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BY

JOHN BRECKENRIDGE ELLIS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY O IRWIN MYERS

unjut light. She isn't to be judged like other people."

"Oh." murmured Grace, "then you think there is more than one statdard of right? I don't. There's one God and one right. No. I cannot consent; what might satisfy Mrs. Gregory might not seem best to me. No, proféssor, if you feel that; you cannot explain what I saw, last night, I shall teel obliged to tell Mr. Gregory as soon as the choir practice ends."

"Didu't Fran refuse to tell?" Abbott temporized.



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SAVED FROM **OPERATIONS**

Two Women Tell How They Escaped the Surgeon's Knife by Taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable

Compound.

Swartmore, Penn. — "For afteen years I suffered untild agony, and for one period for nearly way are I hadbeen or one period for nearly way are I hadbeen or hadeen or had been to the dectors told me I would have to undergo an operation, but I begin taking I yidis E. Finkhami & Ye go at bit Company of the Company of the I way of t



The McTavish family was dining, and each member eagerly watched Mr. McTavish carving the fowl, none so eagerly, however, as the dog, for that intelligent animal never took his eyes off the hird. Suddenly the krifted slipped and sent a fragment of poultry roiling on the floor.

"Michty me," cred McTavish, "the leg, my own favortie bit. The dog it get it."
"No, it won't, father." said the youngest McTavish. "He'll not get it. Five got my foot on it."—Young's Magnite.

