CHAPTER XXII .- (Continued.)

p him repair their fortunes—he would a man, and when he returned home, po painted a joyful meeting with his ther and Jenny, who should be proud acknowledge him as a son and broth-Mr. Lincoln warmly seconded him solution, which possibly would have you been carried out had not Henry and of Miss Herndon's engagement the a rich old bachelor, whom he had ten heard her ridicule. Cursing the kleness of the fair lady, and half-wishing that he had not broken with Ella, hose fortune, though not what he had pected, was considerable, he bade adiculates a family removed to Chicopee, he sall-with his father for the land of gold. But alss! The tempter was there be reading the sall and lass are him, and in an unguarded moment foll. The newly made grave, the narw coffin, the pale, dead sister and the lemm vow were all forgotten and a deunch of three weeks was followed by a colent fever, which in a few days cut out his mortal career. He died alone,

dolent fever, which in a few days cut hort his mortal career. He died alone, rith none but his father to witness his rild ravings, in which he talked of his listent home, of Jenny and Rose, Mary Ioward and Ella, the last of whom he had so earnestly coveted was here in th. And the father, far more wretch-now than when his first-born daugh-died, promised everything, and when only son was dead, he laid him down leep hemosth the blue about Collins only son was dead, as in a say of Califor, where not one of the many bitter and for him in his far-off home ald fall upon his lonely grave.

Great was the excitement in Rice Corner when it was known that on the evening of the 10th of September a grand wedding would take place in the house of Mrs. Mason. Mary was to be married to the "richest man in Boston," so the story ran, and, what was better yet, many of the neighbors were to be invited. Almost every day, whether pleasant or not, Jenny Lincoln came over to discuss the matter, and to ask if it were not time to send for William, who was to be one of the groomsmen, while she, to gether with Ida, were to officiate as bridesmaids. In this last capacity Ella had been requested to act, but the tears came quickly to her large mournful eyes, and turning away, she wondered how Mary could thus mock her grief!

From one fashionable watering place to another Mrs. Campbell had taken her, and finding that nothing there had power to rouse her drooping energies, she had toward the close of the summer, brought her back to Chicopee, hoping that old scenes and familiar faces would effect what novelty and excitement had failed to do. All unworthy as Henry Lincoln had been, his sad death had cast a dark

ila's pathway. He she sit, gazing to hair, which over

The bridal day was bright, beautiful and balmy, as the first days of Septemer often are, and when the sun went own the full silvery moon came softly p, as if to shower her blessings upon he nuptials about to be celebrated. Many unt lights were flashing from the windows of Mrs. Mason's cottage.
And now guest after guest flitted down
the narrow stalrease and entered the parlor, which, with the bedroom adjoining,
was soon filled. Ere long Mr. Seldon as soon filled. Ere long Mr. seemed to be master of ceremonies, possered. Immediately the crowd fell sack, leaving a vacant space in front of the mirror. The busy hum of voices died away, and only a few suppressed whisses, "There!—Look!—See!—Oh, my!" of, "There!-Look!-See!-Oh, my

Among the first to congratulate "Mrs. Moreland" was Sally Furbush, followed by Mrs. Perkins, who whispered to George that "she kinder had a notion

George that "she kinder had a notion how 'twould end when she first saw him in the school house; but I'm glad you've got him," turning to Mary, "for it must be easier livin' in the city than keepin' school. You'll have a hired girl, I s'pose?" When supper was announced the widow made herself very useful in waiting upon the table and asking some of the Boston ladies "if they'd be helped to anything in them dishes," pointing to the finger glasses, which now for the first time appeared in Rice Corner! The half-suppressed mirth of the ladies convinced the widow that she'd made a biunder, and perfectly disgusted with "new-fangled

ridow that she'd made a biunder, and serfectly disgusted with "new-fangled ashlous," she retreated into the kitchen, where she found things more to her taste, and "thanked her stars she could, if she iked, est with her fingers, and wipe hem on her pocket handkerchief."

Boon after her engagement Mary had taked that Sally should go with her to her city home. To this George willingly assented, and it was decided that she should remain with Mrs. Mason until the bridge party returned from the western

with the old creature's thanks for this mezpected happiness. As Mary was leaving abe whispered in her ear, "If your travels lead you near my Willie's grave drop a tear on it for my sake. You'll and it under the buckeye tree, where the tall grass and wild flowers grow."

George had relatives in Chicago, and, after spending a abort time in that city Mary, remembering Bally's request, expressed a desire to visit the spot renowned to the burish place of "Willie and

stopped at a small public house of order of a wast prairie. The arriva distinguished-looking people cause ed quite a commercion, and arrevelling specting Mary's handsome traveling dress and calculating its probable cost the housess departed to prepare the even ing meal, which was soon forthcoming.

When supper was over and the family had gathered into the pleasant aitting room, George asked if there was ever a man in those parts by the name of Fur-

"What! Bill Furbush?" asked the land

George did not know, but thought likely that might have been his name, as his son was called William.

"Lud, yes!" returned the landlord. "I knowed Bill Farbush well—he came here from Massachusetts, and I from Varmont; but, poor feller, he was too weakly to bear much, and the first fever he took finished him up. His old woman was sa clever a creature as ever was, but she had some high notions."

"Did she die, too?" asked George.

"No, but it's a pity she didn't, for when

died with the cholera, was her own un-cle, and all the connection she had in this country; but goodness, sus, what alls you?" she added, as Mary turned white, while George passed his arm around her to keep her from falling. "Here, So-phrony, fetch the camphire; she's goin' to faint."

But Mary did not faint, and afte

"She can do it," whispered the land-rd, with a sly wink. "She knows ev-

"Is Mr. Furbush buried near here?" asked George, and the landlord suswered: "Little better than a stone's throw. I can see the very tree from here, and maybe your younger eyes can make out the graves. He ought to have a gravestun, for he was a good feller."

The new moon was shining, and Mary, who came to her husband's side, could plainly discern the buckeye tree, and the two graves where "Willie and Willie's father" had long been sleeping. The next morning before the sun was up Mary stood by the mounds where often in years gone by Sally Furbush had seen the moon go down, and the stars grow pale in the coming day, as she kept her tireless watch over her loved and lost.

"Willie was my cousin—your consin," said Mary, resting her hand upon the bit of board which stood at the head of the little graves. George understood her wishes, and when they left the place a handsome marble slab marked the spot where the father and his infant son were

where the father and his infant son were buried.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Bewildered, and unable to comprehend a word, Sally listened while Mary told her of the relationship between them; but the mists which for years had shrouded her reason were too dense to be suddenly cleared away; and when

be suddenly cleared away; and when Mary wept, winding her arms around her neck and calling her "aunt;" and when the elegant Mrs. Campbell, scarcely less bewildered than Sally herself, came forward, addressing her as "sister," she turned aside to Mrs. Mason, asking in a whisper "what had made them crazy?"

But when Mary spoke of little Willie's grave, and the tree, which overshadowed it, of the green prairie and cottage by the brook, once her western home, Sally listened, and at last, one day, a week or two after her arrival in Boston, she suddenly clasped her hands closely over her temples, exclaiming: "It's come! It's come! I remember now—the large garden—the cross old man—the dead mother—the rosy-cheeked Ella I loved so well—"

terrupted Mary.

For a moment Sally regarded her intently, and then catching her in her arms, cried over her, calling her "her precious child," and wondering she had never noticed how much she was like Ella.

"And don't you remember the baby Jane?" asked Mrs. Campbell, who was

her city home. To this George willingly assented, and it was decided that she should remain with Mrs. Mason until the bridal party returned from the western tour they were intending to take. Saily knew nothing of this arrangement until the morning of the wedding, when she was told that she was not to return to the poorhouse again.

"And verily, I have this day met with a great deliverance," said she, and tears, the first shed in many a year, mingled with the old creature's thanks for this mempeoted happiness. As Mary was leaving she whispered in her ear, "If your travels lead you near my Willie's grave drop a tear on it for my sake. You'll and it under the buckeye tree, where the tall grass and wild flowers grow."

Jage?" asked Mrs. Campbell, who was present.

"Perfectly—perfectly," answered Saily.

"He died and you came in a carriage, but didn't cry—nobody cried but Mary."

It was in vain that Mary tried to explain to her that Mrs. Campbell was her sister—once the baby Jane. Saily was not to be convinced. To her Jane and the little Alice were the same. There was none of her blood in Mrs. Campbell's veins, "or why," said she, "did she leave us so long in obscurity, me and my niece, Mrs. George Moreland, Esq.?"

This was the title which she always gave Mary when speaking of her, while to Ellis, who occasionally spent a week in her sister's pleasant home, she gave that grass and wild flowers grow."

the name of "little cipher," as expressing exactly her opinion of her. Nothing so much excited Sally, or threw her into so violent a passion, as to have Ella call er aunt."
"If I wasn't her kin when I wore a six-

senny calles," said she, "I certainly am STRANGE SEA FIGHT. or now that I dress in purple

When Sally first went to Bosto George procured for her the best possi-ble medical advice, but her case was of so long standing that but little hope was THRILLING ENCOUNTER WITH A entertained of her entire recovery. Still, everything was done for her that could be done, and after a time she became far less boisterous than formerly, and sometimes appeared perfectly rational for

frue to her promise, on Mary award, first birthday, Mrs. Campbell made over to her one-fourth of her property, and Mary, remembering her intentions toward William Bender, immediately offered him one-half of it. But he declined ed him one-half of it. But he declined accepting it, saying that his profession was sufficient to support both himself and Jenay, for in a few weeks Jenny, whose father had returned from California, was coming and already a neat little cottage, a mile from the city, was being prepared for her reception. Mary did not urge the matter, but many an article of furniture more costly than William was able to purchase found its way into the cottage, which with its overhanging vines. to purchase found its way into the cottage, which, with its overhanging vines,
climbing roses and protusion of flowers,
seemed just the home for Jenny Lincoln.
And when the flowers were in full
bloom, when the birds sang amid the
tress, and the summer sky was bright
and blue, Jenny came to the cottage, a
joyous, loving bride, believing her own
husband the best in the world, and wondering if there was ever any one as hap-py as herself. And Jenny was very happy. Blithe as a bee, she flitted about happy. Blithe as a bee, she fitted about the house and garden, and if in the morning a tear glistened in her laughing eyes as William bade her adieu, it was quickly dried, and all day long she busied her self in her household matters, studying some agreeable surprise for her husband, and trying for his sake to be very neat and orderly.

There was no place which Elia loved

There was no place which Elia loved so well to visit, or where she seemed so happy, as at the "Cottage," and as she was of but little use at home, she fre-quently spent whole weeks with Jenuy, becoming gradually more cheerful more like herself, but always insisting that abo

should never be married.

The spring following Mary's removal to Boston, Mrs. Mason came down to the city to live with her adopted daughter, greatly to the delight of Aunt Marths. se home was lonelier than it was to be, for George was gone, and too, had recently been married to Elwood and removed to Lexington,

story is done. Mr. Lincoln's California adventure had been a successful one, and not long after his return he received from George Moreland a conveyance of the farm, which, under Mr. Parker's effifarm, which, under Mr. Parker's efficient management, was in a high state of cultivation. Among the inmates of the poorhouse but few changes have taken place. Miss Grundy, who continues at the helm, has grown somewhat older and crosser, while Uncle Peter labors industiously at a new fiddle, the gift of Mary, who is still remembered with much affection.

Lydia Knight, now a young lady of sixteen, is a pupil at Mount Holyoke, and Mrs. Perkins, after wondering and wondering where the money came from, has finally concluded that "some of George's folks must have sens it!"
(The end.)

SMART BOYS IN WALL STREET.

er Boys Who Devise Means Seating the Bucket Shops. Wall street sharpens the wits of boys and frequently tempts them to dishonesty. In one case, says the New York iun, a boy who carried orders from the Mce partner of the firm to the board member fell under suspicion The firm found that a certain bucket shop seemed to know of its orders even before they were placed. Individual orders do not always affect the market, but this particular firm represented interests that did frequently control the rise first nothing out of the way could be liscovered about him. He went straight to the exchange and hurried as though his life depended on it. In his haste he often collided with other hoys, Finalbly had a collision. He ran into a boy, whispered to him the order which he had on a slip of paper, disentangled himself from the mix-up, and sped along to the exchange. The second boy ran to a bucket shop in the neighbor bood, turned in the tip, and his friends there acted on the firm's order even efore it had reached the floor.

hole exchange was worked by four boys. Three of them were messengers. The fourth was an expert telegrapher. None of the four was more than 15

The young telegrapher was in the telegraph room of the stock exchange, and, although he wasn't one of the operators, he could read by ear everything that came over the wire. When any thing important turned up he gave in-formation at once to a boy outside. It was never found out exactly how he did it, but the boy outside the door had a baseball whose cover was slit. He ucked the slip of paper under the eather and threw a hot ball to another boy half a block down the street. This third boy drove the ball to a fourth boy, at the door of a well-known bucket

This boy took out the slip, read it, and made bucket shop deals accord-ingly. The boys had only a few huningly. The boys had only a few hun-dred dollars to start the game with, but big sums, for they had their information before news of the big movement could reach the bucket shop through the ordinary channels. The bucket shop brought about the exposure.

A scheme very similar was worked on the consolidated stock and petroeum exchange by three boys, only in this case the boys passed the tip along by a sign language and the third boy, the soles of his bare feet are not markposted at the door of the exchange, or-dered his broker to act upon the news. While in Honolulu recently Papa Its

"I went into town yesterday," said the Longuell man, who thinks he has all the fashionable diseases except bousemald's knee, "and I told my doctor that I insisted upon knowing the

"Yes," said his friend, with a world of sympathy in his voice, "and what did he tell you?" "He said his bill came to \$79."-- Monreal Star.

Mild Form of Insanity.
"Cranker pays as he goes." "Has
"Cranker pays as he goes." "No; merely plenty of money, eh?" eccentric."-Smart Set.

MARINE ELEPHANT. Huge Animal Almost Forty Feet in Leagth and Weighing Thirteen Tons le Captured Near Falkland Islands,

Off the Patagonia Coast. ord is that which the crew of the Brit ish warship had lately with a see ele-phant near the Falkland Islands, off

the sea coast of Patagonia.

As actual proof of the tremen size of this little known marine mon ster, its head, trunk and ribs have been

where they will be put on exhibition. H. M. S. Flora is a second-class pro-tected cruiser. She had just arrived at Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands and the commander, desiring to go ashore, ordered the gig to be lowered and manned.

The sea was comparatively amo and the boat shot along rapidly, pro-pelled by six stalwart blue-jackets. On learing the shore, however, they saw a strange creature in the water. it was they did not know. It churned and beat the water into the whiteness of snow within a few fathoms of the

Then the spinshing and beating ceased, and from the hissing foam arose what seemed to be the dark head of an infuriated elephant. For a second the creature glared at the astonished boat's rew; then, with an ear-splitting scream, lowered its head, and like an arrow came for the boat.

There was no time to do anything, to lump or even think. Crash! and the frail craft rose bodily into the air, while the bruised and half-stunned cupants were thrown violently into the sea. Fortunately for them, the m eted upon the boat, the fragments of which it literally smashed into match

seem to know very well how they reach ed land, so exhausted and unstrung had the experience left them.

Returning later to the cruiser on shore boat, the commander determine pluckly to organize a party for the hunting down and, if possible, the cap ture of their assailant. On the follow ing day .nine boats went forth, each containing the full complement of men armed with rifles, and among whom

rere several harpooners. Advancing in a semi-circle, the drew across the small bay which had een the scene of the previous day' incident. Till within fifty yards from threateningly in a circle of foam and quite close to the center boats. Two harpooners poised their weapons, which in another instant stuck quivering in the monster's body, while a shower bullets followed in a volley.

With an angry snort of pain, reature darted toward the nearest out, only to be met by another deadly rolley, fired at very close range, which ripped and tore it unmercifully. Dazed by such a reception, the monster apceared to hesitate. Another voiley fol-owed, and when the smoke cleared here was nothing visible on the surace save a streaking of blood-red foam. Whir! went the harpoon lines, while the men sat excitedly waiting a reappearance of the foe.

"He's making in for the shore now, sir!" shouted one of the officers to the ed to close in. For nearly two minutes slowly back and forward; then, on reappearing, it lay quietly, as though ex-hausted. The boats approached cautiously, and when quite close five more an order of any importance he invaria-bly had a collision. We have the invaria-bly had a collision. We have the invaria-

Now commenced a tug-of-war lasting for nearly three hours, till at last, weak with struggling and loss of blood, the huge monster was hauled into shallow water to await the receding tide. Not one of the party, from the commander down to the little middy, but was hankful for the rest.

In about an hour's time the tide had gone out sufficiently, and the battle began again, but now all the advantage lay with the sailors. After a victous struggle in which several blue-jackets were severely injured by fragments of its death throes, it lay battered, slient

This gigantic specimen of sea life is acrohinus elephantinus or proboscideous, measuring just under forty feet long, and weighing over thirteen tons. It has a trunk four feet long, and a general conformation closely resem-bling that of the ordinary elephant save that there are huge fins in place of legs. It is found only in Antarctic

LAST OF THE FIRE WALKERS. Tahitian Who Will Carry to the Grave

Papa Ita, a South Sea Islan has been in California for some time has sailed for his home in Tahiti and they always won; and, in times of great will there devote the remainder of his life to the service of Hinanui-i-te-Aara. the pagan goddess of fire. With him will perish a secret which has baffled many scientific investigators. Papa Ita is able to walk to and fro across the stone bed of a furnace when the rocks glow with heat. The same stones wil sear and blacken fresh mest in a sec ond, but this venerable islander walks unscathed. When he sleps off the stones

> in the presence of a number of Americans, gave one of his wonderful performances. A large square space was dug in the earth, and into it was brown a great quantity of wood. On this was laid several tons of lava and then the wood was set on fire. When nothing was left but live coals, the lava paving become almost white hot, Pape Its removed his shoes. Then he placed ed to add: wreath of leaves on his brow, and olding in his right hand a wand cut from a shrub he approached the fur-nace, crooning what sounded like a melnace, crooning what sounded like a mel-ancholy incantation. Without hesitation

he stepped upon the rocks and walked across, all the while singing in a low

tone. Except for a few shuddering HUMOR OF THE WEEK ries from the spectators, there was breathless stillness until the old man stepped on the ground once more.

An immediate rush was made to ex-amine the soles of his feet, which had been carefully scanned by physician before the exhibition. The same medical men were first to look when Pape Its stepped off the glowing lave. His feet were unharmed. Once again walked across the furnace, stopping more he was found to be unharmed. He claims that his secret has been handed down to him from ancestors many centuries ago, they having been the chosen people of Hinanui-i-te-Aara, who has protected them from all harm.

"Recause my people have been untrue to the goddess of fire," said the aged priest in his own language, "she has de creed that I shall die childiens, and with me must perish the secret of fire know not how or why I am able to power of Hinanul-I-te-Aara expressed in a miracle. It is no trick."

While he was in San Francisco he was urged to give an exhibition, but said he was admouished by the goddess not to do so, but to return home with all speed.

DRY SHAVING IN CHINA

One Authority Saye This Mas Made

"Dry shaving has been a blessing to Chine, and in less than 300 years has almost removed beards from the faces of the men of the empire," observed an intelligent Chinaman to a Washington Star reporter. "Originally the Chinese had heavy beards. This is easily veri fied by an examination of any of the old prints of Chinamen, for all of then show long-bearded men. In time the people found out that there was no par-ticular use for a beard, and that the wearing of it was expensive outside of the time actually occupied in trimming or shaving it. How many Americans of to-day are forced to spend several hours a week in a barber's chair? Many men that I know, Americans and Euro ceans as well, spend twenty minute n the barber's chair every day.

"The Chinamen of the olden time the kind of Chinaman who figures a a pirate in your prints, for the good Chinaman never seems to have got his picture in your books at all, until with in the last fifty years at most, always wore a long beard in reality as well as in the pictupres. But even he found out that there was no necessity for it. The learned men of the empire were asked to consider the matter, and they arrived at the conclusion that dry shav ing was to some extent a remedy. Any-how, official edicts were issued giving this information. The old fellows who had beards of course were not in it, and they lived out their days and pass out of existence with full beards, bu the young were asked to "dry shave." Thus the reform started, and in five or six generations of the people the aver devote over one-half hour in a month to keep his face hairless. In the next two generations beards are expected to disappear absolutely. It took time to bring this about, but in the life of a nation such a thing as a century should not be allowed to count much. I think beards would disappear from Americans and Europeans in five generations of people if the people wanted to have them disappear.

USED AS A TARPAULIN.

The Strange History of a Manterplece

The long neglected and dishe tubens not long ago discovered in Wapping, England, was not the first work of art to be forgotten and thrown aside There is a certain famous Scottish pic ture which underwent even more strik ng vicissitudes of fortune.

David Scott, R. S. A., presented the work in 1834 to Bishop Carruthers as testimony of gratitude. It was the sen sation of the year at the Royal Scottish cademy. It was engraved in meszo int by Hodgetts, and the print enjoyed phenomenal popularity. The picture itself became a part of the altar piece of the Boman Catholic Church in Lothian street, Edinburgh

Time passed, and about thirty years ago the Catholic community migrated to a new church. The canvas of the altar piece was rolled up and left lying in the schools, where it was eventually forgotten. When thickly incrusted wit dirt, the whole thing was sold for a trifle to a broker, who thought so little of his prize that for a time he used it as a tarpaulin, covering an outhouse

A traveling showman made a bid for the canvas, thinking it would do to nament the front of his booth, but se did not get it. A last indignity was ontemplated by the broker, who was is it yes are afther callin' th' infant? eriously considering the advisability of cutting off the heads and making of line th' owld woman tells me, but O them pictures of a convenient size for elling, when an art collector spied the reasure, and secured it for a small sum. The church authorities made vigprous efforts to recover the masterple then, after careful restoration, alue of the picture was disclosed. The efforts were without avail, for the sale had been a valid one,-Youth's Com-

Was the Plane Safe?

Some time ago a famous pianist was fam giving recitals in an Irish city. He inariably took a plane with him to the ifferent towns where he performed. This was not the instrument made use of at public performances, but was one on which the planist practiced at his otel, and was a valuable instrument of which he was particularly fond.

One night, after the conclusion of recital the musician was alarmed to learn that his hotel was on fire. In the greatest anxiety he questioned the essenger as to the fate of his beloved nstrument, and eagerly asked if it had been removed. The messenger replied that an attempt had been made to get t out, but this was not successful. Noticing the crestfallen look in the

face of his questioner, the man hasten-

"But make yer mind alsy, yer b Sure, the pianner will be quite safe, for as I was leavin' the hose was playin' on it."—London Tit-Bits.

Every one has his day; and the men also include a few nights.

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

there in these big, covered vans, so no-body could tell what it looked like. idd, Curious and Laughable Phase of Human Nature Graphically Pertrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

As usual he was monopolizing the ewspaper.
"Please let me have the

ge," she said. He carefully tore off a page and handd it to ber. It was a full-page advertisement of a

millinery opening, and he chuckled at his own joke.—Chicago Evening post. ousiness is, stranger? Stranger (haughtily)-Sir, I'm a gen

Rubberton-Well, I reckon that's good business, stranger, but you're not the only man that's falled at it.



"Why am I going to thrash you, Fer-

have a whackin' without havin' to answer conundrums as well?"-Ally Slo-

Oldham—Are you going to the lecture to-night on "The Girl of To-day?" Younger-Guess not. The girl of to night is more attractive.

Pro'esstonni Humorist. Diggs-Your friend, the doctor, is unny fellow, isn't he? Biggs-In what way is he funny? Diggs-Why, he's always taking omebody off.

Real Vs. Ideal. Rural Visitor—Doesn't it cost an aw ul lot to live in the city? Native-No. it doesn't cost much to live; trying to keep up appearances is what paralyzes a man's bank account. He Bought the Ring. He (cautiously)-Would you-er-ob-

ect if I were to call you by your first name? She-No. indeed. I don't like my sur name, anyway. He-If you could change it what name would you choose?

"You lived on a Texas ranch for a number of years, I believe," said the

"Yes," replied the woman. "Like it?" queried the man. "No; it was too lonesome; no neigh-bors to talk to," answered the woman. "You mean there were no neighbors

to talk about," said the man. It All Pepends. perfect as a baby. Bachelor Brother-That's right-espe

cially as a nuisance.



Carpenter-Well, boy, have ground all the tools, as I told you vhile I've been out? ter, all but this 'ere 'an saw. An' can't quite get the gaps out of it.-

His Little Joks Finnigan-Ol hear yes hov a girrul baby at your house, McManus. Phwat McManus-Shure an' it do be Caro call her Carrie for short, Ol dunne Finnigan-Carrie, is it, McManus Faith, an' thot's a good name fer a faymale missinger boy, Ol'm thinkin'.

Just to Be Pleasant. Nell-You surely don't think Jenkins' ife pretty. Helle Certainly not. "But you told May Sowers she was

just lovely." "That was because May was an old fame of Jenkins'."-Philadelphia Rec-

Suburbanite-Pushington was one of the most successful men we ever had in our place. City Friend-Yes? Succeeded in sell-

A Sharp-Tongued Woman. Mrs. Wicks-When my husband says anything I have to take it with a grain of salt.

ing out, did he?-Puck.

Mr. Hicks-When my wife says any thing I have to take it with a good many grains of pepper.—Somerville

No Harm Would Result.
"Do you mean to say a man might moke cigarettes constantly for a week without any particular harm result

"Certainly." "Why, it would kill him."

"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously affect any one else."-Philadelphia

Mrs. Selldom Holme-Do

anything about that family that is moving into the flat in the next block. Mrs. Nexdore—No, but I think they are rather selfish, disagreeable people. They took all their household furniture

Chicago Tribune. These Humbugs of Husbands "Did your husband go with you to

your pienic, Mrs. Jones?"
"No; his employer is so mean he wouldn't let poor Henry off, but Henry gave him a good talking to about it, and I guess he got ashamed of himself, for he said Henry could have a two days' fishing trip."—Chicago Record-Horald.

Not Up to the Mark. Magazine Editor-Haven't you got a poem to go on this page?

Assistant—Here's one that I don't quite get the meaning of, but I suppose many of our readers will understand it. Magazine Editor-That won't do. I

want something that will puzzle everybody.-Judgo. Willie W. aid Mave His Way. Little Freddle—Mamma, doesn't Un-cle Bob like plum pudding? Mamma-Yes, but the doctor let him eat it.

big enough to stop me. - Boston Her-"But how do you pass your time?"
saked the lady from the city of the retired business man who had settled on

Little Freddie-Well, if was as big

as him there wouldn't be any doctor

a farm. "Well," said the retired business m "I spend a good deal of it in explaining to inquirers how I get along out here."

merrille Journal. An Exhibition Stunt. Mamma—The whipping you got yes-terday doesn't seem to have improved you. Your conduct has been even worse

Willie-That's what I wanted to prove. You said I was bad as I possibly could be yesterday, an' I knew you was wrong.—Philadelphia Record.

Borem (consulting his watch)—Isn't your clock a little slow, Miss Cutting? Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)
No. I think not; but there are times

when it does seem so.

Guest-Waltress, there's a blonds

hair in my soup. Blonde Waitress Shall I dre my hair black to please you?-Meggendorfer, Blaetter.

Then She Brought the Pie. Mrs. Strongmind—Why don't you go

to work? Tramp-Please, mum, 1 made a solemn vow, twenty years ago, that I'd never do another stroke of work till men.-New York Weekly.

Tried Moral Funcion. Hoosier Schoolmaster—Don't do any whipping here, ch? Eastern Pedagogue-No; we

oral auasion. Hoosier Schoolmaster-Moral suasion h? I tried that in Indians, but it made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't object to the kissing, but the old folks cut up like all possessed.-New York

She—Is your friend going to marry the widow? He-I think not. He told me he had better offer.-The Smart Set.

Those Loving Girls.

Maude—Do you think my new hat is oming dear? Clara-Yes, indeed. Why, it actually makes you look ten years younger.

A Cheaper Way. Doctor-To take the rest cure will cost you \$100 a week. Henpeck-Why, doctor, I can send my wife away to the country for half that. -Judge.

Very Queer.
"It's mighty queer that Frank Tickle on should turn out to be a defaulter." remarked Tenspot. "That's what it is," added Bunting.

Nobody ever heard him alluded to as Honest Frank Tickleton."-Puck. Her Dear Friend's Knock.

Nell-Does Miss Antique come of an old family? Belle-Both her parents are over 90, and still living.—Philadelphia Record.

United States' Ingratitude. Robert Morris rendered inestimable service to his adopted country by put-ting his private fortune into the breach

in those early days when the infant nation was in the closest of financial straits, says a writer in the July Lip-The \$1,500,000 which made it possible for Washington to carry on the campaign against Lord Cornwallis was raised entirely upon his own personal security. For the most trying eight years of our history this noble man stood at the monetary belm of our government and guided it through many

perils. Years after, in his old age, unfortunate land speculation ruined him. His creditors demanded immediate payment. His country could have saved Morris by paying back a tithe of what he had freely given to it in its time of need. This was not done. To our lasting disgrace he was

thrown into a debtor's prison and died there, an old man of 72. Some music is given out by the choir,

but the drummer dispenses it by the