

By A. L. Harris Author of "Mine Own Familiar Friend," etc.
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and assented to this, and asked, "Have you discovered anything relating to the past?—anything to show why he left England and went to America?"

Mr. Sharp referred to another of the documents before him. "I have been hard at work ever since my return to town, trying to pick up the lead. At last it occurred to me to go and find out the photographer—one who took this photograph—relating it from among the other articles before him. 'Somewhat to my surprise,' I found the same firm still

Nothing had been moved. His father's chair, pushed back against the wall, remained just as he had left it the last time he had entered the room. The pen, lay beside the blotting pad, and the dust had accumulated over everything. He placed the

Miniature Typewriter.
The smallest typewriter ever manufactured was made in America four years ago. It was four inches long, three inches wide and weighed four and a half ounces.

land was sparsely across the lake. Then around it, and, in fact, was revealed. We discovered that it was one of the made islands which one sees so much in the lakes of Kashmir, and which are always a surprise. Around the lake was a marsh in which thirty or forty buffalo were wading and splashing, and some of these big creatures were laying flat down in the mud.

Chumba seems an enchanted spot when one remembers it. The word

closed with a clang. The brown baby shouted and cooed, the priest murmured his last prayer for the day, the brass bowls shone in the sunlight, and the women went gayly off in their brightly-colored dresses, and we walked dreamily out into the sunshine, and were presented with a necklace of jasmine, for which, of course, we paid, and waked up once more, and with a start, to every-day life in the practical present.

A small boy in Old Greenwich village who has a keen sense of humor happened to be roused very early one recent morning. To his great astonishment he beheld the moon in the sky after sunrise.

"Mother, mother," said he, "I've got a great joke on the Lord."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" said his mother, shocked.

"He forgot to pull the moon in," said Johnny.—New York Times.

I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 10 days proves them all.

Look in each package for a copy of the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

Miniature Typewriter. The smallest typewriter ever manufactured was made in America about

covered with tall young trees which looked like white birches, and great grassy meadows. It was so beautiful that our surprise when, as we looked across the lake, we saw a small island in the distance, that at we saw it move, and the whole island sailed slowly across the lake towards us. It was a small island, and when around it, and, in fact, was level with the lake. We discovered that it was one of the many small islands which one sees so much in the lakes of Kashmir, and which are always a surprise. Around the lake was a marsh in which thirty or forty buffalo were wading and splashing, and some of these big creatures were laying flat down in the mud.

Chamba seems an enchanted town.

To envy the sight of her ornaments
 We stood in the shade of the carved
 marble canopy, watching it all silently,
 until at last the bell jangled again
 and the huge doors of the temple
 closed with a clang. The brown bells
 shouted and cooed, the priest mur-
 mured his last prayer for the day, the
 brass bowl shone in the sunlight, as
 the women went gayly off in their
 brightly-colored dresses, and we walked
 dreamily out into the sunshine, as
 we were presented with a necklace
 of palm-leaf, for which, of course, we paid
 nothing, and walked up once more, and with re-
 freshment, to everyday life in the practical

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closed with a clang. The brown baby shouted and cooed, the priest murmured his last prayer for the day, the brass bowls shone in the sunlight, and the women went gayly off in their brightly-colored dresses, and we walked dreamily out into the sunshine, and were presented with a necklace of jasmine, for which, of course, we paid, and waked up once more, and with a secret, to every-day life in the practical present.

Johnny's Little Jake.

A small boy in Old Greenwich village who has a keen sense of humor happened to be roused very early on a recent morning. To his great astonishment he beheld the moon in the sky after sunrise.

"Mother, mother," said he, "I've got a great joke on the Lord."

"Why, Johnny, what do you mean?" said his mother, shocked.

"He forgot to pull the moon in."

named, to-day I weigh 165 lbs. and my old troubles are gone and all the credit is due to having followed the wise physician's advice and cut off the coffee and using Postum in its place.

"I now consider my health perfect. I am willing to go before a notary public and testify that it was all due to my having used Postum in place of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

There's a reason for quitting the drug-drink coffee, and there's a reason for drinking Postum. Trial 14 days proves them all.

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