THE FULTON COUNTY NEWS, MCCONNELLSBURG, PA.

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# The Hollow by + Of Her Hand George Barr McCutcheon COPYFRIGHT, 1912 BY GEORGE BARR MECUTCHEON : COPYRIGHT, 1912 BY DODD, MEAD & COMPANY

CHAPTER XXI .-- Continued. vell or my coat until he brought you for what you have suffered from of the powers. friend to me. He pretended to be the conduct of one of us. Not one but be there beforehand, as he had told. It must never be retold. We He ordered a supper ask this of all of you. It is not in -baster red in the room. I did not eat any- our hearts to thank Sara for shielding ing. Somehow I was beginning to you, for her hand is still raised failed to snap back. deriand, vaguely of course, but against us. We are fair and just. rely-and bitterly, Mr. Wrandall. If you had come to us on that ddenly he threw off the mack.

He coolly informed me that he of my son's infamy, we, the Wrandalls, ew the kind of a girl I was. I had would have stood between you and the en on the stage. He said it was no law. The law could not have touched e trying to work the marriage game you then; it shall not touch you now. him. He was too old a bird and Our verdict, if you choose to call it wise to fall for that. Those were that, is sealed. No man shall ever words. I was horrified, stunned. hear from the lips of a Wrandall the hen I began to cry out in my fury, smallest part of what has transpired laughed at me but swore he would here tonight. Mr. Carroll, you were arry me even at that if it were not right. We thank you for the counsel the fact that he was already mar- that led this unhappy girl to place her-I tried to leave the room. self in our hands."

e held me. He kissed me a hundred thee!" burst from the lips of Sara mes before I could break away. Iried to scream. . . . A little Wrandall. She strained Hetty to ber ter on, when I was absolutely des- breast. rate, 1-1 snatched up the knife. here was nothing else left for me said Redmond Wrandall, speaking with to I struck at him. He fell back difficulty. "You are your own judge. the bed. . . . I stole out of the and a harsh one you will find yourself. use-oh, hours and hours afterward As for ourselves, we can only look cemed to me. I cannot tell you upon your unspeakable design as the w long I stood there watching him, working of a temporarily deranged I was crazed by fear. 1-1-" mind. You could never have carried Redmond Wrandall held up his it out. You are an honest woman. At

the last you would have revolted, even We will spare you the rest, Miss with victory assured. Perhaps Leslie leton," he said, his voice hoarse is the only one who has a real grievd unnatural. "There is no need to ance against you in this matter. I am convinced that he loved Miss more. You-you understand? You do be-Castleton deeply. The worst hurt is

e me?" she cried. He looked down at his wife's bowed

voted advocate during all the years id, and received no sign from her; of bitterness that has existed between m at the white, drawn faces of his you and us. You thought to play him en. They met his gaze and he ad something in their eyes. I-I think your story is ro convincpass judgment on yourself." hat we-we could not endure the

ne of having it repeated to the -l cannot ask you to forgive me, confersed to the only crime that has l only ask you to believe me," nurmured brokenly. "1-1 am myself, sir."

it had to be. God is my witness "You have hated us well." here was no other way.' Carroll came to his feet. There tears in his eyes. think, Mr. Wrandall, you will now

ciate my motives in-Pardon me, Mr. Carroll, if I sugthat Miss Castleton does not re- lis Wrandall to become the husband he any defense at present," said Wrandall stiffly. "Your motives is the unpardonable sin." doubtless good. Will you be so as to conduct us to a room where may-may be alone for a short

re was something tragic in the can never be anything else." a's face. His son and daughter as if moved by an instinctive ration of a duty, and perhaps for first time in their lives were subive to an influence they had never recognized before-a father's mble right to command. For in their fives they were meek is presence. They stepped to his and stood waiting, and neither in spoke. Wrandall laid his hand heavily his wife's shoulder. She started, ed up rather vacantly, and then without assistance. He did not

"We have found against my son, made haste to explain. To the new | monkey in a crude wooden cage strapdid not see the register at the Miss Castleton," he said, his lips boy's surprise, the visitor was con- ped to her back. On closer observa- lips as if to speak, and then abruptly an instant's hesitation on her part be-I did not know till afterwards twitching. "He is not here to speak ducted with much bowing and scrapand we were not booked. Once up for himself, but he has already been ing into the private offices, where no peculiarly gipsy-like features in the air we were not the private onces, where no pecultariy gipsy has reactives in the mark is refused to remove my hat or judged. We, his family, apologize to one ventured except by special edict face of the girl, and then one would

striend to user his friend's failure all of us believe the story you have awe, of a veteran stenographer who came up and sneered at him. "Mrs. Challis Wrandall, you little Mab."

simpleton," said she, and for once he

whole days, he was polite to every viswretched night and told the story Itor who approached him and was the picture once more. generally worth his salt.

> tle room that once had been her huswaste of space, she felt as she looked | see him?"



"What's This?" He Demanded, Sharply.

easy chair and threw open the long unused desk near the window.

"I have already done so, Mr. Wrandall," said Sara. "Have I not acbeen used much, as you may observe. cused myself before you? Have I not Is there anything I can do for you?" She continued her critical survey of been committed? I am not proud of

her husband here on occasions of rare take him out to luncheon, or to see a clean white blotter there, too; but sell."

the ink wells appeared to be empty. if she was to judge by the look of ed. chagrin on the clerk's face as he in-

spected them. Photographs of polo still stand?" scenes in which Wrandall was a prom-

Quick Temper.

"Great man, wasn't he?" queried

"Who?" asked the other as he looked

"But there are others," continued

the young man as a smile of self-satis-

"You were brought up in the coun

try, as your bow legs tell at a glance.

You are something of a sport, as I as-

that article about Corbett. From the

way you cock your eye I should be

willing to bet that you are fond of the

ballet and always have a front seat."

"That's about all, and I'd like

"If that is all, then let me tell you

know if I have hit you off?"

the young man at last.

"Sherlock Holmes."

faction lighted up his face.

"So I've heard."

up

"Yes."

proves.'

with the paper.

"Is that all?"

Sara smiled. have noticed the caption written in Wrandalls put in an appearance. She "Who was it?" he asked, in some red ink at the bottom of the photo- understood the delay. They were graph: "The Trumbell's Fancy Dress telephoning to certain legal advisers. Ball, January 10, '07. Sara as Gipsy

With a start, Sara came out of her painful reverie. She passed her hand It is of record that for nearly two over her eyes, and seemed thereby to put the polite senior clerk back into

"No, thank you. Is Mr. Redmond Sara found herself in the close lit. Wrandall down this afternoon?"

"He came in not ten minutes ago. band's, but was now scrupulously held Mr. Leslie Wrandall is also here. in reserve for her own use. Rather a Shall I tell Mr. Wrandall you wish to

'You may tell him that I am here, if you please," she said. "I am very sorry about the ink

"We-we were not expecting-"

"Pray don't let it disturb you, Mr. Bancroft. I shall not use them today."

"They will be properly filled by toworrom.

"Thank you."

He disappeared She relaxed in the oned chair, and closed her eyes. There was a sharp little line between them, but it was hidden by the veil.

The door opened slowly and Redmond Wrandall came into the room. She prose at once. "This is-er-an unexpected pleas

ure, Sara," he said perplexed and illat-case. He stopped just inside the door he had been careful to close behind him, and did not offer her his hand.

"I came down to attend to some business, Mr. Wrandall," she said. "Business?" he repeated, staring.

She took note of the tired, haggard look in his eyes, and the tightly Still you may live in hope that time compressed lips. may work even that wonder for you."

ment.

the other night."

compressing his lips.

"I intend to dispose of my entire innounced calmly.

He took a step forward, plainly startled by the declaration. "What's this?" he demanded sharp-

"We may as well speak plainly, Mr said, with a queer little smile. noons. The big picture of a steamship ing as you do about it. A year ago all, we-we live in a glass house our With a furtive glance over her shoul-

there is to it." "You-you amaze me," he exclaimfloor, his gaze having dropped at the

inent figure, hung about the walls. Leslie in. Sara. This is most unexwith two or three pictures of his favor- pected. I don't quite feel up to-" "Have Leslie in by all means," she ite ponies, and one of a ragged gipsy girl with wonderful eyes, carrying a said, resuming her seat.



He hesitated a moment, opened his [ fore she replied.

"You have never been very smart at Many minutes passed before the two | making love guesses, Leslie," she said. "It's a trick you haven't acquired."

He laughed uncomfortably. "Neat stroke, that' Following her into the corridor out-

side the offices, he pushed the elevator bell for her.

"I meant what I said, Sara," he remarked, somewhat doggedly. "You ought to get married. Chal didn't leave much for you to cherish. There's no reason why you should go on like this, living alone and all that sort of thing. You're young and beautiful

"Oh, thank you, Leslie," she cried out sharply.

"You see, it's going to be this way: Hetty will probably marry Booth. as it was a year ago, but I don't agree That's on dit, I take it. You're dependwells, madam," murmured the clerk. with him." said the son, trying to ing on her for companionship. Well, she'll quit you cold after she's married. She will-"

She interrupted him peremptorily. "If Challis did nothing else for me, Leslie, he at least gave me you to cherish. Once more, good-bye."

The elevator stopped for her. He strolled back to his office with a puzwas inexplicable!

The angry red faded from her cheeks as she sped homeward in the automobile. Her thoughts were no longer of Leslie but of another She sighed and closed her eyes, and

Workmen from a picture dealer's es-

tablishment were engaged in hanging a full length portrait in the long livreached home. She had sent to the country for Booth's picture of Hetty. and was having it hung in a conspicuous place.

Passing the open library door, Sara paused for an instant to peer within. Then she went on down the hall to ber She arose. The two men regarded own sitting-room. The canary was her in an aggrieved way for a mosinging glibly in his cage by the window-side.

"I have no real feeling of hostility She threw aside her furs, and, withtoward you, Sara," said Leslie nervout removing her hat, passed into the ously, "in spite of all that you said bed-chamber at the left of the cozy little boudoir. This was Hetty's room. "I am afraid you don't mean that. Her own was directly opposite. On deep down in your heart, Leslie," she the girl's dressing-table, leaning against the broad, low mirror, stood "But I do," he protested. "Hang it the unframed photograph of a man. still hung on the wall across the room. you offered to buy me out-or off, as selves, Sara. 1 dare say, in a way, I der. Sara crossed to the table and Her own photograph, in a silver frame I took it to be at the time. I had rea- was quite as unpleasant as the rest took up the picture in her gloved stood in one of the recesses of the sons then for not selling out to you. of the family. You see, we just can't hand. For a long time she stood there desk. She observed that there was Today I am ready either to buy or to help being snobs. It's in us, that's all gazing into the frank, good-looking face of Brandon Booth. She breathed Mr. Wrandall looked up from the faster; her hand shook; her eyes

were strained as if by an inward suggestion of pain. "We-we prefer to be friendly, Sara, She shook her head slowly, as if in al renunciation of a secret hope or She laughed and the old gentleman the banishment of an unwelcome destopped in the middle of his sentence. sire, and resolutely replaced the pho-"We can't be friends, Mr. Wrantograph. Her lips were almost white dall," she said, suddenly serious. "The as she turned away and re-entered the pretence would be a mockery. We room beyond. are all better off if we allow our paths,

emperan

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

# A WONDERFUL CLUB,

Yes, I have heard that the saloon is the poor man's club. It is a club with peculiar advantages. It saves the poor man from paying taxes by keeping him everlastingly broke. It shields him from the responsibility of owning his home. It gives him that peace of mind known to the fellow who don't know where he is going to live next Monday. It enables 50 per cent of the poor men who are killed in factories to be killed. It is a wonderful club. It prepares the poor, man's body for typhold and pneumonia so completely that he is sure to die and thus he is kept from gambling on his chances. It is a merciful club, for it takes a man to the card table where he can be robbed without being knocked down. It cashes a poor man's check on Saturday night, and this is not all, for it relieves the poor man's thirst, and if he has no thirst this great-hearted club gives him one. It gives him free lunch, and after that he will have thirst enough for everybody in town. All the advantages of this club are not for the man. They go to the poor man's family too. There is little Johnnie who wanted to go through school and become an engineer. There is the little girl who wanted to become a music teacher. But the club knocks all that nonsense out of their heads. It sends Johnnie to the coal breakers and poor little Mary out into the world where men prey on their kind, and she falls by the wayside. Oh, it is a great club.-Ex-Congressman Fred Landis of Indiana.

INTERFERING WITH LIBERTY.

"I do hereby order all places within said district where intoxicating liquors are sold or kept for sale, to be closed: and I do further hereby order all persons to be excluded from such places, and I do hereby prohibit the purchase or receiving, or the selling, giving away or otherwise disposing of, or permitting of others to obtain possession of any intoxicating liquors of any kind or in any quantity, in the district so above described."

Thus did Governor Ammons of Colorado, in a proclamation issued June 5, curtail the personal liberty of the people living and doing business in the northern Colorado strike districtsome 520 square miles. The ruling applies not only to every coal camp, but also to the railroad lines running through the district. Not only is the liberty to sell taken away, but also the liberty to give away or to obtain possession of in any way any alcoholic liquor of any kind in any quantity.

This proclamation was issued at the request of Major Symmonds, in command of the federal troops occupying the district, and is to be in effect for six months unless rescinded by the governor.

# LIQUID POISON.

Beer, sometimes referred to as "liquid bread." is rather, according to the verdict of physicians and scientists liquid poison. Dr. Hugo Hoppe. the famous nerve specialist of Konigsberg, Germany, says: "Because the symptoms of chronic alcoholism appear more slowly and are less readily observable in the heavy beer drinker than in the whisky drinker, the former is more frequently met than the latter. But thousands and tens of thousands of men who take their daily pint are rendered stupid, silly and dissolute by beer. Reer alcoholism in general lowers the resistance of the body to all diseases by injuring most of the organs, and herein lies the chief danger in the general widespread use of beer. The death from liver diseases among brewers in England is more than double that in all



a foul trick. You could not have carried it to the end. We leave you to

"We are very glad to see you here.

the room. Nothing had been changed since the days when she used to visit ly.

"And you have hated me. The crime you hold me guilty of was committed years ago. It was when I robbed you that he got safely home on rainy after- the firm, nor do I blame you for feelof your son. To this day 1 am the leper in your path. I may be forgiven for all else, but not for allowing Chal-

of Sebastian Gooch's daughter. That Mr. Wrandall was silent for a mo-

"You still are Sebastian Gooch's daughter," he said distinctly. "You

about the office. The clerk dusted an madam," he said. "This room hasn't terest in Wrandall & Co,," she an-

social importance: such as calling to Wrandall," she said. "You do not

"Does you offer of last December first outburst from his son's lips.

"I-I think we would better have if you will allow us-

"What's this I hear, Sara?" demanded Leslie, extending his hand after a second's hesitation. She shock hands with him, not list-

lessly but with the vigor born of nervousness. "I don't know what you've heard,"

she said pointedly. His slim fingers went searching for the end of his moustache.

"Why-why, about selling out to andus," he stammered.

"I am willing to retire from the firm of Wrandall & Co.," she said.

"Father says the business is as good

look lugubrious.

"Then you don't care to repeat your original proposition?" "Well, the way business has been

falling off-"

"Perhaps you would prefer to sell out to me," she remarked quietly. "Not at all!" he said quickly, with amiliar, comfortable old leather-cush- a surprised glance at his father. "We zled frown on his face. She certainly couldn't think of letting the business

pass out of the Wrandall name." "You forget that my name is Wrandall," she rejoined. "There would be no occasion to change the firm's

name; merely its membership." "Our original offer stands," said the her cheeks were pale. senior Wrandall'stiffly. "We prefer

to buy." "And I to sell. Mr. Carroll will meet you tomorrow, gentlemen. He ing-room of her apartment when she will represent me as usual. Our business as well as social relations are about to end, I suppose. My only regret is that I cannot further accommodate you by changing my name.

the mistake of offering to assist He knew too well that to quesher strength now would be but to le weakness. She was strong. He ther well,

stood straight and firm for conds, transfixing Hetty with a that seemed to bore into the very of her, and then spoke.

fou ask us to be your judges?" ask you to judge not me alone your son as well," said Hetty, ting her look steadily. "You canpronounce me innocent without using him guilty. It will be

In taised her head from her arms. a know the way into my sitting-



to Do."

Leslie," she said, with singular Then she arose and drew ture to its full height. "Please ber that it is I who am to be Judge me as I have judged Am not asking for mercy." ly impulsively threw her arms the rigid figure, and swept a ing look from one to the other our stony-faced Wrandalls. lurned away without a word ealing look, and slowly moved the direction of the boudoir. to remained behind stood still. as as statues. It was Vivian hed the library door. She after the others had passed and did not look behind.

an hour passed. Then the door hed and the tall old man adtate the room.

She paled. "This last tran proves it, you would say?" "This last transaction, yes."

ment.

"Oh, God, I thank thee-I thank

"It is not for us to judge you, Sara,"

his, and he has been your most de-

She looked about her with troubled. questioning eyes;

"I-I wonder if that can be true, she murmured, rather piteously. "Am I so different from the rest of you? Is the blood to blame?" "Nonsense!" exclaimed Mr. Carroll nervously. "Don't be silly, Sara, my

child. That is not what Mr. Wrandall means." Wrandall turned his face away.

"You loved as deeply as you hate, Sara," he said, with a curious twitching of his chin. "My son was your god We are not incensible to that. Perhaps we have never realized until now the depth and breadth of your love for him. Love is a bitter judge of its enemies. It knows no mercy, it

knows no reason. Hate may be conquered by love, but love cannot be conquered by hate. You had reason to hate my son. Instead you persisted in paper. your love for him. We-we owe you something for that, Sara. We owe you a great deal more than I find

myself able to express in words," Leslie entered the room at this instant. He had his overcoat on and carried his gloves and hat in his hand. "We are ready, father," he said

thickly, After a moment's hesitation, h crossed over to Hetty, who stood be-

side Sara. "I-1 can now understand why you refused to marry me, Miss Castleton,"

ne said, in a queer, jerky manner. Won't you let me say that I wish you all the happiness still to be found in this rather uneven world of ours?' The crowning testimonial to an absolutely sincere ego!

CHAPTER XXII.

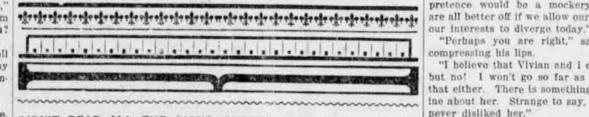
Renunciation. On the third day after the singular trial of Hetty Castleton in Sara's library, young Mrs. Wrandall's motor drew up in front of a lofty office building in lower Broadway; its owner stepped down from the limousine and entered the building. A few moments later she walked briskly into the splendid offices of Wrandall & Co.,

private bankers and steamship-owners. The clerks in the outer offices stared for a moment in significant surprise, and then bowed respectfully to the beautiful silent partner in the

great concern. It was the first time she had been seen in the offices since the tragic block. event that had served to make her a member of the firm. A boy at the information desk, somewhat impressed by her beauty and the trim elegance of her long black broad-tail coat, to say nothing of the dark eyes that shone through the narrow veil, forgot the dignity of his office and went so far as to politely ask her who she

wanted to see and "what name, please." The senior clerk rushed forward and transfixed the new boy with a

glare. "A new boy, Mrs. Wrandall."



DIDN'T READ ALL THE SIGNS OYSTER NOT GOOD FOR ALL

Amateur Sleuth Should Have Noticed Many Stomachs to Which It Is Not a That His Victim Was a Man of Welcome Visitor, According to Physician.

The one was a young man with the It is popularly supposed that the have tried to like me. You have even light of ambition to be a detective oyster digests himself in the human deceived yourself at times. I-but shining in his eyes; the other a midstomach owing to the great size of the why these gentle recriminations? We dle-aged man, who was reading a newsliver, which is crushed as mastica- merely prolong an unfortunate contion begins and is thought to digest test between antagonistic natures.

the mollusk itself. As the oyster, with no hope of genuine peace being moreover, contains some ten per cept. established. I do not regret that I of extremely assimilation protein, to am your daughter-in-law, nor do I begether with phosphorized fats and lieve that you would regret it if I had glycogen, it has always been freely ad- not been the daughter of Sebastian ministered to convalescents, while Gooch."

dyspeptic bons vivants have never "Your father was as little impress hesitated to eat it abundantly. ed with my son as I was with his Doctor Pron expresses the opinion daughter," said Redmond Wrandall that the oyster may be allowed. drily. "I am forced to confess that he was the better judge. We had the

have-"

better of the bargain." "I believe you mean it, Mr. Wran dall," she said, a note of gratitude in from acute disease, as it is likely to her voice. "Good-bye Mr. Carroll will see you tomorrow." She glanced quickly about the room. "I shall send for-for certain articles that are no longer required in conducting the bus-

iness of Wrandall & Co." With a quaint little smile, she indicated the two photographs of herself. "By Jove, Sara," burst out Leslie dyspeptics the gastric secretion is alabruptly. "I wish you'd let me have ready sufficient, and it is unnecessary that Gipsy Mab picture. I've always been dotty over it, don't you know. Ripping study." Island Paradise of Birds,

Her lip curied slightly.

"As a matter of fact." he explained conclusively, "Chal often said he'd leave it to me when he died. In a Joking way, of course, but I'm sure he meant it."

"You may have it, Leslie," she said slowly. It is doubtful if he correctly interpreted the movement of her head tions. as she uttered the words.

"Thanks," said he. "I'll hang it in my den, if you don't object "

"We shall expect Mr. Carroll tomor-

what plans you are making for the me, but-" winter?"

"They are very indefinite."

"I sny, Sara, why don't you get let us have our way, married?" asked Leslie, surveying the "It would be spin Gipsy Mab photograph with undispicture.

She paused near the door to stare at him for a moment, unutterable scorn in her eyes. "I've had a notion you were pretty keen about Brandy Booth," he went

on amiably.

"He belongs to her," she said, unconsciously speaking aloud; "and he is "Perhaps you are right," said he, like all men. She must not be unhap-"I believe that Vivian and I could-

Presently she entered the library but no! I won't go so far as to sav She had exchanged her tailor-suit for a that either. There is something genudainty house-gown. Hetty was still ine about her. Strange to say, I have seated in the big lounging chair, before the snapping fire, apparently not "If you had made the slightest efhaving moved since she looked in on fort to like us, no doubt we could

passing a quarter of an hour before. One of the girl's legs was curled up "My dear Mr. Wrandall," she interunder her, the other swung loose; an rupted quickly, "I credit you with the elbow rested on the arm of the chair. desire to be fair and just to me. You and her cheek was in her hand.

Coming softly up from behind, Sara leaned over the back of the chair and put her hands under her friend's chin, tenderly, lovingly. Hetty started and shivered.

"Oh, Sara, how cold your hands STO !!!

She grasped them in her own and fondly stroked them, as if to restore warmth to the long, slim fingers which



"Because I Love You So Dearly," Said Sara.

gave the lie to Mrs. Coburn's declara-

"I've been thinking all morning of what you and Brandon proposed to me last night." said Sara, looking straight over the girl's head, the dark. row, Sara," said his father, with an air languorous, mysterious glow filling her of finality. "Good-bye. May I ask eyes. "It is good of you both to want

"Now don't say 'but,' Sara," cried Hetty. "We mean it, and you must

"It would be splendid to be near you all the time, dear; it would be guised admiration as he held it at wonderful to live with you as you so arm's length. "Ripping!" This to the generously propose, but I cannot do it. I must decline."

"And may I ask why you decline to live with me?" demanded Hetty resentfully.

"Because I love you so dearly," said Sara.

## THE END.

SELLING, NOT DRINKING.

other occupations."

In Washington, D. C., while the National Liquor Dealers' Association was holding its meeting, a reporter said to a bartender of that city, "I suppose you are not complaining of business with the Liquor Dealers' convention in town." "Say, Bo," responded the bartender with a stare of amazement, "I guess you don't know what convention this is. Them fellows don't drink it, they sells it."

# CONSUMES MOST LIQUOR.

Wisconsin, largely a foreign-born state, has the largest consumption of liquor of any state in the Union. namely, 64.51 gallons per capita. Next to it is New York with 45.31 gallons per capita, then New Jersey, with 39.87 and Illinols with 39.13. The 15 local option states have only an average of 4.37 gallons per capita and the prohibition states only 1.35 gallons per cap-

### MODERN TOWNS.

It is an uncommon thing in Kansas to find a town of 1,000 inhabitants without electric lights and waterworks and its business streets unpaved. The money that years ago went the human canal route now goes into happy homes, public schools and civic improvements.-Gov. Hodges.

A PROPERTY RIGHT.

A man's sobriety is a property right. The saloon is responsible if it destroys that right. Even though the man himself is to blame, as he certainly is, the saloon is responsible .- The Advance (Cong'l), Chicago.

#### in the Ranks of Unreasonables.

'Wasn't there something about a promise to love, honor, and obey me in that marriage ceremony?" asked Mr. Meekton. "My goodness, Leonidas! You are like some of those politicians who never guit talking about a party platform."-Washington Star.

Dally Thought.

As my life today has been determined by the way I lived my yesterday, so my tomorrow is being determined by the way I live today .-- Ralph Waldo Trine.

to Panama has procured about 300 different species, and it is estimated that a larger variety is to be found within the limits of the Canal Zone than in any one state in the United States-about 900.

In the neighborhood of Gatun, at the Atlantic entrance of the Canal Zone, no less than 250 species have been

Good Ones.

the goods and say they are fine when

they are not?" asked the new sales-

scrupulous dealer. "Always remem-

"Yes." sternly answered the

and unwise to increase it.

"You know the bread and the jelly I sent to the fair?"

"Yes. Didn't it take a prize? Well. cheer up-those judges-

"But it did take a prize-they both took first prizes-boo-hoo!-"

"The bread took first prize as the

jelly as the best china cement!"

the impounded waters of the Chagres something. You are an acrobat." river isolated it from the rest of the "Acrobat!-ha! ba! ha! What makes you think that?" Canal Zone, are more species of birds than in any one locality in the west "Because," said the other, as he seized him by the neck and knee and ern hemisphere. E. A. Goldman of the biological survey, department of agricarried him out to the platform; "be-

culture, in two short collecting trips cause you take such a beautiful tumble to yourself." And he lifted him up and gave him a heave which landed him in the mud and left him sprawling over half a

Why She Mourned.

"Boo-hoo!" sobbed the lady.

"What are you crying about?" the found. man asked.

"Do you want me to misrepresent

"Well, what are you crying about?"

best specimen of concrete, and the ber that our assets are your lie abil-

Itian."

man.

"For instance, you are a bookkeeper. therefore, to those dyspeptics whose can tell by the ink stain on your gastric functions are deficient. In fingers. You are a careless man in anorexla, gastric atony, ulcer and inmoney matters, as that dollar peeping cipient cancer, and to convalescenta out of your change pocket clearly improve the appetite and to excite the stomach to increased motor and chem-"Anything more?" asked the man ical activity.

On one little island in Gatun lake

formerly known as Llon Hill, before

But to the large number of dyspeptics whose stomachs are hyperacid or hypersensitive Doctor Pron would sured myself when I saw you reading forbid the oyster as well as all other stimulating foods. In many of these