

BEGIN HOT WATER DRINKING IF YOU DON'T FEEL RIGHT

Says glass of hot water with phosphate before breakfast washes out poisons.

If you wake up with a bad taste, bad breath and tongue is coated; if your head is dull or aching; if what you eat sours and forms gas and acid in stomach, or you are bilious, constipated, nervous, and can't get feeling just right, begin drinking phosphated hot water.

To feel like young folks feel; like you felt before your blood, nerves and muscles became loaded with body impurities, get from your druggist or storekeeper a quarter pound of limestone phosphate which is inexpensive and almost tasteless, except for a sourish tinge which is not unpleasant.

Just a Suggestion. "I'm still waiting for you to pay me that \$5 you owe me, Dolson."

QUIT MEAT IF KIDNEYS BOTHER AND USE SALTS

Take a Glass of Salt before Breakfast if Your Back is Hurting or Bladder is Irritated.

If you must have your meat every day, eat it, but flush your kidneys with salts occasionally, says a noted authority who tells us that meat forms uric acid which almost paralyzes the kidneys in their efforts to expel it from the blood.

To neutralize these irritating acids, to cleanse the kidneys and flush of the body's urinous waste get four ounces of Jad Salts from any pharmacy here; take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine.

How He Enjoyed It. "How do you enjoy your motor-cycle?"

"Fine! All I need is a coat of tar and feathers to feel like a bird."

"CASCARETS" ACT ON LIVER, BOWELS

No sick headache, biliousness, bad taste or constipation by morning.

Get a 10-cent box. Are you keeping your bowels, liver, and stomach clean, pure and fresh with Cascarets, or merely forcing a passage every few days with Salts, Cathartic Pills, Castor Oil or Purgative Waters?

Stop having a bowel wash-day. Let Cascarets thoroughly cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour and fermenting food and foul gases, take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system all the constipated waste matter and poisons in the bowels.

A Cascaret to-night will make you feel great by morning. They work while you sleep—never grip, sicken or cause any inconvenience, and cost only 10 cents a box from your store. Millions of men and women take a Cascaret now and then and never have Headache, Biliousness, Coated Tongue, Indigestion, Sour Stomach or Constipation. Adv.

Unkind. "A penny for your thoughts."

"Could you pay cash if I accepted your offer?"

See Murine after Exposure in Cold, Cutting Winds and Dust. It Restores, Refreshes and Promotes Eye Health. Good for all Eyes that Need Care. Murine Eye Remedy, Co., Chicago. Sends Eye Book on request.

Sand is a very useful thing or the job, but it's the dizziness in your eye.

To keep clean and healthy take Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They regulate liver, bowels and stomach. Adv.

If fortune's wheel doesn't turn it suit you, put your shoulder to it and give it another whirl.

The BALL of FIRE of GEORGE RANDOLPH CHESTER and LILLIAN CHESTER ILLUSTRATED by C.D. RHODES

CHAPTER XX—Continued.

Homeward again in the starlit night, still in that whirl of exultation. It was somewhat culler now, and Allison bundled her into the machine with rough tenderness. She felt the thrill of him as he sat beside her, and the firm strength with which he controlled the swiftly speeding runabout, was part her strength. They were kindred spirits, these two, soaring above the affairs of earth in the serene complacency of those who make trifles of vastness itself.

In the park, Allison stopped at the little outlook house where they had climbed on that snowy night, and they stood there, with the stars above, the trees below and the twinkling lights stretching out to the horizon, all alone above the world of civilization. Below sounded the clanging of street cars, and far off to the left, high in the air there gleamed the lights of a curving L train. That was a part of Allison's world which he had long since conquered a part which he already held in the hollow of his hand; and the fact that every morning thing which clung upon a track in all this vast panorama was under his dominion, served only to illustrate and make plain the marvel of the accomplishment which was now under way. Beyond that horizon lay another and still another, and in them all, wherever things moved or were transported, the lift of Allison's finger was to start and stop the wheels, to the uttermost confines of the earth! Oh, it was wonderful; wonderful! And she was part of it!

It was there that he proposed to her. It did not surprise her. She had known it when they had entered the park, and that this was the place.

He told her that all this empire was being builded to lay at her feet, that she was the empress of it and he the emperor, but that their joy was to be not in the sway, not in the scepter and crown, but in the doing, and in the having done, and in the conceiving and having conceived.

CHAPTER XXI.

Allison's Private and Particular Devil. The free and entirely unscrubbed enjoyed an unusual treat. It had a sensation which did not need to be supported by a hectic imagination or a lurid vocabulary. Vedder court had been condemned for the use of the Municipal Transportation company! A new eight-track, double-deck tube was to be constructed through Crescent island to the mainland!

Grand climax! Through this tube and into Vedder court, at the platform of the surface and L and subway cars, were to come the passenger trains of the new Atlantic-Pacific railroad, a line three hundred miles shorter than any now stretching between Broadway and the Golden Gate! Any reader of the daily press, of whom there are several, knows precisely what the free and entirely unscrubbed did with this bit of sin-pure information. The glittering details began on the first page, turned on the second, continued on the fourth, jumped over to the seventh, and hatched back to the eighth.

TURN THE CHILDREN LOOSE

Best Way to Develop the Muscles Both of Boys and Girls, According to Specialist.

Turn them loose—that is the best way to develop the muscles of boys and girls. Turn them loose and let them live wild—climb trees, jump fences, chase squirrels, play with the dogs, dig in the garden, pick flowers, hop, skip and jump, and do all sorts of things that a natural human animal wants to do. The trouble is our boys and girls are tamed too much. We are all born wild and in the civilizing process have to be tamed more or less. Most of us, however, get tamed too much. We become so tame that we are spoiled.

Don't be afraid of the children getting dirty. Dress them for it. Girls should be put into trousers like a boy instead of skirts. Trousers would be much more modest than the ordinary dress of girls three years of age. Their skirts generally hardly reach down to their knees and their legs are bare; or if not bare, they are clad

among the real estate ads. It began early in the morning and it continued until late at night, fresh details piling upon each other in mad profusion, their importance limited only by the restrictions of type!

Extra! The trick by which the A.-P. ran through the mountains over the inland Pacific track!

Extra, extra! The compulsion by which the Midcontinent was brought to complete the big gap in the new A.-P. system!

Tremendous extra! The contracts of freightage, subject strictly to the interstate commerce law, between A.-P. and the cereal trust, the metal trust, the fuel trust, the cloth trust, and all the other iniquitous combinations in restraint of everything! Wow! Zowie! That was the hot one! The A.-P. was the main stem, and within thirteen seconds of the appearance on the streets of the tremendous extra, every other fragile branchlet of a railroad not under the immediate protection of the A.-P., was reduced to a shrivel, and its stocks began to drop with the sickening plunge of an unopened parachute!

It was true, all true! Here was the first step in Allison's tremendous project an accomplished fact. The rest of it would be gradually revealed, from day to day, as suited his needs, and the empire he had planned would spread, until it circled touched, and overlapped, and broke into an intricate webbing, over all the land and water of the earth! And she was to be the empress!

Was she? Through all the night she had battled that question, and the battle had left traces of darkness around her luminous eyes.

Late in the afternoon Jim Sargent came home, drawn, fagged, and with hollows under his eyes. He had a violent headache, and he looked ten years older. He walked slowly into the library where Mrs. Sargent and Mrs. Davies and Gail were discussing the future of Vedder court, and dropped into a chair.

Grace Sargent rang a bell instantly. When Jim felt that way, he needed a hot drink first of all.

"What is the matter?" she asked him, the creases of worry flashing into her brow.

"It's been a hard day," he explained forcing himself, with an effort, to answer. Years of persistent experience had taught him to follow the line of least resistance. "There has been a panic on change. Railroads are going to smash all up and down the line. Allison's new A.-P. road. It's the star piracy of the century. Allison has brought into the railroad game the same rough-and-ready methods he used in his traction manipulations."

"Has your company been hurt, Jim?" asked his wife, fully prepared for the worst, and making up her mind to bear up bravely under it.

"Not yet," replied Sargent, and he passed his hand over his brow. He was already making a tremendous effort to brace himself for tomorrow's ordeal. "I escaped today by an accident. By some mistake the Towanda Valley was mentioned as belonging to the new A.-P. combination. Of course I didn't correct it, but tomorrow they'll know."

"Mr. Allison was responsible for that statement," Gail serenely informed her uncle. "He promised he'd take care of you."

"Great guns!" exploded her uncle. "What did you know about this thing?"

"All of it," smiled Gail. She had known that Allison would keep his word, but it gave her a strange sense of relief that he had done so.

Her Aunt Helen turned to her with a commanding eye; but Gail merely smiled.

"Of course I couldn't say anything," went on Gail. "It was all in confidence. Isn't it glorious Uncle Jim?"

"You wouldn't have thought so if you'd been down town today," responded her uncle, trying again to erase from his brow the damage which had been done to his nerves. "They wanted to mob Allison! He has cut the ground from under the entire railroad business of the United States! Their stocks have deflated an aggregate of billions of dollars, and the slump is

in such a way that they are certainly not anything like as modestly clothed as they would be if they had on pantaloons like the boys—little roustabout clothes—and just turned loose to play in the dirt, to make mud pies, to get down and sallow in the earth.

There is no danger in this. The roll is clean dirt, so to speak; there is nothing pernicious in it—Dr. J. H. Kellogg, in Good Health.

The Chauffeur a Robber. No woman would have cared to take on the job of the earliest chauffeurs. For long before the arrival of the motor car the chauffeur existed. The name was applied to bands of robbers practicing in the border lands between France and Germany at the close of the eighteenth century. They earned the name and lived up to it by a habit of scorching their victim's feet to expedite the revelation of the hiding place of his money. Rumor had it that the bands were encouraged by the exiled royalists of France, and at any rate, their extermination was one of Napoleon's first tasks when he became first consul.

permanent! He has bankrupted a host of men, rifled the pockets of a million poor investors; he has demoralized the entire transportation commerce of the United States; and he gave no one the show of a rat in a trap!"

"Isn't that business?" asked Gail the red spots beginning to come into her cheeks.

"Not quite!" snapped her Uncle Jim. "Fiction has made that the universal idea, but there are decent men in business. The majority of them are, even in railroading. Most roads are organized and conducted for the sole purpose of carrying freight and passengers at a profit for the stockholders, and spectacular stock jobbing deals are the exception rather than the rule."

"Has Mr. Allison been more unfair than others who have made big consolidations?" demanded Gail, again aware of the severely inquiring eye of Aunt Helen.

"Rotten!" replied her uncle, with an emphasis in which there was much of personal feeling. "He has taken tricky advantage of every unprotected loophole. He won from the inland Pacific, at the mere cost of trackage, a passage which the inland built through the mountains by brilliant engineering and at an almost countless cost."

"Isn't that accounted clever?" asked Gail.

"So is the work of a confidence man or a wire-tapper!" was the retort. "But they are sent to jail just the same. The inland created something. It built, with brains and money and force, and sincere commercial enterprise, a line which won it a well-earned supremacy of the Pacific trade. It was entitled to keep it; yet Allison, by making with it a tricky contract for the restricted use of the key to its supremacy, uses that very device to destroy it. He has bankrupted, or will have done so, a two thousand mile railroad system, which is of tremendous commercial value to the country, in order to use a hundred miles of its track and remove it from competition! Allison has created nothing. He has only seized, by stealth, what others have created. He is not even a commercial highwayman. He is a commercial pickpocket!"

Gail palmed by now.

"Tell me one thing," she demanded. "Wouldn't any of the railroad men have employed this trick if they had been shrewd enough to think of it?"

"A lot of them," was the admission, after an awkward pause. "Does that make it morally and ethically correct?"

"You may be prejudiced, Jim," interplated Aunt Helen, moving closer to Gail.

"Why not?" she laughed, and advanced toward her, taking her attitude lightly, ascribing her action to a girlish whim, confident in his power over her. He meant to dispose of her coyness by taking her in his arms again. She belonged to him.

"Mr. Allison." The tone was cold enough, and deadly in earnest enough to arrest him.

"What's the matter, Gail?" he protested, ready to humor her, to listen to what she had to say, to smooth matters out.

"You have no right," she told him. "Yes I have," he jovially assured her. "I hope I don't have to wait until after marriage for a kiss. If that's the case I'll take you out and marry you right now."

There was an infection in his laugh, contagion in the assumption that all was right between them, and that any difference was one which could be straightened out with jolly patience, and Gail, though her determination would not have changed, might have softened toward him, had she not seen in his face a look which paled her lips. Ever since last night he had anticipated her, had rejoiced in his possession of her, had dreamed on the time when he should take her for his own; and his eyes were cloudy with his thoughts of her.

"Let us have a clear understanding, Mr. Allison." She was quite erect, and looking him directly in the eyes. Her own were deep and troubled, and the dark trace which had been about them in the morning had deepened. "I told you last night that I should need time in which to decide; I have decided. I shall not marry you."

He returned her gaze for a moment, and his brow clouded.

"You've changed since last night," he charged her.

"Possibly," she admitted. "It is more likely, however, that I have merely crystallized. I prefer not to discuss it." She saw on his face the growing instinct to humiliate her.

"You must discuss it," he insisted. "Last night when I took you in my arms you made no objection. I was justified in doing it again tonight. You're not a fool. You knew from the first that I wanted you, and you encouraged me. Now, I'm entitled to know what has made the change."

The telltale red spots began to appear in her cheeks.

"You," she told him. "Last night, your scheme of world empire seemed a wonderful thing to me, but since then I've discovered it cannot be built without dishonesty and cruelty; and you've used both."

His brow cleared. He laughed heartily.

"You've been reading the papers. There isn't a man in the financial field who wouldn't do everything I've done; and be proud of it. I can make you see this in the right light, Gail."

"It's a proof of your moral callousness that you think so," she informed him. "Can you make me see it in the right light that you even used me, of

pumps on the forward boat connecting by air hose to the water ballast tanks of the trailer, regulate whether they shall float a few feet below the surface or upon the top. Should an enemy be sighted, or storm come up, the air pressure is released, the ballast tanks filled with water, and the cars quickly sunk out of sight, where all is serene. It is said that some such device, as this is now in operation with the submarines of Europe, enabling them to go long distances with submarine trailers that contain compartments for fuel, oil, fresh water, food supplies and ammunition—'Wonders of Today,' in National Magazine.

A Fellow Feeling. "I observe that the Austrian government is offering a reward for the head of Gabriele d'Annunzio, the Italian poet," commented Tenyson J. Duff. "I know how the poor fellow must feel! I once wrote an obituary poem, in which I referred to the deceased's last resting place and the types made it roasting place."—Kansas City Star.

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"Both of them!" asked Aynesworth.

"She'll never marry him with my consent!" stormed her Uncle Jim. "Nor with Miles! The fellow's an unscrupulous scoundrel! He's made of cruelty from his toes to his hair! He stops at nothing! He even robbed Market Square church of six million dollars!"

Gail's head suddenly went up in startled inquiry. She wanted still to defend Allison; but she dreaded what was to come.

"We wouldn't sell him Vedder court at his price; so he took it from us at six million less than he originally offered. He did that by a trick, too."

All three women looked up at him in breathless interest.

"He had the city condemn Vedder court," went on Sargent. "If he had condemned it outright for the Municipal Transportation company, he would have had to pay us about the amount of his original offer; but his own private and particular devil put the idea into his head that the Vedder court premises should be torn down anyhow, for the good of the public! So he had the buildings condemned first, destroying six million dollars' worth of value; then he had the ground condemned! Tim Cornum probably got about a million dollars for that humanitarian job!"

A wild fit of sobbing startled them all.

CHAPTER XXII.

Love.

Allison swept Gail into his arms, and rained hot kisses upon her, crushing her closely to him. She offered no resistance, and the very fact that she held so supinely in his arms, made Allison release her sooner than he might otherwise have done. She had known that this experience must come, that no look or gesture or word of hers could ward it off.

"You must never do that again," she told him, stepping back from him, and regaining her breath with an effort. She had lingered in the front parlors to receive him before her Uncle Jim should know that he was in the house, and she had led him straight into the little tete-a-tete reception room. She meant to free herself quickly.

"Why not?" he laughed, and advanced toward her, taking her attitude lightly, ascribing her action to a girlish whim, confident in his power over her. He meant to dispose of her coyness by taking her in his arms again. She belonged to him.

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"It's a proof of your moral callousness that you think so," she informed him. "Can you make me see it in the right light that you even used me, of

whom you pretended to think sacredly enough to marry, to help you in your most despicable trick of all!"

"Look here," she protested. "That would be impossible! You're mistaken."

"I wish I were," she returned. "Unfortunately, it is a matter of direct knowledge. You caused Vedder court to be torn down because I thought it should be wiped out of existence, and in the process you cheated Market Square church out of six million dollars!"

He could not have been more shocked if she had struck him.

"I knew you did not understand," he kindly reproved her. "I didn't want those old buildings. They couldn't have sold them for the wreckage price. When you suggested that they should be torn down, I saw it. They were a public menace, and the public was right with the movement. The condemnation price will cover all they could get from the property from any source. You see, you don't understand

FRUIT LAXATIVE FOR SICK CHILD

"California Syrup of Figs" can't harm tender stomach, liver and bowels.

Every mother realizes, after giving her children "California Syrup of Figs" that this is their ideal laxative, because they love its pleasant taste and it thoroughly cleanses the tender little stomach, liver and bowels without griping.

When cross, irritable, feverish, or breath is bad, stomach sour, look at the tongue, mother! If coated, give a teaspoonful of this harmless "fruit laxative," and in a few hours all the foul, constipated waste, sour bile and undigested food passes out of the bowels, and you have a well, playful child again. When its little system is full of cold, throat sore, has stomach-ache, diarrhoea, indigestion, colic—remember, a good "inside cleaning" would always be the first treatment given.

Millions of mothers keep "California Syrup of Figs" handy; they know a teaspoonful today saves a sick child tomorrow. Ask at the store for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has directions for babies, children of all ages and grown-ups printed on the bottle. Adv.

His Price. Mrs. B.—Did your gown cost much? Mrs. W.—Only one good cry.



The Hand With Which She Warded Him Off Was Effective Now.

PREPAREDNESS!

To Fortify The System Against Grip when Grip is prevalent LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE should be taken, as this combination of Quinine with other ingredients, does away with the grip, and restores the system to normal. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to normal. It is a powerful tonic, and restores the system to normal.

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OLD PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK KIDNEYS

A medicinal preparation like Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, that has real curative value almost sells itself. Like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited to those who are in need of it.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is a physician's prescription. It has been tested for years and has brought results to countless numbers who have suffered.

The success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfills almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

Do not suffer. Get a bottle of Swamp-Root from any druggist now. Start treatment today.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

No Pomp in Switzerland.

How many Englishmen—or, for that matter, how many Swiss living in England—could give offhand the name of the president of the Swiss confederation? In accordance with the Swiss constitution, the head of the state, or the president of the federal council, as he is officially called, only holds office for a year, and is elected every December. The federal assembly has just elected its president for next year. He is M. Camille Decoppet, who received 185 votes out of 188.

Owing to the curious international position of Switzerland and its relations with the belligerent powers, the position might be supposed to be one of considerable importance, but even the Swiss people are apathetic as to who shall occupy it, and they give to their chief no state honors whatever. He is accessible to almost anybody, and a British minister at Bern has told how, when he went to visit the president once, the door was opened by his wife, who was busy cooking, while the president was sitting at his desk in his shirt sleeves. Switzerland is a true republic, according to the old and classic ideal—the only one.—Manchester Guardian.

Seemed Longer.

"How long has Colonel Bluegrass been in the city?"

"Oh, about a week."

"Why, he talked to me as if he had been here at least six months."

"You forget. This town is dry."

The oftener a man falls the more he is addicted to the advice-giving habit.

FOOD FACTS What an M. D. Learned.

A prominent physician down in Georgia went through a food experience which he makes public:

"It was my own experience that first led me to advocate Grape-Nuts food; and I also know from having prescribed it to convalescents and other weak patients that this food is a wonderful restorer and restorer of nerve and brain tissue, as well as muscle. It improves the digestion and patients gain, just as I did in strength and weight, very rapidly.

"I was in such a low state that I had to give up my work entirely and go to the mountains, but two months there did not improve me; in fact I was not quite as well as when I left home. My food did not sustain me and it became plain that I must change.

"I began to use Grape-Nuts and in two weeks I could walk a mile, and in five weeks returned to my home and practice, taking up hard work again. Since that time I have felt as well and strong as I ever did in my life.

"As a physician who seeks to help all sufferers I consider it a duty to make these facts public."

Trial 30 days on Grape-Nuts when the regular food does not seem to sustain the body will work wonders.

"There's a Reason." Name given by Postum Co., Little Creek, Mich.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

"Both of them!" asked Aynesworth.

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