By MARTHA C. SANFORD.

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Katherine opened her eyes with start and looked over the edge of the hammock. Below her on the green velvety grass sat a two-year-old baby, wrinkling up his chubby face and let-ting out little gurgles of laughter.

"Oh, I know your joke, young man," ne laughed back at him. "You kissshe laughed back at him. ed Katha, didn't you, and woke her up? Now, come here, you rogue, and I'll pay you back in your own precious

Without any pretense of denial of defense, young Reginald allowed himself to be gathered up into a shapeless, dimpled mass, squeezed, shaker out and spanked. Suddenly, waiving the conventionality of announcement a man interrupted this glorious gam of retribution. In a flash Reginal turned state's evidence.

'Man say-kiss Katha," he said pointing an accusing finger at the ap

proaching interloper.
"Why, no, Reginald," Katherine re monstrated hastily, "man didn't say anything of the kind." "Kiss Katha-man," transposed Reg-

inald, with conviction.

ald, with conviction.

At this Katherine sat up straight and forbidding.

"Mr. Kingsley," she began, and her

tone was very chilling, "will you be good enough to carry Reginald into the house and then come back again? I have something to say to you."

"Sure, Katherine," asserted Jack Kingsley, his natural light hearted-ness quite unabashed at the hint of an impending reprimand "I" to an impending reprimand. back so soon you'll never miss me.' When Jack returned Katherine still sat in the hammock, her spirits as visibly crushed as her filmy summer

"I wouldn't have believed it of you " she said disconsolately. dieved what, Katherine?"

"That you'd do what the baby said.
"Kiss you?" he asked bluntly. "Take such an advantage kiss me when I was asleep," tiated Katherine ingenuously "But I didn't."

Katherine looked at him searching-

"But Reginald said"-

"I realize," interrupted Jack, with good natured sarcasm, "that compared with whatever that two-year-old prodi gy may say any words of mine

"Just the same," broke in Katherine, "it wouldn't be the first time that



WHEN SHALL WE TELL THE OTHERS?" H.

truth has come out of the mouth of

Jack laughed appreciatively, bu Katherine maintained an injured si "It couldn't have been the baby," she

announced at length, as if thinking aloud. "He isn't tall enough. But I'm determined to find out who it "What will you do to him," asked

"punish him as you did the Katherine very properly ignored the

asked nonchalantly.
"Why, of course it was!" flashed

Katherine scornfully. "Exactly," Jack agreed. "Who else

would?

Katherine made a desperate effort to keep back the tears of vexation and succeeded to a very commendable de One or two, however, refused to be kept within bounds. She made little dab at them ndkerchief, hoping Jack did not no

"Tell me all about it." he urged sympathetically. "You haven't given me a very definite idea of what really

Oh. I was asleen in the hammon't explained Katherine, as if the details bored her, which they did not, "and woke up suddenly. Some one had kissed me. I thought it was the baby

the villain!" exclaimed Jack, with feigned astonishment.

You know whom I mean." answer ed Katherine, unresponsive to any hu-No, really I don't. Whom do you

mean?"
"The person who kissed me," Kath-

erine replied, blushing over the una-voidable baldness of the admission, "Oh?" commented Jack placidly. Well, granted it was a man, would you recognize it a second time—that is, if you had your eyes closed and the same man kissed you again, could you identify the kiss, do you think? "How perfectly horrid of you to suggest such a thing!" accessed Kath "You don't consider my feel

ings in the least. Just like you bru tal, cold blooded lawyers. You can't uman if you try."
spite of his effort at control the be-

sted young attorney burst out laugh-

mg. It was a most unfortunate thing for him to have done, for immediately Katherine buried her face in the ham

Jack watched her perplexedly. She looked very appealing in her graceful slenderness. He could think of only

slenderness. He could think of only one thing to do—and he did it.

Katherine was on her feet in an instant, her cheeks tear stained and fushed with indignation.

"So it was you the first time after all, Jack Kingsley!" she exclaimed. "I think you're too contemptible for words. You're a thief and a—and you don't stail the training and the stail the stail than a second to the stail than a second than a s

don't tell the truth, and"-"Not so fast, not so fast," begged Jack gently. "I really wasn't the first one, Katherine, upon my honor,

"Well, what in Cupid's name are you two quarreling about?" called Bill Heming from the near background "Can't an unmarried manpardon me, I should have said an in-eligible man—find one undisturbed spot in this hymeneal garden? Just passed two other lovers down the

path who seemed to be a bit out of tune. It must be the weather." tune. It must be the weather."
"I assure you the weather has nothing to do with it, Mr. Heming." an-

swered Katherine haughtily.

swered Katherine haughtily.

"She's right, Bill," assented Jack gentally. "The cause of our seeming disagreement is purely"—

"Imaginary," interrupted Katherine, with such manifest alarm that both nen laughed heartily.
But in spite of this little diversion

the conversation dragged along apathetically, and Bill at length gave up his attempts to mend the situation.

"Well," he said, yawning ostenta

tiously, "guess I'll go in and play with the infant. He's nearer my level than you self absorbed grownups. By the way, Miss Katherine, how did you like our little joke?"
"Whose—what little joke?" demand-

ed Katherine apprehensively.

"Reginald's and mine, of course. We watched you asleep for awhile; then we thought it would be great fun to you up. So we kissed you."
r. Heming!" gasped Katherine You don't mean to say that you"-

"Bless you, no, my dear. I just helped Reginald." "But what what did you run away

"But what—what did you rin away for?" Katherine pursued inquiringly, "Oh, that's a little habit of mine, Miss Katherine," was Heming's cabal-istic reply as, musing, he walked to-ward the house. "Queer old duffer, isn't he?" com-

mented Jack by way of giving Katherine time for a bit of mental readjustment. "The rest of the house party call him

'Bill the Matchmaker,' ' she remarked. Her manner was wholly impersonal. "I don't wonder," Jack assented. There was an awkward little st

'What is it, Katherine?" "What were you going to tell him was the cause of our-our quarrel?" "I started to say the cause was purey-osculatory.'

"Well, wasn't it? Tell me, Kather e, were you really awfully angry tith me?"

Katherine nodded. "For two rea-

sons," she said, with emphasis, "one because I thought you had been the first one who kissed me and that you had lied about it."

"And the second?" "Because if you weren't the first I—
I—was sorry you had not been, Jack."
For several seconds there was unruffled quiet in the "hymeneal garden." Then Jack broke the serenity

with a question.
"When shall we tell the others?" he asked softly.

"Oh, not for days and days," de-clared Katherine jealously. "It's such fun to have a secret."

But inside the house, without waiting for authority, a two-year-old baby was babbling to the admiring group

gathered about him. "Man say—kiss Katha. Kiss Katha man." And all smiled comprehensively.

PLAN TO VIVIFY THE SOUTH.

Million Dollar Building to Be Erected In Washington to Exhibit Products.

The executive committee of the southern commercial congress recent-ly began its campaign for vivifying the south in a business way by call-ing for subscriptions to aid in erecting a million dollar building in Washing ton which is to be used as headquar ters for the congress, says an Atlanta dispatch. A large hall of the pro posed building is to be used for keeping on exhibition the products of the south. As the result of a call for subscriptions \$25,000 was at once pledged. Fifteen states are to take part in the novement, and the promoters say there will be no trouble in securing the million dollars needed. The plan involves the practical establishment in Washington of a southern department of commerce and labor, managed by practical business men, directed to the development of the south's resources rather than the exploitation of localities, directing immigration to the whole section rather than to a single com munity and bringing to the attention of investors from other sections the opportunities offered by the south.

FIVE DAYS A WEEK'S WORK. New Plan Being Tried to Shorten

Working Days.

A rather novel experiment in connect tion with employees' hours of labor is being tried by the Curtis Publishing company of Philadelphia. Not only have they adopted and put into effect the forty-eight hour week throughou their mechanical departments, but in-stead of the conventional schedules un-der which this time is distributed over six working days the total of forty eight hours' work will hereafter b done in the five days from Monday to Friday, inclusive

The employees in the mechanical departments of the business will by this change have all day Saturday and Sunday for recreation and rest. The re-sult of the innovation from the employers' standpoint is being watched with considerable interest by other con cerns in the same line of business.

The man without a purpose is like a ship without a rudder—a walf, a noth kn, a nomad. Have a purpose in life; have a purpose.—Carlyle.

How News of the Republic's Collision Was Telegraphed.

NO SLIP IN THE MESSAGES.

Each Was Clear and Coherent What Happened When White Star Liner Was Rammed by a Steamer Off Nantucket-Difference Between Old and New Systems.

Wireless messages shot here and there along the Atlantic seaboard from vessel and from coast station spread information broadcast that the White Star liner Republic, which recently collided with the steamship Florida off Nantucket, needed aid, and needed it quickly. Various ships were set in motion, each an independent relief ex-pedition. The revenue cutter Acush-net left Woods Hole, Mass., and the steamship Baltic went on her way to extend what assistance she could. La Lorraine had crowded on all steam in order to get over the 260 or more miles separating her from the Republlic, and her wireless instruments were taking messages from the injured ves-sel. The revenue cutter Gresham was making all speed toward the same focal point from a point off Cape Cod. All vessels within the wireless zone were picked up one after another and sent toward the scene of distress. It was the first big sea disaster since wireless telegraphy became commer-cially practicable, and the new system of communication had scored a tri-

Each was clear and coherent. told just what was happening off there in the fog, which lay like a shroud along the jagged outlines of the Mas-sachuetts coast. The first message along the jagged outlines of the analysachucits coast. The first message received in New York, the one to the Maritime Exchange, told an entire story in itself. Furthermore, it was direct from the Republic. "In distress

direct from the Republic. "In distress and sinking off Nantucket," it ran.

Another followed hot upon the heels of the first. This contained information in detail. The Republic had been rammed by an unknown vessel, it was just able to keep afloat, but the revenue cutter Acushnet and the Baitte of the same line were within range of the the same line were within range of the wireless waves and were speeding toward her. After that La Lorraine was heard from with the additional infor mation that she expected to reach the Republic in about four hours. The White Star line also got early word to the effect that there was no danger to life and that the Republic was talk-

ng with Nantucket.
The difference between the system of sending word by wireless and the old order of things had been strikingly shown. How marked the difference was is made plain when one harks back a little less than eleven years to the occasion of the last great sea disaster—the loss of La Bourgogne of the Campagnie Generale Transatiantique. On the morning of July 6 a messen-

ger boy from the offices of the Alian Steamship company in New York ran breathlessly into the building occupied by the Campagnie Generale Transatlantique carrying a crumpled telegram in his hand. He did not pause until he stood before Paul Faguet, the he stood before Paul Faguet, the agent of the company. Then he stammered:

"The Bourgogne is lost!" M. Faguet threw up his arms. "Mon Dieu!" he cried.

The boy exhibited the telegram. It was from the Western Union offices at

There were no great poles at Nantucket then, from the top of which word was flashed through the air with-out the aid of wires, nor was there any such station at Newport or anywhere along the coast, which is now dotted with them. M. Faguet refused to believe the boy at first. Even when the youngster extended his hand and produced the crumpled telegram the French agent was incredulous. It told in the concise phraseology of the telegraph company how the steamship Grecian was on her way to Halifax with the British tramp Cromartyshire on board of which were those saved from the French liner. The message said that the Cromartyshire reported having been in collision with La Bour-rogne off Sable island, where the gogne off Sable island, where the graveyard of many good vessels is lo-The news was confirmed from

There had been one of the greatest calamities in the history of the se It had occurred on July 4, but not until two days later was the truth known in Halifax as it fell from the lips of La Bourgogne's survivors. Out of a shipload of 638 only 184 were left to tell the story. The rest, 454

souls, were drowned. Owing to the poor facilities for obtaining information in those days as compared with the methods of 1909. those who thronged to the offices of the French line to inquire about loved ones for whom they felt anxiety were left in suspense. The company could not give full details.

Device to Prevent Rust on Corsets. A device to cover the metal portions on the front part of corsets to obviate rusting and unsightliness has been invented by Theodore Wickersham of Coatesville, Pa., a merchant of that place. The invention consists of a small celluloid cover which fits over the clasps of the corset and slips be the class of the corset and slips between the stay and the fabric. It not only removes the possibility of rust due to perspiration, which eventually discolors the fabric, but makes unnecessary the nickel plating process to which the books and studs are now suphered.

Restraining Recollections.
"They say I'm a little close," said Mr. Cumrox thoughtfully.

"Well, you don't exactly spend it as it were water."
"I try to. But, you see, I used to live in Arizona, where water is scarce.'

Reached Too Far.
"Yes," said the bankrupt, "I lost my
fortune reaching for an ideal." "Very interesting. And what was

your ideal?"

"A bigger fortune than I had."—
Philadelphia Ledger.

A WIRELESS TRIUMPH TO SAVE MINERS' LIVES NOTED VETERAN ACTOR

Kansas Professor Experimenting With Explosive Gases.

ONE CAUSE OF EXPLOSIONS.

Mine Disasters Can Be Prevented, Erasmus Haworth Believes, by Eliminating Carbon Monoxide, a Deadly Deoxidized Gas-Most Explosions Due to It, He Says.

What causes explosions in mines that have been tested and are supposed to be absolutely safe? Professor Erasmus Haworth, head of the geological department of the University of Kansas and state geologist, has been experimenting for the last three months in Kansas mines and has reached many interesting conclusions. To aid in further experiments a bill appropriating \$3,000 was recently introduced in the Kansas legislature. Professor Haworth believed it would

"It's the big problem of the coun-"It's the big prohibin of the country," Professor Haworth said the other night at the Union depot in Kansas City. "A mine explosion has become so common that a hundred or more lives have to be sacrificed before the lives have to be sacrinced before the public will pay any attention to it. It is noticed, too, that the explosion generally occurs in mines that have been carefully inspected.

"Last summer I came to the conclusion that we could make experiments in Koness, just as, well as elsewhere.

in Kansas just as well as elsewhere. The laboratories at Lawrence offered excellent opportunities for carrying on the work. We have been experimenting as to every conceivable way that an explosion could possibly occur, and the results of our experiments will be received with interest all over the United States."

The problem of financing the experiments caused the Kansas professor some worry at first. But mine owners became interested. The Central Coal and Coke company of Kansas City alone contributed \$500 for the experiments when Professor Haworth plained his plans. Then some funds which had been appropriated for geological experiments were added to the subscriptions of the coal companies. That made enough to begin operations. Professor C. Young of the geological

department was sent to the Pittsburg coal fields. He collected coal dust, coal gas in bags, marsh gas, natural gas and all forms of gas that contained explosive elements. Experiments demonstrated beyond doubt that car-bon monoxide is the cause of most explosions.

"The queer thing about it," said Professor Haworth, "is the fact that no one has noticed the effects of this deadly gas in mines. At the mining congress in Pittsburg last December I was unable to find any scientist who realized that carbon monoxide might be the cause of the great disasters. Carbon monoxide is a deoxidized gas.
At Lawrence we have found that the
gas will explode when a current of air strikes the cavity in which it is con-

"The importance of the discovery cannot be overestimated, for I'm confident that fully two-thirds of the explosions are due to this gas."-Kansas

KNIVES FOR ROOSEVELT.

President's Hunting Outfit Had to Un-

dergo Remarkable Tests.
A special outfit of four knives has been made in Boston for President Roosevelt to use while on his hunting expedition in Africa in the spring There are two hunting knives—a heavy brush knife, for cutting through dense undergrowth, and a skinning knife. They are made of the highest grade American steel and are razor tempered

and razor edged. The knives were ordered for the president by United States Civil Service Commissioner John A. McIlhenny. One specification was that they must stand the test of cutting through at one blow a quantity of beef and a beef bone as large as the upper arm bone of a man and that the one cut must go clear through without turning the edge of the knife and chipping the bone The knives have passed the test.

ASTRAL BODY'S LONG TRIPS.

Woman Said She Visited Wales Thrice

While Remaining In St. Louis. Mrs. Jordan W. Lambert, wife of the millionaire chemical manufacturer of St. Louis, recently related one of the most remarkable stories of psychic phenomena ever told. She said she journeyed to Wales from her own home three times to bind up the injured arm of a boy hurt in the slate mines there. She also gave him money for the relief of his needs. This was in United States coin, and the boy exchanged it at the steamship offices in London for English coin. The ex-London for English coin. The echange was proved in London later. All of this time Mrs. Lambert was in her own home and she thinks en-tirely conscious throughout. She her-self relates the experience, prefaced by

Wentworth, a spirit guide, and herself. Proposed Tax on Babies. A bill forcing parents to pay 50 cents tax on each new baby was recently introduced in the Iowa legislature, according to a Des Moines dispatch.

communication between Joe

Seamless steel barrels formed by a single process by powerful hydraulic presses are something new.

Courtesy at the Pawnshop.
"You go first, Frau Meier. I can Thanks. I'd have you know I'm in no more hurry for my money than you."—Fliegende Blatter.

It requires three years before many species of birds acquire their mature plumage.

Very Wise.

Photographer—Look pleasant, please
Victim—I should say not. I wan
to send this picture to my wife, who
is visiting her parents. If I look to
happy she'll return home.

How Denman Thompson Welcomed a Distinguished Visitor.

HIS QUICKNESS AT REPARTEE

Neat Illustration of It on a Railway Journey-Why a Janitor Declined His Generosity-His Great Love For Animals.

One summer Senator and Mrs. Jacob H. Gallinger of New Hampshire visited Keene, N. H., and, learning that Denman Thompson, the veteran actor of "Old Homestead" fame, was at his home in Swanzey and being a great nome in Swanzey and being a great admirer of Mr. Thompson and his play, the senator expressed a wish to meet him off the stage and to see his fine home. An old friend of Mr. Thompson offered to drive down. Therefore on one fine morning they drove down to Mr. Thompson's house. He came out without cost or hat. He came out without coat or hat, hands behind his back, as usual. The following conversation ensued: Denman—How d' do, Bill?

Bill-How are you, Den? Mr. Thomp on, I want to introduce Senator and

frs. Gallinger. Senator Gallinger—Mr. Thompson, I have witnessed your great production, the "Old Homestead," many times and always with the greatest pleasure, but I want to say it is with still greater pleasure that I am permitted to greet you in your own beautiful home in old

Denman-Yas; it's cheaper. Mr. Thompson's quickness at repar-tee is well illustrated by an incident which took place during a run from Detroit to one of the smaller towns in Michigan. Mr. Thompson had hired a sleeper to get him to the company's destination, and while making a stop at one of the intermediate stations Uncle Josh left the car and, going into Uncie Josa left the car and, going into the depot, satisfied his craving foi some raw oysters. On coming out he noticed one of the railroad employees underneath the sleeper measuring the distance between the wheels.

distance between the wheels.
"What are you doing there, my
friend?" asked Uncle Josh. friend?" asked Uncle Josh.
"Measuring the trucks to see if this
car will run O. K. on the side branch
that you have got to travel over."
"That's all right, but I've hired this

car to get me to a certain point, and if you don't get me there it will be 'no pay.' That's what you might call

'measure for measure.' The following incident occurred when Mr. Thompson was playing one night stands through the middle west. The night the performance was to be given in a certain town there was such a terrific snowstorm that no one ventured out to the theater with the ex-

ception of one man.
Undaunted by a "one man audience," Thompson, stepping before the curtain, told the lone listener that they intended to give the performance from be-ginning to end, as though the hall were packed; that they had advertised to play that night and that, to prove the

who had listened nervously to the remarks, so he shouted out: "Say, cut it out, will you? I am the janitor, and I want to get home early."

A few years ago Denman Thompson was discussing with a party of friends a certain automobile race.
"They hadn't any right," said one of

"They hadn't any right," said one of the party, "to deprive the farmers of the highway which they are paying taxes for."

In reply the actor told this story:

The sure Bertha and Jo wouldn't care

In reply the actor told this story:
"A few days after the race," he said,
"I happened to be driving over part of the same course. I stopped at a farm-house and asked to be allowed to give horse water. I got some cider.
What did you think of the auto-

mobile race? I asked my enial host.
"'The best thing for me that ever happened,' replied the farmer.

see, I got a balky mule that draws my stuff into market every morning. Yesterday morning that mule balked half way to the market. Couldn't get him while I was trying to coax.

The while I was trying to coax and comfort seem to prevail. In the middle of one of the squares are especially attractive little. him I saw a strange thing lying in the roadway—sort of a rubber thing. I

it. It let out a turrible noise, just like seemed to have a saucy air, as though one of those machines, and that multistarted, me on the tailboard, and never stopped till it got to the ferry. I brought it home, and I showed it to Mandy, and we squeezed it and squeezed it and squeezed it and every darn chicken ran to the coop, every derived. "Oh. I just love it!" squeezed it and squeezed it, and every darn chicken ran to the coop, every darn pig hid in the pen, every darn cow ran to the barn, the cat got behind the stove, the dog got in his.

The girl clapped her hands again the gate, ran up the literature of the company the gate.

is the best." An incident illustrating months one in Swanzey, N. H.

He was alone in the house when some neighbor called, and as the friend name up the walk to the house Months are out, barking and out, barking are last. "I know just the start which ran from the hall to the second story.

"It's just the thing for Bertha and the start which ran from the hall to the second story."

"It's just the thing for Bertha and the start which ran from the hall to the second story."

Professional Price "I should regret very much to hear that anybody has ever offered money for political influence.'

"Yes." answered Mr. Graftwell. your hearing of it would indicate very trude work on somebody's part."— Washington Star. It has often been said that the pack-

houses found use for every part of hog except the squeal. Recently the squeal was put to commercial use in making phonograph records to ac-company moving picture displays of packing house methods.

Hunting a House }

By FRANK H. WILLIAMS.

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Wilson jangled the big bunch of keys as he inserted one of the number into the lock of a door on a large empty house, turned the key and threw the door open.

"Step in, Miss House Hunter For Another," he exclaimed, with a magnifi-cent wave of his hand.

Dorothy White laughed as she en-

tered. "I only hope Bertha likes the house we pick out for her," she replied. "Bertha's the first prospective bride I ever knew that couldn't find time to go house hunting herself. And Jo is just as bad. It's a wonder to me they ever found time enough to decide to get married." "While we" assented Wilson "not

only have time enough to investigate innumerable dwellings for them, but also have so much leisure that we could get married several times if we cared to."

"Which we don't," the girl promptly cried. "I'm going to be a bachelor girl," she added, with a certain air of

"What," he cried, "a bachelor girl?

And with those rose petal cheeks and those twinkling eyes and"—
"You mustn't say those things." Dorothy, blushing prettily, stoped him. "It's a cousin's privilege," declared

"But you're only a third cousin," "That's a good enough exceed"



"THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO NOW." he had not been interrupted, "and with those lips-those kissable lips!

He advanced toward her. "I've heard something more about cousins' privileges," he exclaimed. play that night and company was thoroughly honest and company was thoroughly honest and always ready to give a "fair deal."

The girl made a quick retreat across the length of the big room in which they were standing to the big bay window that overlooked the porch.

The roughly was too much for the audience.

The roughly was too big."

This house seems almost too big."

she exclaimed hurriedly. cheerful and a lot of people, too, I think. I"-

"I guess you don't like your little ousin," sadly murmured Wilson from

for this place. Let's try another "Plenty more to try," declared Wilson. "I've got the keys here for abou

son. "I ve got the keys here for about a million and a half." And he jangled the keys again.

They left the big house, with its big rooms, big bay window and big veranda, and turned away. Wilson consulted a list which he had in his pocket and then directed their sters into a happened,' replied the farmer.

"What?' I exclaimed. 'I thought all you farmers were against it.'

"Not me,' said the farmer. 'You see, I got a balky mule that draws my quiet, pretty, little side street where the houses were mainly cottages with miniature gardens and lawns in front roadway—sort of a rubber thing. I home, with a tiny veranda and a tree picked it up and accidentally squeezed or two in the front yard. The house

hind the stove, the dog got in all house, and Mandy and me spent the quietest night we've had in many a day. No, sirree, of all the labor saving machines I ever did hear of, this "It's just a dear!" she cried again as

ed, she sat down on the third step of the stairs which ran from the hall to the supposed intruder.

"Why do you keep such a surly and it is a sked the friend.

"Man must have something to love, replied Mr. Thompson. "When alone it can give expression to my thoughts in the presence of that dog, and I sometimes find myself in tears when alone with him. He is my friend, as are all my cattle and every other animal here on the farm."

de, she sat down on the third step of the stairs which ran from the hall to the second story.

"It's just the thing for Bertha and Jo!" she cried at last. "I know just how they can arrange everything. The found in the continuous manner of the plane with a big casp, where he can smoke and read in the evening, and the plane will be opposite the window, with its side to the wall, so that Bertha can play and yet see Jo while he smokes. And then that open fire—

think how cozy it will be for them in

"Yes, that would be all right for some couples," said Wilson, "but honestly, Dorothy, do you think that Jo and Bertha with all their money would be content to begin life in a humble section. humble cottage like this, in the hum

ble way you suggest?"
"Why, Harry, of course they will!"
the girl exclaimed in a hurt tone.
"When they see what a dear house it is they'll just fall in love with it, as

"Maybe," said Wilson dubiously, "but it strikes me that it would be

more suited to-well, say, for example

more suited to—well, say, for example, a couple like us—if we were married. The rent of this house and ribe much, and I haven't got much money. You're in love with—it too. Now"—

"Goodness!" she exclaimed. "We'll have to hurry if we're going to investigate all those other houses!" Somewhat sulkily Wilson locked the door of the little house. But he and the girl visited no more houses that afternoon, for Wilson very suddenly became converted to the idea that Bertha and Jo would be charmed by the little house, and nothing would do the little house, and nothing would do but he must see the real estate agent and secure an option on it. The girl demurred at this at first, but Wilson finally convinced her that Bertha and Jo would be mightily pleased at their action in securing such a desirable home for them.

home for them.

The real estate dealer's office was finally found and the option secured.

Then the couple started on their journey to Bertha's home, where they would acquaint her with what they

"They'll be very happy there," said Dorothy somewhat wistfully as they

Dorothy somewhat wistfully as they left the office.

"Sure they will," assented Wilson, "Any one could be happy in a little house like that."

For some reason Wilson's mood had become rather joyous. He solicitously took Dorothy's arm and skillfully guided her through the crowds. It was becoming dust and the street lights were coming dusk, and the street lights were not yet out. They turned into a side street on a short cut to Bertha's home, which was a big, ornaté affair. It looked blatant and uncomfortable. The little house from which Dorothy and Wilson had come by the comparison to them seemed much more desirable.

Bertha had not yet arrived when they entered, but a moment after they had seated themselves in the drawing room she flew in. As usual, she seemed very busy and was in a tremendous

"Oh, I'm so glad you came, people!"
Bertha exclaimed. "I won't have to, put you people to any more trouble trying to find a house for us. Jo and managed to find time to look this afternoon. It is a nice big one, has large rooms and a big bay window. and we're just delighted to get it. The agent said you had been looking at it. Wait a minute until I take off my

She left the room. The two young people she had left looked at each other. "And you've signed the option!" ex-

"What's that?" asked the girl shyly and with averted face.
"Take the house ourselves."
When Bertha came to the door of

very close together, and then she fled.
As she fled, though, she heard Wilson say somewhat tremulously:

"Don't blush so, dear. It's a cousin's

privilege, you know.'

Novel Plan of Campaign In Illinois

their horns.

The man nearest the fire bell will

African Hunting. [R. J. Cunninghame, famous African guide, says that all the hardships of African hunting are past and that luxury has taken their place.]

In the very, very darkest
Part of Africa you may
Press a button for the porter,
Who will bring you vin frappe

All the hardship has departed With the danger and distres

And when you have slaughtered lions,
And have finished for the day
You may pass the time at billiards
Or take in the latest play.
—New York World.

SOMETHING NEW

TIN SHOP

A Reliable

For all kind of Tin Roofing, Spouting and General Job Werk. Stoyes, Heaters, Ranges,

Furnaces, etc. PRICES THE LOWEST!

QUALITY THE BEST!

JOHN HIXSON

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NO. 110 E. FRONT MT.

wraps.

claimed Dorothy.
"Yes," said Wilson, suppressed and eager. "There's only one thing to do

the room a moment later she did not enter, as she had intended. She gave one look, saw Dorothy and Wilson standing in the middle of the room

TIN HORN WARNING.

Town to Frustrate Burglars. Should a stranger in Lake Bluff, Ill.,

which has recently been the scene of many robberies, incur the suspicion of any woman resident hereafter she will rush to a second story window and fire five shots from a revolver and then begin to toot a tin horn she has been instructed to buy. Her women neighbors will open windows and took

start it ringing, and the church bells will be rung. By this time the town pollcemen and new town bloodhound will be rushing forth. The citizens' committee lately formed is responsible

If you go a-hunting lions
Now in Africa afar,
You may penetrate the jungle
In a Pullman palace car.

All the forests are filumined With electric lights, and so You may roam them without danger If a-hunting you should go.

And they all wear evening dress. In the thicket and the jungle,

natives dine at sever

Tips For Porters Only. A bill has been introduced in the Colorado legislature making it a misdemeanor to give, accept or solicit a tip except on a sleeping car.