CHAPTER XII. Continued.

As neither knew the wilderness paths, progress was slow; but they pressed steadily forward till the distance seemed to lengthen interminably. Then Jacqueline spoke.

"Surely, we are both lost now, she said. "I think we are walking in a circle. Let us call again to Vic.'

St. George raised a shout, which was answered by Vic in person. At a swift trot the girl came through the thickets and screeched at sight of St. George.

"Goodness me! You here, sir? I've been hunting high and low for Miss Hatton-thought she'd got skairt and turned back. Come along-it's the house. I can see it from the edge of the wood '

The trio emerged from the island wilderness and stood on the level of scattered igneous rock above Philip Trevor's hermitage. There the calamity of the night was fully revealed to all.

The stone house, gutted and blackened, was still spurting jets of flame from fallen roof and rafter; but the stone walls remained firm-a grim ruin, indeed, like the nest of a sea eagle that hunters had harried. The little party drew near to it in silence, looking vainly round for the dispossessed inmates. Not a vestige of life was anywhere visible. The snapping of the fire, the falling of the debris, the swish of waves on the neighboring ledges, were the only sounds that greeted their ears. Vic's keen eye turned to the pier. The sloop was

She pointed seaward. St. George and Jacqueline looked, and saw a sail flitting southward, like a great bird. Before a rising wind, it dipped into the gray distance, and seemed to melt away with the line of far feaden

"There they go!" shouted Vic. "Goodby to your hopes of a fortune, Miss Hatton, dear! They're all left the island-burned the house and taken themselves off by the light of

Jacqueline's eyes followed the vanishing sail, and filled with bitter

"'Diseases deperate grown, By desperate appliance are relieved, Or not at all.'

she quoted. "Philip Trevor is the very man to adopt this heroic measure!

Vic turned to St. George.

"Fear of you and of Miss Hatton is at the bottom of the whole business!' she said. "I knew last night he was a boat, sir?" to St. George. ready for anything. Say, I'll wager my head Joe Raby is sailing that sloop! Let's go to his hut!"

In gloomy silence St. George stalked after the two girls. He was burning with rage. His enemy had balked and defeated him.

As the party neared the skipper's dwelling they saw that the door stood open. Raby's sea chest and various other things had vanished from the interior; but in their place sat a woman, greaning and rocking herself in pain. It was the Portuguese cook.

'Goodness gracious, Juana!" cried Vic. as she bounced into the hut, 'why didn't you make off with the others? Who set the house on fire? And why did they all go, and leave you behind?"

The woman's swarthy face lighted a: sight of the former house maid. She was badly burned about the arms and hands, and was nursing her hurts with moans and lamentations. She replied to Vic in a patois that St. George and Jacqueline did not understand; but they saw Vic's expressive face grow black with dismay.

"Oh, my soul!" she cried, in horror, as she turned to her companions, "Juana says that Raby has gone alone in the sloop. Mr. Trevor and his wife are-are-in the stone house!"

Jacqueline dared not even glance toward St. George. Her limbs began to shake under her. Constant association with Juana had made Vic familiar with her broken speech. She plied the groaning woman with questions, and interpreted her replies to the others. The cook was gesticulating wildly with her burned hands.

"She says," quoth Vic, "that very late last night Mr. Trevor was talking with some one outside the houseoh, Lord, 'twas me! When he came in he went to his wife's room, and the pair had high words. Juana woke from sleep, and heard them quarreling. Of late Mrs. Trevor has been kept under lock and key. Cook heard | ibly. something thrown down violently in the poor lady's chamber-she thinks it was a lamp. In a few minutes the house was ablaze. She says Mr. Trevor brought his wife out of her room in his arms, and then ran to his library to secure papers or moneyhas a safe built there in the wall. He was never seen again. Cook found Mrs. Trevor, wrapped in a white dressi -g-gown, standing at a window, and calml; looking out on the sea. Juana implored her to leave the house-to make haste. She even seized and tried to drag her by force. but Mrs. Trevor resisted stoutly, and commanded cook to let her alone. 'I do not want to live,' she said; 'I will not live!' Juana stayed till she was well scorched herself, as you can see; then she fled for her life, and Mrs.

Trevor was smothered in the smoke." More grouns and gesticulations from the woman and Vic continued her woeful tale:

"Juana says she roused Peter, and he got safely out of the house, but he couldn't be satisfied with that. Like Lot's wife, he had to turn back. "I know where Trevor keeps his money,' he said to cook. 'Plenty of it-enough to make you and me rich for life.' He went into the house again by a rear door, and

Copyrigit 201. by F. 20. DOF 201. | bub woke him, of course; but he didn't wait to help any one. He just got the sloop under weigh, flung his traps aboard, and sailed off in the

early morning." Vic and Jacqueline fell to bandaging the Portuguese woman's burns. When this was done they found that St. George had left the hut. They looked out and saw him standing on the pier, with his face turned seaward. Jasqueline could guess the bitter thoughts that now possessed him.

Presently the sun arose gloriously from the sea and all the lonely island blushed with joy. The night of horror was over. Wan spirals of smoke still curled about the ruins, but the fire was fast dying out. Having made Juana comfortable, Vic and Miss Hatton set about preparing breakfast in Joe Raby's hut. Tea was made and the larder rifled of such remnants as remained in it. Then Vic said:

"Won't you go and speak to Mr. St. George, miss? He must be awfully shaken with all that's happened, and he not half well yet!"

Jacqueline went softly down to the pier-to the silent, stony figure standing there alone in the joyful morning. She called his name, and ner strong, sweet voice went through him like an electric shock. Here was one who summoned him out of his gloom into a new life, where hope and happiness were again possible. He turned, with a sudden renewal of strength, to see her descending the rocks, with the blithe sun on her face and the rich, disordered hair blowing out in the wind.

"Both you and I have suffered much from Philip Trevor," he said, "but he has managed to escape us after all."

"Still, we have been terribly avenged!" shuddered Jacqueline. 'Pray come back to the hut. I have made you a cup of tea. Do you mean to bring to naught all my nursing at the cave? You need strength to-day. The old question is still staring us in the face-how are we to leave the island?"

"What! Has that infernal skipper taken boats as well as sloop?"

"Vic has found the Victory, with a big hole stove in her bottom, but Raby's skiff has disappeared." Jacqueline and St. George returned

to the hut. She poured him a cup of tea, and he drank it absently, while they discussed the situation. "Two things we must do," said

Vic; "hoist a signal of distress, to attract passing fishermen, and plug the hole in the Victory. I hope Joe Raby left some tools here. Can you mend

"I can try," he answered, with a grim smile, "though I never learned the trade.'

how to make a search for the-thehodies"-

"Halloo, the island!" Strong and loud the hail came from

the water straight toward the pier. It held two men. "Halloo, the boat!" shouted Vic.

at the top of her lungs. One of the men waved his sou'wester. "Jim!" screamed Vic, and ran down to the feet and sailed sadly away. pier, leaving the others to follow more leisurely. Jim Bumpus brought the boat to the stair, made it fast and saluted his sweetheart first and St. George afterward.

"So here you are, sir?" he said. 'You're not drowned, then? I began to think you and the Victory had gone down together. You've made a longer stay at Deadman's than's permitted to most people. Gosh! what's happened to the house?" Fire? You don't say! I've brought over a gentleman that's looking for Mr. Trevor. He reached Watchhaven last night, and nothing would do but he must start early. Seems to me a curus tide of travel has set this way lately. I'll have to raise the price of boats.'

The gentleman mentioned stepped ashore. It was now Jacqueline's turn to start. He extended his hand.

"Mr. Craven," she said, half-angrily, "this is a great surprise! What brings you to Deadman's Island?"

"Several things," replied Teddy, in a meek, apologetic voice, "but the principal one is-yourself. I came to find you, Miss Hatton."

### CHAPTER XIII.

Frowningly Jacqueline looked at her erstwhile suitor. Teddy wore his usual shy, unobstrusive air; but under her searching gaze he winced vis-

"Did Doris send you?" demanded Jacqueline.

Teddy grew as red as a lobster. "No," he stammered; "that is, your sister is greatly worried, but she did not send me-I came of my own accord. I wanted to speak with Philip Trevor myself."

"Then you are too late. Mr. Craven. Look at the house yonder-it was burned last night, and Philip Trevor in it."

Craven staggered back a step.

"Heaven above!" he cried in hor-"How did it happen?"

It was Vic who poured forth the story to the astonished Jim and his passenger--Vic, overjoyed, now that help had come, and woes were passed. When the gruesome tale was told, Teddy drew up his inferior person, as me, I-yes, you shall hear me confess there'd be no other subject of conthough throwing off some weight it-I also need you!" long endured. With a dignity new and strange he faced Jacqueline and St. George. A swift and subtle change had come over him--both

was an altered man "This matter concerns me more closely than either of you can well imagine," he said, mournfully. "Miss propre spoke aloud in the closing Hatton, you were angry just now because I had presumed to come in hasn't search of you. Forgive me. I could

heart longer. I determined to appeal lovable than yours-she has not half to Philip Trevor myself. There was your willfulness, Jacqueline! I beg a chance, slim, indeed, but a bare chance, that he might listen, for-he was my father."

"Mr. Craven-Teddy!" cried Jacqueline.

He married my mother, "Yes. Margaret Craven, of Yorkshire, Eng- friends of mine have a villa at Niceland, in his early youth. He deserted the Cravens, of Yorkshire. A nephew her and she returned to her own of the family, Mr. Theodore Craven, country, her own people. At my has lived in the States, and he tells birth she died. My mother's kindred me he knows you well. He will have cared for me, educated me, and called | business in Havre about the time me always by the name of Craven. the steamer arrives. Let Doris cable When I reached maturity I came to me, and Mr. Craven will meet her, America, and there learned that my and conduct her safely to Mentone." father had covered himself with infamy, and was practically a fugitive. line. Accident flung me with the Wingates, and with the daughters of John Hatton, who had suffered so much at Philip Trevor's hands. I cannot hope, Doris, sweetly. "Why should I not? Miss Hatton, that you will pardon me You are now too happy to miss me. for being his son, but permit me to and I have never been abroad. I say this: Should I find the fortune will return in a few weeks, dear." of which you and your sister were so vilely robbed, it will be my blessed privilege to restore it intact to you."

"this is, indeed, a strange thing to change, love, and," with a glorious hear! And yet I know, I feel, that blush, "I should be selfish indeed to you are speaking the truth! The put so much as a straw in the way of son of Trevor! But you are not like your pleasure, when my own cup of him-no, neither in body nor soul, you dear, good boy!"

her own. She forgot then that he honest eyes and simple manners that had ever been her lover-her whole had marked him of old. He made no heart went out to him, as to one who attempt to disguise his joy at seeing had suffered wrongs greater than her her again.

"I blame you for being your fath--no-never!"

He drew some papers from his pocket and pressed them into her

"Thank you!" he said, gratefully. lines, and the certificate of my birth and baptism. I brought them with me, thinking they might be needed, his good fortune. Doris looked at in the interview which I meant to him with sympathetic eyes. She knew inve with Philip Trevor. I beg you that he had not retained a dollar of to read them, and I-I-will go away Philip Trevor's money .. by myself a little while, and try to realize all that has happened."

Before the day was done the dismantled house had yielded its secrets. The bodies of Philip Trevor and his wife were recovered from the ruins, and likewise the few charred bones that remained of the man Peter. All were buried together on the island.

The safe, built in the wall of the library was found uninjured. Aided by St. George and Jim Bumpus, Teddy Craven opened it, and took charge of its contents-bonds, securities, money and bank accounts. The young man was Philip Trevor's sole heir, and Deadman's Island, and all other possessions of the deceased, belonged now to him.

Jacqueline returned to Doris and the Wingates, and St. George to the white-haired mother and the little hunch-back son, in the aristocratic Back Bay house. To John Hatton's daughters, Teddy

Craven restored every dollar of John Hatton's fortune. Jacqueline's endeavors had brought her nothing-it was solely by means of the insignificant Teddy that the lost wealth came back to its rightful owners. Vic and Jim Bumpus received, on their wed-"You see, help must be got some- ding day, a fine new fishing schooner, a snug house at Watchhaven, and lutely to her side. a sum of money that secured them from future want. Then Deadman's Island was left to the storms of the seaward. The party rushed out of Atlantic and the tragic memory of its the hut. A cat boat was dancing over late possessors; for Teddy Craven, daughter? I tried, Doris, but I failed! after adjusting the affairs of his deceased father, received a sudden call to England. His maternal relatives desired his presence there. So Teddy shook the dust of America from his

. . . . . It was an opera night, with Verdi's passionate music pulsing in the air. In a corner of her gilded box sat Jacqueline Hatton, gazing dreamily Philip Trevor's son than any treas-down upon the stage. A cream-white ure in the world!" cloak, bordered with ostrich tips and lined with soft rose silk, like the first blush of dawn, slipped back from her dazzling shoulders. La France roses drooped in the lace of her corsage, here and there a diamond flashed from the rich coils of her hair. Miss I have never seen many. There are made a quiet foil to the beauty of her companion.

The soaring voice of the silverthroated tenor rang through the black Mwamba in bed with me. house. George St. George, standing in the shadow of the curtain behind Jacqueline, heaved an impatient sigh.

best, to my taste, is the Trovatore," she murmured, mischievousiy. "But you are not listening to this aria."

"No," he admitted, with reckless candor. "I did not come to the opera to hear arias, but to talk to you."

"Merci! Already Miss Wingate is

looking at us in wonder." "Miss Wingate's eyes have no terrors for me, and do I not know that her ears are sealed? Jacqueline, I am desperately tired of life, as I now

She gave a laughing glance at the blond face which still bore the scar of skipper Joe's bullet.

"You should consult a physician, she said.

"That is exactly what I am trying to do. And you are the physician, Jacqueline. Remember, this is not the Bits. first time I have been cast helpless on your hands. I am lonely and heartsick, and I love you, and covet you with all the strength left in me. Come to me, darling-I need you inexpressibly-poor Easil needs you!"

The color fluttered in her cheekher eyes grew moist.

"Will Basil ever love me as he loves Doris?" she answered, softly, "I fear not; but I must try hard to the poet sadly. "If they let us talk win a place in his heart. If you need about our work all we wanted to Three months later Jacqueline

married George St. George.

Far away in her villa, among the sent from Europe to this country. olive and lemon gardens of the Rivi- simply preserved in brine, to escape saw that, in a moment, Teddy Craven era. Aunt Bradshaw heard the news the high duty on fruits preserved in and wrote her stiff congratulations. She had by n means forgiven Jacqueline, and her wounded amour lines of her letter:

"Doris is now left alone. Formerly she was not my favorite; but I am | country about \$450,000,000 every

Doris to come to me here-I am old and alone. She is probably worn out with the fatigue and excitement of your wedding, and this paradise of a climate will give her just the rest and change she needs. Some English

"Oh, Doris, will you go to Aunt Bradshaw?"

"Our Teddy again!" said Jacque-

"For a little while," answered

"Once I forsook Aunt Bradshaw to fly to you," smiled Jacqueline, "now you forsake me to go to Aunt Brad-"Oh, Mr. Craven," said Jacqueline, shaw! Well, you certainly need the happiness is full to overflowing."

So Doris sailed for Havre, and in It was an involuntary cry, wrung that old French city she found Teddy from her by the kind, honest eyes Craven awaiting her - Teddey, the and frank, open face that looked into helpful, the kindly, with the same

"I was never so proud in my life," he said, ingenuously, "as when Mrs. er's son?" she said, indignantly. "No Brawshaw gave me permission to escort you to Mentone. My mother's people are at Nice. I have been fortunate enough to make myself valuable to them, and my maternal grandfather, who died a few months ago, "Here are my mother's marriage bequeathed me-a-a-property in Yorkshire.'

He colored awkwardly as he told "I am very glad for you!" she said,

softly. Jacqueline's marriage aroused no

emotion in Teddy. "St. George is just the man to make her happy," he commented, with cheerfulness. "I am sure they

are an amazing fine pair." During the journey to Mentone he waited tirelessly upon Doris-devoted himself, body and soul, to her comfort. His was the vigilant thoughtfulness that smoothes life's rough places and makes pleasant paths for tender feet.

Aunt Bradshaw, received her niece with cordial delight.

"It will go hard with me," she mentally resolved, "if I do not keep her-she shall not forsake me as Jacqueline did."

Man-and woman, also-proposes, but God disposes. One morning, a week after the journey from Havre, Teddy Craven entered the red-roofed villa at Mentone, and in its garden found Doris, walking alone, with her hands full of Mediterranean violets. A flood of sunshine steeped the surrounding olive slopes, and the gray peaks, of the Alpes Maritimes, and shone on the girl's, snowdrop face and golden hair, as Teddy came resc-

"After I sailed for England," he said, "I tried my very best to forget you-for what right had Philip Trevor's son to think of John Hatton's I've been trying ever since-and with the same result. My infatuation for Jacqueline passed, but my love for you remains, and grows stronger daily. Now, tell me-what am I to do?"

"I think your efforts are misdirected," she faltered, "do not try any more, for John Hatton's daughter would sooner possess the love of

### THE END. .

Snakes of East Africa. For one thing East Africa must have credit; snakes are not numerous, as they are in the South, at least Wingate, in a neighboring chair, pythons, but they do not appear to be dangerous. I shall never forget how, down in South Africa, during the war, I once awoke and found a

This snake is absolutely deadly. It frightened me so that after the whole thing was over I went out and 'was "Of all the operas Verdi wrote, the sick. Fortunately I was quite ignorant of the fact that it was under the blankets with me, and rolled out unconcernedly. Had I known it was there, in all probability it would have struck me .- Forest and Stream.

### First Aid.

The telephone bell rang in the consulting room of a doctor which vas an enthusiastic cyclist. In his / bsence his assistant answered it, and said the doctor was out.

"Will you tell him," the voice asked, "that Mrs. Thompson has a gymkhana coming on and wants to know if he can do anything for it?"

"I will tell him the moment he comes in." the assistant answered. "Meanwhile put a bread poultice on it, and renew every two hours."--"it-

### Their Favorite Topics.

"My friends all call me down," complained the artist who had just made a beautiful portrait of a well known actress, "whenever I begin to talk about my work. They won't let me brag a minute. Their either snub me or get up and go away." "They are partly right," remarked

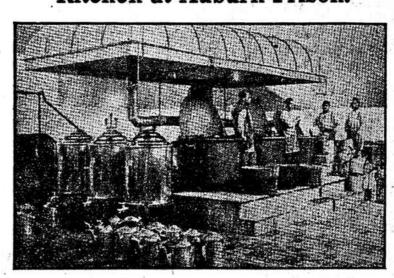
versation."-New York Press. Large quantities of cherries are

sugar. They are then made into

English mercantile marine, which forms more than one-half of the whole world's shipping, brings t'at

"Maraschino" cherries.

# Kitchen at Auburn Prison.



CONVICTS ACTING AS COOKS. -From Leslie's Weekly.

-Tit-Bits.

The False Teeth Trade.

Some idea of the general use of

false teeth may be gathered from the

statement that twenty millions of

may have lost, these figures would

seem to indicate that nearly every

one in England suffers from defective

or missing teeth. As far as observa-

tion goes, the United States is no bet-

ter off than England in this respect.

Can't Knock Down Fares.

If the trolley companies that are

experimenting with pay-within and

pay-as-you-enter cars could make use

of the invention of a Nebraskan their

difficulties would be solved and con-

ductors with peculiar ideas of owner-

down fares. This invention is a pas-

but is adapted for use in carriages

seats are in sockets and mounted on

Tells Distance, Too.

springs. When not in use they are

partly raised, but when a person sits

on them they close and set in opera-

tion an electric registering device.

which registers the length of time a

person is seated, the number of per-

sons who use the seat and the distance

are occupied. The last-mentioned fig-

ures are obtained by means of a chain

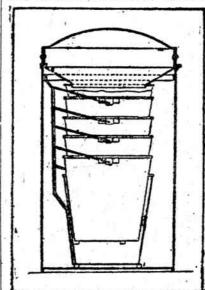
gear which is attached to a wheel of

the carriage, and which works after

the method of the device used in taxi-

#### Handy Fire Apparatus.

A compact and efficient fire-fighting apparatus that is a big improvement over the old-fashioned system, that required a string of buckets hanging along the wall, has been designed by a New York man. This apparatus consists of a tank, inside of which is a device for centering the buckets as they are lowered into it, so that each



Each Comes Out Full.

bucket fits into the one below it, and they are thus "nested," a series of them occupying little more space than one would take up. The tank is filled with water or with some specially prepared fire-fighting fluid, and holds enough to insure each bucket being filled as it is drawn out. There is no time lost in seizing a bucket and running to another place to fill it, and everyone knows that speed is an essential feature in fighting flames. The apparatus not only does away with an unsightly row of buckets, but expedites the work of combating the blaze to an important degree.

#### Kindly Old Plug.



-"Are you sure this horse Auntieis gentle?" Miss Kentuck-"He sure is, auntie,

ment."

The pounding noise of steam pipes can be obviated by attaching to the pipes a small check valve, set to adif he'll stand for that sort of treat- mit air, but not to release any pressure.

### SUPPRESSING THE VOTE.

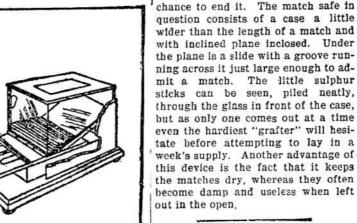
cabs.



"Look here, John Henry, you needn't give yourself airs because you have a right to vote. I've a good mind to keep you in the house all day next time there's an election."-From Brooklyn Life.

### No Matches Wasted.

Men who are accustomed to taking two cents' worth of matches every time they buy a five-cent cigar will be



# In the Flatette.

disappointed when they encounter the

match machine invented by an Ohio

woman. Storekeepers who have been

victimized by this form of petty lar-

ceny are conversely grateful for the

Miss Knicker - "Why didn't you have the flat repapered?" Mrs. Bocker — "It would have nade the rooms so much smaller."-

THE WISE MAN O' BEAUFORS mind the day I went away, away

These two strong hands I meant wan to lay on Fortune's frown An' twist the fickle face of her till it

Not there among the Kerry hilling such a task be done,
Not there where Freedom's self hard five hundred years an' more,
With each day, from the risin' to the tin' o' the sun, As like the wan to follow as the wan

went before.
Where young men trod their fathers'
contentedly an' dreamed,
Nor ever strove for greater weal Nor ever strove for greater was knowledge or renown Than blessed the master o' the so John Kearney, who was deem The wisest an' the richest man in

Fo-day I roam where once was home. Bac here in Beaufort town
I walk the ould familiar ways, but O

beats within me breas
An' so for all me wealth
me presence here,
John Kearney o' the li
prates of verb an' no
An' has no care for any ship would find it impossible to knock senger register for public vehicles, and coaches and not in cars. The



"He said he wouldn't let his daugh r marry a man who couldn't keep job." "But did you explain that yo loved her?" "Yes; but he had come-back ready. Said he loved bet

Nell-"Judging from the way Miss Antique guards the family Bible she must be exceedingly fond of it. She even keeps it under lock and key. Belle-"Yes; you know, the date of her birth is recorded in it."-Phila delphia Record.

Baby's in the ice-cream freezer,
Willie turns the crank to squeeze her.
Ma says: "Dear, the way that's fixed
You'll have that child completely mixed."

—Life.

Myer-"According to reports the are no cats in the arctic regions. Gyer-"That's a fortunate thing the the natives, isn't it?" Myer-"How covered during the time the said seats | so?" Gyer-"Well, just imagin cats in a country where the nights are six months long." - Chicago Daily

The housewife views with failing nerve Preserving time's proximity.
She fears she can't at once preserve Her fruits and equanimity.
—Catholic Standard.

The Shooting Season - Extract from a letter from Bertle to his friend Percy-"Dear Percy: The Daunceys, with whom I am staying, are awfully decent, and do everything they can to make my visit enjoyable. For instance, whenever we go shooting, they give me a whole

### The Respected "Cowcatcher."

The "cowcatcher," or pilot, of American locomotives is an object of derision to European engineers, who killed by the collision. A Germa firm which builds locomotives for the railway from Damascus to Mecca tific American.

### Carp as a Food Fish.

this State with German carp to add to the food supply he didn't count on the delicate taste of Americans. They wouldn't eat the coarse fish, and treated the carp with contempt. Now it seems a use has been found for the carp. Some food experts, noting the low prices at which smoked salmon was offered in Chicago, and investigating, found that it was carp treated with pink paint and liquid smoke. Of course, that fraud will be stopped; but if it was palatable, honest smoked carp, sold under its true name, it ought to be a good contribution to the country's food supply. Evidently it only needs smoking to make it good .- Watertown Times.

# "A Beaut,"

The golden-haired song bird had just bowed to her audience when a man rushed frantically upon the stage and cried:

"Say, doc," asked the man on th stag with a jerk of his thumb to war, inger, "ain't she a beaut?

With hopes an' fears these many toiled in foreign lands,
An' cheek by jowl with Pover on behind the plow,
But these two restless hands o' bare, work hardened han That plucked the frown from brow are filled with mon An' knowledge deeper than ever scholar read Or master ever taught fi quiet study hall, I've gathered through the within this grizzled hall ready there for instanced may call.

Small wonder, then that I wisdom widely famed. Would smile a pityin' smile use thought b' the renown.

Of Master Kearney there at home to the neighbors named. The wissest an' the richest man in Beaufort town.

them are exported from America to England every year. When we consider that probably not more than half the inhabitants of Great Britain indulge in the luxury of false teeth, no matter how many grinders they

I walk the ould familiar ways, but O bitter change;
For out o' tune with everything I was up an' down.
A stranger to the neighbor folk wivery speech is strange.
The great wide world I fought universeled me its gold.

yielded me its goid
Has put its mark upon me, an' it
let me rest.
I look with sorrow on the hills
more can hold
Contentment for the rest

narrow sphere,
Is still the wisest, riche
Beaufort town. A. Daly, in Catho

too."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

field to myself."-Punch.

regard the presence of a large animal on the track as a possibility too remote for serious consideration. But constructors of locomotives for use in colonial or oriental countries would do well to adopt the American practice. In Siam recently two railway accidents were caused by elephants. In one case a train of twenty-seven cars, drawn by two locomotives, was derailed, both engines were overturned and six cars telescoped. In each case the offending elephant was vides cowcatchers of light construction, but strong enough to throw a vagrant camel off the track. Then engines of two Algerian lines are also provided with cowcatchers .- Scien-

## When Seth Green stocked waters in

"Is there a physician in the house?" A young man in the third rot blushing with embarrassment, arose