

The Doctor's Dilemma

By Hesba Stretton

CHAPTER I.

I think I was as nearly mad as I could be; nearer madness, I believe, than I shall ever be again. Three weeks of it had driven me to the very verge of insanity. I cannot say here what had brought me to this pass, for I do not know into whose hands these pages may fall; but I had made up my mind to persevere in a certain line of conduct which I firmly believed to be right, whilst those who had authority over me were resolutely bent upon making me submit to their will. The conflict had been going on, more or less violently, for months; now I had come very near the end of it. I felt that I must either yield or go mad. There was no chance of my dying; I was too strong for that.

It had been raining all the day long. My eyes had followed the course of solitary dogs rolling down the window panes with my head ached. There was nothing within my reach but dreary rain without. I was in London, but in what part of London I did not know. The house was situated in a highly respectable quarter, as I judged by the gloomy, wretched rows of buildings which I could see from my window. The people who passed up and down the streets on the days were well-to-do persons, who could afford to wear good and handsome clothes. The rooms on the third floor—my room, which I had not been allowed to leave since we entered the house, three weeks before—were very badly furnished. The carpet was nearly threadbare, and the curtains of dark red velvet were very dingy. My bedroom opened upon a dismal back yard, where a dog in a kennel howled dejectedly from time to time, and rattled his chain as if to remind me that I was a prisoner like himself. I had no books, no work, no music. It was a dreary place to pass a dreary time in; and my only resource was to pace to and fro—and from one end to another of those wretched rooms.

A very slight sound grated on my ear; it was the hateful click of the key turning in the lock. A servant entered, carrying in a tray, upon which were a lamp and my tea—such a meal as might be prepared for a school girl in disgrace. She came up to me, as if to draw down the blinds.

"Leave them," I said; "I will do it myself by and by."

"He's not coming home to-night," said a woman's voice behind me, in a scolding tone.

I could see her in the mirror without turning round. A handsome woman, with bold black eyes, and a roused face, which showed courage in the ugly looking glass. She was extravagantly dressed, and not many years older than myself. I took no notice whatever of her, but continued to gaze out steadily at the lamp-lit streets and stormy sky.

"It will be no better for you when he is at home," she said scornfully. "He hates you; he swears so a hundred times a day, and he is determined to break your proud spirit. We shall force you to knock under sooner or later. What friends have you got anywhere to take your side?"

"You'd made friends with me, my fine lady, you'd have found it good for yourself; but you're chosen to make me your enemy, and I'll make him your enemy."

"I set my teeth together and gave no indication that I had heard one word of her taunting speech. My silence served to fan her fury."

"Upon my soul, madam," she almost shrieked, "you are enough to drive me mad! I could beat you. Ay, and I would, but for him. So then three weeks of this hasn't broken you down yet! We shall try other means to-morrow."

She came up to where I stood, shook her clenched hand in my face and flung herself out of the room, pulling the door violently after her, turned my head round. A thin, fine streak of light, no thicker than a thread, shone for an instant. My heart stood still, and then beat like a hammer. I stole very softly to the door, and discovered that the bolt had slipped beyond the hoop of the lock. The door was open for me!

I had been on the alert for such a chance ever since my imprisonment began. My weakish hat and jacket lay ready to my hand in a drawer. I had not time to put on thicker boots; and it was perhaps essential to the success of my flight to steal down the stairs in the soft velvet slippers I was wearing. I stepped as lightly as I could. I crept past the drawing room door. The heavy house door opened with a grating of the hinges; but I stood outside it in the shelter of the porch—free, but with the rain and wind of a stormy night in October beating against me.

I darted straight across the muddy road and then turned sharply round a corner. On I fled breathlessly. As I drew nearer to shop windows an omnibus driver, seeing me run toward him, pulled up his horse in expectation of a passenger. I sprang in, caring very little where it might carry me, so that I could get quickly enough and far enough out of the reach of my pursuers. There had been no time to lose, and none was lost. The omnibus drove on again quickly, and no trace of me was left.

The omnibus drove into a station yard, and every passenger, inside and out, prepared to alight. I lingered till the last. The wind drove across the open space in a strong gust as I stepped down upon the pavement. A man had just descended from the roof, and was paying the conductor; a tall, burly man, wearing a thick waterproof coat, and a seaman's hat of oilskin, with a long flap lying over the back of his neck. His face was brown and weather-beaten, but he had kindly looking eyes.

"Going down to Southampton?" said the conductor to him, as he stepped down.

"Ay, and beyond Southampton," he answered.

"You'll have a rough night of it," said the conductor. "Bixpence, if you please, miss."

I offered an Australian sovereign, a pocket piece, which he turned over curiously, asking me if I had no smaller change. He grumbled when I answered no, and the stranger who had not passed on, turned pleasantly to me.

"You have no change, mam'selle?" he asked slowly, as if English was not his ordinary speech. "Very well are you going to Southampton?"

"Yes, by the next train," I answered, deciding upon that course without hesitation.

"So am I, mam'selle," he said, raising his hat in the olden cap; "I will pay this expense, and you can give it me again when you buy your ticket in the office."

I smiled gladly but gravely. I passed on into the station. At the ticket office they changed my Australian gold piece and I sought my seaman friend to return the sixpence he had paid for me. I thanked him heartily.

He put me into a compartment where there were only two ladies, touched his hat and ran away to a second-class carriage.

In about two hours or more my fellow-passengers alighted at a large, half-deserted station. A porter came up to me as I leaned my head through the window.

"Going on, miss?" he asked.

"Oh, yes!" I answered, shrinking back into my corner seat. He remained on the step whilst the train moved on at a dash, and then pulled up. Before me lay a dim, dark scene, with little specks of light twinkling here and there, but whether on sea or shore I could not tell. Immediately opposite the train stood the black hulls and masts and funnels of two steamers, with a glimmer of lanterns on their decks. The porter opened the door for me.

"You're only to go on board, miss," he said, "your luggage will be seen to all right." And he hurried away to open the doors of other carriages.

I stood still, utterly bewildered, with the wind teasing my hair about, and the rain beating in sharp stinging drops upon my face and hands. It must have been close upon midnight. Every one was hurrying past me. I began almost to repent of the desperate step I had taken. At the gangways of the two vessels there were men shouting hoarsely. "This way for the Channel Islands!" "This way for Havre and Paris!" To which boat should I trust myself and my fate?

A mere accident decided it. Near the fore part of the train I saw the broad, tall figure of my new friend, the seaman, making his way across to the boat for the Channel Islands; and I made up my mind to go on board the same steamer, for I had an instinctive feeling that he would prove a real friend. I went down immediately into the ladies' cabin, which was almost empty, and chose a berth for myself in the darkest corner. It was not far from the door, and presently two other ladies came down, with a gentleman and the captain, and held an anxious parley close to me.

"Is there any danger?" asked one of the ladies.

"Well, I cannot say positively there will be no danger," answered the captain; "there's not danger enough to keep me and the crew in port; but it will be a very dirty night in the Channel. Of course we shall use extra caution, and all that sort of thing. No; I cannot say I expect any great danger."

"But it will be awfully rough!" said the gentlemen.

It was very stormy and dismal as soon as we were out of Southampton water, and in the rush and swirl of the Channel. It did not alarm me so much as it did the other ladies. My hasty escape had been so unexpected, so unhoped for, that it had bewildered me, and I was almost a pleasure to lie still and listen to the din and uproar of the sea. Was I myself or no? Was this nothing more than a very vivid dream, from which I should awaken by and by to find myself a prisoner still, a creature as wretched and friendless as any that the streets of London contained?

I watched the dawn break through a little port-hole opening upon my berth, which had been washed and beaten by the water all the night long. The stewardess had gone away early in the night. So I was alone, with the blending light of the early dawn, and that of the lamp burning brightly from the ceiling. I sat up in my berth and cautiously unfastened the lining of my jacket. Here, months ago, when I first began to foresee this emergency, and whilst I was still allowed the use of my money, I had concealed one by one a few five-pound notes. I counted them, eight of them; forty pounds in all, my sole fortune, my only means of living. True, I had a diamond ring and a watch and chain, but how difficult and dangerous it would be for me to sell either of them! Practically my means were limited to the eight notes of five pounds each.

As the light grew I left my berth and ventured to climb the cabin steps. The fresh air smote upon me almost painfully. The sea was growing brighter, and glinted here and there in spots where the sunlight fell upon it. I stayed on deck in the biting wind, leaning over the wet bulwarks and gazing across the desolate sea till my spirits sank like lead. I was cold, and hungry, and miserable. How lonely I was! How poor! With neither a home nor a friend in the world—a mere castaway upon the waves of this troubled life!

"Mam'selle is a brave sailor," said a voice behind me, which I recognized as my seaman of the night before; "but we shall be in port soon."

"St. Peter-port," he answered. "Mam'selle, then, does not know our islands?"

"No," I said. "Where is St. Peter-port?"

"In Guernsey," he replied. "If you were going to land at St. Peter-port I might be of some service to you."

I looked at him steadily. His voice was a very pleasant one, full of tones that went straight to my heart. His face was bronzed and weather-beaten, but his deep-set eyes had a steadfast, quiet power in them, and his mouth had a pleasant curve about it. He looked a middle-aged man to me. He raised his cap as my eyes looked straight into his, and a faint smile flitted across his grave face.

"I want," I said suddenly, "to find a place where I can live very cheaply. I have not much money, and I must make it last a long time. Can you tell me of such a place?"

"No," he said. "I would deprecate my own work. What sort of a place do you and your wife live in?"

"My poor little wife is dead," he answered. "We live in Sark, my mother and I. I am a fisherman, but I have also a little farm. It is true we have one room to spare, which might do for mam'selle; but the island is far away, and in the winter Sark is too mournful."

"It will be just the place I want," I said quickly; "it would suit me exactly. Can you let me go there at once? Will you take me with you?"

"Mam'selle," he replied, smiling, "the room must be made ready for you, and I must speak to my mother. If God sends us fair weather I will come back to St. Peter-port for you in three days. My name is Tardif. You can ask the people in Peter-port what sort of a man Tardif of the Harve Gosselin is."

"I do not want any one to tell me what sort of a man you are," I said, holding out my hand. He took it with an air of friendly protection.

"What is your name, mam'selle?" he inquired.

"Oh! my name is Olivia," I said.

I went below, heartily satisfied and contented. What was it in this man that won my complete, unquestioning confidence, I did not know; but his very presence, and the sight of his good, trustworthy face, gave me a sense of security such as I have never felt before or since. Surely God had sent him to me in my great extremity.

CHAPTER II.

Looking back upon that time, now it is past, and has "rounded itself into that perfect star I saw when I dwelt therein," it would be untrue to represent myself as in any way unhappy. At times I wished earnestly that I had been born among the people with whom I had now come to live.

Tardif led a somewhat solitary life himself, even in this solitary island, with its scanty population. There was an ugly church, but Tardif and his mother did not frequent it. They belonged to a little knot of dissenters, who met for worship in a small room, when Tardif generally took the lead. For this reason

a sort of coldness existed between him and the larger portion of his fellow islanders.

But there was a second and more important cause of estrangement. He had married an Englishwoman many years ago, much to the disappointment of his neighbors; and since her death he had held himself aloof from all the good women who would have been glad enough to undertake the task of consoling him for her loss.

Tardif, therefore, was left very much to himself in his isolated cottage; and his mother's deafness caused her also to be no very great favorite with any of the gossips of the island.

I learned afterwards that Tardif had said my name was Olivia, and they jumped to the conclusion that I belonged to a family of that name in Guernsey; this shrouded me from curiosity. I was nobody but a poor woman who was lodging in the spare room of Tardif's cottage. I set myself to grow used to their mode of life, and it was possible to become so useful to them that when my money was all spent they might be willing to keep me with them. As the long, dismal nights of winter set in, with the wind sweeping across the island for several days together with a dreary, monotonous moan which never ceased, I generally sat by their fire; for I had nobody but Tardif to talk to, and now and then there arose an urgent need within me to listen to some friendly voice, and to hear my own reply.

March came in with all the strength and sweetness of spring. I went out frequently to the field near the church. I was sitting there one morning. Tardif was going to fish, and I had helped him to pack his basket. I could see him getting out of the harbor, and he had caught a glimpse of me, and stood up in his boat, bare-headed, bidding me good-by. I began to sing before he was quite out of hearing, for he paused upon his last listening, and had given me a joyous shout and waved his hat round his head, when he was sure it was I who was singing.

By 12 o'clock I knew my dinner would be ready, and I had been out in the fresh air long enough to be quite ready for it. Old Mrs. Tardif would be looking out for me impatiently, that she might get the meal over, and the things cleared away, and order restored in her dwelling.

(To be continued.)

Her Father Was Not a Liar.

There is a little girl in Detroit whose passion for the truth under all circumstances embarrassed her father very much the other day. Not long ago he lost a high-salaried place in a business house because of its absorption by a trust, and in the evening denounced all persons connected with trusts as thieves and robbers. But the trust found that it needed him, and he was soon holding his old place, in addition to a good block of stock. It was noticed that the little girl was deeply impressed with the incident, and looked at her father doubtfully when he was home. One evening there was company at the house, and the host became involved in a heated political debate with a peppy guest. The former made a statement which the latter flatly denied.

"Why, my dear man," laughed the host, "you don't mean to call me a liar?"

"No, he don't," declared the little one, as she sprang in front of the visitor and glared at him with flaming eyes, "and I won't have it. My papa is a robber and a thief, but he is no liar!"

The explanation was soon secured from the child, and the hilarity following the exposure was the joy of the evening.—New York Tribune.

YOU ARE LOP-SIDED.

FACTS ABOUT DEFECTS OF THE HUMAN BODY.

Discrepancies Between Like Members on Different Sides of the Body—Only One Pair of Eyes in Fifteen Is Perfect—Characteristic.

Two sides of a face are never alike. The eyes are out of line in two cases out of five, and one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten. The right ear is also, as a rule, higher than the left.

Only one person in fifteen has perfect eyes, the large percentage of defectiveness prevailing among fair-haired people. Short sight is more common in town than among country folk, and of all people the Germans have a larger proportion of short-sighted persons.

The crystalline lens of the eye is one portion of the human body which continues to increase in size throughout life, and does not cease with the attainment of maturity.

The smallest interval of sound can be better distinguished with one ear than with both. The nails of two fingers never grow with the same rapidity, that of the middle finger growing the fastest, while that of the thumb grows the slowest.

In 54 cases out of 100 the left leg is stronger than the right. The bones of an average human male skeleton weigh twenty pounds; those of a woman are six pounds lighter. That unruly member, the tongue of a woman, is also smaller than that of a man, given a man and a woman of equal size and weight. It may be appalling to reflect, but it is nevertheless true, that the muscles of the human jaw exert a force of over 500 pounds.

The symmetry which is the sole intelligible ground for our idea of beauty, the proportion between the upper and lower half of the human body, exists in nearly all males, but is never found in the female. American limbs are more symmetrical than those of any other people.

The rocking chair, according to an English scientist, is responsible for the exercise which increases the beauty of the lower limbs. The push which the toes give to keep the chair in motion, repeated and repeated, makes the instep high, the calf round and full, and it keeps misshapen flesh off the ankle, making the ankle delicate and slender.

British women are said to average two inches more in height than Americans. Averages for the height of women show that those born in summer and autumn are taller than those born in spring or winter. The tallest girls are born in August. As far as boys are concerned, those who first see the light during autumn and winter are not so tall as those born in spring and summer. Those born in November are the shortest; in July, the tallest.

A head of fair hair consists of 143,040 hairs, dark 105,000, while a red head has only 29,200. Fair-haired people are becoming less numerous than formerly.

A person who has lived seventy years has had passed through his heart about 675,920 tons of blood, the whole of the blood in the body passing through the heart in about 32 beats. The heart beats on an average of 70 times a minute, or 36,792,000 times in the course of a year, so that the heart of an ordinary man, 80 years of age, has beaten 3,000,000,000 times. The heart beats 10 strokes a minute less when one is lying down than when one is in an upright position.

Gray is said to be the color of talent and shrewdness. Great thinkers have gray eyes. In women they indicate a better head than heart.

Gray eyes, however, are of many varieties. There are the sharp, the shrewish, the spiteful, the cold, the penetrating, the meditating and the intellectual; but the fact remains that the gray represents the head.

"There is one variety of the gray eyes of which the lover should beware," says an expert in ology. "It is the soft eye with a large pupil that contracts and dilates with a word, a thought or a flash of feeling. An eye that laughs, that sighs almost; that has its sunshine, its twilight, its moonbeams and its storms. A wonderful eye that wins you, whether you will or not, and holds you after it has cast you off, no matter whether the face be fair or not."

A hazel-eyed woman, according to these same experts you can generally rely on. She never descends to scandal, never talks too much or too little, prefers her husband's comfort to her own, and is, on the whole, an intellectual, agreeable, lovable creature.

Of green eyes it is said that they betoken courage, pride and energy.

Black eyes are symbolical of fire, firmness and heroism. Sometimes they have a trace of diabolism in their rays that have a potent attraction over men's hearts.

Men have light eyes oftener than women; but in the intermediate grade of color between light and dark the percentage of the two sexes is very nearly, though not quite, the same. In this intermediate category are brown and hazel eyes, neither pure light nor genuine black.

A prominent or full eye indicates command of language, ready and universal observation. Round-eyed persons see much. They live much in the senses, but think less. Deep-set eyes receive impressions more accurately, definitely and deeply. Narrow-eyed persons see less, but think more and feel more intensely.

HE LOST THE GIRL.

All Through a Ridiculous Mistake on the Part of the Lover.

"A curious thing happened to a certain young man up in Mississippi some time ago," remarked a visitor to the city yesterday, "and the aforesaid young man has never completely recovered from the influence of the joke. He was a bright but timid young fellow, but had that modicum of vanity usually found in young men who are just reaching the period in life when they drift in the evenings from the home of one Dulcinea to the other and while away the time in cooing the soft nothings of the swain. He was an average young fellow except in looks. In this respect he was rather above the average, and recognized the fact, of course. There

was a certain young girl who happened to be the particular favorite in the community, and she deserved all the wooing she received, for she was really a splendid young woman, and, in fact, had all the charming attributes of a rustic belle in Mississippi—lips like roses, cheeks after the tint of the peach blossom, pretty, white, evenly set teeth, curls, and sinuous curves, and all that sort of thing. She was simply a plump dream, and there was great rivalry among the young fellows who vied for her.

On a certain evening last winter the young gentleman who figures in this tale brushed his hair, polished his teeth, and went forth to woo the rustic queen. The old gentleman was at home. I ought to remark at this point that the old man was very fond of hunting, and he had just purchased a new breech-loading shotgun, and his exuberance over the event was positively boyish. The young lady happened to drift back into the sitting-room and found her father explaining to a friend the many advantages of the new shotgun, and telling what he would do to his hunting companions on the next day, when they would go out to the lake. The young lady was very enthusiastic over the weapon, and turning to her father, she said: "Oh, papa dear, take the gun in and show it to Mr. Blank. I'm sure he'd be delighted to see it for, you know, he is so fond of hunting!" The old gentleman acted on the suggestion, and, excusing himself from his guest, made a start for the parlor with the shotgun in his hand. He shoved the door of the parlor open and rushed in rather hurriedly.

"Well, the young man rushed out after the same fashion, and he left a nicely polished cane and a brand-new hat on the rack. One of his rivals had told him that the old gentleman did not like him, and that he seriously objected to the attention he was paying to the young lady. When the old gentleman broke into the parlor with a shotgun the young fellow could hear the leaden pellets rattling in his face, and he broke the sporting record of the community. He recovered the hat and cane, but lost the girl."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

EXCHANGED VALISES.

Why the Rightful Owner of One Never Called for It.

The story was told by a quiet, black-bearded gentleman who had registered from Pittsburgh, and who happened to be one of a group of yarn spinners in the corridor of the Grunewald Hotel a few evenings ago. "I am in the fourth business at present," he said, "but in my younger years I imagined I was cut out for a doctor, and took a course at the old Ohio Medical College, in Cincinnati. It was the custom at that time, and may be yet, for the advanced students to do a good deal of individual dissecting work at their rooms, and for that purpose a regular division was made of certain of the cadavers at the college. One student, for instance, would get an arm, another a foot, and another some other section, which they would carry away and study at their leisure. One evening—I will never forget it if I live to be a thousand—I secured the forearm of an unusually fine subject, a muscular negro, and, putting it in a small valise, started for my quarters in the eastern suburbs of the city. The mule car I took was unusually crowded, and I put my valise on the floor. When I reached my rooms and took a second look at it, I was shocked to see that I had picked up somebody else's luggage by mistake. I hated to lose my specimen, but what troubled me a hundred times more was the thought of the fright that it would probably occasion some innocent person, may be a woman, and, on reflection, I concluded to report the matter at once to the police. Accordingly, I got on the cars again and went directly to headquarters, where I was fortunate enough to catch the chief, just going out. He heard my story in his private office, and agreed with me that the discovery of my ghastly package would be apt to fill some household with horror and consternation. 'We will have somebody rushing in here before morning with a clew to a mysterious murder,' he said; 'and, by the way, suppose that we open the valise you have with you. It may furnish us with the address of the owner.' It was locked, but he soon found a key that fit, and when he looked inside he gave a prolonged whistle. 'Your valise will never be reported, doctor,' he said, dryly. The one I had picked up contained a kit of burglars' tools."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

An Iron Will with Limitations.

Two men were arguing in their club. One, a fellow of ineffable conceit, was boring everybody with boasting of the power of his will, maintaining with much violence that his will was stronger than that of anybody present. An English paper records the conversation.

"You are wrong there," said one of the gentlemen, "and I will prove it. Go and stand in that corner, and I will have you out of it before I have commanded you the second time."

The smart one stood in the corner, and the quiet one said:

"Come out of that corner."

The other grinned and shook his head. The quiet man sat down and looked at him steadily. Five minutes passed, and then the smart man said with a sneer:

"Don't you think you'd better give it up? I don't feel any influence at all, and I can't stand here all the evening."

"O, as to that," replied the quiet man, "there's no hurry. I am perfectly comfortable. You recollect that there's no time limit; you are simply to come out before I ask you twice. And as I don't intend to ask you again until a week from to-day, in order to give your strength a fair and vigorous trial, we might as well take it easily."

The man with the iron resolution sneaked out of the corner, and the experiment was declared off.

Robinson Crusoe's Market.

A Philadelphia firm of auctioneers recently offered at one of their sales Robinson Crusoe's market. It was a fine old flintlock. It was in the possession of a grandniece of Alexander Selkirk, and its pedigree is much more unclouded than is usually the case with objects of this kind.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

Nell—May Brasse's awful mad. She sent an anonymous letter to the society editor announcing that Miss May Brasse is one of the prettiest young women in the uptown set.

Belle—And didn't he publish it? "Yes; but he headed it: 'Miss Brasse says.'"—Philadelphia Record.

Precaution.



Visitor—Why, Mrs. Foxy, do you put pens under your rug? Mrs. Foxy—To keep young men from making declarations of love to my daughter!—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

In Time at State.

"Say, I thought you said they always give fresh vegetables at that farm. I've got my family there now, and we're all disgusted."

"You surprise me. Perhaps they provide the best they can."

"Not much. They don't even provide the best the cannery can."—Philadelphia Press.

Putting It Right.

"I didn't get home till dawn yesterday morning."

"What did your wife say?"

"That's the wrong way to put it. What didn't she say?"

BROTHERS IN ADVERSITY.



Farmer—Pull up, you fool! The mare's bolting! Motorist—So's the car!—Punch.

Lukewarm Weather.

"Pop, this is awfully hot weather, isn't it?" quoth George, the 6-year-old family joy. "How do you like your weather?"

"In summer I imagine I like it cold; in winter I believe I like it hot. How is it with you?"

"Oh, I like mine lukewarm."—New York Press.

Past and Future.

"The secret of happiness is to live in the present."

"That's so; but my wife is always wanting money for to-morrow, and bill collectors, you know, won't let you forget yesterday."

One Little Detail.

"Are all the arrangements for your marriage with the count complete?"

"Practically. All that remains is for him to give papa a statement of his liabilities."—Life.

A Dead Trap.

Mrs. Youngwed (crying)—Oh, Frank! Roo-hoo! Don't you know a big tramp ate one of the pies I baked this morning! Roo-hoo!

Mr. Youngwed—Oh, well, dear, there's lots of other tramps. Besides, the police won't blame you for it.

No Chance to Rest.

"A picture peddler caught me yesterday."

"Well, you are getting feeble-minded."

"He was peddling snow scenes."

A Mean War Men Have.

Mrs. Whyte—Men have very poor judgment.

Mrs. Browne—Yes, but it doesn't do to tell them so. If you do they are apt to make sarcastic references to the time when they got married.—Somerville Journal.

Propagators.

"Mosquitoes are accused of propagating disease," said Spkyes.

"Well, I know that they propagate profanity," said Spokes.

Leading Him On.

The summer girl and the summer young man had exhausted all other subjects of conversation, when they turned to the crops.

"I guess the corn fields of the West are in a bad way on account of the dry spell," said he.

"Yes, that seems to be the case," she assented, coyly; "but I don't think the pop corn will be injured."

After that what could he do but pop?—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

Facts in the Case.