

## The Hollow \* Of Her Hand Ceorge Barr McCutcheon COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Wrandall is found murdered in use near New York, Mrs. Wran-nmoned from the city and idense near New York, Mrs. Wranmoned from the city and idendy A young woman who acWrandall to the Inn and subdisappeared. Is suspected,
it appears, had led a gay life
ted his wife. Mrs. Wrandall
for New York in an auto durlong snow storm. On the way
a young woman in the road
to be the woman who killed
reciling that the girl had done
in ridding her of the man
h sale loved him deeply, had
great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall
to shield her and takes her to
the Mrs. Wrandall hears the
ty Castletou's life, except that
it relates to Wrandall. This
pry of the tragedy she forbids
or to tell. She offers Hetty a
dathip and security from peril
of the tragedy. Mrs. Sara
ind Hetty attend the funeral
wrandall at the home of his
lars Wrandall and Hetty rew York after an absence of a
ope. Leslie Wrandall, brother
makes himself useful to Sara
greatly interested in Hetty. nakes himself useful to Sara greatly interested in Hetty.

CHAPTER VI .- Continued. own. The newspapers announced the | couldn't have been a dream." turn of Challis Wrandall's widow ad reporters sought her out for interews. The old interest was revived nd columns were printed about the rder at Burton's inn, with sharp swer. Sara was staring across the torial comments on the failure of e police to clear up the mystery. "I shall ask Leslie down for the sk-end," said Sara, the third day

ter their arrival in the country. The me was huge and lonely, and time ing rather heavily despite the gloriuplift of spring. Hetty looked up quickly from her k. A look of dismay flickered in eyes for an instant and then gave to the calmness that had come to all in their depths of late. Her lips

ed in the sudden impulse to cry against the plan, but she checked words. For a moment her dark, loning eyes studied the face of benefactress; then, as if nothing d been revealed to her, she allowed gaze to drift pensively out toward sunset sea. They were sitting on the broad

adah overlooking the sound. The ask of evening was beginning to steal the earth. She laid her book Will you telephone in to him after

er, Hetty?" went on Sara, after ng period of sitence. Again Hetty started. This time a

ok of actual pain flashed in her eyes. Would not a note by post be more aln to find him in the-" she behurriedly. dislike writing notes," said Sara far beyond the misty lights that bob-

ly. "Of course, dear, if you feel bled with nearby schooners, far beyou'd rather not telephone him, youd the yellow mass on the opposite dare say I am finicky, Sara," apol- shadows, far into the fast darkening really can't."

med Helty in quick contrition. "Of sky that came up like a wall out of se he is your brother. I should the east.

ly brother-in-law, dear," said Sara, trifle too literally. He will come often to your house,' at on Hetty rapidly. "I must make thoughts were far away. The younger

pest of it." He is your friend, Hetty. He ad-

I cannot see him through your

Sara."

But he is charming and agreeable, "Il admit," persisted the other. He is very kind, and he is devoted you. I should like him for that." You have no cause for disliking

do not dislike him, I-I am-Oh always have been so thoughtful, onsiderate. Sara, I can't underad your failing to see how hard it me to-to-well, to endure his in-hearted friendship."

sara was silent for a moment, "You a protty fine line, Hetty," she

ity flushed. "You mean that te is little to choose between wife brother? That isn't quite fair. know everything, he knows noth-I wear a mask for him; you have are asking of yourself. It is too late into the very heart of me. It the same." ara came over and stood beside the

s chair. After a moment of inde-



Looked Up Quickly From the Book.

she laid her hand on Hetty's ler. The girl looked up, the ever ing question in her eyes. e haven't spoken of-of these

m many months, Hetty." of since Mrs. Wrandall and Vivone to Nice. I was upset—dreadspace then, Sara. I don't know managed to get through with

ut you managed it," pronounced Her fingers seemed to tighten on the girl's shoulder. of a no uncertain distress of mind. were quite wonderful, both

It wasn't easy for me." did we come back to New Saraje burst out Hetty, claspflend's hand as if suddenly terror. "We were happy re And free!"

is my home. I do not love it, but I carlier as they left the dinner table. ruin and decay. A man in knicker-bockers stood leaning against the rail. She leaned back with a smile on theater, or a railway train—just a That is why we came back to New York."

Hetty pressed her friend's hand to her lips. "Forgive me," she cried impulsively. "I shouldn't have comcomplained. It was detestable." "Besides," went on Sara evenly,

you were quite free to remain on the other side. I left it to you." "You gave me a week to decide," sald Hetty in a hurried manner of speaking. "I--I took but twenty-four

hours-less than that. Over night, you remember. I love you, Sara. 1 could not leave you. All that night I could feel you pulling at my heart strings, pulling me closer, and holding me. You were in your room, I in mine, and yet all the time you seemed to be bending over me in the darkness, urging me to stay with you and Sara and Hetty did not stay long in love you and be loved by you. It

"It was not a dream," said Sara, saw yesterday at the bridge," mused with a queer smile. Hetty. "Is he tall?"

"You do love me?" tensely. "I do love you," was the firm an-

"Good God, Sara!" Cried the Girl In

Horror.

water, her eyes big and as black as

night itself. She seemed to be looking

Hetty's fingers tightened in a

warmer clasp. Unconsciously perhaps,

tightened also; unconsciously, for her

woman's pensive gaze rested on the

slow approach of the fog that was

soon to envelop the land. Neither

spoke for many minutes: inscrutable

took up the puzzle at its inception.

"I wonder-" began Hetty, her eyes

narrowing with the intensity of

thought. She did not complete the

Sara answered the unspoken ques-

tion. "It will never be different from

what it is now, unless you make it so."

Hetty started. "How could you have

"Your own intelligence should sup-

for me to turn against you." She ab-

ruptly removed her hand from Hetty's

shoulder and walked to the edge of

The butler appeared in the doorway.

Castleton. Mr. Leslie Wrandall is

The girl stared. "For me, Watson?"

"What shall I say to him, Sara?"

"Apparently it is he who has some

thing to say to you," said the other,

still smiling. "Walt and see what it

is. Please don't neglest to say that

we'd like to have him over Sunday."

"A box of flowers has just come up

from the station for you, miss," said

Hetty was very white as she passed

into the house. Mrs. Wrandall re-

sumed her contemplation of the fog-

"Shall I fetch you a wrap, ma'am?"

"I am coming in, Watson. Open the

box of flowers for Miss Castleton. Is

"Mr. Lealle will be out on Saturday

"No. The eleven-thirty. He will

When Hetty hurried into the library

a few minutes later, her manner was

that of one considerably disturbed by

on the moment. Her cheeks were

flushed and her eyes were reflectors

Mrs. Wrandall was standing before

the fireplace, an exquisite figure in the

slinky black evening gown which she

affected in these days. Her perfectly

modelled neck and shoulders gleamed

like pink marble in the reflected glow

of the burning logs. She were no jew-

elry, but there was a single white rose | Englishwoman.

"The evening train, ma'am?"

Hetty had risen, visibly agitated.

"The telephone, if you please, Miss

sentence.

cried in wonder.

"Sara!"

shoulders.

she cried.

"Yes, miss."

screened sound.

asked Watson, hesitating.

there a fire in the library?"

"Yes, Mrs. Wrandall."

Tell Mrs. Conkling."

be here for luncheon."

like sending either of the motors in."

"And Mr. Booth?" Wrandall arrives. He is stopping at the inn, wherever that may be." "Poor fellow!" sighed Sara, with a

"I met him in Italy. He is charm-

The emphasis did not escape notice.

recreation, Mr. Leslie says."

Sara, looking up suddenly.

have said gasoline,"

very light-hearted."

grimace. "I am sure he will like us immensely if he has been stopping at the inn." Hetty stood staring down at the blazing logs for a full minute before

giving expression to the thought that roubled her. "Sara," she said, meeting her riend's eyes with a steady light in her | The sound glared with the white of reown, "why did Mr. Wrandall ask for me instead of you? It is you he is coming to visit, not me. It is your

ouse. Why should-" "My dear," said Sara glibly, "I am nerely his sister-in-law. It wouldn't be necessary to ask me if he should come. He knows he is welcome." "Then why should he feel called up-

"Some men like to telephone, I suppose," said the other coolly.

"I wonder if you will ever understand how I feel about-about certain things, Sara,'

"What, for instance?" me," cried the girl hotly. "He sends like it out here?" me flowers-this is the second box this week-and he is so kind, so very shore where a town lay cradled in the friendly, Sara, that I can't bear it-I mustache pointing upward at the ends

cau't very well send him about his comes more than friendly. Now, can Sara's grip' on the girl's shoulder you?"

"But It seems so-so horrible, so beastly," groaned the girl.

Sara faced her squarely. "See here, peaceful waters below, taking in the Hetty," she said levelly, "we have was with him, as her mind opened and enough-by sight, at least-to venture made our bed, you and I. We must lie shut to thoughts pleasant and unpleas- a good guess as to who I mean." in it-together. If Leslie Wrandall ant with something of the regularity chooses to fall in love with you, that of a fish's gills in breathing. thinkers, each a prey to thoughts that is his affair, not ours. We must face every condition. In plain words, we leaped backward to the beginning and must play the game."

"What could be more appalling than to have him fall in love with me?" "The other way 'round would be

more dramatic, I should say." "Good God Sara!" cried the girl in horror, "How can you even speak of such a thing?"

"After all, why shouldn't-" began known what I was thinking?" she Sara, but stopped in the middle of her suggestion, with the result that it had its full effect without being uttered in to the chauffeur. "It is what you are always thinking, my dear. You are always asking so many cold-blooded words. The girl yourself when will I turn against you," | shuddered. I wish, Sara, you would let me un-

burden myself completely to you," she pleaded, seizing her friend's hands. ply the answer to all the questions you You have forbidden me-"

Sara jerked her hands away. Her eyes flashed. "I do not want to hear it," she cried flercely. "Never, never! the veranda. For the first time, the Do you understand? It is your secret, English girl was conscious of pain. I will not share it with you. I should She drew her arm up and cringed. She hate you if I knew everything. As it pulled the light scarf about her bare is, I love you because you are a woman who suffered at the hand of one who made me suffer. There is nothing more to say. Don't bring up the subject again. I want to be your friend for ever, not your confidante. There is a distinction. You may be able to see how very marked it is in our case. Hetty. What one does not know, seldom hurts."

"But I want to justify myself-" "It isn't necessary," cut in the other so peremptorily that the girl's eyes spread into a look of anger. Whereupon Sara Wrandall threw her arm about her and drew her down beside her in the chaise-lounge. "I didn't mean to be harsh," she cried. "We must not speak of the past, that's all. The future is not likely to hurt us, dear. Let us avoid the past."

"The future!" sighed the girl, staring blankly before her. "To appreciate what it is to be,"

said the other, "you have but to think of what it might have been." "I know," said Hetty, in a low

voice. "And yet I sometimes wonder Sara interrupted. "You are paying

me, dear, instead of the law," she said lugubrious quiet, "I am not a harsh creditor, gently. am 1?

"My life belongs to you. I give it cheerfully, even gladly. "So you have said before. Well, if

it belongs to me, you might at least something that has transpired almost permit me to develop it as I would any other possession. I take it as an investment. It will probably fluctuate."

"Now you are jesting!" "Perhaps," said Sara laconically. The next morning Hetty set forth making love to her and getting tired for her accustomed tramp over the roads that wound through the estate. Sara, the American, dawdled at home. resenting the chill spring drizzle that be hurt in that way. You mustn't-" that the signal had been given when did not in the least discourage the

thirty, Sara," said the girl nervously, idly gazing down at the trickling her lips, but not in her eyes; and fleeting glimpse, you know. But in unless you will send the motor in for stream below. The brier pipe that drew a long, deep breath. He was any event I got a lasting impression him. The body of his car is being formed the circuit between hand and hard hit. That was what she wanted Queer things like that happen, don't changed and it's in the shop. He must lips sent up soft blue coils to float to know. have been jesting when he said he away on the drizzle.

She passed behind him, with a sinwould pay for the petrol-I should Sara laughed. "You will know him had seen the day before. "He suggested bringing a friend,"

went on Hetty hurriedly. "A Mr. Booth, the portrait painter." ing. You will like him, too, Hetty," "It seems that he is spending a fort- might turn her head suddenly and regarded as a financial calamity. night in the village, this Mr. Booth, catch him at it. Something began painting spring lambs for rest and stirring in his heart, the nameless alone with his reflections, sat forward something that awakens when least "Then he is at our very gates," said femininity of her as she passed. It "I wonder if he can be the man I lingered with him as he looked.

She turned the bend in the road a hundred yards away. For many min-"I really can't say. He's rather utes he studied the stream below "It was left that Mr. Wrandall is to straightened up, knocked the ashes come out on the eleven-thirty," ex- from his pipe, and set off slowly in to the artist beside her. plained Hetty, "I thought you wouldn't her wake, although he had been walking in quite the opposite direction when he came to the bridge-and on "We are to send for him after Mr. | a mission of some consequence, too. There was the chance that he would meet her coming back.

## CHAPTER VII.

A Faithful Crayon-Point.

Leslie Wrandall came out on the eleven-thirty. Hetty was at the station with the motor, a sullen resentment in her heart, but a welcoming smile on her lips. The sun shone brightly. flected skies.

"I thought of catching the eight o'clock," he cried enthusiastically, as he dropped his bag beside the motor in order to reach over and shake hands with her. "That would have gotten me here hours earlier. The difficulty was that I didn't think of the eight o'clock until I awoke at nine."

"And then you had the additional task of thinking about breakfast," said Hetty, but without a trace of sarcasm in her manner. "I never think of breakfast," said

he amiably. "I merely eat it. Of of nature, even at that," said he, with course, it's a task to eat it sometimes, a smile. "Boys are pretty close to "Well, his very evident interest in but-well, how are you? How do you earth, you know. To be perfectly hon-He was beside her on the broad

like oblique brown exclamation points, Wrandall place this summer." Mrs. Wrandall stared at her. "You so expansive was his smile. "I adore it," she replied, her own business," she said, "unless he be- smile growing in response to his. It reminds me, I came upon an un

deep down in her heart. Her blood

"When I get to heaven I mean to have a place in the country the year round," he said conclusively.

"And if you don't get to heaven? "I suppose I'll take a furnished flat somewhere." Sara was waiting for them at the

up. He leaped out and kissed her hand. "Much obliged," he murmured, with a slight twist of his head in the direc-

tion of Hetty, who was giving orders "You're quite welcome," said Sara, with a smile of understanding. "She's lovely, isn't she?"

"Enchanting!" said he, almost too loudly.

Hetty walked up the long ascent ahead of them. She did not have to look back to know that they were watching her with unfaltering interest. She could feel their gaze. "Absolutely adorable," he added, en-

larging his estimate without really be ing aware that he voiced it. Sara shot a look at his rapt face

and turned her own away to hide the queer little smile that flickered briefly and died away. Hetty, pleading a sudden headache

declined to accompany them later on in the day when they set forth in the car to "pick up" Brandon Booth at the inn. They were to bring him over, bag and baggage, to stay till Tuesday.

"He will be wild to paint her," declared Leslie when they were out of sight around the bend in the road. He had waved his hat to Hetty just before the trees shut off their view of her. She was standing at the top of the steps beside one of the tall Italian vases.

"I've never seen such eyes," he exclaimed. "She's a darling," said Sara and

changed the subject, knowing full well that he would come back to it before long. "I'm mad about her," he said sim

ply, and then, for some unaccountable reason, gave over being loquacious and lapsed into a state of almost She glanced at his face, furtively at first, as if uncertain of his mood,

then with a prolonged stare that was frankly curious and amused. "Don't lose your head, Leslie," she said softly, almost purringly.

He started. "Oh, I say, Sara, I'm not likely to-" "Stranger things have happened."

"I can't afford to have you head. of the game, as you always do, dear boy, just as soon as you find she's vestigation we found the room had in love with you. She is too dear to not been occupied for two weeks and "Good Lord!" he cried; "what a a maid had pushed the bed against bounder you must take me for! Why, the room button.

"Listen, my dear," said Sara, a in her dark hair, where it had been ! She came to the bridge by the mill, if I thought she'd- But nonsense! | ity. "I've seen her hard note growing in her voice: "this placed by the whimsical Hetty an hour long since deserted and now a thing of Let's talk about something else. for the life of me I can't place her

They found Booth at the inn. He was sitting on the old-fashioned porch, gle furtive, curlous glance at his hand- surrounded by bags and boys. As he some, undisturbed profile, and in that climbed into the car after the bags, better, my dear," she said. "Leslie is glance recognized him as the man she the boys grinned and jingled the coins in their pockets and ventured, almost When she was a dozen rods away, in unison, the intelligence that they the tall man turned his face from the would all be there if he ever came stream and sent after her the long- back again. Big and little, they had restrained look. There was something transported his easel and canvasses akin to cautiousness in that look of from place to place for three weeks his, as if he were afraid that she or more and his departure was to be

> Leslie, perhaps in the desire to be with the chauffeur, and paid little or expected. He felt the subtle, sweet no heed to the unhappy person's comments on the vile condition of all village thoroughfares, New York city included

"And you painted those wretched little boys instead of the beautiful vague. It was six or seven years ago." without really seeing it. Then he things that nature provides for us out here, Mr. Booth?" Sara was saying

"Of course I managed to get a bit



"Enchanting!" Said He, Almost Too Loudly.

est, I did it in order to get away, from the eminently beautiful but unnatural seat, his face beaming, his gay little things I'm required to paint at home. "I suppose we will see you at the

"I'm coming out to paint Lealie's sister in June, I believe. And that was impossible to resist the good na- monly pretty girl not far from your less I'm vastly mistaken. I wonder

> She appeared thoughtful, "Oh, there are dozens of pretty remember where you met-" She a fragrant dampness, stopped suddenly, a swift look of ap-

prehension in her eyes, He falled to note the look or the

small pocket, he held it out to her. remarkably good likeness of Hetty fresh, but long after she had passed

out of range of his vision. "I know her," said Sara quietly. 'It's very clever, Mr. Booth," "There is something hauntingly fa-

miliar about it," he went on, looking at the sketch with a frown of perplex-

you think so?" Mrs. Wrandall leaned forward and spoke to Leslie. As he turned, she handed him the envelope, without comment.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Mr. Booth is a mind reader," she explained. "He has been reading your thoughts, dear boy." Booth understood, and grinned.

"You don't mean to say-" began

the dumfounded Leslie, still staring at the sketch. "Upon my word, it's a wonderful likeness, old chap. I didn't know you'd ever met her." "Met her?" cried Booth, an amiable conspirator. "I've never met her."

"See here, don't try anything like that on me. How could you do this If you've never seen-" "He is a mind reader," cried Sara

"Haven't you been thinking of her steadily for-well, we'll say ten minutes?" demanded Booth.

Leslie reddened. "Nonsense!" "That's a mental telepathy sketch," said the artist, complacently.

"When did you do that?" "This instant, you might say. See! Here is the crayon point. I always carry one around with me for just euch-

"All right," said Leslie blandly, at the same time putting the envelope in his own pocket; "we'll let it go at that. If you're so clever at mind pletures you can go to work and make another for yourself. I mean to keep this one."

"I say," began Booth, dismayed. "One's thoughts are his own," said the happy possessor of the sketch. He

turned his back on them. Sara was contrite. "He will never give it up," she lamented. "Is he really hard hit?" asked Bootb

"I wonder," mused Sara, "Of course he's welcome to the sketch, confound him." "Would you like to paint her?"

in surprise.

"Is this a commission" "Hardly, I know her, that's all. She is a very dear friend."

"My heart is set on painting some one else, Mrs. Wrandall." "Oh!"

"When I know you better I'll tell you who she is." "Could you make a sketch of this other one from memory?" she asked lightly.

"I think so. I'll show you one this evening. I have my trusty crayon about me always, as I said before."

Later in the afternoon Booth came a to face with Hotty He was do. scending the stairs and met her comture of him. She could not dislike place the other day-and yesterday, ing up. The sun streamed in through him, even though she dreaded him as well-some one I've met before, un- the tall windows at the turn in the would deprive me of the lodging house stairs, shining full in her uplifted face was hot and cold by turns when she if you know your neighbors well as she approached him from below. He could not represe the start of amazement. She was carrying a box of roses in her arms-red roses whose stems protruded far beyond the end girls in the neighborhood. Can't you of the pasteboard box and reeked of

She gave him a shy, startled smile as she passed. He had stopped to make room for her on the turn. Somebroken sentence. He was searching what dazed, he continued on his way in his coat pocket for something. Se- down the steps, to suddenly remember bottom of the terrace as they drove lecting a letter from the middle of a with a twinge of dismay that he had not returned her polite smile, but had "I sketched this from memory. She stared at her with most unblinking posed all too briefly for me," he said. fervor. In no little shame and em-On the back of the envelope was a barrassment he sent a swift glance over his shoulder. She was walking Castleton, done broadly, sketchily, close to the banister rail on the floor with a crayon point, evidently drawn above. As he glanced up their eyes with haste while the impression was met, for she too had turned to peer.

Leslie Wrandall was standing near the foot of the stairs. There was an eager, exalted look in his face that slowly gave way to well-assumed un. manage it so that you can take your concern as his friend came upon him and grasped his arm.

## (TO BE CONTINUED)

## ALMOST PERFECT IN SYSTEM Modern Hotel a Wonderful Improve

ment Over Its Predecessor of Only a Few Years Ago.

"It is wonderful to appreciate the difference in hotel systems of today and 15 years ago. And still, with all the conveniences that are offered to guests at practically the same rates, there is the man who finds fault.

"Today guests have telephones in their rooms, whereas several years ago they had anything from a cowbell to a row of brass checks operated with a cord.

"At the old Gobson house, about twelve years ago, we installed a device for lessening labor which was called a teleseme. It was a sort of punch button affair which was supposed to signal for anything from a San Francisco newspaper to a bag of peanuts. You'd push the button so many times and different lights would bob up on the board in the office after the clerk had released the indicator.

"One day I pulled out the indicator on a certain room and the lights flared up. The signal showed a very she interrupted, with a shake of her difficult drink and I hastened to notify the cafe.

"A boy took the drink upstairs, but could find no one. After a little in-

"Another device was the old cord in the room at the Grand hotel. A certain number of pulls would release brass checks on which was scheduled the desire of the guest. Whenever a pull came on this indicator it sounded as though some one had dropped a couple of hundred brass checks on a marble floor. "This affair was a nuisance, for we

got to sending ice water to a room every time it worked. Many times a guest would receive three or four pitchers of water. "Then some one came along and

put in the telephone for hotels. The

modern day hotel is a wonderful institution compared with that of but a few years ago."-Cincinnati Comcial Tribune. Legal Tangle.

The day was drawing to a close. Judge, jurors, witnesses and lawyers were growing weary, says the Theosophical Path. Finally the counsel for the prosecution rose to examine the defendant.

"Exactly how far is it between the two towns," asked the lawyer, in a weary voice. The defendant yawned, and replied:

'About four miles as the cry flows." "No doubt," said the man of law, 'you mean as the flow cries.' The judge leaned forward. "No," he

remarked, suavely, "he means as the fly crows. Then all three looked at one another, feeling that something was

wrong somewhere.

# HENRY HOWLAND



I'm sick of traveling; Twe looked at everything there

is to see, It's come to pass that nothing seems to bring A new sensation or a thrill to

"My taste is dulled. my thirst, alas, no more Brings anxious, eager longings to my soul Since all I have to do is turn and pour Myself another

"I've broken sporting records and I've played

Such things have lost their charms for me; I've made The whole great round, the circle is

"Woman, wine and song-bah! Not for Thère's nothing left to long for any more, There's nothing left to do or taste or see,

But fate was kind to him who thus complained;

He on a fur-off shore was cast away. There, where his voice could reach no

Hard masters made him toll from year to year And every time he ate his soul was

The prospect of a day or two of rest, The chance to save a little extra gain, Sent new thrills trooping gladly through

He sat him down no more with listless sighs.
But with the hope of winning liberty

"I owe my success in life to politics.

politician." that, if I had been elected, would have paid me about \$1,500 a year. I was so badly beaten that I dropped politics forever and took up the business that has brought me a fortune. It makes me shudder when I rememher that if I had been elected I might now be afraid of doing something that

Naturally. "We gave our preacher a purse of \$500 last Sunday, and also a beautiful album containing the pictures and signatures of the people who had contributed the money. He was greatly affected, and almost with tears streaming down his cheeks said he valued

"My dear," said Bilkington when be returned after having remained out on the road four days longer than was absolutely necessary, "you seem to look younger every time I come

"When are you going away again, John?" she asked. "And can't you trips oftener and make them shorter?"

## IT WOULD BE USELESS.

would yez like to live to be a hundred year av age?" "I don't want to. Pat. I never seen a man that old

that could put up

"Mike, how

"Mamma, how much alimony did you receive when you got divorced from

The Beginning. "There," said the man who intended to become great, "I have finished my autobiography. It is full of anecdotes of an ordinary sort. Now I must go to work and do something so that the book will be a delight to cultured minds."

### The Main Question. Each cloud may have a silver lining,

Oh, has he still a single friend? What He Could Get. "What kind of a rug can I get for

### about \$50?" asked the young husband "Well," replied the absent-minded proprietor of the auction store, "we

have some good \$20 rugs that we're selling for about that price." His Composition. "They say Mr. Smitherley is a com-

## poser."

"Yes. Isn't it funny? He is such a nervous man. It seems to be absolutely impossible for him to compose

ginssful from the bowl

working corners up in stocks and wheat:

The world has not another thrill in store."

It came to pass by happy chance, one day, That, all alone and with his pockets

friendly ear And where remittances could not be

He longed for things that he could not obtain;

He worked and looked ahead with eager

Till Death was kind enough to set him

A Lucky Escape.

"I was not aware that you were a "I'm not; but I thought I was once, and got myself nominated for an office

the album much more than the purse."

"What happened then?" "We went home with diminished confidence in our preacher."

## How to Please Her.



anny kind av a foight."

that it is an indication of very poor taste to talk about financial matters in the presence of formal callers?"

'Sh! My dear child, don't you know

The sun of golden beams no end, But he that's down to his last copper,

himself for a minute!