

bubbled to his lips unchecked. When they reached the booking office he knew that she could be conquered. If only there were time! Nevada—riches—then to renew his suit—

She had purchased her ticket and stood on the step of the train. Her purse was in his hand. The train moved. He wanted to leap aboard—hesitated; it moved more swiftly. Presently he was alone on the platform, still holding the little purse.

* * * * *

Edith opened the purse. "Suppose you look in that envelope," she said. "They are not papers, as you seem to believe."

John Ferrand tore open the flap. Inside was neatly folded a long printed slip—a railway ticket. Then from the released folds there fluttered—a second ticket. Ferrand stared at it dully.

"Good God," he muttered. "What a fool I have been. If I had known! Edith!"

Edith was smiling now.

"I am staying at the Hotel Lafayette," she said softly.

—o—o—

Mrs. Ginks—I've just been speaking to your neighbor, Mrs. Noggin. Are you on calling terms with her?

Mrs. Littledrop—Yes. She called me no lady, and I called her a bottle-nosed old tattle-tale.

—o—o—

A good cure for children's weak ankles is to bathe the ankles in salt and water, or, if possible, in sea-water.

MAY BE CARDINAL.



Mgr. Kennedy, rector of American College at Rome, mentioned in dispatches as likely to be America's new cardinal.

—o—o—

Physician (at watering place, to patient's husband)—And, after all, the great thing for your wife is exercise. Does she take any?

Patient Husband—Take any! I should say she did. Why, doctor, she changes her dress at least six times a day!

—o—o—

Denmark exports the greater proportion of its butter to the United Kingdom.

—o—o—

Heck—If I ever marry I'll rule the roost or know why. Peck—You'll know why all right.