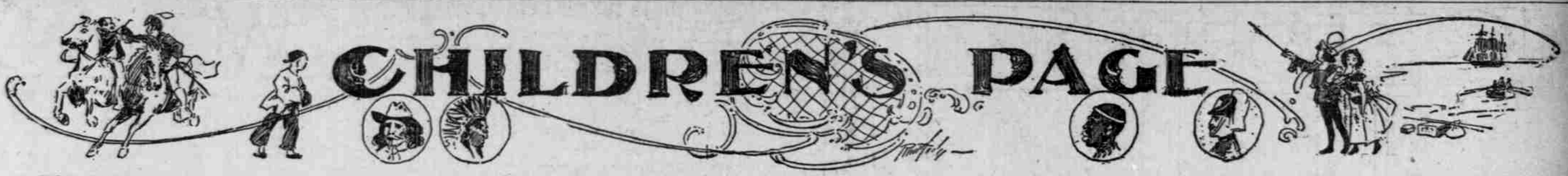


Making Sunshine.

There is a boy in our town
(And he is wondrous wise),
Who, when the rain comes pouring down
And clouds o'erspread the skies,
Says, "I'll just smile the best I can,
No matter how it pours;
And we'll have sunshine in the house
If it does rain out of doors."

When naughty words swarm through his brain,
And clamor to be said,
He shuts his teeth together tight
And says, "I'll kill you dead,
Unless you will be sweet and kind,
And good and full of fun;
You can't come out until you are—
No, not a single one!"

He thinks when he's a grown-up man,
With wise and sober face,
He'll do some wondrous deed to make
This earth a brighter place;
But nothing in this whole wide world
Can give more lasting joy
Or make more solid sunshine,
Than just a little boy.

—Philadelphia Times.

AERIAL PROBLEM SOLVED

Remarkable Voyage of Two East Side Boys to the Moon and Back in a Runaway Airship.

William Odgen, a mechanical genius, living across the river, has been employed in the construction of a flying machine, in which he intended to take a trip to the moon and return by way of the North Pole. Willie has a workshop on the East Side, just filled with curious articles, and which attract boys apparently from the four corners of the globe, in such countless numbers do they gather there. He is just now working on a horseless carriage that will beat anything yet invented. It is so constructed that it can be made to jump every obstacle in its road—a brick house, a mountain, or, in fact, anything on the top of the earth. But I am not going to tell the children about this carriage, for that will come later on. I am going to tell them a startling story about the flying machine.

Well, it is a truly wonderful contrivance, but really not so wonderful as the experience which it has been through. I am afraid I cannot explain exactly its make-up, but it is a daisy—a regular hummer—and no mistake. Willie got it finished a few weeks ago, and thought he would see it "fly."

Mike and Jack.

Now, as luck would have it, there happened along Mike and Jack. Both boys go to school on the East Side, but I won't give any further description of them, lest their schoolmates recognize them in this story. I might add, by way of explanation, that the principal of the school has been trying to thump "readin', 'ritin' and rithmetick" into their heads until he is ready to echo the sentiments of the boys —"Give us a rest!" But Mike and Jack are just about right, and know a thing or two, if they ain't "any great shakes" at study. Their adventures in the flying machine show that they will cut a figure in the world some fine day, so everybody wants to be on the lookout for them.

Well, it was Saturday afternoon, when these future heroes happened along where Will was getting the machine in shape for the trial trip. Now, he was wanting two boys about the size of Mike and Jack to do the heavy lifting, "don't you see?" They were wanted to help get the machine out of the shop, so he called out:

"Say, you kids! Come over here! Can you keep a secret? You can, can you? Well, see that you don't go an' blab everything you see, an' I'll let you in my shop."

"We won't say nothin'," shouted both boys at once, loud enough to be heard all around the block.

"Well," answered Will, "come on then; only don't make such a racket about it."

In the Holy of Holies.

So saying, he led the way to the workshop, in the rear of his home, and opened the door and shoved the boys inside.

The mechanism of that machine was certainly amazing, and the boys gazed in open-eyed wonder and astonishment. It consisted of a long aluminum cylinder, with a strong propeller at one end, and, underneath, was a basket just large enough for two persons to sit in.

"Now," said Will, "I'll just show you how this machine goes, and we'll send her up."

Then he pointed out the little electric motor and showed how the machine could be started or stopped at will, by the very simple process of moving a lever. It was all so plain and easy that by the time he had finished his explanation the boys could run it themselves.

Then Will peered outside, to make sure that no one was around, and, being satisfied, said they would bring it out. After much tugging and pulling, Mike and Jack managed to get it out of the shop. The cylinder floated with the gas with which it had previously been filled.

Will then proceeded to put a good supply of electricity, which supplied the motive power, into the storage battery, saying, as he did so: "Now, she'll run just 38 hours, without stopping."

The Trial Trip.

Then he fastened a long rope to the basket and told Mike and Jack to get in. Not wanting any better sport, they immediately accepted the invitation, and then Will told them to turn on the power very gradually. The boys obeyed his instructions and turned on the electricity. The propeller whirled, and up she sailed, most beautifully. This was tried several times, Will holding tightly to the rope, so that they couldn't go too far. Thus the trial trip was successful, and the young inventor was delighted beyond description.

He let the boys up again, and, as they got to the end of the rope, Mike "monkeyed" with the lever and turned the power on full force, and the aerial navigators were thereupon carried skyward. Will bravely clung to the rope, and was dragged over the back of his shop, which, by the way, was not smooth, and he was severely bruised when he gave up and let go. Then he yelled wildly to the boys, as they gazed over the edge of the basket at the rapidly receding world, "Turn off the power! Shut off the power!"

His cries and entreaties were useless, and the machine went sailing away like a great bird into the blue sky. Will stood watching it, in great chagrin and amazement, muttering to himself:

"There goes my machine that I've spent the best part of three months on. I ought to have known better than to let those kids into the secret."

Didn't Bother About Kids.

Not a thought did he give to the welfare of the two boys. It was the safety of the precious machine that was causing him so much concern.

In the meanwhile, Mike and Jack, as unconcerned and care free as only boys can be, were watching the dropping earth, now far below them. Things seemed but mere specks in the increasing distance, and the people, walking on the crowded streets on the West Side, looked like great spiders, running helter-skelter everywhere.

"Cracky, but ain't we a goin' it?" ejaculated Jack, after a careful survey of a spot now almost out of sight. "What do you think that is, way down there? It is too near the river to be the High School, ain't it?" he continued.

Mike took a look, and then, with an assumed air of great wisdom, remarked: "Well, I should say it ain't the High School; that's the Oregonian tower."

By this time it was late, and they had reached an altitude where they could get a fine view of the sun, as it sank down on the other side of the world. Mike suggested that they go on and visit the moon, since they had gotten so far and, anyway, he said, he had always wanted to find out whether it was really made of green cheese or not.

Start for the Moon.

Jack, who was always looking for anything in the way of fun, readily assented, and so they turned the machine in that direction.

They were now in the realm of the stars and had great difficulty in guiding the machine, which was going about 2,000,000 miles a minute, around the sharp points of the stars. You know, dear children, they didn't dare run any risk of puncturing the cylinder which held the gas supply, on those dreadfully sharp points. Once Mike, who was steering, just escaped a collision with old Jupiter. It was a lucky thing for him, too, for Jupiter wasn't in a good humor just then, and there's no telling what would have happened to the boys—something very dreadful, I have no doubt.

Their progress was much hindered by the flashing meteors and comets that they were passing constantly, and, in trying to miss the lashing tail of one particularly large comet, the machine collided with the Great Bear, who was real savage about it and spoke thus, in a gruff, ugly voice, to the boys:

"Look out who you're hittin', there, can't you?"

The boys had to take a drink from the Big Dipper about that time to cool and settle their shaken nerves.

Irate Mrs. Oriana.

In this way they went on for some time, once tearing a great rent in the sweeping train of Mrs. Oriana, Orion's wife, which put that lady in an un-Christian frame of mind. Mike simply turned on several more volts and left the irate lady far in the rear. They spent a few moments in chatting with Madame Venus, who proved very hospitable and entertaining, and gave them explicit directions about the best route to the moon.

Soon afterward they struck the Milky Way, which they found was mighty slick. The roadbed here was just splendid, and the machine slid along at an amazing rate, until it came very suddenly and abruptly to the end of the way. A few minutes later it lit right on the moon, and Mike found that it wasn't made of green cheese either.

The boys turned off the power and got out, looking curiously about them. Upon very close inspection they saw that they had alighted on the outskirts of a city, where lived tiny people like pigmies. In fact, Jack, who had read "Gulliver's Travels," said that it must be Lilliput, misplaced.

In Lilliput.

And it did seem so, for presently myriads of tiny creatures, who proved to be human beings, made just like ourselves, only, of course, on a much smaller scale, came running from all directions to see the visitors from the other world. In piping voices they plied the boys with questions, in an unknown tongue, the like of which Mike and Jack had never heard before, and never will again, most likely.

But having come such a distance, the boys were naturally hungry, which condition they made known by unmistakable signs. The little people were delighted to serve the boys, and so they ran away again, in search of food.

Presently, Mike espied what appeared to be an army coming toward them.

"Gee, whiz!" he said, "I wonder if there's to be a fight?"

But he soon learned what it was, for when the army came nearer it proved to be tiny wagons, drawn by cute little frisking ponies. The wagons, O children! were loaded with good things to eat, and there were about 40 of them.

Hungry boys wait for no ceremony, so Mike and Jack fell to with a will and, in less time than it takes to tell, had devoured the contents of the wagons, the little people looking on in great astonishment.

Afterward the boys took a walk about the moon. They saw that it was covered with mountains and ravines, hills valleys, much the same as our own earth, only there were no large trees, and the ground looked white and sandy everywhere.

Fifty Billion Inhabitants.

The boys estimated that there were about 50,000,000,000 of the little people inhabiting the moon. But, children, you must know that this may not be a close calculation, for Mike and Jack were obliged to make rapid observations, as it was nearly Sunday evening then—they had gone many hundreds of millions of miles, in a 'roundabout way, to get to the moon—and they had to be back by school time Monday morning. There were many attractions on the moon, but none were so great as their feare of the birch rod which was usually kept conveniently near the principal's hand.

With much reluctance, therefore, they re-embarked and started on the homeward journey. Both breathed a sigh of relief when they had, at last, gotten safely through the starry region, for it was a risky business to navigate an air craft in that place, and I leave it to any one who has tried it, if it is not.

It was somewhat past the 38-hour limit when the machine was still a half-mile above the earth, and bearing directly toward the Stephens Slough, on the East Side. Suddenly the electricity gave out, and the airship made one plunge right into the slough, striking it with such tremendous force as to throw the boys out into the soft mud, where they stuck, too bewildered at first to move.

The flying machine's short, but brilliant career came to an inglorious end, for the terrific rate at which it struck carried it right through the mud and water of the slough, and I don't know but what it is going yet.

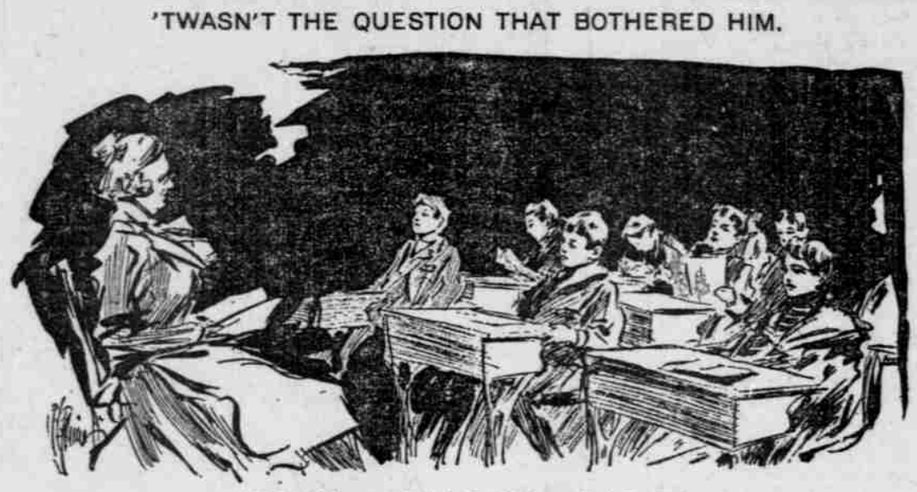
As for Mike and Jack, they pulled themselves out of the mud and came home by a back way. Slipping unseen into the house, they went to their room, cleaned up and went to school, as if nothing unusual had occurred. They haven't seen Will since they left him executing a war dance below them that Saturday afternoon, and what is more, they don't want to see him.

ALICE M. WELLS.

Couldn't Stand It.

Mrs. Croaker—I do wish those campers would cease singing. It sounds so mournful I am just ready to cry.

'TWASN'T THE QUESTION THAT BOTHERED HIM.



Teacher (during examination)—Does that question bother you?
Bobby—No'm; it's the answer that bothers me.

"NED" AND "JUDGE."

Maine Dog and Cat That Go on Fishing Trips Together.

A little girl in Maine owns a cat and a dog that have formed a strong friendship for each other and furnish constant entertainment for their small owner by their cunning ways. The cat, when only a tiny ball of fur in appearance, was presented to the little girl, who immediately prepared to enjoy herself by dressing up the kitten in doll's clothes that promised to fit him to perfection. He, however, proved to be a dignified cat, and objected so seriously to this that his owner named him Judge, and concluded to take him with her on her fishing expeditions, when he could simply sit and keep her company.

A water spaniel known as Ned also shared the fun of these fishing excursions, and the cat and dog would sit, one on each side of their mistress, while she fished for the little chubs that are to be found in the shallow portions of the lakes. As each fish was caught the child would hand it over to Judge, who ate it and anxiously watched the "bob" on the line for another bite.

Ned did not share Judge's liking for fish, but watched the line with as much interest as the cat, and wore an expression of great satisfaction when the bob disappeared and another unwary chub was brought to the surface for Judge.

Ned Takes a Hand.

One day the fishing became very poor, and after watching the line with great impatience Ned saw a reckless little chub swimming near the surface of the water about a foot from the shore. Ned the water's edge, and the cat stand near, waiting. If one of the other cats from the house happens along Judge will refuse to eat until the other cat has had all that it wants, and goes away.

Judge Hunts Game.

Judge is something of a hunter himself, and sometimes disappears into the woods, where he remains for two or three days, living on the small game that he catches. He captures small birds occasionally, and brings them to his mistress, and, although he has learned through frequent punishments that this trait does not meet with approval, he is so vain of his accomplishments as a hunter that he cannot resist the temptation to catch one occasionally.

At 5 o'clock every morning he gets lonesome and declines to be comforted until some one gets up to keep him company. If another cat comes around he gets jealous, and, going a long way off, will sit alone until he sees that the rival has gone away. He has one pleasure that the other pets do not share, for almost every day he accompanies his little owner to school, and, taking his seat on the top of her desk, is permitted to remain there until school is dismissed, when he walks home at her side.

He has a strange taste for foods, and likes vegetables better than meat. He will take an ear of corn and eat off the kernels with great enjoyment, and enjoys raw pumpkin, squash and turnips. When the cat goes away for one of his vacations to the woods Ned gets lonesome and insists on going with the family on all their trips, and sometimes when they start out in the boat and forget to take him he has been known to swim a mile and a half to follow them and be pulled into the boat.—New York Tribune.

Wreck of the Mary Ann.

Would you like to 'ear,
Me sweet little dear
O' the v'yage o' the Mary Ann—
'Ow she sailed away
From Hull one day
T' the Isle o' the Cannibal Man?

Yer say thet yer do?
Then jes' heave to,
'N' the lee o' thet poor ole wreck,
For as I am a man
That's the Mary Ann,
An' once I trod 'er deck.

'Er pore ole ribs
An' meself, Jim Libbs,
Is all thet's left 'er we,
To tell the tale
O' that orful gale
'Es swept us out to sea.

For a week or more
We scudded afore,
The terrible gale that blew;
When, I'll be blest,
Straight up from the West
A rippin' old breeze came, too!

The typhoon was rough,
And it knocked all the stuff-
Ing right out of our pore Mary Ann;
Then it carried us high,
And landed us dry,
On the Isle o' the Cannibal Man.

All typhoons is queer,
An' this one, me dear,
Topsy-turvy 'ad put us on land;
An' our bloomin' ole mast
Was stuck 'ard and fast
In the beautiful shimmerin' sand.

Then we went down below,
Which was up, don'tcher know,
To dine upon biscuits and wine;
For a stroll on the deck,
Would 'a broken a neck,
For "human flies" ain't in our line.

Then 'ow did I escape,
From the turrible scrape?
'Tis simple as jumpin' a tree;
But don't ever tell
To folks yer know well,
They'd call me a "liar," maybe.

Our mast had got stuck
In quicksand, b'luck,
And very quick sand it was, too;
So while he was drinkin',
The mast kept a sinkin',
And the very first thing thet we knew—

We bumped on the ground,
With the cannibals 'round,
Who wanted us muchly for tea;
But we filled them with lead
And hard-tack, instead,
Then once more we put out to sea.

But havin' no mast
Nor rudder, at last
We drifted on this 'ere ole shore;
And then with a crash,
Mary Ann went to smash,
To roam on the seas never more!

—Douglas Zabriskie Doty, in Brooklyn Eagle

Feeds Her Dolls With Jam.

When a full-grown Countess plays with dolls, is it a sure sign of insanity? A French court is wrestling with this question and is unable to reach a decision. Anne de Marmier applied to the First Chamber of the Tribunal of the Seine to have her relative, the Countess Gaspard de Contades, examined for lunacy. The Countess, at the age of 53, brings her dolls to the table at meals and tries to feed them with jam.

Whether she succeeds in this unnatural practice was not stated by the counsel for Mme. de Marimer, but the opposing counsel contended that it was perfectly possible that a Countess who had arrived even at the mature age of 53 might love dolls without being deprived of her property as a lunatic. He accounted for this remarkable fondness by asserting that the Countess was in despair at never having had children.

ORIGIN OF WHYO CATS.

Prize-Winning Breed of Felines Bred From Street Outcast.

Here is a story of the development of a breed of cats that has taken prizes at the cat show every year since the establishment of that institution, says the New York Journal. Where the breed began cannot be said, further than that a poor, half-starved cat was once rescued from death at the hands of street boys. No apparent effort has been made to develop the breed, and wherever there is a cross of any kind deterioration follows. The Whyo cat has been crossed with Maltese and other kinds, but where the breed is pure, and only so, there results a cat that is best of its kind.

At the time the famous Whyo gang was flourishing on the East Side, John Mulqueen, who was then in politics in the Seventh Ward, saw a cat which was being annoyed by a gang of boys. They had perpetrated the usual boyish trick of tying a tin can to the animal's tail and throwing stones at it as it ran.

Mulqueen was a lover of cats. He loved all animals, but cats in particular, and would pick them up everywhere and bring them home, where he adopted them, caring for their infirmities or injuries until they were well enough to be given away to some kind-hearted neighbor. This cat in particular was the most woe-begone and wretched of its tribe. It had evidently been living on nothing except abuse for a long time, and had not found much that was fattening in this diet. Mulqueen rescued the cat and took it to his home. The string to which was attached the tin can had been so tied that it nearly severed a portion of the tail, and an amputation was necessary. In other words, the tail had to be cut off instead of the string.

Mulqueen became fond of this cat, and it followed him everywhere, showing in this the instinct of a dog. Mulqueen named the cat Whyo, after the famous gang that had defied the police for years and which was still notorious on the lower East Side. He did not know then that the name and the breed of this wretched feline would exist long after the Whyo gang was a thing of the past.

In 1895 Whyo, then an old cat, was entered in the cat show in Madison-Square Garden. She won a prize in her class. Every year since then the Whyo breed has been represented, and every year it has been a prize winner.

The Whyo cat is a large tiger. The original Whyo weighed 14 pounds. The size has been so developed that now a good Whyo weighs 16 pounds. It is heavy in the front, with a chest expansion like a bulldog. To follow out the resemblance the front legs are bowed and the face is flat, with a broad mouth. Four white stockings, a somewhat remarkable feature, are one of the characteristics of the breed. The ears are lynx, with heavy fuzzy hair at the edges rising high, and with a "bouquet" at the points.

"JOLLY" SNEEZES.

Baltimore Zoo Elephant Stirs Up the Menagerie.

Jolly, the Zool elephant, sneezed this morning, says the Baltimore News of recent date, and all the Zoo attendants took a vacation to laugh. The elephant sneezes only about once in five years. When he sneezes it is an omen of prosperity, indicating abundant crops and great commercial activity. The phenomenon itself forms an interesting spectacle. This morning everything was quiet in the Zoo, when somebody shouted to Lecturer Rollins: "Look out. The elephant's going to sneeze!"

All the attendants deserted their posts and ran to look. Jolly had drawn up his sides until his back was humped. His tail was stiffly horizontal. His mouth was open and his eyes were shut, while great tears the size of peanuts rolled down his leathery face. There was a great drawing up of the sides, a long-continued convulsion, a trembling of the floor, and then an explosion like the report of the Boer cannon, "Long Tom," at Ladysmith.

Half a bucket of water shot out in a stream toward the monkeys' cage, while the elephant's legs trembled as he prepared for a second sneeze. There was a rumbling like that of an earthquake, and a volcanic crack. All the animals set up a roar. Dewey's cat jumped down on the back of the goat, and every monkey screamed shrilly. The quagga brayed and the kangaroo barked. The leopards snarled, and Prince Tiny Mite tumbled off his platform. Jolly had been known to sneeze only twice before since he came into the possession of his present owner.

Kitty Sissy Fits and Puggy Kew.

A New York man makes this statement in the Sun of that city, which he says he is willing to swear to in court:

"My cat, Sissy Fits," he says, "is the sweetheart of a pug dog, Kew, that lives across the street from my house. The two were not brought up together, either. Both had attained their majority before they ever met. They showed a fondness for each other from their first acquaintance. The strange part of the mutual admiration society is that Kew calls on Sissy Fits on Sunday. He is given his freedom out on that day, and as soon as he gets it he comes over to my door and whines to be admitted. As soon as he gets into my apartment, he and the cat have a romp until both are tired, and then I show Kew the door and he trots off to his home. Several times he has been turned out during the week as a test, but he comes to see Sissy Fits only on Sunday."

Enchanted Handkerchief.

A useful article in the performance of "parlor magic" is a handkerchief which is used for causing the disappearance of such articles as a coin, a card, an egg, or a watch. It consists of two handkerchiefs—colored ones are the best—of the same pattern, carefully stitched together all around the edges, but with a slit in one of them about four inches in length in the middle. The space between the handkerchiefs thus forms a pocket, the slit being the opening.

In shaking the handkerchief—which no one will dream is a doube one, if the thing is managed cleverly—keep the side with the slit next to you. In placing any article in the center it will fall inside and upon shaking the handkerchief the article seems to have disappeared and it can be made to appear at pleasure.

Egg Superstitions.

There are many superstitions about the egg. In Scotland and Ireland children are taught by their nurses to crush the shell after eating an egg, or to push the spoon through the bottom in the form of a cross, showing a lingering relic of the once general superstitious belief that witches lived in egg shells and made boats of them, casting spells upon the household.

In Italy, says Self Culture, it was believed that an egg laid by a white hen in a new nest on Easter day would cure pains in the head or stomach; that broken in a vineyard it would prevent damage to the vines by hail, or similarly would save a field from frost, and that its possession gave one the power to see witches. It was also believed that an egg laid on Good Friday, thrown on the fire, would extinguish it, while the devil would be killed, if shot with an egg laid on Christmas.

Justifiable Glee.

Mr. Fish—Thanks, old man!

Fox Helps Mate Escape.

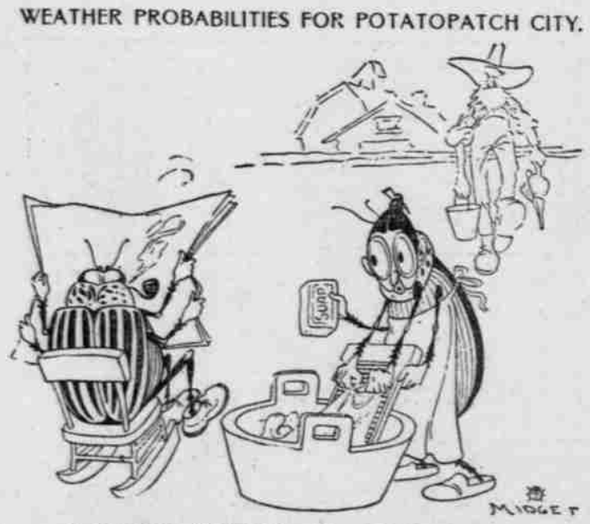
Joseph Maybaugh, a farmer who lives near Dundee, north of Cincinnati, O., trapped a large red fox recently, and, carrying it home, placed it in his corncrib until he could notify his neighbors and have a chase. The next morning the fox was gone. Investigation proved that its mate had assisted the prisoner in making its escape. The fox had worked away on the inside until it had bitten a board loose from its fastenings. This, however, was not sufficient to permit it to get out unless the board was lifted up.

The board was held up from the outside, as the teeth marks on it show, until the prisoner crawled to liberty. Tracks of another fox were seen, and there is no doubt that the mate came after the fox inside the crib, had loosened the board and held it up.

Enigma.

My 5, 6, 7 is meat.
My 2, 9, 10, place to keep coal.
My 11, 4, 3, something we travel in.
My 7, 1, is a nickname for mother.
My 10, 4, 8, 12, to cry out.
My 12, 11, is a negative.

WEATHER PROBABILITIES FOR POTATOPATCH CITY.



Mrs. Potato Bug—What are the weather probabilities for today?
Her Husband—Strong winds and heavy showers of paris green.

WILLIE KNEW GOOD BAIT.

Mrs. Winifred Worm—Why in mourning, dear?
Mrs. Wilhelmina Worm—A sad bereavement befell our family today. My husband, while in the house tending the baby, was bitten in two by William, the farmer's son.

Joshua and His Farm.

Quacking ducks, clucking hen,
Pig is groveling in his pen.
There's the farmer with his plow,
Slowly drawling, his "Wal, now,"
There's his busy, bustling wife
Sharpening the carving knife.
See the children sprawling out,
Ugly, pretty, thin and stout,
Evidently 'tis baking day;
Odors from the kitchen stray.
Overalls worn out at knee,
His wife had sewed till she couldn't see.
Bulldog to keep him from all harm;
This is Joshua and his farm,
—Written by a little girl 11 years old, in the New York Tribune.

MYSTERY OF KURIOVILLE

True and Authentic Account of the Sad and Curious Affliction of the Crooked-Face Family.

The story of the crooked-face family has long been handed down, from one generation to another. There are many ways of telling it, but, of course, there can be but one true way, and the writer of this has been at considerable pains and expense to find out the real history of these unfortunate people. In fact, I have just returned from a visit to Kurioville, their native town, where I searched the ancient records of the village until I came upon the following authentic account of the family, which I now hasten to lay before the public:

Once upon a time there lived in the good old town of Kurioville a family known far and wide as the "crooked-face family." In those times, the primitive villagers used candles for illumination, in preference to kerosene, which they had heard was very explosive. The crooked-face family kept their candles burning in various parts of the house nearly all night long. Thus, although they lived very retired and never entertained, their house looked as if illuminated for a large party every night in the year. The neighbors were puzzled by this burning extravagance, for the family was not wealthy and, in other respects, lived economically. The most prying gossip could not find out the cause for this waste of candles, but at length and in a very unlooked-for manner, the riddle was solved, to the relief of the curious in Kurioville.

A Visitor.

One stormy night, while the thunder roared, the rain came down in torrents and the wind shrieked around the gables of the mansion, there came—with urgent repetition—a double knock at the front door. At last, the father went to the door and, shading a candle from the wind with his hand, gave the dripping and persistent caller a reluctant invitation to come in, which was accepted with alacrity.

The visitor, who was a stranger in Kurioville, followed his host to the sitting-room, where he was seated, without further ceremony, with the family, whose peculiar twists of countenance struck him mute with wonder. There was nearly every variety of facial contortion exhibited that ever was seen.

After the first greetings, hosts and visitor formed a silent semicircle around the open fire, which burned cheerily in the old-fashioned fireplace. The guest's clothing, being thoroughly drenched, soon began to steam so profusely as to form a light mist around him, through which he saw, with surprise at such wastefulness, no less than five lighted candles, two on the chimney-shelf and three on the table. One or more of these people must be partially blind, he thought.

The watery medium which enveloped him lent to the candles and fire a weird luster, and caused the crooked-face family to loom up, spectre-like, in their stiff, high-backed chairs as they busied themselves in various ways. The mother, with the knitting; the father, reading the Kurioville News-Bringer; the daughter, working a pine tree on her sampler, and the son dividing his time between poking the fire and yawning, in such an absurd manner that the stranger had much ado to keep from laughing in his face, made a strange picture.

Aside from the rattling of the paper, the clicking of the knitting-needles, the banging of the tongs and the loud and measured ticking of the old Dutch clock in the corner, the room was utterly quiet.

Thus the evening dragged wearily away, until finally the clock, with a tremendous effort, struck 9, and promptly on the last stroke the stranger was given a candle and shown to his room, adjoining the sitting-room.

As he prepared to retire, a funny thought struck him and, peering through a large crevice in his door, he watched to see the candles blown out.

Curious Proceedings.

Presently the father rose and carefully covered the fire-embers with ashes. The mother folded up the long stocking; the daughter took down a turkey wing and brushed the hearth neatly, and the son set the candles from the shelf on the table. Then each took a candle and tried to blow it out. Up, down, right or left, according to the twist of their mouths, they puffed and blew, but the candles merely flared to one side or the other and burned on. So, with four deep sighs, the four members of the family filed out of the room, taking the four lighted candles with them.

The following day the matter became an open secret. For the stranger—who must have been an unprincipled fellow—idling about the town, mentioned what he had seen to the butcher, who told it to the baker, who recounted the tale to the candlestick-maker, who, being of a gossiping turn of mind, disclosed the matter—under strict promise of secrecy—to Thomas, Richard and Harry. These worthies, after the manner of people who make promises readily, rushed off at once to inform the dear 500 friends who composed the remainder of the population of Kurioville.

But you will be surprised and pleased, I hope, to hear that good came of all this gossip. For the story, coming shortly to the ears of the good-natured blacksmith, he sent his 'prentice boy around to suggest to the family that it should either buy a fire extinguisher, or blow its candles out when a fire bellows.

The daughter answered the 'prentice boy's knock, and, on hearing his kind message, slammed the door in his face, just missing his long, pointed nose. Whereat he rejoiced greatly, for he had a particular pride in that aristocratic feature.

However, it was noticed by the good people of the village—by the wise blacksmith, in particular—that on the following night, and on all succeeding nights, the lights of the crooked-face family mansion were out at a seasonable hour. And as time went on the bank account, kept in the very stocking the stranger saw, grew to a goodly sum from the money saved on candles.

And better still, the good blacksmith, pleased with the daughter's spirited reception of his 'prentice boy, washed his face and called upon her at an early date. She held the door open for him most politely, and won his heart on the spot. And so they were married, and their numerous family "took after" the crooked-face family in looks.

Thus ends the chronicle.

MARY C. BELL.