CHEYENNE

Have you been to Cheyenne? There's the loneliest place, The drearest and searest You'll find on the face Of the earth, and hard by Lieth Laramie town, Once a camp of snown As the home of Bul Nye.

Empty bottles and gravel
And cactus and cans, Broken vows and old hoops."
Scent the hot wind that fans The parched plain. Going back To the bottle and can, I was broke in Cheyenne.

Years after I sat In the manager's car
As it slipped o'er the steel
Trail with never a jar,
And out train orders ran Us by way of Cheyenne.

What a wonderful change Had come over the place! There was one who had eyes Just the hue of the skies, And the low winds were soft, And the things that were quaffed— Well, we laid over there.

"Ah, so much depends,"
I said, with a sigh,
As the hours flew by,
"On a friend and his friends. Say, Debel, how can We go way from Cheyenne?"

—O Warman in New York Sun.

MRS. HUGHES' COOK.

Betty, Mrs. Hughes is in such a ate! That immaculate new cook of here has decamped with a lot of money, not to speak of a brand new Parisian ball gown! I've just seen her—Mrs. Hagles, I mean—and her face was a

Nell paned to laugh, and Betty Lovell looked up from the dainty toque she was trimming to ask amusedly:

"Wasn't she awfully angry? Why, it was only last week she called here and exselled her to the skies—farther, if so she can easily find another."

"Ah, there's where the cream of the oke comes in. Don't you know she is enterta ning Major Lorimer—the Major Lorimer—at dinner tonight? He is passing through Woodthorpe on his way to he Carews for the regimental ball. Mrs. Hughes is an old friend—so she says—so he's staying a couple of days with them. She's got all the eatables in the house for the meals, and can't get any one to cook them! Isn't it rich?"

Betty rose suddenly, to the great detriment of the toque, a lovely rose flush rising in her pretty cheeks, her eyes

Sparkling.
"Net, I've an idea!" she said solumnly.
"I am going to cook that dinner if I berish in the attempt." "Belty, are you quite mad?" incredu-

lously. "What will Mrs. Hughes think? nd if any one saw you you'd never hear the end of it, and father would be wild if he knew.".

"I dun't care," Betty said stoutly.
"I want the money, Mrs. Hughes wants her digner describy cooked . Why shouldn't we mutually oblige each other? Besides, it would buy me a new gown for the ball. My pink trepon is too disgracefully shabby for anything!"

An hour later saw her hard at work in Mrs. Hughes, well arranged kitchen. ordering, making, mixing as fast as her little hands could go. Her harassed em-ployer had seized upon her offer with avidity, and the maids falling into the spirit of the thing oll hade fair to go

Betty had not overrated her capabilities. Each dish was sent up perfectly cooked, garnished and served piping hot, and she gave herself no rest till the tiny cups of black coffee had been safely dispatched up stairs and her evening's work was done.

She had scarcely slipped out of her big apron and sleaves when Mrs. Hughes herself came rustling down stairs, with a beaming smile of per fat face.

"Miss Lovell, you're a genius," she cried fussily. "The dinner was perfect —parfect! Tomopow night—is it too much to expect? I could wire to town, of course?—

"Do you mean you'd like me to come again?" Betty asked good naturedly. "I am quite willing to do so. After all, it is a mutual convenience."

Accordingly, though sorely against Nell's will, Betty again presented herself at the court, but earlier in the afternoon. Finding herself destitute of parsiey, and no one about to fetch it. she decided to be her own messenger, and, running hastily round a corner of the spacious kitchen garden, she collided heavily with some one at the other side.

"Good heavens! I-I hope I haven't hurt you?" a man's deep voice asked concernedly. And Betty lifted up her eyes to find herself face to face with a tall, soldierly man about 30, whose's handsome eyes met hers anxiously.

"I-oh, not at all, thank you," she murmured confusedly. "It was my fault. I-I never dreamed you would

"I'm afraid I came prettily heavily against you. Were you looking for anything?"

"Yes," Betty said, intensely conscious of her pink cotton frock and large linen apron, "I came for some parsley. I-I'm Mrs. Hughes' cook, you know."

"Indeed. May I help you?" gravely. And in a moment Betty beheld Major Lorimer-the hero, the gallant V. C .- stooping to gather enough parsley to stock a regiment.

"Thank you very much, and-and good afternoon." "Good afternoon, and-in case I have

hurt you"-He pressed something into her hand, and Betty fled.

Safe in the innermost recesses of the pantry she opened her hand and with a burning blush and stifled laugh gazed on its contents, for in her p lay a bright, shining goldpiece.

The regimental ball was at its height. To Betty Lovell it was just one long dream of delight, and her pleasure in it reached a colminating point when an officer approached her, in his rear one vividly remembered figure, and Captain Lee said:

"Miss Lovell. Major Lorimer desires

the pleasure of your acquaintance. Major Lorimer-Miss Loyell."

Betty bawed, a wave of color dyeing her fair face crimson. Would he recognize her? She dared not raise her eyes as he asked:

"Am I too late for the honor of a dance? Are you engaged for the next?" "I was, but my partner has been compelled to take an important dowager into supper. You-you may have it, if

you wish." "I thank you!"

His voice was perfectly level and composed, and Betty took courage. Why should he remember a cook? On the strength of this assurance, she looked at him swiftly as he placed his arm lightly around her waist, but his eyes were fixed on her face with a curiously intent, puzzled scrutiny, and she lowered her own hurriedly.

"Are you making a long stay?" she asked hastily, as their steps glided round in perfect unison to the strains of "Beauty's Eyes."

"That altogether depends on circumstances," he answered quietly. "I had intended leaving tomorrow, but now-I cannot say. Shall we sit down?"

He led the way to a delicious little corner framed in by palms and cut off altogether from the laughing crowd beyond. Sinking into a cushioned lounge, she opened her fan lazily. The handle caught and brought into prominence a thin gold chain she wore round her white throat, but at the end, instead of the heart which fashion decrees, dangled a gold coin, gleaming brightly in the lamplight. She made a hasty movement to thrust it out of sight, but his eyes had fallen upon it. Leaning forward abruptly, he took it between his

"A curious ornament, is it not?" he asked searchingly. "Surely it must have some special interest to be far hon-

"Oh, it has!" she said demurely. "It was once given me as-a tip!"

His eyes lighted up. "Ah, then-you are indeed she?" eagerly. "She? Who?" innocently.

"Don't tease me! You know-I'll swear you know! I recognized you at once. Surely there cannot be two such faces in the world! Tell me, did you not last week act as-as Mrs. Hughes'

She burst into a peal of laughter, though the color rose warm in her face.
"I did in sed, and you must own" naively—"that I cooked weil for her!"

Then frankly she told him the story, dding: "I was awfully hard up-we always are, we Lovells-and it seemed a heaven sent chance. You see, I never dreamed I should see you!"

"No. so you said," laughing gayly. "Shall I make a confession? I sounded Mrs. Hughes all I knew to learn something more about you, but the old lady was as discreet as a Hindoo idol. I could get nothing out of her and departed rather out of temper, I'm afraid. I did not know"-slowly-"when I should ee you again."

It was ten days later, and they were strolling idly among the roses in the Lovells' big, old fashioned garden, Betty holding one or two buds in her hand.

He was speaking quickly, earnestly: "I can't stand it any longer, Betty. The fellow is always hanging round you, and it makes me wild. I'm jealousmadly jealous!" "Are you?" Betty asked shyly.

'Why?" "Because I love you-have always loved you since the moment I saw you. Be my wife, darling! I swear I'll love

you and be good to you till I die!" "Even if you weren't," Betty whispered breathlessly, "I should love you just the same-always!"

Then, as he cought her in his arms and kissed her, she added demurely: "And I'll have that goldpiece framed!"-Forget Me Not.

Appreciation of American Swells. And the Englishman said: "Our aristocracy, with their airs and assumptions, were inherited by us. They are, in the main, about 1,000 years old. Yours are the manufacture of yesterday. You have women over there in New York and Boston and Philadelphia, and even Chicago, who strike us as mightily droll. Why not? Because, in plain terms, we can't help considering them brummagem imitations of our own duchesses, marchionesses, countesses. Why should you resent our judgment? Would you purchase a Sevres cup or a Dresden plate if you thought it spurious? And is not your attempt at playing patricians the most spurious one conceivable? We don't specially respect our own 'lords and 'adies,' but we permit them to exist and often to make geese of themselves (or something a good deal worse) because they are plantes la -because feudalism and superstition brought them upon us-because to do away with them would entail a revolution, shaking our country to its roots.

"It is a fact that we jeer at the men of our own land who gain new titles. We are in spirit far more democratic than you. Our society, as it exists today, is a vast concourse of gentlefolk. You have no society, so far as we can learn; you have only a collection of plutocratic strugglers, and these, if we are not mistaken, have pushed to the wall even those who had some vague claim to birth, this feature being especially noticeable in your New York, where the families descended from your early Dutch immigrants (plain and ordinary enough persons even as late as 60 years ago) have been superseded by rich upstarts, the bold and saucy human products of your railroad and mining gamesters."-Collier's Weekly.

A Broad Hint.

Visitor—Is Miss Rose at home?

Servant-No, sir. Visitor-Why, she has just come in!

Servant-Yes, sir, and she saw you too. - Nuggets

Blondel, the harper, did not discover the prison of King Richard. Richard paid his ransom, and the receipt for it s among the Austrian archives.

EXHIBITION FOWLS.

Do Not Overlook the Useful Qualities in Poultry. There are breeders of fancy poultry,

says Henry L. Allen in The National Stockman and Farmer, who aim to produce exhibition fowls without regard to egg production. The farmer who secures his stock from a breeder of this kind is likely to regret it, if he does not become disgusted and join the army of men who after a similar experience declare that scandard bred poultry is far inferior to scrub poultry from a practical standpoint, and comparing standard bred poultry raised under the conditions here outlined with scrubs well cared for and selected with reference to their practical qualities they are right.

There are, however, many breeders of standard bred fowls who never lose sight of the practical qualities they know will make their fowls of twofold value as compared with those bred for exhibition purposes alone. It is not a difficult matter for a breeder to keep the practical qualities of his fowls developed in a satisfactory degree and at the same time not interfere with their usefulness as exhibition birds.

A breeder who aims to have his fowls excel in both respects need only give them the care necessary to induce the production of eggs, and which, in fact, consists of keeping them in the most vigorous and healthy condition imaginable, rejecting for breeding purposes such as fail to respond to such treat-

Many fanciers use this method of breeding, and so anxious are they for the public to understand the fact that the utilities of their fowls are beginning to be a feature of their advertisements. This being the case, perhaps the safest course to pursue when buying fowls or eggs for hatching is to do so only when assured that one is buying from a breeder who has not allowed the utility qualities of his fowls to become dormant in an endeavor to produce prize winners regardless of other considerations.

It is a noticeable fact that where a few years ago only about one breeder in 20 mentioned the useful qualities of his fowls in his advertisements fully 15 out of 20 new call attention to those qualities. This is a most encouraging feature of the business and shows that the popular demand for a combination of useful qualities with perfection in form and feather has been more effective than many have believed possible:

Breeding Stock. Good breeding stock-that from which the future layers are to come-is the foundation of success. In saving breeding stock for next year keep the old turkeys, geese and ducks and also ne that have done good service. It is possible that they have fallen behind those that are young, but it is a rule that the strongest young stock is procured from the matured birds. The hundreds of chicks that fall by the wayside and perish from no apparent cause are the offspring of pullets. This breeding from the younger stock every year is destroying the turkeys. With geese the fault is not so frequent, as old geese are not salable in market, the young ones only being sold, and the result is that racial differences in man, have their geese give less trouble in raising them than any other class of poultry. At the present day there is too much reliance placed on young-ducks for breeding purposes, and the fact is being brought out that the losses of ducklings are increasing every year. When the old ducks only are used and breeders will select the best and most vigorous for breeding purposes, the difficulty of weak offspring will be overcome.-Farm and Fireside.

The Two Bundred Egg Hen. Can we produce hens that will lay 200 eggs per annum? Without a doubt. How? By scientific breeding, as for a good lutter cow or a good milker, as for a trotting or high jumping horse. Experiments have been made to increase the number of rows of corn on the cob with success. The same method is anplicable to poultry breeding. We will start with a hen that lays 120 eggs. Some of her chicks will lay, say, 150 per year. From these we will pick out milk from the grass, the cow is only a layers, and so on till 200 or better are the result. At the same time it is just as essential to breed our males from prolific layers as it is the females. In fact, it is more so. If we look after the breeding of the females only we will introduce on the male side blood which is lacking in proficiency and thus check every attempt at progress. It is just as essential that the male should be from a hen which laid 175 eggs and from a male that was bred from a hen that laid 150 eggs as it is that the hen was from one that laid 175 eggs and whose mother laid 150 eggs.

Siaking Hens Lay at Will.

which some interesting experiments and care were concerned, but fed them with an entirely different object in view. One pen we wished for breeding we can get a more steady egg production | demands of society." than if they were made to lay during the entire winter.'

The Cost of an Egg.

ent bone, chopped clover and cooked potatoes are given, the cost will be less, not because the meat can be purchased at less than the grain, but because the feeding of a variety and a balanced ration will induce the hens to lay more eggs. The greater the number of eggs laid the lower the cost proportionately, and it is possible to produce eggs at a cost of only half a cent each.-P. H. Jacobs in Farm and Fireside.

THE LAYING BREEDS.

GOOD POINTS OF THE SPANISH AND POLISH CLASSES.

Habits and Temperament Must Be Considered-Form and Feathers May Be Improved, but Racial Traits Cannot Be Eradicated-Evils of Overcrowding.

Theodore Sternberg, in The Country Gentleman, speaks of the Black Spanish Minorcas and Andalusions as among the best laying breeds. Where one lives in a location free from hawks and does not care to keep large flocks, but desires a strictly egg breed, also at liberty, the Polish class opens up a wide list of beautiful, ornamental and most excellent layers. The list of these attractive fowls is a long one, and no fowls excel them as layers-the White Polish, the Black with white crest, the Golden and Silver Spangled; these last in the same colors, with muffs and chin whiskers. The varieties must be nearly a dozen. In regard to the size and temperament of fowls, Mr. Sternberg says:

"As a general rule size and quietness run along in parallel lines, the little breeds being the most active, the most impatient of restraint, and this habit being modified in the proportion that size increases. All breeds do best when at liberty, but some breeds thrive better in confinement than do others. All breeds thrive best in small flocks, but some breeds thrive better in large flocks than do others. Of course it is understood that the fancier can and, does breed all breeds in confinement.

"But I must confess that for the purpose of the farmer, either in eggs or, in meat, for sale in the ordinary market, it will not pay at all to keep any fowl in confinement, and he must select his breed with reference to its habit and temperament and capacity to thrive in large flocks. We know that fanciers have by selection made changes in the shape of old breeds, have made the colors brighter, markings more distinct, but the peculiarity of the nonsitting kinds is old, older than we have any record. Habit and temperament the fancier does not produce. These, like



MINORCA COCKEREL

origin in ages long past. How, when or where they were implanted we do not know. Man selects and improves form and feather, but the inward racial traits are beyond him.

"As the breeds I have referred to are nonsitters, in order to keep up the stock some sitters will be required. On strictly egg farms I am very sure that it does not pay to raise chickens, except to the extent necessary to keep up the stock to the required number. One of the most serious faults in poultry keeping is stocking the farm with hens for laying to its full capacity, and then hatching out a great lot of chickens, thus crowding the grounds beyond the limit. This fault is also a grieveds one with fanciers and with breeders for sale. Overcrowding is the most common and the most dangerous to health, and the most profitless fault in all poultry culture.

"Overcrowding hens on the farm is similar in egg results to overstocking a pasture with dairy cows. You get your machine for converting grass into milk You can only get so much milk from so much pasture, but before you get any milk at all the cow must have sufficient grass for her own support. A pasture which will support 10 cows and enable them to make a profitable return of milk will fail to pay if stocked with 20 cows. So it is in a general way with poultry on the farm. The hen does not create. She is a machine, and as some machines are better for some purposes than are others, so some fowls are better for some purposes than are others.

"As good a way as any to keep up the stock is to buy enough common hens which are broody and set them, and kill The North Dakota experiment station | them off as soon as the chickens are able has a well appointed poultry farm with to care for themselves. All the breeds I have been writing of grow quickly and have been made, and the following is a need not be hatched before May or June report of one of them: "That food has and into even July. This saves lots of as much to do with the egg production care, as the weather is usually fine in as it has with beef or butter there is but | these months. I am very sure that in all little question. We placed two pens of these breeds hens are useful and profitfowls under exactly the same condi- able up to 3 or 4 years old. In all farm tions as far as the temperature, room | poultry for eggs I believe it wise to have a place purposely fixed to keep the cocks separate from the hens all the time, except in the breeding season. The purposes and did not want them to lay hens are much quieter and attend better until the breeding season opened, so that | to their knitting when relieved from the

rat Hens' Eggs Seldom Hatch. A correspondent of The English Fanciers' Gazette savs he has been watching his hens and their eggs and the The cost of an egg in the eastern states | hatching of their eggs and has discoveris estimated at 1 cent, but this depends | ed that the eggs of the abnormally fat on the prices of grain. If meat, milk, ben seldom batch. The chicken dies about the tenth or twelfth day of incu bation. The eggs from the most active and healthy bens hatch first and often a day or two in advance of time. Invariably the egg from the sleepy, lazy ben hatches late. He has two hens whose eggs he has never found fertile, though he has mated them with different roosters, and they are the worst tempered beating the others.

reutuating the Teeth.

It is curious to what an extent the mutilation of teeth goes on among savage nations, and even among certain civilized people, such as the Japanese. With them a girl is never married without first staining her teeth black with a repulsive kind of varnish, and the custom is especially adhered to among members of the richer classes.

On the west coast of Africa a large proportion of the teeth are deliberately broken when children reach a certain age. Both in the new world and the old the custom exists of extracting the two front teeth of domestic servants. In Peru the custom has existed from time immemorial and used to be a sign of slavery in the days of incas. This is also the custom on the Kongo and among the Hottentots. Teeth are stained in various colors among the Malays.

A bright red and a bright blue are not uncommon, and a bright green is produced with the aid of arsenic and lemon juice. Livingstone related that among the Kaffirs a child with a prominent upper jaw was looked upon as a monster and immediately killed. On the upper Nile the negroes have all their best teeth extracted in order to destroy their value in the slave market and to make it not worth while for the slave traders to carry them off .- Pearson's Weekly.

Converted by a Handshake.

Here is a good story of the Right Rev. Thomas Underwood Dudley.

The bishop had gone to Beattyville, and the place was rough and desolate. A rough looking man came up to him.

"They tell me you're from Virginia," said the man.

"Yes." "They tell me you fought with the

"Give me your hand, pard. My name's Bill Delan, an I'm a blacksmith down here." "Bill," said the bishop, "I'm proud

to meet you." That night Bill Dolan went to the service and heard the bishop preach,

and he went afterward too. Twelve years later the bishop went to Beattyville once more. It was sun set. He was met by the town's clergyman. "Bishop, Bill Dolan died yesterday, and before he died I baptized him," said the minister. "In his last words he told me to tell the bishop that he loved him."

"That," said the bishop, "was indeed a compensation!"-Louisville Courier-Journal.

Suiting Both Parties.

Poor Wife (to husband, whose loud snoring keeps her awake)-Charlie, Charlie, do stop snoring. Turn over on your side. (Nudges him).

Husband, only half awake, grunts, turns on his side and continues to snore. Wife has a happy idea. Remembers a line from an article called "How to Prevent Snoring." Gives her husband a second nudge, which elicits another grunt. "Oh, Charlie, if you'd keep your mouth shut, you'd be all right." Charlie (semiconscious)-So would

you. -London Answers.

Perplexed. "I cawn't understand this blarsted country," said the English tourist. "Chap said to me, 'Golf makes me tired.' 'Ah,' said I, 'you play too much. 'You're crazy,' said he. 'I don't play at all.' Now, how could he be tired?"-Philadelphia Record.

Senator Linusay's Luxuries. "If I had plenty of money to do with Kentucky to a party of friends, "I'd asked: have music played at all of my meals and get cigars made at \$50 a hundred. Those are two luxuries I would most surely indulge myself in. I'd have the music played by a small orchestra, say a horn and two or three violins and a flute and a bass viol, and I'd have it play soft, harmonious airs while I ate, and now and then I'd have some vocal music given by colored voices. There's a peculiar harmony in a negro's singing tone. I'd have 'em sing such things as When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' That's a song calculated to inspire the most sluggard appetite. I remember hearing it once on a Mississippi river boat. A lot of us were aboard, and in the party was Hooker of Mississippi. There were some darkies aboard who played instrumental music with banjos, guitars and a fiddle. I asked 'em if they ever sung, and they said they did sometimes. Well, they struck up 'When the Watermelon Hangs Upon the Vine.' Hocker had never heard it before, and it nearly set him crazy."-Washington Star.

African Lion and Buffalo Bull,

The large horns of these buffalo are significant of their immense strength; their legs are very short and powerful. Though the lions make prey of them, it takes two or three to pull down a bull. The African lion of this section is the largest species of its kind, but unless in packs will not attack an African buffalo bull. When fighting, the bulls are very quick on their feet, and they use not only their horns, but their front feet also, which often prove the more dangerous weapon. My guide, who has lived in this country for the past ten years, relates many stories of men who have been mauled by lions and who have escaped death, but he knows of no instance where the African buffalo has left a human being until the life was trampled out of him. -Arthur C. Humbert in Harper's Magazine For April.

Not All Aimless. "Society women do lead such aimless

Eves." "Aimless? Do they? Well, I know a

society woman who can throw a teacup or a rolling pin just as accurately as a man."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

All the suitors for a girl's hand in Borneo are expected to be generous in their presents to her. These presents are never returned. Therefore the wily hens in the yard, always quarreling and | young lady defers as long as possible a positive selection of the happy man.

Roasted Hir Store Tea.

The country storekeeper was engaged in a lively argument with Colonel Bill Cottonhead as to the probable effect of the Bradley-Hunter split upon the future of the Republican party in Kentucky, when old Tom Moseley, one of . the oldest mountaineers in Letcher county, rode up and dismounted.

"Hev you uns airy bit of store tea?" he queried, as he rifled his yarn sock for an annoying cocklebur.

"Why, yes, Moseley, plenty of it," replied Brown. "Would you like to have some today?"

"Well, I guess not terday, Frank. Jess never hed seen eny, an I thought ef you uns hed eny, I'd laik tuh look at

Brown considerately took the old man back into the rear room, where a freshly opened caddy of Young Hyson was standing alongside the counter. Running his fingers down into the depths of the lead colored mass, he drew out a handful, which he held up to the old

The old fellow's eyes sparkled, and a strange quivering was noticeable about

"Waal, I swow. An thet air store tea, air hit?"

"It certainly is," Brown asserted. Better put up a pound for you?" "What mout bit be wath?" "It's worth 75 cents a pound, Mose-

ley, but as you are an old friend and have never tried any of it you may have it for 50 cents." "Yuh kin put me up er poun." Five days later the old man dropped

Brown, after a lengthy conversation touching on mountain topics in general, queried:

into the store for a tobacco supply, and

"How did you like your tea, Mose-"Fa'r tuh middlin, Frank; fa'h tuh middlin; mouter bin bettah, but I guess laikly thuh ole woman used a leetle tew much grease in roastin hit."-Louis-

ville Post.

Chic Dogs.

The chic dogs of Paris form a well known colony and are recognized by the public as quickly and with as much deference almost as crack horses are on the field. Whenever Kiki-a beautiful white and silver gray caniche-appears, all Paris knows he belongs to the Countess Mailly-Nosle, whose favorite he is, and in the same way a fine dark chestnut dog of the same variety is recognized as Count de Reilhac's constant companion. The Orleans princesses adore toy terriers and small bulldogs, while the Duchess of Chartres will look at no dogs but her black and tan terrier. The Rothschilds-as a family-have the greatest leve and admiration for dogs in general, owning a great number and sparing no pains for their comfort. Baroness Alphonso de Rothschild shows off her family of yellow terriers with greatest delight, whereas Nathaniel de Rothschild's pride is centered in his butterfly dog-a microscopic red and white creature, with long, peculiar ears resembling a butterfly's wings. Arthur de Rothschild's preference is for griffons, but his son, Gustave, takes no interest in any but great, fine Danish mastiffs. The beautiful American Mme. Ferdinand Bischoffsheimes' favorite is a surly, fighting wolf dog, but whose affection and gentleness to his mistress and her friends are endearing .- Phila-

delphia Ledger. Papa's Encouraging Talk. "Miss Willikins." he said, "I met

your father at Inucheon today, and we

had a long and confidential talk." A glad light came into her big, soulas I wished," said Senator Lindsay of ful eyes, and in low, happy tones she "Was papa in a pleasant mood?"

"Yes, he spoke very encouragingly to me." For a long time she was silent. It was evident that she expected him to go on. But he only sat there, looking off into

space and triging at his mustache. At last she drew a tremulous sigh and murmured: "It is strange that papa didn't say

anything to me about it at tea this evening.' "Well," Henry Twickenham replied, "I suppose it had passed out of his

mind. He is a very busy man, you know.' "Still," she said, "he wouldn't he likely to forget a thing that-that so

directly concerned me." "Ah, Miss Willikins," he cried, "do you, too, take an interest in me? I assure you this is very flattering. Did you read my plea to the jury in the Mundle versus Binkham case? It was that upon which your father especially congratu-

lated me. He said it undoubtedly presaged a bright future for me." Then it suddenly began to grow chilly thereabouts, and 15 minutes later, when Henry Twickenham had been frozen out, Gladys Willikins clapped her soft white hands to her temples and ex-

"I wish that fool and his Mundle versus Binkham case were in Skaguay." -Cleveland Leader.

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