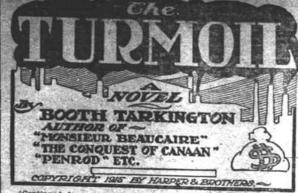
law the postmarter of the largest less sawelf as the smallest would ve to stand a competitive examin-on. Senators and congressmen u'd have nothing to do with the pointment.

gress before even a suggestion of adjournment is thought of. Unless means can be had to rush regis atton a great deal more than the present prospects indicate, the senior senator does not believe Congress will quit much before the middle of August.

Doing Well.

Six—"How are you making out or your resolution to economise?" Dix—"Fine! I've got my running expense slowed down to a walk."



papa had never even hea of Vertrees! Mrs. Vertre



pa Had Never Even Heard of the Name of Vertrees."

no antismoke committee to see him, dhe told her that smoke was what do her husband bring home his ges from the pay roll on Saturday that He told us about it, and I sught I just couldn't live through by Light, I was so ashamed! Mr. prirees has always lived on his inme, and papa didn't know blus, of

rse. They're the stiffest, most elet people in the whole town. And
rown it all, papa went and bought,
next lot to the old Vertrees counmansion—it's in the very heart of
beat mew residence district now,
i that's where the new house is,
it next door to them—and I must
it makes their place look rather
bby! I met Mary Vertrees when
ofined the Mission Service Helpera,
she never did any more than just
ely bow to me, and since papa's
sak I doubt if she'll do that! They
ren't called."

ey will call—"
"Bapa knows what a break he made lith Mrs. Vertrees. I made bim unraland that," said Edith, demurely, and he's promised to try and meet. Vertrees and be ulee to him. Bob-Lamborh told Sibyl he was going bring his mother to call on her and manifum, but if was weeks ago, and solice he hasn't desse it; and if Mrs. rireca decides not to know us, I'm rn sure Mrs. Lamborn 'I) never me. That's one thing Sibyl didn't mage! She said Bobby offered to ing his mother—"
'You say he is a friend of Personnel.

did you say only eleven obs panted, staring at it, as-jacketed twin of a Pullman

offer to unpack the bag, closed his eyes wearily.

White-facket, racially aympathetic, lowered the window shades and made an exit on tiptoe, encountering the other white jacket—the harnssed overseer—in the hall without. Said the emerging one:

"He mistry shades "Mistry Said the Control of the said the said the control of the said the

and she was patting a sairt down over some unruly interval discension at the moment she opposed Bibbs' door.

At sight of the recumbent figure she began to close the door softly, withdrawing, but the young man had heard the turning of the knob and the rusting of skirts, and he opened his eyes.

"Don't ge, mother," he said. "I'm not asleep." He swung his logg legs over the side of the bed to rise, but the segle, hand or bis shoulder, restraining him; and he lay flat again.

"No," she said, bending over to kiss his cheek, "I just come for a minute, but I want to see how you seem. Edith said.—"

"Poor Edith!" he murmured. "She couldn't look at me. She—"

"Nonsene!" Mrs. Sheridan, having let in the light at a window, came back to the bedside. "Yot look a great deal better than what you did before you went to the sanitarium, anyway. It's done you good; a body can see that right away. You need fatting up, of course, and you haven't got much color."

"No," he said, "I heven't much color."

"No," he said, "I heven't much color."

"You look a great deal better than was hig, square plain, was a big, square plain,

the earitarium. You look be with you did then, and that dittle time ago. How long "Eight months, I think." "No, it couldn't be. I kno that long, but maybe it was I thought. And this last mo I haven't had scarcely ever write more than unt a line to.



the "old" house. Mand and scrae women were at work under the petently nominal direction of another and inke an interest in tisings. That's pullman porter, who was profounday enjoying his own affectation of being after we set your degram; and that's what'll stimulate your appellie, too



"Nothing. Just looking tube of Sheridans' windows," said Mar-trees. "I got caught at ht." "Mary!" cried her mother. "I we were going to call! Good fea "We'll go, lust the same," the ter returned. "I suppose those to would be glad to have as if burned their house to the groun. "But who saw you?" lanistic Vertrees.

"But who saw you?" latered his vertees.

"One of the sons, I suppose I o was.
I believe he's lessno, or something. At least I hear they keep him in a say!-tarium somewhere, and hever telk about him. He was saving at binsed

(CONTINUED NIXT WEEK.)

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