

Across the fields the heat waves shimmered "like an invisible jelly," as Dabney Forbush put it to his sister.

"I wouldn't go to town with the handsomest man in the postal service," he declared laughingly as Ruby firmly stamped a tiny foot on the floor. "I don't think you're fair to the poor chap," he went on, more seriously. "Suppose he becomes so hopelessly in love that at the end of the season. when you go back to town, he finds the Parkvale girls dull and uninterest-Perhaps he will commit suicide. "I wish you would keep quiet," said Ruby hotly. "I have to go to town to get some silks for that sofa pillow I am making for you. If Mr. Perkins is so kind as to take me in, you should be grateful to him.'

"If it's for that class pillow you're making for me, I'll go in after it my

27.3 ...

"I WANT TO SAY GOODBY TO YOU HERE UNDER THE TREES."

self," offered Dabney. "It will save Perkins the trouble of hitching up and driving back here again. That's no part of his postal labors."

Ruby stamped her foot again

"I think you are perfectly horrid," she declared. "Just as though you could pick out the right colors!" "A man ought to know his own class colors," Dabney defended. "You

say I never do anything for you, and then when I offer to take a hot trip to town and walk all the way back you call me horrid. Here comes Peter Perkins now. I guess I'll slide into the house. Great emotions always upset me. He dodged into one of the low win-

dows before Ruby could reach him with the cushion she had caught up from one of the chairs, and his mocking laugh rang out as the girl gave a little shake to her ruffled plumage and even started down the shady walk to the know. gate. Ruby. "This is Pennington, Pete Penning-

The ramshackle wagon used in the rural free delivery service was just drawing up to the block, and she climbed light^{1,1} to a place beside the stalwart young fellow, whose glad wed all too plainly the pleasure he felt.

ure he felt. "I would have loved him anyhow," declared Ruby stoutly, "millionaire or her hand had lingered an instant in his muscular grip, "Dab does make such When You Are Bilious. a martyr of himself when he does anything for me, and Mr. Slocum will not let us have the horses in the harvest-

ing season." "I was only too glad to come back," said Perkins simply. "You can't blame Slocum about the horses. He needs them all just now. If you come to a real farmhouse to spend the sum-mer, you cannot expect a livery outfit the biggest the outdoor air, cansultation with a bad a tremble in her voice. The dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry you can't de dog: "Come on, Jenks. I'm sorry the dog: dog sorry the dog sor

"Glad!" Ruby turned in her seat to face him. "I don't think that you are very polite!" she cried. "I couldn't bear to think of your be-Miss Deakins' ing here after I am gone," he exclaim ing here after 1 am goue, he excanned ed simply. "You are going?" she asked. "I thought you lived here." "I was here only for the summer," he explained. "I must go back home

"I suppose you will arry pleasant "Jenks," said Miss Deakins, "don't recollections of this desightful coun-

come and cla May I, dear?"

bluntly

not say more

mer night.

g0.

road.

dorsement.

and she insisted that he come in and take supper with them. He lingered

in the gloom of the trees until the moon was high, but at last he had to

"I want to say goodby to you here

under the trees," he said as he rose to his feet. "After I have harnessed up the whole family will come out. I am

sorry you could not say 'Yes.' dear, but I do not blame you, and I shall always love you and cherish the memory of this summer." He bent over her and lightly brush-

ed her forehead with his lips. Then he strode off toward the barn, and pres-ently she heard the grating of the bug-

gy wheels upon the graveled walk. There was the sound of voices as he

took farewell of the group on the back porch, and then the carriage came down the drive and turned into the

For a moment the world seemed to

stand still for Ruby; then she leaped

from the hammock and went flying

down the dusty road after the buggy. "Peter! Peter!" she called softly. "Come back. It was all a mistake. I do love you, and I will marry you, no

matter what mother says." In an instant he had sprung from the buggy and had her in his arms. Dab-

ney came running up. "I want to be the first to congratu-

late you, old man," he said as he grasp-ed Peter's hand. "I knew you'd win, even if sis does hate all the men I

"All the men you know!" gasped

ton," he explained, "my roommate at college. He took the job to meet you without the disadvantage of my in-

"I would have loved him anyhow,"

When You Are Bilious. The only salvation for the person with a torpid liver, according to What

to Eat, is through a changed system of dietectics, combined with exercise in the outdoor air, calisthenics and deep

across the hall again. try," she said. "I know that I shall always remember this summer most pleasantly." Jenks flopped down on the door mat and sighed, canine fashion. "You understand?" said Miss Dea-"I want to take away something else," he said slowly. Ruby turned her face away and let her gaze wander kins. Jenks wagged a disconsolate tail

"Very well," and Miss Deakins went in and shut the door, withdrawing from Jenks the vision of her trim figover the fragrant flowering buckwheat. 'I want to take with me your promise that some day I may come for you,'

Dog.

By Philip Kean.

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ure, enveloped in a blue linen apron, down the front of which traveled he went on-"that some day I may come and claim you for my bride. splotches of paint. Jenks, outside on the mat, heard a Gently Ruby drew from his grasp faint whistle and lifted one ear. Then the hand he had seized. Her heart cried "Yes," but there came into her mental vision the prospect of her am-A door opened across the hall. "Cut it and run, Jenksle," said a

bitious mother. Mrs. Forbush would never consent to their union, and Mrs. Forbush could make life very unpleasvolce Jenks yawned eagerly, but did not ant when she elected. "I am sorry," she said softly, "but 1

move. "Come on," wheedled the man on the

other door mst. Jenks stood up and wagged his tail. There was a "get thee behind me, Sa-tan," protest in his attitude, coupled cannot answer you as you want me to. I shall always remember most pleas-antly this happy summer. Please do not ask more of me." "You do not love me?" he demanded

with vielding And just then Miss Deakins opened her door.

"I do like you," she said. "I-I can-"Were you calling my dog?" she de-Peter flicked his horse with his whip, manded. "Yes. You don't mind, do you?" The and the patient animal jogged on. He spoke no more of his love, and Ruby man came toward her as he said it. He wore a shabby velveteen coat, and

was grateful to him. She went about her shopping while the paint stains matched those on Miss eakins' apron. "I do mind," Miss Deakins assured Peter drove over to the postoffice to report. When he returned to meet her him. "Jenks has been taught to lie on if was with a livery rig. "I cannot use the delivery horses now," he explained. "I am no longer working for the contractor. Shall we go home by the river road?"

his mat until 12 o'clock. Then he has his lunch with me." "Such beautiful regularity," murmur

ed the man in the velveteen coat. Miss Deskins flushed "I don't see why he wants always to

go home by the river road?" Her eyes made answer. The river road was the longest and prettiest, and she would not deny herseif this last trip with the man she loved. Tomor-row he must pass out of her life. Togo to your room." "Of course you don't see," he agreed, "but-but Jenks is rather fond of me"-"You give him ham bones," she ac night she wished only that she might drive on and on far into the soft sum-

cused him. "I do. There are some people and some dogs to whom you have to give things in order to make them love you. Perhaps Jenks is not that kind of dog. But Peter kept the horse at a trot, nd presently they were at the farm He was a favorite with Mrs. Slocum

Perhaps he may have a soul above P)

"THERE'S A FIRE ESCAPE FROM MY WIN-

"to talk in the abstract. And I'd rath-er you didn't call Jenks."

"Very well," he said formally and went back to his room and shut the

her door mat, with Jenks by her side,

Miss Deakins stood irresolutely

cause

door

Can A

other".

THE POOR CAT. One Occasion When the Animal Did Not Come Back. When the cat died the whole family

site door mat.

Jenks whined.

across the way.

whined.

site door mat. "I don't see why you won't be friends," the painter said as he stood, irresolute, with his picture in his hand. "I have my work, and nothing must interfere with my career." "But we have lived opposite each other for six months." "It would be the same if we had liv-ed opposite each other for six years."

ed opposite each other for six years," was the way she closed the discussion. More stars were, out when she again sat with Jenks by the window and the

moon flooded the world with light, but

over the roofs she caught the glow of a

ther information, and then in a suc

He caught her in his arms, and be-

dog, "Wait a minute, old boy, I'll be

through the smoke to where the pa-

But he was already on the ladder.

arms about his neck and cried.

her. "It's burned up. But I'll buy an-

She smiled at that, and her eyes as

promise of friendship and more than

they met his held in them all

friendship that was to come

"He's got the dog."

She covered her eyes with her hands,

went into mourning, figuratively if not literally. No common back door cat this, but one that must be buried with all honor. The question was how and where.

ome one proposed cremation, but this was rejected on the ground that this was rejected on the ground that it sounded too much like lynching. It was finally proposed that the father, who had to cross a ferry every day to his place of business, should drop it overboard, and as a burial at say rather appealed to the sentimental attitude of the family this idea was received favorably.

The following morning the remains The following morning the remains of the cat were made into a package and securely tied. It was a lovely day, and the ferryboat was crowded with passengers, and what had seemed so simple at home assumed unexpected difficulties in the face of a curious crowd, ready to imagine anything and to put the worst construction on an anto put the worst construction on an ap-

parently mysterious action. Finally it occurred to the father that the best time would be the evening, and he could slip the cat overboard without attracting notice in the dusk. Through the day it occupied a corner of his office, and he was glad when the

time came for the return trip. He waited until the boat was well out in the stream and then, glancing around furtively, laid his hand on the ham bones. Perhaps without ham bones Jenks might love me. Psycho-logically it's interesting, but I don't want to put it to the test. I value Jenks' affection too highly to seek the package. Suddenly it struck him what ould seem strange in broad daylight ould seem doubly so at night. "I'm too busy," she reminded him.

With a smothered groan he replaced it on the seat beside him. There was help for it-he would have to carry

it home again. As he took his seat in the train that was to convey him the rest of the way he placed the cat on the shelf above his head and for the first time that day forgot all about it. Hurrying to get off the car when he reached his destination, he was halted by some one behind him, who thrust into his hand

the ill fated package. When he reached his house he threw

A Rowing Lesson.

By Jane Ludlum Lee.

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"Come along, Dora, and I'll take you or a row on the sound. You have larned stockings until I have the fidgets."

different illumination, a red, murky glow, that flared up presently inte flames and columns of rolling smoke. "I thought you did not know how to "It's a fire, Jenks," she told the dog. row, Julia. At least that is what you "It's down the street," was her furtold Colonel Winston the other day when he asked you to row him over to that coal barge of his." panic, "It's in the next house, Jenk-

"I wasn't going to row that big fat With the dog close behind her she ran to the door. The hall was full of smoke. Through it she saw the man colonel across Puget sound just to exercise my muscles, and a little white fib now and then won't hurt anybody. Come along." across the way. "We can't get down," he said quick-ly. "The stairs are on fire, but there's a fire escape from my window."

Dora finally gathered up her stock ing bag and, with a suggestion of "take your life in your hand" expression, started down the hill with Julia. fore she could protest they were de-scending the ladder. From the window above Jenks Several of the hotel employees were about the float and helped the girls to find a boat that was fairly clean. One "Oh, we can't leave Jenks," she cried. "Let me go. Let me go." He held her firmly and called up to the of them stepped up, saying: "Are you going to row yourself, Miss Abbot? Puget sound is a bit tricky at times and the harbor is pretty full of boats now. Better take a man alon "I don't want a man along. That's

When she was safe and looked up just why I am going for a row-to get tient little animal was waiting she said: "Oh, if you should be killed. It is better that Jenks should-go"rid of the men. The plazza is full of them, and anyway Mrs. Mills and I are both good swimmers. Push her off, John.'

Julia seemed to pull a pretty good and then she knew nothing until a shout went up and some one said, stroke for a girl who had said in pres-ence of witnesses that she could not row, and soon Dora's frightened ex-There was another long interval, and pression had faded into one of content then she felt something warm and wet on her cheeks, and there was Jenks a soft breeze blew across her fore

"I thought you couldn't row, Julia." licking her face, and she threw her "Of course I can row. Who ever heard of a college girl that couldn't? You see, I went to Cornell, and we And presently she held out her hand to the man who had saved him and said in a weak little voice: see, I went to Cornell, and we had a rowing club to compete "He shall sit on your door mat all the time if you will let him." "There isn't any door mat," he told with the boys. Fred-you know Fred.



"WAS THERE MONEY IN THE BAG OF JEWELS ?" don't you? Well, he used to coach me

on Saturdays, and that is how I have such a good stroke." "Do you mean Fred Conroy that

went to Japan last year?" "Course I do! Whom did you think

"I thought you never mentioned his name any more. I know I referred to him a month or so ago, and you polite-ly asked me never to refer to him in your presence again-that he was 'a dead one,' I think you said." "Well, he is dead-that is, as far as I

am concerned—and, oh, Dora, I some-times feel that maybe he really is dead,

and it's all my fault!" With this last remark Julia gave a couple of terrific pulls on the oars as if to emphasize the meaning of it, and crash they went into a little sailboat

that lay at anchor. "Even if he is dead there is no use of our joining him in this watery grave, Julia. Please look where you

"Won't you go to my friend?" she maid as they offered her assistance. "She is really very much frightened. Please row her over here, and then we can go home.

a climbed up the gangway in her Juna climbed up the gangway in her dripping raiment and sank into a chair that the pilot offered her. The girl was a wreck in more ways than one. "Til be all right in a minute," she said to the pilot-"just as soon as I can get my breath. You see, my friend lost her bag overheard and L would lost her bag overboard, and I-well, I just fell reaching for it. Awfully stu pid of me, wasn't it?"

"Was there money in the bag or jewels?" asked the pilot with some concern.

"Neither-just stockings," meekly re plied Julia as she held up to his view an armful of sopping hosiery.

"Stockings!" yelled the surprised pi lot. "What will women do next? Ha, ha!" Turning around, he called, "I say, Conroy, come along here and see what we rescued while I help the rest of the party aboard."

Julia did not laugh, but sat up very straight when the name of Conroy was mentioned. How silly, she thought Conroy is a simple enough name, she leaned back again in the easy steamer chair. But not for very long. she A tall, pale and sickly looking face appeared at the door, peering around in search of the rescued party. His glance finally fell upon Julia and met hers, and the college girl who had won medals for her bravery and muscle was just woman enough to faint as she gasped his name. In a moment or two he was at her

side, imploring her to look at him. while Mrs. Mills and the pilot seemed suddenly struck blind and walked around the deck.

"Julia, my Julia! Darling, look at me once more that I may know it is you! Water, you lazy dumbhead!" he called to a passing sailor. "Can't you see the lady has fainted?"

he water seemed to revive her, and leaned back into his arms as she The water had done in the chair before.

had done in the chair before. "Fred, it is Julia, or, rather, what is left of her. Let me rest in your arms a minute, dear, just to make sure it's you. Fred, dear, why are you so pale? "Just a bit of yellow fever, dear, but it put me in bed for a few weeks and gave me time enough to yearn for you and to know that I could never be hap by without you, so I shipped with this bid tea vessel, and here I am. Will WIU you give yourself to me now, dear?' "I cannot give you what is already yours, Fred, only I hope for your sake that I'll make a better wife than I did a rowing teacher.

CUT THEM ALL OUT.

The Enemies One Is Likely to Meet

In His Vocabulary. "In the dictionary of fools we find "I

can't' very often, plenty of 'ifs' and lots of words like 'luck' and 'destiny' and phrases like 'If I only had time or a chance like other people!"" Did you ever think that many of the

words and phrases which you constant-ly use are your real enemies, that they leave their hideous pictures and black shadows in your mind? How many times have you been kept from doing a good deed by such phrases as "Oh, I can't do that," "I am afraid that that will not turn out well,'

"Oh, I know I can't do that," "Some-body else can do that a great deal bet ter," "I am afraid to try," "I haven't the courage," "I fear I shall take cold or catch some disease if I do this or

I believe that those two words, "I can't," have ruined more prospects and have kept more ability doing the work of mediocrity than any other two words in our language. "I am afraid of this or that" is a ter-

rible hinderer, a terrible blighter ambition, a cooler of enthusiasm. All achievement and all efficiency de pend upon initiative, and that is easily

killed by the fear words, the word which express doubt and uncertainty. "By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned."-Success.

VALUE OF WALKING.

Benefits to Be Derived From This Form of Exercise.

There is hardly an instance of a long lived man who has not been for the best part of his life a brisk walker

grave, Julia. Please lo are going or I'll get out." like a

walking ashore

AN IMPLOSION.

H is the Opposite of an Explosion and Less Familiar.

Every one knows what an explosion is, but its opposite, an implosion, is less familiar. At great depths in the sea the conditions are favorable for Its production. At 2.500 fathoms the pressure is, roughly speaking, two and a half tons to the square inch-that is to say, several times greater than the pressure exerted by the steam upon

the piston of a powerful engine. An interesting experiment to illus-trate the enormous force of this deep sea pressure was made on the Alba tross, a government vessel engaged in

deep sea exploration. A thick glass tube several inches in length full of air was hermetically sealed at both ends. This was wrapped in flannel and placed in one of the wide copper cylinders used to protect deep sea thermometers when they are sent down with the sounding appa-ratus. The copper cylinder had holes bored in it, so that the water had free access inside, round the glass. The case was then sent down to a depth of 2,000 fathoms and drawn up again It was found that the cylinder was bulged and bent inward, just as if it had been crumbled inward by being violently squeezed. The glass tube itself, within its flannel wrapper, was reduced to a fine powder, almost like snow. The glass tube, it would seem, as it slowly descended, held out long against the pressure, but at last sud denly gave way and was crushed by the violence of the action to a fine powder.

This process, exactly the reverse of ed an implosio

MASTERY OF THE NILE.

The Method by Which the Flow of Water Is Controlled.

Every morning from a little room of a great white house on the eastern shore of the Nile at Assouan is clicked by telegraph to Cairo the question, "How much water?" The answer comes so many thousand gallons more or so many thousand gallons less. A button is pressed, the water which flows under the fron bridge at Cairo is increased or diminished some ten days later in accordance with the telegraphic answer, and the intervening valley between Assouan and Cairo has a lit-tle more or a little less water on its surface. The man at the button may

bring joy or sorrow to thousands of little farms-it is all according to the message he receives. From the great white house there extends across the river a granite wall or dam 150 feet high. Halfway up this wall and stretching its entire length a line of shutters opens or closes by a pressure of the button.

In the winter months a huge lake ex pands to the southward, which has ev ery appearance of being a flood, for in certain places the tops of palm trees are discernible above its surface, and the summits of inundated ruins apparently mark the sites of sunken cities. As the days go by and Cairo demands as the tays go by and the pain trees, and the rulns seem to rise from their watery beds until in June and early July the river flows freely with all its historic indolence.—New York Times.

Three Layers of Atmosphere.

It appears that in the atmosphere there are three distinct currents of air, the first lying at an elevation of from 900 to 1,500 meters, the second at from 2,500 to 4,000 meters and the upper one at from 6,000 to 8,000 me-ters above the surface of the earth. These are to an extent separate currents, flowing each with its own locity. At the bottom of each of the layers the stratus clouds are formed, and at the top of each of the layers This sug occur the cumulus clouds. gests that the stratus originate at the bottom of a moving current and the cumulus at the top. It is probable, then, that the stratus owe their origin to the difference in velocity and tem-perature of the two layers, while the cumulus are formed by ascending currents within the layer of air

A Timely Present.

A certain colored gentleman recently saluted a large colored lady of the Amazonian type in the following lan-

guage: "Yuh's lookin' mighty fascinatin' to take exercise pretty well every day. Sal hauled off

to take exercise pretty well every day. Riding is all very well and so are other exercises, but there is nothing a good walk, because it stimulates yuh jest lay thar till I goes an' finds oblood and the muscles and necession out what dat word 'fascinatin'

"I might want ter salute yuh

with

Next day the aforesaid colored gen

she said smilingly. "I hate the round of fashionable hotels. This has been

"Parkvale is a pretty nice place," he reflectively. "I don't know when r spent a more pleasant summer said reflectively. mysel

"You have done a very great deal toward making things pleasant for me," said Ruby. "I don't know when I ever saw Dabney so disobliging. If it had not been for you, I don't know what I should have done

"We are supposed to be polite," he eminded. "It's in the regulations." reminded. Ruby wondered if the regulations redured him to hitch up a fresh rig and drive her back to the farm after her purchases were made, as he had done score of times.

From the first she had been attractto the handsome young driver of e rural delivery. He was so unlike the men she knew in town. She shuddered at the name of Peter Perkins. It did not match his manner or his appearance, but she had almost for-gotten his name except when her brother teased her about it. At first Ruby had simply utilized her inherent flirtatious instinct, but later she had come to realize that she loved the mail driver, and at times the knowledg rightened her. Peter broke the silence.

"You'll be going back home pretty soon now, won't you?" he asked. Ruby nodded. "We expect to leave Saturday. Dab-

ney must visit an uncle from whom he has expectations, and mother wants me to come to her for a few weeks. She is in the mountains." "I'm glad that you're going," he said

abruptly

quantities of cereal foods and the fruits that are rich in acids. In warm weather it is best to abstain from milk altogether. Butter and vegetable fats, olive oil, boiled rice, baked apples, baked potatoes, graham or whole wheat bread, soft boiled eggs, all constitute a safe and nourishing diet for the bilious person. At the diet for the billous percent first symptom of billousness squeeze the inice of half a lemon in the water the ju you drink just before breakfast and

before going to bed at night.

Tastes In Tobacco There's no accounting for tastes. Take tobacco, for instance. The man who smokes a pipe wants to commit murder if he gets on the back platform of a car and finds a

callow youth smoking a ready made cigarette. He sniffs disdainfully every time the offensive odor gets into his a look of disgust if he gets a whiff of what he considers an evil smelling pipe. The cigar smoker may smoke both

The cigar smoker will scorn a stogie.

say it is because his taste has degen-

erated from smoking an inferior grade

who will smoke any old thing that will burn.-Milwaukee Free Press.

The

gar.

pipe and cigarettes, but usually he ab-hors both.

The man who smokes Havanas will was her impetuous comment. throw away a domestic after a couple of puffs, provided the friend who gave it to him is out of sight. beautiful."

Che confirmed smoker of stogles esn't give a rap about a "good" cl-r. The smoker of "good" clgars will She froze at that. "Certainly not," she refused and spoke with sternness And then again there is the man

"oss the hall. got un wearily from the oppo-

She painted all the afternoon, and as

She painted all the arternoon, and as the twillight came on she sat and looked out over the roofs, and Jenks sat beside her with his cold nose in her hand, and when a big star shone (over the top of the highest building she said, "I'm like the Miller of Dee, with him? 'I care for nobody, no, not I, and no-body cares for me.'" Just then there came a knock at the

When she opened it no one was ioor. there, but on Jenks' mat was a bunch of lilacs, such as one buys at the cor r stande she filled all her bowls and vases

Miss Deakin sang a little song, and before she finished there came another what were you singing?" asked the

man from across the way "You know-the 'Spring Song,' " she told him icily. "I have just painted a little picture

of spring," he said ingratiatingly. "May I show it to you?" It was a water color—just a stretch of young fields, with a sweep of or-

shard beyond, but it made her catch

"I can almost sniff the fragrance,"

"That is the way the world is look-ing outside the city," he said, with enthusiasm. "There are violets and pus-sy willows, and the birds are calling-let me take you out there tomorrow. It will do you good. You are so pale".

"Jenks," she said, "I told you not to

it down on a chair in the hall and went in to supper. In the middle of it the maid came in and asked how s'? should cook the meat he had brought

he exclaimed. "That isn't meat ! It's'

But at this moment the maid produced the package and showed him a choice piece of meat. History does not say what the man said who got the cat.-New York Sun.

Explicit Instructions.

York girls recently were ordered by their mother to join her in a mining camp about a day's journey from the City of Mexico. The girls were to travel to Vera Cruz by steamer and then by rail to the capital, where their father was to meet them. As they never had been in that country before they wrote to their mother ask ing what sort of clothes they should bring with them. By return mail they bring with them. By return mail they received a breathless sort of an epistle telling them to be sure and start from New York by a certain date, but as to the clothes question, the only reply was, "Be sure and have your riding habits of the sort of brown that will harmonize with the atmosphere here.' New York Press

The Meanest Man.

"About the meanest man I ever knew," said an old time Clevelander, "was a man out at the edge of town that I used to pick cherries for when I was a kid. He objected to the boys eating any of the cherries, and he used to crawl around under the trees after we got through and gither up all the seeds he could find that we had dropped while up in the trees. Then he would charge us up with that many cherries." --Cleveland Plain Dealer.

driving, Dora?

"Well, I didn't want to come, Julia Abbot and vou know it. and I'll just mank you to row me ashore and leave me to my darning."

"Oh, Dora, I'm sorry you're cross, and I'm sorry I said anything! Only the thought of Fred way out there in Japan nearly drives me crazy. I'll give you a lesson in rowing if you'll come over here and take one oar."

After much persuasion and argu ment Dora began to collect her belongings and tuck up her skirts prepara tory to moving over on the seat with tory to moving over on the seat with Julia. The harbor was full of boats, and they had quite an audience, but Julia had made up her mind that Dora should take a lesson, and she bullied her into making the change. The boat

lurched about as Dora came over, and, with a scream, she pointed to a large bundle that fell overboard.

"My stockings, my stockings!" she screamed, pointing frantically at the bag that was still floating. "Well, of all the sillies," exclaimed

Julia, "to bring your darning with you in a rowboat. Wait a minute, I can

which was a small, round bottomed

sair, lost her balance and darted over the side into the water. Screams arose from all sides of "Woman over-board!" while Dora set up a frantic moan, wringing her hands, but not daring to move otherwise in her helpss situation

In a second Julia was swimming to ward the bag, and laughingly she grabbed it. By this time several sail-ors were overboard to her rescue, but she refused all offers of assistance. She swam to the nearest large vessel, tide, which will pour from ev which was a tea barge from Japan that had anchored there to leave its earth."-Topeka State-Journal. freight.

tates being in the open air.

If these who complain of being stout would only think of this and never omit a daily constitutional they would tleman presented the said Sal with a copy of Webster's Dictionary, say be amply rewarded. It will keep them ing. young and their figures presentable. It is simply a remedy that no one heeds to. Sitting about in the open tation terms."

Sal promptly refused to accept the air is all very well and is far better than sitting in the house, but it does not keep you in good health. It is quite another thing to over-

fatigue oneself. There is nothing bet ter than to get into a healthy perspira tion by walking. It is just like drink-ing a glass of cold water in the morn-

ng. It is so simple no one believes n it. This may not suit everybody, but ing. in it

those it does suit it will keep in health. --Pittsburg Press.



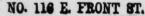
An Oklahoma editor puts forth this plea: "My friend, help the editor in his wide eyed search for news. When

your friends come to you, if you are not ashamed of it, tell him; when your wife gives a tea party, if you will have recovered from the effects of

the gossip, drop in with the news when a baby arrives fill your pocket with cigars and call; if you go to a

party, steal some of the good things and leave 'em with the item in our sanctum. If your wife licks you, come in and let us see your scars and tender sympathy through the paper. If your mother-in-law has died, don't be bash-ful about it; give in all the common-QUALITY THE BEST ! place news. In short, whatever makes you feel proud, sad, lonesome





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She leaned over the edge of the boat