

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

INTRODUCTION.

My name is Unwin—Gerald Unwin. "Row, Gerald Unwin, B. A." I am usually styled on the backs of envelopes; for, though I have laid aside clerical duties, for the present at least, I am still in orders. Now that I enjoy leisure and the absence of those petty worries which prey upon the subordinate cleric more than the lay mind can conceive, I set myself to write out the strange narrative of event and experience which, in the Providence of God, have worked such a change in my condition. I promised myself and my friends some months ago that I would do this, but until now I could not find myself to my desk; I have had too much other occupation, desultory, perhaps, but agreeable; in short, like the man in the parable, I have married a wife. Yet that is the very reason why my friends in town have pestered me, and now grow clamorous to know all about it. They have been good enough to remind me that, though it is proverbial that clerical men get handsome wives, yet it is quite out of the common for so ordinary looking a priest as myself to win a lady so beautiful and distinguished as (they are pleased to say) my wife is; and, further, that though it has been whispered fine looking clerical tutors have had the audacity to aspire to ladies of very high rank indeed, their aspirations have usually been overwhelmed with contumely; and, lastly, they are consumed with wonder that I should have lighted upon a refined and delicate Frenchwoman in the wilds of Lancashire of all conceivable places. Perhaps, they add, with a touch of sarcasm which I can only contemptuously endure, I was the only creature like a gentleman she had ever seen. But my story is all too terrible and serious to be introduced with persage.

CHAPTER I.

About two years ago I accepted a curacy in the village of Timperley, within a few miles of a large Lancashire town. I had had much choice I would not have chosen a cure of souls among mill hands and miners. I would have preferred to perform my duties under a clear sky, rather than under a canopy of smoke; within call of fields and woods, rather than in a forest of tall chimneys and black heads of coal pits. But since I was disappointed in my hope of a cure in a certain pleasant village of Sussex, I resolved to go to Timperley in Lancashire. So when one dark afternoon of February I alighted at the nearest station on a branch railway, and asked a fellow passenger, who looked like a native, and who was hurrying away, whether he could direct me to Timperley—when I was answered with a curt "No," I was not disconcerted. I received a somewhat unintelligible direction from a station porter, and leaving orders concerning my luggage, I went out into the dark and the drizzle to walk to Timperley. I tramped for half a mile or so along a well paved road, and then (according to direction, I thought) I turned down a narrow lane between a hedge and a wooden fence. I trudged some distance through deep mud, now stumbling upon lumps on the firm edge of the cartway, and now plunging into holes, when the lane seemed to lose itself in a field. I hesitated a little and then resolved to return to the road. My eyes were now used to the dark, and I perceived a foot path across the field inclining back toward the road. I struck into this, thinking it would save me some distance. But I soon found to my vexation that "the shortest way across is the longest way round." I persevered over the sodden grass, and sometimes something else besides grass, and presently began to scent somewhat of the pleasant odors of rusticity, and my spirits rose a degree or two. I passed a low black wooden building, and guessed it was a cow house; I heard the animals pulling at their chains and munching their food. By-and-by I found myself again on a tolerably good road, came upon some houses of the suburban semi-detached villa description (at one of which I knocked and inquired my way), and soon, stumbling and splashing through exasperating mud and cinders, came out upon the edge of the valley in which Timperley lay.

I stood and gazed around me. Such a spectacle I had never seen before. I listened to and felt the feverish rush of the life of Lancashire industry. The hiss and buzz of thousands of spindles, the swift click and thud of shuttle and loom, and the regular sob and respiration of mighty engines mingled with the rush of water and the plaintive panting of some machine as of an enslaved giant of the Arabian Nights. I could not at first apportion the sounds to the various groups of buildings beneath me. On my right was a many storied mill, whose bright windows were reflected in the glassy surface of a pond, on the banks of which there grew, pensile and forlorn, a few scrubby trees. On my left an aggregation of long low buildings with glass roofs, that looked with their shining backs like monstrous, crouching dragons of antiquarian days. Farther up the valley was another group of buildings wrapped in a cloud of steam. Immediately before me was a ruined mill, unroofed and gaunt, with its bell tower and its tall, cold chimney outwreathed against the sky; behind it was another group of irregular buildings. A dozen chimneys poured their smoke into the sulphurous air, which was pervaded by a certain glow—insufficient to dissipate the darkness, but enough to make the stream which wound down the valley gleam like a black gigantic snake. Now and again furnace mouths opened and glowed with a ferocious glare, while weird tongues of lurid flame flickered on the slope and ridge behind.

As I looked a great repulsion seized me. I recalled the Prophet's description in the Old Testament of the Valley of Hinnom or Tophet, in which men sacrificed to strange gods, and caused their sons and daughters to "pass through the fire to Moloch." This, surely, was one of the Tophets of modern days, in which the sons and daughters of England are made to pass through the fire of the Moloch of Wealth and the Bael of all-devouring

Industries. And still as I looked and thought of this the bell tower of the ruined mill before me fell with a loud clang, and there uprose into the air to mingle with the other sounds the frantic screaming of pigs and neighing of horses. I was not surprised; I was somehow prepared by the scene not to be surprised at anything that might happen in this strange region. I passed, however, hurriedly down the slope by a rough path, and found the road into the valley and the village. I heard voices and saw a dim crowd of people about the ruined mill, but the stream, black and evil-smelling, was between me and it, and I had no time to let my curiosity wait. I continued my way into the village, which, I found, lay behind the many-storied mill toward the mouth of the valley and close to the high road by which I should have entered it. I had, as it were, let myself in by the back door. Before I was well into the village I passed an arrangement of low buildings with blank walls to the road, from which came no sound of life or work, but, instead, the vilest and strangest smells that ever offended the sense, and from the midst of which rose a towering chimney that smoked comely. These, I guessed, were part of the chemical works of which I had heard. I found the rectory at the other end of the village. I did not go—the rectory was in bed ill—but asked to be directed to my lodgings.

I had some tea and then I prepared to go to dinner at the house of Mr. Emmanuel Steinhardt, one of the creators and lords of the Tophet into which I had entered. He was rector's church warden, and I had corresponded with him concerning the curacy, and had made this dinner arrangement a week ago. I asked my landlady where I should find Timperley Hall.

"Oh," said she, looking at me with a comical eye of respect, "you'll be going to Mister Steinhardt's?" (so she pronounced the magnate's name).

"He's at th' other end o' th' village on Shale Brow," she called it "Brew".

"Stop a bit, mon," she went to the door of the room and called, "Dick, lad, you mun tak' the parson up to Mister Steinhardt's." Then turning to me, she said, "He'll tak' tha, mon," and withdrew.

I was amused; and when a minute or two later she called from the bottom of the stairs,

"Art ready, parson? Th' lad's waiting."

I positively laughed to myself. My amusement increased when I saw my guide, a young Hercules in clogs, who might easily have "taken" me to Timperley Hall and farther under his arm.

Timperley Hall I discovered overlooked the valley from the side opposite to that from which I had first viewed it. Soon I was in its drawing room, shaking hands with Mr. (or Herr) Emmanuel Steinhardt; for I saw at once that he was of pure Teutonic breed, and I heard, when he had spoken a few words, that he must have spent all his youth and part of his manhood in the Fatherland: he spoke perfect English, but with an indescribable, tell-tale accent. I had just time to notice his burly figure, his somewhat rounded shoulders, and his massive bald head, when I was introduced to his wife, a tall, handsome, Lancashire woman (her speech betrayed her), with grey hair, evidently a good deal older than he; then to Miss Louise Lacroix, of whom I will only say at present that she looked refined and foreign—a rare exotic in this region of surprises; and, lastly, to "my son, Frank," a young man of one or two-and-twenty, who looked in every way and spoke like an Englishman. These introductions over, we sat down to wait for the announcement of dinner. There was very little said; they seemed constrained, and I was, perhaps, shy. No one seemed to think of trying to set me at my ease.

Mr. Steinhardt sat watching the clock, and at intervals throwing questions over his shoulder to his wife. (One question I noted was, "Is Jim coming at all?")—to which she answered, "Jim said he might look in after dinner and smoke a pipe"—and I wondered who Jim was. I was wishing I had not accepted this invitation for my first evening in Timperley, when the young lady edged her chair a little nearer to me, and said, with the sweetest of smiles and the most musical of tones:

"You come from the south—from London; yes?"

Her accent was that most delightful of all foreign accents—the accent of an educated Frenchwoman. I answered that I had come from London, though I was not native there.

"I, also," said she, "came from the south; from London last, but from Paris before."

Here was common ground for pleasant reminiscence, and we became friends at once.

While we were talking I happened to glance across in Mr. Steinhardt's direction: he was looking straight at me for the first time. He rose and angrily rang the bell. Presently we went in to dinner. I, of course, sat next to him on his right, and noticed with some curiosity, as he carved, that his hands seemed encased in very fine lemon-colored gloves: a second look assured me that they were merely stained.

His son's hands were similar, but of a deeper hue. For the first time it occurred to me that my host was the lord of the Chemical Dye Works.

"They were your works, I suppose, M. Steinhardt," I said, "that I passed after entering the village?"

I was alone on my side of the table, and had to speak to him, or be silent.

"Yes," said he, rather abruptly. Then after a pause, "You came by that road then?"

So I related how I had lost my way, and how I had been struck (I did not say, "disagreeably") with the impression of ferocious energy my first view of the valley gave me.

"Ferocious energy," he repeated, with a smile, looking at me as if he liked the phrase, and thought the better of me for having uttered it. "It is a great place for industry, and it will be greater yet."

I asked him how it happened that a

large mill was unused and falling in ruins.

"That is mine," he answered. "It is unlucky. It was a spinning mill; once one of the floors fell through, killing many people, and twice it was burned, all in 10 years—yes, all in 10 years."

"And today it seems to have added to its work of killing," he looked at me. "You have not heard, perhaps," I said—

"What?"

I related what I had seen and heard. "Have you heard of this?" he asked, glancing from one to another.

No; None of them had heard. "I must see to it," he said, and stirred as if he would set out at once; but he added, "after dinner."

And after dinner he set out; and I thought better of him than I had at first been disposed to do because of his kindly feeling, though it were only for pigs.

In the drawing room, however, I was struck with the altered manners of the family in the temporary absence of its head. Mrs. Steinhardt was gossip and kind—even motherly; Frank threw off his awkwardness and shyness, and delighted me with his skill on the piano; while Mademoiselle Lacroix was very bright and winsome. Yet, now conversing with her and now observing her (when, for instance, she sat near Frank at the piano), I could not but remark that a look of sadness overspread her sweet face—of sadness, and as of anxiously waiting for something or some one—whenever she was left to her own thought. This expression I was able to account for satisfactorily very soon.

We had been some time in the drawing room when the door bell sounded a loud peal, and at once I saw that subdued expression of patient waiting on Miss Lacroix's face flash up into one of eager expectancy. For a moment she looked at the door with her pale face gone paler, and listened with quick ear, till she heard the voice of the visitor, when her eager hope collapsed and sank into deeper sadness than before. It was a rich, cheery voice I heard come from the hall.

"Is th' new parson come?" it asked of some one.

"That's Jim," said Mrs. Steinhardt with a laugh—"my brother."

This, then, was the gentleman who had come to smoke a pipe. He entered—a tall, stout, ruddy Englishman, gone somewhat grey. He at once took possession of the room and of the persons in it. His bright and ample presence extinguished the gaudy, gorgeous furniture, and his voice, instinct with humor and unself-consciousness, filled the void which usually reigned in that room.

(To be continued.)

Divorce in Europe.

Divorce was established in Germany in 1876. From 1881 to 1885 the yearly number of divorces was about 8,000, while of late years it exceeds 10,000. In England divorce was established in 1857. During the years 1858-1862 the annual number was about 200; in 1894 about 550; in 1898 about 650. In Austria, where only non-Catholics can apply for a divorce, the number of divorces for divorce increased 25 per cent in four years, and in Belgium about 20 per cent in four years.

Hard on the Cook.

Lord John Townsend, a British gourmet of 50 years ago, would often call to the footman in the middle of dinner:

"Tell the cook to come to me this moment," which occasioned rather an awkward pause. Then, on the entrance of the poor cook with very red face from the combined effects of the kitchen fire and mental confusion, he would address her in a voice of thunder: "Pray have the goodness to taste that dish and tell me if you do not agree with me that it is beastly."

Too Much for the Cobra.

Recently (says an Indiana paper) a large crowd, composed chiefly of Kamatis, assembled at Versapandia to offer gifts of fruit and pour libations of milk into the hole of a sacred cobra. This is an unusual ceremony, and is called "Nagala Chowty," or the snake-feeding ceremony. Such a quantity of milk was poured down that the cobra, to escape drowning, darted from its hiding place, scattering its devotees, and took refuge in a bush close at hand.

A Big Hog.

Down in Vladosta, Ga., recently, a hog was killed, whose gross weight was 1,260 pounds; his net weight was 955. Each ham weighed 102 pounds. This fat monster produced 501 pounds of lard, or nearly a tierce and a half—enough to last a small family about four years. Besides the lard, there was nearly a wagonload of sausage from this one pig, to say nothing about dishes full of hoghead cheese, liver pudding and other products.

Death Asks for a Birth Certificate.

A man of the name of Jean Baptiste Fabre, 87 years old, presented himself the other day to the mayor of Montreuil-sous-Bois to obtain at last a birth certificate. Scarcely had he uttered his request when he sank down without a cry. Men rushed to help him, but without avail; he was dead with a sudden stroke of apoplexy.—Paris Journal.

Russell Sage's "Bouncer."

Russell Sage employs a "bouncer" nowadays—a giant who stands within reach of everyone admitted to the aged millionaire's private office. The other day a man while talking to Mr. Sage reached for his hip pocket. The bouncer had him in an iron grip in about a second. The man was only reaching for a handkerchief.

American English.

We do not speak the English language in the way in which it is spoken by the people of England. We have greatly changed, enlarged and perhaps improved it in our usual progressive way. The wonder lies in the notion of Englishmen that their way of speaking the language is the only way and that our way is wrong.

Right in Their Line.

"Those cold Boston girls naturally enjoy the Abbey 'Holy Grail' decorations in the public library."

Why?

"Because a frieze is right in their line."

ALL MAY BE INSURED

IT IS NO LONGER DIFFICULT TO GET A POLICY.

Few Persons Are Now Excluded from the Benefits of the Life Companies—Deep Water Divers Follow the Only Avocation that is Positively Barred.

There is a saying current in life insurance circles to the effect that nothing but an autopsy makes a man ineligible for life insurance to-day. Only a few years ago the list of the ineligible was a long one and a host of occupations shut men out from insurance, while hereditary disease or symptoms of serious chronic ailment were insurmountable bars. Now, there is just one profession to whose followers an insurance policy is inevitably denied, even by the most liberal companies. The submarine diver must go uninsured. He enjoys the rather depressing distinction of belonging to the only profession which is considered too hazardous for even the most elastic "sub-standard risk."

Before 1881 he had plenty of company. Now firemen, harbor pilots, policemen, engineers, glassblowers, men in the life-saving service, bartenders—all those who lead the strenuous life and court an untimely end, are taken, figuratively speaking, to the bosom of the insurance companies. Naturally the terms of their policies differ as the problematical danger of their occupations varies. In several of the larger companies the electrical fireman is considered the biggest risk for whom a policy is written, but if he is willing to agree to the company's terms he can get his insurance.

The scale upon which these terms are adjusted differs in the various companies. The company which was the first to adopt the substandard policy, and is now the most far-reaching in the carrying out of that policy, adjusts the extra risk penalty by means of a lien on the policy. The man insured pays no larger premium than he would under ordinary circumstances, but the agreement into which he enters provides that if he dies within a year the amount of his policy is cut down by the amount which represents the extra risk in his case. If he lives two years, less is subtracted. When he has, so to speak, outlived the amount of the lien, his disability is wiped out and he has his full policy at regular rates. Other companies arrange the matter by writing the policy at the risk rate of a certain considerable advance in years.

In the matter of physical disability things have changed as radically as in the matter of professional disability. The medical examination is as severe as ever, and to obtain a regular policy a man must pass this examination, but a physical condition which five years ago would have made it impossible for a man to obtain insurance now merely means that he must secure a substandard policy. He can get his insurance if he is willing to pay liberally for the extra risk the company is taking. Of course there is a limit to this possibility. Men over 60 years of age are seldom insured unless conditions are exceptional and the thing is considered a "gilt-edged risk." Men in the most advanced stages of chronic disease, whose lease of life can be definitely determined as short, are, of course, debarred from insurance. But serious chronic disease in its earlier stages does not mean rejection.

The insurance companies studied statistics in regard to disease and mortality until they satisfied themselves that they were turning away good money on an illogical assumption. They found that a man may have weak lungs or kidney trouble or a troublesome heart at 25 and die of mumps or measles at 90. Statistics for a certain number of years showed that the number of deaths among the rejected was not so large in proportion as the number among the accepted.—New York Sun.

DEVISED HIS OWN CUFFS.

How a Resourceful Man Made Good the Absence of Linen.

One isn't surprised when a woman shows a certain ingenuity in making things "do." That is part of femininity's work, to cover up defects, and coax a single article to do the work of five; but it is always something of a surprise when a man shows any ability in this direction. Of course, a few bachelors have learned to put on buttons by making holes in their coats and tying the fastenings on with pieces of fishing line, and others have cooked the most amazing dishes in the most amazing ways when there was no woman around to do this work; but the average masculine is a helpless creature when there is a question of makeshift.

Sometimes necessity develops resources little dreamed of, however, and that is what happened the other night when a certain young man had an engagement to go to the theater with his fiancée, and found, when he went to make his toilet, that his trunk had not arrived at his new abiding place—he had moved that morning—and that consequently he had no fresh linen to put on.

Luckily his shirt and collar had only been donned a few hours before, and would look all right with the business suit he was obliged to wear, but his cuffs would never do. The link that he used in his work ornamented one, and the other wasn't immaculate by any means. The man groaned. He heard a fellow-boarder whistling in the next room, and wondered if he dare knock at the door and ask a perfect stranger to lend him cuffs. The idea was preposterous! He dismissed it from his mind at once. Then his eyes fell on some Bristol board on the table, and he had an illuminating idea.

A minute later he was hard at work with scissors and a discarded cuff, cutting himself a pair of the latter from the drawing paper. He shaped them skillfully, made the button-holes, inserted the buttons, slipped them on, and, Eureka! no one would ever have known that he had not on wristbands fresh from the laundry. Certainly the young woman whom he escorted to the theater did not find out the ruse, for the "dink" of the Bristol board is not unlike linen, and she never even gave

a second glance to the stiff, fresh articles that peeped from the coat sleeve next her.

Nevertheless the man was glad when he got away from her Argus eyes, and now he's keeping the cuffs as a proof that he's as resourceful as any woman when it's necessary to be.—Baltimore News.

ELEVEN MILLIONS IN GOLD.

Greatest Amount of Bullion Ever Carried in a Single Vessel.

"I notice that the newspapers have recently spoken of the carrying of \$7,000,000 of bullion to a foreign country by one of the ocean liners as the greatest amount ever transported," said a man who has been with the navy for years to a reporter. "It is entirely wrong. In 1883 there was brought from the mint in New Orleans to the treasury in Washington \$11,000,000, and it was brought in a steamer."

"The government decided to transport \$15,000,000 from New Orleans. It was first thought best to bring it by rail, but this was assuming a great risk. The cabinet discussed the matter carefully and it was finally decided that the safest way would be by water. The members of the cabinet saw that there was a chance for a hold-up if the money was brought by train."

"The United States ship Swatara was first designated to carry the money, but it was found that she would be inadequate to transport the whole amount, so the wooden sailing steamer Yantic was pressed into service to help out. We removed from the Swatara her magazines. The shells from the shell room were removed, as were also the sails from the sail room, so that all available space was utilized for packing the coin. The only weapon of defense was a Gatling gun."

"The money was conveyed from the mint to the vessels in wagons. A squad of secret service officers watched the work. The two vessels were in tow and the trip from New Orleans to the Washington navy yard occupied a little more than four days. Considerable wind was encountered off Hatteras, but otherwise the trip was without incident. The money was carried from the navy yard to the treasury by an express company."

"The money was in boxes of \$2,000 each and in bags. My recollection is that the money was in silver dollars, or the greater part of it, for, while unloading at the navy yard, one of the bags, rotten from being in storage so long, gave way and a large number of silver dollars were scattered about the wharf."

"The Swatara was a historic craft. John Surritt was brought back from Malta in the Swatara. The Prince of Wales, now King Edward, paid her a visit once when he was with the American squadron at Villefranche in the Mediterranean. She was then the flagship. The prince, when he saw her, asked:

"Is this a yacht or a man-of-war?" "The Swatara is now in 'rotten row' in the navy yard at San Francisco, waiting to be surveyed. The \$11,000,000 carried by the Swatara from New Orleans to Washington was the greatest amount of money ever carried by a single craft."—Washington Star.

NEVER QUOTES THEM RIGHT.

Trite Sayings that Are Seldom Correctly Reproduced in Conversation.

Nearly every one is fond of quoting from the poets and dramatists, and nearly every one commits the egregious error in his quotations. All of us say, "The even tenor of their way," when what Gray wrote was "The noiseless tenor of their way." "When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war" should be "When Greeks joined Greeks then was the tug of war." When we say "The tongue is an unruly member" we misquote from James, II, 8, where it is written, "The tongue can no man tame; it is an unruly evil."

"Charity shall cover over the multitude of sins" (Peter, IV, 8), is almost always distorted into "Charity covereth a multitude of sins." We say "Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest," whereas the correct quotation is "Speed the going guest." Butler wrote in "Hudibras," "He that complies against his will is of his own opinion still," but we alter the sense as well as the wording of the passage by quoting continually, "A man convinced against his will is of the same opinion still."

How often we hear people, quoting the passage on mercy from the Merchant of Venice, say "It falleth as the gentle dew from heaven," whereas the bard wrote "Falleth as the gentle rain."

We quote with great complacency "The man that hath no music in his soul," whereas what Shakespeare wrote was "The man that hath no music in himself." In his "Lycidas" Milton wrote, "Fresh woods and pastures new," but it is almost always misquoted as "Fresh fields and pastures new." In "Henry and Emma" Matthew Prior wrote, "Fine by degrees and beautifully less," a phrase which has become in popular use, "Small by degrees and beautifully less."

Disconsolate But Enterprising.

The following curious advertisement is taken from a Spanish journal: "This morning our Savior summoned away the jeweler, Siebold Illimga, from his shop to another and a better world. The undergarment, his widow, will weep upon his tomb, as will also his two daughters, Hild and Emma, the former of whom is married and the latter is open to an offer. The funeral will take place to-morrow. His disconsolate widow, Veronique Illimga, P. 8.—This bereavement will not interrupt our employment, which will be carried on as usual; only our place of business will be removed from 8 Lesse de Leinturiers to 4 Rue de Missionaire, as our grasping landlord has raised the rent."

Does Anybody Know?

Why is it, when a maiden laughs aloud at some poor joke that's sprung upon a crowd—

(A joke not bright, not witty)—We instantly conclude a right that she is only simulating all that glee? Because her teeth are pretty?—Baltimore American.

Where Her Interest Ceases.

"So your wife has a great fondness for fiction?"

"Er—yes; all except the kind I tell her."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Gasaway—Helloo, Crabbe, what are you going to do with the camera?

Crabbe—Going to bore an artesian well in our sitting room with it. Didn't suppose I was going to take pictures, did you?—Catholic Standard and Times.

An Interloper.

"Now, then," cried the deep-voiced woman, "what has made female suffrage possible?"

"Male suffrage," replied the rude man, who had no business to be there at all.—Philadelphia Press.

One to Each Person.

Prospective Buyer—Now, as to the death rate in this place. What is that?

Real Estate Agent—We only allow one death to each person.

Remarkable, Indeed.

Teacher—Can any one tell any remarkable fact about George Washington?

Tommy—He was never caught in a lie.—Life.

Naturally.

"Josiah," asked Mrs. Chugwater, "what is a bucket shop?"

"It's a place, I suppose," replied Mr. Chugwater, looking impatiently up from his newspaper, "where they empty the water out of stocks."—Chicago Tribune.

The Question Pertinent.

"When I was your age I never told a falsehood."

"Boo—wh—wh—when did you begin—boo hoo—hoo?"—Moonshine.

The Gossip.

"I had a terrible time last night. A crank called at my house and I had an awful time getting him to go away."

"Threatening, was he?"

"Yes; he threatened to tell me all about his exploits on the links."—Philadelphia Press.

Doing His Duty.

First Microbe—Hello, Bill! What are you doing on that doorknob? Why, you'll starve to death!

Second Microbe—I know it. But the scientists say I live here; so of course I do!

A Poor Sort of Heaven.

Fair Arrival—May I have a crown of the latest style?

St. Peter—Fashions never change here.

Fair Arrival—Dear me! I have made a mistake and come to the wrong place. I thought this was heaven.—New York Weekly.

Rather Indefinite.

Muggins—That girl from South America says she is a Daughter of the Revolution.

Buggins—Which one?

Not What It Was Claimed to Be.

Just Like a Man.

Mrs. Stocks—If we move into that cheap house I'll lose caste.

Mr. Stocks—Don't care if we do; it's the best we can afford without running hopelessly into debt; and, besides, it's a comfortable place, anyhow.

Mrs. Stocks—Huh! Just like a man! Only so you can be comfortable and pay every little bill as quick as it comes in you don't care what the world thinks!—New York Weekly.

Uniformly Heated.

"How do you like the place?" asked his Satanical Majesty of the new arrival.

"Well, there is one thing in its favor," rejoined the u. s. a., who had formerly lived in a flat; "you have a janitor that knows his business."—Chicago News.

Stage Properties.

Mrs. Cotherstone—So, Della, your daughter is to marry that actor?

Mrs. Gushington—Yes, Clara; oh, won't it be lovely to have a Hamlet in the family.

Mistress of the Floor.

Harry—Well, what did you hear at the thimble party, Harriet?

Harriet—Oh, I had such a lot to tell about our new neighbors that I didn't hear a thing.

An Unremitting Fever.

"Uncle Clarence, what's the difference between a fad and a hobby?"

"Well, a fad sometimes gets tired and lets go; but a hobby never does."—Puck.

The Desired Result.