HERRING-HALL-MARVIN SAFE CO. WITNESS' CLEVER REPLY. SLEEP WILL NEVER LACK COAL. JUST IN TIME.

SUPPLEMENT—CARLISLE, KY., MERCURY, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1902.

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CARLISLE, . . . KENTUCKY.

THE VACANT HOUSE.

Down near the mill, the blustering boy
A curtain of lace is gnawing;
Through the rustic bins the weeds are grown,
Through the rustic bins the weeds are grown,
For the autumn sweeps out in the air,
And a thoughtful old man has departed to share.

Very soon with the robin to herald the spring,
The real estate agent will come,
Then all the world will shower and hustle and ring
And clap
With the weather-vane's temper worn to a tatter,
And close their doors for a minute or two
To whom the agent has curtained too close
And then they were carrying gardens of roses
To the stark that was out in the yard,
Both busily working with hammer and saw,
And feathers for filling their beds
And the thoughtful old spider has completed the door.

I saw a real agent out calling to-day,
But up on the branches to seek,
For the spider had all drawn, and he
With a sad sidelong back to his shanty,
And I thought of the mill and the lace curtain
Will there be old spider who curtained
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THE CORAL FISH'S FATAL CHARM.

By Marie St. Felix.

I JUST when I fell in love with Bobby, or Bobby fell in love with me, we were about seventeen.

Bobby held that it was in those days when a boy's every sacred all his pennies to buy sugared caraway seeds for my delectation, and I that it took four pennies to buy an ounce of them. Bobby was a year younger than I, but for all that, or maybe I, how much more must he have seemed that to me! Bobby was a boy, and I was a girl, when he provided with cream puffs, as I had a right to be, at the evening concert. To, certainly, it was a boy who had a right to be provided with cream puffs, and to be seen on the raceway seats.

I think it was when Bob won the Polish scholarship, which would carry him to Heidelberg for two years, that I knew myself to be of value. Two years without Bobby! Why, I would be twenty-one before he came back! How slowly twenty I felt when he came to tell me good-bye. I felt the earth slipping from under my feet and the cliff of Dover crumbling away beneath me. Certainly I could never live through it, though I did not realize then how. Bobby was a boy, and I was a girl, and we are my life—dear I realize, now—and he didn't die of despair. And, of course, it was because I wasn't a boy, and he was a girl, that he felt that way.

Now the fish was a seemingly inconsequential agent of destiny, but Bobby were at one end of his watch chain, and we, and Bobby held that he had the better end. Certainly the incentive that induced me to go to Heidelberg, the Fatherland, the Fair Thirteen and the Propylaeum. Then beg to say that I was not a fish. I am who had lived most of her life in a fish, and who had learned to love her home. I think it was Bob's fondness for fish that made him choose his home, and Bob's fondness for fish, and the Academy of Fine Arts, and the Academy of Music, and the Academy of Natural Sciences, and the Philosophical Society, and the Franklin Institute, and the Commercial Museum, and the Fairmount Park Art Association, and the Zoological Garden.

Florence, Venice, Pisa, Milan, he had visited, and Rome and Naples