



Long since the moon has mounted the heavens; now it is at its full. A myriad stars keep company with it, the hush of sleeping nature says homage to it. So, slowly, slowly, from the old balcony tower the twelve strokes of midnight have sounded on the air.

Vera, rising cautiously from beside Grield, who is, as usual, sleeping the sleep of the just, slips gently on to the bare white across which the moonbeams are travelling delicately.

Sleep has descended here. Weary at heart of her efforts to lose herself and her late thoughts in unconsciousness, she determines to rise and try what study may do for her. She steps lightly across the room, opens the door and speeds with all haste over the corridor, gaunt and ghostly in the dim light, down the grand old staircase, and enters a room on the left of the library, where one day she made the discovery that comfort was to be found.

Striking a match, she lights a lamp upon a side table and proceeds to examine the book shelves. Taking down one that she thinks will please her, Vera kneels upon one of the deep window seats, looks outward, trying to pierce the soft and scented gloom.

The opening of the door rouses her. It is quite an hour later—an hour forgotten by her as she reads. With a sudden start she looks up, turning her face over her shoulder to the door, to see who can be coming in at this ungodly hour. Her heart grows cold within her as she sees—Seaton Dysart!

In silence they stare at each other. Vera, indeed, so great is her astonishment, forgets to rise, but a little frown creeps up among her brows, with a little frown look of fear and deprecation on her perfect face.

"I have disturbed you," says Seaton at last, breaking the spell, and speaking in a distinctly unnatural tone.

"I did hope I should have found privacy somewhere, at some hour," says she, coldly.

"I came for a book," says she, contritely. "Now that I am here, will you permit me to say a few words in my own defense?"

"Oh, defense," says she, with undisturbed scorn.

"Certainly. I would prove to you how entirely you have wronged me," says he, firmly. "I acknowledge that once my father expressed a wish that I should marry you," coloring delicately, always provided you were willing to accept me; and I—slowly—"accepted that wish."

"But why, why?" demands she, flashing round at him.

"I do not wonder at your question. It seems impossible there should be a reason," replies he, coldly: "for ever since the first hour we met you have treated me with uniform unfriendliness. I had almost said discourtesy."

"There is a reason, nevertheless," says she, hotly. She has come a step or two nearer to him, and her large, lustrous eyes, uplifted, seem to look defiance into his. "Your reason I can fathom—but your father's—that I confess, puzzles me. Why should he, whose god is money, choose the penniless daughter of the brother he defrauded to be—?"

"Defrauded?" interrupts Seaton, with a frown.

"Call it what you will," with an expressive gesture of her hand—"undertake his defense, too; but the fact remains that the iniquitous deed that gave to your father what should have been ours was undoubtedly drawn up by my uncle. I have heard all about it a hundred times. Your father hardly denied it to mine when last writing to him. His taking us home to live with him was, I suppose, a sort of reparation. To marry me to you, and thus give me back the property he stole—is that a reparation, too?"

She is as pale as death, and the hands that cling to the back of the chair near her are trembling. But her lips are firm and her eyes flashing. It occurs to Seaton, gazing at her in breathless silence, that if she could have exterminated him then and there by a look she would have done it.

"You degrade yourself and me when you talk like that," says Seaton, who is now as pale as she is. "For heaven's sake, try to remember how abominably you misrepresent the whole thing. If my father had a freak of this kind in his head—a desire to see you married to his only son—surely there was no discourtesy to you contained in such a desire. It was rather your mother that—a well-meant arrangement on his part. It was more, boldly. 'He loves me; in wishing to see you my wife he paid you the highest compliment he could. I defy you to regard it in any other light.'"

"You plead his cause well—it is your own," says she, tapping the back of the chair with taper, angry fingers. "Why take the trouble? Do you think you can bring me to view the case in a lenient light? Am I likely to forget that you—your aided and abetted father in trying to force me into this detested marriage?"

"Pray put that marriage out of your head," says he, slowly. "You have taken it too seriously. I assure you I would not marry you now if you were as willing as you are unwilling. I can hardly put it stronger."

"When my grandfather left this property to your father," she says, slowly, "he left it purposely unentailed. Your father, then, were you to cross his wishes, could leave you, as I have been left, penniless. To avoid that, you would fall in with any of my views. You would even so far sacrifice yourself as to—marry me!" Oh, the contempt in her tone!

There is a long pause. Then Seaton, striding forward, seizes her by both arms and turns her more directly to the light. The grasp of his hands is as a vise, and—afterward—it seemed to her that he had, involuntarily, as it were, shaken her slightly.

"How dare you?" he says, in a low, concentrated tone. She can see that his face is very white, and that it is with difficulty he restrains himself; she is conscious, too, perhaps, of feeling a little frightened.

Then he puts her quickly from him and turns away.

"Behave, you are not worth it!" he says, his manner full of the most intense self-contempt.

CHAPTER XI.

A gleam of moonlight coming through the open window puts the lamp to shame, and, compels Vera's attention. How sweet, how heavenly fall the garden seems, wrapped in those pale, cold beams! She can see from where she sits on the deep, cushioned seat of the

stage of decay, gives way to the overpowering fatigue that for the last hour has been oppressing her. Reluctantly she does this, and quite unconsciously. Obstinate determined to fight sleep to the last, she presently succumbs to that kindly tyrant, and falls into one of the most delicious slumbers she has ever yet enjoyed.

How long it lasts she never knows, but when next she opens her eyes with a nervous start, the first flush of rosy dawn is flooding hill and valley and sea. Something lying at her feet disturbs all her preconceived fancies. It must have slipped from her when she rose. Regarding it more earnestly, she acknowledges unwillingly that it is Seaton's coat, a light gray one. When she was asleep, lost to all knowledge of friend or foe, then he had come and placed that coat across her shoulders.

Her eyes are large and languid with sleep broken and unsatisfied, her soft hair lies ruffled on her low, broad brow. She looks timidly, nervously, around her as one expecting anything but good; her whole air is shivering, and her whole self altogether lovely.

To the young man standing in his shirt-sleeves, half hidden among the laurels and looking at her, with admiration, generously mixed with melancholy in his glance, she seems the very incarnation of all things desirable.

He presses her hand and hurries her over the short, dewy grass into the shrubberies that form an effective screen from all observation of those in the garden beyond, and so on until they come to the small oak doorway through which she had passed last night, and which has proved more foe than friend.

Once inside the longed-for portal, her first impulse is a natural one; it is to run as fast as her feet can carry her to her own room.

(To be continued.)

COACHMAN KEPT HIS DIGNITY.

Incidentally His Employer Had His Way in a Roundabout Fashion.

This is one of the many stories that are floating about town concerning a man very well known in the capital, who is spending the summer in England, says the Washington Post. He has taken a country house over there for the season, and is living a grand seigneur with a troop of dear old boys knows how many servants. These English servants, say their American master has discovered, are quite unlike the menials to whom he is accustomed in his own country. They are specialists. Each one of them is hired for some one particular work, and professional etiquette forbids them to trespass on each other's preserves. How strictly they keep them each to his own work the American did not know till, sauntering idly out of the house one day, he espied a watering can, which had been left by a gardener at a little distance from the mansion on the edge of the drive. It occurred to him that it would be amusing to play at being a gardener. He would water the flowers himself. So, calling to a man servant, who happened to be passing, he bade him fetch the watering can. The man straightened himself up and touched his cap.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, in a tone of respect not unmixed with surprise. "I'm the coachman, sir."

"All right," answered the American; "bring me that can."

"Beg pardon, sir," repeated the man, "but I'm the coachman, sir."

"Well, well," said the American. "I know you're the coachman. Bring me the can."

The coachman touched his cap again, and repeated his former remark. Light dawned on the American.

"Oh," said he, "you're the coachman. Are you? Well, coachman, you go round to the stables and have my four-in-hand brought round at once."

The coachman saluted and walked away. The coach and four drew up at the door a few minutes later. The master climbed in.

"Now," said he, "drive me to that watering can."

The order was obeyed. The horses paused a hundred yards down the drive.

"Get down and hand me the can, now," ordered the master.

A moment later he was contentedly watering the flowers. He had the can, the coachman's dignity had been preserved, and all was well.

Is a Monarch a Vagabond?

Here is a story of leze majeste in Germany which is the oddest yet. At Dantzic a barrack attendant named Luka, whose functions were of a menial description, was nicknamed "Monarch" by the soldiers. Elsewhere, no doubt, such a cognomen would confer honor, but at Dantzic, however, it was attached to him by the state. Among Herr Luka's comrades, however, and according to the phraseology of the city of Dantzic, to be a monarch is counted anything but an honor. In various regions of West Prussia the word denotes tramp, vagabond, lout, or vagrant. Herr Luka, although doomed by nature to a humble post in life, indignantly refused to be dubbed a monarch.

"So far as I know," said Luka, "a monarch is a vagabond."

Some evil-minded enemy overheard the remark, reported him to the agents of the law as having insulted the King's majesty, and Luka was dismissed his appointment. On the case coming up for trial the public prosecutor demanded a penalty of six months' imprisonment and one year's loss of honor and civil rights. Happily for the defendant, there was an astute judge upon the bench, imbued as much with common sense as with knowledge of the law. He pointed out the significance of the word "monarch" in West Prussia, and was satisfied that the defendant, understanding only this use of it, was merely vindicting his own personal honor. This was not law, but justice. He therefore acquitted the defendant and mulcted the prosecution in costs.

No Book of Instructions.

Wearily Watkins—I see here in the paper about how to get on a trolley car and off.

Hungry Higgins—I bet you won't see no piece about how to get on and off of freight cars. That kind of thing comes by nature, or it don't come at all.—Indianapolis Journal.

One Strike at Golf.

Good man—Do you know what becomes of little boys that use bad words when they are playing marbles?

Bad boy—Yep! Dey grows up and plays golf.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.



THE observance of the birthday anniversary of George Washington has become more a national tribute to the spirit of patriotism than a memorial to a personality. The name of Washington is linked indissolubly with the revolution out of which sprang the republic of the United States, but the union of the man and the event is so close that they are practically interchangeable in the thought of the present time and will become more so as the years roll on.

The character of Washington happily lends itself readily to this phase of idealization. There were no peaks of pre-eminent genius in his equipment as a man and conversely no valleys of insignificance, and this admirable and unique equipoise of power and attainment qualified him for the conspicuous place he occupies in the hearts of the American people. The scrutiny of careful historians into the details of his life and the conclusions of students of his character have been unable to frame a more comprehensive or exact expression of the sum of his individuality than that contained in the familiar lines—

First in War,
First in Peace,
First in the hearts of his countrymen.

These words have become so common because of frequent, and often flippant, utterance, that their deep significance has become blunted by their adapted applications. Washington was first in war, and in a war that won the freedom of this nation, because he achieved the distinction through a demonstration of exceptional courage, fortitude and persistence. He was proof against obstacles, defeats, the heaviest blows of his adversaries, the disrupting plots of his jealous enemies at home, the strongest combinations of opposing forces of every kind, because he kept before him always the inestimable prize of a nation's liberty which ultimate victory would achieve. He was first in peace because his unquenchable spirit in war was no less conspicuous than the wisdom and prudence of his counsel in matters of state, and because he cemented the trust of his fellowmen which he had won on the field of battle by a display of rare statesmanship when peace settled over the land. He was first in the hearts of his countrymen and has always been first because of the sterling honesty of his nature in all things, which resisted the most subtle and specious temptations and remained pure and uncorrupted to the end.

There have undoubtedly been many greater generals than Washington and many greater statesmen and men who have won a greater popular following, but there have been few men in history who have developed a more conspicuous harmony of these three distinguishing marks of greatness. The lack of conspicuous superiority in any one trait, however, has given rise during the century to many discussions as to the real grandeur of Washington's individuality. He has been represented as everything from a rather commonplace man made prominent by the force of circumstances to "one of the supremely great characters of the world's history." His critics have even gone so far as to ascribe the popular admiration merely to a "conventional acquaintance" in a patriotic fancy. It is well that such a dissimilarity of views has been expressed, because they have resulted in clear-cut comparisons which have supported the extreme measure of praise accorded to Washington.

The solemn, well-weighed verdict of the historians has fixed forever the stability and justice of Washington's fame. He is worthy the place of patron saint of the patriotism of the nation.

FROM WASHINGTON'S GARMENT.

His Waistcoat Buttons Made Into Cuff Buttons.

A pair of pearl and gold cuff buttons which in the form of waistcoat buttons were owned by George Washington and worn by him upon the occasion of his inauguration as President and also at his marriage to Martha Dandridge Custis, are the valued possession of Prof. Leonidas Polk Wheat of Virginia, now living in Washington. These modest but greatly cherished relics of Washington are among the few personal belongings of Gen. Washington that have not been purchased or otherwise obtained by the government.

Prof. Wheat is a member of one of the oldest families in Clark County, Virginia, where resides a colony of descendants of the Washington family. The buttons were presented to Prof. Wheat by Henry Lowellyn Dandridge Lewis, great-grandnephew of Gen. Washington.

Mr. Lewis was Prof. Wheat's closest friend and neighbor from 1878 until the time of the former's death, several years ago, says the New York Herald.

It was when Mr. Lewis was arranging for the transfer to the United States government of something like \$40,000 worth of Washington relics, which had been purchased by a special act of Congress, that Prof. Wheat came into possession of the buttons. During the process of packing Mr. Lewis, with characteristic generosity, invited his neighbor to select from the collection some souvenir. Prof. Wheat selected two buttons from Washington's waistcoat and had them made into cuff buttons.

Prof. Wheat obtained from Mr. Lewis and his wife a written guaranty that the buttons had been the property of George Washington and had been worn by him on several state occasions, notably at his inauguration as the first President of the United States, and also at his wedding.

The buttons are of unique design, and in diameter about the size of a silver half dollar. Evidence of their authenticity is engraved on the reverse side of the buttons, and reads as follows: "Leo. P. W. from H. L. D. L. Property of George Washington."

Washington as a Drinking Man.

Every one drank in the days of Washington, and the father of his country always had wines on his table. Nowhere is it stated that he ever drank to excess, although he usually consumed five glasses of Madeira wine at desert. During his youth he was a very fair politician, and among the items of his election expenses when he was a candidate for the House of Burgesses of Virginia was a hoghead and a barrel of whisky, thirty-five gallons of wine and forty-three gallons of beer.

George Washington was simple in his tastes, and during his youth he was an enormous eater, but was not particular as to what he had. He wanted plain food and plenty of it. During his later years he ate very little. His breakfast at Mount Vernon was of corn cakes, honey and tea, with possibly an egg, and after that he ate no more until dinner. He kept, however, a good table, and usually had friends with him. His table manners were not of the best. I have a book written by Mayday, which gives his experiences when he was in the United States Senate at the time Washington was President. Mayday died with Washington a number of times, and scattered through his diary are bits of gossip about Washington. At two of the dinners he describes Washington as amusing himself between the course by playing the devil's tattoo upon the table with his fork. At another time he says: "The President kept a fork in his hand when the cloth was taken away. I thought it was for the purpose of picking out the bits of nuts, but played with the fork, striking on the edge of the table with it."

Washington Was Wealthy.

One is not apt in these days to remember that in this early period Washington made himself one of the largest landholders in the country, nor that when he died he was worth over half a million dollars. Yet we find that he bequeathed to his heirs the following acreage, with values attached:

Acre.	Worth.	Acre.	Worth.
300	6,000	400	20,010
2,481	24,810	9,744	97,440
883	7,080	23,241	232,410
2,229	44,580	1,119	9,324
371	11,421	224	1,424
240	3,600	1,000	6,000
400	3,600	3,051	15,251
1,119	2,238	5,000	10,000

Land in Washington worth \$19,132, and other lands not enumerated worth \$6,200. The total value of his estate was placed at \$530,000. The 500 acres of Virginia land, which he valued at \$6,000 in 1790, sold in 1859 for \$120,000, one evidence of the changes in values in that country he served so well.

Even the marriage of Washington was consistent with the thrifty habits that marked all his doings. The widow Custis added to his estate \$100,000, besides giving him a helpmeet just as prudent in her financial transactions as he was. After the marriage, and their settlement at Mount Vernon, "nine miles from any church" or social habitation, Washington gave himself wholly to tilling of the soil and quiet service in the Virginia Legislature.

A Valuable Relic.

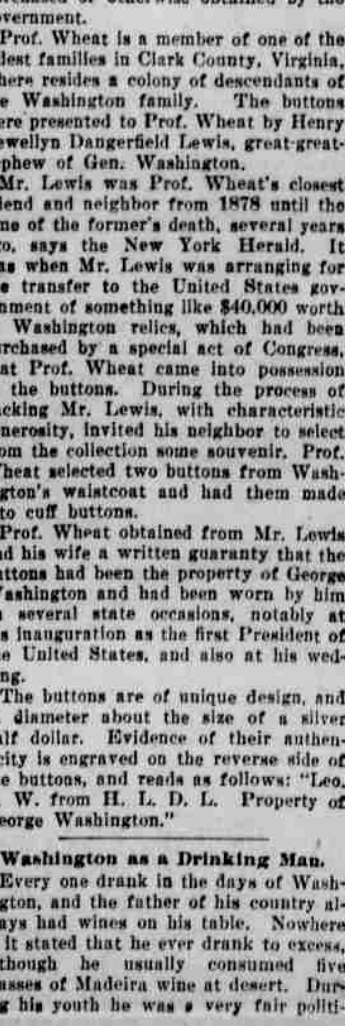
Bushrod D. Washington, a house painter of Chicago, who says that he is a descendant of the Washington family, owns the seal with which George Washington signed the death warrant of Maj. Andre.

Remarkably Generous.

Wigg—I never knew such a generous fellow as Bjeones.

Wagg—That's right. The cigars he gives away are just as good as those he smokes himself.—Philadelphia Record.

PROF. WHEAT'S VALUED RELICS.



TIENT-TSIN AND PEKIN.

CHANGES WROUGHT IN CHINESE CITIES BY WAR.

Destruction of Tien-Tsin's Walls Is a Needed Lesson to People of Gravity of Crime Against Foreigners—Protecting the Legations in Peking.

Changes which have taken place in China as a result of the recent troubles are described by the Rev. Dr. John H. Hykes, agent of the American Bible Society in Shanghai, as follows:

"From Tangku to Tien-Tsin, a distance of thirty miles, not a town or village—not even a farmhouse—was left standing, and very few of them have been rebuilt. The country is a desolation and a terrible object lesson of the horrors of war. Tien-Tsin is so changed that one scarcely recognizes it. The large and populous village which had grown up around the railroad station was entirely destroyed, and is now only a mass of mud walls. The entire Chinese quarter in the French concession was burned during the siege, and wide streets have been laid out through what was, when we last saw it, a very beehive of industry."

"A magnificent street has been laid out along the river from the French concession to the native city. The city wall has been demolished, and a splendid roadway made on its site. This is a terrible humiliation to the Chinese, for it practically reduces 'the virtual capital of the empire' to the rank of a village. It has been the custom in China to punish cities for certain great crimes committed within their walls by tearing down one or more corners; so that the demolition of the entire walls of Tien-Tsin will impress upon the people the gravity of the crimes committed against foreigners. The business men and gentry of the city begged to be spared the humiliation, and offered to pay a large sum of money if the walls were spared."

"The great arsenal, which covered as much ground as the whole of the old foreign concession of Tien-Tsin, is a mass of blackened walls and smokestacks. The 'black fort' in the native city, and the tower from which the Chinese shelled the concession during the siege are being destroyed."

"In Peking a space of about two hundred yards between the legation walls and the wall of the Imperial city has been cleared of houses, and it is to be left open, so that an attacking force can find no cover. This open space opposite the British legation, right up to and under the walls of the Imperial city, has been honeycombed with tunnels for laying mines in case of necessity. Some of the legations are really forts. The walls are of heavy masonry, backed by earth and loopholed, with a guard of its own, at present 150 soldiers. As the Empress Dowager and her clique are to return to power, these precautionary measures are undoubtedly wise."

"All forms of mission work will be on a better and more secure basis than ever before. Missionaries are quietly returning to their stations, and they are being welcomed back by officials and people."—New York Evening Post.

SKINNY M'SWATT.

Offers Some Observations on Men Who Get the Money.

"Hully Gee!" said Reddy Maginnis. "Here's another bank cashier done de swift glide wit' half a million!"

"Him!" said Skinny M'Swatt. "Dat sound familiar! Was he well respected?"

"He was. An'—"

"And he had de unwavering confidence of the whole community?"

"Yes. And he was pointed out as de model—"

"Curt. Dey always are. And dis fleet guy wit' de kleptomaniac and de ambition to travel sudden—was he mingled up wit' de Stock Exchange?"

"Yes. He got caught in Amalgamated Cop—"

"Cut it out, Reddy! Dat's an old song! But, of course, de poor victim of dis terrible disease known as kleptomaniac was undoubtedly de victim of some terrible and irresistible influence and wasn't responsible for his actions?"

"Dat's what his friends say!"

"Yes, it's de same story wit' no new whiskers. The man's name may be different, but the plot is de same, and it's as old as de Great American Play, wit' its hero goin' to de war, de heroine being made to marry de heavy villain and de hero doin' de swift reing in time to save her and holler 'Aha!'"

"It don't make any difference who a man is; if he's bad, he's bad—and all de silk hats and sign-board collars, wit' a shave four times a week, ain't going to make him good."

"No matter if he does take a bath every morning, dere's always something in a man dat won't wash out."

"But he'd been a trusted and highly-respected employe for twenty years!" said Reddy.

"'Course he had!" said Skinny. "Dey always are, I tell you! Dey're like dat jackass dat was good for five years just to get a good chance to kick! The better de man de bigger de rake-off! See? Same's any other graft."

"I tell you, Reddy, dere's a lot o' guys dat has a reputation for goodness dat never had a chance to be bad. A mule is a good citizen when he's over the fence, but you tain him loose next to a cabbage patch, and watch the silvers fly from his character!"

"It's enough to make a guy want to go away and die!" said Reddy Maginnis, loftily. "It's a sign dere's mighty few honest men in de world!"

"Back up!" said Skinny. "It's a sign dat dere is a lot o' honest men! When you tink of de millions and millions of de Big Iron dat passes 'troot men's hands every day and not a cent of it copped out it's something to make you tain on de weep wolfs wit' admiration. Mind, I ain't sayin' dat dey'd all be honest if dey didn't have to be! But when a man's honest give him what's comin' to him, even though he's forced to be good. It's more respectable to have neighbors who are supposed to be honest—even though we know in our hearts dat dey'd steal de nails out of our coffin if dey had de chance!"

"But what comfort is all dis to de poor depositor who has all his savings

run off wit' by de cashier?" asked Reddy.

"Well, at any rate, he has de comfort of knowin' dat his money was stole by a gentleman!" said Skinny M'Swatt.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

GOOD TIMES OF OLD.

Klatterness of Modern Functions Spoils the Fun.

"Did you ever think how complicated good times are nowadays?" asked one middle-aged man of another. "Remember what good times we used to have without any previous spread or ceremony? Well, those days were worth living in. When I watch my children trying to enjoy themselves it positively makes me tired. Everything is so studied, so elaborate, so mechanical. Take my daughter Grace, for instance. She receives an invitation to an 'informal whist party.' What does she do? Does she act pleased and dance around as her mother would have done twenty-five years ago? No, indeed. 'Oh, bother! What shall I wear? If I go I've simply got to get a new gown,' is what she says, and for the next week she is breaking her neck to get the rig ready. The affair comes off and she comes home and half the time says she was bored to death. The fault isn't with her, for the next day a gang of her friends come in and by scraps of conversation which drift to my ears I know they were all bored. She is about the average type of girl, and no use talking, she isn't having the fun her mother had. If she is invited to a really formal function it's enough to turn the whole house upside down. She doesn't get any real pleasure out of it at all, aside from the excitement, either. It's the same with my son John. But I won't go into details about John; only, when he even takes a girl to the theater his pocket book looks as if an elephant had stepped on it afterward. There's violets and carriages, and a dozen other fool things, while if it's anything more pretentious than the theater, well, my check book suffers. Don't care about the money if the boy really had a good time, but he doesn't. It's all right to talk about this being the age of the young person, but it's not. We used to get up simple, impromptu little affairs, invite a congenial crowd and no tomfoolery about it. Even a picnic now is a state banquet in comparison with the good old larks we used to have. These poor, blase, modern youngsters may be pushing us old fellows to the wall a bit with their precocious cleverness, but, oh, my, they are missing a lot just the same. Say, do you remember that little dance at —"

But at this point in the conversation the middle-aged man struck a reminiscent mood, so any more ideas which he happened to possess on the modern good time were left unsaid. But there is a lot in what he did say, now, isn't there?—Hardford Times.

Guided by Himself.

The father of Thomas Jefferson died in 1757, and the son's situation was touchingly described by him years afterward in a letter written to his eldest grandson when he was sent from home to school for the first time. It is given in "The True Thomas Jefferson," by William E. Curtis. The letter was as follows:

"When I recollect that at 14 years of age the whole care and direction of myself was thrown on myself entirely, without a relative or friend qualified to advise or guide me, and recollect the various sorts of bad company with which I associated from time to time, I am astonished that I did not turn off with some of them, and become as worthless to society as they were."

"I had the good fortune to become acquainted very early with some characters of very high standing, and to feel the incessant wish that I could become as they were."

His father left instructions for his education, and especially enjoined upon the widow not to permit him to neglect "the exercise requisite for his body's development." This strong man knew the value of strength, and used to say that a person of weak body could not have an independent mind.

Where Marion Crawford Writes.

F. Marion Crawford finds his ideal home in a breeze-swept villa, perched high on the picturesque cliffs of Sant' Angelo di Sorrento, overlooking the beautiful Bay of Naples and its romantic shores. There is, indeed, no finer site to be found anywhere about this far-famed bay than that occupied by the "Villa Crawford," with its cheerful landward outlook over scattered towns, olive-clad hills, and fragrant orange groves dotted with white-walled dwellings, to where Venusian rears his mighty cone and Naples queens it among her subject villages, far out across the shining bay to the enchanting island of Ischia, set like a lustrous jewel in the Tyrrhenian Sea. The house itself is an unpretentious building of stucco and rough stone. It is reached by following a country road, overhanging by olive, lemon and orange trees, for about a mile from Sorrento, then turning through a gray-stone gateway, embowered in ivy, and going along a narrow driveway almost to the verge of the cliff, where the villa stands, some two hundred feet above the bay.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Detected.

"I've been to Paris," she remarked, in accents supercilious. The other ladies who she had harked to with jealousy grew bilious. "I've also been to Rome," quoth she. And after this disclosure she sat her down where all might see And envy her composure.

Each has confessed a certain doubt, With much ado and chatter They set themselves to finding out The truth about the matter. They learned—the fail, alas, was great, But pride was e'er unlucky—Her home was down in Georgia State, Her Paris in Kentucky.—Washington Star.

And She Did.

Wife (an invalid)—The end is near, John. I'm sinking fast. Be a kind father to the motherless children.

Husband—Oh, don't worry about the motherless children. I'll soon get another mother for them.

Wife (sitting up in bed)—Oh, you will, eh? Well, I guess you won't. I'll get well now if it kills me.—Chicago News.