the ex-hermit of Ballpate, and fixed his eyes on the pale blue necktie Peters had resurrected for his return to the world of men.

"Pretty, ain't it?" remarked the hermit, seeing whither Magee's gaze drifted. "She picked it. I didn't exactly like it when she first gave it to me; but I see my mistake now. I'm wearing it home as a sort of a white flag of truce—or almost white. Do you know, Mr. Magee, I'm somewhat nervous about what I'll say when I come into her presence again,—about my inaugural address, you might put it. What would be your conversation on such an occasion? If you'd been away from a wife for five years, what would you say when you drifted back?"

"That would depend," replied Magee, "on the amount of time she allowed for my speech."

"You've hit the nail on the head," replied Peters admiringly. "She's quick. She's like lightning. She won't give me any time if she can help it. That's why I'd like to have a wonderful speech all ready—something that would hold her spellbound and tongue-tied until I finished. It would take a literary classic to do that."

"What you want," laughed Magee, "is a speech with the punch."

"Exactly," agreed Peters. "I guess I won't go over to Brooklyn the minute I hit New York. I guess I'll study the lights along the big street, and brush elbows with the world a bit, before I reveal myself to her. Maybe if I took in a few shows—but, don't think I won't go to her! My mind is made up. And I guess she'll be glad to see me too—in her way. I got to fix it with her, though, to come back to my postcard trade in the summers. I wonder what she'll say to that? Maybe she could stay at the inn under an assumed name while I was hernia-ting up at the shack." He laughed softly. "It'd be funny, wouldn't it," he said, "her sitting on the veranda watching me sell postcards to the ladies, and listening to the various stories of how a lost love has blighted my life, and so forth? Yes, it'd be real funny—only Ellen never had much sense of humor. That was always her great trouble. If you ever marry, Mr. Magee, and I suppose you will, take my advice. Marry a sense of humor first, and a woman incidentally-like."

Magee promised to bear this counsel in mind, and went forward into the smoking car. Long rows of red plush seats, unoccupied save for the Mayor and Max, greeted his eye. He strolled to where they sat, about halfway down the car, and lighted an after-breakfast cigar.

Max slouched in the unresponsive company of a cigarette on one side of the car; across the aisle the Mayor of Reuton leaned heavily above a card table placed between two seats. He was playing solitaire. Magee wondered whether this was merely a display of bravado against scheming reformers, or whether Cargan found in it real diversion. Curious, he slid into the place across the table from the Mayor.

"Napoleon," he remarked lightly, "whiled away many a dull hour with cards, I believe."

To be concluded next Sunday

REAL HUMORISTS

BY PATRICK B. PRESCOTT, JR.

A NORTHERNER who recently returned from a trip through the South brings back the report that the negro is America's real humorist. He declares that one can hardly address a colored brother unless he gets some funny rejoinder, and submits three choice bits, collected in as many days of hurried travel, to prove his assertion.

As the person in question studied for the ministry (though he finally drifted to the practice of law), his report may be taken without the grain of salt. Verbatim it follows:

I HAD been in Natchez, Mississippi, just long enough to know that the tradition about its hills was no joke, when I was treated by a hoary-headed old man, whom I had coerced into telling of his antebellum days, to the most momentous pun I ever heard.

"'When I was a li'l boy,' he said, 'my old granny looked at my head an' said I was bound to be a sort of meejum, bound to see things afore dey happened. Her word was gospel wid ev'ybody—me in de bargain. So ev'y darky waited for me to see things—an' I waited myse'f. Year after year passed, an' I ain't never seed nothin'. Ev'ybody still looked for me to git de sight.

"'Well, Suh, it wore on me an' wore on me, till by de time I was a young man I figured I had to see somepin', or be pestered to death. Den de idee struck me to find out Marse's plans an' tell de other cullud people. I figured if I could git under de house ev'y night I could hear him 'scuss his plans th'u de floor.

"'Gem'man, Suh, de plan worked slick as butter. I told de other darkies what Marse was gwine to do next day, an' my prediction was right to de letter. Dey 'gun to worship me. I kept on night in, night out, always tellin' things 'zac'ly as dey was gwine to happen. Den it got noised about wid de house darkies dat I was seein' things, an' fum dem it got to Marse.

"'Dere bless de land! What was I gwine to do? Marsy called me in afore him.

"'"I hears you kin see things, Josh."

"'"Yas, Suh."

"'"Sure?"

"'"Yas, Suh."

"'"Now, you know I'll punish you, maybe sell you to some hard master, if I find you lied."

"'"Yas, Suh."

"'He was in a big hurry at de time to go to town. I dunno 'zac'ly how it happened, but nigh 'bout supper time Colonel Wilson's house darky come runnin' up for me.

"'I found all de Colonel's fam'ly 'ranged round de dinner table, spick an' span. Marse was standin' up wid his hands in his pockets.

"'Josh, de Colonel an' me got to 'sputin' over you seein' things. You told me you could, an' I know you never lied to me. Now, I done bet de Colonel one thousand dollars—understand, one thousand dollars!—you kin tell what's in dat dish dere in de center of de table."

"'Twa'n't a bit of use tryin' to git out of it, nor to squirm an' squeak 'bout it. I jest had to 'fess up. I bowed my head—skeered to death, I bound you—an' told him, "Well, Marse, you all's cotched de old coon at last."

"'"Throw de money over, Colonel!" shouted Marse. He lak to threw a fit, Gent'man, Suh, jumpin' up an' down, an' slappin' me on de back lak he was pure luny.

"'An' me? Great day in de mornin'! I ain't never knowed what was what till dey throwed back de kivah an' I spied—a steamin' coon! Narrow 'scape, Suh. An' de next day? De next day, bless your soul! I told Marse he hadn't ought a gambled on my power, an' dat de Good Lawd had took it fum me for punishment.'

"So much for the first day.

THE second day found myself and two companions fishing on Lake Ponchartrain, just off New Orleans. We had brought a native negro along to look after the chores. Lake Ponchartrain is about as choppy as a pepper-tempered wife, and is likely any time to throw a squall from a clear blue sky.

"We had been out several hours when, sure enough, the wind blew up briskly. James, our handy man, grew uneasy. He explained that he wasn't particular about water in any way, shape, or form, neither inside nor out.

"I tried to assure him that our little sailing boat couldn't overturn, whereupon he rejoined:

"'Dere never was but one boat in de world dat couldn't turn over or couldn't sink, an' dat was Noah's Ark.'

"Five minutes later our craft was keel up, all of us holding to the bottom. The proximity of other pleasure boats made the chance of danger slight; but I firmly believe that if I had been in mid ocean I'd have laughed when James turned his face heavenward in fervent supplication:

"'Lawd,' he said, 'you let Peter walk upon de waters: why not me?'

THE following day found me swinging northward through Georgia. At Tootsville I was talking to the ticket agent, when up rushed an old negro, who hurriedly demanded a ticket for Pig Foot Junction.

"'Pleasure trip, Uncle?' inquired the agent.

"'No, Suh, my nephew's ve'y low, Suh. Hope de train won' be long coming.'

"'About ten minutes, Uncle.'

"The old man went to the platform, and studied the bulletin board seriously. 'Did you say my train'd be 'long in ten minutes, Suh?' asked he, returning to the window.

"'Yes, Uncle.'

"'I jest axed you, Suh, 'cause I ain't got my rabbit foot 'bout me, an' dat dere board say, "All trains on time 'cept one," an' I was jest figurin' dat dat one would be mine.'

"'Someone's tampered with the bulletin board,' declared the clerk, rushing excitedly to the platform. I followed closely.

"We both stared at the board, then at Uncle, then dropped into a hysteria of laughter. The bulletin read:

"'All trains on time—Sept. 1.'"

YOU Need a Telescope

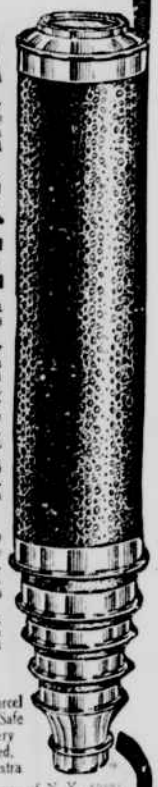
It enables you to see objects miles away. Vacationists can multiply their joys with it; it brings the country around right up to their eyes. You can watch incoming or passing ships—see men on board. For farmers and ranchmen it is an absolute necessity, they can keep their eyes on their cattle, horses or men when far out in the fields.

Over 3½ ft. Long

The Sign of Quality

For studying celestial phenomena, particularly the recurring eclipses, this solar eyepiece will aid a careful study of Old Sol and solar eclipses. This attachment alone is worth more than the entire price to anyone interested in this science. Free with the

EXCELSIOR TELESCOPE



Eyepiece of telescope can be used as a microscope to detect insects or germs in plants or vegetables.

The Excelsior Telescope is made by one of the largest manufacturers in Europe. The lenses are carefully ground and correctly adjusted by experts. It is brass bound, and besides the solar eyepiece, has a brass dust cover at the end. Closed, the telescope is 12 inches, and has circumference of [illegible] inches. It opens over 3½ feet [illegible] sections.

Telescopes of this size usually cost $5.00 to $8.00—even without a solar eyepiece. For $1.00 you can now have a telescope with these advantages.

COULD SEE [illegible] SPOTS
Rutland, Vt., 16th, 1910
Telescope arrived [illegible] I have seen the spots on the sun for the first time in my life. Dan C. [illegible] Rutland, Vt.

COULD COUNT WINDOWS [illegible] COLORADO
SEVEN MILES
Nederland, Colo., 8th, 1911
There is a large [illegible] miles from where I live and I can count the windows and tell its color. [illegible]

At 10 miles distance objects invisible to the eye. J. Lewis Williams, Fayetteville, Wis.

By Parcel Post. Safe Delivery Insured. 18c extra

The Mysterious Sun Spots

PRICE

[illegible] money back guaranteed or money refunded as you wish. Order by regular money, postal money order, or express money order, today. We send it carefully packed post, insured, for $1.00.

Our Illustrated Bargain Catalogue free with each telescope

KIRTLAND BROS. & CO.
Department AS,
96 Chambers Street, NEW YORK

Vapo Cresolene
(ESTABLISHED 1879)

for Whooping Cough, Spasmodic Croup, Asthma, Sore Throat, Coughs, Bronchitis, Colds, Catarrh.

"Used while you sleep."

A simple, safe and effective treatment avoiding drugs.

Vaporized Cresolene stops the paroxysms of Whooping Cough and relieves Spasmodic Croup at once.

It is a boon to sufferers from Asthma.

The air carrying the antiseptic vapor, inspired with every breath, is breathing easy, soothes the sore throat and stops the cough, assuring rested nights.

Cresolene relieves the bronchial complications of Scarlet Fever and Measles and is a valuable aid in the treatment of Diphtheria.

Cresolene's best recommendation is its 30 years of successful use. Send on postal for Descriptive Booklet.

For Sale by All Druggists

Try Cresolene Antiseptic Throat Tablets for the irritated throat, composed of slippery elm bark, licorice, sugar and Cresolene. They can't harm you. Of your druggist or from us, 10c. in stamps.

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO., 62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Building, Montreal, Canada.

PERFECT YOUR FIGURE
LET ME SEND YOU "AUTO MASSEUR" ON A
40 DAY FREE TRIAL BOTH SEXES

So confident am I that simply wearing it will reduce all superfluous flesh that I mail it free, without deposit. When you see your shapeliness speedily returning I know you will buy it.

Try it at my expense. Write to-day.

PROF. BURNS 15 West 28th St., Dept. 100 New York

Cutting corns is dangerous and only makes them grow faster. Get permanent relief by using A-Corn Salve. Safe and sure. 15 cents at druggists or by mail.

Giant Chemical Co., Philadelphia

SHOES FOR THE LAME

With our make your feet look like those of people not lame. You can wear ready-made shoes, slippers, etc.

E. L. O'CONNOR CO., 1158 Broadway, Cor. 25th St., New York

World Famous Experts and Inventors in This Line.

POWER FOR YOU!

NEW STRENGTH, VIM and VIGOR ALL YOURS! Strength that is more than mere muscular strength. The strength of perfect health, abundant nerve force—the strength of keen relish is now within your reach thru vibration. Nine out of ten people are only half alive. How about yourself. All the joys of life, strength and youth are yours thru vibration. Don't fail to send the coupon below for full particulars about the

Wonderful White Cross Electric Vibrator

This wonderful instrument gives you the three greatest natural curative agents in the world — vibration, faradic and galvanic electricity. We will send this wonderful machine to you on free trial. You can have the greatest of all curative agents in your reach all the time. Don't be weak. You can be strong and healthy if you will.

THIS MACHINE RELIEVES THE FOLLOWING DISEASES

The White Cross Electric Vibrator

Rheumatism, headache, backache, constipation, kidney disease, lumbago, catarrh, heart disease, skin disease, deafness, weak eyes, general debility, nervousness, etc., etc.

THIS REMARKABLE BOOK SENT FREE

This wonderful book describes the human body—tells how to get healthy and beautiful and how to keep so. It explains all about our wonderful free trial offer on the White Cross Electric Vibrator. Don't fail to get it. It's Free!

SEND THIS FREE COUPON NOW

Even though you never intend to buy a vibrator, send and get this remarkable free book, "Health and Beauty." It contains facts and information which you should know. Learn all about vibration. Send the free coupon right away—NOW.

LINDSTROM-SMITH CO., Desk 2423, 218 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Lindstrom-Smith Co., Desk 2423, 218 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Without any obligation on me, please send me your free book, "Health and Beauty," and full particulars about the free trial offer on the White Cross Electric Vibrator. I assume no obligations.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....