

THE WORTHINGTON ADVANCE.

ROBERT MCIVER, Editor and Publisher.
WORTHINGTON, N. D., MONDAY, MARCH 1, 1915.

LITTLE MISS SOMEBODY.

Little Miss Somebody wears a big hat.
"Heads it is the cutest of noses."
Chin sweetly dimpled, and cheeks, O, so fat.
Blooming like June's rarest roses.

Little Miss Somebody's tresses of gold
Lie in blue ribbons and braided
Down to her plump, little feet behold
Under the hat, softly shaded.

Little Miss Somebody's biggest blue eyes
Look at you straight when you're speaking;
Sometimes, when big little troubles arise,
Dewdrops of tears they are leaking.

Little Miss Somebody's brown, little hands
Gather the sweetest of flowers;
Or all entranced, like a picture, she stands,
Hearing bird-voices in the bowers.

Little Miss Somebody's tiny, little feet
Trip like a fairy's or spring;
Faster they scamper for some one to meet—
Some one she loves very dearly.

Little Miss Somebody's part little nose
Makes her more lovely than ever;
Her silver slippers, and her little, merry
About are music to dream of forever.

Little Miss Somebody shows in the light
Beauty and blazes beguiling;
Fair as an angel she is in the night
When in her crib she is smiling.

Little Miss Somebody's busy all day
Doing one thing or another;
Dolly asleep and there's no one to play,
Then she is helping her mother.

Little Miss Somebody's sweetest little
When she is nestled in her mother's arms;
Sometimes she is so the lower she seems
She is a very dear little darling.

Little Miss Somebody is so so small
That we're not a bit afraid of her;
When she grows bigger she'll make one and all
Tremble and pleasantly love her.

—H. C. Dodge, in Goodall's Sun.

JOHN'S SUGGESTION.

As a Suggestor Rosa Thinks He
Is Simply Perfect.

DON'T see why you should mind it at all, John. It isn't a bit like going to an almshouse, you know. And really, it seems to me the only thing to be done under the circumstances. If you knew how to get your living in any way, and were able to do it, of course things would be different. But as it is, you have no choice. And your hundred and fifty dollars won't last very long.

"No," and Janet Reeves sighed, a very sad look on her gentle face; "and here the past six weeks, a great deal of it would have been gone already."

"Well, we needn't talk of that," said Mrs. Wayne, briskly. "Let's go back to the subject of this Old Ladies' home. John says it is a lovely place, and—"

"You surely haven't mentioned the subject to your brother?" interrupted Janet, a red flush springing to her pale cheeks.

"Goodness! No! I wouldn't think of such a thing for a moment. It isn't a matter in which he would be at all interested. But Beechwood is only a little way from the Old Ladies' home, and of course, he knows all about it. I have heard him say it is a perfect paradise for old people—a big, old-fashioned house, almost hidden by vines, and surrounded by old oaks and trees. Why? There's John now, come to take Rosa out driving. I suppose. Oh, you really *would* speak to him about this project, Janet, or ask him any questions, I'll—"

"Oh, no, no! Not for the world!" cried Janet, hurriedly, "ask almost of terror, in her brown eyes. As you say, it would not interest him in the least. I don't think you would speak to him about it. I ask it as a special favor."

"Certainly, I promise," answered Mrs. Wayne, with alacrity; and before Janet had time to speak again the door opened and John Humphreys came in.

He was a tall, fine-looking man of about forty-five years of age, with keen blue eyes, a heavy, dark mustache and brown hair thickly strewn with gray. Life had been very pleasant to him, always; but love had played no part in it, and he had repeatedly assured his sister that he was too busy to find time for love-making, or even to marry.

Mrs. Wayne felt sure that at last he had fallen a victim to the tender passion, and inwardly rejoiced at the good fortune which had made Rosa Burth not her guest, for Rosa was young, beautiful, rich and charming, and would make a fitting mistress for John's handsome home, as well as an admirable sister-in-law.

Mr. Humphreys shook hands with Miss Reeves and nodded affectionately at his sister.

"Miss Rosa ready?" he asked.

"I'll tell her you have come," and Mrs. Wayne, after a last look at the piece of blue satin she was embroidering, went out.

Mr. Humphreys walked to the window and stood there, staring out into the garden. It was very quiet, and subjects of conversation with Rosa Burth, who was all life and spirit, but with this shy, elderly spinster he found himself tongue-tied.

"You're better to-day, I hope, Miss Reeves," he said at last.

"Oh, I am quite well now," she rejoined, without looking at him, and apparently intent on the covering of a little primer belonging to Mrs. Wayne's only child. "I cannot call myself an invalid any longer, and I shall go very soon."

"Go! Go where?"

"I—I scarcely know," hesitatingly. "But cannot trespass any longer on your sister's hospitality. I have already stayed too long."

"That is absurd! I don't see why you should go at all. Considering what you did for—"

"O, Mr. Humphreys, that was nothing—nothing at all!"

"Nothing," to rescue an only child from drowning! I don't agree with you."

"I mean that I have been simply repaid," said Janet, very much embarrassed. "Think of how devotedly your sister nursed me all the time I was laid up with that dreadful rheumatic fever, and how I have stayed on here, day after day, never was the result of your plunge into the icy water after little Remy. It would have been ungrateful, indeed, in Lida, not to have done all in her power to return. Where do you propose to go?"

But the question was never finished, for, to Janet's great relief, there was a sound of gay laughter in the hall, and Lida and Rosa came in, the latter drawing on a pair of long undressed kid gloves of the latest shade of tan. She was a stylish looking girl, and John Humphreys' eyes rested on her admiringly as she advanced to meet him and throw over his arm with a friendly familiarity, her light shawl. And Janet, who also admired her, wondered how any man could help falling in love with such a gay, fearless young creature; and, taking an opportunity when they were all talking, slipped unnoticed from the room.

The hall window commanded a good view of the broad carriage drive, and Janet, safely hidden from observation by the heavy curtains, watched John Humphreys as he helped Rosa into his light buggy and gathering the reins in his hand sprang in beside her with some merry remark which the pale watcher at the window could not hear.

She had everything! everything! murmured the poor, lonely little woman; "and I—have nothing. Oh, why should things be portioned out so unevenly in this world! And yet how foolish to repine. At my age I ought to have more sense and courage."

But as she thought of her utter loneliness, and that in a day or two she must go forth among strangers, to become an inmate of a charitable institution, she put her head down and cried until she was exhausted. She did not dream for a moment that the handsome couple in the carriage were even then talking of her.

"Janet Reeves is the best, most unselfish woman I ever knew," said Rosa Burth, as the buggy rolled out on the gravel drive into the shaded country road. "I have always been in love with the poor, lonely, little thing, and I don't see how anyone could help it. She is so thoroughly sweet and good!"

John Humphreys pulled his mustache thoughtfully, his eyes on the sleek backs of his chestnut horses, but said nothing.

"She is evidently troubled about the future," continued Rosa, "and it is a shame that she should be so. I don't like going to an almshouse, you know. And really, it seems to me the only thing to be done under the circumstances. If you knew how to get your living in any way, and were able to do it, of course things would be different. But as it is, you have no choice. And your hundred and fifty dollars won't last very long."

"No," and Janet Reeves sighed, a very sad look on her gentle face; "and here the past six weeks, a great deal of it would have been gone already."

"Well, we needn't talk of that," said Mrs. Wayne, briskly. "Let's go back to the subject of this Old Ladies' home. John says it is a lovely place, and—"

"You surely haven't mentioned the subject to your brother?" interrupted Janet, a red flush springing to her pale cheeks.

"Goodness! No! I wouldn't think of such a thing for a moment. It isn't a matter in which he would be at all interested. But Beechwood is only a little way from the Old Ladies' home, and of course, he knows all about it. I have heard him say it is a perfect paradise for old people—a big, old-fashioned house, almost hidden by vines, and surrounded by old oaks and trees. Why? There's John now, come to take Rosa out driving. I suppose. Oh, you really *would* speak to him about this project, Janet, or ask him any questions, I'll—"

"Oh, no, no! Not for the world!" cried Janet, hurriedly, "ask almost of terror, in her brown eyes. As you say, it would not interest him in the least. I don't think you would speak to him about it. I ask it as a special favor."

"Certainly, I promise," answered Mrs. Wayne, with alacrity; and before Janet had time to speak again the door opened and John Humphreys came in.

He was a tall, fine-looking man of about forty-five years of age, with keen blue eyes, a heavy, dark mustache and brown hair thickly strewn with gray. Life had been very pleasant to him, always; but love had played no part in it, and he had repeatedly assured his sister that he was too busy to find time for love-making, or even to marry.

Mrs. Wayne felt sure that at last he had fallen a victim to the tender passion, and inwardly rejoiced at the good fortune which had made Rosa Burth not her guest, for Rosa was young, beautiful, rich and charming, and would make a fitting mistress for John's handsome home, as well as an admirable sister-in-law.

Mr. Humphreys shook hands with Miss Reeves and nodded affectionately at his sister.

"Miss Rosa ready?" he asked.

"I'll tell her you have come," and Mrs. Wayne, after a last look at the piece of blue satin she was embroidering, went out.

Mr. Humphreys walked to the window and stood there, staring out into the garden. It was very quiet, and subjects of conversation with Rosa Burth, who was all life and spirit, but with this shy, elderly spinster he found himself tongue-tied.

"You're better to-day, I hope, Miss Reeves," he said at last.

"Oh, I am quite well now," she rejoined, without looking at him, and apparently intent on the covering of a little primer belonging to Mrs. Wayne's only child. "I cannot call myself an invalid any longer, and I shall go very soon."

"Go! Go where?"

"I—I scarcely know," hesitatingly. "But cannot trespass any longer on your sister's hospitality. I have already stayed too long."

"That is absurd! I don't see why you should go at all. Considering what you did for—"

"O, Mr. Humphreys, that was nothing—nothing at all!"

and had declined the use of the station hack, feeling that she could not afford to spend an unnecessary penny. Tired, dusty and warm, she was glad when she came in sight of the house; but just as she reached the gate, and was about to push it open, she heard the sound of hooves' feet, and the swift roll of a carriage, and looking around saw, to her consternation, that he who held the reins over the backs of the stylishly moving chestnuts was John Humphreys, whose handsome estate was situated only a mile from the home. It was too late for escape. She had been recognized, and in another moment the chestnuts were drawn up sharply, and his owner was on his feet by Miss Janet's side.

"Am I a good wife, John?" Husband—
"Yes, you are an ideal one." — Yankee Blade.

—One Less, Anyway.—"Henry," she whispered, "why don't you say something?" "Because," he answered, "between his teeth, I have just swallowed a mosquito, and don't want him to escape." — Columbian.

—Citizen—"I hear you are running for office?" "Candidate"—"Yes, a month ago I placed myself in the hands of my friends." "How are you now?" "I would like to have fifteen cents to get a daily lunch." — Baltimore American.

—In the Chicago Swim.—First brother (in Chicago)—"Are you going to that five o'clock tea?" Second brother—"No." First brother—Then let me wear your Frisco shirt. I've a hannel shirt." — St. Louis American.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

PUNY PARAGRAPHS.

"She—I don't believe in long engagements, do you?" He—"No; people are apt to find out too many things about each other." — Boston News.

—Heard at Brighton Beach.—Bathurst—"Don't you think Wagner is an artist?" Materialist—"Well, that's hard to tell; he's dead, you know." — Brooklyn Eagle.

"Did you take much exercise during the winter?" "No." "I thought you were such a firm believer in physical culture." "So I am; I attended every lecture delivered upon the subject." — Light.

—An Ideal Wife.—Husband—"No blue stockings for me. An ignorant woman makes a far better wife." Wife—"Am I a good wife, John?" Husband—"Yes, you are an ideal one." — Yankee Blade.

—One Less, Anyway.—"Henry," she whispered, "why don't you say something?" "Because," he answered, "between his teeth, I have just swallowed a mosquito, and don't want him to escape." — Columbian.

—Citizen—"I hear you are running for office?" "Candidate"—"Yes, a month ago I placed myself in the hands of my friends." "How are you now?" "I would like to have fifteen cents to get a daily lunch." — Baltimore American.

—In the Chicago Swim.—First brother (in Chicago)—"Are you going to that five o'clock tea?" Second brother—"No." First brother—Then let me wear your Frisco shirt. I've a hannel shirt." — St. Louis American.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.

—Well, said father-in-law, after mother-in-law had returned from a visit to the young couple, "what sort of a fellow is John?" "He's a good fellow, good for much," said mother-in-law. "He reminds me very much of you." — Harper's Bazar.

—Mr. Towley—"I got a letter from your cousin to-day." Mrs. Towley—"Inviting me to spend the summer of '15?" "No." Mrs. Towley—"No; stating that they do not intend to run a charity hospital this season." — N. Y. Herald.