

Her Heart's Secret

Or Under a Spell.

By JEAN WARNER.

CHAPTER XXV—Continued.

He had left too soon, too soon. There might have been some trace of Sybil discovered if he had waited longer. His father would take no interest in the search, now that he had gone. Indeed, had he not said that the matter must be dropped entirely? He had hurried away, at a moment's bidding, like a thoughtless, unreasoning child and left his love, his darling, lying in a nameless, bloody grave, unnoticed, unavenged!

Oh, he had been mad—weak as well as mad—to let his father's stern prejudices of caste influence him at such a time! Sybil, his beautiful, gentle, sorrowful Sybil—ah it had been surely a prophetic shadow that had warned her from his side, a presentiment of evil that made her shrink from visiting his home—that home within whose fatal borders she had found a cruel death!

Everything spoke of her to his tortured memory. The pale moonlight seemed to typify her delicate beauty; the foaming waves recalled the first night of their meeting, when they had stood together on the steamer's deck that was carrying her forward to her doom.

How strange had been her smile when she spoke of the stern Fate guiding our life barques! How significant her words seemed now! Truly, truly, the spell that had led him to her side had been a fatal one—truly, love had been her doom!

He lit his cigar and began to pace the deck restlessly. It was deserted now, save by an officer ever and anon moving silently across it on his round of duty, and then as swiftly disappearing again. The ladies' cabin was just beneath him, and as he reached the stern of the vessel, a strain of soft music, floating through one of the open windows chained him to the spot. So low and sweet was the strain, that it seemed as if the hidden singer were breathing it to herself alone:

"I'll bind thee with a charm, my love,
I'll seal thee with a spell,
That thou shalt love me more than all—
Shalt love me more than well!
For all my dower is magic power—
A power I dare not tell."

Herbert Clive listened as if he would still his own heart-beats to hear that song—Sybil's song—and, oh, heaven! surely, it was Sybil's voice, weak and low, as if it struggled from unpeppable distance, yet still Sybil's voice!

"That spell shall bind thee fast, my love,
But life shall pass in tender dreams,
And thou shalt ne'er awake;
Dreared only for my sake,
In one brief hour I wield a power
That death alone can break."

The strain died away again into silence, and Herbert Clive lifted his face, white with a strange, solemn awe.

It was Sybil who sang—Sybil! This was no dream, unless—unless he were going mad. It was Sybil's voice, Sybil's song—the song that was indelibly written on his heart—the song that had at first charmed him.

The mystery that had shadowed her life and darkened her death was around her still. What power had she to cross the portals of the spirit land that was denied all others? Had she, indeed, been a being of different mould from the mortals around her? Had he loved no mortal woman, but a visitant from another sphere?

And as if in confirmation of the wild idea, her last words drifted back to him:

"Think of me as speaking from another world when I say to you that I might, but for the gulf that divides us, have found earth's sweetest happiness at your side."

To Herbert's morbid, excited fancy no thought seemed too strange and improbable. The common-sense philosophy of everyday life had no voice in the turmoil of his heated, tortured mind.

A beautiful Danish tale he had read in boyhood recurred to him, of a mermaid who left her ocean home, and lived a life of pain and sorrow, to win mortals' love and mortals' hope.

Had there not always been something strange and unreal about Sybil, some subtle fascination that either drew or repelled all with whom she came in contact? And how unnatural had been her sadness, her silence, her strange, morbid reserve!

Herbert paced the deck hour after hour, and yet no solution of the problem was reached. It was Sybil's voice and Sybil's song that had reached his ears—he could tell no more.

But the morning light gives a different shape to our midnight fancies. A few hours of sleep, brought on by utter weariness, refreshed Herbert in spite of himself, and, after his maternal cup of coffee, he was prepared to look upon his nocturnal experience by the sober light of day.

His first step (as little knowledge could be gleaned from his fellow passengers otherwise) was to look over the passenger register and see what ladies' names were entered as his companions on the voyage.

None in the long list were familiar to him; but two singularly attracted his attention, perhaps from the hand-writing, which, bold and irregular as it was, he had a vague idea he had seen somewhere before.

Scrawled upon the top of the page, in a man's careless hand, were the names of Miss Marie Laponte and her attendant, Madame Gillette.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A Sailor's Yarn.

Herbert lost no time in inquiring more about the name that had attracted his attention.

could, but that was very unsatisfactory.

Col. Laponte and his daughter had taken passage about ten days before the Ocean Queen sailed. The young lady was an invalid, and her father had been very anxious that she should have the most comfortable accommodations the ship could afford. A fine-looking man, the colonel! Looked as if he might have seen foreign service, but not able to stand the sea. Sick as a dog—not able to lift his head from his pillow. Luckily, they had a smart little Frenchwoman along, who can take care of both father and daughter. "There she comes now," added the captain, laughing, as Madame Gillette tripped up on deck. "No one but a Frenchwoman could look so trim and tant after a three-days' voyage. She comes up every morning just at this time, to take the air. She has a holy horror of the sun. Good-morning, madam!"

"Ah, good-morning, Monsieur le Capitaine. I wish you a verro good morning!" answered the madam, with much effusion. "I come up, as you see, to get my little breath of air. It ees so close so warm, down below."

"How are your patients?" asked the courteous sailor. "Getting a little better, I hope?"

"I don't know, Monsieur le Capitaine. It is what I cannot tell. Monsieur Laponte seems bad—verra bad; but then, it is not with men as with us poor women. For verro little sickness they make you call one grand blow!"

The captain's rich laugh was delightful to hear; the little Frenchwoman's quaint sociability seemed to have taken his fancy immensely.

"Very true, madam—very true, indeed! Gentlemen are trying patients. And your young lady, does she suffer much from seasickness? You ought to coax her up on deck, madam. Fresh air and the bright sunlight are the only remedies that work a speedy cure."

"I don't know, Monsieur le Capitaine. It is so with mademoiselle," replied the madam, shaking her glossy curls, despondently. "I beg, I pray, I entreat her to come up on deck; but no, she will not. She is too weak, she says—too weak. Ah, poor child! she is verro, verro weak but de light and air would make her strong."

The captain made some pleasant rejoinder, and Herbert turned away.

A ray of interest had, for a brief while, brightened the dark turmoil of his mind; but it faded away as quickly as it had come.

He had never heard of, never met, this Col. Laponte and his daughter. The writing had struck him, for the moment as being familiar, but it must have been only fancy. Some rich foreigner traveling, probably, with only an invalid daughter to sustain the honors of his name.

So the ripple of curiosity that had changed, for a brief moment, the current of the young man's thoughts, died away, and all was still with the hopeless languor of despair again.

The days dragged on wearily; there was a great deal of rough weather for that season, so the old tars said.

Sudden storms would sweep down from the southward, and swell the slumbering billows into wrathful turmoil; sunlit skies would be swiftly darkened by threatening clouds, moonlit nights made black and hideous by appalling tempests.

The old sailors began to mutter superstitious and forebodings. Some bad luck followed the ship, for there was surely never such a summer voyage before.

Herbert, who passed all his time on deck, listened with a sort of gloomy pleasure as the whispers of evil portent went round.

They seemed to accord with his own despondent mood. They sent no thrill of terror to his deadened heart.

Of what value was a life like his? Far better to lose it as swiftly and painlessly as possible than to keep it, barren and hopeless, without joy or love!

It was on one of the lowering nights, we have mentioned that a knot of sailors were gathered around the captain, discussing the signs of foul weather. Herbert was smoking near, and, without feeling any especial interest, listened idly to the drift of the conversation.

It was a heavy, sultry night, and the sky was dark with the omens of a gathering tempest; but a pale moon still struggled with the clouds that swept in broken masses over the face of heaven, while the forked tongues of flame leaping up, ever and anon, from the horizon made an angry contrast to her pallid light.

"I tuk a v'yage like this before once," said a grizzled old tar, whose utterance was somewhat impeded by the huge "quid" he had rolled entirely under his tongue. "I don't mean to say that I haven't seen harder blows and rougher weather many a time, but a downright unnatural, Jonah-cussed v'yage like this I never tuk before but once."

"And how did the v'yage end, Bill?"

"Wall," answered Bill, slowly turning his quid, "it ended you might say, bad enough, for the ship—Which her name was the Sea Witch. The ship an' more than half of 'em aboard her, went down to Davy Jones' locker. And it was a dead woman as dun it all."

"How was that? Spin us the yarn, one and out, Bill?" asked two or three eager voices.

"Wall, 'tain't so much of a yarn," answered Bill, giving another reflective turn to his quid; "for it's every word true to natur' as gospel. It wes, ez I calculate, more'n twenty years ago, and I shipped as second mate aboard the Sea Witch. There wa'n't no steamships in them days, and to tell the truth, I don't think folks was any the wuss for it. This 'ere b'iling water, lashing agin the wind and waves, ain't nuther right nor nat'ral, 'ording

to my notion. The Sea Witch war as tight a little craft as I ever sot foot on, and the captain war a gentleman to the manner of his bones. We had about half a dozen cabin passengers aboard, and one of these—a tall, pale sort of sorrowful-looking young gentleman—tuk my fancy at once. He had a soft, kind way of speaking, and he didn't seem to set himself above an honest Jack Tar, like he war made of different clay. I had many a talk with him, for he used to stay on deck, ez if he didn't like to be alone, specially after dark. He was very fatned and clever, and he told me many queer things that I never heern before. But"—Bill's voice sank to a mysterious whisper—"he never told me he was a Jonah."

"A Jonah?" echoed the listeners, in tones of awe.

"We had 'bout the cussedest weather that v'yage I'd ever seen," continued Bill, as if he disdained interruption. "T'wan't as much foul weather, as cussed weather. The wind kep' a-shiftn' round as if it didn't know 'cl'arly which way to blow, and the gales would bust on ez they had a spite at a navys; while the lightning would crash, and the lightning dance round them mastheads, was enough to make the toughest hide creep. And the mermaids, or," Bill ad ded, solemnly, "something else, kep' a-singn' at the stern of the ship—a-singn' death-songs every night."

"Have you never heard nothing here?" asked one of the men, in a hushed voice.

"It's no matter what we've heard here," answered Bill, significantly. "I'm talking now 'bout what war heard there. Ennyhow, the singing wa'n't meant for nothing; for the Sea Witch struck on a rock one night, when the sky was so dark we couldn't see how near we war to shore, and the best half of the men aboard went to the bottom with her. Folks never can tell 'cl'arly what ez how things happen at such times. It's jes' ez if so many lives were thrown out of a bag, and everybody grabs for his own. I only know that I caught hold, somehow, to a broken spar, an was a-hangin' to it for life and death, when I seed the white face of Mr. Riggs—which Riggs was the name of the tall, pale gentleman that I had sort of tuk to. I saw his white face a-shinin' out of the water beside me, and I grabbed him and held him fast. He war a-bangin', though I don't know it when touched him, to a long, narrow box, and when I dragged him from it, it was orful to hear. That air box, shipmates, was a coffin, and that air coffin held his dead young wife, ez he had run away from home with a year before."

"He told me all afterward, while he war lying in the hospital, whar they tuk him when he was dragged ashore. I wa'n't much the wuss or my wetting, but that and sorrow together were his death. He told me, when he war a-lyin' there dyin', that he married her agin her father's will and under her father's cuss, and that cuss had f'owed him and struck to him to the last. She had cried out, when she war a-dyin', that she couldn't rest without her father's pardon, and that he must take her home and let her father say he'd forgive her poor clay. And it was for this that the v'yage was cussed—it was for this the Sea Witch went to the bottom; because no craft could carry that air dead woman, that was underneath a father's cuss. Her spirit war a-wanderin' round that air ship, for Mr. Riggs told me, with his dyin' breath, his wife followed him by night and day."

The moon glided out from a mass of cloud at the story ended, and Herbert Clive turned to throw his burned cigar end into the troubled waves. As he did so the flutter of a woman's dress at the companion-way attracted his attention.

He glanced toward the spot, and saw—aye, he could have sworn it—as plainly as he had ever seen in life, the pale, beautiful countenance, the floating golden hair, of Sybil Wraye!

The white-hooded cloak he had so often seen her wear was thrown back around her shoulders. Their eyes met, and then—then, ere he could spring forward to her side, she had melted from his sight. The moon had passed beneath a rugged storm-cloud, and all was darkness again.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Storm.

That night a terrible storm burst over the devoted vessel. Herbert was awakened from his troubled slumbers by the din overhead, and, hastily putting on his clothes, rushed above to discover the cause of the tumult.

Beneath a sky of inky darkness lit ever and anon by the lurid gleam of lightning, the Ocean Queen was struggling onward against the mountainous billows that reared their angry foam-crests in her path. The canvas already hung in tatters from the bending masts; the engines groaned and creaked as they labored onward, while the hoarse tones of the captain's speaking-trumpet, echoed by the shouts of the sailors, mingled discordantly with the roar of the angry waves.

There had been night alarms before during the voyage, but never one like this. Captain, officers and sailors seemed thoroughly aroused by a sense of immediate danger, and worked with the fierce energy of men who were working for their lives.

"Will you lend a hand at the pumps?" said the second mate, in a cautious tone, as Herbert reached his side. "The men are pretty well worn out, and we can't spare any more hands there just now. We don't want a panic in the steerage if we can help it; but the vessel's sprung a leak, and we're off one of the worst coasts in Christendom."

"Is there danger?" asked Herbert, briefly.

"She's filling like a leaky tub," was the significant reply, "and the fires are pretty near out. We can't make headway against a gale like this much longer. But there's seven hundred souls aboard, sir, and we'll just have to do the best we can."

There was no time for further conversation. A hoarse call from the captain summoned the mate to his side, and Herbert took hold of the pumps manfully.

The sailors were working on in dogged, gloomy silence.

"Tain't no use, sir," muttered one in our hero's ear. "Orders is to keep quiet and give no alarm; but we can't make no headway 'gainst a leak like this. The water's a-rushin' in like a cataract. Better take to the boats, I say, whar there's time."

"Aye aye! Better take to the boats, while we've got boats!" responded a sullen chorus.

"Avast, there, you cussed cowards!" growled our old friend, Bill. "Do you forget the women and children we've got aboard?"

"Aye, aye!" muttered the other; "but the women and children can take their chances with Davy Jones as well as we can. There—good heavens! what was that?"

For, with a sudden jar, that made every boat and timber in her thrill, the Ocean Queen seemed to sink in the trough of the sea.

"The engine that has stopped, you fools!" growled old Bill, laying his brawny hand on the shoulder of a man who would have fled from his post. "We ain't none the worse for the loss of 'em. If it warn't for all the pipes and b'ilers we have in our hold we wouldn't be in this fix now. Never did believe in 'ere tea-kettle sailing. Give me a stout, live-oak bottom, and I wouldn't think twice of a gale like this. These iron-pot ships is all a-zin nature. Cheer up, my hearties. Don't knock under to a capful of wind like this!"

"Man the boats!" came the hoarse command from the quarter-deck, as loud shrieks from the steerage passengers told that the alarm had reached there at last. "Man the boats! Stand back, ye cowards!" continued the captain, in stentorian tones, as the firemen rushed up fiercely for the first chance of life. "Women and children first! I'll blow out the brains of the man that steps beyond the line!"

"Good heavens! is all hope gone?" exclaimed Herbert to the old sailor beside him.

"Capt. Knok ain't one to give up easy," was the meaning reply. "The ship's a-settling fast, sir. We ain't got nuch chance."

Then ensued a scene of confusion terrible to witness—terrible to remember.

Wild shrieks and cries blended with the voices of the tempest, as the terrified passengers thronged up on the deck, falling over and crushing each other in their mad rush for safety.

In vain the brave and self-devoted officers stood manfully at their posts, striving to keep order—in vain the better portion of the sailors exerted themselves to save the helpless, and west the panic-stricken crowd surged to and fro, crushed by falling spars or washed off by the billows that swept up on the deck of the lifeless, helpless steamer, now a mere hulk at the mercy of the winds and waves.

For a moment it seemed as if the tenderest ties of nature were forgotten, and only the animal instinct of self-preservation reigned supreme. In the first madness of terror, brothers deserted their sisters, husbands their wives. Only the mothers, true at this supreme hour to their holiest instinct, gathered their frightened little ones to their breasts, and struggled for them and with them for life.

The darkness was intense. The red glare of the ship's lanterns, held by the officers, only flung a fitful lurid gleam upon the maddened crowd, who were pressing forward, blindly and desperately to the bulwarks, where the captain stood, firm and immovable as a rock, his drawn revolver in his hand and Herbert Clive at his side.

The first boat was filled and lowered, and went down under the very eyes of those left behind, the despairing cries of the drowning mingling with the agonizing wails of those still on deck.

The second boat was more successful. It breasted the billows for a moment, and then was lost to sight in the darkness, but it awoke a faint hope in the breasts of those who had yet to make the desperate attempt. They might even yet be saved!

A third, a fourth, a fifth, each with its wailing trembling, terrified freight, went sent off in the midnight darkness, and then the fierce instincts of the rougher men, who had hitherto been controlled by their officers, burst all restraint.

Life was too dear for them to sacrifice it to chivalrous chimeras!

Rushing forward, they took possession of the remaining boats, regardless of the captain who, pistol in hand, fought like a lion for the defenseless ones left in his charge. But all in vain.

The revolver was wrested from his hand by a brawny fireman, and he was flung aside while, with curses and yells of triumph, the remaining boats were seized by the desperate men, whom neither menaces nor violence could any longer control.

The last boats, filled with struggling, shrieking madmen, pushed off into the foaming waves, and the Ocean Queen, with four hundred souls still on board, was left to her fate.

Herbert had done a man's work manfully during these terrible hours. He had lost sight of self entirely in his efforts to save the helpless and the weak.

He had stood by the captain's side until hope was gone; but now—now that the time for action had passed, and he stood face to face with a dark and terrible death—life that he had thought so worthless, grew suddenly precious to him.

He thought of his home and Clive Towers seemed to rise before him, grand and stately, bathed in the glad sunshine of early spring. Fannie's sweet face looked out at him from her vine-wreathed windows; his father's smile, grave, yet tender, beamed upon him from the open door; Laurence Grey's faithful hand was upon his shoulder, Fenton's merry greeting echoed in his ear. He was home again.

All tossed upon angry waves, in midnight darkness, how bright, and glad, and beautiful seemed that distant home! Shadowed though it might be by clouds of sadness—seen through mists of unshed tears—it was home, still home.

He strove to think of higher, holier things, to lift up his soul to Him who rules both the light and the darkness. He strove to pray, but a thousand wandering fancies flitted through his mind.

The shrieks, the prayers and supplications of his fellow sufferers awoke no echo in his breast; he was like one in a trance, a dream.

The great billows swept over the deck, and the Ocean Queen shivered and groaned in the death-throes. Helpless forms, lashed to broken spars, drifted by him in the darkness; moans and supplications rose piteously on every side, as the cruel waves dashed, relentlessly, again and again over the pitiful remnant of humanity still clinging to the upper deck.

And still Herbert dreamed of Sybil—Sybil, who had gone already through

the dark gate now opening before him Sybil, who had returned to warn him of his coming doom.

Old Bill's story recurred to him. Had she, too, followed him, luring him on to death? Had she, indeed, bound him by some potent spell that "death alone could break?"

Would she meet him on the threshold of the unknown world, on which he even now was treading? Sybil, Sybil, his only love!

There was a jar, a mighty shock. Herbert was flung rudely forward. A huge spar floated before him, which he caught with the hold of the dying.

Lashed to it already was a woman's form—a woman whose long, floating hair brushed his face. And as all were swept downward into the waste of waters, a flash of vivid lightning illumined the scene, and showed Herbert the white features of the woman with whom he was meeting death. They were the pale, rigid features of Sybil Wraye!

(To be Continued.)

PROPER REMEDY FOR A FAINT.

The Timely Suggestion Made by the Husband of a Woman Who Had Fainted.

"What do you think we would better do now?" asked the pudgy man.

It was what the wide-chested man said that made the incident worth telling. They had gone to a ball at the West Side armory. They had brought their wives. A great crowd was present. They sat in the gallery and watched the dancers. Neither had gone out often with his wife. They were prosperous enough in business, but a little shy on social amenities. If an insult was to be resented, both of either of them would know just what to do at any spot in the road. When one of the women fainted from suffocation caused by the over-heated atmosphere of the room, both of them looked as if they didn't know what on earth to do under such complicated circumstances, and he turned helplessly to his wide-chested friend.

"What do you think we would better do now?" he asked, plaintively.

A dozen other women had gathered around the swooning woman, and were fanning her and pouring water on her forehead. The wide-chested man knitted his brows in thought, and then said:

"Let's go and get a drink."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Heard in a Balloon.

J. M. Bacon, the Englishman who, with his daughter, made a lofty balloon ascent to observe the meteor shower last November, tells some interesting things about the sounds that reached their ears. At a height of 5,000 feet the ringing of horses' feet on a hard road could be heard. At 4,000 feet the splashing sound made by ducks in a pond was audible. The barking of dogs and the crowing of cocks could be heard at 7,000 or 8,000 feet. These sounds penetrated through a white floor of cloud which hid the earth from sight. In the perfect silence of the air around the balloon they were started by what seemed stealthily footsteps close at hand. Investigation showed that the sound was caused by the stretching of the ropes and the yielding of the silk as the balloon continued to expand.—Youth's Companion.

Effects of a Late Supper.

At Stroud, in Gloucestershire, a certain well-known townsman had one night been out to a rather prolonged supper with some of his friends, and on his way home had the misfortune to fall into a pond which he had to pass, and which at that time of the year contained more mud than water.

Several people who saw him fall in rushed to his rescue, and a rope was procured and thrown to him; but he refused the aid offered and commenced swimming to the shore in the most scientific manner, shouting to those on the bank, "Never mind me; never mind me—I can swim. Save the women and children!"—The Weekly Telegraph.

Mated.

"The other day," said Jones, "an old woman bouncd into our office, displaying a notice that we had written to her, to the effect that a quarter tax on some property of hers was due. She swore she had paid it. I had the books to prove that she had not, and suggested that she had made a mistake."

"She declared that she had not, and said, 'Don't you ever make mistakes?'"

"I assured her that I did not, and jokingly added:

"The only mistake I ever made was when I was married."

"She looked at me a second and then said: 'No, your wife made that mistake.'"—Detroit Free Press.

He Understood the Business.

First Beggar—Why didn't you tackle that lady? She might have given you something.

Second Beggar—I let her go because I understand my business better than you do. I never ask a woman for anything when she is alone; but when two women are together you can get money from both, because each one is afraid the other will think her stingy if she refuses.—Collier's Weekly.

A Foreign Tongue.

"As I understand it," said the talkative one, "the Africans trekked from the voo-looper to the kopje, and doped it from the spruit to the dishebbloom. It stands to reason, too, for—"

"I don't understand golf," the other cut in, wearily.—Harper's Bazar.

Well Guarded.

"Jonas Junius employs two lawyers constantly."

"Why two?"

"He gets business advice from one, and then he consults the other about how much he ought to pay of the first one's bill."—Chicago Record.

He Explains.

She—Why didn't you answer my letter?

He—You didn't.

He—No; and besides, it was written in such a peculiar hand I couldn't make out more than half of it.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Neighbors' Children Only.

Jinks—There's one good thing about spoiled children.

Binks—What's that?

Jinks—One never has them in one's own house.—New York Weekly.

Doing His Best.

Patient (in intense agony)—Oh, doctor, doctor, if I could only die!

Doctor—Patience, my friend, patience! I am doing my very best!

Electricity in Capsules.

Is made from cheap chemicals, and when added to a certain quantity of water will furnish electricity enough to light a house or drive an automobile. But this is nothing compared to the strengthening power contained in a bottle of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It cures indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, liver and kidney troubles.

A Smart Dresser.

"Theodore Tibbs wears gay shirts, doesn't he?"

"I should say. Why, he wouldn't stop at awning stripes."—Indianapolis Journal.

Better Blood Better Health

If you don't feel well today you can be made to feel better by making your blood better. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the great pure blood maker. That is how it cures that tired feeling, pimples, sores, scabs, rheum, scrofula and catarrh. Get a bottle of this great medicine and begin taking it at once and see how quickly it will bring your blood up to the Good Health point.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is America's Greatest Blood Medicine.

Mixed Emotions.

To illustrate the feeling of Ireland toward the predominant partner, an actor who has been touring tells the story of an old water in a Dublin hotel. "When are you going to get home rule in Ireland, John?" was the question. "See ye here, sor," said the old man, "the only way we'll get home rule for old Ireland will be if France—an' Russia—an' Germany—an' Austria—an' Italy—if they would all join together to give those blackguards of English a rare good biding. That's the only way we'll get home rule, anyway." Then, as he looked cautiously around, a twinkle of cunning and a smile of courtesy were added to the expression. "And the whole lot of 'em shoveld together couldn't do it," he said. "Oh—it's the grand navy we've got!"—London Chronicle.

T. M. Roberts' Supply House, Minneapolis, Minn.

say: "We have made a great scoop on binding twine and one that makes the twine trust, our competitors and country dealers very tired. We are selling twine 1/2 of a cent less than the Minnesota States Prison sold theirs. Of course, no time must be lost in ordering twine to obtain these prices. It will not last long. Order at once before you forget it. Do not be afraid of this twine, it is new, bright and good. We are able to make this very low price because we found a manufacturer who wanted money badly. Of course we could sell it at the market price and make more money, but that is not the way we do business. When we get a good thing we pass it along to our customers."