SOCIAL DUTY.

The doorbell rings, he portal owings, My lady comes a calling, In velvet dressed, Her wil close pressed; The formal talk's appulling

The style, the day, The church, the play-Whatever line she fancies; Ten minutes pass; the mys, "Alas, Time flies!" and off she dances

No real word said From heart or head, thought to live in beauty; Her list she checks;

What came's the next? Lydia A. Coonley-Ward in Woman's Home Com-

Library Charles A DIPLOMATIC ADVENTURE. How an Effort Was Made to Obtain Possession of an Impor-

tant Letter and the Re-

suit Thereof.

الادوونلادون للادوون was wandering through the grounds a London exhibition one evening en a short, foreign looking man, othed in evening dress, approached e and said in a low tone;

"Have I the honor of addressing Mr. lodfrey Vance?"

He handed me a letter, saying abuptly; "Be good enough to read this tter. It will serve to introduce me."

The communication was from Count atonio Delarocca of Milan, whom I ad aided some months before by carying off for him a famous Greek tatue from an English country house. was very brief and merely said:

fir-This letter will introduce to you my good od, Herr Fritz Muskovitz, who is auxious for dertake for him a difficult mission e told him that you are the one man in Eng ver, and, wishing you all good fortune, be-

We left the exhibition grounds at ice, going to my abode.

"In the first place, my good sir," be xclaimed, talking in an excited underne-"in the first place I must tell you hat this business is difficult almost to e point of impossibility. Friday morng next about 3 o'clock Count Rodeitz will cause to be posted or post ith his own hand at the pillar box cing his house in Percy street, Mayair, a certain letter addressed to the erlin foreign office. It is absolutely tal to me and to the cause I represent at that letter should never reach its stination, and I am commissioned to

'is not 3 a. m. rather an unusual ur for the disputch of diplomatic nmunications?

the embassy-he has been in the and 4 o'clock Friday mornings."

"I presume that the obvious and old surprise, fashioned method of obtaining the leter by force is out of the question. Otherwise we might waylay the person posting the letter, overpower him and depart with the document."

"Twices, quite useless, for it would mply mean that the outrage would be discovered almost immediately, and then the contents of the letter would be telegraphed to Berlin, defeating our plans most entirely. No; the essence of the whole affair, my good sir, is that the letter should be removed and handed to me without the embassy people having the slightest knowledge of the

Next morning I went to Percy street, Mayfair, to survey the embassador's ed?" house. Thirty-one Percy street, the mansion in question, was a dull looking, gray abode exactly similar to the other houses in the street. Facing the ouse on the other side of the street seemed, where the count was in the hablt of posting his communications to Berlin.

easily shifted the matter would have and drew forth the envelope. As he grown stepdaughter, and the widow been as easy as smoking a eighrette. for we should simply have had to divert the policeman on the best away it open. One glance at the letter married her. That made my wife the from the street by means of a fictitions dranken disturbance, and then we ould have driven up in a van and curted the box away. But I must think comething else.

And then of a sudden there flashed men me an idea, coming whence I new not, but it seemed to me that a and made a fool of yourself and me." ice spoke in my ear, and this is

"Substitute another pillar box on the posite side of the street. Placard ie comine hox with a notice saying that it is temporarily disused and that letters are to be posted opposite. Clear the streets of the police by means of row and wait with a van at the corr of the street till the document is sted. Swoop down, collar the box and drive off.

I jumped into a cab and drove to a tertain hostelry in the East End where I knew I should find plenty of my pais. Who for a few dollars would throw themselves into any adventure of the

In a few words I conveyed to them what I wanted done. Two of the menburly fellows, known as Jim Thursday and Bill East, were to devote their powers to quarreling and getting "run in" at the corner of Percy street, while mother two were to keep watch at the corners of the street. The remaining nan. Tom Rogers, was to assist me in when the time came.

Then a new difficulty arose. How vas the pillar box to be obtained?

box?" I asked the men. There was silence for a moment, and then East, scratching his head, said gruffly:

"Try old Bennett, the iron founder in Goodge street, wot got five years' stretch for passin flash coln. E's out on ticket now and is up to makin a famy pillar box as soon as wink at yer.

Having bidden them hold themselves at my disposal for final instructions, I went straight to Goodge street, where I found the worthy Bennett in a surly mood owing to slackness of trade. He smiled when I asked him if he could build for me a pillar box to the government pattern in the time at our disposal.

On reaching home I wrote briefly to Herr Moskovitz informing him of my scheme and adding that I hoped to have the pillar box and letter safely at my house between 4 and 5 on the following Friday morning. I asked him to be waiting at my residence to receive the document and to bring the promised reward with him, as I would only part with the letter in exchange for the same.

All went well, and on the following Friday morning the van with the pillar box, my assistants and myself set out for Percy street, where we arrived at 3:10. I noticed with satisfaction that the night was very dark, which fact was of course advantageous. I at once dispatched Thursday and East to do their "quarreling act," the other two men taking up their places at the corners of the street.

At 3 o'clock I heard foud shouts and curses proceeding from our two friends, and a moment later two policemen were hastening in the direction of the noise. The coast thus clear, we drove up to the embassador's bouse and in a twinkling deposited the dummy box, which was an exact duplicate of the genuine article on the opposite side of the street.

"Now for the notice of temporary disuse," I said with a laugh, and in an instant afterward the mouth of the genuine pillar box was closed with gummed paper and the following notice posted in front of the time table of postal deliveries:

Notice.-This piller box being in temporary disone, the public will oblige by posting com-munications at the temporary box across the

This work completed to our satisfacour van and drove noiselessly down a sence of gloom and melancholia, and Redeholtz's mansion.

av \$10,000 to the man who will hand chance youth on the way home from a The consequence was he invariably at letter to me intact-exactly as he dance were attracted by the notice on had to walk in the opposite direction might be equally overthrown.

lief that amounted to positive joy that money and everything else which man Most certainly it is, but the count I beheld at about 3:15 the door of the holds dear and ends up by his, in his not like other men. For the past bouse open and a young man, evidently own mind, murdering the girl who was ur years-in fact, since he first came the embassador's secretary, glide into to save him from himself.

of course we could not catch at that tries to dash forward and save her, ing deposited the letter in our box, re | comes a break in the narrative, which turned with all speed to the house.

Not a soul was in sight-the street tore down the notice which had done us such good service and removed the house. We arrived at 4 a. m. and found Herr Moskovitz awaiting us in intense excitement.

both hands, "well, have you succeed-

"Perfectly," I replied. "Here is the box and here is the key. We have not touched or looked at the letter, believing it to be private."

"You have acted well." he returned was a pillar box-the receptacle, it quickly, "And now to obtain the let-

With hands that trembled so violent ly that he could scarce insert and turn gives the following reason for his de-Had the pillar box been a receptacle | the key the excited man knelt down tention: "I met a young widow with a looked at the superscription a cry of disgust escaped his lips, and he tore a widower, met my stepdaughter and seemed to suffice, and it transformed mother-in-law of her father-in-law and him utterly. He strode across the made my stepdaughter my mother and room and shook his great fist in my my father my stepson. Then my step

> 'Fool! Simpleton! Imbecile!" he of a blow. "You have falled after all

from the house, uttering curses as he to my stepbrother. Then my wife had rolled down the stairs.

Dere Mary Anne-Master sittin up late tonight, as per usual, with his blessed letter ritin and sich like. I 'ave a few minits to rite to say as out the state of t day, from your luvvin

once. The man was merely a valet or butler, and the letter was a servant's lng to explain the relationship in our communication to his sweetheart instead of an embassador's letter to his government. We had come away too soon.-Pittsburg Press.

A Social Formality.

"What do you propose to do with this man?" said the stranger in Crimson

Gulch. "We gin't goin to do nothin to him," sald Rattlesnake Pete, "only jes' show him that we don't feel under no obligations whatsoever. We're goin to take depositing the pillar box and removing him out an stan him up in a wagon under a tree with a rope aroun his neck, an then we're goin to drive off an not have any more sociability with "What to to be done about getting a him."-Washington Star.

CRAZY JOURNALISM.

NEWSPAPERS PUBLISHED BY LUNA-TICS FOR LUNATICS.

The Publications That Are Issued In Madhouses and Asylums Are Atmost Entirely Pree From Gloom and Melancholia,

Dotted here and there over the earth are fittle colonies whose inhabitants are cut off from all intercourse with the everyday world by their own idiosyncrasies. Each individual lives in a world of his or her own creation, which, in the majority of cases, only two outside interests ever succeed in reaching-namely, the asylum doctor and the asylum magazine.

In some cases the proof sheets are just glanced at by the head doctor before the magazine goes to press, but they are written, printed and published by the inmates themselves.

Although America produced the first two lunatic journals, to Scotland belongs the credit of having started the first paper of this kind which has survived its infancy. In fact, the birth of lunatic journalism took place when the first number of The New Moon was issued from the Crichton Royal asylum, Dumfries, on Dec. 3, 1844. Since that date the following have been successfully launched: The Morningside Mirror, from the Royal Edinburgh asylum; The Excelsior, from James Murray's Royal asylum, Perth; The Fort England Mirror, Grahamstown, South Africa; The Murthly Magazine, from the Perth County asylum; Under the Dome, the organ of Bethlehem Royal bospital, London, and The Conglomerate, which belongs to the Middletown asylum, New York.

These magazines touch the journalletic ideal, as, being written by the cenders for their amusement, they cannot fall to hit the popular taste. We find that those mentally deranged like about four-ninths of their reading to take the form of travel and heavy prose articles of a strictly theoretical nature. The rest of the contents comes in order of quantity as follows: Humor, local notes, poetry, chiefly in a light vein; special articles on local theatricals and fiction.

The most striking feature about tion, my pal and I climbed back into these journals is the almost total abside street, from which we could watch we have it on the word of the doctor all that happened outside of Count of one of the leading asylums that this Is not owing to such contributions be-I confess that, hardened and experi- ing tabooed. But now and again one sticed as I was, a terrible thrill of nerv- comes on a poem or tale drenched with ousness went through me as I stood melancholia and morbid insasity. In in that van with my companion wait- one of these journals appeared a story ing. The return of the policemen from written in the first person about a here the station before the conclusion of the |-undoubtedly the writer-who had his business would ruin all; nay, if a head twisted round the wrong way, the box and lingered to look at it, we to which he wanted to walk. This terrible fate haunts him right through the It was therefore with a feeling of re- story, causing him to lose friends,

the street. He held in his hand the let- According to the story, the heroine habit of posting this document between | ter, and I saw him run up to the genu- was standing on the edge of a great ine box and peer at H for a moment in precipice. The hero is standing near. Suddenly the heroine becomes giddy. Then, with some expression which and totters on the brink. The hero distance, he crossed the road and, have but of course runs the other way. Here is finished by the following sentence: "And the gates of an asylum for those was silent as the grave. We quickly mentally deranged shut the writer off

from his friends in the outer world." Apart from such tragedles as the paper from the mouth of the box. above, the whole of these journals are Three minutes later we were driving saturated with humor. In one we find sway quickly in the direction of my the following among "Questions We Want Answered?"

"When does the queen of Sheba intend to recognize the royal rank of the 'Well," he cried, gesticulating with 'Prince of Wales?' Did 'Marie Corelli' really tweak the doctor's nose? Why did 'Ranfi' throw the ball at 'W. G.'s' head during practice at the nets?" Perhaps it should be explained that the celebrities referred to above are not those known to the public, but other persons who claim their personalities and are detained in the asylums for

that very reason. A writer in The Fort England Mirror married me. Then my father, who was mother, the stepdaughter of my wife, had a son. That boy was, of course. yelled, each word having the malignity my brother, because he was my father's son. He was also the son of my wife's stepdaughter and therefore her He flung the letter at me and darted grandson. That made me grandfather a son. My mother-in-law, the step-I took up the letter and read these sister of my son, is also his grandmother, because he is her stepson's child My father is the brother-in-law of my child, because his stepsister is his wife. I am the brother of my own son, who is also the child of my step-grandmother. I am my mother's brother-in-law, my wife is her own child's aunt, my I saw through the whole business at son is my father's nephew, and I'm my own grandfather. And after tryfamily some seven times a day to our calling friends for a fortnight, I was brought here-no, came of my own

will." Another declares that he never found rest from his mother-in-law before, and he intends to hoodwink the doctors as long as possible. And yet another points out that it has always been the fate of really great men to be ignored or ill treated by their contemporaries, and that is why he is now detained. "For the thick skulls and those of little sense are jealous of my being the first to discover that we could all live forever if we would only walk on our heads instead of our feet." - London

Mall.

WHEN LIGHTS ARE LOW.

The rooms are hushed, the fights are low, I sit and listen to the wind That comes from out the distant hill.

R comes and oreons in an nudertone Of allen regions vast and lone, Of pleasures lost in a land unknown, Then steals away, and all is still. 'Tis good to listen to the wind When rooms are humbed and lights are low.

When those we love have enus and gone, weary to be left believe Yo miss sweet eyes where late they shous, Yo look for what we may not find,

Long cherished forms that haunt the mind, oft voices that were once too kind; To live and miss them one by one weary work. Who'd stay behind When those we love have come and gone?

--New York Times.

Hailed From a Rapid Town. "One of the funniest experiences in my botel life," said an old clerk, "was that in which a man registered his name without writing his town after it, as is the custom. When I called his attention to it, he said; 'I hadn't forgot it, but I feel a little bit timid about it. The last time I was away from home I registered the name of my town and the clerk asked me house. I went to another house and registered from Brooklyn, and the next day I appeared in the paper credited to New York. I showed it to the clerk, ONE NIGHT, and he aid he changed my place of residence on the book because nobody ever registered from Brooklyn.'

"I told the man he need have no fear of having the incident repeated in our place provided he wanted to write the name. He said he would think about it and asked to be shown his room, so I saw no more of him until late in the night. He then asked me if I had an atlas. He studied it Presenting the Modern Comedy minutely for a few minutes, measured distances with his two hands, like a farmer, and then he called me and pointed out the name of a town. I asked him if that was his.

"'It is the name all right,' he replied but I don't know whether the town ts still there. It is the boominest town you ever see, and when I left it was growin so fast that farmers in the adjoinin state were burnin their fences to keep the town from growin right over 'em.' " - Chicago Inter Ocean.

Was Queen Bess Handsomet Sir Horace Walpole's description of the maiden queen, drawn from her portraits and from contemporary accounts, is not a very attractive one "A pale Roman nose, a head of bair loaded with crowns and powdered with diamonds, a vast ruff, a vaster farthingale and a bushel of pearls are," he says, "the features by which everybody knows at a glance the pictures of Queen Elizabeth."

But notwithstanding that she did not care for art and that, knowing her tack of it, she affected to despise both ly comeliness, still she loved to multiply portraits of herself. "In them she could appear really handsome." Yes if she has been flattered in the existing likenesses of her she must have been not merely plain, but a remark ably ugly woman. Perhaps the truth is that with the most courtly intentions the painters of the time did not

know how to prevaricate. "The queen," says a foreign observer, "is fair, but wrinkled. Her nose is a little hooked, her lips thin and her teeth black. She were false hair and Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and that red. Her bosom was uncovered, as all the English ladies have it until they marry." That the painters flattered her in some degree we must infer from that fact that she was fond of Postoffice Bldg. Canby, Oregon sitting to them, though she could not bear the sight of a mirror, which so enraged her that her attendants were present .- Art Amateur.

When Women Played Cricket. The following is from an article in

the London General Advertiser of 1747: "On Monday last in playing the Women's Cricket Match the Company broke in, so that it was impossible for the game to be play'd out; and some of them being very much frightened, and or the RIO GRANDE Scenic Lines. others hurt, it could not be finish'd till this Morning, when at Nine o'Glock they will finish the same, hoping the on the Portland-Chicago Special, "the Company will be so kind as to indulge best in the West." them in not walking within the Ring. which will not only be a great Pleasure to them, but a general Satisfaction to the Whole. All Gentlemen and La dies that have paid to see this Matel on Monday shall have the Liberty of the Ground to see it finish'd, without any other charge. And in the After noon they will play a Second Match in the same Place, several large Sums being depending between the Womes of the Hills of Sussex, in Orange Col our'd Ribbons, and those of the Dales. in Blue. The Wickets to be pitch'd by One o'Clock, and to begin Play by

Use For the Cobweb.

The colonel of a certain regiment who was very strict on his young officers was continually inspecting their trooprooms to see if everything was clean and also to see if he could find fault with anything. One day he inspected the room of an officer who was noted for his wit. He had nearly fin-Ished his inspection when he noticed a cobweb in one of the corners and By the fast thought to himself, "Now I have got him.'

"What does this mean?" asked the colonel. The young officer coolly replied, "We always keep one in case a man cuts

Misapprehension. Guest-What have you got?

his finger."

Waiter-I've got liver, calf's brains,

plg's feet"-Guest-I don't want a description or your physical peculiarities. What you have got to eat is what I want to know .- London Tit-Bits.

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what state it was in. I got mad in shaute and wouldn't stay in the shaute and wouldn't stay in the bouse. I went to another house and

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