Let us let the little children have the legends and the rest;

Let us the keep the glad fillusions of the years that are the best;

Let them keep the glad fillusions of the years that the let have the horse rear and pranee.

Let the it is that are the best;

Let the start the let have the horse rear and pranee.

And the wonderful enchantments only they can understand—

For the years are coming to them when they'll sich, and softly grieve they listly, and softly grieve. That they let the realin of childhood in the horse rear and pranee.

Land of Make Believe we used to rambie up and down to the playing of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of the playing of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of Hamelinous gripping of the Fiper in the streets of the playing of the Fiper in the stree

Land of Make Believe.

In the Land of Make Believe there is a vine that meets the sky.

And Jack goes up and down it—we have seen him, you and I;

There's a winding path that leads us to the hushes of the wood.

And a-many times we've trod it with the quaint Red Ridinghood;

There's a frowning cliff surmounted by a castle grum and urfm,

And old Bluebeard lurks within it—you know how we peered at him!

Shut each blinking eye!

All the others—how we loved them! How they use of the yound play

Till at last they sent a message that they'd come an once, one day,

For they had to leave us lonely with our broken dreams and toys

While they staid behind in childhood with the little girls and boys.

Let us let the children have them, ere the years come when they grievo

That they ever found the highway from the Land of Make Believe!

W. D. Nesbit, in Chicago Tribune.

seemed duly grateful for a whiskey and soda. "That's a beautiful old cup," he re-marked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

caring to mind a well known advertisement:

"Bromley Brown's Cough Lozenges are the Best! They will cure a cough of long standing, arising from no matter what cause," but the girl's face caught his attention. It was fair and flushed, and the large gray eyes shone starlike under her broad black hat.
"Papa, there are two policemen here! They say they have come for some one—what does it mean?"
"Oh, only about the chickens that were stolen, my dear," said her father, miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You know you said you wouldn't have any because you said they spoil the garden."

den."
"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley Brown's dreary expression was that of a victim being led to execution. "Of course I meant the forced strawberries. Valentine, my dear"—
The young man was still gazing at the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

Watch the Mustache.

A late fad among women is the reading of male character by observations at not too close range of the mustaches of their masculine acquaintances. It is held that when the mustache is ragged and, as it were, flying hither and thither, there is a lack of self-control. When it is straight and orderly, the reverse is the case. If there is a tendency to curl at the outer ends of the mustache there is a tendency to ambition, vanity and display. When the curl turns upward there is geniality. When the inclination is downward there is a more sedate turn of mind, not unaccompanied with gloom.—Detroit News.

the armourer back.

Turtles are found on the sea and on the land, the marine forms deserving the name of turtles, more properly; tortoises being those living on land or in fresh water, but we will use the name, turtles, as significant of the whole class. The most natural way of classifying these creatures is by the way the head and neck are drawn back under the shell; whether the head is turned to one side, or drawn straight back, bending the neck into a letter S shape.

The skull of the turtle is massive, and some have thick false roofs on top of the usual brain box.

The "house" or shell of a turtle is made up of separate pieces of bone, a central row along the back, and others arranged around on both sides. These are really pieces of the skin of the back changed to bone. Our ribs are directly under the skin of the back changed to bone. Our ribs are directly under the skin of the back changed to bone. Our ribs are directly under the skin of the back changed to bone on the outside of its body, a second thought will show that this is just as true of us as of these reptiles.

This hardening of the skin has brought about some interesting changes in the body of the turtle. In all the higher animals from fishes up to man a backbone is of the greatest importance, not only to carry the nerves and blood vessels, but to support the entire body. In turtles alone the string of vertebrae is unnecessary, the shell giving all the support needed. So as nature seldom allows unused tissues or organs to remain, these bones along the back become, in many species, reduced to a mere thread.

The pieces of bone or horn which go to make up the shell, although so different in appearance from skin, yet have the same life processes. Occasionally it moutits or peels, the outer part coming off in great flakes. Each piece grows by the addition of rings of horn at the joints, and (like the rings of a tree) the age of turtles, except very old ones, can be told by the number of circles of horn on each piece. The rings are sery distinct in sp

horn grows out. One-third of the entire shell has been known to be thus replaced.

Although so slow is their locomotion and actions, turtles have well-developed senses. They can see very distinctly, and the power of smell is especially acute, certain turtles being very discriminating in the matter of their good. They are very sensitive to touch, and will react to the least tap on their shell. Their hearing is more imperfect, but as they have tiny piping voices during the mating season, this sense must be of some use.

Water tortoises can remain beneath the surface for hours and even days, at a time. In addition to the lungs, there are two small sacs near the tail which allow the animal to use the oxygen in the water as an aid in breathing.

All turtles lay eggs, the shells of which are white and generally of a parchment like character. They are deposited in the ground or in sand, and hatch either by the warmth of the decaying vegetation or the heat of the sun. In temperate countries the eggs are main over winter, and the little turt to many uses. Young turtles have a hard time of it, in all the countries they inhabit, for thousands are devoured by storks, alligators and fishes. Even old turtles have many enemies, not the least curious being jaguars, which watch for them, turn them on

TURTLES LIVE 400 YEARS

EVOLUTIONISTS CAN TELL US
NOTHING OF THEIR ORIGIN.

Some That Weigh a Ton—Facts About
Only Animal Who Needs No Strong
Backbone—Weil Developed Senses,
Theirs—Eggs Hatch by Themselves.

A turtle, waddling his solitary way
along some water course, attracts little interest outside of his clumsy, groteaque shape, yet few who look upon
him are able to give, off hand, even a
bare half dozen facts about this humble
creature. And if they could give
any, their information would be limited
to two or three usages his body is
put to—soup and mandolin picks—
also combs.

There are about two hundred different kinds of turtles, and they live in
all parts of the world, except in very
cold countries. Australla has the fewest, and North and Central America
the greatest number of species. Evolutionists can tell us nothing of their
origin, for as far back in geological
ages as they are found fossil (a matter of a little over ten million years),
all are true turtles, not half turtles
and alligators, with their hard, leathery coats, come as near to them as
any living creature, and when we see
a huge snapping turtle come out of the
water, and walk about on land we can
not but be reminded of the fenow with
the armourer back.

Turtles are found on the sea and on
the land, the marine forms deserving
the name of turtles, more property;
tortoises being those living on land or
in fresh water, but we will use the
name, turtles, as significant of the
whole class. The most natural way of
classifying these creatures is by
the way the head and neck are drawn
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head is turned to one side, or frawn
straight back, bending the neck into a
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The skull of the turtle is massive,
and some have thick false roofs on top
of the usual brain box.

The "house" or shell of a turtle is
made up of separate places of bone, a
mother thands of the four terms of the year.

The last Estate of One Who in Yeuth
The La

The Last Estate of One Who in Youth Was a Mathematical Prodigy.

"Speaking of his idea of catering to the natural bent of the child reminds me of a rather curious instance which has come under my observation," said a man who was in a reminiscent mood, "and it goes to show that you cannot always tell just what the bent may be in a particular child.

"Back in my school days—I wan living in the country at the time—I had an acquaintance in the school room who was exceptionally bright in mathematics. Mathematics was an open book to him. He took to the study like a duck takes to water, and things which would often stump all of his classmates wer as plain to him as the nose on a man's face. He was a wonder, and the natural dulness and stupidity which I displayed at the time in the study caused me to marvel at the boy's talent. He was a sort of rural sensation, and his friends made high predictions for him. He could juggle with figures until he made you dizzy with wonderment. His friend said he would be in the legislature by the time he was 21 years old, and by the time he was 25 he would be a member of the national congress from his district, and at 35 he would certainly be in the United States senate.

"There was no question about the boy's future. It was as bright as a May morning. In the meantime he kept humoring his bent for mathematics and he attained great proficiency in the science. I drifted out into the world and lost sight of all my old friends. More than 20 years afterwards I dropped back to the scenes of my boyhood days. The first fellow I thought of was the brilliant young mathematician. I scanned all the papers of the section from time to time as I could get them, expecting to see that my old friend was doing big things in the world. I found no mention of him and concluded that he was dead.

"One day I was walking along the road toward my old beme place when

things in the world. I found no mention of him and concluded that he was dead.

"One day I was walking along the road toward my old home place when I came upon a man driving an ox team. The steers looked more like Jackrabbits than oxen, and the driver was a typical countryman, sunburned, with a red handkerehlef tied around his neck, a broad-brimmed hat on his head, brogan shoes, and other things in keeping. He asked me if I didn't want to ride. I thanked him and crawled up on the tongue with him. He was a red-headed fellow with a stubby, sandy beard all over his face, and an Adam's apple that worked up and down like a pump when he talked. He held in his hand a long whip fastened to a long, willows hande, the kind generally used in driving oxen. Directly a horsefly landed between the horns of one of the steers. With unerring accuracy, after swinging the long whip around his head once, he struck the fly with the cracker of the whip and killed it. "That makes 104," he said proudly as the fly rolled off in the road. There was my mathematician, and no mistake. I afterward told him who I was and we talked over old times. So you can't always tell about this thing we call the natural bent."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Quite Stuck Up.

"They thought he was dead, you

ere are fish in the sea good as ever

caught,
There are fish to be lost good as ever were
sighed about,
There are fish you can buy good as ever
were bought,
There are fish that have never yet even
been lied about,
—Sam S. Stinson, in Lippincott's.

HUMOROUS.

Delia—What did you fall out about?
Celia—Why, we hadn't been engaged a week before he quit buying boxes, and brought me candy in a paper bag.
Maude—Oh, Gertie, what a lovely engagement ring! How I envy you!
Gertie—You needn't, dear. When it comes to the point, I've either got to marry him or give it back.

"My brother Jakey's got a good job." "Where's he working?" "Down to the electric light plant." "Picking currents off the wires?" "Yes, how did you guess?" He says he likes the job, it's such light work.

The deaf and dumb lovers were billing and cooling with their fingers. "How much do you love me?" she signalled. "More than tongue can tell," he replied, glibly. And they were supremely happy.

Wigg—What an awkward chap Subbubs is. He doesn't seem to know what to do with his hands. Wagg—No, only when he's going home with his usual assortment of bundles.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marsince you said you believed our mar-

only when he's going home with his usual assortment of bundles.

Husband (irritably)—It isn't a year since you said you believed our marriage was made in heaven, and yet you order me around as if I wasn't anybody. Wife (calmly)—Order is heaven's first law.

Subbubs—We've got a new girl at our house. Backlots—Hahl it's easy enough to get a new girl, but can you keep her? Subbubs—The doctor thinks so. He declares she weighs nine pounds at least.

"I wouldn't marry you, sir, if you were the last man on earth, "said Miss biell. "But as I am not the last man on earth and can't expect to be, I suppose you will accept me," said Cholly Nervy with cain assurance.

Mrs. Sinth—Did you ever notice what a way Mr. Slyder has of looking in another direction when a lady is standing in the street car? Mrs. Black—I don't know that I have; but I have noticed him do it in church when the contribution box came along.

"What was that noise, Katie?" shouted the lady from her boudoir. too, mum; two sonly the baby crawling under the plano, and he hit himself, mum," replied the girl. "Dear little boy! Did he hurt himself, Katie?" "No, mum; sure it was the soft pedal he hit, mum."

"But, namma," protested Miss Bulyon, "why are you sending out invi-

pedal he hit, num."
"But, mamma," protested Miss Bulyon, "why are you sending out invitations for a diamond weading? You
haven't been married nearly long
enough for that:" "What's that got
to do with it?" demanded Mrs. Bulyon,
"Your father's financial standing would
make anything less than a diamond
wedding absurd." that got

Mrs. Nextdoor—Your daughter has improved wonderfully in her plano playing. Mrs. Homer—I'm glad to hear you say so—if you are really sincere. Mrs. Nextdoor—Why, what do you mean? Mrs. Homer—Well, you see, we didn't know whether she was improving, or whether we were merely getting used to it.

getting used to it.

Mrs. Briggs—Have you heard the news? Mrs. Spelter died quite suddenly last evening. Mrs. Griggs—You don't mean it? Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!
There's one thing, however; I shan't have to pay her the call I owed her. I suppose I'm the worst person that ever was to pay calls.

Madge—Whom did you meet at Mrs. Climber's party? Ethy—A lot of impossible people that nobody knows. I had to talk to myself to keep from being lonesome.

Mrs. Youngman—But, when he did.

ing lonesome.

Mrs. Youngman—But when he did
finally come home, I should think
you'd have been sufficiently curious at
least to ask what had kept him out so
late. Mrs. Klubman—Yes, but I had
surfeited myself with fiction while I
waited up for him.

"And let's have plenty of palms."

waited up for him.

"And let's have plenty of palms," said Mr. Cumrox. "That is a very good suggestion," answered his wife.
"I'm glad to see that your taste is so good. I'm very fond of palms." "Yes; they're useful as well as ornamental. There's nothing handler than a good big bunch of palms to go to sleep behind during a musicale."

her Name Was Enough.

"I heard an amusing story the otherway," writes a correspondent, "from a lady who has been often a guest at Viceregal lodge, Simia. It was on the occasion of one of the first dinner parties given by Lord Curzon on his taking over the reins of government. My friend's partner was a certain major of gunners—a man unaware of Lady Curzon's, and, hence, of the Misses Leiters' nationality. While engaged in conversation with Miss Daisy Leiter—who was seated opposite him—the talk turned on America, a subject on which Miss Leiter was naturally well informed. So, evidently, thought the gallant officer, for, presently, he said: 'I gather from what you say, that you know America pretty well—have traveled there, perhaps?' "Miss Leiter regarded him some what curtously for a moment and then, leaning forward, remarked:
"'Well, I guess! My name's Leiter!'"—M, A. P.

How to Find Out.

You can always find out what gossips are saying about you to other people by listening to what they say about other people to you.—New York Press.

## The Architect Burglar. The Architect Burglar.

week that the Mumbys and the Jellives the figure of Mr. Bromley Brown andering round his garden on a cern mild April morning would have agined him to be suffering from an ite sense of regret for his wasted bortunities.

The Mumbys lost a lot of plated things—I know that he keeps his silves of first shiny boots he might have of for a model of middle class prostity. His gray suit, if it accentuated round proportions of his figures of fashionable cut, and he held a man hat of finest straw in the are hand on which a diamond glited in the spring sunshine. Behind terrace, over which figures of imistibe animals in stone kept watch each corner, stood his new and elabtely furnished bungalow, aggressive is much decreated. Mr. Bromley burn's room in the tower overlooked tyrethen of pine woods—a small, e, which shone with steely brights under a fringe of larches, and away range of rising ground. He not often glance at the view, but leased him to know that it was under a fringe of larches, and away range of rising ground. He not often glance at the view, but leased him to know that it was unitably finer than even that comnded from the windows of his neight. General Compton, whose family I owned acres of surrounding heath and firs for generations past.

If. Brown took one last stroil on lawn, and as he slowly ascended steps of the terrace, the parlor id laid the newspapers on a table of the parlor is also the first that the Mumbys and the Jellicoses had both had their pantry windows forced open?"

"The Mumbys lost a lot of plated things—I know that he keeps his silver in the bank, and lets his friends use those horrible links, sonos—I may with the ricket club, taken. Now it transpires that in all probability the burglar, or the moving spirit of the gang, is a young man who he septent him by the cricket club, taken. Now it transpires that in all probability the burglar, or the moving spirit of the gang, is a young man who leads the professes to making architectural drawings, and by so doing finds out all manner of details." Imagined him to be suffering from an acute sense of regret for his wasted opportunities.

From the top of his bald head to the toes of his shiny boots he might have stood for a model of middle class prosperity. His gray suit, if it accentuated the round proportions of his figure, was of fashionable cut, and he held a panama hat of finest straw in the square hand on which a diamond glittered in the spring sunshine. Behind the terrace, over which figures of impossible animals in stone kept watch at each corner, stood his new and elaborately furnished bungalow, aggressive and much decorated. Mr. Bromley Brown's room in the tower overlooked a stretch of pine woods—a small lake, which shone with steely brightness under a fringe of larches, and a far-away range of rising ground. He did not often glance at the view, but it pleased him to know that it was undentably finer than even that commanded from the windows of his neighbor, General Compton, whose family had owned acres of surrounding heather and firs for generations past.

Mr. Brown took one last stroll on the lawn, and as he slowly ascended the steps of the terrace, the parlor maid laid the newspapers on a table outside a bow window. A girl's figure leaned out, and a young voice called to him:

"Why do you look so solemn, papa,"

to him:
"Why do you look so solemn, papa,
dear? What a perfect day it is! Warm
and sunny enough for June!"
The lines on Mr. Bromley Brown's
face relaxed.
"I was thinking," he said, impress-

relaxed.
was thinking," he said, impress, "of how very little material comsignifies, and how few of us are
sfied."

satisfied."

"I don't in the least agree with you there, dear," said Valentine, who was eminently practical.

"I have built this bungalow," contined Mr. Bromley Brown, "as a place to rest in after a life spent in the dullest of all occupations—money making. But I am aware that thousands of men would both have enjoyed the occupation and welcomed the peace of this beautiful spot. I do neither, I was destined by nature for something widely different."

"You say that because you have done

widely different."
"You say that because you have done nothing lately but read those foolish novels."—here she pointed a small, scornful finger at a book lying open on the table—"since you had influenza, papa, dear."

scornful finger at a book lying open on the table—"since you had influenza, papa, dear."

"I beg your pardon, Valentine—I know I may not look it, but since my earliest days, as I have often told you, I have had a curious, wild craving for adventure, for some excitement outside the deadly routine of a business life. It is hard," and Mr. Bromley Brown raised his voice in querulous expostulation, "that here I am, a man who has made a considerable fortune in a special cough lozenge, but who, all through his boyhood, has vainly wished to be a pirate, and who now—he waved his hand in the direction of the bungalow, then toward the smooth shaven lawn, "would most gladly give all this luxury to be a successful detective."

Valentine laughed, and leaned still further out of the window. She, for her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around her. She watched a fat blackbird as he shuffed along by the golden border of daffodlis—she rejoiced to know that the air was musical with the voices of larks, to see that the sun glittered on the pool below General Compton's house and turned its casements into twinkling dlamonds. A man went slowly down the green drive by the pool, his arm swaying to and fro as he sowed grass seeds. The earth seemed to sing a song of renewal and hope, of love and sunshine. How good it was early to breathe and to live! Other people might have thought that life would be none the less pleasant to Valentine because her eyes were large and gray, and her checks rozy like the bloom on the boughs of a cherry tree. But she did not take much account of these advantages, nor of the fact that she was the only child of the prosperous house of Bromley Brown.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses—and laid down his newspaper.

mustache, and wearing clothes of fashionable make."

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon absorbed in meditation. He pictured himself, resolute, terrible, cunning, hounding down this distingsished criminal, bringing him to justice—afterward, in court, replying with telling sarcasm to the cross-examination of the prisoner's counsel, and, lastly, compilmented by the judge on the lucid, admirable way in which he had given his evidence. Life was no longer sordid and prosaic; it was palpitating with romance. He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song, and dreamed that he was the chief of police in Russia. Waking up with a start, he heard the clock strike 12.

"Gracious me!" he cried aloud. With his waking eyes he still seemed to see the female Nihilist of his vision, pointing a revolver at his head. He stretched himself and walked sadly across the lawn toward the hedge that bounded his garden. Below him was the riband of white road, pine bordered. Mr. Bromley Brown started, but much more violently this time. Then he rubbed his face and eyes with his handkerchief and uttered a low exclamation.

A few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall,

As few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall, fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldierly appearance! And he was sketching, a thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. He might not be the chief of the Russian police, but was he not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a great and dramatic case? He coughed and unlocked the gate leading to the road. In one moment his mind had been made up. He would invite this young man, obviousand his mind had been made up. He build invite this young man, obvious-no other than the architect-burglar, th friendly greeting, into his house, hurried word to the coachman would ad him, on swift feet, for two of the cal police. Another messenger would sten to General Compton, the stern-

twinkling diamonds. A man went slowly down the green drive by the pool, his arm swaying to and fro as he sowed grass seeds. The earth seemed to sing a song of renewal and hope, of love and sunshine. How good it was early to breathe and to live! Other people might have thought that life would be none the less pleasant to Valentine because her eyes were large and gray, and her cheeks rozy like the bloom on the boughs of a cherry tree. But she did not take much account of these advantages, nor of the fact that she was the only child of the prosperous house of Bromley Brown.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses—and laid down his newspaper. "Ha! this is most curious!" said he "What a splendid chance if one could only light upon him—the plausible scoundrel! The shrewd young villain!"

Valentine turned her gray eyes on his shining crimson face "Listen to me—Val," he cried, "you remember the general told us last

marked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

Mr. Bromley Brown's expression of mingled triumph and sarcasm passed unnoticed by the cheerful young visitor, who talked for some time with intelligence and knowledge on the subject of old plate. Mr. Brown was becoming so agitated that he began to walk up and down the room.

"And these are lovely spoons," observed the architect-burglar, with appailing coolness. The clock struck one—and he rose quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for your hospitality," he said, pleasantly. "I am afraid I must be off. You see I am sketching for duty, not pleasure." Mr. Brown gazed at him aghast, but not without admiration. He felt that this must indeed be one of the most remarkable criminals now at large.

"Don't hurry—pray," he said, nervously. "Have a glass of green Chartreuse."

markable criminals now at large.

"Don't hurry—pray," he said, nervously. "Have a glass of green Chartreuse."

"You are too kind," said his guest. There was a sound of steps at the door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"Where is the man?"

The door was flung open, and a tall, soldierly figure stepped quickly into the dining room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this about?"
General Compton, young and alert for his years, stared at his friend with a pair of very keen eyes under white eyebrows. "You told me it was some very urgent business," continued the young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Estcourt! I didn't see it was you in the corner.

"Yes, and how are you, general?" said the young man, advancing, with a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr.—Mr.?" said the young man—"was so kind as to ask me to have a whiskey and soda. It is so wonderfully hot for April, and I've been out doing this blessed topography for the last four hours.

"Ah! then you don't know each other?" said the general. "Brown, this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old friend whom I have often talked about, you know. He is working like a nigger at the college," and the speaker pointing toward a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. "Estcourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown, one of my best neighbors." Mr. Brown felt as if some one had struck him a violent blow on the head. He was giddy as he stillly extended an icy hand toward the young man.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice ame echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young girl ran into the room. Lord Estcourt was just recalling to mind a well known advertisement:

"Bromley Brown's Cough Lozenges are the Best! They will cure a cough

the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to me, Miss Brown," said he. "I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being plowed. But this morning I am going back to work invigorated and rested, and full of courage!"

She blushed as her eyes met his miling blue ones.
"Oh! You are studying at the col-

"On! You are studying at the college!"
"Yes-I wonder-would you and your
father care to come over and see it
some day?"
"Oh! that would be delightful, papa,
dear, wouldn't it?"
"Yes, indeed, indeed it would," Mr.
Brown was still feeling half paralyzed.
"Goodby, Estcourt, my boy," said
General Compton. "I have got to have
a word now with Brown on some most
important business about which I came
down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine.

LOTE Essentials.

"You will drive over very soon, then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say goodby, I think," said he, as he took her hand.—The

NATURAL BENT.

Quite Stuck Up.

"They thought he was dead, you know, and all the papers printed obituary notices."

"And then?"

"Why then he turned up, and since he's read those notices he's too proud to speak to any one."—Chicago Post.