

The Hollow

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SYNOPSIS.

Challis Wrandall is found murdered in a road house near New York. Mrs. Wrandall is summoned from the city and identifies who body. A young woman who accompanied 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 shied 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. Sara Wrandall and Hetty return to New York after an absence of a year in Europe. Lealle Wrandal, hother of Challis, becomes greatly interested in Hetty. Sara sees in Leelle'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. Leslie, in company with his friend Brandon Booth, an artist, visits Sara at her country place. Leslie confesses to Sara that he is madly in love with Hetty. Sara seranges with Booth to paint a picture 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 acties who resembles her very much. Much to his chagrin the has seen the structure of Hetty Glynn, an English acties who resembles her very much. Much to his chagrin the halve declares that the latter declares that she can never marry as there is an insurmountable barrier in the way. Hetty admits to Sara that she loves Booth. Sara declares that Hetty must marry Leslie, who must be m dall. Later she realizes that Hetty is innocent. Leslie again proposes to Hetty
and is rejoeted. Hetty prepares to leave
Sara, declaring that after what has happened she can remain no longer. Hetty
starts for Eurone. At sea she receives a
message from Baeth that he has started
on a faster steamer and will be waiting
for her on the other side. Rooth meets
her and accompanies her to London. In
an attempt to escape from him Hetty
starts for Paris, but finds Booth on the
same boat. She persists in her refusal to
tell him the secret which keeps them
apart. She declares that Sara alone can
tell him. Booth leaves for America determined to get the story from Sara.

CHAPTER XVI.-Continued.

The weeks slipped by. He was with her almost daily. Other people came to her house, some for rather protracted visits, others in quest of pillage at the nightly bridge table, but he was seldom missing. There were times when he thought he detected a tendency to waver, but each cunning attempt on his part to encourage the impulse invariably brought a certain mocking light into her eyes and he veered off in defeat. Something kept telling him, however, that the hour was bound to come when she would faiter in her resolution; when frankness would meet frankness, and the the vell be lifted. There were no letters from Hetty,

no word of any description. If Sara knew anything of the girl's movements she did not take Booth into her confi. you, Brandon." dence.

Leslie Wrandall went abroad in August, ostensibly to attend the aviation meets in France and England. His mother and sister sailed in September, but not before the entire colony of which they were a part had begun to discuss Sara and Booth with a relish that was obviously distasteful to the

Where there is smoke there is fire said all the gossips, and forthwith proceeded to carry faggots.

A week or so before salling, Mrs Redmond Wrandall had Booth in for dinner. I think she said en famille. At any rate, Sara was not asked, which is proof enough that she was bent on making it a family affair.

the After dinner, Booth sat in screened upper balcony with Vivian. He liked her. She was a keen witted, plain-spoken young woman, with few false ideals and no subtlety. She was less snobbish than arrogant. Of all the Wrandalls, she was the least selfcentered. Leslie never quite understood her for the paradoxical reason that she thoroughly understood him.

You know, Brandon," she said,



Good Heavens, VIv!" He Cried, Uncomfortably.

after a long silence between them, "they've been setting my cap for you for a long, long time." She blew a thin stream of cigarette smoke toward the moon.

He started. It was a bolt from t

clear sky. "The deuce!" 'Yes," she went on in the most casual tone, "mother's had her heart set on it for months. You were supposed to be mine at first sight, I believe Please don't look so uneasy. I'm not going to propose to you." She laughed

her little tronic laugh. "So that is the way things stood. ch?" he said, still a little amazed by

her candor. "Yes. And what is more to the

"Good heavens, Viv!" he cried uncomfortably. "I-I had no idea you clustons, Viv."

eared-"Cared!" she cried, as he paused. 'I don't care two pine for you in that way. But I would have married you, just the same, because you are worth marrying. I'd very much rather have Brandon. I've just been talking to you for a husband than any man I Sara." know, but as for loving you! Pooh! I'd love you in just the way mother loves father, and I wouldn't have been a bit more trouble to you than she is

"Gad, you don't mind what you say!

"Falling to nab you, Brandy, I dare say I'll have to come down to a duke or, who knows? maybe a mere prince. It isn't very enterprising, is it? And certainly it isn't a gay prospect. Really, I had hoped you would have me. I flatter myself, I suppose, but, honestly now, we would have made a rather nice looking couple, wouldn't we?"

"You flatter me," he said.

"But," she resumed, calmly exhaling, "you very foolishly fell in love with some one else, and it wasn't necessary for me to pretend that I was in love with you-which I should have done, believe me, if you had given me the chance. You fell in love, first with Hetty Castleton."

"First?" he cried, frowning.

"And now you are heels over head in love with my beautiful sister-in-law. Which all goes to prove that I would have made just the kind of wife you need, considering your tendency to fluctuate. But how dreadful it would have been for a sentimental, loving girl like Hetty!" He sat bolt upright and stared hard

"See here, Viv, what the dickens are you driving at? I'm not in love with Sara-not in the least-and-" He checked himself sharply. "What an ass I am! You're guying me." "In any event, I am right about Het-

ty," she said, leaning forward, her manner quite serious.

"If it will ease you mind," he said stiffly, "I plead guilty with all my heart."

She favored him with a slight frown of annoyance,

"And you deny the fluctuating charge? "Most positively. I can afford to be

honest with you, Viv. You are a corker. I love Hetty Castleton with all my soul." She leaned back in her chair. "Then why don't you dignify your soul by be-

ing honest with her? "What do you mean?"

For a half-minute she was silent Are you and I of the same stripe after all? Would you marry Sara without loving her, as I would have done by you? It doesn't seem like

"Good heaven, I'm not going to marry Sara!" he blurted out. "It's

never entered my head." "Perhaps it has entered hers." "Nonsense! She isn't going to

marry anybody. And she knows how I feel toward Hetty. If it came to the point where I decided to marry without love, 'pon my soul, Viv, I believe I'd pick you out as the victim. "Wonderful combination!" she said

with a frank laugh. "The quintessence of 'no love lost.' But to resume Do you know that people are saying you are to be married before the win ter is over?"

"Let 'em say it," he said gruffly, "Oh, well," she said, dispatching it all with a gesture, "if that's the way you feel about it, there's no more to be said.

He was ashamed. "I beg your par don, I shouldn't have said that."

"You see," she went on, reverting to the original topic, "people who know Sara are likely to credit her with motives you appear to be totally ignorant of. She set her heart on my brother Challis, when she was a great deal younger than she is now, and she got him. If age and experience count for anything, how capable she must be by this time."

He was too wise to venture an opinon. "I assure you she has no designs

"Perhaps not. But I fancy that even you could not escape as St. Anthony She is most alluring." You don't like her."

"Obviously. And yet I don't dislike er. She has the virtue of consistency, if one may use the expression. She loved my brother. Leslie says she should have hated him. We have tried to like her. I think I have come nearer to it than any of the others, not excepting Leslie, who has always been her champion. I suppose you know that he was your rival at one time."

"He mentioned it," said Booth drily. "I should have been very much disappointed in her if she had accepted

"Indeed?"

"I sometimes wonder if Sara spiked Leslie's guns for him." "I can tell you something you don't

there. Vivian's smile was slow but triumphant. "That is just what I thought. There you are! Doesn't that explain

Sara? "In a measure, yes. But, you see, it developed that Hetty cared for some one else, and that put a stop to everything."

"Am I to take it that you are the some one else?"

"Yes," he said soberly.

"Then, may I ask why she went away so suddenly?"

"You may ask, but I can't answer. "Do you want my opinion? She went away because Sara, failing in point, I am quite sure I should have her plan to marry her off to Lealle, said yes if you had asked me. Sounds | decided that it would be fatal to a cerodd, doesn't it? Rather amusing, too, tain project of her own if she re being able to discuss it so unreserved mained on the field of action. Do I supplied with real poison in the death dial and the exact amount of interest virtuous, honorable woman. She saved spared not herzelf in the narration. make myself clear?"

"Time will tell," was here cabalistic discussed. You see-"

rejoinder. Her father appeared on the lawn

below and called up to them. "You are wanted at the telephone

"Did she call you up, father?" asked Vivian, leaning over the rail.

"Yes. About nothing in particular, however.

She turned upon Booth with a mocking smile. He felt the color rush to his face, and was angry with himself. He went to the telephone. Almost her first words were these:

"What has Vivian been telling you about me. Brandon?' He actually gasped. "Good heavens,

Sara!

He heard her low laugh. "So she has been saying things, has she?" she asked. "I thought so. I've had it in my bones tonight." He was at a loss for words. It was

positively uncanny. As he stood there,



Eyes Were Moody, Her Voice Rather Lifeless.

trying to think of a trivial remark, her laugh came to him again over the wire. followed by a drawling "good night," and then the soughing of the wind over the "open" wire.

The next day he called her up on the telephone quite early. He knew her habits. She would be abroad in her gardens by eight o'clock. He remembered well that Leslie, in commenting on her absurdly early hours, had once said that her "early bird" habit was hereditary; she got it from Sebastian.

"What put it into your head, Sara, that Vivian was saying anything unpleasant about you last night?" "Magic," she replied succinctly,

"Rubbish!" "I have a magic tapestry that trans-

ports me, hither and thither, and by to superintend the closing of her house been in her mind: the desire to see So, you see, I see and hear everything" "Be sensible." "Very well. I will be sensible.

Vivian or her mother said to you last me from this time on." Prepared though he was, he blinked his eyes and said something she didn't

quite catch. She went on: "Moreover, in addition to my attainments in the black art, some splendid deducing. In the first lifeless.

"Certainly," he said, watching her | He was staring at her with dilated "Oh, you are away off in your con- | place, you were asked there and 1 | closely. Was the break about to come? eyes. Slowly the truth was being was not. Why? Because I was to be "I will stop for you at nine." After borne in upon him.

ton's inn."

by-

"Burton's inn."

where I am taking you."

"It doesn't matter, Sara."

"I have thought it all out, Brandon.

CHAPTER XVII.

Once More at Burton's Inn.

mighty chill of terror, for she knew

not what was there in the quiet, now

sequestered room. Burton had told

drive across country that patrons of

the inn invariably asked which room

Sara stood in the middle of the

murky room, for the shutters had long

been closed to the light of day, and

looked about her in awe at the hetero-

geneous mass of boxes, trunks, bun-

dles and rubbish, scattered over the

closed the door behind her and was

quite alone. Light sneaked in through

meagerly that it only served to in-

crease the gloom. A dismantled bed-

stead stood heaped up in the corner.

it was. The mattress was there too,

rolled up and tied with a thick garden

rope. She knew there were dull, ugly

could only surmise. Perhaps it was

held as an inducement to the morbidly

curious who always seek out the grue

some and gloat even as they shudder.

For a long time she stood immov-

able just inside the door, recalling

the horrid picture of another day. She

tried to imagine the scene that had

been enacted there with gentle, lov-

able Hetty Glynn and her whilom

impressions which she could leave be-

frame of mind. It was true that she

last vestige of bitterness, to cleanse

her mind of certain thoughts and mem-

Downstairs Booth waited for her.

He heard the story of the tragedy from

the innkeeper, who crossly maintained

that his business had been ruined.

Booth was vaguely impressed, he knew

the missing woman. "I'd say she was

self, and much the same figger," he

before, "My wife noticed it the min-

ute she saw Mrs. Wrandall. Same

A bell rang sharply and Burton

glanced over his shoulder at the indi-

cator on the wall behind the desk. He

gave a great start and his jaw sagged

"Great Scott!" he gasped. A curi-

ous grayness stole over his face. "It's

-it's the bell in that very room. My

"Mrs. Wrandall is up there, isn'

"It ain't rung since the night he

pushed the button for- Oh, gee!

You're right. She is up there. My

his brow. Turning to a boy, he com-

He came back an instant later, more

that "the lady up there" wanted Mr

She was waiting for him in the open

from a window at the end of the hall

fell upon her. Her face was colorless.

he had put upon canvas so recently.

back into the room. He followed.

served," she said quietly,

are you-"

"This is the room, Brandon, where

"Deserved? Good heavens, Sara,

"I want you to look about you and

try to picture how this place looked

on the night of the murder. You have

rubbish was here. Just a bed, a table

and two chairs. There was a carpet

on the floor. There were two people

here, a man and a woman. The wom-

Booth to come upstairs.

height and everything."

soul, what can-"

she?" demanded Booth.

ories.

floor without care or system. She had lay their present peril.

Again Sara Wrandall found herself

to go into that room again."

"Marvelous!" he interrupted loudly. "You were to be told that I have cruel designs upon you."

"And all that sort of thing," she said sweepingly, and he could almost see the inclusive gesture with her free hand. He laughed but still marveled at the shrewdness of her perceptions. "I'll come over this afternoon and steadily. show you wherein you are wrong," he began, but she interrupted him with a

"Go on, please."

"I am starting for the city before noon, by motor, to be gone at least a

"What! This is the first I've heard

Again she laughed. "To be perfectly frank with you, I hadn't heard of it myself until just now. I think I shall go down to the Homestead with the Carrolls."

"Hot Springs?" "Virginia," she added explicitly. "I say, Sara, what does all this

mean? You-" "And if you should follow there, Vivian's estimate of us will not be so far out of the way as we'd like to make it."

True to her word, she was gone when he drove over later on in the it was that had been the scene of Somehow, he experienced a the tragedy, and, on finding out, requeer feeling of relief. Not that he fused point-blank to occupy it. was oppressed by the rather vivacious consequence he had been obliged to opinions of Vivian and her ilk, but trafsform it into a sort of store and because something told him that Sara baggage room. was wavering in her determination to withhold the secret from him and fled or perfectly obvious reasons.

He had two commissions among the rich summer colonists. One, a full length portrait of young Beardsley in shooting togs, was nearly finished. The other was to be a half-length of Mrs. Ravenscroft, who wanted one just like Hetty Castleton's, except for the eyes, the cracks in the shutters, but so which she admitted would have to be different. Nothing was said of the seventeen years' difference in their ages. Vivian had put off posing until Lent.

The Wrandalls departed for Scotland, and other friends of his began to desert the country for the city. The | blood stains upon it. Why the thrifty fortnight passed and another week Burton had persevered in keeping besides. Mrs. Ravenscroft decided to this useless article of furniture, she go to Europe when the picture was half-finished.

"You can finish it when I come back in December, Mr. Booth," she said. "I'll have several new gowns to choose from, too."

"I shall be busy all winter, Mrs. Rarenscroft,' he said coldly. "How annoying," she said calmly,

and that was the end of it all. She had made the unpleasant discovery husband as the principal characters. that it wasn't going to be in the least like Hetty Castleton's, so why bother that ugly night. Sara tried to see it about it?

Booth walted until Sara came out | months this present enterprise had night I always carry Aladdin's lamp. for the winter. He called at South- the place again, to go there with old look on the day of her arrival. He was struck at once by the curious hind when ready to emerge in a new change in her appearance and manner. you intend to be influenced by what There was something bleak and desolate in the vividly brilliant face: the night, I think you'd be wise to avoid tired, wistful, harassed look of one who has begun to quail and yet fights

"Will you go out with me tomorrow, Brandon, for an all-day trip in the car?" she asked, as they stood together before the open fireplace on am quite as clever as Mr. Sherlock this late November afternoon. Her Holmes in some respects. I really do eyes were moody, her voice rather

WOULD MARK ALL CRIMINALS FOUND STONE AGE CEMETERY

Woman's Suggestion to Mayor of New York is to Have Them All Appropriately Tattooed,

Among the helpful letters daily re ceived by Mayor Mitchel came one the other day signed "Mme. Mercury," the New York Sun states. She wrote that since all other forms of punishment had failed she would suggest that each criminal be tattooed with a sultable mark across his forehead or on the

"A pickpocket," she said, "should have a long fingered red hand grasping a purse tattooed on the cheek. A Black Hander' should have a black heart pierced with a red dagger, a gunman should be marked with a red hand grasping a gun, grafters with a hand grasping the long green, thugs marked with a blue hand grasping a blackjack, burglars marked with a doorlock and pick.

"Please give this system a trial," she asked. "It is humane and will not require any extra expense. See how many gunmen, pickpockets, murderers know, Vivian," said he. "Sara was and thieves the police can tattoo in rather keen about making a match the next 12 months, and you will realize the old axiom of 'catching before hanging."

"This system would lower the cost of living, reduce the cost of maintaining prisons and make all the poor and criminals self-supporting, taxpaying citizens. "The revolution that I suggest in

the system of handling crime and criminals will rotate the wheels of crime backward into oblivion in time." The mayor received Mme, Mercury's

them in the Goethals police bills. Preserving the Verities.

Star Actor - "I must insist, Mr. ager, on having real food in the banquet scene." Manager-"Very well,

Recent Discovery in Italian Province Will Arouse Keen Interest Among Archeologists.

A burial place of the Stone Age has just been found by Prof. Dall Osso of Ancona, in the Valle Vibrata (province of Abruzzi), Italy. The bodies are not buried, but are

all laid in small cabins containing from two to eight each, and are ranged on either side of these little huts on low platforms sloping toward the center. With a single exception the bodies

all rest on one side, with the knees drawn up, and it is assumed that the dead were placed in this position to give them the attitude of prayer in their death chamber, for it has been established that the custom of praying on one's knees was already in existence in the Stone Age in Egypt. In one of the cabins, almost in the

center of the group, there are no bodies, but a big circular hearth, around which it is assumed, from the fragments of broken earthenware pots around it, the funeral banquets were held. The objects found in the cabins with

the bodies have remarkable importance from the archeological point of view, as they prove the existence of a degree of civilization, especially as a vivid imagination. None of this regards vases and such utensils, never hitherto observed in the Neolithic age.

Ingenious Calculating Machine A Hungarian citizen has invented an had trusted the man. She trusted

an instrument which shows instantly him until the hour in which he died. suggestions to late to incorporate the amount of interest due on any Then she found him out. She had given sum for any period at any come to this place, believing it was given rate of interest. The instru- to be her wedding night. She found ment, made in the size and shape of | no minister here. The man laughed at a watch, is of very simple construct her and scoffed. Then she knew. In tion and inexpensive. All that is nec- horror, shame, desperation she tried essary to operate it is to place the to break away from him. He was then; if you insist on that you will be hands in the proper position on the strong. She was a good weman; a in each care is indicated on the dial herseif."

"The woman was-Hetty?" came a short pause, she looked up and said: "I suppose you would like to know hoarsely from his stiffening lips. "My God, Sara!"

She came close to him and spoke in a half-whisper. "Now you know the "I want you to go with me to Bursecret. Is it safe with you?"

He opened his lips to speak, but no "That is the place where my hus words came forth. Paralysis seemed band was killed," she said, quite to have gripped not only his throat but his senses. He reeled. She He started. "Oh! But-do you grasped his arm in a tense, fierce way, think it best, Sara, to open old wounds and whispered:

"Be careful! No one must hear what we are saying." She shot a I want to go there-just once. I want glance down the deserted hall. "No one is near. I made sure of that. Don't speak! Think first-think well, Brandon Booth. It is what you have been seeking for months-the truth. You share the secret with us now. Again I ask, is it safe with you?"

"My God!" he muttered again, and in that never-to-be-forgotten room at passed his hand over his eyes. His Burton's inn. On that grim night in brow was wet. He looked at his fin-March she had entered without fear gers dumbly as if expecting to find or trembling because she knew what was there. Now she quaked with a them covered with blood.

"Is it safe with you?" for the third

"Safe? Safe?" he whispered, followthem on their arrival after a long ing her example without knowing that he did so. "I-I can't believe you, Sara. It can't be true." "It is true."

> "From that night when I stood where we are standing now." "And-and-she?"

"You have known-all this time?"

"I had never seen her until that night. I saved her." He dropped suddenly upon the trunk that stood behind him, and buried his face in his hands. For a long time she stood over him, her interest divided between him and the hall, wherein

"Come," she said at last, "Pull yourself together. We must leave this place. If you are not careful they will suspect something downstairs." He looked up with haggard eyes,

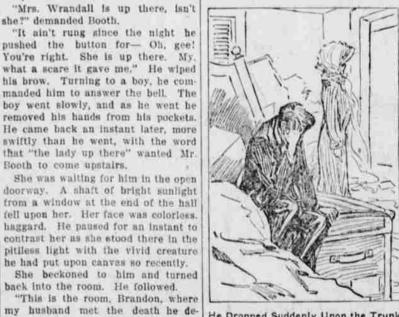
studying her face with curious intent-She did not have to be told what bed ness. "What manner of woman are you, Sara?" he questioned, slowly, won-

deringly. "I have just discovered that I am very much like other women, after all," she said. "For awhile I thought was different, that I was stronger than my sex. But I am just as weak, just as much to be pitied, just as interested in my journal? I know the much to be scorned as any one of my principal thing is to make a good p sisters. I have spoiled a great act by stooping to do a mean one. God any one find out that it is good? Some will bear witness that my thoughts thing must be done to attract all were noble at the outset; my heart tion-to cause the people to under was soft. But come! There is much stand that we are on earth more to tell that cannot be told here. You shall know everything."

The girl had told the whole story of They went downstairs and out into sist in putting the patient on its be the crisp autumn air. She gave direc- "Just print an item saying that a c as it actually had transpired. For tions to her chauffeur. They were to traverse for some distance the same | trouble if he doesn't cease paying road she had taken on that ill-fated night a year and a half before. In of his flock and cease quick. Ill) course of time the motor approached a well-remembered railway crossing.

"Slow down, Cole," she said. "This meant to shake off the shackles of a is a mean place-a very mean place." horrid dream, to purge herself of the Turning to Booth, who had been sitting grim and silent beside her for miles, she said, lowering her voice: "I remember that crossing yonder. There is a sharp curve beyond. This is the place. Midway between the two crossings, I should say. Please remember this part of the road, Brandon, when I come to the telling of not why, by Burton's description of that night's ride to town. Try to pleture this spot-this smooth, straight about the size of Mrs. Wrandall her, road as it might be on a dark, freezing night in the very thick of a screaming said, as he had said a thousand times blizzard, with all the world abed save -two women."

In his mind he began to draw the picture, and to place the two women in the center of it, without knowing the circumstances. There was something fascinating in the study he was making, something gruesome and full of sinister possibilities for the hand of a virile painter. He wondered how near his imagination was to placing



He Dropped Suddenly Upon the Trunk

the central figures in the picture as they actually appeared on that secret

At sunset they went together to the little pavillon at the end of the pier which extended far out into the sound Here they were safe from the ears of eavesdroppers. The boats had been stowed away for the winter. The wind that blew through the open pavillon, now shorn of all its comforts and luxuries, was cold, raw and repelling. No one would disturb them here.

With her face set toward the sinking east, she leaned against one of the thick posts, and in a dull, emotionless voice, laid bare the whole story of that dreadful night and the days that followed. She spared no details, she

PTO BE CONTINUEDA

HENRY HOWLAND Gue DIFFICULT



pay to lie And it's easy to be patten enemy is strong; easy to be trusted is high, But it's hard to keep your

ahead is fair And it's easy to be the good things come your | It's easy to strut proudly we

line when things are a

good clothes to wear. But it's hard to keep from a lie or two will pay It's easy to be happy when cause to fret; s easy to whun doctors neither ache nor cous

your salary's out of It's easy to tell others to you are glad And it's easy to be fearless when ; haven't any foes. But it's hard to keep from feeling flat

It's easy to be placed who

the world is "rotten bud".
When you've been an ass and know far every one who knows you knows

"How," asked the young man als had just bought the village paper and desired to win prominence as an eff tor, "can I get the public to become per, but if nobody takes it, how w

"That'll be easy," said the travelst printer, who had stopped over to tentions to a certain married met the paper containing that Item won be off the press 40 minutes below there's a copy of it in every house is this town.'

Getting a Man's Measure. "I wonder how I can find out whith er he really and truly loves me?"

"That's easy. Treat him as 75 would treat a dog that you didn't can for, and if he keeps on wanting to b things to make you happy it will be sure sign that he really loves you." "But what if I should treat him that way and he should quit doing thisp to make me happy? He might need be able to take an interest in m

"Well, you'll know then that held! brute and wholly unworthy of you." OLD AGE AND ITS CAUSES



afraid, it is result of straining to make the help bors envious."

Always Under Suspicion. I never take a glass of wh I don't indulge in smaking he highball? None of that My friends, I am not joking. I do not know the taste of I don't indulge in brandy;

I wish to also make it clea-That I abstain from candy. But if I ever laugh out build Because of what I'm thinking. Four out of five men in the ere Conclude that I've been drinking

Too Much of a Risk. "I have a chance to marry as man who has lots of money.

"Why don't you?" "He hasn't any bad habits, at comes of a long-lived family."

She Was Misinformed. "I hear," said Mrs. Oldcastle, they are to have a hygienic weddis "Are they?" replied Mrs. Gottalo "I s'posed it was to be at high noon The Average Man.

"Pa, what's an average man" "One who has a sneaking sno that he has qualities which make his superior to anybody else." Ruts. Ruts were made for people who !

ot possess the courage that is need by those who try untrodden wark

Foolish Prodigality. Some people use their lives st they had dozens of them to rule of waste.