Help! Help! I'm Falling

Thus cried the hair. And a kind neighbor came to the rescue with a bottle of Ayer's Hair Vigor. The hair was saved! In gratitude, it grew long and heavy, and with all the deep, rich color of early life. Sold in all parts of the world for sixty years.

"About one year ago I lost nearly all of my hair following an attack of measles. I was advised by a friend to use Ayer's Hair Vigor. I did so, and as a result I now have a beautiful head of hair."—MRS. W. J. BROWN, Menomonee Falls, Wis.

Made by J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass. Also Manufacturers of

Ayer's SARSAPARILLA. PILLS. CHERRY PECTORAL.

Minding His Own Business.

Wallace Cummings used to drive the old stage which ran between Bridgton and Portland. One day Wallace had as a passenger out of Portland a young city chap or dude, as Wallace called him. The scenery along the stage route was both beautiful and diversified; the young man was much interested, and as he sat on the box, or post of honor, beside Wallace literally plied him with questions as to what mountain that was and what river this was, etc.

The old driver, who detested this sort of interrogation, stood it as long as he could. Finally he blurted out: "Say, stranger, if you'll mind your business I'll mind mine."

Thus snubbed, the young man relapsed into silence.

They had driven about ten miles farther when they came to a long hill, where the driver was obliged to apply the brake. As he shoved his foot toward it he immediately noticed that the mail bag, which always lay there, was gone. Evidently it had dropped off along the road.

Wallace stopped his horses; then, breaking the long silence, he said: "Say, stranger, did you see that mail bag slide off?"

"Yes, I did; some ten miles back," calmly remarked the young man.

"Well, why in thunder didn't you tell me?" gasped the astonished driver.

The "dude" looked him squarely in the eye for a moment, and then he drawled, imitating Wallace's tone: "Say, driver, you mind your business and I'll mind mine."

The rest of the journey was driven in cold silence.—Boston Herald.

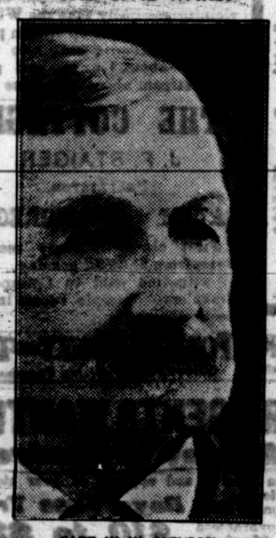
One Way of Examining.

Ho, there, Zimmie!" called the village physician's man-of-all-work to the lad who was passing. "Doctor said for me to tell you, if you came along, that he wanted to see you inside. 'Think he's lookin' for a new office boy. He's in the office now."

"You tell him to go straight up!" retorted little Zimmie Fiddler, preparing to run. "See me inside? not much! He needn't think he's goin' to git to cut me open on any such excuse as that! Blast him! That's no way to examine an office boy!"

Infant mortality is reported to be greater in Prussia than in any other country except Russia. The deaths the first year are 6 to 7 per cent in Sweden, 15 in France and 23.6 in Prussia.

A VETERAN OF THE BLACK-HAWK, MEXICAN AND THE CIVIL WARS.



CAPT. W. W. JACKSON.

Sufferings Were Protracted and Severe—Tried Every Known Remedy Without Relief—Serious Stomach Trouble Cured by Three Bottles of Peruna!

Capt. W. W. Jackson, 705 G St., N. W., Washington, D. C., writes:

"I am eighty-three years old, a veteran of the Black Hawk, Mexican and the Civil wars. I am by profession a physician, but abandoned the same.

"Some years ago I was seriously affected with catarrh of the stomach. My sufferings were protracted and severe. I tried every known remedy without obtaining relief.

"In desperation I began the use of your Peruna. I began to realize immediate though gradual improvement.

"After the use of three bottles every appearance of my complaint was removed, and I have no hesitation in recommending it as an infallible remedy for that disorder."—W. W. Jackson.

Address Dr. S. B. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

YOLANDE

BY WILLIAM BLACK

CHAPTER VII.

Far up in the wild and lonely hills that form the backbone of eastern Inverness-shire, and the desert solitudes draw their waters from the thousand mystic-named or nameless rills, stands the lodge of Allt-nam-ba. The plain little double-gabled building occupies a promontory formed by the confluence of two brawling streams, and faces a long, wide, beautiful valley, which terminates in the winding waters of a loch. It is the only sign of habitation in the strangely silent district; and it is the last. The rough hill road leading to it terminates there.

At the door of this solitary little lodge, on a morning toward the end of July, Yolande Winterbourne was standing engaged in buttoning on her driving gloves, but occasionally glancing out at the bewildering, changeful, flashing and gleaming day around her. For, indeed, since she had come to live at Allt-nam-ba, she had acquired the conviction that the place seemed very close up to the sky; and that this broad valley, walled in by those great and silent hills, formed a sort of caldron, in which the elements were in the habit of mixing up weather for transference to the wide world beyond. At this very moment a continual phantasmagoria of cloud effects was passing before her eyes. Far mountain tops grew blacker and blacker in shadow; then the gray mist of the rain stole slowly across and hid them from view; then they reappeared again, and a sudden shaft of sunlight would strike on the yellow-green slopes, and on the boulders of wet and glittering granite.

However, she was not much dismayed. When the dog cart was brought round, she stepped into it lightly, took the reins as if to the manner born, though she had never handled a whip until Mrs. Graham had put her in training at Inverstroy. Then there was a strict charge to Jane to see that brisk fires were kept burning in all the rooms. And then the youthful and fair-haired Sandy having got up behind—she released the brake; and presently they were making their way, slowly and cautiously down the stony path, and over the loud-sounding wooden bridge that here spans the roaring red-brown waters of the Allt-cam ban.

But when once they were over the bridge and into the road they quickly mended their pace. There was an unusual eagerness and brightness in her look. Sandy the groom knew that the stout and serviceable cob in the shafts was a sure-footed beast; but the road was of the roughest; and he could not understand how the young English lady, who was generally very cautious, should drive so fast. Was it to get away from the black thunder masses of cloud that lay over the mountains behind them? Here, at least, there seemed no danger of any storm. The sunlight was brilliant on the wide, green pastures and on the flashing waters of the stream. Yolande's face soon showed the influence of the warm sunlight and of the fresh, keen air; and her eyes were glad, though they seemed busy with other things.

When they reached the end of the valley and got on to the road that wound along the wooded shores of the loch, there was much easier going. It was a pretty loch, this stretch of wind-stirred blue water, for the hills surrounding it were somewhat less sterile than those of Allt-nam-ba; here and there the banks were fringed with hazel; and at the lower end of it were the dark-green plantations surrounding Lynn Towers. They had driven for about a mile and a half or so by the shores of the lake, when Yolande fancied she heard some clanking noise proceeding from the other side; and thereupon she instantly asked Sandy what that could be. The young Highland lad strained his eyes in the direction of the distant hillside; and at last he said:

"Oh, yes, I see them now. They will be the men taking up more fencing to the forest. Duncan was speaking about that, madam. If Miss Winterbourne would be looking about half way up the hill—they are by the side of the gray corrie now. I am thinking that will be the Master at the top."

"Do you mean the Master of Lynn?" she said, quickly. "Well, your eyes are sharper than mine, Sandy. I can see that black speck on the skyline; but that is all."

"He is waving a handkerchief now," said Sandy, with much coolness.

"Oh, that is impossible. How could he make us out at this distance?"

"The master will know there is no other carriage than this one coming from Allt-nam-ba."

"Very well, then," said she, taking out her handkerchief and giving it a little shake or two in the sunlight. "I will take the chance; but you know, Sandy, it is more likely to be one of the keepers waving his hand to you."

When they had crossed the wooden bridge over the river and ascended a bit of the hill, they found themselves opposite Lynn Towers—a large, modern building, which, with its numerous conservatories, stood on a level piece of ground on the other side of the ravine. As they drove on and down into that smiling and shining country, the day grew more and more brilliant. Wild flowers grew more luxuriantly. Here and there a farm house appeared—with fields of grain encroaching on the moorland. And at last, after some miles of this gradual descent, Yolande arrived at a little sprinkling of houses sufficient in number, though much scattered among the fields—to be called a village; and drew up at the small wooden gate of a modest little mansion, very prettily situated in the midst of a garden of roses.

No sooner had the carriage stopped than instantly the door was opened by a smiling and comely dame, with silver-gray hair, and pleasant, shrewd gray eyes, who came down the garden path. She was neatly and plainly dressed, in a housekeeper-looking kind of costume; but her face was refined and intelligent and there was a sort of motherliness in the look with which she regarded the young English lady.

"Do you know that I meant to scold you, Mrs. Bell, for robbing your garden again?" said Yolande. "But this time—no—I am not going to scold you; I can only thank you; for my papa is coming to-day. I am going now to meet him at the steamer."

"Well, now," said Mrs. Bell, "that is just a most extraordinary piece of good luck; for I happen to have a pair of the very finest and plumpest young ducklings that ever I set eyes on——"

"No, no; no!" Yolande cried, laughing; "I cannot have any more excuses for these kindnesses and kindnesses. Every day since I came here—every day a fresh excuse—and always the boy coming with Mrs. Bell's compliments. Wouldn't it be simpler for you to give me the garden and the house and everything all at once?" said Yolande. "Well, now, I wish to see Mr. Melville."

"He is at his work," said the elderly dame, glancing at a small building that stood at right angles with the house. "Do ye think I would disturb him when he is at his work? Do you think I want him to send me about my business?"

"There is a tyrant!" exclaimed Yolande. "Never mind, then; I wanted to thank him for sending me the trout. Now I will not. Well, good-by, Mrs. Bell; I will take the vegetables, and be very grateful to you; but not the ducklings——"

"Ye'll just take the ducklings, as I say, like a sensible young leddy," said Mrs. Bell, with emphasis; "and there is not to be another word about it."

So on she drove again, on this bright and beautiful July day, through a picturesque and rocky and rugged country, until in time she reached the end of her journey—the charming little hotel that is perched high amid the woods overlooking Loch Ness, within sound of the thundering Foyers Water. And then, at last, she heard the throbbing of paddle wheels in the intense silence; and made her way down through the bracken and the bushes, and went right out to the end of the little pier.

She made him out at once, even at that distance; for though he was not a tall man, his sharp-featured, sun-reddened face and silver-white hair made him easily recognizable. And of course she was greatly delighted when he came ashore, and excited, too; and she herself would have carried gun cases, fishing baskets, and what not, to the dog cart, had not the boots from the hotel interfered. And she had a hundred eager questions and asurances, but would pay no heed to his remonstrance about the risks of her driving.

"Why, papa, I drove every day at Inverstroy!" she exclaimed, as they briskly set out for Allt-nam-ba.

"I suppose the Grahams were very kind to you?" he said. "And the Master, how is he?"

"Oh, very well, I believe. Of course I have not seen him since Mrs. Graham left. But he has made all the arrangements for you—ponies, pannfers, everything; and there is no want of provision, for Mr. Melville sends me plenty of trout, and Duncan goes up the hill now and again for a hare."

"Oh, that will be all right," said he, good-humoredly. "I want to hear about yourself, Yolande. What do you think of Lord Lynn and his sister, now that you have seen something more of them?"

This question checked her volubility, and for a second a very odd expression came over her face.

"They are very serious people, papa," said she, with some caution. "And—and very pious, I think."

"And those other people—the old woman who pretends to be a housekeeper and is a sort of Good Fairy in disguise—and the penniless young laird, who has no land——"

Instantly her face brightened up.

"Oh, he is the most extraordinary person, papa—a magician! I cannot describe it; you must see for yourself; but really it is wonderful. He has a stream to work for him—yes—for Mrs. Graham and I went and visited it—climbing away up the hills—and there was the water wheel at work in the water, and a hut close by, and there were copper wires to take the electricity away down to the house, where he has a store of it. It is a genie for him; he makes it light the lamps for him; it works a lathe for turning wood—oh, I can't tell you all about it. And he has been so kind to me; but mostly in secret, so that I could not catch him to thank him. How could I know? I complain to Mrs. Bell that it is a trouble to send to Inverness for some one to set the clock going; the next morning—it is all right! It goes; nothing wrong at all! Then the broken window in the drawing room; Mrs. Graham and I drive away to Fort Augustus; when I come back in the evening there is a new pane put in."

"But what on earth is this wonderful Jack-of-all-trades doing here? Why, you yourself wrote to me, Yolande, that he had taken the Snell Exhibition and the Ferguson Scholarship, and blazed like a comet through Balliol; and now I find him tinkering at window panes——"

"I think he works very hard; he says he is very lazy. He is very fond of fishing; he is not well off; and here he is permitted to fish in the lakes far away among the hills that few people will take the trouble to go to. Then naturally he has much interest in this neighborhood, where once his people were the great family; and those living there have great respect for him; and he has built a school, and teaches in it—it is a free school, no charge at all," Yolande added, hastily. "That is Mrs. Bell's kindness, the building of the school. Then he made experiments and discoveries; is it not enough of an occupation when every one is talking about the electric light? Also he is a great botanist; and when it is not school time, he is away up in the hills, after rare plants, or to fish. Oh, it is terrible the loneliness of the small lakes in the hills. Mr. Leslie has told me; no road, no track, no life anywhere. And the long hours of climbing; oh, I am sure I have been sorry sometimes—many times—when day after day I receive a present of trout and a message, to think of the long climbing and the labor——"

"But why doesn't he fish in the loch at Allt-nam-ba?" her father exclaimed. "That can't be so difficult to get at."

"He thought it would be more correct to wait for you to give permission."

"Waiting for permission to fish in a loch like that!" her father said, more good-naturedly. "Leslie told me the loch would be infinitely improved if five-sixths of the fish were netted out of it; the trout would run to a better size. However, Miss Yolande, since you've treated him badly, you must make amends. You must ask him to dinner."

"Oh, yes, papa; I shall be glad to do that," she said, blithely.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Winterbourne, Yolande and the Master were standing outside the lodge, looking down the wide glen, which was flooded with sunset light. Young Leslie's eyes were the eyes of a deer-stalker; the slightest movement anywhere instantly attracted them; and when two sheep—little dots they were, at the far edge of the hill just above the lodge—suddenly ceased grazing and lifted their heads, he knew there must be some one there. The next moment a figure appeared on the sky line.

"I suppose that is Jack Melville," he said, peevishly. "I wish he wouldn't come across the forest when he is up at electric boxes."

"But does he do harm?" said Yolande. "He cannot shoot deer with copper wires."

"Oh, he's all over the place," said the Master of Lynn. "And there isn't a keeper or a watcher who will remonstrate with him; and of course I can't. He's always after his botany, or his fishing, or something. The best thing about it is that he is a capital hand to have with you if there are any stray deer about, and you want to have a shot without disturbing the herd. He knows their ways most wonderfully, and can tell you the track they are certain to take."

Meanwhile the object of these remarks was coming down the hillside at a swinging pace; and very soon he had crossed the little bridge, and was coming up the path—heralding his arrival with a frank and careless greeting to his friends. He was a rather tall, lean, large-boned and powerful looking man of about eight-and-twenty; somewhat pale in face, seeing that he lived so much out of doors; his hair a raven black; his eyes gray, penetrating and steadfast; his mouth firm, and yet mobile and expressive at times; his forehead square rather than lofty; voice, a chest voice, was heard in pleasant and well-modulated English.

"Here, Miss Winterbourne," said he, "is the little vasculum I spoke to you about; it has seen some service, but it may do well enough. And here is Beattie's Manual, and a Flora. The Flora is an old one; I brought an old one purposely, for at the beginning there is a synopsis of the Linnaean system of classification, and you will find that the easiest way of making out the names of a new plant. Of course," he added, "I have told Mrs. Bell you are to have access to my herbarium, whether I am there or not——"

"Oh, yes, that is so probable!" said she. "Mrs. Bell allowing me to go into your study!"

"Mrs. Bell and I understand each other very well, I assure you," he said, gravely. "We are only two augurs, who wink at each other; or rather we shut our eyes to each other's humbug——"

"Why, Jack, she means to buy back Mongalen for you!" the Master of Lynn exclaimed.

"I know the has some romantic scheme of that sort in her head," he said, frankly. "It is quite absurd. What should I do with Monaglen? However, in the meantime, I have made pretty free use of the old lady's money at Gress, and she is highly pleased, for she was fond of my father's family, and she likes to hear me spoken well of, and you can easily purchase gratitude—especially with somebody else's money. You see it works well all round. Mrs. Bell, who is an honest, shrewd, good, kindly woman, sees that her charity is administered with some care; the people around—but especially the children—are benefited; I have leisure for any little experiments and my idle rambles; and if Mrs. Bell and I hoodwink each other, it is done very openly, and there is no great harm."

(To be continued.)

MESSENGER BOY AND LINGUIST.

Books and Languages Delight Omaha Lad Who Works Hard and Studies.

"People have a mistaken impression about me; I cannot speak eight languages; I know only five."

Such was an explanation made by a tousle-headed A. D. T. boy, a little lad of 14 years, says the Omaha World-Herald, who has worked in the messenger service about twelve months. His name is Martin Sftera, and he is known to his companions as the "little old man."

He is an omnivorous reader and one of the most studious patrons of the public library. His taste for learning is phenomenal and it was the free schools of America which attracted him to this country.

He was born in Cernikov, a small village in Bohemia, where his parents still reside. Accompanied by two sisters, he became a steerage passenger three years ago and after reaching New York came on to Omaha to make his home here with a married sister.

For a year and a half he attended the Bancroft school. He entered the first grade and at the time he left his studies he had been advanced to the seventh grade, A class.

The lad has, indeed, stowed away in his queer head an immense amount of general information. He reads the newspapers carefully each day and is given to the perusal of the most surprising kind of magazine articles. He is even interested in economics and during the interview he discussed the merits of "Frenzied Finance."

The boy's conversation reflects what he has been reading and the effect of bookish English, mingled with the language of the streets, is amusing.

Spanish is the fifth language the "little old man" has set out to learn and he has now mastered most of the common idioms.

"The trouble is," he added, "I haven't much time for study. After I'm done with my day's work I'm too tired to go to night school. If I wasn't obliged to earn money for the support of myself and my sick sister I should attend school as much as possible.

"It is my ambition to be a thorough linguist. I can now speak my native tongue and English; I can converse fairly well in German and French and shall soon be able to do so in Spanish. I hope later on to gain some mastery of Latin and Greek. In the meantime I am working, reading, studying on my own account and saving as much of my earnings as I can, in order that I may eventually gain the education I should like to have."

The parents of the "little old man" still reside in Bohemia, his father being a market gardener. For the last two years and a half the boy has been depending solely upon his own resources, and all the while, too, he has been caring for an invalid sister, who is two years older than himself.

Comparing Notes.

Edyth—I prefer a man with a future rather than a past.

Mayme—Well, I prefer one with a few presents.

Mexican mints turn out more silver money than those of any other country in the world. Last year Mexico shipped several million silver dollars to China.

Time, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose whole enjoyment is to watch its flight.—Johnson.

HEIRESS WEARS RING IN HER NOSE.

MRS. POWERS GOURAUD.

Mrs. Powers Gouraud, formerly Miss Gladys Crocker, who is heiress to a $3,000,000 estate, has a hobby for Egyptian costume, and has had taken a picture in which she is garbed in an ancient robe of the Orient, with a costly ring hanging from one side of her nose.

MARVELOUS FEATS OF MEMORY.

Napoleon Able to Repeat Names of Every Soldier in a Regiment.

Both Napoleon I. and III. had extraordinary powers of memory. It is said of the first that he could repeat the names of his fullest regiment, having heard the list but once read. Later in life, discovering one of his old soldiers in a certain stonecutter, he was able to tell at once the rank he held in the army, the exact corps and regiment he belonged to, where he had served and the individual character he had borne for bravery.

Seneca complained of old age when he could not, as formerly, repeat 2,000 words in the order in which they were read. The Druids taught their whole circle of sciences in 20,000 verses, which students were called upon to commit to memory, a task frequently taking twenty years.

It is related of Wiegis, a German violinist, that upon the discovery that the score of a certain valuable opera had been lost he volunteered to write it from memory. This he successfully did, to the nicest details, and was paid a handsome sum of money. Upon many occasions Wiegis accurately performed his part at the opera when he was so intoxicated as to make it necessary to provide him with his instrument and adjust it in his hands.

Racine could recite all the tragedies of Euripides. Lord Granville repeated the New Testament from beginning to end in the original Greek, and Cooke, the tragedian, is said to have committed to memory all the contents of a large daily newspaper.

Strazniky was said to know the name and place of the Astor library. The same was said of the old librarian. Mazziabechi, who, besides knowing the name of every book of his vast library, could repeat the contents of a great number of them, and could tell any inquirer not only what book would best satisfy his wishes, but the chapter and page where the desired data could be found.

Misandola would commit to memory the contents of a book by reading it three times over and could frequently repeat the words backward as well as forward. Thomas Cranmer is said to have committed to memory in three months an entire translation of the Bible, and Leibnitz, when an old man, could recite the whole of Virgil word for word.

Lastly, Bossuet could repeat not only the whole Bible, but all of Homer, Virgil and Horace, besides many other works.

HIS PRIVILEGE.

No servant, however secure in the affections of his master, ever went farther than little Pagal, who, says Miss Cornelia Sorabji in "Sun-Babies," pulled the punka, or fan, in the "Presence's" chamber. One afternoon the mistress of the house came home earlier than usual, and there she found Pagal on the lowest of the steps leading into the master's room, taking a bath. He was gurgling and dancing in his single wet garment, pouring the water over his head, and trying to catch it in his mouth.

A ring of angry servants stood about him, scolding and threatening; but Pagal cared nothing for them. "Yes, yes," he said, "the water carrier will have to fill the tubs anew in the morning; but what of that?"

And he ran round and round in a ring, to dry himself. It was then that the mistress appeared, and the servants openly exulted.

"Now, at last," cried they, "will the Presences know what manner of fiend thou art!"

Pagal broke through the circle, to fetch his livery, which hung on a low-reaching branch of a mango-tree. It was an old union jack, which had probably been used, in its first estate, as a decoration for some street parade. Pagal draped it about him toga-wise, and then in a moment was back before his mistress and his accusers, standing, in his usual manner, head bent, scratching the ground with his toes.

"Pagal," began the mistress, "what would the sahib say if he saw you? You were visible from the drive, and you so careful about the honor of your sahib's house! There was the well or pump at which you might have bathed, near the servants' quarters."

"It is true," he answered, meekly. "But where should my master's slave live and move except upon his doorstep? Yesterday I saw a little sparrow bathing in the same tub of water. And I—could I be of less value to my sahib than that little sparrow thing? Surely not!"

Then, after a pause, he added, with his most innocent air, "I take great care not to invade the Miss Sahib's part of the building. The Miss Sahib knows that."

He looked up with his sweetest, most beaming smile. He had put the "Miss Sahib" in her proper place.

Railroad Rate Legislation.

Testifying before the senate committee at Washington, Interstate Commerce Commissioner Prouty said in discussing the proposition to give that commission the power to regulate railway rates:—

"I think the railways should make their own rates. I think they should be allowed to develop their own business. I have never advocated any law, and I am not now in favor of any law, which would put the brake making power into the hands of any commission or any court. While it may be necessary to do that some time, while that is done in some states at the present time, while it is done in some countries, I am opposed to it. * * * The railway rate is property. It is all the property that the railway has got. The rest of its property is not good for anything unless it can charge a rate. Now it has always seemed to me that when a rate was fixed, if that rate was an unreasonable rate, it deprives the railroad company of its property pro tanto. It is not necessary that you should confiscate the property of a railroad; it is not necessary that you should say that it shall not earn three per cent or four per cent. When you put in a rate that is inherently unreasonable, you have deprived that company of its rights, of its property, and the circuit court of the United States has jurisdiction under the Fourteenth amendment to restrain that. * * * I have looked at these cases a great many times, and I can only come to the conclusion that a railroad company is entitled to charge a fair and reasonable rate, and if any order of a commission, if any statute of a state legislature takes away that rate, the Fourteenth amendment protects the railway company."

GETTING OFF A "HIGH HORSE."

The Experience Which a College Graduate Encountered.

Any business man of long experience, college man though he be himself, will attest to the wrinkles that have to be taken out of the average college man at the first brush, says a man in business. I had an experience with one of them a short time ago. When I first talked with him he was willing to "accept" a position if it paid $100 a month, for instance!

I turned him out in one minute and thirty seconds, asking that he call again about the middle of the next week. He came—that is the characteristic of the college man, by the way. I jumped on him before he got his breath from the walk upstairs. I asked him if he knew about how much his first three mistakes in the place he wanted would cost the house? He didn't, of course. I asked him if he knew just how much more he might be worth to me or to another employer if he could assure me or them that there would be no mistake to cost anything. He thought he did.

Then I came down to the brass tacks of the whole question:

"How long," I said, "will it take for you to forget in the first place that you belong to one of the oldest families in Virginia; how long to forget that you were the valedictorian of your class; how long to lose recollection of your having proposed accepting a position at $100 a month, and to make up your mind that if I allow you to fill a place here at $60 a month for the first year you will be a fortunate young man?"

He was hurt. An old friend of mine had been an old friend of the young man's father. He said he would call the next afternoon, and he came.

"I am ready to go to work in the morning," he said, simply. He has been at work ever since, too, and if he keeps to the gait he is going I shall be stuck into paying him $60 a week instead of his present $60 a month.

A Pluralist.

Upon his accession to the throne the Emperor of Russia was appointed Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots Greys. Whilst dressing for dinner an enthusiastic subaltern communicated the information to his servant. "Donald," he said, "have you heard that the new Emperor of Russia has been appointed Colonel of the regiment?" "Indeed, sir!" replied Donald. "It's a vera prood thing." Then, after a pause, he inquired, "Beg pardon, sir, but will he be able to keep both places?"

Chip of the Old Block.

Growells—What makes the baby cry so when the nurse is trying to wash the dirt from his face?

Mrs. Growells—Oh, I suppose he takes after you.

Growells—Now what in the world do you mean by that, madam?

Mrs. Growells—He evidently wants the earth.

Mothers will find Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup the best remedy to use for their children during the teething period.

Where Extremes Meet.

Modiste—What style of sleeve would you prefer, Mrs. DeStyle?

Mrs. DeStyle—I hardly know. What is the correct thing this season—too tight or too loose?

Still a Mystery.

We are told that Cain got married
When he tired of single life,
But some people still are puzzled
As to where he got his wife.

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