upon our life such a new consciousness of fellowship as well transform it to the last point of its reaches.—Rev. G. Campbell Morgan.

### TEMPERANCE NOTES

FOR CAUSE OF TEMPERANCE

General Sir Ian Hamilton, K. C. B., Makes a Striking Declaration for Total Abstinence.

Gen. Sir Ian Hamilton, K. C. B., was the principal speaker at the General Assembly of the Presbyterian church held in the Scottish capital and delivered an address which was a striking declaration for the cause of temperance. Sir Ian, it will be remembered, pledged himself to total abstinence just a year ago, and it is candidly stated by personal interviewers that twelve months of water-drinking have not in the least impaired the health, soured the happy disposition or diminished the cheery outlook on life of the distinguished general. Incidentally his pledge has had a most beneficial effect on the rank and file of the army and has given a new stimulus to temperance in both services. In opening his address, Sir Ian said he had come there to strike a blow for Scotland. He thought the finest stroke for Scotland was that of Bruce at Bannockburn, when he raised his battle-axe and crashed the casque of Sir Henry de Bohun as if it were a nut shell. But he believed as fine a deed of valor for Scotland was to be gained by dealing a stroke at another sort of casque—the casque of whiskey. No longer advancing at the head of the middle of their own camp, and it was there poisoning and lowering the vitality and pride and honor of the truest, bravest troops to be found anywhere.

Continuing, the general said that he thought that they in the army were rather showing the way to the civil population. He believed honest ly that any mother sending her son into the army could do so with the assurance that her son would run a less chance of getting a taste for drink than he would in most civil occupations. These were no fancies of his, but they were supported by figures. India was a most astonishing case. In the Indian army there were 47 per cent. who were temperance men, at home there were 26 per cent., and they were increasing every year. To put it in another way, the number of temperance men in the army, taking the past two or three years, had increased at the rate of 2,500 a year. From the medical department of the war office he learned that during the past twenty years the number taken to hospital per thousand had fallen in India to the extraordinary extent of from 19 to 1, and in England from 2.6 to .7. The head of the medical service told him that, directly and indirectly, he considered that the greater temperance was very largely responsible for it. Disease had decreased as temperance increased. It was his opinion that the enemy were on the run, and that they could afford to be bold; and he believed that if anyone could lower the drinking in Scotland by 20 per cent. he would do more good than by adding another province to our empire.

## LIQUOR AND LABORING MAN

Saloon Has Much Better Chance to Exhibit its Fruits Among Working Class Than Among Rich.

The Christian Evangelist contends that the liquor business is the greatest foe of the workingman, and that he is the greatest loser by the saloon. The rich man, it says, can get along fairly well. "The money he spends for liquor is not a serious matter to him. He runs no risk of losing his job for drunkenness. His family is not often brought to starvation or beggary, and when he gets seriously intoxicated his valet or the servant at the club can take care of him. Of course, even among the rich a large proportion of the divorces are produced, directly or indirectly, by whiskey. But among the laboring classes the saloon has its best opportunity to exhibit its fruits. Its effect on character is no worse, but its economic results are vastly greater and worse."

Blessed Assurance.

The thought of Christ's presence was a magnificent inspiration to the early Christian believers, who went everywhere preaching the word of Him who was himself with them as at the living word. The apostles found constant inspiration in the apprehension (if not quite the comprehension) of Christ incarnate, Christ redeeming, Christ omnipotent, Christ pervasive, Christ the source of life and the soul of action. "I am with you always!" was the parting gift of Jesus to his disciples. No assurance could have been more welcome, and no confidence greater than that which those words inspired. It was as though the departing Jesus had said to the men he loved, "I will be with you even unto the end of the world, and then you shall be with me in a world that shall never end!" Faith in such an ever-present Christ overcomes the world.

What Ruins Girls.

Of all the ten or twelve thousand unfortunate girls and wrecked women arrested every year in Chicago, among those who tell their woes to me, ninety-nine out of every hundred attribute their downfall to the first glass of wine or champagne taken generally with a male companion, always for good-fellowship's sake.

That first glass is the beginning of the end—and here you see what the end is.

When a woman once begins to drink, even in a social way, her future is threatened with either moral wickedness or utter ruin. So many women who come here tell me that the first sparkling glass of champagne was the beginning of all their misfortune.—Mary K. Keegan, Chief Matron of the Chicago Police Department.

### Esther Pleading For Her People

Sunday School Lesson for Nov. 5, 1911  
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Esther 4:1-5:3  
MEMORY VERSES—4:12, 14.  
GOLDEN TEXT—"The Lord preserveth all them that love him."—Ps. 145:20.  
TIME—Accession of Xerxes, B. C. 486; Xerxes conquers Egypt, lat and 2d years, B. C. 485. He prepares to invade Greece, 2d to 3d years, B. C. 484-83; Vashti deposed in his 3d year, B. C. 483; Invades Greece, B. C. 481. Defeated at Thermopylae and Salamis, B. C. 480. Estlin becomes Queen, B. C. 479. Haman's plot and defeat by Esther (occupying nearly the whole year), B. C. 477.  
PLACE—Susaan (Susa) the winter capital of the Persian Empire, about 200 miles southeast from Babylon and 125 miles north of the Persian Gulf.

There are two principal theories concerning the historical nature of the Book of Esther; one, that it is a veritable history; the other, that it is a historical romance founded on fact, like Shakespeare's Julius Caesar and Henry VIII., or like Scott's novels, or Homer's great epics. While there are a number of serious difficulties, yet there are few if any unanswerable arguments against its being a true history. Xerxes is the Greek shortened form of the Ahasuerus of Esther, as the form of the Latin Eboracum. He began to reign B. C. 485 and ruled for 20 years. We can best understand Esther by means of those parts of his history which reveal his character. Xerxes at the very beginning of his reign completed the conquest of Egypt which his father Darius had begun. On his return he immediately began to prepare for the invasion of Europe, and especially of Greece, which then stood, in culture, development, ability and interest, at the head of the world. This Xerxes would be master of the world.

To arrange for this invasion of Europe, Xerxes held a great assembly of the noblest Persians. It is probable that this is the banquet with which the story of Esther opens, a festive celebration that continued six months, while all matters pertaining to the expedition were being arranged.

Xerxes sought a queen in place of the deposed Vashti. The one selected from the most beautiful women of the empire was Esther, a charming Jewess, a descendant of one of the exiles, her great-grandfather being among those carried captive to Babylon by Nebuchadnezzar in 598. Her Hebrew name was Hadassah, the myrtle, a beautiful and favorite shrub in the east. "Esther" means "a star," and many think it the same as Ishtar the Babylonian equivalent of Venus. She must have been quite young at the time of her marriage, not over 15 years. Four or five years pass, and then begins the tragic story of Haman, his rise as a king's favorite, his pride incensed at the conduct of Esther's cousin Mordecai, his attempt to bring vengeance upon the whole Jewish race on Mordecai's account, his success in obtaining a decree from the king, throughout his empire, "to destroy, to kill, and to cause to perish all Jews, both young and old, little children, and women, in one day."

Great mourning and terrible distress came upon the Jews all over the empire as they learned of the decree. Mordecai sent word to Esther, now about 20 years old, asking her to go to the king and request the deliverance of her people. Esther replied "Whosoever shall come unto the king into the inner court, who is not called, there is one law of his to put him to death. Except such to whom the king shall hold out the golden scepter." There was, therefore, a possibility of Esther's reaching the ears of the king, but with the greatest uncertainty as to how such a capricious king would act, especially as his love for her had cooled. The mission Mordecai committed to Esther was one of great danger and difficulty. It required the utmost heroism.

Esther put on her royal apparel. She was a sensible, practical woman, and used her beauty and charm of person and of dress to accomplish her object.

She waited for the fitting time. The king held out the golden scepter. The sign that he received her, and that the most dangerous part of her mission was over. Instead of asking her favor, where she would be surrounded by spies and possible enemies, she invited the king to a banquet in the seclusion of the Harem gardens. She invited Haman her enemy to join with the king and thus ward off all suspicion, and at the same time have him where he could not escape.

Esther presented her petition in wise words and pointed out Haman as the enemy who was seeking her life and the life of her people. The king was very angry and immediately deposed Haman, and had him hanged on the gallows he had prepared for Mordecai.

The result was a counteracting decree, permitting the Jews to stand up in their own defense, and large numbers of their enemies were slain. The Jews were saved from destruction, and exalted before the people. Mordecai took Haman's place in the government. The feast of Purim was instituted with great feasting and joy, and has been celebrated annually ever since on the fourteenth of Adar, February-March, one month before Esther.

One of the most interesting studies in the story of Esther is to trace the ways of divine providence, and see how God makes all things work together for the good of his people. God's sovereign grace and man's free will are here seen in perfect harmony.

Heroism in Every Day Life is the expression and cultivation of the heroic spirit in our ordinary daily lives. We cannot all be heroes in great things, but the field of heroism is everywhere, in every home, in every town. There are great enemies to overcome in our own hearts, there are powers and principles of evil on every hand.

### Chest Pains and Sprains

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## Looking on the Bright Side.

"I cannot tell you how sorry I was to hear that your son had stopped with a chorus girl."

"Thank you for your sympathy. Of course, we feel dreadfully about it; but things might be worse."

"It is very brave of you to take such an optimistic view."

"It isn't optimism, exactly. You see, our daughter is so homely that we can be reasonably sure no chauffeur will wish to elope with her."

Remarkable Acquaintance.

Gadabout was boasting of his extensive acquaintance. No celebrity could be mentioned unknown to him. He was intimately acquainted with all of them. Finally Dobson inquired:

"Did you ever happen to meet the Siamese twins?"

Gadabout reflected a moment, and then said:

"Well, I am not quite sure that I met both of them, but I knew one of them very well."

Explained.

An old lady, the customer of an Irish farmer, was rather dissatisfied with the watery appearance of her morning's cream, and finally she complained very bitterly to him.

"Be easy, mum," said Pat. "You see, the weather of late has been so terrific hot that it has scorched all the grass off the pasture land, and O! have been compelled to feed the pore bates on water lilies!"—Ideas

Trying and Doing.

Briggs—"You never know what you can do till you try."

Waggs—"That's wrong. You never know what you can do until you succeed."

Briggs—"Well, perhaps that's better."

Waggs—"And then you're wrong. You never know what you can do when you succeed. You only know what you have been able to do.—Life.

A Surprise for Swagger.

"Yes," said Swagger. "This is a turquoise ring."

"Excuse me," said Bangs. "The correct pronunciation of that word is 'turquoise'."

"No, turquoise, excuse me."

"I say turquoise."

"Well, let's go to the jeweler and ask him."

"Right."

"In order to settle a wager," said Swagger to the jeweler, "would you mind telling me if the correct pronunciation of the stone in this ring is turquoise or turkwose?"

The jeweler took the ring and examined it carefully. "The correct pronunciation," he said, "is glass.—Tit-Bits.

Old Landmark Gone.

Another historic old landmark has passed. A storm recently felled the tree near Netherherst, under which Floris I, count of Holland, was peacefully sleeping, after the battle of Netherherst, in 1061, when he was treacherously murdered by Herman van Buik. The tree was believed to be over a thousand years old.

Joke With a Sermon in It.

A noted sociologist tells the following story of a woman in a manufacturing town. Approaching her for statistics, he asked: "Madam, have you any children?" "No," she replied. "I have to work in the factory myself.—Life.

One Issue Gone.

One of Uncle Sam's custom men found 30 pockets in a woman's skirt. Now let the women forever hold their tongues about not having equal rights with men.—Milwaukee Journal.

German Students and Their Dogs.

Dogs are nowhere in such favor as companions for men as among the college students of Germany. Each student is apt to have one or more marked by the college colors and trained to render service by carrying water, baskets, bundles and the like.

Cause and Worry.

Defendant's Wife—Don't worry, dear. The judge's charge was certainly in your favor. Defendant (moody)—I know that. It's the lawyer's charge that I'm thinking about.