

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XIX.

The morning train bound for Albany stood in the depot, waiting the signal to start, and just before the final "all aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his daughter, whose head rested wearily upon his shoulder. Accompanying him were his wife, Jenny, and a gray-haired man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curls and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the unearthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with the effort she had made.

The sight of her, so young, so fair and apparently so low, aroused all selfish feelings, and a gray bridal party who had taken possession of the ladies' saloon immediately came forward, offering it to Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and laying Rose upon the long settee, he made her as comfortable as possible with the numerous pillows and cushions he had brought with him. As the crackling of the wheels slowly out of Boston Rose asked that the window might be raised, and, leaning upon her elbow, she looked out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward midnight of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more fatigued than she was willing to acknowledge, now that she was so determined to get well, was seated in the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's fashion or last.

"I am weary," she said. "Lay me where I can rest." And with the grand-mother leading the way, the father carried his child to the chamber prepared for her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor below, where her daughter had thrown herself with a sigh upon the chaise-covered lounge. "It's a deal worse than I thought. Hain't she caught cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twisting the golden stopper of her smelling bottle. "The foundation of her sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and the whole faculty ought to be indicted for manslaughter."

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty to warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and house-work."

Jenny had not quite got over her childhood habit of occasionally setting her mother right on some points, and she could not forbear saying that Dr. Kiebler thought Rose had injured herself by attending Mrs. Russell's party.

"Dr. Kiebler doesn't know any more about it than I do," returned her mother. "He's always minding other folks' business, and no one else. I guess you'd better get up stairs at once, and see if Rose doesn't want something."

Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head languidly from her pillow, and pointing to a window, which had been opened that she might breathe more freely, said, "Just listen: don't you hear that horrid croaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid croaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a goblin form and sound. Beating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frogs. I love to hear them croak. It makes me feel both sad and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally springing some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night."

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through these old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might blow so that I could lay awake and hear it."

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters."

"Now, Rose," said she, "you are making fun of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters."

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't. What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me."

"They'll have to climb to the top of the trees, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road, too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that would look in?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed away in the closet adjoining.

"Rose was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her face.

her nervous fancy prompted. First the front door, usually secured with a bit of white-shingle, must be nailed, "or somebody would break in." Next the windows, which in the evening began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives, telescopes, combs and keys; and, lastly, the old clock must be stopped, for Rose was not accustomed to its striking, and it would keep her awake.

"Dear me," said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cozy little bedroom, "how fatigued she is. I should of 'sposed that livin' in the city so, she'd got used to noise."

On the day or no Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, bearing with them a long list of articles which Rose must and would have. As they were leaving the house Mrs. Howland brought out her black leather wallet, and, forcing two ten-dollar bills into Jenny's hand, whispered, "Take it to pay for these things. Your pa has some enough for his money, and this is some I've earned along knitting and selling butter. At first I thought I would get a new chamber carpet, but the old one answers my turn very well, so take it and buy Rose everything she wants."

All this time the thankful girl upstairs was fretting and muttering about her grandmother's stinginess in not having a better carpet "than the old, faded thing, which looked as if manufactured before the flood!"

CHAPTER XX.

On the same day when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell sat in her own room, gloomy and depressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engagement with Henry Lincoln filled her heart with dark forebodings, for rumor said that he was unprincipled and dissipated, and before giving her consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella, who insisted that "he was no worse than other young men—most of them drank occasionally, and Henry did nothing more!"

On this afternoon she had again conversed with Ella, who angrily declared that she would marry him, even if she knew he'd be a drunkard, adding, "But he won't be. He loves me better than all the world, and I shall help him to reform."

"I don't believe your sister would marry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who was becoming much attached to Mary.

"I don't believe she would either, and for a good reason, too," returned Ella, pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I can't see why you should bring her up, for he has never been more than polite to her, and that he assured me was wholly on my account."

"She isn't pleased with your engagement!" said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella replied:

"Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny, like a little tattler, must needs tell her, and so she has read me a two hours' sermon on the subject. She acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to think of her, and when she and Henry are together they look so funny that I almost believe she wants him herself, but she can't have him—no, she can't have him," and secure in the belief that she was the first and only object of Henry's affection, Ella danced out of the room to attend to the seamstress who was doing her plain sewing.

After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell asleep, and for the first time in many a long year dreamed of her old home in England. She did not remember it herself, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind, with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, its terraced gardens, running vines and creeping roses. Something about it, too, reminded her of what Ella had once said of her mother's early home, and when she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a gentle rap at the door, and Mary Howland's soft voice asked permission to come in.

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful."

"I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in that drawer."

Mary obeyed, but started as she opened the drawer, for there, on the top, lay a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair young child, so nearly resembling Franky that the tears instantly came to her eyes.

"What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied:

"This picture is so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?"

"Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That is a picture of my sister."

For a long time Mary gazed at the sweet, childish face, which, with its clustering curls, and soft brown eyes, looked to her so much like Franky. At last, turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple" was Mrs. Campbell's reply, and Mary instantly exclaimed:

"Why, that was my mother's name!"

"Your mother, Mary?"

will be my only heir. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's lonesome living alone, but I suppose you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written me a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and until that time, adieu. Your father, "HENRY TEMPLE."

"How short and cold!" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable.

"It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for how else could I suppose he had lost her? Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she would hear arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured, 'My child—Mary! Oh, had I known this sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and little Ella should never have died in the almshouse. But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have in you—yours and Ella's.'"

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were rendered less bitter by the knowledge that she had cared for and been a mother to one of her sister's orphan children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I felt so drawn toward Ella, and why her clear, large eyes are so much like my own lost darling's, and even you, Mary."

Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the haughty lady turned away from the sober, homely little child, who begged so piteously "to go to school," and she recalled the incidents of her sister's death, and thought of the noble little Frank, who often went hungry and cold that his mother and sisters might be warm and fed, she felt that her heart would burst with its weight of sorrow.

"Oh," said she, "to do so near me—my only sister, and I never knew my only sister, and I with all my wealth, as much here as mine—and the dying of starvation!"

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. "And even on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, 'if I ever found you, love you for her sake.'"

"Do you know what she said?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

"Do you know what of my Aunt Sarah?" Mary asked at last; and Mrs. Campbell replied:

"Nothing definite. From father we first heard that she was in New York, and then Aunt Morris wrote to her, making inquiries concerning her. I think the Fletchers were rather peculiar in their dispositions, and were probably jealous of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's uncle wrote, he said, that 'independent of old Temple's aid she had received a good education; adding further that she had married and gone West, and that he was intending soon to follow her. He neither gave the name of her husband nor the place to which they were going, and as all our subsequent letters were unanswered, I know not whether she is dead or alive; but often when I think how alone I am, without a relative in the world, I have prayed and wept that she might come back; for though I never saw her that I remember, she was my mother's child, and I should love her for that.'"

(To be continued.)

HOW A SAILOR'S PAY GOES.

Jack Tar Usually Squanders His Wages, Sometimes by Proxy.

What do the Jack tars in the navy do with all their money? has often been asked, although most people have answered the question to their own satisfaction beforehand by deciding that they spent it the first chance they got. Many of the younger or newer ones do get rid of their cash at the first opportunity, but then they spend it themselves, and get their money's worth, or what they think or are made to believe is their money's worth. Those who are really warm in their following seldom take all their wages from the paymaster. They let him keep it during the cruise and draw a per cent interest on it until the cruise is over. Then, of course, some spend it all before they get back to the ship. They have a good time all in a lump and are satisfied to wait for extravagant days again until another cruise is over. These are the men who have no except themselves to care for. While on the man-of-war they need not go short of anything and yet not use their money. Moreover, they will probably attend to their duties better and have a much finer time when the cruise is at an end.

Those who have wives or families or relatives to care for usually send their money home regularly and faithfully. Often, however, their confidence is openly abused. Married men make up this class. They send their wives comfortable incomes and that is all these wives care for them for. These are the wives who married simply for what there was in marriage in a money way, with the additional advantage or convenience of not having a husband around much. Unluckily for women of this class, not all Jack tars are unprincipled. Only chief petty officers or first-rate petty officers can afford the luxury of marriage, and even they have to watch out pretty keenly not to impair the due to their better halves.

Many of these better halves are adventuresses pure and simple, who make it a business to get acquainted with naval men, make an impression, get married and then take the money sent to them and do what they please—marry someone else at another navy yard belonging to another ship sometimes, and keep track of the cruises of the vessels.

The older men seem to fall most easily before the adventuresses. And when they discover their mistake and have obtained divorces and are free again usually get back into the same boat.

Still, many a woman is a sailor's wife who has not seen him for years who is just as good and true and saving as woman ever was. She takes care of baby while he is away and almost dies for joy when she can meet him at the end of a cruise. Sailors, too, in many cases are just as true to their wives, although sometimes with them only two months in three years. Then, again, others slave simply that a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, may get an education and will not have to work as hard as they do, or are sailors so they can earn enough to keep an aged parent out of want.—New York Press.

RUINED BY MOTHER.

WHY THE NEWELL BOYS TURNED OUT BADLY.

Taught by Their Over-Indulgent Mother that Their Stature Should Wait Upon Them—Lack of Ambition Brings Bad Luck to the Family.

"But, land of love, Miss Percy, didn't they have the same home and training? Didn't they have the same sweet mother and upright, manly father? Weren't they surrounded by the same good influences? Didn't they have the same goodly example? I don't see why the Newell boys all turned out such worthless fellows, while the girls grew into noble women. There's Lucy, now—our minister's wife—cultivated, sweet-tempered and benevolent. Who ever saw a lovelier lady than Alice? And Harriet is all that could be desired. I don't understand it, Miss Percy; I declare I don't. We all know Bob and Frank Newell are idle and worthless. How is it?"

"Stop a minute, Mrs. Harrison," responded Miss Percy; "did they have the same training? I know they were brought up under the same roof, but they were brought up very differently. I assure you. Bob and Frank Newell were good enough to begin with, but their dotting mother has ruined them. Why, Mrs. Harrison, those boys used to come into the house and throw their caps and jackets on the floor for their mother or sisters to pick up and put away."

"The mother, you know, was a weak, good-natured woman, who worshiped her husband and sons, and was content to slave and pick up for them, believing it was all unselfish devotion. But the girls rebelled—poor things. No wonder! Then Mrs. Newell would say, 'Why, Alice?' or 'Why, Lucy?' I'm surprised at you. Won't you do that much for your dear brothers? I'm sure it's a mere trifle for them to ask of you. And poor Lucy or Alice would go back and wait on the boys, thinking they must be selfish things to grudge this constant service."

"When Harriet was a little thing Mr. Newell died, leaving his large fortune to his wife. They were living in New York then, and Lucy and Alice were young ladies beginning to enjoy life in a large city. Bob and Frank were not engaged in any business; they couldn't make money, it seemed, though they could spend fast enough."

"First they tried manufacturing cloth. They rented a mill and hired a superintendent. Then they paid brief daily visits to their office from ten till two. The superintendent had entire control of them and the business, and he managed both to his own profit. When manufacturing failed, the boys tried one thing after another, until, finally, they determined to try farming."

"Their weak, fond mother, whose faith in her boys seemed to increase with their increasing helplessness, sold her house in New York and came to this remote village to live. Harriet was a child then—to be educated. Lucy and Alice were enjoying the pleasures and advantages of New York; but they were not to be considered for a moment. Education, pleasure and friendships must be broken off; expenses must be cut down to the lowest penny—all to help those precious spendthrift boys, who had yet to make their first sacrifice for either mother or sisters."

"They bought old Lemuel White's farm, the best place for miles and miles. But it was the old story; nobody about the place knew anything but themselves, nobody's advice would they take, and everything about the farm was expected to look after itself. They bought all the patent reapers and mowers advertised in the county papers; but when the time came to use them Bob wanted to go to a fair, and Frank couldn't find the hay book. When the neighboring farmers were planting corn it was discovered that the new patent corn drill was out of order, or wouldn't work. Everything about the place went down, except the debts, which rose higher and higher. Bob and Frank cursed their luck and took to drinking; the farm had to be sold at last, and poor Mrs. Newell woke up one morning to find herself homeless."

"Lucy and Alice went to New York and found employment through former friends of their father. For five years they supported their mother; then Lucy married, and soon after Alice. Mrs. Newell makes her home with Alice, you know, and Harriet supports herself. The boys, for whom every one else was sacrificed, can barely earn a living, and are poor, shiftless creatures, who will never rise."

"I tell you, Mrs. Harrison, it was the difference in their training which made the Newell boys and girls differ. The girls are taught to be unselfish, thoughtful and considerate. The boys were trained to regard their sisters and mother as servants and themselves as superior beings, to whose comfort everything must be subservient. Naturally they grew up thinking their ease of more importance than the rights of other people. Their mother ruined them."

"Well," said Mrs. Harrison, rising slowly, "I shall make my Jack hang up his cap and jacket when I go home."—Good Housekeeping.

WHEN THE EYE DOES NOT SEE.

New Law of Vision Discovered that Accounts for Certain Optical Effects.

Two series of investigations of far-reaching importance to physiological optics have been completed during the past year in the psychological laboratory of Wesleyan University at Middletown, Conn., by Prof. Raymond Dodge and students of the university.

The first series definitely established a new law of vision, almost revolutionary in its consequences. It was proven that the eyes, when in motion, can distinguish nothing in any complex field of vision over which they sweep. In order to see any object at rest, the eye must remain motionless looking at some definite part of it for an appreciable length of time. If the eyes move, they are nothing for about one-twentieth of a second. This explains the success of those sleight-of-hand tricks in which rapid movements of the fingers are absolutely unseen, while the eyes follow

the larger movements of the hand. It also explains the necessity of looking at a relatively fixed point in boxing, fencing, etc.

While the new law will necessitate a re-investigation of many psychological problems, it has an especially obvious bearing on the psychology of reading. Four years ago, in collaboration with Prof. Benno Erdmann, then of the University of Halle, Prussia, Prof. Dodge demonstrated that, contrary to the general impression, the eyes do not move regularly over a page as we read, but make a series of distinct pauses as they sweep along each line of print.

At that time evidence was made which seemed to show that the eyes actually saw the words only during these pauses. That evidence has recently been called in question by eminent authorities. The new experiments finally settle the question beyond all doubt, and justify the psychological, as well as pedagogical, important conclusion that in reading the true unit of stimulation is not the individual letter, but a more or less extended group of letters.

The second series was a quantitative study of the eye movements, with particular reference to the rapidity of reading. This series involved the invention of a unique method of measuring the movements of the eyes and the designing of a considerable amount of new apparatus, by the aid of which the first accurate measurements of the eye movements were affected. These measurements not only show the length, number, and velocity of the movements of the eye during reading, but they also furnish the first exact data for a study of the co-ordination of the eyes and the muscular fatigue of reading.—Chicago Tribune.

A Hundred Years Ago. Men couldn't steam across the sea. A hundred years ago, And money wasn't all they thought Worth having here below: They had no elevators then. To hoist them through the air, And yet they thought, the poor old guys, That they were wonderful and wise, And that the world was fair.

Men couldn't talk by telephone. A hundred years ago, They bowed and reaped and thrashed by hand. And when the streams were low They had to stop the mills and wait. For God's good rain to fall, And yet they proudly went about With heads held high and chests pushed out, And thought they knew it all.

Their battalions were made of wood. A hundred years ago, And oh, the weak old ways they had For laying people low! They had no lightning trains on which To flit athwart the scene, And yet those poor, beleaguered men Supposed that things were perfect then—Alas! but they were green!

Men had to load each time they shot. A hundred years ago, And then, alas! they had no gas To light things here below! There were no trolley cars to dodge, No horseless things to tame, And yet, poor fools, they thought that they Had all the blessings in their day, That men might ever claim!

But they had pessimists around A hundred years ago, Who mourned because their sons could ne'er Obtain a proper show! And they predicted dire things—They thought the end was near; They fancied that the devil then Worked overtime in urging men To start red havoc here.

Shabby Earl of Norfolk. As is well known, the Duke of Norfolk, the premier peer of England, whose title dates back to the earliest times and whose wealth is boundless, is very careless of his personal appearance. No one meeting him would take him for other than a very ordinary man—a tradesman or mechanic, perhaps. He, by virtue of the security of his title, is the marshal of England and at all royal functions of a public character acts as marshal of the day. A well-known woman of quality had a house near Arundel, and when she and her family were removing to London the Duke contemplated buying the place as a house for a member of his family. One morning Mrs. ——— was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast, when a servant came up to tell her that a messenger had called from the castle. "Where is he?" she asked. "Oh! he is in the hall, ma'am." Knowing the Duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings and hurried downstairs to find the Earl-marshal of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but the Duke was most amused and laughingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him from attentions which would make his life burdensome.

In a Sober Plight. A Maine family, whose woodpile has been mysteriously dwindling of nights, decided to fill one or two tempting big sticks with gunpowder and see if thus they could stop these depredations. They carried out these plans and watched for the shingles to rise on the cottages where the suspects lived. The wind rose first, however, and upset the woodpile, and now the owners of the wood can't for the life of them tell which sticks are loaded. In the meantime every time a stick of wood is put in the stove the whole crowd bolts for the door.

Amateur. "Amateur is from the French almer, to love, is it not?" "I believe it is." "Then being, doubtless, that amateurs don't positively hate each other, as professionals do."—Detroit Journal.

Germany's Population. In the matter of population Germany (53,245,000) ranks after European Russia (106,159,000) and the United States (77,300,000).

Dream. "Ah, Miss Chirldid! may I dream that you will return my love?" "You may, but it won't come true!"—Life.

A real good wife is one who will let her husband tell a story without interrupting him.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cherished to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

An Expensive Luxury. "Yes," said the reformed man to an impecunious friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how much I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks, and—"

"Could you lend me \$10," broke in the other impetuously. "I'll pay you back—"

"And the bank failed yesterday. Er— you haven't such a thing as a cigar about you, have you?"—Judge.

Behind Her Back. Nell—Do you think that is all her own hair? Belle—No; part of it is her sister's. At least I saw her sister buying some just like it.—Philadelphia Record.

Bound to Kick. Sharpson—You made \$13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining of your hard luck! Philats—Well, blame it, look at that "13"—Chicago Tribune.

The Secret Divulged. He—But you've known her all your life; how old is she? She—I'll tell you, but it's a secret, mind. She is just at the age when one doesn't look it.—Life.

His Kismet's Mission. Woman of the House—You're here half a dozen times and get nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep on coming for? Tufford Knutt (with impressive dignity)—I ain't no common tramp, ma'am. I'm around studyin' conditions.—Chicago Tribune.

He Rates Them. "That's Gilders. He's made a big pile." "Yes, and there was a time when he had to depend on my brother Jack to bring up his children." "Nonsense! When did that happen?" "Often. The kids used to run in pretty frequent to their father's office, which was in the buildin' where Jack was a elevator man."—Philadelphia Press.

Nothing New. The Hog (with paper)—Well! well! Wonders never cease! Human beings are now taking mud baths. The Gobbler (the last of his flock)—It isn't at all uncommon for human beings to make hogs of themselves.—Puck.

Emergency Ability. "Women have no originality—no inventive genius." "Nonsense! I've seen my stenographer make a memorandum with a hat pin on a cake of soap when she had no paper handy."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Willing to Try Nothing. "Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl." "I wish you would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"—Punch.

Surprised. "I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the other day." "Good heavens, is that animal still alive?"

A Chance for Troub's. "Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away." "Yes, but suppose the old shoe should happen to hit the bride."

Under Control. The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she is perfectly willing to have me. The Mother—Yes. She is very dutiful.

Consoling. Penelope—I'll just ruin my complexion going in bathing so much. Perdita—I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

Hopeful. He—Do you suppose we will ever have enough to get married on? She—Surely. Why, Jack, we don't need a million. A couple of hundred thousand will do to start on.

Exasperating Amiability. "Amiable people are often so exasperating." "Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable."

Not Without Excitement. "You are not addicted to any kind of athletics, are you?" "Athletics? Gracious, man, I earn a good living for a family of seven."

Carried It Too Far. "Nothing that is produced in this country is ever quite good enough for Mrs. Willoughby," declared Miss Frocks. "Everything must be imported."

"That's true," added Miss Kittish. "She even carried her prejudice against domestic goods so far as to marry an imported husband."

Search for Knowledge. Jinks—Hello! Well, I swan! Studying a book of etiquette, eh? Old Gruff—Yep. Jinks—Want to learn how to treat folks politely, eh? Old Gruff—Naw. Want to find out whether folks are treating me politely.—New York Weekly.

Criticisms. Uncle Josh—Didn't the President warn Congress ag'in bein' extravagant? Uncle Elias—Yes; but he oughtn't to have let 'em know there was so much money in the Treasury.—Puck.

The Rabbit Fired the Gun. "Brer Rabbit" has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit family has a hero. The incident occurred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune:

Peter Freen and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near Parkersburg, West Virginia. Their dog soon chased a cottontail into a pile of brush, and Louis rushed up to get him out. He put his gun on the ground, and taking up a long pole, began to push in the brush-pile to dislodge the rabbit.

Finally bunny ran out in an unexpected place, straight over the gun, which was cocked. His hind foot struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis' leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excitement bunny got away.

Slow Talker, Perhaps. He—I know I'm late, dear. You see, I was detained a couple of hours by an old friend who just got back to town after a long absence. I had to tell him all I knew.

She (unhappily)—I don't see why that should have kept you so long.—Philadelphia Press.

Well Recommended. Mistress—You say you are well recommended? Maid—Indeed, ma'am, I have thirty-nine excellent references.

Mistress—And you have been in domestic service. Maid—Two years, ma'am.—Glasgow Times.

Averting a Sarcasm. "You seem very self-satisfied to-day," said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Washington, "but don't let that influence. Everybody says I've got dreadfully poor taste."—Washington Star.

No Sudden. "That Miss Fortynummers is subject to fainting fits." "Is she?" "I started to ask her to join me in a glass of soda water the other day, but when I got to the word 'join' she keeled right over in my arms."—Ohio State Journal.

Automatic Kneetion. Polly—What is it you like so much about croquet, Dolly? Dolly—Oh, it is such a lonely, restful game; the sturdier one feels the better one can play.

Obliging. "Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl." "I wish you would, mum. There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"—Punch.

Surprised. "I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the other day." "Good heavens, is that animal still alive?"

A Chance for Troub's. "Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away." "Yes, but suppose the old shoe should happen to hit the bride."

Under Control. The Count—Your daughter, madam, says she is perfectly willing to have me. The Mother—Yes. She is very dutiful.

Consoling. Penelope—I'll just ruin my complexion going in bathing so much. Perdita—I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

Hopeful. He—Do you suppose we will ever have enough to get married on? She—Surely. Why, Jack,