

CHAPTER XI.-Continued.

"You do know it, don't you?" he

"I-God knows I don't want you to

love me. I never meant that you

should-" she was saying, as if to

"I suppose it's hopeless," he said

"Yes, it is utterly hopeless," she

"I-I sha'n't say anything more,"

how it is. There's some one else, Only

I want you to know that I love you

with all my soul, Hetty. I-I don't

see how I'm going to get on without

you. But I-I won't distress you,

"There isn't anyone else, Brandon,"

she said in a very low voice. Her fin-

gers tightened on his in a sort of des-

peration. "I know what you are think

ing. It isn't Leslie. It never can

"Then-then-" he stammered, the

blood surging back into his heart-

"there may be a chance-"

must forget me. You must-"

hem both firmly,

said and she was white to the lips.

dumbly, as her voice trailed off in a

whisper.

dear.

be Leslie."

said.

SYNOPSIS. Chailis Wrandail is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandail is summoned from the city and identifies the body. A young woman who accompanied Wrandail to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandail starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm.

quisite delight.

without you,' he whispered, shaken by his passion. "Nothing can come full on the trembling lips. She gasped Umph!" between us. I must have you always and closed her eyes, lying like one in like this."

the breath of the summer wind as it sings in the trees.

companied Wrandall to the inn and subsequently disappeared, is suspected. Mrs. Wrandall starts back for New York in an auto during a blinding snow storm. On the way she meets a young woman in the road who proves to be the woman who killed Wrandall. Feeling that the girl had done her a service in ridding her of the man who though she loved him deeply, had caused her great sorrow. Mrs. Wrandall determines to shield her and takes her to her own home. Mrs. Wrandall hears the story of Hetty Castleton's life, except that portion that relates to Wrandall. This and the story of the tragedy she forbids the girl ever to tell. She offers Hetty a home, friendship and security from peril on account of the tragedy. Mrs. Sura Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Lealle Wrandall, brother of Challis, makes himself useful to Sara and becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Lealle's infatuation possibility for revenge on the Wrandalls and reparation for the wrongs she suffered at the hands of Challis Wrandall by marrying his murderess into the family. Lealle, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Lealle confesses to Sara that he is made in low with Helty. Sara arranges with Booth to paint a pleture of Hetty. Booth has a haunting feeling that he has seen Hetty before. Looking through a portfolio of pictures by an unknown English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English artist he finds one of Hetty. He speaks to her about it. Hetty declares it must be a picture of Hetty Glynn, an English artist he finds one of Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong much Lealie Wrandall becomes impatient and jealous over the ofcure painting and declares he is going to propose to Hetty at the first opportunity. Much to his chagrin Lealle is refused by Hetty. Sara, between whom and Hetty a strong much Lealie Wrandall becomes impatient and feelow her first opportunity. Muc The minutes passed and neither spoke. His rapt gaze hung upon the glossy crown that pressed against him to oppress. so gently. He could not see her eyes, but somehow he felt they were tightly shut, as if in pain,

"I love you, Hetty, Nothing can matter," he whispered at last, "Tell

me what it is." She lifted her head and gently with drew herself from his embrace. He did not oppose her, noting the serious, almost somber look in her eyes as she turned to regard him steadfastly, an unwavering integrity of purpose in their depths.

him a part of the truth. "Brandon, I am Hetty Glynn."

He started, not so much in surprise as at the abruptness with which she

the beginning," he said quietly.

Then her tongue was loosed. words rushed to her lips, "I was

I posed for all those studies, and for the big canvas in the academy. It was either that or starvation. Oh, you will hate me-you must hate me." He laid his hand on her hair, a

calm smile on his lips. "I can't love and hate at the same time," he said. "There was nothing wrong in what you did for Hawkright. I am a painter, you know. I understand. Doesdoes Mrs. Wrandall know all this?"

understands. She is an angel, Brandon, an angel from heaven. But," she burst forth, "I am not altogether a sham. I am the daughter of Colonel said he. "Of course, I understand Castleton, and I am cousin of all the Murgatroyds-the poor relation. It isn't as if I were the scum of the earth, is it? I am a Castleton. My Brandon, the only thing I've ever done in my life that I am really ashamed of is the deception 1 practiced on you when you brought that magazine to me and faced me with it. I did not lie to you. I simply let you believe I was not the-the person you thought was. But I deceived you-"

"No, no!" she cried, almost vehe-"There are other things, too. I shall mently. "I can't let you go on hoping. not speak of them, except to repeat It is wrong-so terribly wrong. You that I have not done anything else in my life that I should be ashamed He seized her other hand and held of." Her eyes were burning with earnestness. He could not but understand "See here, my-look at me, dearest! what she meant,

What is wrong? Tell me! You are unhappy. Don't be afraid to tell me sure of that," he said.

You-you do love me?" She drew a long breath through he half-closed lips. Her eyes darkened "No. I don't love you. Oh, I am so sorry to have given you-" He was almost radiant. "Tell me the truth," he cried triumphantly. "Don't hold anything back, darling. Then to India. Then back to London If there is anything troubling you, let me shoulder it. I can-I will do anything in the world for you. Listen: I know there's a mystery somewhere. ing to do with him. He had lived-I have felt it about you always. I have seen it in your eyes, I have always sensed it stealing over me when I'm with you-this strange, bewildering atmosphere of-"Hush! You must not say anything more," she cried out. "I cannot love you. There is nothing more to be "But I know it now. You do love the field of battle that cannot me. I could shout it to-" The miserable, whipped expression in her eyes checked this outburst. He was struck by it, even dismayed, "My dearest one, my love," he said, with infinite tenderness, "what is it? Tell me?" He drew her to him. His arm went about her shoulders. The final thrill



"Some Day You Will Tell Me-Every thing?"

of ecstasy bounded through his veins. The feel of her! The wonderful, subtle, feminine feel of her! His brain reeled in a new and vast whirl

of intoxication. She sat there very still and unresisting, her hand to her lips, uttering no word, scarcely breathing. He waited. He gave her time. After a little while her fingers strayed to the crown of her limp, rakish panama. They found the single hatpin and drew it out. He smiled as he pushed the hat away and then pressed her dark little you. To be your wife would be the against his breast. Her blue

eyea were swimming.

joy started in his eyes-tears of ex- me, and that you still love me after the porch.

The Hollow

"Good God, Hetty, I-I can't do

"Che sara, sara," she sighed, like

She had made up her mind to tell

made the announcement. "I have been sure of it, dear, from

Hawkright's model for elx months.

"Yes-everything. She knows and

"No, you did not deceive me," he said gently. "I read the truth in your dear eyes."

Again he stroked her hair. "I am

"My mother was Kitty Glynn, the actress. My father, a younger son, fell in love with her. They were married against the wishes of his father, who cut him off. He was in the service, and he was brave enough to stick. They went to one of the South African garrisons, and I was born there. where an aunt had died, leaving my father quite a comfortable fortune. But his old friends would have nothwell, he had made life a hell for my mother in those frontier posts. He deserted us in the end, after he had squandered the fortune. My mother made no effort to compel him to provide for her or for me. She was proud. She was hurt. Today he is in India, still in the service, a martinet with a record for bravery on taken from him, no matter what else may befall. I hear from him once or twice-a year. That is all I can tell you about him. My mother died three years ago, after two years of invalid ism. During those years I tried to repay her for the sacrifice she had made in giving me the education, the-" She choked up for a second, and then went bravely on. "Her old manager made a place for me in one of his companies. I took my mother's name, Hetty Glynn, and-well, for a hands behind her back, her manner geason and a half I was in the chorus. I could not stay there. I could not," she repeated with a shudder. "I gave striking. it up after my mother's death. I was fairly well equipped for work as a children's governess, so I engaged myself to-

She stopped in dismay, for he was laughing.

"And now do you know what I think of you, Miss Hetty Glynn?" he cried, seizing her hands and regarding her with a serious, steadfast gleam in his eyes. "You are the plucklest, sandlest girl I've ever known. You are the kind that heroines are made of. There is nothing in what you've told me that could in the least alter my regard for you, except to increase the love I thought could be no stronger. Will you marry me, Hetty?"

She jerked her hands away, and held them clenched against her breast. "No! I cannot. It is impossible, Brandon. If I loved you less than I

do, I might say yes, but-no, it is impossible." His eyes narrowed. A gray shadow

crept over his face. "There can be only one obstacle so serious as all that," he said slowly. 'You-you are already married."

"No!" she cried, lifting her pathetic eyes to his. "It isn't that. Oh, please be good to me! Don't ask me to say anything more. Don't make it hard for me, Brandon. I love you-I love most glorious-No, no! I must not even think of it. I must put it out more lucid if he had uttered the sen-"Just this once, just this once," she of my mind. There is a barrier, dearmurmured with a sob in her voice, est. We cannot surmount it. Don't

* Of Her Hand
George Barr McCutcheon
COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE DARR PRICUTCHEON: COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY Her hand stole upward and caressed | ask me to tell you, for I cannot. I-I | bring her home with you?" asked Sara, | his brown cheek and throat. Tears of am so happy in knowing that you love as they moved off in the direction of

It was long past the luncheon hour

when Hetty came in, flushed and

"Oh, I'm sorry to be so late," she

She was shaking hands with Mrs.

Redmond Wrandall as she spoke, Les-

lie and Vivian stood by, rigidly await-

ing their turn. Neither appeared to

"What is the passing of an hour,

"I did not expect you-I mean to

"No," said Leslie, breaking in; "we

butted in, that's all. How are you?"

He clasped her hand and bent over it.

She was regarding him with slightly

dilated eyes. He misinterpreted the

steady scrutiny, "Oh, it will all peel

off in a day or two," he explained, go-

"I thought tomorrow was-"

"When did you return?" she asked.

"Leslie never has any tomorrows

Miss Castleton," explained Vivian.

"He always does tomorrow's work

"Where is Mr. Booth?" inquired

Sara. "Wouldn't he come in, Hetty?"

"I-I didn't think to ask him to

stop fer luncheon,' she replied, and

then hurried off to her room to make

Hetty was in a state of nervous ex

citement during the luncheon. The

encounter with Booth had not resulted

at all as she had fancied it would. She

had betrayed herself in a most discon-

certing manner, and now was more

deeply involved than ever before. She

had been determined at the outset,

After luncheon, Leslie drew Sara

"I must say she doesn't seem espe

"I don't see how we can prevent

"By gad, I'll have another try at

"She pities you," she said, a ma-

"Confound it all, I don't want to be

"Then I'd advise you to defer your

"I'm mad about her, Sara. I can't

sort of thing. I'm going to settle it

tonight. It's been nearly three weeks

now. She's surely had time to think

it over; how much better everything

will be for her, and all that. She's

no fool, Sara. And do you know what

Vivian's doing this very instant over

there in the corner? She's inviting

her to spend a fortnight over at our

place. If she comes-well, that means

the engagement will be announced at

Sara did not marvel at his assur

ance in the face of what had gone be-

of the original rebuff, he was thor-

oughly satisfied in his own mind that

Hetty Castleton would not be such a

fool as to refuse him the second time.

said, "that she may consider Brandon

and infinitely better looking at the

"It's this beastly sunburn," he la

mented, rubbing his nose gently, think-

ing first of his person. An instant

later he was thinking of the other

half of the declaration. "That's just

portrait nonsense went on forever. It's

"Bu. I have reason to believe she

will not accept him, if it goes so far

as that. You are quite safe in that

"Gad, I'd hate to risk it," he mut-

Vivian approached. "Sara, you must

"I can't do it, Vivian," said the other

"Oh, don't be selfish, Sara," cried

"You don't know how much I de

"I'd ask you over, too, dear, if there

"Perfectly," said her sister-in-law

them. You understand, don't you?"

pend on her," said Sara.

let me have Miss Castleton for the

first two weeks in July," she said se

tered. "I have a feeling she's in love

what I've been afraid of," he said.

present moment."

direction.

with him."

renely.

but-

Vivian.

"It is barely possible, Leslie," she

licious joy in her soul. "That's akin

to something else, you know."

try' at it," she remarked.

it-tonight. I say, has she said-any-

cially overjoyed to see me,"

growled. "She's as cool as ice."

demanded with some asperity.

"I can't stand this much

today. That's why he never has any

"What rot!" exclaimed Leslie.

my dear," said the old lady, "to one

who is young and can spare it?"

apologized, darting a look of anxiety

at Sara. "We grew careless with

time. Am I shockingly late?"

She was alone, and she had

"She seemed to be taking Brandy I have told you how mean and shameout for his morning exercise," said he less I was in deceiving-" He drew her close and kissed her surlily. "Far be it from me to-

warm.

been walking rapidly.

be especially cordial,

ing a shade redder.

troubles ahead of him."

herself presentable.

wanted to be alone.

heart to Booth."

thing?"

pitled!"

once."

aside.

Sara repressed the start of surprise a swoon. Soft, moaning sounds came She thought Hetty was alone, "She will bring him in for luncheon from her lips. He could not help feeling a vast pity for her, she was so suppose," she said carelessly, algentle, so miserably hurt by somethough there was a slight contraction thing he could not understand, but of the eyelids. "He is a privileged character." knew to be monumental in its power

"Listen, dearest," he said, after a long silence; "I understand this much, at least: you can't talk about it now. Whatever it is, it hurts, and God knows I don't want to make it worse for you in this hour when I am so selfishly happy. Time will show us the way. It can't be insurmountable. Love always triumphs, I only ask you to repeat those three little words, and I will be content. Say them." "I love you," she murmured.

You are mine! Three "There! little words bind you to me forever. I will wait until the barrier is down. Then I will take you."

say, nothing was said about luncheon, "The barrier grows stronger every was there, Sara?" She was in a day," she said, staring out beyond the pretty state of confusion. tree-tops at the soudding clouds, "It never can be removed. "Some day you will tell me-every-

She hesitated long, "Yes, before God, Brandon, I will tell you. Not now, but-some day. Then you will see why-why I cannot-" She could not complete the sentence.

thing?"

"No."

"I don't believe there is anything you can tell me that will alter my feelings toward you," he said firmly. "The barrier may be insurmountable, but my love is everlasting." "I can only thank you, dear, and-

love you with all my wretched heart." "You are not pledged to some one

"That's all I want to know," he said, with a deep breath. "I thought it might be-Leslie."

"No, no!" she cried out, and he caught a note of horror in her voice. "Does he know this - this thing you can't tell me?" he demandfather comes of a noble family. And, ed, a harsh note of jealousy in his voice

> She looked at him, hurt by his tone. "Sara knows," she said. "There is



"She Doesn't Seem Especially Over Joyed to See Me."

sleep, I can't think, I can't-yes, I can no one else. But you are not to ques eat, but it doesn't taste right to me. tion her. I demand it of you." I've just got to have it settled. Why, "I will wait for you to tell me," he people are beginning to notice the said gently. change in me. They say all sorts of things. About my liver, and all that

CHAPTER XII.

Sara Wrandall Finds the Truth. Sara had kept the three Wrandalls over for luncheon.

"My dear," said Mrs, Redmond Wrandall, as she stood before Hetty's portrait at the end of the long livingroom, "I must say that Brandon has succeeded in catching that lovely little something that makes her so-what shall I say?-so mysterious? Is that what I want? The word is as elusive as the expression."

"Subtle is the word you want, mother," said Vivian, standing beside fore. She knew him too well. In spite Leslie, tall, slim and aristocratic, her one of absolute indifference. Vivian was more than handsome; she was

"There isn't anything subtle about Hetty," said Sara, with a laugh. "She's Booth quite as good a catch as you, quite ingenuous."

Leslie was pulling at his mustache, and frowning slightly. The sunburn on his nose and forehead had begun to peel off in chappy little flakes. "Ripping likeness, though," was his

comment. "Oh, perfect," said his mother. Really wonderful. It will make Bran- told you what would happen if that don famous," "She's so healthy-looking," said your fault, Sara."

Vivian. - "English," remarked Leslie, that covered everything.

"Nonsense," cried the elder Mrs Wrandall, lifting her lorgnette again. 'Pure, honest, unmixed blood, that's what it is. There is birth in that

girl's face." "You're always talking about birth. mother," said her son sourly, as he turned away.

"It's a good thing to have," said his promptly. "I can't bear the thought mother with conviction. of being alone in this big old barn "It's an easy thing to get in America," said he, pulling out his cigarette of a place. Nice of you to want her,

CILBO. It was then that Sara prevailed upon them to stop for luncheon. "Hetty always takes these long walks in the morning, and she will be disappointed

if she finds you haven't waited-"Oh, as for that-" began Leslie and stopped, but he could not have been tence in full,

"Why didn't you pick her up and

Williamsons at that time. Tell her

about the invitation, Vivie." "It isn't necessary," said Sara cold-"I scarcely know the William-

She hesitated an instant and then went on with sardonic dismay: "They're in trade, you know." "That's nothing against 'em," pro-

tested he. "Awfully jolly peoplereally ripping. Ain't they, Viv?" "I don't know them well enough to say," said Vivian, turning away. "I

sort. "Just a minute, Viv," he called out. What does Miss Castleton say about coming?" It was an eager question. Much depended on the reply.

"I haven't asked her," said his sister succinctly. "How could I, without first consulting Sara?"

"Then you don't intend to ask her? "Certainly not." After the Wrandalls had departed,

Sara took Hetty off to her room. The girl knew what was coming. "Hetty," said the older woman, facing her after she had closed the door of her boudoir, "what is going on be-

tween you and Brandon Booth? I must have the truth. Are you doing anything foolish?" "Foolish? Heaven help me, no! It-it is a tragedy," cried Hetty, meet-

"What has happened? Tell me!" "What am I to do, Sara darling? He-he has told me that he-he-"Loves you?"

ing her gaze with one of utter despair.

"Yes." "And you have told him that his

love is returned?" "I couldn't help it. I was carried away. I did not mean to let him se

that I-" "You are such a novice in the business of love," said Sara sneeringly. "You are in the habit of being carried away, I fear."

"Oh, Sara!" "You must put a stop to all this have just said?" The puzzled look at once. How can you think of marrying him, Hetty Glynn? Send him-"I do not intend to marry him," said the girl, suddenly calm and dignified.

"I am to draw but one conclusion, I suppose," said the other, regarding the girl intently. "What do you mean?"

"Is it necessary to ask that ques-The puzzled expression remained in that Challis was buried. It has never

she had failed, and now he had a claim-an incontestable claim against slowly gave way to one of absolute day. Now you understand." her. She found it difficult to meet horror. Sara's steady, questioning gaze. She "How dare you suggest such a

crimson. "How dare you?" Sara laughed shortly. "Isn't the in- straightened up suddenly and met her ference a natural one? You are forgetting yourself."

"I understand," said the girl, through "What do you expect, Leslie?" she pallid lips. Her eyes were dark with pain and misery. "You think I am al-together bad." She drooped percept-Sara," he said. "Don't you see how things are going? She's losing her

"You went to Burton's Inn," sententiously.

"But, Sara, you must believe me. I did not know he was-married. For God's sake, do me the justice to-' "But you went there with him," insisted the other, her eyes hard as

steel. "It doesn't matter whether he was married-or free. You went." Hetty threw herself upon her companion's breast and wound her strong

arms about her. "Sara, Sara, you must let me explain-you must let me tell you every-

thing. Don't stop me! You have refused to hear my plea-" "And I still refuse;" cried Sara, throwing her off angrily. "Good God, do you think I will listen to you? If

you utter another word, I will-

strangle you!" Hetty shrank back, terrified. Slowly she moved backward in the direction have to offer for all these months of of the door, never taking her eyes from the impassioned face of her pro-

"Don't, Sara, please don't!"

"I say, Sara," broke in Leslie, "you begged. "Don't look at me like that! could go up to Bar Harbor with the | I promise-I promise. Forgive me! I would not give you an instant's pain for all the world. You would suffer, you would-"

Sara suddenly put her hands over her eyes. A single moan escaped her

lips-a hoarse gasp of pain. "Dearest!" cried Hetty, springing to her side.

Sara threw her head up and met he with a cold, repelling look, "Wait!" she commanded. "The time has come when you should know what only know we're all snobs of the worst is in my mind, and has been for months. It concerns you. I expect

you to marry Leslie Wrandall." Hetty stopped short. "How can you jest with me, Sara?"

she cried, suddenly indignant. "I am not jesting," said Sara lev elly.

"You-you-really mean-what you

"If You Utter Another Word, I Will-Strangle You!"

gave way to one of revulsion. A great shudder swept over her.

"Leslie Wrandall must pay brother's debt to you." "My God!" fell from the girl's stiff

"You-you must be going madmad!" Sara laughed softly. "I have meant it almost from the beginning," she said. "It came to my mind the day

the girl's eyes for a time, and then been out of it for an instant since that If she expected Hetty to fall into a fit of weeping, to collapse, to plead thing?" she cried, turning pale, then with her for mercy, she was soon to find herself mistaken. The girl

> fierce determination. Her eyes were steady, her bosom heaved, "And I have loved you so devotedly -so blindly," she said, in low tones "You have been hating of scorn. all these months while I thought you wert loving me. What a fool I have been! I might have known. You

gaze with one in which there was the

couldn't love me." "When Leslie asks you tonight to marry him, you are to say that you will do so," said Sara, betraying no sign of having heard the bitter words. "I shall refuse, Sara," said Hetty, every vestige of color gone from her

face "There is an alternative," announced the other deliberately. "You will expose me to-him? To

his family?"

"I shall turn you over to them, to let them do what they will with you. If you go as his wife, the secret is safe. If not, they may have you as you really are, to destroy, to annihilate. Take your choice, my dear."

"And you, Sara?" asked the girl quietly. "What explanation will you protection?" Her companion stared. "Has the

prospect no terror for you?" (TO BE CONTINUED)



wrong!

FELT SHE HAD BEEN FAMILIAR Horrible Discovery by Mrs. Flint Had Considerably Disturbed Her Lecoq to vault the crumbling fence,

Composure. Ellen Terry, the famous English actress, tells this story:

"Mrs. Flint came home from a call

one day in such a disturbed condition that it was evident that tears were not far in the background. Her husbané gazed at her inquiringly for a moment but she made haste to explain before he could advance any questions. 'Will,' said she, 'I am so morti-

"What's up, little one?" Mr. Flint inquired flippantly. "I have just been calling on Mrs Boutelle. You know her husband,

fied that I don't know what to do!"

Major Boutelle?" Yes. "'Well, I just learned today that

'Major" isn't his tittle at all. 'Major" is his first name. "Why, sure it is. I've always known that. What is there so mortifying about it?"

'Nothing,' Mrs. Flint answered. with a groan, 'only that I've been bor will be discarded. Plumbago is calling him "Major" every time I've the most important mineral export met him for the last six years!"

Good Reason.

William J. Burns, at a banquet in New York, told a number of detective stories. "And then there was Lecoq," weren't so many others coming. I said Mr. Burns. "Lecoq, late one don't know where we're going to put night, was pursuing his homeward way when, from a dark, mysterious- ture; it changes the size but not the "But I've been counting on-Hetty." looking house set in a weed grown

garden, he heard loud shouts and roars of: 'Murder! Oh, heavens! Help! You're killing me! Murder!' "It was the work of an instant for

thunder at the door of the mysterious "A young girl appeared. "'What's wanted?' she asked po

tear through the weedy garden, and

"I heard dreadful cries and yells," panted Lecoq. 'Tell me what is

"The young girl blushed and an swered with an embarrassed air: 'Well, sir, if you must know, ma's putting a patch on pa's trousers and

he's got 'em on.' Go Deeper for Plumbago In the plumbago district of Ceylon

the supply near the surface has been practically exhausted, and the mine owners in going deeper are confronted with the water problem, which they now recognize means the installation of modern machinery, including pow erful pumps. The picturesque will be come a matter of memory, for buckets and hand pumps operated by coolie lafrom Ceylon, and more than half of the total output comes to the United

Each a Law Unto Himself,

Men are like trees; each one must put forth the leaf that is created in him. Education is only like good cul--H. W. Beechez. sort.



(Conducted by the National Woman's Christian Temperance Union.)

NOT A GOOD ADVERTISEMENT. In the front window of a Columbus (O.) saloon, during the state fair week, was a large glass tank filled with water in which were hundreds of fish. It always attracted a crowd. A young fellow, after watching the fish for some time, stepped inside

and said to the proprietor: "That's a catchy advertisement in your window.

"Yes," said the soloonkesper, "h attracts much attention."

"But," said the visitor, "you are losing an important point. Instead of filling that tank with water, why don't you fill it with your beer or whisky?"

"Why, you blankety-blank fool" said the saloonkeeper, "the fish would all die if I were to carry out your idea.

"Well," remarked the young man, "if that is the case, it is not a good advertisement for your business, after all. If beer and whisky kill fish, what chance have men who drink the stuff? You have suggested a good text for the temperance talk to my Sunday school next Sunday."

PRODUCTION DECREASING. Right understanding of the internal

report, it is pointed out, explains the apparent inconsistency between alleged increased consumption of liquor and increased temperance area. Such understanding is that the figures are based upon the number of rallors withdrawn from the government warshouses, not upon the actual amount consumed. The utterances of liquor journals continually strengthen this position. In a recent issue Mida's Criterion, speaking of the expected business conditions, tells us editorially that "the problem of the surplus produced in the previous three years will still remain an incubus on the market." It says, moreover, that "from reliable information received from distillers, production during the months of March and April will show a very material decrease from the figures of last year, and a still further decrease during the months of May and June."

NEW LIGHT SHED.

For the first time in the history of the temperance controversy we am able to challenge the statement the moderate drinking is a safer and sans position, and more heroic and influe tial ethically than total abstiness This convenient theory is now pract cally disproved by the discovery the small doses of alcohol, far short of h ducing the signs we are accustome to associate with drunkenness, set a insidious, but no less serious, sym toms of disease. It is now well rec nized that a man may pass out of li with the reputation of a sober it blameless citizen, and even in the "odor of sanctity," who has shortens his days and induced the fatal discast by slow poisoning with alcohol-fit Alex, Walker, J. P., Edinburgh,

EDUCATIONAL PROPAGANDA.

ciation, according to the Bres Journal, New York, is planning to at to their systematic "educational" fense propaganda a unique movingpia ture plea and argument in the form of an exhibit which it holdly an nounces will be utilized at "count fairs, and other public occasions throughout the country" as a "part of the organized brewers' campaign a education."

WHAT BEER WILL DO. A Wilkes-Barre (Pa.) sheriff rais a speak-easy months ago, and in bottle of beer he found a frogsealed the bottle, marked it, and p it away. Lately he came across again. The seal was intact, but the frog had been eaten completely naught by the acid in the beer. the sheriff doubts if a beverage while can eat a frog can be good for a li

man stomach.-Exchange CHILDREN RESCUED.

S. S. Foxton Jones, superintendents the Irish work in connection with h Barnardo's Homes, says \$0,000 d dren have been rescued About 9 per cent of these cases are dire attributed to the drink traffic. for the drink curse these great ? stitutions would very shortly com their doors.

ENGLAND'S DRINK BILL.

As reported in The Alliance No. upon estimates made by Mr. George B. Wilson, secretary of the Unite Kingdom alliance, Great British drink bill for the past year was on six millions of dollars less than the year previous. "Picture palaces" is become a competitor with the public houses throughout the kingdom.

MORE TAX ON HOTELS. New York State Excise Com

er Farley, in his annual report, in taxing hotels more than saloens, suggests a provision of law when when a district votes dry, some p in it may sell liquor on petition of per cent of the electors, and vice us as to a wet district. CAUSE OF HUNGRY CHILDREN

Miss Agnes Slack says it is be of the liquor traffic that 200 towns England and Wales serve mes school children.

DRUNKENNESS DECREASED. Under an Early Closing Act, pas

In 1906, Saturday drunkenness las oreased over 21 per cent in the principal cities of Ireland, and a 36 per cent in all the rest of less And Sunday drunkenness has creased 55 per cent in the cities

CAUSE OF CRIME. General J. G. Burnett of the ish army is the authority for the ment that nine-tenths of the crim three-fourths of the invaliding army is caused by drink.