

As the melody of their horn playing penetrated to the ears of the governor and his daughter-in-law it gave a fresh impetus to the discussion that had filled all their evening.

"That's another one of them, Adele. That boy has real musical talent. Martin's children are rather an unusual lot. I am sorry he ever married."

"Father!"

"Yes, sorry. What has he brought

"Strong need not necessarily remain under the ban. He has all the world before him. But this girl!"—

"Yes, this girl. And, if I understand you aright, she is herself in ignorance of her father's true position. You did wrong, Adele, very wrong."

"I see it myself now, but my motives were good. I knew the class preju-

“Well, now that she has reaped the full benefit of the opportunities given her, what then?”

“What then? I am troubled for the girl, father.”

The governor waved his hand automatically.

"Make a governess of her."
 "But if she doesn't want to teach?"
 "Doesn't she want to teach! Do you suppose she will want to settle down for life yonder?"
 He jerked his head impatiently toward the quarter lot.
 "Scarcely. Poor child! If it were not for Adrien!"
 "Yes—but it is for Adrien. Don't entertain the idea of having her about you a second. Adele. Young men can make

awful fools of themselves sometimes. And there is temptation in that girl's face. Help her out of the mess in any other way you can contrive."

Early hours obtained at the mansion as in the cabin. There was nothing to assist the quiet, soberly shod hours in their flight. The governor lifted himself from the depths of his deep Spanish leather chair by a firm grip on its elbows. With the courtesy of a past century he raised his daughter-in-law's

In full orb'd majesty the moon
climbed higher over the trampled quar-
ter lot, the grassless dooryard, the paint-
less framework, the sordid environment
of the home to which Eliza Martin was
coming back. It softened, but could not
conceal its unkindness.

Higher still it had to climb before it could pierce the leafy crowns of the orange trees and the laurestinas that flung sheltering arms about the stately white pillared house, whose lonely occupants were looking forward eagerly to the home coming of Adrien Strong.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHY COPS ARE CORPULENT.

An Old Member of the Force Explains the Inevitable Paunch.

"It's a standing joke with lots of folks," said a retired policeman the other day, "that almost as soon as a new man is put on the force and goes out on patrol duty he gets fat. You never yet saw a picture of a policeman but that he had a paunch on him worthy of an old country German.

"But it isn't corpulence that forces policemen to buy bigger waisted trousers

"When a man is on his feet anywhere from 12 to 20 hours out of the 24, he just settles down on himself. He puts all his weight on his hips.

"This throws out his abdomen and draws his shoulders back, making him look hollow backed. It seems to rest him. His feet and ankles, which get sore, rheumatic and all out of shape on account of his constant walking, are

"A policeman's feet always become large. I wore a No. 7 shoe when I went on the force 30 years ago. Now I have to wear a No. 10, and the width—well, I guess they don't letter them up to my width. And it's all on account of the walking."

“Yes, ainmen who have patronized for two or three years are ‘fat’ and at the same time not fat.”—New York Sun.

Frogs Sing Love Songs.

One of the most extraordinary things about frog music is the fact that the frog keeps his mouth closed when he is singing.

He can sing through his skin. He is provided with a pair of resonant chambers like drums, and he makes his music

A French scientist, after long listening in the woods, has made out and reduced to writing the song of the frog, or "swamp music," as he calls it, and has discovered that the frog repertory is varied and extensive. Frogs can carry on conversations at long distances and

Their songs, however, are all love songs and are only indulged in when there are female frogs about. It is then that the frog distends his drums to their utmost, throwing his head well back and his legs far apart and raising his voice, as it is called, to the very highest pitch of the musical scale.—Pearson's Weekly.

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