

"Come, boys!" yelled one of the roughbut, as he paid strict attention to his own business, no one ever tried to pry into his is the best New Year's night I ever had. Move on there, fellers!"

another plate of nuggets was heaped up. almost a work of him from the roughness of the surroundings. While he was sociable with the other miners, there was a cer-tain reserve about him that held others and insuired respect for to civilization. Her claim was purchased by the miners for several times its true value. She was placed on one of John Halley's stages one day, and took her departure. She left quite a vacancy in the camp. It may be said that she re-turned to her old home, and, possessing have been the very cream of the chains of the gulch, but its possession was not disputed, and if any one in the camp had disputed, and if any one in the camp had the voung feimeans, soon recovered the property that

undertaken to dispossess the young fei-low the whole camp would have been up think it was in 1867-I was directed to the little cabin where she lived while in the camp, by James Kirkpatrick, who was a clerk for Charles Goodnough. There Evans, but no one knew if that was his true name. No letters ever came to him, were then in the camp only a few who could recall the event, as the others had and he never asked for mail at the log postoffice. He seemed utterly cut-off from the rest of the world, could recall the event, as the others had scattered, true to the migratory disposi-tion of feverishness of miners. By a mere accident I met the lady in Portland in 1876, while on the way to Salem, and she several days. Evans kept closely to his confirmed the particulars of this story, but then begged that it be not published cabin that morning. It was reported that a sluice-box had been rebbed of a large lot of dust, and that evidence pointed to Evans

And so they made another round, and

until after her death. Only last week I saw an account of her death in a St. Louis paper, and then I thought perhaps as the guilty man. A rough miner, who went by the name of Andrew Scroggins, said that he saw Evans examining the box the day before the snow had fallen.

name still appears upon its sides. Its experiences-if a sleeping-car may be said to have experiences-have been many and varied. In 1865 it was sent East to return with the funeral cortege of Abraham Lincoln. At least 10 governors of the state of Illinois have ridden in it, and It has transported many other people prominent in professional, political or business lines. This is the second time, according to the Chicago Tribune, from which the above sketch is taken, that the "Pionesr" has been retired to

the "boneyard." In 1889 the company decided to give it a long rest, and it was backed into the scrap heap, only to be resurrected and placed on exhibition during the world's fair. It was supposed that this would be its last appearance in public, but an unlooked-for emergency came on in the form of the Spanish-American war, calling into use for the transportation of troops all the available rolling stock of the country. Again the "Pioneer" was olled up and pressed into service. Since then it has been in constant usage until a few weeks ago, when it was returned from San Francisco and condemned. It is estimated that the "Pioneer" has traveled over 40 times the circumference of the earth.

on a sidetrack in a corner of the main inclosure at Pullman, Ill., known as the "boneyard." With a dozen of its fellows, all in advanced stages of dilapidation, it has been condemned. It has made its last trip, and whether it is to be torn down and its material used in the con-

struction of more modern rolling stock, or "pensioned" and allowed to exist to illustrate the progress that has been made in car building since its early days, will depend upon the will of the company. As yet no orders touching its disposition have been issued.

Unusual interest attaches to this antiquated coach, by reason of its being the first of its kind. It was the first sleeping-car built by George M. Pullman. Constructed in 1861, it was given the prophetic name of "Pionesr," and in glit letters, badly chipped and scaled, this

occurred in a little town on the Oregon coast, several years ago. I was living there at the time, holding down a claim, if you know what that means-" "I do not, but no matter; go on with

the story." "Neja was with me, and a girl, a young friends of hers, came down to spend the summer with us in our cabin by the

"She was a very pretty girl, full of artis-

"Johnny was waiting for us when we if any other men were brave enough to

upon him. She colored painfully, the swept him past the advancing billow had swept him past the portals and into the grew pale, and I thought she was going dread precincts. "She was a very pretty girl, full of artis-tic perceptions and romantic to a de-gree that was often amusing. She was always raving in a gentle was about 'ef-fects,' and calling our attention to pie-

stretch it out as long as you can. The monotony of life by rail never oppressed me as it does today." "Well, what you said about the man and his clothes recalled an incident that "Johnny was waiting for us when we if any other men were brave enough to emerged from the dressing-room. Neja fo in, but saw none, though a few came clatched my arm. 'Look at him!' she ex-claimed, in tragic tones, and I looked. Could that be Alene's handsome fisher-man? Could clothes so unmake a man? Involuntarily I glanced at Alene. I saw her give a little start when her eyes fell upon him. She colored painfully, then

tightly wedged in.

dition of mental confusion, again and hovered between toothbrush and soap, so that, by the time he came to be waited upon, he asked the clerk if she had any toothbrush sonp. Realizing his mistake as soon as it was uttered he would have been glad to recall it, but the weird de mand was already on its travels. The first girl languidly asked one Mag, if she had ever heard of toothbrush soap. Mag hadn't, but she passed it on to Sudie, who didn't believe there was any such thing. but thought if there was Mrs. Biggs would be sure to know about it, so Mrs. Biggs

boy. "Hungry? Are you hungry yet?" The boy grinned and squirmed, and tried once more to bury the toes of his shoes in the carpet. "You've been a bad boy, and must be punished," said Mr. Neill; "and the sen-

A look of asionishment pervaded Mr.

Nell's face, but a glance at the stage hands showed that this remark occasioned

no surprise among them. "Why did you take the chop?" asked

"Cause I done been hungry," said the

tence of this court is that you be taken hence to my dressing-room and there made to eat until you can't hold any more. Take him away, Edwin." Mr. Neill's valet, Brice, was dispatched

to the nearest restaurant, and moon the llitle darky was seated before a large tray of substantial edibles. The members of the company gathered around to watch the novel sight, and as the food rapidly disappeared, it was hard to say which was the larger—the boy's ever-filling yet nevermptying mouth, or the eyes with which still devoured what was still before

Finally there came a time when he could eat no more, and still there was something left of what had been provided. He sighed heavily and looked anniously at Mr. Neill. "T'se pow'ful sorry, bosm."

"I b'iongs hyar: I work hyar." answered the child, definitly. "You work here? What on earth do you

It day."

Mr. Nelli

do? "Wa'al, boss, dis yere drop curtain, 'a "I'm one of them," said the man. "Anywon't stay down right smart, nohow, an' I'se 'gaged ter set on de roller and keep

thing wrong?" "Are you a good detective?" asked Smith, anxiously.

"I guess I'm good enough." "You're the man I'm after." orled

The form of the question was immediate. ly recognized by Smith. He grasped the lewcomec by the arm.

"You're the store detective, aren't you?" he asked eagerly.

Smith, slipping a bill into the hand of the other. "If you're the real thing in a detective, just sleuth out the toothbrush counter for me and take me there." "That ain't so hard as it might seem to a stranger," replied the detective, and within three minutes he had landed the wanderer against a counter on the second floor, where he secured a place behind a customer to whom the shop girl was ex-

plaining that trying a toothbrush before purchasing was against the rules of the establishment. The customer responded with some heat that she guessed she wasn't going to buy no toothbrush without she had a chance to see whether it felt right or not, and departed, leaving her place to Smith. Two other women scrouged in beside him, however, and jabbed and poked and shoved him until he was ready to fly, but that he was too

Confusion Worse Confounded.

The result was that he got into a con-

when there was no one around. He said Evans carried away something, but could not say that it was dust from the sluice-Soon afterwards the owners found that the run of the past month, amounting to about \$800, had been taken from their shrice-boxes. Under the same circumstances, if it had been any one else, there would be hasty action, in view of the evidence, but with Evans it was a different proposition. While the evidence seemed to point him out as the guilty par-ty, there was hesitation to act. But a meeting was called in the early morning New Year's eve. Evans had been invited to come, but had not been told for what purpose. At this meeting Scroggins told what he saw of Evans' wight to aluice-boxes, and of his carrying away something.

was a bistory somewhere back in his life, but that it concerned him alone. There was almost a womanly refinement about him

him. He had a cabin all by himself off to one side, and with the help of two China-

men worked his claim, which proved one of the very best in camp. He had come

in after the others had staked their claims

In arms.

and took what was left, and it proved to

The young fellow called himself John

No work of any sort had been done for

Denied the Robbery.

Evans heard this statement, and for the first time learned that he was accused of robbery. At that time the penalty for the crime was ignominious death, for miners had to protect theselves as best they could. Evans arose, after the testimony against him had been given, and in a clear voice denied the robbery. However, he admitted that he had gone to the hex, but not for the purpose of robbery, While this statement had its effect, it did not clear him, and there were grave and stern looks on the faces of the assembled miners, when he had finished and sat down. guilty of the robbery, out the evidence inted to him with overwhelming force. He was told that he was a prisoner, and two men were placed at the door of the

cabin to prevent any attempt at escape. A committee was appointed to make an examination of Evans' cabin and see what could be found. The door was broopen and the inside ransacked. About 1500 in dust was found, but the commit-tee made another discovery, that led them to know that their prisoner was a an. When this discovery was made there was a hurried consultation, and another meeting was called in another cabin. Here all the miners were made acquainted with the disclosures that had resulted in the visit to Evans' cabin. There were amazement and astonishment depicted on every The rough miners could have handied a man found guilty of robbery, but

this was a different case altogether. A woman in their midst! Here in Blue guich, and accused of robbing a sinice-box! They had sisters, mothers and wives somewhere back in civilization, and their thoughts went back to them as they remembered the prisoner. With all their roughness they were gallant men. Each one gripped his Colt six-shooter, and at that moment if any one had said the word "hang," there would have been us trouble, but they did not know how to proceed. Scrongins, who had made

sation against Evans, noticed the drift of sentiment, and tried to move away from the agitated group of miners, but he was given to understand that he was wanted to stay, and stay he had to. Finally, after much deliberation, a com-mittee was appointed to interview the prisoner and get an account of herself nd how she happened to be in the camp. The committee started out with trepl-dation, and each one sacked out and came back and declared that they could not. They could ,"interview" a man, but to interrogate a woman, even if she were in male attire, was more than they could đo

Admitted Her Identity.

Finally, the oldest man in the crowd was delegated to perform the task. The the young ms prisoner admitted that she was a woman, panion.

out the bare facts as I obtained them years ago and stored them away in my memory. She told me that she carried away from Auburn \$5000 in dust, and that the miners had contributed \$3000 that Year's night, 1862, had been the means of fucating many a poor walf among the

poor of St. Louis.

MR. O'ROONEY'S MANNERS.

Mrs. O'Rooney Assures Him They Are All That They Should Be.

After an arduous morning's work of sedulously dodging those parts of his beat where trouble might be expected, Mr. Rooney came home to dinner, very

weary, and sat him down with his hat on, he blew his nose delicately with his handsome cotton handkerchlef, bordered position, indeed.' with horseshoes, broadly etched in red: "Alene had the romance, without a with horseshoes, broadly etched in red; "Mrs. O'Rooney," he repeated, as he sat down to dinner, and, leaning forward, began to absorb his soup with audible enjoyment, while his left arm gracefully encircled his plate, "I've jist resaved the They were loath to believe he could be folnest compliment of the heart of man would be wishin' fer, thanks be, frum the Widdy McCallaban."

"An' sure 'twas comin' to ye, fhwativer 'twas, Michael, dear," said Mrs. O'Rooney with pride, as she set a platter of corned beef and cabbage before him.

beef and cabbage before him. "Mrs. McCallahan," said Mr. O'Rooney, as he tipped his plate to secure the last drop of soup and reached across the table for the celery; "Mrs. McCallahan says to me, says she: 'Mr. O'Rooney, they do be tellin' me that 'ils yersilf has the gintle-mannet munners of any wan on the force.' manest manners of any wan on the force,' she says to me, by the way, ez I was as-sistin' her with her laundhry basket sistin' her with her laundhry basket acrost the muddy sthrate. An' was it fer me to be afther conthradictin' a lady in public?' asked Mr. O'Rooney, as he skillfully forked a large piece of meat into his mouth and washed it down with guips of scalding coffee from his saucer.

"It was not," said Mrs. O'Rooney, with feeling, as she helped Mr. O'Rooney to half of a ple. "Aw, sure," she continued, "the good heart of her fer a blissin'! I'll have her by times to dinner, fer 'tis at the table, Michael, darlin', ye've the gift o' the foine manners. Praise the saints! 'twould make the praste hisself' an' him a settin' ferninst ye, grane with the

"Faith, I think it wud, Mrs. O'Rooney." M. C. BELL

He Did Not Know Her.

The American tourist is so firmly con-vinced that he is being cheated on all hands during his European travels that he occasionally oversteps the bounds of "What is the price of this pin?" asked

a young man in a Parls shop, handling a small silver brooch of exquisite workmanship. "Twenty francs, monsieur," said the

clerk. "That's altogether too much," said the young American. "It's for a present to my sister; I'll give you five france for it.".

"Zen it would be I zat gave ze present to your sister," said the Frenchman, with a deprecatory shrug, "and I do not know the young mademoiselle!"-Youth's Com-

turesque features in the landscape, A Portrait.

"There was a handsome young fellow, always about, coming and going in his boat on the bay. We admired his man-New Year's eve. When she reached her old home she resolved that she would devote her money and life to the cause of Alene-explained to us how out of the orhumanity, so that the liberality of the miners of Blue guich toward her New any of the young men she knew at home, being, as she poetically expressed it, an unspolled child of nature, schooled by wind and wave and trained by neces-

sity, why, we began to admire him. And indeed he was pleasant enough to look upon, in his fisherman's blue, with a gleam of red at the throat, where the outer flannels were thrown open, to give the well-knit muscles free play. Alene said the modeling of that bronzed throat was classic. We did not dispute it. He had fine eyes, too, and an abundance of silky, brown hair, that waved closely under the brim of his old, slouch hat, al-

ways worn on the back of his head. 'He is well enough as a feature in the "Mrs. O'Rooney," said Mr. O'Rooney, as the blew his nose deliverative with his indexape,' Neja admitted, 'and he is use-ful to fetch and carry, and to have about, if you want to go anywhere, but as for thumb and finger and dried it with a the rest-one must have a romantic dis-

doubt, and the 'rest' followed as naturally as day follows night. We were, therefore, not in the least surprised when she came in from a moonlight walk on the beach one August night, after a prolonged adleu to the young fisherman, under the pine tree at the cabin door, and told us that she was engaged to be married.

"Engagements, summer engagements especially, are delightful enough," re-marked Neja, casually, 'but, in the event of marriage, I wonder what you and your incursave fictures are and your picturesque fisherman would live on

"Alene was brushing out her beautiful blonde hair, preparatory to braiding it for the night. She turned upon Neja with the dignity of a young princesa "'I am not so accustomed to luxury that I shall shrink from poverty with the man I love,' she said, and Neja was silenced, if not convinced.

"The summer drifted leisurely by, autumn, the ideal season of the year on the coast deepened through dreamy days and moonlit, slivery nights. The winds and waves, save for one or two glorious storms that kept us housed for days, were still. Time and place were conducive to romance. Alene and her lover were idyilic in their devotion. We looked on and were amused, interested, and, finally, absorbed in the contemplation of so much unalloyed bliss.

" 'It is beginning to pall,' declared Neja; I wish they would quarrel, just to vary the monotony. Idyilie Love.

"But they did not quarrel. Alene was to return home in November, to prepare for her marriage, which was to take place, no one interposing objections, early in the spring. Everything might have gone well to the end of the chapter, but for an event whose consequences none of us could have possibly foreseen. "It was the last of October, and the

fishermen decided to give a grand ball to celebrate the close of a prosperous sea-son. Of course, we were invited. Alene, who wished to appear at her best for Johnny's sake, sent home for her pret-tiest gown-s dainty affair of silk and chiffon, which Neja pronounced alto-gether too fine for the occasion. "I am not dressing for the occasion,"

replied Alene. "The loft of the salting-house had been cleared of its accumulated rubbish and

ly, awkwardly; there was something head to foot, touching in his blundering desire to please and the surely fatal result. Alene glanced at him coldly, without speaking. "'Won't you dance?' he said.

"I do not care to dance this evening,' was her reply; then, to me: 'What a motley crowd, and how it smells of fish. Do you think we care to stay?' "'Of course we do,' cried Neja; 'that

is what we came for, and I am going to dance, if I can capture a partner. Here, Johnny, if Alene won't dance with you. vill. Come along!' And she bore him dazed and reluctant. 'I think,' said Alene, her voice per-I will.

fectly calm and blear, 'I think I will get my wrap; this loft is like a barn,' and she disappeared behind the patchwork quilt, leaving me to watch Neja and the unhappy fisherman. I gazed at the latter in wondering amazement. He moved with about as much grace as a jointed doll; every vestige of his former ease had vanished. He slouched; he stumbled over his own feet; he did not know what to do with his hands, and he carried his head very much as if he had swallowed one of his own oar blades and it was still sticking in his throat.

A Shattered Idol.

"Poor Johnny! The high standing collar, black frock coat and fashionably cut trousers which he had been at such pains to procure in honor of the event had betrayed him to his ruin. His brief dream of happiness was over. I pitied Alene, but she might have been less cruel. She came out presently, all muffled up in her long cloak of furs. I did not look at her, but I felt her shiver, "This place is dreadful; I have taken

cold already,' she remarked. "'It is your thin dress. If I had known how cold it would be up here, I should have forbidden it.' I answered, feeling that a scolding would be the kindest thing, under the circumstances.

"'Yes,' she said, mechanically. 'If you and Neja wish to stay, I will get one of the Bushy boys to row me home; the tide is ebbing." "'Oh, I am ready to go any time,' I

replied. They are through with the dance, I think.'

"Neia came back, and I explained to her and Johnny that Alene had taken cold, and that it would be dangerous to keep her in this dress in that draughty place a moment longer. Poor Johnny! Nothing could make him more miserable than he apparently was already, and he seemed relieved to lead the way to the boat. Neja tried validy to lighten the gloom of that homeward journey. We were all glad when we reached our own handing, and Neja and I hurried up to the cabin in advance of the lovers. "What happened after we left them we

never knew, but in a little while Alene came up alone, and with a brief goodnight to us, retired to the tiny bedroom curtained off from the corner of ours. The next day but one she returned to her home in the valley, and, so far as I know, she has never seen her fisherman since. 'It was his store clothes that did it,' Neja said, and she was right." "And so that is your story! Well, it

only serves to clinch the argument in my favor; our handsome hodcarrier opposite is clearly out of place."

"I give it up, my dear; you will always have the last word, and I guess in this given over to the dancers. The ball opened early. It was a dark night, with dashes of rain, now and then. Johnny came for us about \$ o'clock. We had long up a more interesting subject."

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in the ring. The skirts swished volumi He was not at ease, and he had, in all nously around him, and occasionally one likelihood, never seen anything in his life of them got more or less tangled up with quite so dazzlingly beautiful as his behim to his great distress, trothed, in her evening gown, with the thereof said to him, in frigidly insulting and the owner ash of jewels on her breast and in her air. "He approached and spoke to her timid-earth style of glance that swept him from flash of jewels on her breast and in her

The Bargain Counter.

As far as he could see in any direction there was nothing but women in sight. They shopped. Smith wished that he knew how they did it. He felt that he must make some move. He made it, and the next instant he was the apex of a flying wedge plunging irresistibly toward a bargain counter. Smith struggled des-perately. He didn't yearn for bargains. Already he would have been only too glad to give up all his money and get out with his life. But there were added and the structure of the set of the s with his life. But there was no withstanding the impelling forces behind him. He brought up against a plumplady, whose It's brought up against a plunghauy, whose life was saved by the strength of her stays, as she impinged upon the edge of the counter with such force that it cracked and began to retreat.

Smith gave a mighty wriggle, sild off to one side and found himself against the counter, gazing into the eyes of a ittle, red-headed shop-girl. The eyes seamed to be questioning him, but his faculties had been shaken by the sud-denness of his charge, and the gasps of the charge in the subelevator

the plump lady next him who had acted as a buffer disarranged his mental pro-cesses so that he couldn't quite remember what he wanted. Presenetly his list of required articles shot into his mind at once. He addressed the red-headed shop-girl: "Tooth - brush - silk - roll-o'-tape - silk-

stockings-hairpins-hand-'

"Which?" said the girl intensely. Smith came to himself. "Tooth-brush, please," he murmured.

The red-headed girl fixed his left ear with a stony glare and intoned a recitative to this general effect:

"Third - elevator - up-second-floor-three alsies-to-the-right-seven - to - the - left-left-across-and - down - the-middle-swingpartners - four - eleven -forty - four-sissboom-ah.

boom-an." "I-I-I beg your pardon," said Smith. The red-headed girl shifted her pene-trating glare to his right ear and said the whole thing backward. Smith tore a hole in the crowd and crawled through it. Several ledies and these to him these Several ladies said things to him that they would hardly have ventured to say to their own husbands. He passed over these testimonials of esteem and attained a space which seemed to afford a chance to rest and recuperate. Hardly had he taken a free breath when a tremulous old lady trotted up, peered into his face with near-sighted eyes and said:

"Oh, Harold, I thought I never should find you, Why didn't you wait for me at

the door, as you said you would?" It would have undoubtedly been the po lite thing to stop and explain, but Smith didn't have the time. He started away, the old lady following and plaintively calling upon him to stop. A voice from some where suggested:

"He's taken that old woman's purse. Isn't it a shame! Where's the store detective?

That lent wings to Smith's feet. He soon distanced the proprietress of the un-known Harold. Presently a glad sight met his eyes. In the distance he saw a man. He struggled toward his fellow in misfortune. If he could but reach him they would clasp hands and together make their way out into the pure air of freedom again. After dire hardships he reached the supposed man, only to find that it was a floorwalker. Some floorwalkers are human, however, and this was one of them. He appreciated Smith's

was referred to and she appointed an investigating committee and the whole vicinity rang with toothbrush soap. In the course of time word come back to

Smith that they had no toothbrush soap, but they had something quite as good that would do for cleaning all kinds of brushes; a patent cleaning combination warranted to, etc. At the end of the oratio Smith explained in quavering accents that he had made a mistake, and wanted just plain soap. He meant to say, just plain toothbrush, but got ratiled again. Thereupon Mag, Sadle, the investigating com-mittee and all the other girls behind the

counter said in weary monotone: "Soup-counter-three-to-the-left-four down-seven-to- the -right - across-the hall," and at that point the unfortunate

man fled and got downstairs by a piece of unlooked-for luck, having blundered upon the staircase, while looking for the He decided to go away and think out his course before trying any further, and wondered if there wasn't a smoking-room

somewhere around the place. While he was looking for some one who might tell him, he caught sight of a line of stockings waving gently in the draught not far away. He remembered, with a thrill of distress, that Mrs. Smith had been particularly insistent about the stockings so, fortifying his soul with the though that it would soon be over, he advanced to the attack. At the point where he brought up there was an empty space near the counter, and the girl who had that part of it to attend to was up on a little ladder making a very high reach for a box. As she turned to step down

having got the box, her eyes looked directly down into Smith's. Selzing the opportunity, he leaned eagerly forward and asked:

That Settled It.

"Have you got silk stockings?" The girl came down like a flash, after ine startled glance from her feet to Smith. Her fact was red, but there was a twinkle in her eye. She bent swiftly over to the girl next her and said, in tones not so low but that they were audible

to Smith: "Get onto the fresh geezer wantin' to know if me stockin's are slik. Fil have to strike for a screen next time the missus

chases me up to them high shelfs." This was the last straw for Smith. It

two seconds he was out in the alale, going anywhere to get out of the way. His progress was one long line of apologies to women who addressed him as "clum-sy brute." Finally he was caught in a general movement and carried toward a

spot to which a long line was tending. He passed a floorwalker, stationary, by a miracle of static resistance, amid the cur

rent, and cried out to him, pointing to the unknown ahead: "What's that?" "Rear exit," said the man. "What are you looking for?"

"That's it," cried Smith, with a thrill of joy. Diving head foremost into the thick of

"My love," he cried, "Is like a green bay tree!" "Well, this being fall, it's about time for the green bay tree to leave," roared her father down the radiator,-Philadais the tumult, he made his way in one glad, destructive rush through ruin and devastation and the abrieks of the demoiled and trodden, to freedom again .- New York Sun phia North American

"Sorry? For what?" "I'se done at ev'ry bit I kin," and the oy eyed the remainder of the repast wistfully "Can'f eat any more?" thundered Mr.

Nelli, "This is a vile excuse to escape your punishment, villain. You have got to eat every morsel of it."

"'Fore God, mistah man," cried the now terrified darky, "I kyant do it. I wish I could. My skin done been fit ter bust now."

Committee of Investigation.

"We shall see," answered Mr. Nelli, "Stand up on that chair! Gentlemen," he said, turning to the assembled members of the company, "I appoint you a com-mittee of investigation. Examine this boy well and give me your unbiased optnion. Do you think he can eat any more?"

The committee began its duties, a each one gravely turned him from side to side and prodded him with their fingers,

the boy turned almost pale with fright, and was heard to say: "Good Lord! I wish I hadn's e't dat chop. I'd a had room fo' mo'!" At last the committee decided that the boy could hold more, at which he howied biggroups. The committee howaver adboy could hold more, at which he howled vigorously. The committee, however, ad-vised that the rest of the food should be held in another receptacle, and offered for that purpose a large paper bag. "Take that bag, you young rasseal," and Mr. Nelli, "and put every bone, every crust, into it. If you leave so much as a second Till marks toos set much as

crumb, I'll make you cat your whole nenl over again

The little darky jumped down from the hair and hurriedly brushed everything rom the tray into the bag. Then, being old to go, he went as far as the door, where he hesitated a moment. Shifting restlessly from one foot to the other, but olding tightly the well-filled bug, he lurted out:

"Say, boss, is yer gwine ter play die ver piece tomorrer night?" "Yes; why?"

"An of I cats de chop ag'in, does I git

A shout of laughter, in which Miss A shout of laughter, in which Miss Chapman, the members of the company and Mr. Neill joined, and a rush for the door sent the young ragamutha scam pering out into the street.

" "None Too Good Foh Me."

White folks puts on glances so's for set an'

Black folks in de kitchen all a-learnin' how ter COOL White folks goes a-tastin' an' a-smellin' all about A-huniin' easy wittles so's dar stomachs won

Oh, run an' git de doctor 'case de boss he

An' de indy hab hysterics ebry time de bess

Cullud foiks ain' jealous or de trouble dat deg

Wid nuitin' on deir stomachs an' deir over

You's mos' too rich fin white folks, But you's nome too good fin me. --Washington Star,

About Time to Leave.

Fut as you kin be. You's mos' too rich foh white folks,

But you's none too good foh ma.

give duf. Hello, Mistuh Pohk-chop,

got a pain

loaded minder, Hello, Mistuh "Pusaum,

Hangin' f'um de tree,

finús