教育大学的

AND PASSA ACTION

This Space Reserved For SHELLEY & VANDUYN,

THE SKELETON AT THE FEAST. One of the Ever-Present Torments of Fash-ionable Life.

A maid used to be considered a luxury. Now she is the torment of the fashionable woman's life. If she is English her manners are very good for a while-she does her duty and is well a while-ane does her duty and is well behaved. But six months in this en-lightened country and her quiet man-ners become insolent; she can't dress you without referring to the Duchesses and Countesses upon whom she has waited before; she scorns your table and reads your letters, and knows exactly how much money you have in your pocket-book. If you should object to any of her weaknesses and sum-mon up courage enough to discharge her, you had better have her trunks sd before she leaves, and you will be wise if you tell your husband all about her, for the chances are that, pretending to know something about you, she will attempt a little scheme of blackmail immediately after she has they can be detached by simply they can be detached by simply ing them against any substance. When the nuts are collected, those

left. If she is French she stays just long enough to get acquainted with Ameri-can habits, and then she leaves you in a hurry either to marry the cook and open a small restaurant, or to go into the hairdressing business. The Irish or Scotch maids are usually honest.

Those Old Camp Meeting Days. The times ain't as they used to be and every thing is changed: Our good, old fishions of the past are won-dromary deranged. And while I hope the world is getting better to me that much of this new folderol

Is wrong, But maybe it is possible I'm fogyish of late And things to which I foully aling are sadly out of date. ut of date, insis religion, with its cold, new-angled ways, were reach men's hearts as did those old amp meeting days. But I Can t We used to gather in the woods from slithe country licut To plant our gespel battery and Batan put to

We'd washour robes of glory in the Jordan clean and size. teat and nice. of our home-spun garments full of burrs ind begans line. ad to get enough of grace before we left t a year until the next camp meeting And though at times we stumbled into Satan's

thorny ways We got a new start every year at those camp meeting days. No more in thunder tones the parson huris his threat at vice : In homeopathic doess served on little chips of In homeope out grace and glory with exactness so You'd think he feared there wasn't quite enough to go around. And so I sadly listen as my mind goes back to When We all pointed in the services, each shouting his "Amen." What wonder that I sometimes sigh as mem'ry For just a touch of fire from those old eaup For just a touch of fire from those old eaup

ing days.

THE MISSING BRIDE. Up on the hill, in a quaint, beautiful, lonely little house, lived young Madame Vintos, quite alone save for her ser-vants. The village lay below her, like a toy town out of a chip box from Hol-land-little white houses all alike, a little white church with a pointed stee-ple, and rows of poplar trees, stiff and black along the streets.

black along the streets. The stone house, with its painted glass windows and Gothle doorway, looked quite like a miniature easile from below. But it had not taken the fancy of the residents of Poplartown. It seemed to them queer and lonely, and since its builder and owner died. the executors had found no one to buy or lease it, until young Madame Vinton, in her velvet dress, drove up to the gate one morning, and interviewed the care-taker.

It was hers very soon after that, and she lived, as we have said, alone with the squire, whom the very accent of her servants. For guardians, she had two great An interesting report comes from the Governor of the Gold Coast on the Siberian blood-hounds, fierce as dogs could be to all but her. It was well

palm oil industry of the West Coast of Africa. In cultivating the palm, ripe known that, at a word from her, would tear any man to pieces; and they lay across the outer door at night. She raked, and are then covered lightly with earth. The planting takes place eeded no other protection. Young, beautiful, and a widow, charmin the rainy season. When the young ing is her manners, no wonder that the shoots have grown about a foot they gentlemen admired her. But the ladies are carefully removed in the evening, and transplanted at least fifteen feet fought shy of her. They made no calls. They looked solemnly away as apart. The tree grows luxuriantly, and bears most abundantly at a height When they passed her in the street. she came to church, and sat in the pew she had hired, no one took any heed of of from 10 feet to 12 feet in damp, semi-marshy soil. The supply of nuts fit for use is biennial, and the most her presence. The clergyman called,

duty bound, and took his wife abundant supply of commercial oil is obtained from nuts gathered during the with him. Unhappily, they found the pretty Frenchwoman smoking a cigar-ette. That sealed her doom. She was sent to Coventry by all the respect-in her elegant gray satin and point ince. But just as the moment came ince arriage to be called, a messenrainy season. The bunches of nuts are out down and placed in a heap in the air, where they remain for a week or ten days. The joints of the nuts are society. But, somehow, through her landlord, a cosmopolitan bachelor, gentlemen were introduced. It was the door in violent haste. thus weakened by decomposition, and they can be detached by simply beat-

gentlemen were introduced. It was not her fault that these only came, and that they sang her praises and defend-ed her against the hints of their female relatives. She did nothing but adhere to the habits of her country. Poplar-town had been uncourtoons to her, not she to it. Her maid sat in the window sewing when she had gentlemen call-ers. She never received them alone.

they accorded for her sake, were bidden, and even the flowers ordered. The happy pair were to have a week at the bouse on the hill, and then "come home." Meanwhile, the two dogs. Uno and Ino, were to be basished. The villags people were afraid of them, and they were to be taken away during the time of the weiding, to an old house in the subarbs, where a dog-familer lived. "Your mother shulders at their very dest." Madame Vinton, but this good man how to believe that she had sincerely how for the weiding the time of the weiding, to an old house in the subarbs, where a dog-familer lived. "Your mother shulders at their very

sight," Madame Vinton had said to her betrothed hushand; "and I no longer need such flerve protectors. I am not to be a lone woman any more. I will soll the dogs if any one can be found to hus them." Millet, so the story goes, when he had finished "The Angelus," invited an old friend in the church to come and "Ah," said the old man, as he gaze

to buy them." And the day before the wedding, she with her own hands, led them to their new home, and kasit before them and "An," said the old mind, as he pased at the picture. "It is 'The Angelus;' I hear the belis." Whereupon, of course, the artist was greatly pleased, and promptly declar-ed that the aim of his life was accom-

new home, and knell before them and talked to them as though they were human beings, bidding them be good and obey their new master. "Only one night more," said Squire Gilbert, as be took his beautiful bride's hands in his. "Only one night more, dearest. To-morrow you are mine." He kissed her and turned away, turned back to kis her hands over and The greatest artist of ancient times had been deemed wonderful for paint-ing grapes, at which the birds came to peck; but he had painted a prayer and a church spire, and a priest recognized the words of the invocation and heard the sound of the bells in the steeple. If Millet were living now, and could come to stand before his picture in the esthibition rooms, says a writer in the N.Y. Sun, he might be less pleased, but he certainly would be as highly en-tertained by the comments made by the continuous throng that passes be-fore the picture. Of course, nine peo-ple out of every ten are surprised to ind how small it is. Somehow no amount of culture or training in art is able to eliminate entirely from the The greatest artist of ancient times turned back to kiss her hands over and r again, lingered still, very loth to until at last she playfully drew to It was past eleven o'clock. The full It was past eleven o'clock. The full moon shone overhead, casting the shadows of the bare wintry shrubbery in dark outlines on the white paths. The iron gate, set deep in the stone wall, looked like jet against snow, in contrast with the smooth road without. A screech owl in the grove near by uttered its melancholy whol whol whol and the lover looked back at his lady's house recreifully. It seemed so lonely able to eliminate entirely from the mind the idea that pictures are valua-ble according to their size, and the comparison between the price which "The Angelus" brought at its last sale, house regretfully. It seemed so lonely a spot to leave her in. Stepping back, he looked up at the windows, where a light now shone, and

and the number of square inches in the carvas is so startling that it shocks the unprepared mind. Everybody has a different way of expressing this dis-satisfaction with the size of the master-

ing. When she had reached the front she gazed blankly at the expanse of red draperies. Finally she caught sight of the picture, and placing a lorgnette to hor eye, leaned her head well back and gazed at the picture in-tently, and, at last, scornfully. After

also went his way. After a few steps he looked back. The stranger seemed to have vanished another look. mysteriously into the earth. But it "Yes, I am disappointed," she re-peated in an even more distinct tone of

should forget his long, hooked nose, his pointed chin, the narrow eyes, set close together, the straight line of his small mouth, and the intense blackness of his hair and moustache-a very

the same aggressive tone, Still nobody paid any attention to her, and she looked again. "I don't know when I've been so dis-Mephistopheles in modern costume. On the morrow, bright and early the household was astir. The bridegroom

> There were a few disrespectful giggles, and then a woman near her renarked in a coldly unsympathetic

"Would you kindly keep your disap-pointment to yourself and let us eujoy the picture?"

had astonishment added to her other feelings at this unexpected sally, but

In a Dilomma

EXPERIENCED COUNTY CANVASERS A woman who was riding down-town NEVER HAVE FAILED A woman who was riding down-town on a Third avenue train recently, says the N. Y. Sus, became involved in an interesting dilemma, which afforded amusement to all those passengers who became sware of it. Ho was seated directly behind the last cross seat in the ear. In front of him was a young woman who was devoting her time to watching the windows on the opposite side of the street as the train shed To make a success when they have under-MAGNER'S STANDARD STOCK BOOK ide of the street as the trait side of the street as the train spec-along. She was young and pretty; without her knowledge a few tresses of her blonde hair had escaped from under her bonnet, and had fallen over the shoulder of the man behind her, and had in some unexplained manuer become fastened around one of the buttons of his cost. He made one of two delivers attempts to remove the

Rome Sentinel

Lawrence American

G. L. PEABLEE,

buttons of his cont. He made one of two delicate attempts to remove the wanderings tresses, but was so timid that he only entangled them the more. He sat there with a frightened but meek expression upon his face, not daring to move. A climax was put to his predicament by the young woman's arising, or rather attempting to do so, at Fourteenth street. She had only porter. got half way out of her seat when she felt a violent tug at her hair. She reumed her seat and turned around insumed her seat and turned around in-dignantly to learn the true situation. In a moment her complexion rivaled that of the unfortunate young maa, and her attempts to release herself convulsed the witnesses with laughter. Her fingers trembled, and after fum-bling away until the guard had closed the gate in vain attempts to release herself she gave one violent yank at the two tresses, breaking them off and the two tresses, breaking them off and leaving the ends still entwined around the miserable button. Although the man saw them and was painfully conscious of their presence he did not dare remove them until the young woman Women rarely are great inventors, though they are often the first to dis-cover new wrinkles.—Terre Haute Ez-For the rest of the way to the city hall he kept his head buried in his news-

Only a Little Newsboy.

Ten o'clock in the building of the big city paper. The electric lights are burning and the whiri of presses and click of types make a busy scene. Ed-itors, reporters, proof-readers are busy preparing the day's doings for the

The door of the chief's office is ushed carefully open and a blue-yed, flaxen-curied maiden of six sumers and as many winters enters. No ody knows how she got there. body saw her climb the stairs or walk through the hall. She is ragged, dirty and has been crying. "Is you the editor man?"

'Yes, little one; what can I do for

"Rube is dead, an' I thought maybe you'd like to tell about it.

"Why, didn't you ever hear of Ruber "You see, there are are so many

people that I can't know them all." The big. bearded man was actually ashamed of his ignorance.

my brother. He sold papers an' blacked boots and all that. He wasn't very boots and all that. rich an' ma said the city man would bury him-but he was good to me.'

home; but Rube "No, I stayed brought me candy dogs an' candy roosters, and licked bad boys that made me cry. An' if you tell folks how good he was, maybe they'd think better of him." "What do you want me to

oner "Why, that he was 12 years old, an' was helpin' mother an'-oh, I don't

DON'T DELAY IN SECURING TERRITORY. Finest Book on Earth for the Farmer, Stockman and Blacksmith LARGEST PROFITS! 307 SansomeSt., San Francisco, Cal. STAR COMPOSITION CO., WIT AND HUMOR. The model husbands are the men who never marry.-Fond du Lac Re-Printers' Rollers. Best place to hold the World's Fair - Right around the waist.-Bo Roller Composition Is the woman who goes to church texhibit her sealskin sacque-religious?-

taken the sale of

hiladelphia Press.

Honesty is doubtless the best policy, out it seems to have expired long ago.

all the beasts of the field, but the army trader is sutler.—Boston Transcript. While the English drum beat is heard round the world the American deadbeat isn't far behind .- Texas Siftings.

living parrots anywhere else. Go to

living parrots anywhere else. Go to the same place for trained and saga-cious dogs.—Burdette. Visitor—"Do you like going to school, my little dear?" Little Fauntieroy— "Yes, indeed." Visitor—"Of course. You love your school, doa't you, my pet? and you like your teacher, too, don't yon?" Little Fauntieroy—"O, yes, I wouldn't want any other teacher." Visitor — "Of course not." Little

Be Kind to Children

forget, though I have wished a thousand times that I could, how I

punished little Mamie for continuously

Little ones are often timid and grown

friend you can trust?" asked Sawkins. To have a friend who will trust you," replied Dawkins .- Hartford Times

Minnie-"And you say you shed no tears at the play last night? I did. I was so affected." Mamle-"O, of course. You always are."- Terre Haute

Express. It's concentration of thought that tells in our daily endeavor. Just watch the face of the small boy when he is taking aim at a tramp cat.-Philadel-

bhia Inquirer. Jaggs—"Did you swear off the 1st?" Baggs—"Well, I did, you know, and his time it goes." "Come in and have priences. General Spinola regaled his friends with a good poker story recently. "I was coming down the Hudson one night," he said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-low Weed, Dean Richmond, and the story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-low Weed, Dean Richmond, and the story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-low Weed, Dean Richmond, and the story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-low Weed, Dean Richmond, and the story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-low Weed, Dean Richmond, and the story of the said poker story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said poker story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said poker story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said poker story of the said poker story of the said, "in com-pany with Cornelius Vanderbilt, Thur-the said poker story of the said poker story Jaggs-"Did you swear off the 1st?" Baggs-"Well, I did, you know, and this time it goes." "Come in and have one?" "Don't care if I do."-Philadel-

Laughter may be the poor man's PADDING CEMENT ETC. Roller Casting a Specialty. 1107 Fourth St., East Portland, Or. The serpent was the most subtle of

marriage with Mr. Callowhill has oeen indefinitely postponed?" Miss Walnut -- 'O. no, not indefinitely. Poor, dear Fido, you know, was stacked with is gr.ppe and died, and of course I couldn't think of marrying for a year."-Philo-deluble Invasion.

delphia Inquirer. delphia Inquirer. "You ought to be glad that you will be electrified instead of hanged." said a prison visitor to a convicted mur-derer. "Why?" asked the felon in sur-prise. "You suffer greatly from rheu-matism, don't you?" "Yes." "Well, electricity is the best known remedy for that."—Epoch.

for that."--Kpoch. "Where is the place to find a good talking parrot?" writes a subscriber. In the newspapers, son; in the news-papers. You'll find wonderful parrots saying things in the miscellaneous columns of the papers that are never, nevsr, never heard from the bills of bickne warrots anywhere else. Go to

Visitor — "Of course not." Little Fauntleroy—"No, indeed. She's awfu nearsighted,"—N. Y. Weekly,

Played Sucker for a Purpose.

There are any number of good story tellers in Congress. Everybody knows of the fame of Allen, of Mississippi, and "Billy" Mason, of Chicago, in this re-gard, and now that Representatives Spinola and Flower, the one gray-bearded and the other rotund, sit close

together, they are always sure of a crowd around their desks to hear them phia Inquirer.

phia Inquirer.

First Man (excitedity) - Our bond have low Weed, Dean Rechtlehen berge Law, when Weed proposed a George Law, when Weed proposed a game of poker, and I was asked to come in I hesitated, for I had only thing hot."-Jury. Bloodgood -- "Travis dresses well, doesn't he? I wonder what gives such tone to his costume?" De Smith-"It hing hot."-Jury. Before the little mourner left the office she was the recipient of a haudful of coins donated by "the boys" of the office and the big editor ordered the must be his trousers. They are always loud."-Burlington Free Press. me to any amount. "I am willi janitor to accompany her home. Thus it was that the readers of the Suitor - "I love your youngest lose \$30,000 or \$40,000 to-night." he great paper were mildly astonished to Suppose you'r Pater-'Umphi I suppose you'r beard that I have settled a dowry on my eldest daughter?" Suitor-''In that case, sir, I love her." read on the morning's local page: Died-Yesterday, Rube, the news-boy, aged 12 years. He was the sup-port of his widowed mother and loved port of his widowed motion his life al-his little sister better than his life alin a while when some one went \$1,000 blind. When we quit at daybreak I had won about \$4,000, but Law had -Epoch. most. He was buried in the potter's In the mission class: Teacher-"Can you tell me anything about the man who went down from Jericho and tield last night.-Detroit Free Press. lost ten times that amount. The next day I met him. 'I will tell you, Frank.' he said, 'why I lost that money. I wanted Vanderbilt to think I was a sucker, and so I played like one. The result was that to-day I sold him a lot fell among thieves?" The New Boy (tentatively)-"Wuz it McGinty?"-Balancing the Account. Mr. Vernon, like many other suburston Times. ban residents, amuses himself by keep-ing fowls. It was his intention when Mr. N. Peck (slapping his pocket)-Here's a nice state of affairs!" Wick-"Here's a nice state of affairs." Wick-wire-"What's the matter? Forget your pocketbook?" Mr. N. Peck-"Yes; I forget to leave it at home."-"Yes; I forget to leave it at home."-"Yes; I forget to leave it at home."he first began it to make it a self-supporting source of entertaiment, and he had some hope of saving a little mon-ey in the supply of poultry and eggs for his own table. But "chicken food" costs money, and Terre Haute Express.

ed a foreign oath and struck at him. Squire Gilbert turned, his hand insatisfaction with the size of the master-piece. One old lady pushed up before it during one of the most crowded hours of the exhibition. She was rich-ly dressed and evidently felt herself fully competent to criticise anything in the art line. It could be seen as she voluntarily going to his pistol-belt; and the stranger, on whose toes he had trodden, followed the motion with his Excess me " he said with a strong French accent. "You came out of this honse in such a hurry at this late hour.

approached that her eyes were focussed for something very large and start-ling. When she had reached the front

t. "I myself fancied I might have some daugerous person. I hope I a few moments she put down her glasses, and, half turning to the specta-tors about her, said in a loud and disdid not hurt you." "Oh, no," said the other. "I was only startled a little. A thousand par-dons." And he passed on. The squire

tinct voice: "Well, I'm disappointed."

Nobody seemed interested in the announcement, and she turned and took

"I am very much disappointed," she ventured again, after another look, in

appointed," was the way she put it this

you?

Nobody answered her.

The disappointed woman evidently

she made no reply and strode haughti-ly away after another scornful look at the helpless little canvas. As she good ter me."

When you truly and devotedly love girl who is as rich as she is pretty is hard to take no for an answer.-Epoch. "It's a wise joke that knows its own father after the religious papers have quoted it once or twice.-Somerville Journal. Some women like a whispered tale of love, but a belle prefers a declaration made in ringing tones. - Baltimore

press.

American. When a woman loves a man she goes the whole hog, even to the wart on his nose. It isn't this way with man .--Philadelphia Inquirer.

It is very strange that among those who set themselves up as great guns the ones of the smallest caliber are the biggest bores. - Boston Transcript.

"What is sweeter than to have a

"Who is Rube?"

"But Rube wasn't people-he was

"Did you sell papers, too?"

usually imperiment, usually know little, but are as faithful as dogs, so that because of their virtues you for-give them the rest. There are women in New York who do not dare to discharge maids-who live in deadly ter-ror of what they are going to do next; who have been foolish enough to let them find out something, it may be a little something, that they do not want either mother or husband to knowfrocks that have only been worn once, has her wages paid to her in advance, and is worse than any skeleton at a feast, because she is with you nearly all the time. Not long ago at a smart luncheon served by a gorgeous butler and three foot-men, a woman said: "O, dear, I think I shall go crazy if "O, dear, I think I shall go crasy if they put it in a paragraph about me." The reference was made to a personal paper. The hostess looked silence at her guest, and after the servants had left the room said: "My dear, why in the world did you say that before the servants? You evidently do not know the English one. My butler is perfect-ly enpable of writing you a letter deding a certain sum of money or manding a certain sum of money or threatening just such a paragraph as you dread. The English servant has

no more idea of honor than a cannibal, and not as much, for a cannibal ents you out and out, and does not make life horrible by spinning out the agony." When it was thought what an easy

life a good maid has it seems strange fore women, by learning to systematic, do not apply for such po-sitions. She is seldom asked to eat with the rest of the household; she has much time to go out, and her work is always easily done and not dirty. A good maid is far beyond rubies when it comes to a question of value to her mistress, and rather than stand all day long behind a counter, get small wager and poor food to eat, and no time to call my own except when I was so tired I could not enjoy it. I would study the art of dressing people, saving them steps, of doing their hair, of keeping their wardrobes in order-in short, of being a perfect treasure of a maid. and a perfect treasure of a maid can get \$60 a month, a pleasant room, a great deal of time to herself, and a number of presents. The perfect maid, like the perfect woman, is hard to find. -N. Y. Sun.

Single Blessedness.

A German paper some time ago in-vited all masculine readers over forty who had remained single to make a public statement of their reasons for not entering into the matrimonial alliance. The best and wittiest piece was to receive a prize of twenty marks. The jury appointed to decide upon the merits of the statements consisted of three persons-a young girl, a young married lady and a mother-in-law. In response to this invitation 124 answers were received at the office of the pa-per. After a long discussion and de-liberation the jury awarded the prize to the author of the following declara-

"From my earliest youth I was hot "From my earliest youth 1 was hot-tempered and vain, and never was sat-isfied with the good things which I en-joyed, but always wished and strived for better things; therefore I was guid-ed by the words of the gospel, which says that he does well who gets a wife unto him, but that he who does not do so acts still better. As an idealist I could be perfectly sure that the next's could be perfectly sure that the poet's words in reference to 'two hearts that beat as one' would never be justified in matrimony. As a realist I could un-derstand that marriage was a lottery, and that, in view of the small chances

Wanted to Know. A mountain farmer of Wert county. for success, it was not worth while to take any riks. As an egotist I can say: 'I entirely gratify my own self, and why should I make any sacrifice?' For West Virginia, wandered into a country store the other day and in-quired who was successful at the last presidental election. He had voted for Harrison that day and then retired to marriage is nothing but a sacrifice of the ego. As a crank I add that a girl without a dowry I do not wish to marry and a girl with a dowry I can not get." his mountain haunts, and until then did not know that his candidate had been elected.

ers. She never received them alone until a certain decomposition has taken place, so that when removed the pulp is soft, and appears as if it had been boiled. The nuts are now put in a trough made by digging a hole in the ground and paving it with rough stones. Here they are pounded with wooden pestles until the pulp is quite removed from the surface of the hard who hate her so bitterly, ugly as vitches. What do you know against removed from the surface of the hard nut. The whole is then removed from the trough, pnt in a heap, and the stones taken out, leaving the oily fibrous pulp, which is put into a pot with a small quantity of water under a good fire, and well stirred until the oil begins to melt out. The pulp is then put into a rough net opened at both ends, to which are attached two or three short sticks, by turning which aer, mother?" "I know nothing, child, said Mrs. squire. or three short sticks, by turning which in opposite directions the oil is squeezed out. The longer the nuts are under ground the thicker the oil and the worse the quality. This alone accounts for the different qualities of oil exported from different places along the coast. Other methods are employed to pro-duce the oil for home consumption;

commerce. - Kew Bulletin.

Mr. Grady's Boyhood.

point of death from an attack of blood

isoning which the operation has in ced.-N. Y. World.

The Lewiston Journal says a Maine

constable had a hard experience the

him for two days and nights.

A Hand Expedition.

The African Palm Of Industry

auts are scattered over grou

Silbert-"nothing but that no ladies go "Why don't they, then?" said the "There must be some reason," said the old lady; "Mrs. Praygood saw a rigar on the table near her. Ladies lon't smoke."

"Errish ladies do not." replied the squire. "But perhaps she does not know that. Why don't you call and tell her?"

"My dear, I never call anywhere," replied the old lady. "The young peo-ple come to see me. I don't say any-thing against Madame Vinton. I hope the's all right; indeed' I do." But she resisted the entreaties of but that here described is the mode usual in the production of the palm oil

son to drive with him, to call on Madame Vinton, nevertheless; and so one day the squire went alone. He was a handsome, active, elegant

When we returned to Athens from man, but he was no longer a young When we found that the second Deonee River at the lower bridge at and careless manners of a boy. He had not hardened, as most men do be-

Athens. As I approached the wash-hole I heard different boys calling out: "Look here, Heury Grady;" "Watch this, Henry Grady," and so on, and I was at once impressed with the idea: That must be a fellow of some im-portance as they are all under the idea. fore his age. The squire called on Madame Vin-ton from a spirit of chivalry-so he thought, at least; but he left the door with flushed cheeks and sparklingeyes, and he called again because he could portance, as they are all trying to gain his approval and commendation. I renot keep away. Soon, to his mother's consternationa, rumors reached her that he went to Madame Vinton's house ember his beautiful form and face as he swam in the water that afternoon. He was always a leader in everything every day; and at last she, as well as all Poplartown, knew the truth. Her son was engaged to be married to the French lady, with whom he was desperwent into. In every kind of game, football, shinny, baseball, which was just coming into vogue, he was at the head. At one time I remember him as head. At one time I remember him as captain of a military company of little fellows armed with broomstricks, tin borns or some other weapons.—*Augusta* (Ga.) Chronicle. Don't Pull Out Superfluous hair.

Don't Pull Out Superfluous Hair.

Young Padelford of Philadelphia who was at Newport last summer, has

equally shocked; but old Mrs. Gilbert bore herself bravely. "My son," sho said. "I give you eredit for being a man of sense. I know you wouldn't marry a person who would disgrace our good name I'll go with you to see her once, and I'll welcome her kindly. Nothing must come between us, my dear-nothing." And Mrs. Gilbert saw no cigarettes near Madame Vinton's ellow when met with a curious and perhaps fatal experience. Some time ago he dis-covered a small tuft of hair growing on his neck which seemed to have no relation with the hair of his head Last week a barber whom he patronnear Madame Vinton's elbow, when ized suggested that he should take the tuft of hair out by the roots, and Padelshe called, and could find no fault with her manner. She returned home great-ly comforted, and set herself to put ford told him to go ahead. The bar-ber performed the operation, and Padeliord is said to be lying now at the own the talk in Poplartown, to

down the talk in Poplartown, to the great disgust of her neighbours, who had hoped to be entertained with the items of a family quarrel. It was September when the news first reached Mrs. Gilbert's ears. Be-fore Christmas day her son would be married. She tried to feel happy over it but in reality her heart was very a stone upon the ground. It was, indeed, the body of Madame Vinton that they had discovered. A cord was tled about her neck and twit-Lewiston Journal.

twisted tightly. She had evidently been strangled.

it but in reality her heart was very heavy. An undefinable presentiment of impending trouble filled her with sadness. It could not be the coming other day. He went out after a gang of poachers, and was not only cor-dially received by them but was invited to eccompany them on a hunting expedition. The reason for so much of this handsome wife, with her swee courteous, loving manner, she thought. She was old. A daughter would be an Later, when after a severe fit of illcordiality was not apparent until the officer found that his late companions had managed to leave him slone on an uninhabited island, where they kapt

courteous, loving manner, she thought.
She was old. A daughter would be an addition to her home. Yet she tossed wearly on her pillow at night—she warly on her pillow at night—she be warly on her pillow at night—she be addition to read or sew as she had done. Somehow she felt all was not well, and never could be again in this world for her. In spite of this, she took her pearls from the worn case of blue velvet, in which they had been hidden for years, and sent them in a shimmering nest of white satin, to "My Daughter soon to be;" who answered with loving thanks. The wodding guests, old friends of Mrs. Gilbert, who said to each other that

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passed out of the building she was noticed stopping before a gorgeous red and black Rocky Mountain scene in

ton. What does she do but dare to be beautiful? I suppose God made her so, as he made the five Misses Chesuey. Madame Vinton's house, and found all the front room and exclaiming: "There, that's what I call something as described. He sent for the police, for detectives from the nearest city. He searched frantically far and near, Very comical are the mistakes made by spectators as to the meaning of the picture. It would break Millet's heart fearing to find his love lying dead in to know of some of these. One apparsome part of her garden, or the woods near by. It was many, many days beently intelligent and cultivated woman came in the other day, and after gaz-

ran against some in the road, who utter-

believed you were, perhaps, a thief.

"It is my place to beg pardon," said

ned to Squire Gilbert that he never

Pardon.

lified.

ore he gave up his hopeless wandering a long time at the picture sat down in a chair beside the girl who sells cataing.a. He only thought of accident. It logues at a table in front of "The Aneemed plain to others that she had left the place of her own free will, baving "That's a love subject?" remarked some unknown motive. At last the squire himself dec ared that if Madame the woman, opening a conversation. The girl discreetly made no reply. VI aton had met with violence her body must have been found; but he still feit "Yes, and I think it's so beautiful," continued the woman. "Just see how modest the young woman is." perfect faith in her, and, in his miserperfect faith in her, and, in his miser-able love and longing, clung to the re-newed hope that it gave him to believe her still alive. He took possession of the house on the hill, dismissed the servants, and went thither to live alone. "She will return some day," he said, "and she shall find me there waiting The paralyzed catalogue girl ventur-ed a feeble "Yes?" "I do love such subjects; and hasn't he painted it exquisitely?" the woman went on. Just here the catalogue girl

aved from danger of hysteria by the arrival of the woman's husband. He had a catalogue in his hand, and he led his wife around to look at the other unheeded before he clung to his resolu-

pictures. Presently the woman came back in a One man only waited upon old and faithful servant; but one day he sent to the dog-fancier to reclaim great hurry. She had evidently been reading the catalogue. "Why, that isn't a love subject at the blood-hounds, and Uno and Ino, led in a leash came eagerly up the village all," she exclaimed sharply to the girl. The girl was arranging her catastreet, about noon, one windy March

logues. "No, that's a religious subject; it They dashed into the house wild with joy. They fawned on Squire Gilbert, whom they had learned to love. They isn't a love subject at all," repeated the searched everywhere for Madame Vin-ton, and at last went down to their old woman. The girl saw a bit of paper on the haunts in the garden. Longing for home joy at their return, seemed to have softened their natures. But sud-denly Uno, the fiercest of the two, put foor on the other side of her table and bent over to pick it up. The woman eyed her for a moment, and then said, with subdued intensity: "Did you know that that wasn't a his nose to the ground uttered a low ory, and began to run about the place love subject when I was talking to in circles, suifling strangely. A mo-ment more and Iuo imitated him. The girl is usually truthful, but there was no help for it this time. She raised Their eyes changed and burnt like coals of fire, their frames seemed to her eyes to those of the woman and stiffen. They coursed about the garden and out toward a field which had been planted with vegetables, and which lay fallow under its late autumn plough-

ing. About this field they circled, each

throwing up the solit car to a not the solit of a noise with fury. The squire, his man and the dog-fancier had followed. All were pale with horror. Suddenly the latter sprang forward. "Take your master away!" he shouted to the servant; but the squire, with an awful ery of "They have found her!" dropped like words made the school roar, while the

> experience. A fellow and his girl go-ing to a ball met a skunk and didn't A Ghost.

> > it may be well to explain that it means an understanding or a compact, a alliance, among three persons, or states, or governments. The "dreibund" in the present instance is the alliance between the three sovereigns of Germany,

The first printed ballot was used in Massachusetts in 1830 by David Hen-shaw, and was refused. It took a decision of the Supreme court to establish

Young Setfast-"Had a weal adventthe coops and fences and roosts Children should be taught obedience and bad habits should be corrected. But many a parent has remembered with deep sorrow instances of undue severity and unwise punishment when too late to correct it or make amends. "The following incident related by a father illustrates this: "I shall never forget, though I have wished a re the other day, Miss Sharpleigh. which Mr. Vernon thought necessary cost much more, so that it was only by great industry that he kept from looping instant of mathematical sectors. Went lishing and a gweat bwute farm dog made me stay with him thwee hours." Miss Sharpleigh—"Poor old doggie."—Drake's Magazine. loosing instead of making money in his raising of chickens. One day he found that his account

An enthusiastic exchange refers to the dresses of some actresses as "per-fect poems." It would be nearer the mark to call them epigrams; becausefor the week did not balance. He was behind in his accounts. He sat and pondered over his column of figures well, there isn't much to an epigram, you know."-Philadelphia Press. for a little while, then put on his hat and went down to the hen-yard. Presently his daughter Eva saw him comalways call me your little lamb?"

Mabel—"Hal dear, what makes you Jways call me your little lamb?" Hal -"Because you always return to the ing back to the house bringing a big ster - headless. She rau out to fold," and he opened his arms with an expectant and satisfied look upon his punished her, and then she looked up expectant and satisfied look upon his smiling face.-Kearney Enterprise. with a quivering lip, and said: "Papa, you will have to whip me again. I can't say it." "You can imagine how I felt, and

meet him. "Why, papa!" she exclaimed, '%hat did you kill old Brahma for?" "For dinner, my dear," answered her father. "He s worth \$3, and I'm Arthur (just beginning his French) - "Papa is the French word for money of the feminine or masculine gender?" Father- "Feminine.of course." "Why, papap" "Because, haven't you heard that money talks?"-Lowell Citizen. "Ion can imagine how I felt, and how I kept on remembering the look on her face and the tone of the sail little voice." \$3 behind in my chicken accounts this He took the fowl into the kitchen

then went on into the library, and took up his account book, credited Mother-"You don't seem tired, Jenhimself with the price of the big roostnie, for a young lady who attended a dancing party last night?" Jennie-"It was a plumbers' ball, you know, and er, and announced with pride that he had balanced his account!- Youth's

An Interesting Time in Maine.

everything went so slowly that one could not get tired."—Boston Herald. Inquisitive Citizen — "What's the matter with the man? Been run over by a railroad train?" Ambulance Sur-geon — "Worse than that. He was The skunk is mighty. He always for that matter, but just now he rule three or four villages in the vicinity of geon — "Worse than that. He was caught among the women in a bargain rush at Seller's." — Philadelphia In-to her, fearful dark, her terror overeon - "Worse than that. He was Bangor with an irresistible and odorif erous rule. Hampden has been over-ridden of late with a hord of active and quirer.

came her dread of punishment, and a pitiful little voice was heard at the head of the stairs. Belinda-"Dearest, what was the real reason of your matrying me?" Al-phonzo-"I think it was because I unphonzo—"I think it was because I un-derstood you. And what was the rea-son of your marrying me?" Belinda— "I think it was because I did not un-derstand you."—America.

Physician (to Mrs. Col. Blood of Kentucky)—"How did your husband pass the night. Mrs. Blood?" Mrs. Blood—"He seemed quite comfort blood?" Mrs. been delivered in the same spirit of good will and peace. They might have been more earnest and fervent though. The up-river towns have had similar Blood—"He seemed quite comfortable, sir, and asked for water several times." A writer who has recently visited the Bridal Veil Falls in the Yosemite Val-ley thus describes the mocking birds in that vicinity in the New York Press: Physician (with a grave look)-"H'm

-still flighty."-Boston Beacon. Mrs. A.-.'I think Mrs. Smith's death such a sad one. My heart fairly aches for Mr. Smith." Mrs. B.-.'Yes, -still flighty."-Boston Boacon. Mrs. A.-"I think Mrs. Smith's death s such a sad one. My heart fairly aches for Mr. Smith." Mrs. B.-"Yes, and the poor little children. It is a terrible visitation. Will you be at the funeral?" Mrs. A.-"O, yes." Mrs. B.-"What are you going to wear?"-Epoch. "You shouldn't have taken 'No' for an answer so readily. Charlie," said his more experienced friend; don't you wedestand that a girl's 'No' often

an answer so readily. Charlie," said his more experienced friend; don't you understand that a girl's 'No' often means 'Yes'?" "She didn't say 'No.' could not contain more without the re-lief of tears or shouts, the wind died away and the water again struck with an awesome roar into its rocky hollow with a fo to that made the earth tremmeans 'Yes'?" "She didn't say 'No.' Jack," responded Charlie, utterly with-out hope; "she said 'Naw.""-Boston

with a to co that made the earth trem-ble, and was again lashed to furious foam and the song of the mocking birds hushed. Thus it goes on over and ever, alternately, and has for ages, the song of the birds and the thunderous rever-Campaigning Mamma (to confidential friend of Mr. G.) — "Really, young Mr. Greenbacks is one of the most cultivated men I ever saw," C. F. (desiring to please)— "Yes, and I honestly believe your daughter Eva is succeeding at it better than any of the rest."—Memphis Avadanche beration of the cataract."

Miss Chestnut-"Is it true that your

The statement is made that more than 65,000 elephants are killed in Africa every year. Their ivory in the raw state is worth \$4,000,000.

Beacon.

Austria, and Italy.

said unblushingly, but somewhat feebly: "No, ma'am." The woman gave her another sharp look, but went away apparently satis-

orcele growing narrower, their noses still to the ground. Then, with a trumpet-like call, they began to dig. It is related of an old-time Bath throwing up the soft earth about them school boy that after the master had strong-breathed skunks who have made

when the worshipers were returning home. That was the only nice thing about it. Had the attack been made

things interesting for folks who ventured out at night. A whole prayer-meeting was demoralized by them recently

on the way to prayer-meeting it is doubtful if the exhortations would have

News.

Dreibund. The term "dreibund" is appearing in the German cable news, and, as it is somewhat strange to American ears,

Printed Ballots.

been strangled. Robbed and murdered by some burg-lar, people said; but burglars do not usually bury their victims. The ser-vants were evidently innocent—two quiet village girls, whom no one could suspect. Later, when after a severe fit of ille

go. The fellow swore and the girl cried, and then they went home and put their clothes in pickle. The skunk can be spared. He is unnice.—Bangor

meet him.

week."

Companion.