-----Namoto's "Blacking." By LULU JOHNSON.

Copyrighted, 1907. by M. M. Cunningham. Silently the Japanese boy placed the tray on the table and waited,

hand, to fill the glasses. This cere-mony performed, he retired noiselessly to the little niche dignified by the name of dining account. of dining room. "I hope there is no war with Ja-pan," said Mosby. "What would a poor bachelor do if all the Jap boys had to go homé to fight for their counhans followed by overindulgence in opium smoking, but Sturgis declared that he

"I should hate to lose Namoto," re-

peated Ned Bowen, "though I hope to be married long before there is a chance of a war." "I speak for Namoto," said Mosby

T speak for Namoto, said Mosby quickly. "If the happy event comes to pass I want you to let me have him. He is a paragon even among Jap boys." "Don't count your chickens before they are hatched." warned Bowen

"Hank Sturgis is invited out darkly to Bayport, too, and"-"And it's nip and tuck between you two for Bess Ricaby," completed Mos

two for Bess Richty," completed Mos-by, "What's the matter with kidnap-ing Hank? You might lock him up in these rooms with Namoto to guard him and go abead with plain satiling." "That's a little too strenuous," laugh.

ed Bowen, "but I tell you, old man, I wish I dared. If I could get Hank out of the way over Sunday I should stand a far better chance. With the two of us always trying to best the other man there is no chance for either."

"Well, here's hoping that you win," "Let's go over to the club and have a game of billiards." The two men left the snug bachelor

the question.

a settlement every Monday.

have made a mistake.

moto. "I bought blacking."

nodded.

dred.

apartment and in the game forgot their conversation. Saturday Bowen took his suit case and made for the train. He looked all around, but there was no trace of Sturgis. Until the last moment Bowen hung about the gate, but his rival did not put in an B Bowen. "Mr to him then." appearance, and Bowen gritted his teeth. Probably Sturgis had taken the



"LOOK HERE!" CALLED BOWEN. HAVE MADE A MISTAKE." "TOU

morning train. If he had had the long afternoon with Bess Ricaby, thera was no telling what the outcome had been. Bowen fretted over a magazine in the cafe car, chewing nervously on his cigar and chafing at the slowness of the train. They were on time as they pulled into Bayport, but to Bowen it seemed hours late. His host, Mr. Mor-ton, was waiting for him with a trap, and as Bowen started toward the car riage Norton laid a hand upon his arm. "Hold on, old man," he said. "Stur-

gis should be on this train.' Bowen's spirits rose. Then Sturgis had not come down on the earlier train, after all. He was ahead of his

rival. "Possibly he is detained in town," Bowen said. "I know that he is not

mis nead had prevented mis secting and captors, and after he had been hustled into a cab he remembered no more un til he came to his senses in a police One of the park policemen had found him sitting on a bench near a secluded drive and had come to the prompt conclusion that the man was introxicated. When the application of the night stick to the soles of his feet failed in its usu-al effect an ambulance had been called and the man was removed to the police charges. station, where the surgeon had quickly brought him to consciousness, pro-nouncing the case one of opium poisoning.

The Law of the Woods. By SPENCER C. GUNN. Copyrighted, 1907, by Jessie Morgan

"Don't be a fool, Jeannette!" Timidly leaning away from the slaphing spray, she would have upset the

skiff had not Bob acted quickly. But for his shouting and his angry A suggestion was offered that perlook Jeannette would have rejected as a visit to Chinatown had been impossible the meaning which his words conveyed. Their harshness surprised her into angry tears. There had never been in the Chinese quarter,

but was on his way to his-apartments was an ominous silence. after an evening at the club. He had not had a very large sum of money on his person, nor was it his custom to "How dare you"-But another wave, drenching her shoulders, caused her literally to swalcarry large amounts at any time, so low what else she would have said. that if the object was robbery the ab-

Bob smiled impenitently as he dug his oars into one of his round, green ductors had fared but badly. The afternoon papers advanced a new theory based upon Sturgis' slight foes "I can't get down on my knees just resemblance to the head of a large

now, Jeannette," he observed, "and if I could it wouldn't be to propitiate trust company. It was argued that he might have been mistaken for the banker, and that it was the idea of the you." The girl's face blazed with a fire abductors to hold the man for ransom.

which the waters of Long lake had not cooled. They were still a good mile from the Discovering their error, they had taken the few dollars found in his clothes and had turned him loose in the park. Sturgis was the center of attraction at the club that evening, and Bowen here, buck rock intervened without, however, offering a refuge from the storm. The flag on the boathouse dip-ped and twisted like a handkerchief signaling distress. The black clouds mitigand the fear. The black clouds was one of those who listened to his

story. It was late when he let himself story. It was late when he let himself into his apartment, but Namoto was up awaiting him. "You had a nice time?" he asked when Bowen was established by the window for his good night cigar. "Fine," said Bowen, wondering at the question whitened the foam. The lake was a darkened stage ready for some tragic deed. "What a boor you are, after all," she

volunteered as she coolly unpinned her yachting cap and stooped to bail the water at her feet. "Um!" reflected Bob as he turned 'You will be married soon?" demanded Namoto. Bowen stared. What could Namoto the boat into the teeth of the wind.

"Can't you think of a more modern epithet? The Waverley novels were written some few years ago." know about Bess? Then he remember-ed his conversation with Mosby. Na-moto, In the adjoining room, must have heard them. He was so unobtrusive "Yes, indeed, I can think of several."

"Um!" Bob commented, at the same time bringing the skiff away from the that Bowen had forgotten his presence. "I will be married in the fall," said sowen. "Mr. Mosby wants you to go treacherous trough.

"I got housekeeping account," said Namoto irrelevantly, presenting a sit of paper. It was their custom to have a sattlement sevent must, all but highter here the sevent must all but hid the shore. The boat, swift as an arrow in smooth water and as fragile "Look here!" called Bowen. "You



Bayport over Sunday and had engaged a Chinese tong to abduct Sturgis. Gravely Bowen counted out the re-quired sum and added another hun-"It was well done," he said gravely,

"but buy no more blacking." Namoto refilled Bowen's empty glass. "No more will be needed," said

"No more will be needed," he said placidly. "I am glad you approve." Bowen stared after the retreating form. "Gee," he whispered to himself "I'm glad I didn't tell Mosby that I wished that Sturgis was dead." form.

# GOLD COINS.

Why Bankers Don't Like Them and Prefer to Handle Paper. "Of the different kinds of American money now in circulation the gold coins of all denominations are the most

colns of all denominations are the most disliked in my business," said a promi-nent New York banker. "Take a greenback, a silver or a gold certificate or a national bank note to your bank and it is received and plac-water now ankle deep about her. ed to your credit without a moment's gleday. Not so with gold. A few days resumed. "I'm so glad to find it out-

Ago a gentleman brought to our bank upward of \$3,000 in gold of different denominations and was much provoked With the rain and spray streaming down her face and her pretty dress glued to her body, Jeannette continued because we would not receive it and

to bail the intake, her arms moving with increased vigor at Bob's persistgive him credit with the amount the face of the coin represented. This we could not do because the law requires ent abuse. "You're a coward!" She hurled the that gold shall be redeemed only at its actual value. Coins carried in the pocket for any length of time naturally lose something by abrasion—probably words at him against the gale. "Is that modern enough for you? Can't you see that I'm tired enough to drop?' but a fractional part of a cent on a ten Bob chuckled softly as he strove to

hm. He said he was coming down." "Maybe he is coming in his motor," suggested the host, and Bowen's spir-train until morning, and with the whole of the evening without interfer-ence he might hope to gain Bess' an

At Jeannette's request he accompanied

them to the shore. They landed on the sandy beach near her father's cottage. Jeannette wished to avoid for the present the well meant congratulations of her friends. She knew that she looked more angry than thankful. Bob was ignored entirely and walked silently but smilingly

away. "Yeh don't look very glad, Miss Jeannette," ventured Tim as they hastened alone toward the cottage. With Tim

"Bob was beastly," she answered, "How so?" pursued the guide gently. "How so?" pursued the guide gently. "Why, Tim, he was cross and even ugly when at first I was frightened. Surely if we were to die we might have died friends. I shall never speak to him again."

Jeannette briskly climbed the cottage steps as she delivered this ultimatum and fell almost fainting into her father's arms. Tim followed the girl into the cottage, his face grave with suppressed concern. As Jeannette, as-sisted by her father, began to climb the stairs to her room Tim spoke up.

"Hold on, Miss Jeannette!" "Yes?" she asked. "Bob wasn't really mean," he asserted, his bronzed face flushing with

"What do you mean, Tim?" asked Jeannette, almost without patience. Tim slapped two big fingers convincin the hard palm of another, ingly

storm," he said, with slow emphasis, tion. "a guide calc'lates to do somethin' to Ha a give care area to sometimit to scare him worse, to take his mind off the water. Bob stung yeh instead. It's all the same. Four years ago this It's and the same. Four years ago this summer I hit a millionaire with the butt end of a gaff to keep him from jumph' out of the boat. I told him I'd use the other end if he stirred enough to shoo a fly-and I brought him in," he concluded, with another slap of his fingers and a jerk of his head. "It's

the law of the woods," he added. When Jeannette understood she flew down the few stairs, leaned far over the newel post and rested her little hand on Tim's flannel covered shoul-

Are you quite sure, Tim, that Bob was following that law?" she asked, looking searchingly into his eyes, yet

"Sartin sure," vouched Tim solemn-ly. "'Twas a fearful 'blow,' and Bob was only fightin' for your life, my little ly. With eyes dancing with gladness,

Jeannette leaned over farther until her wind blown hair brushed the guide's clean brown cheek. There was a whispered message and something which sounded like a kiss. Then Jeannette turned to her father, who smiled "You won't forget, Tim, dear?" she admonished, half playfully, half in

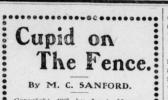
earnest. earnest. The guide looked up, the red blood showing through all his tan. "By the John Rogers," he thundered as he bastened out, "I guess not!"

## THE PENGUIN.

Wicked Flippers. It is probable that penguins pair for life, although nothing definite is known on the subject. When mates are cho-sen the process is as interesting as it is striking. As is the case with so many traction. Sen the process is as interesting as it is striking. As is the case with so many creatures, the males fight with each other for the females, might being right in the penguin code. The birds have regular fighting places, and one such battleground was found under an overhanging ledge. The results of in the shape of great quantities of loose feathers surrounding the little fighting ring, which itself was clear of all debris. Although the beak of a pen-guin is so formidable a weapon when used on thin skinned enemies, yet their own skin and blubber are so resistant that they can inflict no injury by this means. The customary mode of fight-ins is as interesting a time south as they went flying through the country and seemed so radiantly happy, that Vernon, bring-ing the machine to a sudden slow-down, simultaneously with his inspira-ing the machine to a sudden slow-down, simultaneously with his inspira-ing the machine to a sudden slow-down, simultaneously with his inspira-ing the machine to a sudden slow-down, simultaneously with his inspira-eus combustion. The nolse, together with Vernon's unexpected proposal, took Elinor off her feet, both mentally and physically. As she sprang up Vernon caught her to him. "It's all right, dear," he murmured,

that they can inflict no injury by this means. The customary mode of fightmeans. The customary mode of fight ing is really a kind of boxing, or "flip-pering." it might be called. The two combatants proceed to the fighting place and then walk cautiously about each other. Jockeying for an opening and ready to take instant advantage of a false step or move on the part of the opponent. All, however, is solemn and decorous, consistent with the rest of the life of these strange little beings. When at last each secures a good grip on the neck or body of the oppo-nent the real fighting begins. As nine-tenths of the life of penguins is spent on the open sea, where they pursue and capture fish, swimming with great swiftness by strokes of the fipperlike wings, it can well be imagined that the strength of thet rwings is very

the strength of their wings is very great, and when the two fighters begin to belabor each other with rapidly vi-brating flipper strokes each resounding must make a considerable impression even on the protecting coat of blubber fat. No one has ever recorded the finish of such an encounter, but !! is not probable that they result fatai.y. The weaker of the two must soon suc-



and almost as much of a surprise to herself as it was to Jack, but sober second thought seemed to justify it. It was foolish, so argued Elinor to

herself as she hung up the receiver, to let Jack take so much for granted, to let him think she was always ready, as a matter of course, to answer his beck and call. She would show him a thing or two. There were other men to be considered, and she didn't intend to marry Jack any more than-well, to marry some one else! Still it was such a lovely afternoon, and she did so

love to go automobiling! The telephone rang again. "Hello," answered Elinor languidly. "Oh, Mr. Norris? Yes. Go automobiling with you this afternoon? I shall be delighted. Three o'clock? All right, I'll be ready. Goodby." Elinor clapped her hands and gave

huge hand. "When a passenger gets scary in a Elinor clapped her hands and gave herself a little squeeze of congratula-

Half an hour later, her little round chin tilted saucily above the big blue bow of her gauzy veil, Elinor stood waiting on the porch, a picture of pert-ness and prettiness. - At the "honk, honk," of an approach-

ing automobile she ran quickly down the steps to greet Vernon Norris, but to her astonishment the car did not stop, and, looking after it curiously, she discovered that it was not Vergon. after all, but Jack, and—could she be-lleve her eyes?—he was not alone! There was a funny little tight feeling about Ellnor's heart that she didn't

care to analyze. She turned her back on the vanishing apparition of Jack, and there on the top of the hill, like a coming event that had cast its shad-

ow before it (alas, that it was such a corporeal shadow!), she saw Vernon's car looming into sight. Anyway, reflected Ellior, if Ver-non's auto wasn't such a beauty as Jack's, it was still an auto, and if Vernon wasn't methods ab the determined Vernon wasn't, perhaps, as handsome as Jack, he was still a man, and when It came to a matter of comparison, a man far more solicitous of her happi-ness. Jack had a way of spinning through the country without, appar-ently, the least consciousness of her presence beside him. Vernon, on the other hand, was always on the alert to rescue the wayward end of her yeil. to inquire for her comfort and to ask what speed best pleased her present mood. With him she herself, not the machine, was the center of his thoughts.

As a result of these reflections, Elinor greeted Vernon with an unusually

Comically Serious In Mating - Its Wicked Flippers.

"It's all right, dear." he murmured,

at sundown as the flag is lowered and saluted by all as it reaches the deck. thinks yo' has 'em--bim!-and dey's The assembly is then sounded for gone fum yo'! Woman was made to

uancing and Jack's auto better than anybody else's, was that any reason why he-Honk, honk!

THE THERMOMETER.

It Was Invented by a Poor Man Who

Before the seventeenth century men

could cally judge of the amount of heat prevailing at any place by their per-

was a more suitable article to use in

beginning with 32 degrees, because he

found that the mercury descended 32 degrees more before coming to what, he thought the extreme cold resulting

from a mixture of ice, water and sat

resulted therefrom. Celsius of Stockholm soon after sug-gested the more rational graduation of a hundred degrees between freezing and boiling point. This was the centi-

grade thermometer. Reaumur propos-ed another graduation which has been accepted by the French, but by far the

It is true that the zero of Fahren-

helt's scale is a solecism since it does not mark the extreme to which heat can be abstracted. This little blemish, however, does not seem to have been

Arctic explorers have persisted in de-scribing temperatures below the zero of Fahrenheit, and scientists have pro-

duced artificially temperatures far be-low any ever dreamed of by the ther-mometer maker of Amsterdam. There

is doubt as to the year of the death of Fahrenheit, but it is generally placed in 1740.-Los Angeles Times.

Full Assurance

Howdy, chile! I yeahs tell dat yo' am uhgwine to marry dat 'ar Cla'ence

been mar'd to no less'n five o' de

Old Aunt Miasma-Howdy, Gladys!

of any practical consequen

the glass tube.

resulted therefrom.

The Fence. By M. C. SANFORD. Copyright, 1907, by Jessie Morgan. It was Friday afternoon. As usual, Jack had telephoned Elinor asking her to go automobiling with him, and, not at all as usual, she had said she would not. Her refusal was unpremeditated and almost as much of a surprise to Had Failed as a Merchant. There is one little instrument in which the interest of all classes of people in this country never diminishes people in this country never diminishes through all the changing seasons of the year, from the first day of January to the last day of December. It regulates the business puise of the nation and is the shrine to which men of all occupa-tions turn. And this little instrument is the thermometer, which bears the name of Fahrenheit.

still beside its disabled contemporary, jumped out and looked about for its possible owner. He could scarce be-lieve his senses when he saw Elinor of the weather in a very indefinite, way as hot or very hot, cold or very cold. In that century several attempts, were made by scientific experimenters. perched in solitary misery on the fence. "Why, Ellinor," he cried in astonish-ment. "what has happened?" "Nothing much, thank you, Mr. Wil-

by means of tubes containing oil, spir-"Just a slight accident. Mr. Norris has gone across the fields to get some assistance. He will be back in a min-tablish a satisfactory means of meas-uring heat, but none of them proved suring heat, but none of them proved suring heat, but none of them proved suring heat, but none of the proved suring heat but none of t

ute. Don't stop, I beg of you." But Jack was used to having his own way and was already underneath Verwho applied his great mind to this work, and also the noted astro Halley, failed in their attempts to pronon's machine investigating the cause duce a heat measure. of the trouble. It was reserved to Gabriel Daniel

Meanwhile between Ellnor and the velled lady in the other car there was an exchange of furtive glances, but none of civilities.

"She's all right now," exclaimed Jack, emerging soon. "Just got tired of going so fast and thought she'd ters. At first he made these instru-ments with alcohol, but soon became convinced that the semisolid mercury

give you two a little surprise. Which way did you say Norris went?" Before Elinor could reply Jack had run up the road a short distance and stood looking intently through his field glasses at a speck of a figure hurrying

toward them. "That's Norris now," he called back the called back to the veiled hady. "Say, Nora, sup-pose you get into his car and run up to meet him. It will give him a joily good surprise to be rescued by his own machine. I'll stay with Miss Kendall.

dall." The veiled lady answered with a cherry "All right, Jack," that made El-He began with an arbitrary marking, inor wince and shifted with easy agli-ity from one car to the other. As soon as the machine had a good

start Jack, with a leap and a bound. made for the fence. He landed with a jump directly in front of Elinor and amp directly in front of Elinor and annoninc. In 1724 he published a dis-tinct treatise on the subject of his ex-periments and the conclusions that hady stood looking up at her wistfully.

going to jump, dear?" he asked gently. "On the other," replied Elinor, with

a little gasp. But she did not, for Jack took her in his strong arms and, heedless of her protestations, ran with her to his machine, which he set going at full speed. When Elinor had regained her equiwhen Ennor had regarded her equi-librium and her breach, she assumed an injured expression wholly out of keeping with the tumult of joy in her beart. 55 degrees as temperate, 96 degrees as

"Who is the other woman?" she ask- blood heat and 212 degrees as boiling ed frigidly, though what did it mat- point. ter now?

Jack haughed heartily. "My cousin Nora and yours to be, dear. I had to get some one to ride with me, you know." Elinor looked up at him shyly

"Do you think they'll catch up with us?" she asked, her eyes sparkling with

Probably won't try to, "chuckled Jack. Jack. "You see, Nora's steering that machine, and Vernon will have to fol-low her lead. She's had her cap set for him ever since she came to town. She wasn't having a bit of a good time

with me. But suppose they should overtake us, Elinor," continued Jack, with mock anxiety, "would you like to change back again?"

change back again?" "No. Jack," replied Elinor softly. "I've made my jump, and I'm on your side of the fence forever." Swagg. Miss Gladys Guggles-Yes'm. Me. and Cla'ence is gwine to sasshay fo'th hand in hand on de stawmy sea o' mat'imony. De obsequies am fixed for

WARSHIPS AT NIGHT. wanshirs A1 Wuffl, hat hony, be obseques an inxed for heat Friday evening, and I's as happy as de day is long right now.
From the First Call at Sundown to the Mournful Taps.
The routine of life on a battleship at night will interest boys who have a tautical bent.
The "first call" is sounded five min-

The "first call" is sounded five min-

ntes before sundown, when the ensign and the jack halyards are manned and a stay light made ready for hoisting to

a stay light made ready for hoisting to Indicate the ship's whereabouts during the night. Then the color call follows at sundown as the flag is lowered and staths dat dey'il be true, but when yo' saluted by all as it reaches the deck. The new but when yo' has 'em--bin'-and dey's the night. Then the color call follows the night. The new but when yo' saluted by all as it reaches the deck.

It.-Puck.

whole of the evening without interfer-ence he might hope to gain Bess' an-

But Sturgis did not turn up in his motor in time for dinner, nor did any message come. The party broke up in the scal groups and pairs, and Bowen, to his great delight, found himself walking toward the shore with Bess. It was a moonlight night, and as

watched the beams glint upon the the face of each coin a cross. owner is either left to send the coins to water Bowen poured out the story of the United States mint for redemption or again put them into circulation. his love. The world seemed to stand still as he heard the murmured "Yes," Eventually the coins with crosses on and for the first time in the two years their faces will go to the mint and be redeemed at their actual value. In that he had loved Bess Ricaby he felt certain of henself.

It had been a lively war between himself and Sturgis, a constant strug-gle for the one to offset the other and many instances there may not be more than several cents' shortage on \$50 worth of coins. Business men, how-ever, naturally object to the inconven-ience and get rid of their gold as fast as possible."--New York Press. gain an individual advantage. Now he had won, and as they retraced their steps toward the house he could afford feel almost sorry for his absent rival.

Sunday was a long, delightful day, but it came to an end, like all good to appear jocose, always comment on my weight whenever they run across He must leave on an early train in the morning and would not train in the morning and would not see Bess before going, but she was to run up to town in the midweek sad select the ring that should be the out ward symbol of their love. It was with a light heart that he

It was with a light heart that he eated himself in the train and spread my size-that is, I'm not particularly sensitive about it. What does jar me, open the morning paper. Almost the first thing that he saw was a black however, is the mental vacuity evitype head in which Sturgis' name denced by the would be humorists. entioned. He read it eagerly. News had been dull the day befor One comes to think that their impres-sions of a person don't extend beyond

and the editors had made the most of his avoirdupois, and the sense of fun the sensational abduction of the w which leads them to voice these imknown clubman. The account was padded to two columns, but the leadpadded to two columns, but ing facts were easily grasped. Sturgis cluded .- New York Press. had been waylaid on his way home on Friday evening, A cloth thrown over

could get notes for it. "Fool!" muttered the girl.

In

Protest of the Fat Mar.

"Every coin had to be passed through Suddenly the skiff stopped, swayed es, and after the weighing procthreatened to capsize. With the ess had been completed three of the next big wave, however, and a mighty coins-two five dollar pieces and a ten tug at the oars, it scraped over the dolar piece-were returned to him as more without apparent interest books without apparent interest and had narrowly escaped its submerg-ed frinze. ed fringe The

"Wasn't that fine?" he asked provok-"Wasn't that nue? he asked provide ingly. "I just enjoy rowing over rocks. It's easy if you know how." "Fool!" repeated Jeannette. "Un!" acknowledged Bob as he have a back balldor to

glanced quickly over his shoulder to gauge the distance to the shore. Not more than half a mile remained, but as the wind had been from the west his efforts to meet it had doubled the distance to the landing.

He could now take an oblique course, or the storm had suddenly passed and the sun was sending welcome heat to "My friends," said the fat man plain-tively, "moved, I suppose, by a desire to appear jocose, always comment cu

their strenuous labor and seemed unme. It isn't that they note any alarm- able to comprehend the fact of their safety, like dreamers awaking from Impending death. Then Jeannette ceased bailing and leaned back exhausted in the stern chair. Bob, barely dip ping the oars, also took a much needed rest

On the balcony of the boathouse a black and white group that had been watching anxiously the outcome of the fight waved hats and handkerchiefs. Halfway between the blue skiff and the shore were several skiffs, each manned by a guide. They, too, had been on watch, ready to respond to the which leads them to voice these in pressions is certainly rather primitive been on watch, ready to respond to the herst sign of distress. There was still a heavy sea, but as the wind had been offshore the water became smoother.

cumb under such severe punishment and yield the field and the fair penguin mate to his stronger rival. The strength of the wing strokes can be tested by allowing a penguin to take hold of one's coat sleeves or, better, the back of the hand. The third or fourth stroke will draw blood, and one

is soon fully satisfied as to the pen-guin's ability in this respect. The ability in this respect. The skin and the loose, rolling blubber beneath, besides breaking a fall and protecting the bird from the icy subserve another most important purpose.-New York Tribune.

hear him. "Awfully sorry," he said finally, "but I'm afraid I'll have to go across the fields for heip. There's a farm-house over there. I'm very much like Humpty Dumpty, you see. I don't know how to put myself together again." (Elinor saw, but somehow was not amused.) "Will you be timid the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck." All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck. "All we cont of the officer of the deck."

eyes. "I won't be long." he assured her as he jumped out of the car. "Stay just where you are and make yourself comfortable. The car won't budge." thrown open and the hammocks are served out and taken below to their proper places. Each hammock has printed on it a number, and that same number is on the hooks below decks where the hammock has to be swung. After Vernon had disappeared from sight, Ellnor, not at all confident, in spite of his assurance, as to what the place every night, and that place is

spite of his assurance, as to what the proce every hight, and that prace is inconstant auto might do next, fumped out and perched herself on the post of a nearby fence. She was a most bewitching little vision as she sat there, her fawn col-ored coat outlined against the green meadow background and her filow, singing, and that prace is called his "billet." Unless a boat is called away there will be no more bugle calls until five minutes of 9 o'clock. The period is one of complete relaxation and is spent by the sallors in smoking, spinning yarns, singing, plaving on musical instruments meadow background, and her filmy

I bachelor at an uptown club, "and very time my inclination has been sidetracked by the same sort of inci-dent—the discovery of a trait which appears to be practically universa among the fair sex." "Drink?" asked the cynic. "No; the confidence game Every woman I ever knew intimately was sure to relate to me eventually some thing in 'strictest confidence,' which in 'strictest confidence,' which in 'strictest confidence,' which in 'strictest confidence,' which is 'strictest confidence,' is over yone of the Country club solution of the single, all right," sid the cynic. "T'm sure of it,' said the bachelor.--New York Giobe.

"Not at all," she answered firmly, ignoring the sentimental look in his

Prodigal-Father, I have come home to die

"Confound you! Haven't you cost me enough already without adding the expense of a funeral?"-Life.

rally loved me. Yas'm. den I knowed

ine Frodigal Son.

singing, playing on musical instruments and protecting the bird from the icy subserve another most important pur-pose.—New York Tribune. Why He is a Bachelor. "I've been very close to matrimony several times," remarked a confirmed i bachelor at an uptown club, "and cerr time my inclination has been.



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QUALITY THE BEST!

