THE TOYS OF YESTERYEAR.

A FUSS, AND THE RESULT.

By HADDIE M'MAHON.

rear; jumping-jack with its flaring red, zzy dog and the antiered deer, drum with its sticks and tuneful

Noah's ark with its wooden crew, e building blocks with the letters on? child has toys that are bright and

But, where, pray where, have the old

Somewhere in the attic in corner dark The jumping-jack and the split drum lie, The wooden crew of the Noah's ark And the tin of the battered infantry. There, half by the rubbish and dust con-cealed.

2 00

The fuzzy dog and the wooden deer, he building blocks with their col

peeled Half off; and the stringless top is here.

ing wind that would have done credit

Fray, where are the toys of the Yester- Pray, where are the toys of the Tester be gaudy dreams with their colors gay, e castled hopes that were passing dear, The joys of our boyhood's merry play? e man has toys that are bright and The The On the wreck of dreams new dreams up

But where are the hopes of the flaring That were our toys of the Yesteryear?

Somewhere in the darkness the dead dreams fade, The broken idol and shattered vase. The castled hopes in their ruins faid Come here to a common trysing place. Half hid by the rubbish and dust of days The wrecks of unnumbered dreams are

the wooden deer, with their colors That made us glad in a hundred ways, And these are the toys of the Yester

year. -Collier's Weekly.

freeze now before he would speak now, Miles

For a while they read on in slience; then, dropping her paper, she pushed both hands into her muff and lifted it up to her face, pressing the warm fur against her cheek as she leaned one ellow on the window ledge and gazed out at the flying fields and hedgerows. It was getting darker too. The shadows that, when they started had been so clearly defined on the vivid emerald of the fields, were all merging now into the soft dusk that crept over the land. The twilight shadows were, knew, creeping, too, into Miles' gray blue eves, darkening them in the way she knew so well. The winter sun shine no longer touched with bright ness the close waves of his wellgroomed head.

again

Against her will, she turned her head and looking at him, but meeting his eyes, looked away swiftly, and began nervously to pull off her gloves and chafe her hands. How cold it was! She wished now that she had accepted the rug. When one is half petrified, one's pride is at a low ebb. "Cynthia," he burst out, flinging down his paper, all his bitter resolutions not proof against the sight of

her silent misery. "I wish I could do something for you!" At that moment there flashed into both their minds the remembrance

of the last time she had complained of the cold, when he had taken her into his warm arms and kissed and chafed her hands, and as their eyes met each knew the other's thought. "Cynthia," he said again, softly,

passionately, leaning across eagerly, "do you remember?" "I remember nothing," she answer

ed, with a haughtiness that was but the veil of her utter weakness. "You are right," he agreed, drawing

back quickly, "it is not worth re membering!"

Her eyes were full of tears as she turned over the pages of the magazine she was beginning to hate. She had read every bit of it. No, here was something she had not noticed before. only a little verse of Omar Khay

"If in this Shadowland of Life thou hast

Found one true heart to love thee, hold it fast: Love it again, give all to keep it

thine-For Love, like nothing in the world,

can last." It was the last straw. All the pentup love and misery in her heart welled up and brought the tears to her eyes again, but she squared her small chin and turned a few more pages indifferently. He should not see that she cared. She noticed that he had finished his paper, and resolving not outdone in stiff politeness, to be to show him that she could trust herself to talk easily to him, she offer-

ed him her magazine in exchange. "Thank you." he said, accepting the offer and opening the magazine at the page where Omar's verse was marked by a big tear drop. Cynthia had been crying. He read the beauti ful words, then looked across at her with his whole "true heart" in his eves.

"Surely," she cried, miserably, "we must be nearly there?"

"I don't think so," he answered almost apologetically, his thoughts go ing back to the time when an enternity alone together would have seemed but as five minutes of bliss. "We"consulting his watch-"have an hour and a half yet.

'Your watch has stopped she in sisted, irritably. "I'm sure you could see the lights of X--- if you looked

"I'll try, if you like," he said, goodnaturedly; and, raising the window, he put his head out into the darkness. "No," he affirmed, "I cannot se them." He drew his head in suddenly, and, pulling down the window again, sat down with one hand pressed to his eve, the acute agony caused by a speck of coal dust on the pupil making the tears course down his face. Cynthia watched him for a moment loubtfully; then her pride went down pity and motherlines before the which, at the sight of a man or child in pain, wells up in a woman's heart, and she crossed to his side, producing a cobweb of a handkerchief. "Miles," she said softly, placing one small, cold hand on his forehead, "let me get it out for you. hatless. Look up!"-as he moved his hand from the injured eye. "Yes, I see it. Now keep quite still. There!" -triamphantly bringing forth the speck on the point of the fragile handkerchief-"it's out! "Thank you, dear!" he said, with tender passion, catching and keeping per two hands, handkerchief and all. "No, I will not let you go, Cynthiamy Cynthia!'

dreadfully quickly the train is going A CIGAR-SMOKING MA-CHINE.

a job that will tax to the utmost the

have been assigned to it, writes the

nothing less than the propagaton of

a superlative domestic tobacco, which

may be grown in Texas, Ohio, Connec-

ticut, or South Carolina, and made up

into cigars that the poor in purse may

smoke without being guilty of a mis-

New York Post. The endeavor

"Too quickly," he agreed, ruefully "Never mind," she said. "Tomor row I will explain to Edith, and you DEVICE TO TEST VALUE OF VAsettle with the friends you in RIOUS KINDS OF LEAF. tended visiting, and we will go back and spend the whole long, happy

Department of Agriculture Conductspring and summer together." "Oh, Cynthia!" he breathed, with ing Interesting Experiments with a boyish gladness-"this View to Developing Plants Especialawed, and every future spring and summer and winter, until the end of life!" ly Suited for Cigar Manufacture. The department of agriculture has

"And after," she supplemented undertaken a task worthy of its vast softly. organization and complex machinery; "And," he repeated, earnestly

reverently, "God helping me and you, attainments of the scientists my good angel, beside me, after. Washington correspondent of the

A WOULD-BE OTHELLO.

Angry Moor Tries to Put His Harem To Death. According to the Figaro of Paris the

demeanor. Unwilling to endanger the health and lives of the experts When a few months ago a Tangier engaged in the inquiry, an inventive genius in the department has contrived a cigar smoking machine, in which the consumption of the experimental cigars may be observed without personal risk. Comparative records of the various grades of tobacco can now be made with absolute safe ty. Representatives Longworth and

Grosvenor of Ohio have borne witthe sights on its own account. Mo ness on the floor of the house concern ing the quality and dangers of Philippine cigars. By the presentation of

a box of one hundred Manila cigars In order to prevent a repetition of ers. The cigar smoking machine at the department of agriculture consists of simple glass tubes of graduated lengths arranged with openings into

which cigars are placed, one above the other, so that when burning each one is subject to the same external conditions. The other end of each tube runs into a bottle sulphuric acid, which takes up obnoxious fumes from the outlet. At some tenced them to death. Suddenly the little distance is an aspirator which automatically fills with water. When

When the police burst into the flat prevent air from escaping while the back draft upon the cigars which the at being interrupted and turned upon It | machine is "smoking." The syphon took six policemen to subdue him. attachment is so arranged as to receptacle and ten second for emptying it. This results in simulating, very harem.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The name "whiskers" is applied to feathery crystals which gather upon the outside of the wrapping of frozen dynamite. The "whiskers" are more "irritable" than dynamite itself.

Some one has been speculating about the importance of salt to civilization. The oldest trade routes are have been opened for salt stream of water through connecting traffic. Salt determines to a consideratubes by which operation air would ble extent the distribution of man. He be drawn through the cigars just as was forced to settle down where he is done by a smoker. In the developcould obtain it. ment of this plan he noted every de

tail effecting the three component parts of a cigar-filler, binder and wrapper-and determined to discover by scientific means just what influence each has on a cigar's value to the smoker. To make complete record of his work Dr Garner studies not only the rapidity of burning, but the character of the ash and the even-

From Nottingham, England, come

further growing, but are cast aside n favor of the plant which has shown better characterisitcs. When we find thoroughly first-class ash we trace back to its ancestry, and grow all we can of that type the next season. This keep repeating from year to year until we get the best kind of tobacco for cigarmaking purposes.

"Do you find any 'black sheep' in the tobacco ancestry when you make these inquiries?'

"Yes, at first a large percent are black sheep," replied Dr. Galloway, "but we get rid of them without delay. As the work progresses we get from 85 to 90 percent true to type. As a general thing the good specimens can be developed in three or four years, if the seed is grown under bag, so as to prevent contamination from other plants of less worthy charactertistics When we have plant of this sort, we find that it has a uniform tendency, while others that have not been specially cultivated show other defects when put into the testing machine. Sometimes there is a lack of balance in the chemical constituents, in both wrapper and filler, of the cigars tested, combining the materials in all possible ways, we can readily determine the weak part which requires strengthening in order to bring the species up to the highest standard.

The department has been endeavoring to make its investigations sufficiently broad to interest growers of tobacco in various parts of the country, and has sent out its experts to give lectures and hold experiments in tobacco-growing regions. The results of these experiments are soon to be made known in the publications of the department, and at that time a full technical description of the cigarsmoking machine will probably included.

PONY TREES & REAR.

Hunting Experiences of a Young Oregon Woman.

stories by the thousand have been told by Oregon hunters, but it has remained for a little Portland woman to tell one that eclipses all them.

Miss Jennie McLanahan, who resides at 275 Benton street, spends her summer months in the mountains be-White Salmon and Trout Lake. in which region her parents own a large ranch. During the warm weather Miss McLanahan hunts for all manner of game. She is an expert rifle shot, and is also adept with revolver and shotgun. Her constant companion on these hunting trips is a little pony named Billie. And Billie is the hero of this bear story.

One afternoon last summer, while riding along a mountain trail, Miss McLanahan shot a grouse. The bird sailed off into the brush before fall ing. Quickly dismounting from the pony, she started to look for the bird. She had proceeded but a few yards when a large black bear stepped out into the trail just a little in front of

The pony sniffed a minute, then started helter-skelter down the trail gaining on him ran for a nearby tree and climbed among its branches. The pony waited underneath the tree until Miss McLanahan ran up and killed the bear. She had watched the whole af-

her own game, and has many handness of the progress of combustion. some rugs and furs. In the time she spent around the McLanahan ranch led two b deer, five wildcats, 20 wolves and four rattlers, each having thirteen rattles and a button, besides many smaller snakes of this species One of the big rattlers nearly put an end to Miss McLanahan's hunting. She was searching through the underbrush for grouse, when she accidentally stepped on the snake. It struck at and buried its fangs deep into the heavy hunting skirt she was wearing. but before the snake had time to coil again she had beaten it to death with the butt of her rifle. On her hunting trips Miss McLanahan generally carries a .30 calibre rifle. a revolver and a bowie knife. She has trained Billie so that she can shoot from his back while riding, can make stand while she dismounts and stalks game-that is, Billie will stand still while left alone if no bears are in sight. Billie was purchased several years ago by the huntswoman from a herd of wild cayuses. She spent weeks in breaking him and had several hard falls before she succeeded .-- Portland Journay.

AV When the Ea mother her and laughte steamy hurryin music, the mo June la Octobe springt arteries up and old. ma gypsy b were n around

Napo

possibly good p says th

parte w

sense, of the

'Citizer

was sol

drea an

which a

phine,

wrung

so far

out you band h

life. A ness.

with yo

that de

all you

these a

for me.

live in

TI

"The

can't q

young 1

returne

stay of

number

where,

the clo

street o

Elevate

for a f

not par

like fri

me to v

way an

for the

girls.

the qu

they se

the que

smartly

must b

it seem

of, that

en's dr

it is ex

people

dress a

our wo

That is

the hig

erwise

Press.

"As t

nent.

ture.

"I an

accurately, the human tobacco smoker's habit, making a ten-second d:aw through the cigar and a half minute intermission between the puffs. These experiments have been conducted under direction of Prof. B. T. Galloway, chief of the bureau of plant industry, while the machine itself is the work of Dr. W. W. Garner, an assistant in plant breeding in that Billie. bureau. He conceived the idea of employing the regular flow of a small

after the bear. Bruin made a run for shelter, but finding that the pony was fair, but had been unable to shoot be cause the pony was between her and the fleeing bear. That bear weighed 600 pounds, being the largest killed by her last season Miss McLanahan can skin and clean

a day in midwinter. The usual robust old gentleman-which of us does know him?--was telling his friends with much rubbing of hands and stamping of feet, that it was "fine, withy weather," and Cynthia Desmond regarded him wrathfully as she ed him at the entrance to the London railroad station. A good day ment in which she was sitting, confor a brisk country walk, but decidedly not one on which to undertake a three hours' railway journey without even a stop to get a hot cup of tea. this dismal project before her, Cynthia was not exactly in the best

of tempers. She was not miserable of -that would be too absurd-but things in general were inclined to be irritating.

Despite the fur-lined travelling coat, hich reached almost to the end of her short skirt, she gave a little shiver as, dressing case in hand, she crossed deserted platform and stepped into an empty car in the waiting train.

'And to think," she said, planting dressing case on the seat beside her, burying her hands in a huge fur muff, and addressing her sister who stood at the car door, "that it is all through that abominable Miles that I to freeze in this car by myself for three mortal hours: and, worst of all, leave home for a month or more and miss the Altons' dance and all the other fun!'

"It is horrible," agreed Dolly Desmond, sympathetically. Truth to tell, casm; but how like a flower was her Dolly was of the opinion that the "abominable Miles" in question had an frame of rich furs. How sweet was equal right to apply the adjective to Cynthia, for in their recent quarrel lashes, how bright the gleam of the there had certainly been "six of one and half a dozen of the other." "But," she went on, soothingly, "though it her dainty shod foot and slender ankle won't be the same as being at home, to the topmast wave of the veil she you are sure to have a good time with ndith"-the married sister to whom and style which some girls possess and Cynthia was going. "And you know you said that to stay here now would be unbearable.

"So it would," declared Cynthia. "The further away I am from Miles he did not-but Cynthia, Cynthia was the easier I shall find it to cultivate a different from all other women; she spirit of peace and thankfulness." "I think he might have gone away for a while under the circumstances,"

remarked her sister. "Perhaps he couldn't get away just said Cynthia quickly, unwilling,

hould abuse the man she loved or had loved-she put it in the past tense

wise in her generation, knew that to plied with the obvious home truth that

It was a spring day, not an ideal, | seek a three hours' tete-a-tete with but a real one, with a bitter penetrat- you." "Certainly I should say it would be the last punishment for our sins that either of us would choose," was Miss Desmond's soothing reply; after which, taking up the magazine with which she was supplied, she became apparently immersed in its contents, and ob-livious of the fact that the world, much less the small railroad compart

> tained such a person as Miles Ovenden Pulling a newspaper out of his pocket, with a certain suppressed vicious ness-a man's feelings are never under such good control as a woman's-he followed her example.

Half an hour passed slowly by and then Cynthia moved her book a quarter of an inch to one side and took a surreptitious peep at the faultlessly clothed length of limb and clean shaven, resolute young face opposite. What a detestable, bad-tempered fellow he was, but how good to look at She had always been proudly confident that her Miles was beyond comparison

with any other man. Her Miles! little pain shot through her heart as she remembered that he was her Miles no longer, and she went back to her book with a small, weary shiver. It was getting colder. Engrossed as he apparently was in his paper. Miles noticed that shiver-he knew Cynthia's horror of and suffering from the cold How unkind and sarcastic she had been; a man can stand almost any thing from a woman better than sar small, haughty face rising out of its the shadowy droop of those long waves of hair that showed between the folds of the now turned-up veil. From was perfect, with the inimitable grace which others, though their dress allowance be three times as large, can never attain. He did not like automobile veils-at least he used to think

would look exquisite in a sack, and how could he ever have been fool enough to think, much less to say, automobile veils did not suit her. That had been the beginning of this miserable quarrel-such a silly, simnan-like, that anyone but herself ple thing to wreck two lives. He had, with all a man's tactlessness, called

her veil a "horrid-looking arrange ow. ment," when she, as Dolly said, "rath-er fancied herself in it." She had reagree with Cynthia in her present at any rate, it was fashionable and respectable, which was more than could be said of a certain disreputable old brown coat beloved of Miles' soul, but the bane of her life; to which he had injudiciously made answer that women never could understand the possibility of a thing's being fashional ble and unbecoming. Cynthia then expressed her surprise that he had been olish enough to propose to her, seeing hat nothing she ever did, said or wore leased him-a remark decidedly un ust and untrue And he retorted that he same idea occurred to him with regard to her acceptance of his proposal. After which things went from had to worse, until Cynthia found her self walking away with head held high and a vivid spot of carmine blazing on each cheek through the white gauze of the luckless automobile veil, and Miles, left alone, gazed blankly at the small ring lying on his palm, and tried to realize what had happened. And thus it had come to pass that ooth these young people were flying from each other, the vision of the blissful "lived happily ever after," to which they had looked forward with uch glad confidence, receding from oth with equal rapidity. How foolish and childish it all seem d now. His eyes travelled to Cynhia's small left hand, and noted with sense of loss and hopelessness, the orlorn little wrinkle in the third finger of her gray glove that marked where her ring had made a bulge, a oulge that he had often fondly kissed. Involuntarily she shivered again and lecided that she could not bear the old much longer.

New York Weekly. French government finds itself face

to face with a new phase of the Moroccan question. merchant went to Paris he took with him three of his prettiest wives and a native servant as chaperon. He established himself in a flat on the Left Bank of the Seine, and at once set out to see the city. The harem finally became weary with solitude, and by the aid of the servant procured European costumes and set out to see

hammed Ben Ferma, the husband, however, discovered the truth and became angry.

the escapade he took away from his wives their European clothes and had an iron-barred cage fitted up in one of the rooms in which he placed his wives when he went out. Again the servant betrayed his trust; for 20 francs a locksmith furnished a duplicate key, and once more the three members of the harem enjoyed their

iberty. But it was not to last One night Mohammed returned to the flat earlier than usual and found the cage empty. He awaited his wives' return. When they came in he proceeded to try them according to the law of the "Koran," and sen-

neighborhood was aroused by awful screams. they found Mohammed preparing to bowstring his wives. He was annoyed

the rescuers, fighting like mad. He is now in prison. The authorities are wondering what to do with the

A market has just been opened in Paris where the hair of famous personages is on sale. One may examine there and buy locks from the heads of royal, military, political and literary notabilities. As regards the degree of estimation in which various notabilities of past times are held, Nelson is easily first.

Each cigar is labeled and numbered,

to his colleague, Mr. Vreeland, Mr. Grosvenor converted the New York representative to his manner of thinking. Mr. Vreeland still has ninety nine of the cigars to present to doubt

containing dilute

filled a syphon begins to draw off the

water. A check valve is provided to

aspirator is filling. This prevents a

quire thirty seconds for filling the re-

whe

is

ood was worse than useless. "Goodby, darling. You'll be off in a minute

"Goodby!" answered Cynthia, a little tearfully, leaning out of the window for a farewell kiss. "Take care of mother and keep the boys in order and enjoy yourself, and don't, don't be silly enough to get engaged to any be he angel in masculine form!

"At present," laughed Dolly, displaying all her dimples, "no one seems er to tempt me from the chaste paths where I wander 'in maiden meditation, fancy free,' but should any daring person so endeavor I'll remember your warning.

She stepped back from the edge of the platform, there was the usual amount of shouting, and the train began to move. Suddenly there was a lesperate rush, the door of the compartment was violently wrenched open, and a young man was precipi-tated inside.

"I beg your pardon," he gasped rather breathlessly, dropping into the seat opposite her. He recovered himself, took off his cap and flung it on seat beside him, took a glance at the slight figure opposite, and realized blandly that he was sitting facing the girl who, a few days ago, had given him back, with the fervently expressed that she might never see him gain, the ring he had with such tender triumph placed on her finger only six onths before, the little ring that was resting against his heart now.

"I need hardly say," he remarked, stiffly, supplementing his former apology, as he met the haughty gaze direct d at him through the white automobile veil which was swathed around her hat and tied beneath her small, determined chin. "that I am as annoyed as you can be at this unfortuent. Of course you quite understand that it was not my fault? "I suppose not," with icy ungraci-

"You could hardly suppose," he went on, indignantly, a slight angry flush was a fool to lay himself open to an-rising on his cheeks, "that I should other snub, and decided +"at she might

"You are cold," he said, his pity for her evident suffering and the overwhelming desire to do something for "Won't you her, making him speak. take my rug?"

"Thank you," she answered, in a tone that was as cold as her small hands, "I would rather not."

Angrily rewrapping himself in the rejected rug, he told himself that he vas a fool to lay himself open to an-

"No," she contradicted, with lips that were a little tremulous, looking down at the bare third finger of her left hand-"not now.

"Yes," he insisted, bringing forth from its hiding place the little ring she had so scornfully flung back to him, and slipping it on-"now, and always. Cynthia" - pleadingly - "you will forgive me, and always wear any dearned veil you please!"

"Miles," she answered, softly, as his arms went round her, "you will forgive me, and wear your old brown coat whenever you wish?"

The express rattled on, and the two settled so cosily in the corner of one of its cars, were very silent for a while.

"Are you warmn, now, sweet heart?" asked Miles, tenderly, after a little.

justice; "you're giving them fits!" "Yes," she whispered happily. "How

the description of a telephone appara tus designed to obviate possibility of decease transmission by the usual mouthpiece. The construction is such that the mouthpiece is omitted altogether, and the receiving and transmitting apparatus is combined in a small metal case, shaped like a watch.

There is some merriment in the English papers over John Burns' "bowler hat. Mr. Burns, being a laborer and friend of laborers, shies at a silk hat and there is consternation at the thought that he may wear the profane thing to the ministerial bench on the House of Commons. Hopeful spirits suggest that he may wear it to the House, but enter the chamber

Of coincidences in names a corres pondent of a London paper instances the following examples: There was a household in Clifton in which there were in domestic service Mrs. Pidgeon (cook), Mrs. Partridge (lady's maid) and Mrs. Howke (charwoman). But

that is trifling compared to the case of the old chapel at Faversham, where the Rev. H. J. Rook used to officiate; Sparrow and Cuckoo were the name of the deacons in his time. Mrs. Martin was the chapel keeper. Mr. Lark, Miss Crow and Miss Nightingale were members of the congregation, and the chapel was and is, situated in Partridg lane. At a dinner given by a New York hostess a few years ago were a Miss Fish, a Mrs. Waters and a Miss Brooks, the latter being the noted sculptor in butter.

Encouraged the Lawyer

A few years ago George F. Haley, of

nal case before the Supreme Judicial Court of Maine, with Chief Justice John A. Peters on the bench. Mr. Haley was in the middle of his plea when a man in the audience fell over in a

disconcerted.

gives every detail of the characteristics it has developed in the test. One series of experiments recently completed was made with twelve cigars, all alike in their outside cover of wrapper and binder, and with the filler alone, respectively, of Cuban, Texas, Ohio and South Carolina topacco. All had the same test. The

Cuban filler produced an even burn on each of the three cigars, while the others were erratic, the last-named the most uneven producing Through the arrangement of the tubes in graduated lengths, the heat arising from one burning cigar cannot affect the combustion of the cigar in any other tube.

Another test was made at the same ime to discover the shape of the ash and its texture, and to keep the record of this photographs were taken before the cigar butts were removed from the smoking machine.

Speaking of the experiments, Dr. Galloway said:

"Types of tobacco vary greatly on the same soil. This is especially true of wrapper tobacco. In order to de termine definitely the quality of leaf to grow to obtain the same type in succeeding years we have all the strains marked by numbers, and keep a record of the period of growth, the results of handling in barns, where it is cured by the sweating process, the fermentation which gives it its aroma,, and all such items of interest to the tobacco producer and scientist. As the final test we make use of this machine, which smokes five cigars at

a time, watch accurately the burn of each specimen, and if it is good, save

the seed of the plant listed under Biddeford, was trying his first crimi- that particular number, put it out next year, and develop that strain un der the best conditions.

"If there is too much lime in the soil it results in producing a tobacco which would be distinguished in the convulsion. The young lawyer stopped, finished cigar by a scaling ash. Then again some wrappers will not burn at "Go on, sir, go on," said the chief all. These we call asbestos wrappers, and of course they are not kept for journey.

Nobody Interfered.

Ex-President Cleveland, says the Boston Herald, used to fish and shoot in the Barnegat Bay district. John Camburn, a guide, says that one cold, wet night Mr. Cleveland got lost. He wandered through the rain and darkness, trying to find his party, but not a house could he see, nor a light, nor a road.

Finally he struck a narrow lane, and in due course a house appeared. It was not late. Mr. Cleveland was cold and tired. He thought he could go no farther, so he banged at the door till a window on the second floor went up and a gruff voice said:

'Who are you?' "A friend," said Mr. Cleveland. "What do you want?" "I want to stay here all night."

"Stay there, then." And the window descended with a bang, and Mr. Cleveland shouldered his gun again and wearily resumed his

what v a man close t he may horse. let him time, a fulness and hi this is autumr For the movem and le peace Care a S. And

One have to as a pa las of ago, w had en she be known then s teacher to Eur Just gaged

in the co. A hibition World four 'v from t bound It is spend most i some ground tive g a brilli black . dows, yellow are the presse

glue a

tools

wall