

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, mother, won't you take this pillow from my head and put another blanket on my feet, and fix the fire, and give me some water, or something? Oh, dear, dear!" groaned poor Rose Lincoln, as with aching head and lungs she did penance for her imprudence in crossing the wet, slippery street in this slipshod and slinky gown.

Mrs. Lincoln, who knew nothing of this exposure, loudly lamented the extreme delicacy of her daughter's constitution, imputing it wholly to Marmaduke's discipline, and wishing, as she had often done before, that "she'd been wise and kept her at home." Jenny would have wished so, too, if by this means Rose's illness could have been avoided, for it was not a very agreeable task to stay in that close sick-room, listening to the complaints of her fault-finding sister, who tossed and turned and fretted, from morning until night, sometimes wishing herself dead, and then crying because she "wanted something, and did not know what."

"Oh, dear," said she, one evening several days after the commencement of her illness, "how provoking it is to be obliged to lie here mooping with the dulllest of all dull company when there's Mrs. Russell's party next week, and I've such a lovely dress to wear. Why ain't I as strong and healthy as you?—though I wouldn't be so fat for anything. I'll go to that party sick or well. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

Jenny looked up in surprise, asking why her sister was so particularly anxious to attend the party.

"Because," returned Rose, "Mrs. Howard will be there, and you know as well as I how awkward she'll appear—never was in any kind of society in her life."

"I don't see what indecent that can be for you to expose your health," said Jenny, and Rose continued:

"I want to see Ida mortified once, for she might know better than to bring a green country girl here, setting her up as something wonderful, and expecting everybody to believe it just because Miss Selden said so. Come, bring me my dress, Jenny; I want to see if the Honiton lace on the cape is as wide as Ida Selden's."

"What do you mean?" asked Jenny, turning quickly toward her sister, whose white, wasted face looked sallow for a shroud than a gay party dress.

"I mean," said Rose, "I want to see if I'm not going to be topped up here any longer. I'm going to the party to-morrow night, if I never go again."

"Why, Rose Lincoln, are you crazy?" asked Jenny. "You haven't been in the street yet, and how do you expect to go to-morrow night? Mother wouldn't let you, if she were here."

"Well, thank fortune! she and father both are in Southbridge; and besides that, I'm a great deal better; so hand me my dress."

Jenny complied, and reclining on pillows scarcely whiter than herself, Rose Lincoln examined and found fault with a thin gauze fabric, little suited for anyone to wear on a cold, wintry night, and much less for her.

"There, I know it wasn't as wide as Ida's into an eighth of an inch," said she, measuring with her finger the expensive lace. "I'll have some new. Come, Jenny, suppose you go down street and get it for me, I'm bent upon going," and the thoughtless girl sprang lightly upon the floor, and chased halfway across the room to show how well and strong she was.

Jenny knew that further expostulation from her was useless, but she refused to go for the lace, and Sarah, the servant, was sent with a note from Rose saying she wanted a nice article, eight or ten dollars per yard.

"I don't believe father would like to have you make such a bill," said Jenny, when Sarah was gone. "Mother didn't dare to tell him about your new dress, for he told her she mustn't get anything charged, and he said, too, something about her 'Furburghs' being going to fail. Wouldn't he be dreadful?"

If Rose heard the last part of this sentence she did not heed it, for to her the idea of her father's failing was preposterous. When the dinner bell rang she threw on a heavy shawl and descending to the dining-parlor, remained below stairs all the afternoon, forcing back her cough, and chatting merrily with a group of young girls who had called to see her and congratulate her upon her improved health, for excitement lent a deep glow to her cheeks, which would easily deceive the inexperienced. The next day, owing to overexertion, Rose's temples were throbbing with pain, and more than once she half-determined not to go; but her passion for society was strong, and Mrs. Russell's party had so long been anticipated and talked about that she felt she would not miss it for the world, and, as she had confessed to Jenny, there was also a mean curiosity to see how Mary Howard would appear at a fashionable party.

"Saturate my handkerchief with cologne, and put the vinaigrette where I can reach it while you arrange my hair," she said to Sarah, who at the usual hour came up to dress her young mistress for the evening. "There, be careful and don't brush so hard, for that ugly plain isn't quite gone—now bring me the glass and let me see if I do look like a ghost."

"Pale, delicate folks is always more interesting than red, hearty ones," said the flatterer.

"Mercy, how white I am!" exclaimed Rose, glancing at the sallow face reflected by the mirror. "Hub my cheeks with cologne, Sarah, and see if that won't bring some color into them. There, that'll do. Now hand me my dress. Oh, isn't it beautiful?" she continued, as she threw aside the thickly wadded double gown and assumed a light, thin dress, which fell in fleecy folds around her slight figure.

When her toilet was completed, Rose stood up before the long mirror, and a glow of pride came to her cheeks as she saw how lovely she really was.

"You're enough sight handsomer than Miss Jenny," whispered Sarah as the door opened and Jenny appeared more simply arrayed than her sister, but looking as fresh and blooming as a rosebud.

"How beautiful you are, Rose," she said, "only it makes me sadder to look at your neck and arms. You'll wear your woolsack coat, besides your shawl and cloak, won't you?"

"Well, I'm not going to be bundled up this way, for don't you see it makes the lace, and I'm sure, refusing the warm sack which Jenny brought her."

A rap at the door and a call from Jenny that the carriage was waiting caused the conversation, and throwing on their cloaks and hoods, the girls de-

scended to the hall, where, with unusual tenderness, Henry caught up his invalid sister, and, drawing the veil closely over her face, carried her to the covered sleigh, so that her feet might not touch the icy walk.

"What? Rose Lincoln here?" exclaimed half a dozen voices as Rose bolted into the dressing-room.

"Yes, Rose Lincoln is here," she replied, gaily, diverting herself of her wrappings. "I'm not going to die just yet, I guess, neither am I going to be housed up all winter. The fresh air has done me good already—see, and she pointed to a bright, round spot which burned her cheek.

A young girl, whose family had one by one fallen victims to the great New England plague, consumption, shuddered and turned away, for to her eye the glow which Rose called health was but the hectic bloom of death.

"How beautiful she is!" said more than one, as with her accustomed grace Rose entered the brilliant drawing-room. And truly Rose was beautiful that night, but like the gorgeous foliage of the fading autumn, 'twas the beauty of decay.

Death was written on her blue-veined brow, and lurked amid the roses on her cheek. But little thought she of that, as with smiling lip and beaming eye she received the homage of the admiring throng.

Just then Ida and Mary were announced. Both Aunt Martha and Ida had taken great pains to have their young friend becomingly dressed, and she looked unusually well in the embroidered muslin skirt, satin waist and blonde bertha which Aunt Martha had insisted upon her accepting as a present. The rich silken braids of her luxuriant hair were confined at the back of her finely formed head with a golden arrow, which, with the exception of a plait band of gold on each wrist, was the only ornament she wore. This was her first introduction to the gay world, but so keen was her perception of what was polite and proper that none would ever have suspected it; and yet there was about her something so fresh and untried, that she had hardly entered the room ere many were struck with her easy, unaffected manner, so different from the practiced airs of the city belle.

Ida watched her narrowly, whispering aside to Henry how sorry she felt for poor Mary, who was so verdant, and really hoped she wouldn't do anything very awkward, for 'twould mortify her to death! "But look," she added, "and see how many people Ida is introducing her to."

"Of course, why shouldn't she?" asked Henry; and Ida replied:

"I don't know—it seems so funny to see Mary here, doesn't it?"

Before Henry could answer, a young man of his acquaintance touched his shoulder, saying: "Lincoln, who is that splendid-looking girl with Miss Selden? I haven't seen a finer face in Boston for many a day."

"That? Oh, that's Miss Howard, from Chilopee. An intimate friend of our family. Allow me the pleasure of introducing you," and Henry walked away, leaving Ida to the tender mercies of Rose, who, as one after another quitted her side and went over to the "mummy," grew very angry, wondering if folks were bewitched, and hoping Ida Selden "felt better, now that she'd made so many notice her protegee."

Later in the evening, William Bender came, and immediately Jenny began to talk to him of Mary, and the impression she was making. Placing her hand familiarly upon his arm, as though that were its natural resting place, she led him toward a group, of which Mary seemed the center of attraction. Near her stood Henry Lincoln, redoubling his flattering compliments in proportion as Mary grew colder and more reserved in her manner toward him. Silly and confused as he was, he could not help noticing how differently she received William Bender from what she had himself.

"But all is good time," thought he, glancing at Ida, to see how she was affected by his desertion of her and his flirtation with her sister. She was standing a little apart from any one, and with her elbow resting upon a marble stand, her cheeks flushed, and her eyelashes moist with the tears she dare not shed, she was watching with feelings in which more of real pain than jealousy was mingled, for Ella was weak and simple-hearted, and loved Henry Lincoln far better than such as he deserved to be loved.

"Of what are you thinking, Ella?" asked Rose, who finding herself nearly alone, felt willing to converse with almost anyone.

At the sound of her voice Ella looked up, and coming quickly to her side, said: "It's so all the same here, I wish I'd stayed at home."

In her heart Rose wished so, too, but she was too proud to acknowledge it, and feeling unusually kind toward Ella, whose weakness she readily understood, she replied: "Oh, I see you are jealous of Henry, but he's only trying to tease you, for he can't be interested in that swab."

"What he is, I almost know he is," returned Ella, with a trembling of the voice she tried in vain to subdue; and then, feeling she could no longer restrain her emotion, she suddenly broke away from Rose, and ran hastily up to the dressing-room.

Nothing of all this escaped Henry's quick eye, and as sundry unpaid bills came looming up before his mind, he thought proper to make some amends for his neglect. Accordingly, when Ella returned to the drawing room, he offered her his arm, asking: "What made her eyes so red," and slyly pressing her hand, when she averted her face, saying:

"Nothing—she wasn't red."

Meantime, William Bender, having managed to drop Jenny from his arm, had asked Mary to accompany him to the conservatory. As they stood together, admiring a rare exotic, William's manner suddenly changed, and drawing Mary closer to his side, he said distinctly though hurriedly: "I notice, Mary, that you seem embarrassed in my presence, and I have, therefore, sought this opportunity to assure you that I shall not again distress you by a declaration of love, which, if returned, would now give me more pain than pleasure, for as I told you at Mr. Selden's, I am changed in more respects than one. It cost me a bitter struggle to give you up, but reason and judgment finally conquered, and now I can calmly think of you as some time belonging to another, and with all a brother's confidence can tell you that I, too, love another—not as once I loved you, for that would be impossible, but with a calmer, more rational love."

All this time Mary had not spoken, though the hand which William had taken in his trembled like an imprisoned bird; but when he came to speak of loving another, she involuntarily raised his hand to her lips, exclaiming: "It's Jenny, it's Jenny!"

"You have guessed rightly," returned William, smiling at the earnestness of her manner. "It is Jenny, though how such a state of things ever came about is more than I can tell you."

Fearing that they might be missed, they at last returned to the parlor, where they found Ella seated at the piano, playing a very spirited polka. Henry, who boasted he "could wind her around his little finger," had succeeded in coaxing her into good humor, but not at all desiring her company for the rest of the evening, he asked her to play as the easiest way to be rid of her. When she looked around for commendation from the one for whose ear alone she had played, she saw him across the room wholly engrossed with his music.

Poor Ella! It was with the saddest heartache she had ever known that she returned from a party which had promised her so much pleasure, and which had given her so much pain. Rose, too, was utterly disappointed. One by one her old admirers had left her for the society of the "paupe," as she secretly styled Mary, and more than once during the evening had she heard the "beauty" and "grace" of her rival extolled by those for whose opinion she cared the most; and when at 1 o'clock in the morning she threw herself exhausted upon the sofa, she declared: "I was the last party she'd ever attend."

Alas, for these, Rose! that declaration proved too true!

(To be continued.)

HUNTING WITH THE CAMERA.
A Delightful and Profitable Way of passing Bird Life.

Of the many delightful birds I had the good fortune to know, the worm-eating warbler family have afforded me the greatest pleasure; for they become absolutely fearless of the camera, and they place a degree of trust in one that was as unusual as it was delightful. Being anxious to secure photographs of the young, I paid frequent visits to the nest, and what a wonderfully concealed nest it was, tucked away in a small depression and hidden by the roots of an oak sapling. It would have remained undiscovered by me had I not, by lucky chance, observed one of the parent birds visiting it. Only at first did the owners object to my intruding, and by various methods did they try to coax me away from their home. First one and then the other would feign broken wings, and half-rolling, half-scrambling they would make their way down the steep hillside in the hope of luring me away. Then, finding that I was not to be taken in even by such an artificial device, they endeavored to accomplish their object by scolding at me. In less than two hours they quieted down and simply looked on in silence. The next time I visited the nest they made no objection, and I imagined they recognized me, and realized that I meant no harm either to themselves or to their young, for these had hatched since my last visit.

Day by day I came to watch the little fellows, and they grew rapidly, as all young birds do. Finally they were ready to make their first venture into the great world that, should not accident befall them, was to be their feeding ground for many years to come. As I looked into the nest the family of fledglings scrambled out as though they had been scattered by some invisible hand, so nearly simultaneous was their action, and in less time than it takes to tell it each little mite of down and rust-colored feathers was hidden among the dead, crackling leaves with which the ground was strewn. Though I had tried my best to watch where each bird concealed itself, it was some time before I collected them all preparatory to photographing them. Of course the parents were greatly excited—birds always are when their young first leave the nest—and when they saw the entire brood captured by one whom they had considered a friend they seemed to regret having placed so much confidence in me. But only for a very short time did their doubts continue. As soon as I placed the youngsters on a suitable perch they both ceased to utter that piping note of anxious protestation, and to show that they no longer feared me they hopped about on the camera while I was arranging it.

TURKISH WOMEN.
They Have a Caste Feeling Similar to That of the Hindoos.

Our Constantinople correspondent writes: "It is not generally known that there exists among Turkish ladies of high class a kind of caste feeling similar to that prevailing among the Hindoos. It takes the form of a fear of contamination from the outer world, and is only observed, as far as I know, by those who cannot afford to keep servants in sufficient numbers. Before meals ladies always wash their hands at a tap from which the water runs into a marble basin. They will turn on the tap when they are just going to wash, but when they have finished they let the water run till somebody shuts it off, as to do it themselves would make them unclean. They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean, so a slave is generally kept handy for the purpose."

"One of these fastidious ladies was talking to a small niece the other day who had just received a present of a beautiful doll from Paris. The child presently laid the doll on the lady's lap, who was horrified, and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it, and no servant was near, and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that was brought from abroad, the only thing she could think of was to jump up and let the doll fall, which broke to pieces. The same lady will not open a letter coming by post, but a servant opens it and holds it near her for her to read. If her handkerchief falls to the ground it is immediately destroyed or given away, so that she should not use it again. This curious state of exclusiveness of fanaticism exists, I am told, in many of the large harems. Among men it is not practiced."—London Telegraph.

A Gentleman.
She was never at a loss in the interests of the family for whom she had toiled in innumerable capacities for years. Over the topsides of a Monday morning, in the back kitchen, she heard and retailed the news. Hers was generally of funerals and weddings; theirs of the minor and major movements of home sisters, and brothers gone abroad. One of these last was expected back from the East after an absence of four years. Elbow deep in froth, she contrasted his qualities with those of his elder brother in Africa, whom she (secretly) regarded more. "Yes, now," she said, referring to her unacknowledged favorite, "e was a gentleman, Mister John wad. When 'e wanted 'e clothes cleaned 'e'd come to the top of the stairs and call down, soft-like: 'Mrs. L., will you be so kind as to clean my boots?' Not but what Mr. 'Arry's a gentleman, too, but in a different style. When Mister 'Arry wanted 'is boots done, 'e'd drop 'em over the banisters and holler: 'Eads, I want my boots cleaned!'—London Academy.

If a boy doesn't love his mother his is a hopeless case.

Steads' Bring High Prices.
A genuine Stradivarius violin is worth whatever the parson owning it may demand. At \$1,000 it would not be deemed extravagant.

TO CROSS OCEAN BY BALLOON.

Proposition of M. Godard, a Daring and Skilful French Acrobat.

M. Louis Godard, a Parisian, proposes to cross the Atlantic without any of the discomforts sometimes attendant upon sea voyages. M. Godard's plan of travel will certainly be successful so far as the danger of colliding with badly-steered ships is concerned, and he says a little thing like a fog will not bother him in the least. The gentleman, who has long been known as one of the most daring and original of acrobats, is going to make the trip via balloon, and he speaks lightly and confidently of his proposed adventure. His experience with balloons extends over a period of twenty-eight years, and he says he is just as much at home away up in the air as he is on terra firma. He proposes to start from New York, and he expects the trip to occupy not over four days. He has not definitely fixed the point of landing, but it will be somewhere in the south of France. The cost of the undertaking is estimated at \$40,000, and M. Godard hopes to carry half a dozen passengers with him. Several members of the Paris Aeronaut Club, of which the great acrobat is a prominent member, have ex-

pressed their willingness to accompany him.

A balloon similar to the one employed by M. Godard in his search for Andree, will be the means of transportation. It is a huge affair, the principal feature of which is that eight reservoirs of gas are arranged around the equator of the big one. The gas stored in these reservoirs, instead of being pumped into the big balloon by means of a system of ropes and valves worked from the car. It is claimed that by this means a balloon can be kept in the air for sixty days together and travel 15,000 miles without alighting to renew its supply of gas.

The longest balloon journey on record was made last October, when Count Henry de la Vaux and Count de Castillon de Saint-Victor traveled without descending, in the former's balloon, the Centaure, to Korostok, in Russia, a distance of 1,133 miles as the crow flies, the journey taking 35½ hours.

THE ENGLISHMAN.
The Englishman was a slow-spoken, rather stupid little fellow, who had been brought up in the ring and was as nearly destitute of emotion as anybody I ever saw. His habits were excellent, like those of most professional athletes, and he did his work with a mechanical precision that almost excluded the possibility of a mishap. One night his helper got drunk, and I went with him to the little aerial platform from which he took his long swing, for the purpose of holding back the bar while he got ready to launch himself into space. As I was buying myself with the ropes I heard him groan and, looking around, was thunderstruck to see him as white as a sheet and trembling like a man with the ague.

"What's wrong, Fred?" I whispered. "Oh, Lord," he said between his teeth. "I'm just in a funk, an awful funk!" I was so astonished I could hardly credit my senses, but I realized that something would have to be done to prevent a fiasco that would ruin him in the business. "Pretend you've sprained your arm," I said, "and leave the rest to me. Now, let's get down quick." He was so unnerved he could hardly descend the rope ladder, and the audience began to buzz with surprise. I sent him to the dressing-tent and said a few words to the ringmaster, who made a little speech, explaining that Mr. — had injured his arm climbing to the platform and would be obliged to omit his usual finale. Later on I found the poor fellow lying on his costume trunk sobbing like a child, but next morning he was all right, and I never knew him to have another seizure. You may rest assured Joe Stark met his death through just such an unaccountable collapse. It probably took him as he started to make his dive, and pride forbade him to hold back."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A VICTIM OF CONSCIENCE.
Follows His Duty as He Feels It, Regardless of Consequences.

"I want to tell you," said the talkative man at the corner table in the cafe, according to the Detroit Free Press, "that some men have a magnificent sense of duty, and it pervades their actions, sometimes dangerously."

"I have a neighbor afflicted that way. One of the nicest fellows you ever saw, but cranky, don't you know. I'll illustrate. He had his porch floor painted the other day and the man who did the job said the paint must be given at least four days in which to dry. The steps were barricaded and a big-lettered sign put up."

"The next morning a velvet footed kitten was trotting across the forbidden territory when my neighbor saw it. His one idea was that he must get that kitten off the paint and forth he rushed. It was a playful kitten and scented sport. It kept just out of reach and pleasantly challenged pursuit until hard pressed, when it would scold up a pillar and return when it saw an opening."

"Here, boys," he shouted to a couple of youngsters passing on their way to school, "lend a hand!" They did and, of course, boys began to rally from every angle. The policeman joined in the chase and by the time kitty was captured that porch floor looked as if it had been gone over with a spring-tooth harrow. But neighbor had only been bent on doing his whole duty."

"He rushed to church one morn'g in a gray smoking jacket, a pug hat and a pair of 'topper-heeled' slippers, because he knew it was wrong to be late. He agreed to look after my lawn while I was away last summer and spanked every child in the neighborhood for disregarding his 'Keep off the grass' sign, printed on a shingle and hoisted on a split stick. I haven't succeeded in squaring him with all the offered parents yet, but he says that if I want him to care for the lawn next time I'm away he'll make a better job of it. Most conscientious fellow I ever saw, but he'd do something desperate yet."

Counted Against Him.
Pa—Did I understand you to say that the gentleman who called on you last evening and to whom you introduced me was a professional chess player?

Daughter—Yes, pa; he has the reputation of being a great expert at the game.

Pa—Then I must positively forbid his coming to see you any more; I cannot encourage you receiving attention from one of a class of men who take so long to make a move.—Boston Courier.

Said a shrewd minister before the collection was taken up: "Those who are in debt need not place anything on the plate." The collection was double the usual amount.

Unaccountable Fright Which Frequently Teases Trick Performers.
Joe Stark, the trick cyclist who was killed during a high dive in New York, traveled for a season with Davis' circus," said a young man. "I was with the show at the same time, on the business staff, and I got to know Joe very well. I see by the papers that his death was due to a miscalculation of over forty feet in the dive, and the reporters are wondering how in the world he could have made such a blunder. To any one acquainted with performers of his class, however, the thing is no mystery. They are all subject to queer spells of panic, that come without any particular reason and I find them temporarily for business. If a man persists in doing his act at such a time, the consequences are altogether a matter of chance, and the majority of the accidents within my recollection have been attributable to that cause."

"While I was in the show business I witnessed several striking instances of this mysterious loss of nerve, perhaps the most remarkable being that of a little Englishman who did a very sensational act on the flying trapeze. He had two bars suspended at opposite sides of the ring, about forty feet from the ground, and finished his performance with the feat that is called 'Tchelle.' In the slang of the circus, I don't know where the word comes from, but in doing the 'turn' the gymnast swings as far as he can on the trapeze, lets go, throws a somersault, and catches the other, the danger depending on the distance he travels through the air."

"The Englishman was a slow-spoken, rather stupid little fellow, who had been brought up in the ring and was as nearly destitute of emotion as anybody I ever saw. His habits were excellent, like those of most professional athletes, and he did his work with a mechanical precision that almost excluded the possibility of a mishap. One night his helper got drunk, and I went with him to the little aerial platform from which he took his long swing, for the purpose of holding back the bar while he got ready to launch himself into space. As I was buying myself with the ropes I heard him groan and, looking around, was thunderstruck to see him as white as a sheet and trembling like a man with the ague."

"What's wrong, Fred?" I whispered. "Oh, Lord," he said between his teeth. "I'm just in a funk, an awful funk!" I was so astonished I could hardly credit my senses, but I realized that something would have to be done to prevent a fiasco that would ruin him in the business. "Pretend you've sprained your arm," I said, "and leave the rest to me. Now, let's get down quick." He was so unnerved he could hardly descend the rope ladder, and the audience began to buzz with surprise. I sent him to the dressing-tent and said a few words to the ringmaster, who made a little speech, explaining that Mr. — had injured his arm climbing to the platform and would be obliged to omit his usual finale. Later on I found the poor fellow lying on his costume trunk sobbing like a child, but next morning he was all right, and I never knew him to have another seizure. You may rest assured Joe Stark met his death through just such an unaccountable collapse. It probably took him as he started to make his dive, and pride forbade him to hold back."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One Against the Horse.
"There's one good thing about an automobile."

"What's that?"

"It doesn't try to run up to every watering fountain it comes to."—Puck.

He Knew the Symptoms.
Charlie Loveday—Um, ah, Er, er, Er—! he! he! he!—

Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry—Stray Stories.

Inherited Traits.
"How ignorant Miss Swamper is of history!"

"She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."—Life.

Exchange.
"You owe this country nearly everything you possess in literature," remarked the Englishman.

"Yes," answered the American business man. "But by the time our capitalists get through, you may owe us enough for locomotives and other things to more than offset the account."—Washington Star.

A Clear Case.
"Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"I do," he replied—"as long as the fittest has the patronage to distribute."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Emphatic Reference.
Dear me! I'm afraid Mr. Grouch didn't like his breakfast this morning.

Needed a Box.
Mrs. Suburban—How are you getting along without a hired girl?

Mrs. Cities—Very badly. I never could work right unless I had some one over me.—Philadelphia Record.

The Old, Old Story.
Jack—I saw a deaf mute man talking on his fingers to a deaf mute girl today.

Kitty—What was he saying?

Jack—"I love you more than words can utter."

Not a Life Office.
"Are you afraid to be engaged to that Boston girl?"

"No; I'll mispronounce a word some day, and she'll throw me over."

Acquisition of Knowledge.
"Well, and what have you learned at college, Clarence?" we asked, anxious to know how our niece had profited by her residence at a distant institution of learning.

"I learned to do up my hair in nineteen different ways," replied she, proudly.

Artificial.
First Menagerie Keeper—What's wrong?

Second Menagerie Keeper—Keep that curtain down until I get the sacred cow's bump on straight.—Ohio State Journal.

A Money Separator.
"Young Milyunne has so much money he doesn't know what to do with it."

"Why doesn't he go into politics?"—Ohio State Journal.

DUE TO LOSS OF NERVE.

Unaccountable Fright Which Frequently Teases Trick Performers.

Joe Stark, the trick cyclist who was killed during a high dive in New York, traveled for a season with Davis' circus," said a young man. "I was with the show at the same time, on the business staff, and I got to know Joe very well. I see by the papers that his death was due to a miscalculation of over forty feet in the dive, and the reporters are wondering how in the world he could have made such a blunder. To any one acquainted with performers of his class, however, the thing is no mystery. They are all subject to queer spells of panic, that come without any particular reason and I find them temporarily for business. If a man persists in doing his act at such a time, the consequences are altogether a matter of chance, and the majority of the accidents within my recollection have been attributable to that cause."

"While I was in the show business I witnessed several striking instances of this mysterious loss of nerve, perhaps the most remarkable being that of a little Englishman who did a very sensational act on the flying trapeze. He had two bars suspended at opposite sides of the ring, about forty feet from the ground, and finished his performance with the feat that is called 'Tchelle.' In the slang of the circus, I don't know where the word comes from, but in doing the 'turn' the gymnast swings as far as he can on the trapeze, lets go, throws a somersault, and catches the other, the danger depending on the distance he travels through the air."

"The Englishman was a slow-spoken, rather stupid little fellow, who had been brought up in the ring and was as nearly destitute of emotion as anybody I ever saw. His habits were excellent, like those of most professional athletes, and he did his work with a mechanical precision that almost excluded the possibility of a mishap. One night his helper got drunk, and I went with him to the little aerial platform from which he took his long swing, for the purpose of holding back the bar while he got ready to launch himself into space. As I was buying myself with the ropes I heard him groan and, looking around, was thunderstruck to see him as white as a sheet and trembling like a man with the ague."

"What's wrong, Fred?" I whispered. "Oh, Lord," he said between his teeth. "I'm just in a funk, an awful funk!" I was so astonished I could hardly credit my senses, but I realized that something would have to be done to prevent a fiasco that would ruin him in the business. "Pretend you've sprained your arm," I said, "and leave the rest to me. Now, let's get down quick." He was so unnerved he could hardly descend the rope ladder, and the audience began to buzz with surprise. I sent him to the dressing-tent and said a few words to the ringmaster, who made a little speech, explaining that Mr. — had injured his arm climbing to the platform and would be obliged to omit his usual finale. Later on I found the poor fellow lying on his costume trunk sobbing like a child, but next morning he was all right, and I never knew him to have another seizure. You may rest assured Joe Stark met his death through just such an unaccountable collapse. It probably took him as he started to make his dive, and pride forbade him to hold back."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

One Against the Horse.
"There's one good thing about an automobile."

"What's that?"

"It doesn't try to run up to every watering fountain it comes to."—Puck.

He Knew the Symptoms.
Charlie Loveday—Um, ah, Er, er, Er—! he! he! he!—

Jeweler (to his assistant)—Bring that tray of engagement rings here, Henry—Stray Stories.

Inherited Traits.
"How ignorant Miss Swamper is of history!"

"She inherits it. Her father is a historical novelist."—Life.

Exchange.
"You owe this country nearly everything you possess in literature," remarked the Englishman.

"Yes," answered the American business man. "But by the time our capitalists get through, you may owe us enough for locomotives and other things to more than offset the account."—Washington Star.

A Clear Case.
"Senator," she asked, "do you believe in the survival of the fittest?"

"I do," he replied—"as long as the fittest has the patronage to distribute."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Emphatic Reference.
Dear me! I'm afraid Mr. Grouch didn't like his breakfast this morning.