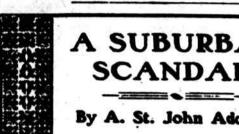
Yet there's one thing will make diff'rence ten long decades further one It's the way you bear your troubles day by day; If you keep your top-lip stiffened and a smile upon your face. As you stride toward the lions in the way,

Then the worried world will carry fewer wrinkles on its brow,
Aid 'twill really make some diff'rence in a hundred years from now.

—S. W. Gillilan, in Los Angeles Herald.



home from the city that evening by an earlier train than usual, and Mrs. Dolby

called to the girl in the kitchen. "The mistress went out, sir, about ten minutes ago, and said she'd be

sarlier than usual. And now she was out.

birthday gave a keener edge to his sufferings, and made her absence, when he came yearning for reconciliation, so much the more inexcusable. He sat, aunched in the armchair, brooding unil he began to see a sinister significance in her not being there to welsome him; it became as clear to him again as if it had been last night that ae had been justified in the complaints he had made, and that her indignation it doesn't matter-I've told you what it had been assumed simply to blind him.

stance.

There had been a time when Alfred Hilbert was desperately in love with Letty. Twice she had rejected him. when Edmund made her acquaintance and they fell in love with each other at sight.

able so completely that, a few months later, being a breezy young man whose heart was too well sensoned to break easily, he transferred his affections to Nelly, who was already Letty's dearest

openly at their weekly meetings, and laugh about it, never seeming to realhimself.

if she were to blame for having been passively responsible for Alfred's fas-

sonable irritation, for he was of a naturally jealous temperament, and had fred admitted. Then, all of a sudden gradually persuaded hiniself that Alfred was much too attentive to his is mine-" him was unnecessarily gracious. He told her so in no measured terms, magnifying his grievances and saying more

and surrender, he had gone off to the them on his way to the city and let me

her sweetness and was ashamed that his jealously could so outrageously befool him. He yearned to be with herthinking of tender things he would say to her; he would even ask her to forgive him; and only to imagine how she would lean her head upon his breast

He had pictured it all vividly; he had hastened home to fulfill his happy im-

ing me to come home it would have been nothing astonishing," he muttured, bitterly, "but, instead of that, she isn't even waiting for me when I do come-"

lying in the fender. He had noticed it idly, directly he sat down, and now. suddenly, seeing there was writing on it, he picked ft up, straightened it out. and read it:

"Have got the tickets. Be at my office not later than 7, and we will go. Till death and after. Alfred."

He sat stunned, rereading it mechanfeally, as if it meant nothing to him. Gradually the words seemed to burn into his brain. Here, then, was full fellow's wife, though" - he guffawed and dreadful confirmation of his worst suspicions. He had not been mistaken do the shooting!" ast night in thinking there was some secret understanding between them. Here was their secret flashed bewil-

deringly before him.

remorseful dreams during the day. "I did so want you to come home,

dear!" she whispery "I-I was delayed," he murmured

awkwardir. "Martha says you came in and rap out again almost immediately."

"I had gone out to get this for you Ned." "This", was a gold pencil with his initials engraved on it. She drew it from her pocket and offered it to him, shyly. "It was not ready last night. • • And I was so—so un kind this morning! I never even wished you"-

"And I was afraid, when you came home and went out again without see ing me, that you"-her voice faitered penitently-"that you were still angry with me."

"No: it wasn't that, sweetheart. It wasn't that at all."

"I was so afraid that, perhaps"-"No. it was nothing but a * . . But, I say, Letty, I'm hungry!" he said, scheming for time to think how to make the least of it-all. "Let us sit down, and I'll tell you the whole story over dinner "-The Sketch

Growing Appetite For Quinine. Quinine has become one of our staple forms of food. It is much more widely and ardently eaten than garlic. and it may soon approach the popularity of pie. According to a report recently issued, considerably more than 20,000 pounds of quinine were manufactured in India in 1902, the greater part in Madras, while Java manufactured nearly 44,000 pounds. In addition to this, over 18,000,000 pounds of cinchona bark were produced chiefly in Java and India, and this was reckoned to be equivalent to another 800,000 pounds of quinine, so that the total product of the food for the year was nearly 1,000,000 pounds. There are twenty manufactories of quinine in existence, of which five are in France, three in England, two each in Germany and Italy, one in Holland, four in America, two in India, and one in Java. The two principal markets for quinine are Amsterdam and London, and the latter has greatly diminished in importance since the cultivation of cinchona in Java has assumed such large proportions. In fact, nearly three times as much bark was sold at Amsterdam in 1902, so that, although we probably use more quinine than any other nation, the Dutch are taking the trade away from all the rest of

Water's l'art in Colloquial Terms. "How many of our 'expressive expressions' are built around some reference to water!" said a writer. "Take few brief examples for consideration. If we think a scheme isn't very strong or a statement decidely weak, we invariably say 'it won't hold water.' Do we infer that more wisdom lurks in an individual's head than he is ordinarily given credit for, what do we say? 'Still waters run deep.' When a per-

us. India has already taken the hint

"When a proposition of any kind is rejected, especially a proposal of marriage, it is a case of having 'cold 'wa-Either he was a hardened and acter thrown on our hopes." Fortune has plished hypocrite or he really did its 'tides,' and blessings or riches are find it hard to realize exactly what he 'rained' down on us. If a speaker exwas charged with, and eventually he hausts his topic and still tries to talk, we say that he has 'about run dry.' "All I can say is." he reiterated, "that

and when a business enterprise goes down we call it 'swamped.' A mar struggles to 'hold his head above water,' according to our colloquialisms and when he doesn't know what plar to pursue in order to accomplish cer tain ends it is said of him that he is 'all at sea.' "-St. Louis Globe-Demo

Willed His Estate in 100 Words. Probably the shortest will ever file. in Wyandotte County, Neb., was pro bated in the office of the County Judge It is hand written and occupies less than a half page of foolscap paper. It contains about 100 words, yet Probate Judge Freeman, who is also a lawyer, says that its purport is perfectly clear and that no necessary statement is

The will of May Morgan, a resident of Wyandotte County and State of

First, I give, devise and bequeath all my property, both real and personal, to Mettie Perry, my granddaughter, a resident of said county and State, hereby revoking all former wills. In witness whereof I, May Morgan, have to this last will and testament, sub-

The will was not drawn by an atforney, but was written by a neighbor of Mr. Morgan, as the latter was on his deathbed. Mr. Morgan was a well-known farmer living in the north. west part of Wyandotte County.

Durability of Liquid Air. An experiment for testing the durability of liquid air has been made be tween Berlin and Geneva. One morning two quarts of liquid air were delivered to the railroad at Berlin. packed in a manner specially adapted for this purpose, for transportation to Geneva. The shipment arrived in Geneva in five days, and after an additional delay of half a day it was delivered to the chemical laboratory of the University of Geneva. The glass vessel in which the liquid air was sent still contained one-fourth of a quart thereof, which was at once experimented with.

A Curious Exchange. A peculiar business transaction was recorded at Lebanon, Pa., when Grocer John Light transferred to Baker William A. Garrett a fifteen-acre farm in Berks County for a consideration of 7000 loaves of bread, the bread to be delievered in quantities such as might be needed to supply the daily demand

HONOR ON THE WANE?

AN ENGLISH WRITER ON THE DECADENCE AMONG MEN AND THE DUTY OF WOMEN

Jemmercial Probity's Ebb --- Levity of the Would-be Wit Tonds to Sink High Moral Ideas---Politics is Tainted---Lying Considered Pine Art ... Appeal to Women to Stop the Downward Tondoncy and Restore Old Confidence.

Chronicle, says: It has been suggested that man's honor is a myth. And appearances seem to favor the sugges- being true of individuals only, not of tion. But it may be that here again the nation at large. There are dishon appearances are misleading, because est politicians, dishonest capitalists. so much more appears now than of old. Few escape from those amateur public prosecutors, not of the press but of our acquaintances, who come into our house under various pretexts. take all that we have to share with them, and, in turn, sap our credit by a system of petty criticism of every act and word, from which the Lord Himself would not have escaped unscathed. They find what they seek in human nature, these people, nothing but blemishes. There are undesirable accretions on most characters that can be sloughed at will, leaving the character as it should be; but it is the sloughed accretions which the scavenger critic rakes out of the dust heaps of our dead selves, to which they belong, and would fain readjust to prove his point. Certainly honor is not very conspicuous at the present time in the habits of men, whatever it may still be in their estimation. Some say that It never was at so low an ebb; but that means, in a free country. Titles origcan only be said in ignorance. Take the Creevy papers, for instance, to go the bearer, and with us honorable and no further back. From the prince in right honorable are the most ordinary power to the struggling party politician, what a picture we have there of sordid self-seeking, of motives so mean that a man must have extinguishd in himself the most rudimentary sense of honor before he could have acted

upon them. Still, the fact that the existence of honor in man has come to be called in question contains a threat which is significant. Our national honor has been little vaunted of late. Our commercial honor is a sore subject. Our professional honor stands highest, but even it has been assailed. And as to honor in politics, no one expects it of us. Lately a politician in high repute, an ex-member of many governments, the hero of many a hard won debate, was describing to me some electioneering antics in which he had been engaged. and in the enjoyment of his subject he burst out with the assurance that of course he had lied; he had to lie, or he never would have carried his point. It is not man's honor but his dishonor that calls for comment every day.

The early life of a woman of my time, cast out into the world, as was the custom, without preparation, her faith in man full fledged, and no suspicion in her soul, was apt to be darkened by disillusion. I know not how it may affect a boy, but the first shock of proof that a man can lie is a thing from which a girl never recovers-I mean a girl who has been brought up in the tradition of honor. There are still some such. In the case of the boy, it may be that the system of education at our public schools, by which a hatred of learning is implanted for life in the breasts of the majority of the pupils, may be subtly calculated to destroy all inconvenient sensitiveness on the subject of honor, as a practical means of fitting boys for suc. cess in any career by robbing them at the outset of an old-fashioned incumbrance. To hear men talk is to think so sometimes. Levity is the pose of the would-be wit of to-day, and the tone or the subject of honor tends to sink low enough to be tainted by levity. In modern fiction heroes and heroines are often made to lle as a matter of course, and the reader is not expected to think any the worse of them. In the days of Dickens the badge of honor was the unsullied word of hero and heroine. Even in conversation men may be heard nowadays taking credit to themselves for having lied successfully on occasion, a thing that would not have been tolerated in general society barely a century ago. Doubtless in those days there were men enough who dishonored their word, but when they did so they held it a lapse, not an evidenc of smartness, and kept the matter to themselves. There was still in them at that time the saving grace of shame. An evidence of the change of tone in this respect came to me first from a man of mark in his own time, a Roman Catholie convert, ardent in his devotional exercises, devouring to the full, with keen aesthetic fervor, the emotional possibilities of his religion. We were discussing a point of honor, and he argued hotly that a man is not dishonored by a lie so long as he does not bear false witness.

When a word falls into disuse, the quality of which it is the symbol is apt to atrophy. In England the word honor is becoming antiquated, if not obsolete. No one now is expected to talk of his honor, and the subject in the abstract is only tolerated in the official utterances of preachers in their pulpits, orators on their platforms, or an editor in a leading article. The man who should venture to discuss honor in a fashionable drawing-room to-day would be quenched with the silence which signifies that he had committed a solecism.

The ebb of honor corresponds to the rise of the parvenu in our midst, and the spread of the commercial spirit among the decadent nobility, whose sense of honor is notoriously anaemic. By the commercial spirit I mean the spirit which never gives, but always barters; which calculates upon a return of its offerings with interest; and tends to make a cutlet for a cutlet the highest hope of our modern hospitallthat it does not appear in the par- globe, civilized or savage.

ARAH GRAND, in an ar- | earth does it mean. this noblesse ticle printed in the London oblige you are always talking about?" In all this there is an indication of danger, yet such statements make for

misrepresentation when unqualified, disbonest tradesmen, and a small clique of smart rogues of both sexes conspic uous in society: but these people are the scum of their various classes, who have risen like scum to the surface and there become conspicuous, attain ing an unenviable notoriety, not by reason of their merits, but for want of the solid qualities which might have secured fame for them in more desir able places. The nation is not to be tried by the standard of decadent peers and unscrupulous capitalists The parvenu, on his promotion, his wealth made by methods which wil' not bear investigation, is not our typical self-made man. We have still our hereditary gentlemen, in whose fami lies the tradition of honor has been banded down unsullied to the present time; and we have our great representatives of honorable commerce, whose careers are proudly quoted in evidence of what a man may rise to, by honest inally indicated what was expected of titles. Honor is the health of a nation, and bonor is still our national ideal. It has been no vain boast from of old that an Englishman's word is his bond, and English women will see to it that it does not cease to be so

BRAVE MAMMA HIPPOPOTAMUS. An Incident Showing That Somewhere in the Huge Animal Lies a Brain.

The hippomotamus is not generally credited with great Intellectual power but it seems from the following incident, taken from the Popular Science Monthly, that somewhere in that mass of flesh and fat resides a brain prompt to act when necessity demands. For several weeks the wonder an delight of an English zoological park was a baby hippopotamus, which was named Guy Fawkes because its birthday fell upon the 5th of November.

The young hippopotamus was about the size of a bacon pig, of a pinkishslate color, and as playful as a kitten. It was only three days old when, as the superintendent of the zoo was watching the little fellow's antics, it dived to the bottom and did not rise. The grown animals never remain under water much longer than three minutes; so as the time went on and no baby reappeared, the superintendent became alarmed.

When twenty minutes had elapsed he gave orders that the water be drawn from the tank to recover the body of what he felt sure was a dead baby hippopotamus. As the plug was being removed young Guy Fawkes appeared, shaking his funny little horselike ears, and wearing a hippopotamic grin, which seemed to say, "Don't be frightened; I'm all right. You don't know all about me yet." The young animals have a great power of remaining under later, which they lose

as they increase in years. The next time baby went to the bottom, however, was not so much of a joke. He tried to climb up the side of the tank in which there were no steps, He fell back again and again, until he sank exhausted. The keepers were gathered about the tank in great anx lety, but unable to help. The mother, however, hurried to her baby with al! her clumsy baste. She dived, put her broad nose under Guy Fawkes, show eled him up, and held him above the surface until he had recovered his breath and was rested.

It was nearly half an hour before the little fellow was able to make another attempt. Then he made a huge effort. Mamma Hippopotamus gave a big shove with her head, and Muster Guy Fawkes clambered triumphantly up the side of the tank.

Angle-Saxon English. There is an old fallacy that Anglo-Saxon words are best. The fallacy is based on the belief that words of Anglo-Saxon origin are more simple and vigorous than those derived from Latin. In point of fact, some Anglo-Saxon words are obscure and long, and many of our commonest, most simple words are from the Latin. The London News tells a story in point.

A barrister more remarkable for the vigor of his address to juries than for his learning was commenting on the proceeding of the other party in a case

"I do not know what gloss my learned friend is going to put upon this matter, but I will not mince my words I denounce it in plain, downright Anglo-Saxon English as a nefarious

Sees Evils in Overstudy. Henry R. Edmunds, President of the Philadelphia Board of Education says half the public school pupils of that city are suffering from ills brought on by overstudy. The principal evils resulting, he says, are nervous affections and defective eyesight, both largely traceable to excessive home study and the crowding of too many branches into the elementary grades. He champions the abolition of afternoon classes and the wiping out of s home study.

Mythical Creatures of Japan. Japanese believe in more mythical ty. Honor is of slow growth; it is said creatures than any other people on the venu family until the third generation these are serpents 800 feet long and Among -which I should accept as an indica- large enough to swallow an elephant; tion of the place these people have foxes with eight legs, monkeys with won for themselves in the estimation four ears and fishes with ten heads atof the public, rather than as a state- tached to one body. They also believe ment of the exact truth, although it in the existence of a crane which, afdid happen to me once to be asked in | ter it has lived 600 years, has no need confidence by one of them, "What on of any sustenance except water,

UNIQUE HOTEL R3_ES Ame Regulations Which Add to the Joy

of Life in Atlantic City. Atlantic City has a number of hotels given over to "stags," and one of these displays the following signs:

"Parties contemplating suicide will be furnished with all necessary facili ties and the latest improved methods, with assistance free and funeral ex penses defrayed. "Telegraph and telephone service

"Stationery and postage stamps furnished free.

"Female typewriters on every floor. "The best and most courteous attention given to old maids (the older the better), and families with small children (the more the merrier).

"Patrol wagons, ambulances and cushion-tired hearses on hand awaiting demand.

"Dogs allowed in any room in the house, including the family room. "Gentlemen can drink, smoke, swear, chew, gamble, tell shady stories, stare at the new arrivals or indulge in any other amusement common to firstclass hotels in any part of the country "Female bicycle messengers on every

"Couples desiring the services of a minister will kindly leave word at the office. One of any denomination will be furnished at short notice. We stand in with them all.

"Parties desiring to leave by the window will notify the porter, so that he can lend his assistance.

"Hair dressing, chiropody and manicuring free of charge. "Don't blow out the gas. If you

must commit suicide, find some other process. "The clerks are college graduates carefully selected to please everybody,

and can lead in prayer, play draw poker, lawn tennis, croquet, shake the dice, dance a jig, play billiards, take a seitch in crochet work, lead the german, spin a tough yarn, play on the cornet and plane, put on the gloves work the growler, hold a baby, deliver a lecture and wait on forty gentlemen at once. They are authority on all sporting events throughout the coun try, can talk Dutch, French, Hebrew Navajoe, Army Joe, Greek, Latin, Choctaw and How-de-do and whistle the balance."-Washington Star.

Making Figures Lie.

"Most of the figures handed out by these physical culture cranks on the subject of cheap living," said a housekeeper who does her own marketing "make women extremely weary, Out husbands and sons read them, believe them, and then sniff significantly at the weekly totals in the grocer's book I was reading the other day an article by a well-known New York physical culturist who undertook to show how he had lived fifteen days on eightyfour cents. He put down crushed outs at three cents a pound. Eight cents is the correct figure if you want outs that have any nourishment in them. He mentioned watercress at five cents a bunch. Well, one bunch lasts my husband two meals. It would look pret;y thin strung out over fifteen days. He charges for three pounds of rice fifteen cents. It costs eleven cents a pound if you want good rice. For ten apples he allows ten cents. Must be queer apples. For six Swede turnips he puts down six cents. The grocers have been charging six cents for one all winter. No use trying to fool women with figures like these. They know better."

Onick Work At one time B

Marquette, was university preacher at Cornell for a few weeks, and during that time he not only gave fine sermons, but provided his friends at the university with many good stories. One he brought from Winnipeg where he had been attending the synod of the Canadian Church. He had seen

there a missionary bishop who had come a long Journey, traveling for six weeks, most of the time by canoe. This missionary had brought mes sages and excuses from a brother

bishop, who was prevented from coming to the synod because "his diocess had gone to the dogs." He proceeded to explain that the

brother bishop was laboring among the Eskimos, north of Hudson Bay He had built them a church with whales' ribs for rafters, covered with tanned walrus hide.

"It held eighty persons," said the missionary bishop, "and served its purpose well until in a bad time time dogs grew famished and devoured the

Handless Fiddler. Frank Clawson is the name of

singular fiddler, of Atlanta, who is without hands. Many years ago he was caught in a blizzard and his army frozen so badly that both hands were amputated at the wrists. For a long time the violin was silent and he sup posed that his fiddling days were over He decided, however, to experiment and, being a mechanical genius. he made a contrivance of heavy wire which would enable him to wield the bow. The fingering was more difficult. but by long practice he trained the stump of his left hand to make the necessary shifts from one string to home." another and the varying positions With the violin held in place by his chin and knees and with the help of his fingerless arms, Clawson manager to play his old-time selections with nearly as much skill as he formerly

tooth was unearthed at the Tennesser Marble Company's property near Concord a few days ago, and was brough to Knoxville, where it has created con siderable curiosity. The tooth was found in making a dam for the opera tion of a hydraulic ram. The tooth is a fossil, but identically like the orig inal tooth. It shows every indenture and surface condition of a real tooth It is about seven inches in length across the crown and about fou: inches wide. The roots are perfect, except where broken off near the daughter told me to get. You guarate points. The broken places show the tee it to be one of the popular songs of hollow part of the tooth. It is thought the day?" that the tooth is the only part of the

- seenal.

Mastodon Tooth in Tennessee.

A magnificent and perfect mastodor

Humor of

A soldier of the Russians
Lay japanned at Tschrizvkjskivitch,
There was lack of woman's nursuas
And other comforts which
Might add to his last moments Might add to his last moments.
And smooth the final way:
But a comrade stood beside him
To hear what he might say.
The japanned Russian faltered
As he took that comrade's hand,
And he said: "I never more shall see
My own, my native land;
Take a message and a token
To some distant friends of mine.
For I was born at Smnlxzrskgqrxski,
Fair Smnlxzrskgqrxski on the Irkztrvs
klmnov."
-W. J. Le. in New York Sun

-W. J. L., in New York Sun.

He-"At wha, time in a girl's life should she be engaged?" She-"Just before she is married."-Yonkers Statesman.

The Other Fellows.

Engagement Time.

Little Willie-"Say, pa, what kind of modesty is false modesty:" Pa-"False modesty i the kind other people have, my son."

Setisfied. Salesman-"Are those shoes large enough for you?"

Pretty Girl-"No, but they, match my suit."-Detroit Free Press.

The Two Kinds. "The great art of conversation is to tempt other people to talk." "Yes, but some people need to be

headed off."-Cincinnati Tribune.

Hardly. "Did you take in the Louisiana Purchase Exposition?"

"Well," said the man, jingling three penuies and a souvenir medal, "I doubt if the exposition was taken in."

Enough. "Geewhilikins, what's the matter with Biffins? Has he lost his money In speculations?"

"Oh, no. Biffins is all right. That is merely his housecleaning time face."

Making Himself Agreeable. "Uncle George says I was born with a silver spoon in my mouth."

"A spoon in that little mouth! Oh! I see-it was one of those after-dinner coffee spoons."-Cleveland Plain Deal-

Reciprocity. She-"But if you say you can't hear

the girl, why ever did you propose?" He-"Well, her people have always been awfully good to me, and it's the only way I could return their hospitality."-Punch.

The Only Hope.

"Of course, she's got a pretty baby now; our only hope is that as she gets older she'll grow handsomer." "Yes, I guess there's nothing for

you to do but believe in 'age before beauty."-Philadelphia Press. Changed His Boarding House.

"Is your dog trained?" asked the new boarder.

"Oh, my, ye;," replied the boardinghouse lady; "he goes down to the butcher's every day and brings home the meat for dinner in his mouth."

His One Accomplishment. "But," she protested, "you should be ambitious to make a name or a for-

tune for yourself. You can't make anything by sitting still." 'I can make love," he replied, with a

soulful simper.-Chicago Tribune. Lucky. "There goes the lucklest man in St.

Louis," remarked the old resident of the exposition city. "Lucky! He don't look it."

"Well, he is. He hasn't got a relation in the world outside of St. Louis,"

Next Best. "Ah!" she sighed, "now that you have rejected my proffered hand, I have nothing more to live for."

"Oh, I don't know." he replied. "There are two full-page bargain advertisements in this evening's paper." -Chicago News.

Easy. Teacher-"Williams, this is an example in subtraction. Seven boys went down to a pond to bathe, but

two of them had been told not to go into the water. Now, can you tell me how many went in?" Williams-"Yes, sir, seven."

Went Higher Up. "He isn't in our social set any more.

"So I understand."

"Yes, he dropped out some time ago." "Why, he gave me to understand he

had climbed out."-Philadelphia Press. Fond Memories. She-"Do you remember the first

night you called?" He-"Oh. res." "I had a sort of flower in my hair,

didn't 1?" "Yes, and I had some sort of flour on the lapel of my coat when I got

New Occupation. "I don't see your name in the magazines any more."

ing unpublished poems of Burns, Byron, and the rest of them, and posthumous novels of a dozen authors whodied without permission of their pub-

Better Unsaid.

Paterfamilias (to unexpected guest) -"Why didn't you send us word you were coming? Pot-luck, you know. my boy! Hope you have managed to make a pretty good dinner."

you, old man! I hope I may never have a worse one."

Customer-"I think this is what my

mastoden to be found at the place, the course I can't guarantee its popularity tago Tribune.

"No; all my time is occupied in writ-

Unexpected Guest (politely)-"Bless Limited Guarantee.

Music Dealer-"Yes, sir; but of

tooth being probably carried to the among your neighbors after your place by water. - Knoxville (Tenn.) laughter has learned to sing it." - Chi-

When the pathway stretching endwise tow'rd life's slowly setting sun' Shows the lions with their chains all hid from view.

When it seems there's "nothing doing" in the providential line And when everything (except the sky) looks blue.

Then is not the time to faiter or turn backward from the plow-Will it make a bit of diff'rence in a hundred years from now?

A SUBURBAN SCANDAL.

By A. St. John Adcock.

"No. sir."

vaguely forlorn hope tempted him

"Is Mr. Hilbert here?" he demanded.

"I want to speak to her. Don't

trouble. I will go to her." He stepped

inside and closed the door, and Nelly

was scared by the pallor and the tense

"Why-! What's wrong, Edmund?"

He told her, panting and stammering

"Nonsense!" she interrupted. "There

"There is no mistake!" he cried. "I

"He says"—he was fumbling hastily

in his pockets—"he says he has booked

their passage and she is to meet him

at his office by 7. . . Oh, I can't

find it-must have left it at home! But

"Oh, dear!" faltered Nelly. "I knew

-I-I told Alfred last night that he

was far too attentive to Letty-but oh!

"The ruffian!" he raged, wildly. "If

can only lay hands on him-! But

I can't stop. I want to catch the next

train to Euston. It's a fast train and

"Oh, please wait-let me come with

"Don't talk like a fool! Tell me

"I tell you I don't; I want to know!

And I want to know, too, what are you

"But it's in your writing." Edmund

"Can't help that. I've never written

to Letty in my life-not since you've

known her. Ned, anyhow. Where's

"I thought I had it with me"-Ed-

mund began to search through his

pockets again-"I must have left it.

He pulled it out, and the other two

"Yes, that's mine, right enough." Al-

he broke into a roar of laughter. "It

Nell, here, the day before yesterday."

"It can't be! How can it be?" pro-

"So it is!" she cried, laughing hyster-

ically. "We were going to the theatre,

and weren't sure whether we could get

seats, and Alfred was to try and book

"Well, but," Edmund interrupted, re-

lieved and mortified at the turn affairs

had taken, "how is it that it was in my

"Why, I called to see Letty this

morning, and she had a beadache," ex-

plained Nelly, "so I slipped back home

to fetch her some tabloids, and this is

the paper I wrapped them in-it hap-

pened to be in my pocket. I gave Letty

the tabloids and threw the paper in the

fender. If I had thought of it while

you were telling me-and yet how

"And you boited in pursuit of Letty

and me!" chuckled Alfred. "I called

at the paper shop on my way home,

I was inside. When I reached home I

found the girl balf off her head. All

she knew was that Ned, here, had been

shouting, and you had run away with

him, and she had heard one of you say

you must catch the next train to Eus-

ton. I didn't know what to make of

it, so I came after you, and just man-

aged to scramble into the last carriage

as the train started. . . I say.

talk about running away with another

again-"I think it's me that ought to

light of his humiliation. and by de-

grees the others sympathetically sub-

dued themselves to his bumor.

But Edmund was in no mood to make

"It's no laughing matter"-

"All right! You ask Nelly."

Nelly glanced at it again eagerly.

two tearing off together like this for?"

"You know well enough"-

was as baffled as themselves.

note was not from me."

insisted.

the letter?"

No, here it is."

read it over his shoulder.

house—in the fireplace."

know, and that's his note."

house?"

could I?"

"And you both thought I"-

may get me to his office just in time."

"Where is Mrs. Hilbert?"

expression of his face.

must be some mistake"-

says. What am I to do?"

I never dreamt"-

you!"

alight.

two off to?"

face with Alfred Hilbert.

mund, seizing his arm.

what's happened."

have his letter to her."

"Where is lt?"

she ejaculated.

ncoherently.

"In the drawing room, sir."

DMUND DOLBY went | his watch from his pocket. A quarter past 6. There was a bare possibility that he might even yet be in time to intercept them, and he must make the was out. "Do you know most of that. As he passed the Hilberts' door a

Mrs. Dolby is, Martha?" he aside, and he knocked till the servant opened it.

eack in half an hour." Edmund returned to the sitting room, and lay back in the low armchair by the fire in gloomy meditation. He had seen uneasy in his mind all day, for the night before he and Letty had quarreled, and it was because this had been fretting him and he was wistful of making his peace with her that he had contrived to get home so much

The fact that this chanced to be his

The facts in connection with that quarrel were, chiefly, these: Edmund's one particular friend in Watford was Alfred Hilbert and Letty's one particzlar was Nelly Hilbert, bis wife. Once a week the Dolbys went round the coraer and spent an evening with the Hilberts, and once a week the Hilberts came round the corner and spent an evening with the Dolbys. Moreover, they frequently dropped in on each other informally; the wives occasionally shopped together, the husbands look Sunday strolls together, and their friendliness would have been absolutely ideal but for one jarring circum-

Alfred resigned himself to the inevit-

friend and had remained so ever since. new all about the beginning. Alfred treated it as a jest. After they were all married he would speak of his past infatuation

ise that nobody enjoyed the joke but He was that sort of a man. Instead of growing inured to his facetious descriptions of his extinct passion, Edmund more and more resented them, even rebuking Letty now and then, as

Last night, after the Hilberts were gone, he had rebuked her with unreawife, and that Letty's manner toward

than he meant, as an angry man will. Letty was disposed at the outset to tested Edmund. "I found it at my answer him laughingly, but her flippancy exasperated him. Finally, he so lost control of herself that his preposterous hints and innuendoes stung and insulted her. Her cold dignity was unabated by breakfast time this morning. and, as he could not humble himself

city sullenly, without kissing her. Away from her he remembered all

and cry brought tears to his eyes. aginings-and she was out. "If she had sent me a telegram ask-

There was a piece of crumpled paper and I reckon you two went by whilst

He started to his feet and snatched

heads and parted, and when Edmund returned home there was Letty waiting

She met him in the hall, and, before he could decide how to greet her she etasped her arms round his neck. A tender mist shone in her eyes, and everything was coming about as ideally as he had pictured it to himself in his

"Yes. . . . You were not here."

He took most of the wishes in kisses

and is stimulating her growth of cin-They reached the station not a mochona.-Boston Transcript. ment too soon. The train stopped nowhere until it arrived at Euston. As it drew up at the platform Edmund sprang out and assisted Nelly to "Here! What's up? Where are you They started round and were face to "Where is my wife?" gasped Ed-

> son gets into some kind of difficulty, we say he is in 'hot water.'

"Rumors are always termed 'affoat."

crat.

"Why, mustn't a man write to his own wife, then? It's the note I sent to

> omitted. The document reads as follows: Kansas, he being a farmer of said

county and State.

scribed my name this 30th day of March, A. D. 1904.

of patrons at Grocer Light's store.-Back again at Watford, they shook | Philadelphia Record,