

BROWN VS. BLUE

By KATHRYN M. HASELTINE

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Bobby Dean cautiously poked a small freckled face round the kitchen door. "Bab's in one of her tantrums and how will I ever do it?" said Bobby, once more looking in the door. Chloe Dean, his pretty sister, was vehemently washing dishes, but this was not what alarmed Bobby. She had been cross ever since her last letter from Lieutenant Rogers.

"To think of his writing about her to me!" she stormed at the teapot, and she dropped the dish she was wiping and in picking it up she caught sight of Bobby, who was uncertain whether to retreat or not. "Well," she said angrily, "what are you standing there staring at me for?"

"Aw," said Bobby, "I'm sorry, sis, but I got this letter yesterday." "Bobby Dean!" indignantly demanded his sister, "do you mean to say that you've had a letter for me in your pocket? Give it to me!"

Bobby hastily produced a long white envelope with a red triangle on it and passed it to her. Chloe opened it and as she scanned the contents a crimson flush stole into her cheeks, and when she read the last sentence her blue eyes flashed.

"We will arrive Friday, be ready for us, Bab."

She saw it was headed New York and dated two days before. At the word "we" Chloe stamped her foot, and passages from his letters came to her:

"I have just met the prettiest little French girl. Really, Chloe, she has the most wonderful brown eyes I have ever seen; all the boys are wild over her"—then followed a long and glowing account of the charms of this girl of France.

"Wonderful brown eyes!" she stormed, and then wept.

For Chloe was the owner of a pair of most bewitching blue eyes. "Such beautiful blue eyes!" she quoted and angrily shook her bright locks.

"And now he's going to bring her here! Well, Lieutenant Rogers will find that I don't care!" and then because she did care she wept anew and tore the letter to bits.

If Chloe was pretty when in a good humor, she was doubly so now. Her cheeks, which usually were pale, were as pink as one of the Marchioness roses nodding by the window and her deep blue eyes, shaded by long lashes, were almost black. She wore a dress of dull blue, which enhanced the blue of her eyes and brought out the golden gleams in her hair.

Wiping away the telltale tears, she snatched the broom and began to sweep vigorously. Suddenly a dark shadow fell across the kitchen floor and looking up, Chloe saw a tall khaki-clad form standing in the door with arms outstretched, who said in ardent tones, "Chloe!"

She dropped the broom and ran toward him with a radiant smile—then she suddenly drew back, and lifting her head high, extended her hand and said stiffly, "Good morning Lieutenant Rogers!"

"Chloe!" ejaculated that young man. "What's up? Why the cold shoulder, sweetheart?"

The red danger signals came again into her cheeks and she stamped a small foot, and said emphatically, "I'm not your sweetheart," and turned away. He stood for a moment in surprise and perplexity, then said pleadingly, "What have I done, dear, that you should treat me this way?"

"None!" angrily questioned Chloe. "None enough I should say! Go back to your pretty brown-eyed French girl!"

Suddenly enlightenment flashed across the face of Lieutenant Rogers, and his eyes began to twinkle. He stepped to the door and called, "Marie Therese!" and a tiny girl came running to the doorway; her eyes were large and brown, her dusky hair fell in long ringlets. "Oul, monsieur," she said to Lieutenant Rogers.

He took the little girl by the hand and led her where Chloe stood stiffly gazing out the window.

"Miss Dean," he said in a voice in which he could not keep the laughter out, "I wish to introduce you to my little French sweetheart, Marie Therese!"

Chloe slowly turned around and saw a pair of melting brown eyes smiling shyly into her stormy blue ones. Then she stooped and gathered the child into her arms, and a certain Lieutenant Rogers of the U. S. A. was completely ignored.

At last in desperation he pulled one of Marie Therese's curls and said casually, "I see some very pretty roses in the garden, why don't you pick some?"

"Les roses?" asked the child, and ran out. (An hour later.) "We might adopt her," began Chloe, then blushed rosily and stopped. "Sure thing!" joyfully agreed Lieutenant Rogers.

FAMILY OF SNAKE CHARMERS

Women Have Peculiar Power Over Reptiles Which the Ordinary Person Holds in Dread.

Possibly nowhere else is the art of snake charming brought to such a pitch of perfection as at Mount Popa, Upper Burma, India, and strangely enough by women. Here two famous sisters, whose fame is a byword throughout Burma, make their home. At special requests they will descend to bring their proteges down to the towns for exhibition of their skill, but as a rule they prefer the vicinity of their mountain. This particular family has carried on their profession for many years past, keeping their secret always within their own circle.

The snakes they use are the deadly hamadryad or mala bungarus (mala ophiogagus), the king cobra. The task, possibly, would not appeal to many, as these reptiles are the most dreaded of their kind. Measuring up to 12 feet in length, they possess a deadly poison in their fangs, and an alarming speed. It is said of them, also, that they are the only snake who will attack a human being, on sight, chasing him for miles until one or the other is bound to give in.

The snakes are fed on fowls, and appear amiable and tame to handle. The origin of the family and their work is probably unknown, lost in the dim passages of years, but their zeal is not one whit less today than it has been since the profession was first heard of. How long they will continue to carry it on is a matter for conjecture, but undoubtedly they stand for one of Burma's chief curiosities, and a mark for the enterprising tourist who cares to scale the mystic heights of Mount Popa.

GETS WRONG VIEW OF LIFE

Person of Undecisive Character Can Hardly Be Brought to See Things in Right Light.

A person of undecisive character wonders how all the embarrassments in the world happened to meet exactly in his way, to place him just in that one situation for which he is peculiarly unadapted, but in which he is also willing to think no other man could have acted with facility or confidence. Incapable of setting up a firm purpose on the basis of things as they are, he is often employed in vain speculations on some different supposable state of things, which would have saved him from all this perplexity and irresolution. He thinks what a determined course he could have pursued if his talents, his health, his age, had been different; if he had been acquainted with some one person sooner; if his friends were, in this or the other point, different from what they are; or if fortune had showered her favors on him. And he gives himself as much license to complain as if all these advantages had been among the rights of his nativity, but refused by a malignant or capricious fate, to his life.—Rev. John Foster.

Don't Regret—Begin Now!

So many, many quarters are spent and idled away and lost that might so well have gone into thrift stamps which could have been turned into War Savings Stamps. But don't regret what you might have done. Begin to save the quarters now. Buy thrift stamps. Then change them into War Savings Stamps, and they'll keep adding interest for you—just like that—Mary Graham Bonner.

- UNITED STATES WAR SAVINGS STAMPS
Easy Savings
Safe Saving
4% Interest Compounded Quarterly, Payable on 10 days' notice.

Creative Ability.

In our office we draw a very distinct line between designs or sketches and working drawings, and it is, in my opinion, fatal to try to measure a designer's ability by the number of hours it would take him to produce a sketch. That is work that requires creative imagination, and our designers are not judged by the amount of time they put into the solution of an architectural problem, but solely by the results which they obtain, irrespective of cost, so that this part of the work does not come under this category. Only after sketches have been approved, and the work is turned over to general draftsmen to be developed into working drawings, can we begin to apply scientific methods in accomplishing the different ends.—Sumbearns.

The Wig in History.

The custom of wearing a wig, as a recognized part of the costume, dates from the early days of the seventeenth century. It started in France, when Louis XIII, being greatly struck with the "long, fat locks" of the Abbe La Rivere, attained by the simple means of a periwig, adopted the style for himself, and so set the fashion. By the time of Charles II the wearing of the periwig, or peruke, or perriwig, had become general. Peppy records the fact that he paid 15s for one; but it was not until the time of Queen Anne that periwigs, or wigs for short, really came into their own. Then did they appear in the full glory of an ever changing though fast stabilizing fashion.

Handy Memory.

Salesman—Would you care to improve your memory, sir? If so, I'm representing the most marvelous memory course ever—Buffalo Man (Interrupting)—Call around after this gambling investigation blows over. I'm expecting to be subpoenaed any minute, and the wretched memory I now enjoy may keep me out of jail.

The Scrap Book

HAD USE FOR MANY TRADES

In the Army Men Frequently Were Engaged in the Same Work as in Civil Life.

During the war virtually every trade or other civil occupation has been represented in the army—often, however, with much modification to adapt it for military uses.

Among the trades thus employed for war purposes have been those of sewing-machine adjuster, upholsterer (for motor vehicles), dog trainer, furrier (to prepare skins and make them into garments) and diver.

The circus man has been employed in the handling and transportation of tents; the gasplant operative in the making of poison gases. Even the professional detective, enlisted in the army, has found useful work in his own professional line, hunting out delinquents and criminal offenders. In every army there are criminals.

The scene painter, the stage carpenter, the theatrical property man and the sculptor and modeler in clay have been assigned to the business of camouflage. Theirs, indeed, has been no unimportant part of the war.

The expert maker of fireworks likewise has developed a military function, directing the manufacture of "nares," such as are used in the trenches, "star shells" and other contrivances for night signaling, for illuminating the battlefield at night or for similar purposes.

SPANKED PRINCE OF WALES

Former Cook in Royal Kitchen Tells of Humorous Experience of Some Years Ago.

It seldom falls to the lot of a prince to be spanked by a cook, but that is what happened to King George of England when, as the boy prince of Wales, he tried to steal a tart from the royal kitchen presided over by Mrs. Mary A. Wilson, now a food expert of Brooklyn.

Queen Victoria was the best and most economical housekeeper in England," comments Mrs. Wilson. "She used to come into the kitchen almost every day. The late Empress Frederick of Germany, her eldest daughter, became a cook of no mean ability. In this she was emulated by her sister, dowager duchess of Argyll. Prince George, the present king, loved peach tarts, and often managed to get away from his numerous tutors to beg some tarts before dinner. One day he took one while my back was turned. I grasped him by the back of his collar, laid him across my knee and administered the soundest spanking that a peer of England ever received. I remember using a wooden cooking spoon as the instrument of correction. The queen laughed heartily when she heard of the incident."

NOT ALTOGETHER HIS FAULT

Possibly He Would Have Been Delighted to Oblige, but of Course You Know.

They were newly married, and she was much too young to understand that a man takes but a little interest in shopping expeditions. She had left his side to look at a window in which were exhibited some new spring fashions. When she returned she took the arm, which seemed to be half grudgingly proffered, and sobbed: "You—you don't even lo-look at anything I want you to—see; you do—don't care how I am dressed. You no longer lo-love me. You haven't even ker—kissed me for a whole day and you—"

Famous "Missouri" Waltz.

A "seedy-looking chap" sitting on a rock picking an old mandolin is credited by Knight Logan, writer of popular waltzes, with furnishing the melody and inspiration for one of Logan's best sellers, "The Missouri Waltz." The composer was walking along a country road when he saw the stranger thumping a weird, tantalizing strain. When asked where he had heard it the man replied: "It's out on the hills, mister. My grandfather told me he used to whistle it when he was a boy in Missouri, and the first heard an Indian hum it in Oklahoma."

Financiers, As It Were.

They were talking of the great war fought in the days when this old world was considerably younger. "But, you know," said Briggs, "it always seems to me that those old warriors were very much like our modern financiers."

Scotland's River System.

If there be one place north of the Tweed where, at a single glance, one may view and comprehend the chief river system of Scotland, Stirling is that place. From this point one notes the main streams, the affluents, and the gathering of the waters, which make the Clyde, the Forth and the Tay. He can then realize how great and important in the political and economic history of Scotland has been that great central valley, which stretches from the North sea to the waters of the Atlantic Ocean.—William Elliot Griffin, in "Bonnie Scotland."

Fully Qualified.

They were arguing about qualifications for successful careers, and a famous playwright, who was one of the party, maintained that the stage offered the easiest opportunities for beginning. As some doubt was thrown on this claim, he produced a letter from a man who wished to be engaged for his new play, which was about to be produced. The letter ran as follows:

"Reverend Sir: Wishing to go on the stage, would like to appear in your play. Have been a market gardener for some years, but, having gone bankrupt, have decided to take up acting, the same requiring no capital. I am no longer young, but 6 feet 2 in my stocking feet. Have mastered a book on elocution, and am fond of late hours."—Windsor.

What He Was.

"This prisoner refused to give his occupation, sir," remarked the police officer to the magistrate. "Why don't you say what you are?" asked the magistrate of the individual in the dock. "Cos it's superfluous, ain't it?" was the grinning reply. "I do not understand you," retorted the magistrate, with dignity. "No!" said the prisoner, with elevated eyebrows. "Then you're as bad as the police themselves. If you'll excuse me sayin' so, sir, May I ask what the charge against me is?" "You are charged with stealing a table and two chairs," said the magistrate.

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SPAN OF LIFE LENGTHENED

No Doubt That the People of Today Live Longer Than Did Their Ancestors.

When reading of people who lived long years ago and especially when reading about the length of their lives, we are told that in the old days people lived longer than they do now.

Some of the early historical records speak of single individuals who lived hundreds of years. There is great doubt as to whether these statements are founded on fact. In thinking about this we must first take into consideration that these records of long ago were recorded at a time when man had no accurate idea of the actual passage of long periods of time such as a year. They did not have our calendar as a basis for figuring at all.

Learned men now tell us that the actual age of men who lived at the time these records of great ages were recorded probably lived shorter lives than we do now, and that what they recorded as a period of one year was probably a much shorter period than one year.

It is true beyond the question of a doubt that the people of today live longer on an average than people who lived ten, twenty or more years ago, observes the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

In other words, the average period of life has increased greatly. This is due to the fact that we have taken greater care of our bodies; have improved the conditions in which we live, and made them more sanitary; have learned to fight and check and eradicate diseases which only a few years ago we could not prevent people dying of when they once contracted them, and we know from the records which we keep that actually people live longer on the average today than only a few years ago, and it is safe to say that they live longer now on the average than at any time in the world's history.

STRICT ETIQUETTE IN CHINA

Matter of Tea Drinking a Thing of Much Importance in the Flowery Republic.

The etiquette observed in tea drinking in China is very curious. If a lady asks you to drink tea with her—and especially if the tea be sweetened—you can count yourself as well received and much liked. If she does not like you, the tea is bitter, and report has it that in cases of this sort drainings are often used. After one sip of such tea the unliked visitor makes a prompt exit!

When making a call, if the servant should bring in a cup of tea there is no need to take any particular notice of it. Allow the servant to place it where he likes near you, and continue your conversation as though nothing had happened. If your business is pleasant and agreeable to the mistress or the master of the house, he or she will pass the beverage to you; if not, you are expected to leave it untouched, otherwise you are likely to have a quarrel on hand, and a Chinese quarrel—either with a man or a woman—is unpleasant.

Ancient Asbestos.

There was a winding sheet of amianthus in the Vatican library, soft and pliable in the hand, showing indications of ignition upon one corner. The cloth, however, did not suffer. This burning is taken as showing that some combustible fiber had been intermingled. Marco Polo, in the thirteenth century, reported a cloth which the natives of territory now included in Russian Siberia claimed as having been made of salamander skin.

Marco Polo satisfied himself, so it seems, that he had to do with a mineral substance. In fact, he found out something "as to its manufacture. In this same general region of country asbestos is today known to exist.

We are not to regard asbestos as a single, definite mineral. Nor are we to understand that there is a fixed chemical constitution. Certain forms of hornblende and serpentine, if fibrous, are regarded as asbestos.

They were offering for sale

Peel's hotel in Fleet street, and finally famous as Peel's Old home. With its site in London's provincial newspapers it was popular, especially among the owners of the Temple and Chancery lanes. At Peel's from 1886 until his death was maintained, included, was the central committee room of the Society for Suppressing Paper Duty. At one time the site for houses was the headquarters of the best office for all the money lenders and discounters in the neighborhood. It was rebuilt some 20 years ago, and reflects very well its earliest history today.

Frederick Upcott.

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FLANDERS FLOWERS.

Some day the fields of Flanders shall bloom in peace again.

Field lilies and the clover spread where once was crimson stain; And a new, cheerful, golden spray shines through the sun and rain.

The clover's for the English who sleep beneath that sod. The lily's for the noble French whose spirits rest with God.

But where our sacred dead shall sleep must bloom the goldenrod! For every flower of summer these mad-ows shall have room.

And yet I think no Flemish hand will touch the Kaiser-bloom. Whose growing blue must evermore whisper of grief and doom.

But clover for the English shall blossom from the sod. And glorious lilies for the French, whose spirits rest with God.—And where our own lads lie asleep, the prairie goldenrod!

Once more the Flemish children shall laugh through Flemish lanes. And gather happy garlands through fields of by-gone pain; And as they run and call their flowers, sing in their simple strains: "These clovers are for English who fought to save this sod; And lilies for the valiant French—may their souls rest in God! And for the brave Americans we pluck the goldenrod!"—Annie Higginson Spicer in "The Last Crusade."

BENGAL'S GREAT MONKEY-GOD

Fabulous Creature That Has for Ages Been Held in High Veneration by the Hindus.

While recently in India I paid a visit to the city of Puri, the home of the great god Jugganath or Juggernaut, writes a correspondent of English Country Life. Admission to the temple and its courtyard is forbidden to non-Hindus, but I was successful in obtaining a number of snapshots of the walls and general view. One of the most interesting shrines is that of the monkey-god Hanuman, a great favorite among the lower classes in Bengal. Outside the south gate of



The temple of Jugganath there is a statue of Hanuman in stamite (blackened wood) which is about 12 feet high. The photograph was taken from the opposite side of the road, and gives one a very fair idea of this fabulous creature who plays such a great part in Hindu mythology. Hanuman was the great comrade of Vishnu, when the latter in his incarnation as Rama made the expedition to Ceylon in order to recover his wife, Sita, carried off by the Giant Ravana. Hanuman's contribution to the expedition was to burn rocks into the sea to bridge the ocean between India and Ceylon. The remains of these rocks are still there (Adam's bridge)—a sufficient answer to skeptics!

Glass Egg Fatal to Snake.

Shermandale, Pa., furnishes a snake story as the aftermath of the theft of eggs from the nest of a turkey hen of Mrs. Thomas Ford last summer. The hen made a nest along Sherman's creek, and then the eggs began to disappear almost as fast as they were laid. Finally Mrs. Ford placed a glass egg in the nest and removed the genuine product daily. One day the glass egg disappeared and a large blacksnake that had been seen several times and had been blamed for the theft of the eggs was soon discovered.

Several days ago a neighbor of Mrs. Ford's, Louis Shulley, while walking along the banks of the creek, noticed the skeleton of a large snake and a large glass egg in the region where the stomach would be. And so it is believed that when the snake was netted he was able to digest nor disgorge the fruits of his marauding tour he died.

What He Was.

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FAMED FOR ITS HOLY WELLS

City of Benares, India, a Place of Peculiar Veneration for the Devout Pilgrim.

Benares, "the city of 2,000 temples," is also the city of holy wells. A pilgrim in Benares can put in a busy day making the rounds of these fountains and complying with the ceremonies prescribed for those who would drink from them.

Only the devout Indian pilgrim would care to drink of the sacred wells, for custom says that fowers must be flung into most of them as peace offerings, and these decayed floral offerings tend to make the water unfit for drinking. The British government did clean up some of the most holy and popular of the wells in the interests of sanitation. But the Hindus were not pleased. They cover hundreds of miles to enjoy the benefits of the holy water, taste, scent and all, and they do not care to have it tampered with.

The most holy of the wells is the Well of Knowledge, which stands near Benares' most sacred shrine, the Golden Temple, and is said to be the dwelling place of a very important god. The most mysterious is the Well of Fate. Any one who looks into the Well of Fate exactly at noon and falls to see his shadow is said to be doomed to die within six months. Of course, if the silent prophecy is unfavorable, the spirits can usually be bought off by offerings at the temple conveniently near by.

In another well a snake god lives, and still another is dedicated to the spirit of healing. Pilgrims not only drink of the water of this well, but also bathe in it to make sure of the water's power being transferred to them. Half a million pilgrims tour the holy wells of Benares every year and drink enough of the water to stock up their systems with the gases of every disease known to India.

MEMORY'S JOY AND SORROW

To the Properly Balanced Mind the Scales Will Be Found About Evenly Arranged.

It is remembrance that makes us human, remembrance that gives us present immortality. Without memory there could be no progress, no advancing from low places to the heights; for it is memory that brings the past to be and gives us a certain immunity from the burden of the passing moment.

Not in childhood, perhaps, but at other times memory is the mother of hope. It may be true, as Deane said Tennyson echoed, that our worst sorrow is to remember a happier time; but against this we have to weigh the numberless joys that memory confers, the lessons it teaches of the strength it gives us and the serenity, the sense of completeness that it gives to our lives.

It is not well to live in memory only unless in old age, when remembrance may be the best treasure left to us. We can easily become morbid and weak by too continual a dwelling in the past; the present and the future both have their insistent claims. Many sane persons know that the chains of good may always turn it into evil, and remembrance can be no exception to this law.

Snow Houses in the Arctic.

A snow house is the most adaptable of dwellings. If it gets too warm of other for the comfort of the inhabitants or because the roof begins to thaw, you can lower the temperature by enlarging the ventilating hole with your knife. If it gets too cold you make the hole smaller by stuffing cotton into it. If the roof begins to leak because it is made of blocks that are too thick, you send a man out with a long knife or machete, and he cuts them down until the frost within neutralizes the heat from within at the thawing stage. But if you have made your roof too thin and the frost begins to form from your head and from the steam that rises from cooking, then a man goes out with a little soft snow on the roof and he puts it from the excessive heat.

Peel's.

There was offered for sale recently Peel's hotel in Fleet street, and finally famous as Peel's Old home. With its site in London's provincial newspapers it was popular, especially among the owners of the Temple and Chancery lanes. At Peel's from 1886 until his death was maintained, included, was the central committee room of the Society for Suppressing Paper Duty. At one time the site for houses was the headquarters of the best office for all the money lenders and discounters in the neighborhood. It was rebuilt some 20 years ago, and reflects very well its earliest history today.

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