

Mr. Sharpe-Well, well, some men are born lucky.

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"What would you do if you were a king?" asked the man of vaulting ambition.

"I don't know," answered the matter-of-fact person. "I suppose I'd follow the fashion and wear a look of worry and a bullet-proof shirt."

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began the mean man at the breakfast table, as he picked up one of his wife's "Yes," interrupted the patient better-half, "then I might get a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for

three winters."

hers from her father. They used to laugh and say they couldn't see that there was much choice between the feminine kind and the masculine! Both of em hurt!

How often they used to laugh! That was another connecting link. When they were little bits, they had cried together over their names and made long lists of the beautiful "poetry-names" they longed for, on the walls of Delight's shed -Isobel,-Ethelind,-Jeannette,-Maude Mathilde,-how they had pored over the lovely names and "chosen" again and again! But when they grew older, they had laughed over the quaint old names their mothers had put their heads together and given them. For they had been named on the same day, when they lay, little red-faced, squirming morsels in the same big cradle. The mothers had waited until they were a month old and then met together for mutual counsel. "Red,-trouble. Come over." Desire kept saying themselves over and over to | enough!" her. She could not forget them, Of course it was a spot in the red table cloth, drying in the sun, but it kept on saying: "Trouble. Come over," "Trouble. Come over,"-all the morning. It took the pleasure out of the sunshine and clear, sweet air,-the soft, new-fallen snow and the cheery calls of the chickadees,-out of the whole bright New Year's day. Even Roxy could not settle down to her alternate naps and placid meditations in the sunny window. She followed her uneasy mistress about. uneasy, too, and full of wistful sympathy. But Roxy was wise and said nothing. Some things 'tis better not even to purr to one another. Four years ago a trivial misunderstanding had separated these two lonely women. It had not amounted to much in the beginning,-a little grievance only, -but with true New England pertinacity they had clung each to her own hurt, nursing it into vigorous life. It was four years old now. The narrow width of a country roadway that ran between the two little brown houses might have

previously marked him by tying a silk cord about his abdomen, so as to be able to identify him. The idea was to find out if the two moths would come together for the purpose of mating, these being the only ones of their species within a distance of hundreds of miles. This power of locating each other had been previously observed in these insects. In the morning the two moths were found to be in the same

cage, the female having been able to mile and a half. Comparatively little is known about o ordinary senses of insects. Most human being. The eyes of common fitted than the human eye for observing objects in motion, though these creatures are short-sighted. That insects have the sense of taste cannot be doubted when it is observed how nice they are in their selection of foods. That they have smell is a matter of common observation. Most insects are deaf to sounds which are heard by human beings. At the same time, there is no doubt that they make and hear sounds which are entirely out of our range of hearing. Certain senses in insects appear to be beyond comprehension. The neuters among ants, known as the "termites," are blind, and yet they will reduce a beam of wood in their burrowings without once gnawing to the surface. An analogy is found among animals. A bat in a lighted room, though blinded as to sight, will fly in all directions with great swiftness and with infallible certainty of avoiding concussion or contact with any object. It seems to be able to feel at a distance.

three women could have, and yet they must spoil it this way for them that come after "They take home the milk bottles, all right. You can bet they had a satchel

to carry them, for, you see, it would cost about ten cents apiece to leave them behind. But anything that they could unload without losing money, there it is. "Do you know, I was talking about it to a man down where I live—he was state senator some years ago, and he's quite attract her mate from a distance of a a man. Well, sir, he told me that one day in Paris-Paris, France, you know -he was reading a letter in the street, and when he got through he crumpled up of them see well, the eyes of many be- the envelope in his hand and chucked it ing far more elaborate than those of the away. Well, sir, what do you think, but up comes a Paris cop to him and house flics are believed to be better ssks him to pick it up, and tells him, police like, that it's a fine and the lockup to chuck things around the streets, not to speak of the parks, there."



THE SPLUTTERING PEN TRACED "PLEASANT" ON THE CLEAN PAGE OF THE NEW YEAR,

the unpainted house set diagonally across the road. Though for four years Desire Drummond had not willingly looked at the small old house, yet for four years she had always seen it, wher she looked out of her window. It was right there, an uncomely blot on her "view"-how could she help it? The splash of red color was in one of its tinypaned front windows, and for the moment Desire's heart beat a little faster than usual. When had she seen that red signal flag before?-but it wasn't a signal flag of course. Delight was drying something red in the sun; probably she'd washed out a spot in that old red table over.

Suddenly as if of its own accord quite uninfluenced by the slender old fingers, the pen began to write again. "There's a red flag in Delight's window," it wrote rather faster than usual, with not so much painstaking attention to i-dottings and t-crossings. "But it's probably a spot drying in her red table-spread. It isn't likely to be anything else after four years."

The little book creaked shut, as if refleved at the chance, and Desire Drummond gazed out of her window again, not looking at the little old house across the road, but seeing it and its red signal flag. and nothing else. Roxy leaped heavily to the window sill and looked out, toe. The big gray head rubbed lovingly against the little gray one.

'I'm not looking, Roxy, but it's there, -I see it," Desire murmured wistfully. "You see it, too, you know you do. You're looking down the road at the meetinghouse, but you see Delight's red flag! You think it's a spot in her table-spread drying in the sun, but you don't know it is. You're thinking maybe it isn't, just as I am."

Rozy's soft purr pleaded guilty to the charge. It was four years-but Roxy only knew it was a long time, a very long time,-since she had been allowed to catch plump mice in the little old brown shed across the road.

"If it should be anything else, Roxy,not a spot drying,-if it should mean what it used to-" She lifted the big cat down suddenly and opened one of her table drawers, where rows of blackbound diaries were neatly packed away, and selected one that pore a date five or

been the breadth of the sea. In the early afternoon, Desire and

Roxy had New Year's callers. The minister came first and prayed with them in his simple, heartfelt way. He thanked the Lord for peace and goodwill on earth,-for the pleasant old year and the beautiful beginning of the new one. It was a grateful, comforting prayer;

there was nothing in it about misunderstandings and trouble and rheumatism. Then the doctor's wife came in with her baby, and stayed long enough to patch a pair of little stockings. Then Mrs. Deacon Blinn came,-then Hosy Todd's two little girls,-last of all, laughing Jeffy Rand.

"Merry Chris-I mean Happy New Year!" laughed Jeffy. "Thought I'd come an' wish it. I've been to all the this-side-o'-the-street houses up to here. an' I'm comin' back on the other side-'xceptin' I shau't go to Tolly Wallace's

house." "Why not to Tolly's, Jeffy?" Jeffy laughed, -he always laughed.

'Cause we've fell out," he said, cheerlly. "You don't go to folk's houses you've fell out with an' wich 'em Happy New Tear's, do you?"



"I GUESS IT'S TIME ME AN' TOLLT FELL IN!"

were drying your red table cloth in the shut up the diary sharply, but the words window,-oh, I tried not to come fast

> "But you're here,-you're here, sobbed Delight. "Desire, wait!-stand right still a minute, where you are. 1 want to say some,-Happy New Year, Desire."

"Happy New Year, Delight."

It was all there in those three little words. What need for explanations, protestations, promises? The last red gleam from the west fell across both their glad old faces, like a kiss of peace. Afterward Roxy scratched her way it with a plump dead mouse, presenting it first to one of them and then to the other. in gentle uncertainty. And they all three

sat in the twilight together. "It was "trouble," Delight said "That's why I chose the red signal. I said to myself this morning, when woke up, 'It's New Year's, Delight Weth erill,' I said, 'are you going to do what you've been trying to do so long? Or are you going to wait another four years? And then all of a sudden I decided 'you're going to, Delight Wetherill!' But couldn't move an inch to do it. There was stiff with the rheumatism. I guess the feminine kind's the worst, Desire! Desire nodded. "I guess so, Delight. Go on." she said.

"I couldn't go on! There I was. didn't crawl out o' bed till noon, and I didn't limber up any till I saw you and Roxy coming acrost in the sunshine. I forgot I had the rheumatism then! I don't feel's if I should ever have it

again." "So you put up the red signal Trouble -Come over?" Desired mused thoughtfully.

"Yes,-oh, I had to! It was New Year's day, Desire, and you and me had been divided long enough. I said to myself I couldn't bear another year. I said the time to make it up was the first day o' the new year. And there I was! I couldn't stir."

"And the beginning and the ending were the first day," Delight murmured. softly. Under the cover of the darkness

the two old hands stole together and clung, as long ago two little childish once had clung together. Roxy purred from skirt to skirt impartially. There are times when 'tis better not to say anything, but a little gentle purring dees ne harm .--- Country Gentleman.

目目得 No Words Wasted.

Nora was a treasure of a servant, whose habit of speech was often indirect, but was frequently picturesque and unexpectedly expressive. One evening "the master" was sitting in the library when the door-bell rang. Nora answered it, and on her return through the hall "the master" inquired who it was. "It was a young man, sor," replied

Nora "Well, what did he want?" was the question.

"Oh, he was just lookin' for the wrong umber. sor."

"Did he find it?" asked the master. "Yis, sor; it was next door." Which reply settled the whole question in the

fewest possible words .- Lippincott's. Greatest Meat Eaters. One of the lines in which the United States now leads the world is that of meat eating. The Argentine Republic

used to hold the championship in this particular, but in consequence of the influx of South European immigrants into that country the people have no-

taken to growing and eating cereals. -N. Y. Tribune. Farniture from Ancient Timber.

Oak beams a thousand years old, removed from the Blue Bell inn at Bedlington, England, have been converted into a handsome suite of furniture.

While he was speaking the policeman had strolled a couple of hundred feet away from the scene of the picnic party. Two well-dressed men passed by. One of them just at that moment took the last cigarette from a flat tin box. He threw the box into the grass just at the border of the path.

"I wonder what that chap would do if I went up to him and told him to pick up that box," mused the policeman. don't really know what he'd do-most likely nothing; but I know what he'd say. He'd tell me he'd report me for impudence to his personal friend, the commish. They're all personal friends of his when you run foul of them."

The park department keeps a force of laborers constantly employed picking up litter in the park. But they cannot keep pace with the industry of the litter makers.

The lawns and shrubberies are constantly made unsightly with papers and cartons of all sorts, flung aside by careless people. One day, not long ago, two full newspapers, three sticks and an empty cigarette wrapper were floating in one of the fountain basins at the head of the mall, all at one time.

Men Wear Them.

The traveler in India is surprised to see that men wear combs in their hair much more than women do. A Cingalese gentleman wears what we know as a circular comb and a very ornamental back comb of tortoise shell to gather his curly locks together. He wears a full beard, also, but his servant must trim his own, and is only allowed to wear the circular comb.

Uniting Their Fortunes. Patience-They have decided to unite their fortunes. Patrice-Indeed! What are their

fortunes... "Her's is her face, and his is his cheek."-Yonkers Statesman.

More Men Than Women.

Egypt is the only country in the world where there are more men than women. The male sex in the dominion of the khedive exceeds the female by 160,000.

Worry. Worry is the worst wolf that comes to our doors .- Chicago Tribune.

Possibly.

"I wonder what he ever saw about her that attracted him?"

"Perhaps the \$50,000 worth of diamonds and pearls with which her parents had decorated her."-Chicago Record-Herald.



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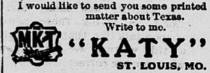


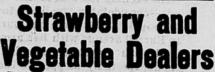
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