

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Ah," he said to me, "so you've come to try and enlighten our Hottentots about a thing or two in this world and the next. Well, you can only do your best, you know; we'll try to make you comfortable and back you up. Come all the way from London today. I suppose—have you got yourself fixed up yet in the village?—what some author chap—Matthew or Mark Somers or other—calls a Lancashire Hell-hole. Well, we're not quite so bad as that yet here, but we're getting to it. But it can't be helped, you know; we've got to go on. We're going to go on, as the rabbit said when he let his wassel get him into a hole. Yes, 'Hell-hole'; but it should be a useful change for you; it may give you an idea when you want to describe to your congregation the real—"

"Jim, lad," interrupted his sister, "you're forgetting yourself!"

"Oh?—ah, well I can remember, you know, when all round about here was as sweet and pretty a place—I was born back o' th' White Moss" (indicating that locality over his shoulder), "Toppleton way."

Thus the full, quaint and careless stream of his talk flowed on, meandering about one person and another, this subject and that. He seemed a well of curious and fearsome Lancashire lore—of the days when spinning and weaving were done in the cottage homes of remote hamlets and homesteads, when Lancashire energy applied itself to useful work and not to useless toil, when its fabrics were made to be worn and not merely to be sold—the days when the steam engine was not yet with its all-devouring, all-enveloping machinery.

We had talked thus for about an hour—or, rather, listened to Mr. Birley talk—when he paused and looked round (he had been fidgeting in his chair for some time).

"What's that 'Mannie' he's stuck addressing his sister. 'Is he stuck till midnight in his laboratory again? Doesn't seem as if that smoke was to come of tonight. In Paul's house now it used to be 'Smoke where you please'—drawing room or anywhere. Poor Paul!"

I was astonished and alarmed to see Miss Lacroix rise hurriedly, and glide under a word from the room. Mrs. Steinhardt made as if she would follow her, but she did not. She sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Jim! Jim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Why will you say things, when you know the poor girl cannot bear allusions to it?"

"Ah," said Birley, humbly. "Poor lass!—Her father," he explained, turning to me, "has never come back from London. Poor Paul!" He was visibly affected.

"He had to go to the law courts there," said Mrs. Steinhardt, "more than a year ago, about some dreadful business of the chemical works—he was my husband's partner."

"Hilfersheimer v. Lacroix and Steinhardt"—Frank turned on the music stool to correct his uncle's pronunciation. "Well," said he, "that's all right; anyway that was the case. May be—turning again to me—"you remember it in the papers. It was about the infringement of a chemical patent 'Mannie' had put them up to in his eternal laboratory."

"Nay, uncle," interrupted Frank, flushing up. "It wasn't father's fault more than anyone else's."

"Ay, lad," said Birley, "of course you know all about it. But you're right to stand up for your father. However, Paul, as the chief of the firm, went up to London to fight the case; he fought and lost to the tune of 20,000 pounds damages—which, I suppose, drove him mad, poor fellow, for he's never come back—made away with himself, very likely, or, somehow, got made away with."

"But, surely," interrupted Frank again, "it could hardly be the damages did it, uncle? You remember he went to Paris after the trial about some pattern business for the print works, and then got back to London again?"

"Ay, lad—out 20,000 pounds damages can make a man feel very queer all the way to Paris and back. At any rate, poor Paul's gone—lost in the great London wilderness."

"It is a very extraordinary affair," said I. "But I don't remember seeing anything of it in the papers."

"It got into the papers, though," said Birley, "to some extent—not much. We didn't want a noise about a private, painful thing like that."

"But," said I, wondering, "I suppose inquiries were made?"

"They made inquiries high and low," said Birley; "they laid detectives on, and everything, but nothing came of it. Did there, Frank?"

"No," said Frank—"nothing at all."

"Did you try to trace him out of London?" I asked. "I suppose they did," said Birley.

"Yes—oh yes," said Frank. "I wondered that Birley should keep using the word 'they.' Had he borne no share in the investigation himself? I had my thought answered at once."

"I wasn't able to go to London myself," said Birley; "I was laid up with a broken leg; and, when I got better, I didn't think it was any use my going. There was an end of Paul—that was certain; for he wasn't the man to knock under like, and get lost just."

In a little while Miss Lacroix returned, with apology for her withdrawal.

"I had a little of headache," she said. "I now saw more clearly the encroachments which grief and what I cannot describe by other words than 'anxious waiting' had made on a young life which, however unoppressed, I was sure, have been so full of spirit and mirth. I longed there and then with an earnest desire that I might do something to brighten her life, to remove the weight of uncertainty and grief which burdened it, and preyed upon it."

But I had little further opportunity for talk with her that night. In a few minutes Mr. Steinhardt returned. We heard then what were the casualties resulting from the falling of the bell

tower. A horse had been killed, as also, had been a sow with her litter; and two pigs had been so injured that the butcher had to be summoned. We were now invited into the smoking room; but Mr. Birley rose, and said he must be going; he would smoke his pipe on the way home "wi' th' parson."

"Parson smokes, I suppose?" said he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

So he and I departed together. The valley was asleep under a white pall of fog; but the weird tongues of flame still flickered on the slope and ridge behind and beyond us (from coke ovens, my companion explained), and the tall chimneys dreamily and intermittently smoked. The great chimney of the chemical works, however, emitted not so much smoke as a thin pinkish vapor, which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things, and to filter through the cracks and crevices of doors and windows, to trouble sleepers with lethargy and headache.

"By George!" exclaimed my companion. "He'll get fined again some day. Paul used to be always at him about it. Poor Paul!"

So ended my first evening in Timperley—a memorable evening for me. I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have reason now to call as dear a friend as I have ever known, and as good a man as fortune has ever neglected, and of another who is now the dearest of all earth's creatures to me.

CHAPTER II.

I frequently looked in upon the ladies at Timperley Hall, and took a four-o'clock cup of tea with them (not, however, to the neglect of other, if less pleasant, parochial visitations). During these visits we talked without that constraint which somehow Mr. Steinhardt's presence imposed upon us. Miss Lacroix and I agreed in our opinions concerning the ruthlessness with which Lancashire pushed on its industrial way; upon the astonishment poor Mrs. Steinhardt (sometimes even ourselves) felt with the warmth with which we would discuss the outrage done to man and nature.

One afternoon we talked thus. It was well on in springtime; the stream was running full and all nature, in spite of drawbacks, was striving to look green. I told them how that morning I had stood by the little plank bridge just below Timperley Hall, looking across at the dreadfully lumbered little peninsula on which the ruined spinning mill stood, when there turned up by my elbow an old man whom I knew by sight as an ex-handloom weaver.

"A fine brook, that, parson," he said.

"Yes," said I, suiting my reply to what I thought his perisfrage; "what a pity no trout seem to know of it!"

"Ah, but," said he, sadly, "there were trout in it wotest; though there's been none for money a day. Trout! Aw dafy anything to live in that, bout gettin' cured first, like a red herrin' or a sallymander! There was a lad drowned like as it might be this spring, and he were never found till like as it might be next back end, down there in that mud; he were not gone at all, but he were cured thro' and thro'; black, mon—black!"

"This I told; and then I continued: 'Drowning, they say, is an easy death; but to drown in such a stream as that seems horribly repulsive. I fancy no one would care to commit suicide in it.'"

I perceived my stupid blunder as soon as I had spoken; I had not thought that what I said could be taken as "allusive" to the disappearance of Mr. Lacroix.

"Excuse me," said Miss Lacroix, rising hurriedly. "I do not feel very well. Do not come, Mrs. Steinhardt; I shall get better by myself."

I of course made apology to Mrs. Steinhardt for my stupidity.

"Yes," said she; "you see she can't bear any kind of allusion to her father's end. She told me soon after she came here (she couldn't, you know, go on living in that big house up there all by herself)—she told me a strange dream she had once or twice when her father was missing—the strangest thing, but I scolded her so, she has never said another word to me about it. Still I fancy she thinks a great deal about her father, though she does not say much; they were rare and fond o' one another."

That very evening I unexpectedly learned from Miss Lacroix herself what that strange dream was. I was returning by moonlight from the house of a parishioner along that same road which first brought me upon the valley. Passing the pond on my right (which I before mentioned as reflecting the lighted windows of the many storeyed mill), I observed a figure, cloaked and hooded, standing on the margin of the pond under one of the trees. I paused a minute, while my heart beat with apprehension, and then I passed through a gap in the fence and approached. The figure turned quickly, as if impatient at the intrusion, and in the pale moonlight I recognized the face of Miss Lacroix.

"Miss Lacroix!" I exclaimed. "You here!"

"Oh, Mr. Unwin," she began, in evident tension of feeling. "I could not rest indoors, and so I came down to see Uncle Jacques; I could not remain with him, and so I came out here to look at this, which always fascinates me."

"I stood by her side and looked; this is what I saw: An inverted reflection of the tall chimney of the chemical works which was emitting, as it often did late in the evening, its strange pinkish vapor; this vapor in the reflection looked as if it were slowly rising from the bottom of the pond, and, as its color blended with the tints the water somehow took as the breeze ruffled it this way or that, produced the impression of a slowly simmering cauldron of red, green, and copper-brown flame. This was so wonderfully weird a fancy that I confess I felt my skin creep. I turned my eyes away, and then looked again, and again, but the impression was ever the same."

"It's indeed very strange!" I said. "Is it not?" said she. "You see it

also? Mr. Unwin," she went on, turning suddenly to me, and speaking with a vehemence which increased as the words came, "I have wished to tell you. You are a clergyman, and must hear me make my confession; and you will keep it secret to yourself. You have heard, perhaps, that my father—my dear father—is thought to be dead, now just a year ago?"

"I have," said I.

"He went to London and to Paris on business, and he never came back. It happened while he was away that I lived all by myself at home. I slept sound that night without dreaming, when suddenly I had a dream. I saw vapor or flame slowly rising just like that—I saw a man plunge into it, and I knew the man was my father—I felt he was. I awoke at once all trembling and did not go to sleep again. That was all my dream."

"Are you sure," I said, "that you had not heard some one—Mrs. Steinhardt, for instance—suggest that he had been drowned, and then you went and dreamt of the peculiar appearance of this pond?"

"No, no, no!" she protested with rapid vehemence. "Did I not say that I dreamed it the very night on which all trace of him was lost from his hotel in London? Nobody thought then that he was not coming home soon. And I do not think I had noticed this pond then. I have dreamed the same dream several times since, but that may be nothing at all. I shall very likely dream it tonight."

I turned away from the pond and she followed me. We walked along in silence for some distance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at length, "I do long so very much to know what has really happened to my dear father—my poor father!"

"I wish I could help you to find out," I said; "indeed I do. You may be sure I shall think of all you have told me, and shall try to discover anything more. I have friends in London who may be of use, if I may mention it to them."

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "You are very kind. Bacon's Hotel, Great Queen Street, is where he was last heard of."

At a certain corner where the lane to Timperley Hall diverged from the way through the village, she insisted on parting from me. I let her go with little hesitation, for I knew there was no fear of her being molested.

It may be presumed that while I smoked my post-coal pipe I thought over the strange scene at the pond, and all that Miss Lacroix had said. It was certainly very mysterious, but all the conclusion I could reach concerning it that night was a resolve to go and look at the pond by day.

(To be continued)

A Double Team.

A man who was bicycling in Southern France was pushing his machine up a steep hill when he overtook a peasant with a donkey cart. The peasant beast was making but little progress, although it was doing its best.

The benevolent cyclist, putting his left hand against the back of the cart and guiding his machine with the other hand, pushed so hard that the donkey, taking fresh courage, pulled his load successfully up to the top.

When the summit was reached the peasant burst into thanks to his benefactor.

"It was good of you, indeed, monsieur!" he protested. "I should never in the world have got up the hill with only one donkey."

Where the House Acted Hastily.

The house does funny things sometimes. It passed a bill the other day establishing a lighthouse on the coast of North Carolina. The second section of the bill provided that the "act approved March 3, 1901, be, and the same is hereby repealed." The act thus wiped off the statute books at one fell swoop was the sundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriated millions and millions of dollars for the expenses of the government. In the senate the bill was amended so as to be less sweeping in its effect.—Washington Post.

Industrial Consumption of Gold.

The industrial consumption of gold in the United States in the calendar year is estimated to have been \$16,667,500, and in the world approximately \$75,000,000. Although the United States led the world last year in the production of gold, our imports of the metal exceeded our exports by the sum of \$12,866,101. The stock of gold coin in the country, including bullion in the mints, at the close of the fiscal year was estimated at \$1,124,652,818, and the stock of silver coin at \$610,477,025.

Khaki Color Doomed.

The British war office has decided that after the Boer war is over khaki will not be used, but a working dress will be made of a peculiar drab mixture, which is said to be of a more neutral color than khaki serge, so that the present campaign will doubtless be handed down to posterity as the khaki war. This material, it is complained, has not enhanced the appearance of English soldiers, and the authorities are by no means satisfied that it has added to their safety.

Worth of a Compliment.

Most compliments sound something like this: "They say he is a thief, but he never stole anything from me. It may be because I have watched him closely, but so far I have never missed anything." When you feel that your friend deserves praise, why pay tribute to his enemies in praising him?

So Stupid.

"Who was that you just spoke to?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his face was rather familiar to me."

"I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Henry Jenks."

"Oh! to be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

Disgusted.

Manager—What's this item in your expense account for "hardware, \$50?"

Salesman—Hardware? Oh, yes; that's for poker. I thought it would look better put in that way.

Would Let Boys Fight.

Dr. Temple, the archbishop of Canterbury, declares that it is not a bad thing for boys to fight occasionally, provided there is no feeling of malice.

ATTACKS SOCIETY WOMEN.

Emile Zola, the Famous Frenchman, Makes Severe Charges.

Emile Zola has created a sensation in Paris by his criticism of society women. He was invited to lecture before an aristocratic woman's literary and political club and he shocked his hearers at the outset by telling them that they were not what they pretended to be.

"You pretend to be interested in these questions," Zola said, "but really you are not. Your days are solely devoted to foolish amusement and useless actions, interminable toilet-making séances with dressmakers, luncheons,



EMILE ZOLA.

dinners, pink teas, so-called literary lectures, receptions, balls and theaters. You spend your time in gossip which is stupid when it is not wicked.

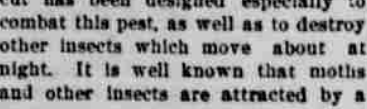
"You shirk motherhood, and when you have children they are mostly entrusted to mercenary hands. You grovel with astonishing alacrity to gain admittance into social circles above your own, and cannot conceal your asinine contempt for people supposedly below yourselves. You reduce your reluctant duty of charity to paltry offerings for a few famous institutions. This is the sort of life a society woman leads. What right have you to meddle in philosophy, literature and politics?"

"It is a mere accident of birth that you are not factory girls or drudges saleswomen. And, were you such, can you feel certain that you would have the courage to prefer honest, laborious misery to blameworthy ease?"

DESTROYS MOTHS AT NIGHT.

In sections of the country where tobacco is grown one of the chief troubles to contend with is the tobacco moth, and the apparatus shown in the cut has been designed especially to combat this pest, as well as to destroy other insects which move about at night. It is well known that moths and other insects are attracted by a

light shining out of the darkness, and it is this fact that William Hill Morgan of Kentucky, makes use of in his trap, which consists of a light inclosed in a metallic hood and provided with a reflector and glass face, the latter being set in a slanting position. The lamp is attached to one edge of the tray containing a mixture of kerosene oil and water, and the angle of the glass in front of the light causes the insects to fall into the liquid when they strike against the smooth surface. With a number of these traps set at the sides of a field a short distance above the plants the inventor claims that the injurious moths and other insects will exterminate themselves without the trouble of searching for them.



DESIGNED TO KILL INSECTS.



ERA OF BIG SALARIES

MEN WHOSE ABILITY COMMANDS GREAT PAY.

Heads of Large Corporations Who Draw Annually in the Neighborhood of \$50,000 for Their Services—Some Conspicuous Examples.

The present seems to be the era of high salaries. When Lyman J. Gage left his \$8,000 cabinet place in Washington to become

President of the United States Trust Company, at a salary said to be \$50,000 per year, certain business men in Chicago expressed a doubt of his ability to earn that enormous amount. That any man should render

some high-salaried man. Some months ago, when Charles Counselman was elected President of the American Fisheries Company, a concern that has control of many of the canning factories in the State of Washington and along the shores of Alaska, it was announced that his salary was to be \$50,000 a year. Mr. Counselman is a Chicagoan, and he has had a long and successful experience as a grain merchant on the Board of Trade, an owner of grain elevators, a builder of skyscrapers, a dealer in real estate and a man of large business interests generally. He began with little or nothing, and such education as he possesses he acquired in the school of experience. He is to-day a man of large fortune and great commercial activity, still in the prime of life.

There is another Chicago man who is said to be receiving a yearly salary so high that many would consider it a fair fortune after a lifetime of industrious effort. This is Conrad H. Matthieson, President of the Chicago Sugar Refining Company, sometimes called the Glucose Trust. He is now about 35, and his annual salary has been variously stated as \$45,000 and \$75,000.

At any rate, it is big enough to be highly exceptional. It is but fifteen years since he left college, and at first he worked ten hours a day, carried his lunch with him, and earned \$12 a week.

Step by step he mastered every detail of the business and rose to be manager. Then a crisis arose, calling for the highest executive ability, and he was equal to the emergency. His company was in a rate-cutting pool and his profits had disappeared. Upon his aggressive initiative it withdrew from the pool, inaugurated a fight of its own and within two years was paying 30 per cent dividends. This triumph inspired in Mr. Matthieson an ambition to control the entire field, and this was accomplished under his direction. Most of the concerns absorbed by his company were losing money, but under the combine which he organized their stocks were transmuted into gold. This young man earns his princely salary by successfully handling \$40,000,000 of combined capital and conducting the glucose business, comprising some 20 departments, in such a systematic and prosperous way that the shareholders are well satisfied. He says that hard work is a tonic to him and he keeps at it early and late, never asking a subordinate to do more than he does himself. He knows no other secret of success.

Bank President's \$40,000 Salary. When Richard DeLafield, President of the National Park Bank of New York, had his salary raised from \$25,000 to \$40,000, early last year, it was said that no other bank President in the United States received such big pay for his services. The reason given for this increase was that the bank's business had expanded so much and the responsibilities are so open to national banks, his responsibilities are tremendous. Mr. DeLafield began his business career as clerk in a mercantile house on a salary of \$5 a week.

There has been much talk about the salary of Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation. It is pretty well settled now that he receives \$100,000 as annual salary, and an additional \$25,000 as a contingent fee.

A little more than two years ago, Elbert H. Gary, who at that time resided at Wheaton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was elected President of the Federal Steel Company, which is now an integral part of the steel combination, and his salary was fixed at \$60,000 a year. Having previously been attorney for the Illinois Steel Company, he had mastered the legal side of the great industry before he was able to command such high wages. He specialized his knowledge, and thus was able to attract the attention of the capitalists in control of the vast enter-

PECULIAR DREAM STORY.

Lady Bee Visions of House and Is Her-self Facsimile of Ghost Seen There.

Horace G. Hutchinson, who has been discussing on "Dreams" in Longman's Magazine, gives the following peculiar instance:

A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture; it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife who has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him—a very pleasant fancy. One day they—husband and wife—went into the country to view a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the husband, "it is your dream house!"

The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—"something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely that they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so uncanny was the reputation of their apparently reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent.

"The only thing," said the wife, "that we were disappointed in is that we never saw the ghost."

"Oh, no!" said the agent. "We knew you would not see the ghost."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, rather nettled.

"Oh," the agent repeated, "we knew you would not see the ghost! You are the ghost that people have always seen here."

Relics of Manila. On the mantle in Assistant Secretary of State Cridler's office at the State Department are several interesting relics of the famous battle of Manila in the shape of fragments of a shell from one of Admiral Dewey's six-inch guns and several large shells captured at Cavite arsenal after the defeat of Montenegro. These relics were presented to Secretary Cridler by Consul Wildman, and their history is inscribed upon them. The fragment of the six-inch shell, which is rusty from exposure to rain, smashed the Spanish commandant's house at Cavite, destroyed \$10,000 worth of property and killed five Spaniards. The shells, from which the charges have been removed, are unlike any that are in use in the service of this government. They are about eight inches long, one inch in diameter, and the bullet is made of steel instead of lead. Around the bullet is a band of brass, which shows beyond question that the Spaniards were using ammunition which is proscribed by civilized nations. Although Secretary Cridler receives relics from consuls in all parts of the world, he prizes none so highly as he does the piece of projectile which did such effective execution in the first foreign war in which this country has been involved since the war with Mexico, and which was the means of relieving American gunners in the eyes of all the nations of the world.—Washington correspondence St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Same Old Trouble. It was a frequent custom with Lincoln, that of carrying his children on his shoulders, says the Literary Digest. He rarely went downstairs that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield. Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were walling aloud. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Chinese Nervelessness. A North China paper is responsible for the statement that the quality of nervelessness distinguishes the Chinaman from the European. The Chinaman can write all day, work all day, stand in one position all day, weave, beat gold, carve ivory, do infinitely tedious jobs for ever and ever, and discover no more weariness and irritation than if he were a machine. This quality appears in early life. The Chinaman can do without exercise also. Sport and play seem to him so much waste labor. He can sleep anywhere, amid rattling machinery and deafening uproar. He can sleep on the ground, on the floor, on a chair, or in any position.—New York Ledger.

A Rag-Time Comment. "The refrain," we said to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance, while the popular ballad was being rendered, "is prettier than the verses."

"Yes," he agreed. "I wish he would refrain altogether."—Baltimore American.

Berlin's Criminal Book. Berlin's Black Book, the criminal record kept by the police, now consists of thirty-seven volumes, containing 21,000 photographs of criminals of all classes.

Many a girl's distant manner may be traced to the fact that she had onions for dinner.

A little guying judiciously administered often makes a weak man strong.



"I wonder why they haven't started any yellow journals in Cuba yet?" "I don't believe there are enough Americans there to support one."—Life.

Not Much Hurt, Either: "Yes, a sign blew down and hit him, and he got fifteen hundred dollars damages." "Quite a windfall, wasn't it?"—Ex.

"The principal ingredient in all these patent medicines is the same." "It must be a powerful drug. What is it?" "Printer's Ink."—Town and Country.

Father—Now, remember, I have forbidden you to go out with young Tompkins; don't let me catch you together again. "No, papa—we'll try not to."—Life.

In Pursuit of It: Smith—Hello! Fine day! Are you out walking for your health? Smythe—Yes; I am going to the doctor's—Indianapolis News.

All's Fair to Him: Street car Conductor—How old is that boy, madam? Lady—Why do you ask? Conductor—Because it's a fare question.—Chicago News.

Sympathetic: Dags—I'd have you know, sir, that my ancestors were blue blooded. Digs—Too bad; why didn't they take something for it?—Ohio State Journal.

When a workman has a job, the presumption is that he is an honest man. When a politician has one, the presumption is the other way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Photographer—Now, I want you to look as if you were not having your picture taken. Customer—Then you'd better give me back the deposit I made in advance.—Life.

Interesting and Exciting: "I noticed a large crowd gathered in front of your house this morning. Worrit; what was the matter?" "I was discharging the cook."—Ex.

Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy)—Long life to yer honor; sure, I'll never see a goose again, but I'll think of yer!—Harlem Life.

A Sinecure: Mrs. Flynn—Au phwat's yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey? Mrs. Casey—Shure, Moike ain't doin' anything. Mrs. Flynn. He's got a government job.—Leslie's Weekly.

"Say, my uncle dat's visiting us has got a wooden leg." "Ugh! dat's a nutkin!" When I was down ter New York I saw a man dat was all wood in front of a cigar store.—Leslie's Weekly.

Reduced to a Good Basis: "Well, how does it seem to be engaged to such a wealthy girl?" "Fine! Every time I kiss her I feel as if I were taking the coupon off a government bond."—Life.

A Fight Jury: Western Judge—Has the jury come to an agreement? Foreman (with a broken nose and black eye)—I don't know, yer honor. Most of them are unable to speak at present.—Smart Set.

Candidly Avowed: "What do you intend to do when you are out of public life?" asked the friend. And without a moment's hesitation Senator Sorghum answered: "Get in again."—Washington Star.

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear; I'll tell the cook to save some dinner for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.—Tit-Bits.

His Way: Sabbath School Teacher—When very angry, what should you do? Johnny Thickneck—Knock the other fellow down, sit on his head, and then count one hundred—that's the only safe way, ma'am.—Judge.

Go-as-you-please Punishment: "Did pater-familias shoot the burglar he found in the house?" "No! Much worse than that. He made the man walk up and down with the baby till the break of dawn!"—Judge.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" "One of them artists paid me a dime to sit on the fence while he sketched me." "Well, is there any harm in that?" "Yes, sir; it was a barb-wire fence."—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Jenkins—I see Mrs. Hoosting is going to have "King Lear" at her next private theatrical. Mrs. Newrick (furious with envy)—Is she? The affected thing. Do you know, I don't believe he's a real king at all.—Tit-Bits.

Apt Comparison: "When I see what Barlow accomplishes I am forced to admiration," said Bunting; "he has great physical endurance." "Sure," replied Gargyle; "that man has the constitution of a debutante."—Basar.

Where They Flourish: Crawford—If you're not going out to buy a new hat, but merely to look at them, what do you want with a dollar? Mrs. Crawford—Why, you can't get a decent seat at the matinee for less than a dollar.—Ex.

The Boston Variation: Bacon—They never say in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Egbert—What do they say, then? Bacon—That it came into the world with gold-rimmed eye-glasses.—Yorkers Statesman.

Reminiscences: He—Ah, those days of our young love! You remember that afternoon you promised to meet me, and didn't come? How I raved! She—Just like a man! And there I was suffering agonies trying on that dress you liked so much.—Life.

Japan's One Orphanage. Japan has only one orphanage, yet in no other land are fatherless children better cared for. Every family cares for the sick, destitute or orphans nearest to it. There is a superstition that a childless