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The Most Ancient Ruins.

The oldest architectural ruins in the world are believed to be the rock cut temples at Ipsambool, on the left bank of the Nile, in Nubia. The largest of these ancient temples contains fourteen apartments hewn out of solid stone. The largest single stone used in this work is one which forms a veranda-like projection along one side of the main temple. It is fifty-seven feet long, fifty-two broad and seventeen (one account says nineteen) feet thick. This colossal stone is supported by two rows of massive square pillars, four in each row and each thirty feet high. To each of these pillars is attached a colossal figure of a human being, reaching from floor to roof. In front of the main temple are seated still other colossi, four in number, the two largest being each sixty-five feet high.

The only hint we have as to the actual age of these architectural relics is from Smith, the British Egyptologist, who says, "The colossi attached to the columns which support the large stone mentioned are each painted in gaudy colors in a kind of stucco, apparently as brilliant now after a lapse of over 4,000 years as when first laid on."

Very Particular.

In the course of an assault case heard at a provincial court the other day the defendant was asked his trade.

"I drive a bus," was the reply.

"You mean," suggested the precise solicitor on the other side, "that you drive the horses attached thereto?"

"Yes, if you would rather have it put in that way," replied the defendant.

Shortly afterward, in the course of his cross examination, the solicitor asked the defendant:

"Did you or did you not strike the prosecutor in the face?"

The defendant, after a thoughtful pause, convulsed the court with the following:

"Well, now, I come to think, there's a doubt about it. I was under the impression that I did strike the prosecutor on the face, but perhaps it would be as well to say that I struck him on the nasal organ attached thereto."—London Mail.

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"A new broom sweeps clean"—and in order to put our own house in order we must get rid of all the poisons in the blood with a new broom such as an alterative extract made from roots and herbs—without the use of alcohol, as Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, a specific for making rich red blood—for eradicating the poisons from the blood. In some way the policemen in the blood are increased in number and strength—so that we are put in the best possible shape to resist disease—to cure neuralgia, colds, catarrh, and incipient consumption.

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THEIR SUMMER ENGAGEMENT

By HERBERT McB. JOHNSTON

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"Phyllis," said I solemnly, "do you know what day this is?"

"Friday, Sept. 21," repeated Phyllis glibly.

"Yes," said I, shaking my head tragically—"yes, this is the fated day, the accursed hour. The time has come."

Phyllis laughed. When Phyllis laughs the prettiest dimples come in her cheeks. I have accused her of laughing just to bring them there, but she only laughs the more.

"Phyllis," I warned her, "those dimples."

I think they grew even deeper.

"And I'm such a weak one," I murmured thoughtfully.

"We're getting away from the question," replied Phyllis, with swift inconsequence. "What about the date?"

I assumed my most melancholy air. My eye caught the corner of my pocket handkerchief, and I pulled it out.

"The day of our parting," I replied briefly, smothering a pseudo sob.

Phyllis' brows met in a perplexed frown, a most adorable frown.

"I don't get it," she said.

"It's your own doing," I asserted, throwing the blame on her. "It was entirely your own suggestion, and you have no one to blame but yourself."

Still Phyllis frowned. I know a way I could have smoothed out the wrinkles.

"Why, our engagement, you know," I insinuated. "It was expressly understood, I thought, that it was strictly a summer affair."

At last Phyllis comprehended. For a moment I thought she was going to smile and enjoy the joke, but instead her eyes grew wide with amazement, and then she buried her face in her handkerchief. There was no mistaking it. The sobs were too violent to be anything but genuine.

"Phyllis?" I interrogated in amazement. "Phyllis, what is it, dear?"

I don't believe either of us noticed the last word.

Then she dried her eyes and straightened up her head.

"I never thought, Jack," said Phyllis, with considerable indignation, "that you would have reminded me of it.

I DARED TO PUT MY ARM AROUND HER.

And on the very day summer is over too! It seems to me you were in rather a hurry to have it ended."

"But, Phyllis"— I blundered.

"Yes, 'but, Phyllis,'" she mocked me. "I suppose you were afraid that if it ran a day over it would mean a renewal of the contract, or perhaps you thought I wouldn't let you out of it. You needn't have worried, I assure you."

Phyllis was holding her head very high. A sunbeam playing across her brown hair set it afire. Her eyes needed no sunbeam. I never saw Phyllis look more handsome.

And then, while I grew redder and more shamefaced, I saw the little vixen was laughing at me.

"Jack," she said, "there's something I like about you. I don't know what it is. I think it must be your family."

That set me on my high horse.

"Ah!" I murmured indifferently. "Good of you, I'm sure. Perhaps you have even picked out which one—Fred or Charlie?"

"I'm not quite sure," said Phyllis roguishly. The dimples were there again.

"Phyllis," I said, "I'm never going to ask you to marry me again."

"I don't want to marry you again," answered Phyllis.

"You haven't yet," I retorted. "What I mean is that I am never again going to ask you."

"Never?" asked Phyllis in mock terror.

"Never!" said I firmly. "This is the very last time. Will you marry me?"

"That's once over, right there," she laughed.

"Remember," I warned her, "it was the last time."

"Will you make me a promise?" questioned Phyllis.

"To"—

"Not ask any other girl either," finished Phyllis.

"I don't see what difference it would make," I commented.

"Because if you will," said Phyllis, "I'll wait until I'm ready or on the shelf and then come around and ask you; only I'd like to be sure you were disengaged."

I guess I must have looked a bit blank, because Phyllis burst out laughing.

"How long will it be?" I asked.

"I really can't say," laughed Phyllis. "If I decide to wait until I'm ready for the shelf I flatter myself it will be some time yet."

"So do I," I said sadly.

"Well," asked Phyllis, with some asperity, "you don't hope for anything else, do you?"

But the thought of it seemed a long way ahead.

"If I were sure"— I began.

"If I give you my word," said Phyllis.

"Phyllis," I said soberly, "if you said the word I'd wait till the day of doom for you, dear. But, you know, little girl, I don't want to. I want you now."

Phyllis' eyes had lost that hard glow. There was only the dull, soft fire of burnished copper now. I ought to have taken her in my arms and kissed her right there, but I didn't know enough. I always was noted for doing such stupid things. Phyllis has told me so since.

"Do you really, Jack?" said she softly.

"I really do, Phyllis. Without you I'm like that soul which the poet tells about, 'that went into the storm and blackness and lost itself between the earth and heaven.'"

Phyllis sat a little closer to me. It's a good dodge, is that poetry business. I've always felt that I owed a good deal to some of those poet Johnnies.

"That was awfully dear of you, Jack," she whispered.

I felt a goodish bit like a cad then. It seemed so like taking an unfair advantage. Yet it wasn't that I didn't mean it, for I did, every word of it.

"Phyllis," I half whispered, "shall I break my word?"

Phyllis never said a word, but just crept a little closer. I dared to put my arm around her.

Now, it's always been my contention that when a girl says stop in a whisper that she means the exact opposite.

"Stop!" whispered Phyllis.

That was when I did it. Her head was on my shoulder, but her face somehow got twisted up, and I kissed her full on the lips. Phyllis' lips are warm and soft.

"Oh, Jack!" she whispered.

Then I kissed her again. But I only kissed her twice. An event is but momentary; let it last longer, and it sinks to the level of a mere incident.

"And it's my family you like, is it, Phyllis?" I asked her.

Phyllis nodded her head. She was too close for me to see her do it, but I could feel it on my shoulder.

"Fred or Charlie?" I asked again.

"I guess—I think—er—their brother."

After that I forgot all that rot about an event being but momentary. Anyhow, what's the odds if it is? People don't go through life looking for events all the time. Commonplace things are much nicer.

"And you're going to be engaged to me now for all the time?" I questioned when I got my breath.

"No," said Phyllis, shaking her head.

"Please, dearest," I said. "I want you so—so much. Please say you will."

But Phyllis shook her head.

"No," said she, with a happy little laugh; "it'll have to stop when you marry me."

He Took It Back.

In a certain town of western Massachusetts two of the most prominent citizens are a Methodist brother and a Presbyterian brother. These are neighbors, and, for the most part, dwell on good terms, except when they try to effect an exchange of horses or to talk religion.

On one occasion the two had traded horses, and, although the outcome rankled in the breast of the Methodist, they had met and started a discussion on the subject of predestination. As usual an altercation ensued, when the Methodist lost control of himself. With mixed emotions concerning horse trades and John Calvin in his mind, he suddenly exclaimed:

"You're a robber, a liar and a Presbyterian!"

This proved too much for the Presbyterian, and a fight began, in which the Presbyterian got the best of it. As he sat upon his prostrate opponent, bumping his head against the ground, he said:

"Take it back, take it back, or I'll bump your foolish head off!"

"I'll take it back," gasped the vanquished Methodist, "on the first two counts. You're not a robber nor a liar, but you're a blamed old Presbyterian if I die for it!"—Harper's Weekly.

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