

HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

CHAPTER IX—Continued.

"Oh," said she in a terrified voice, "Mr. Steinhardt looked terrible! He asked me if I had written telling some one to ask such questions. I answered at once, 'No; but Mr. Unwin has.' I wish I had not said that; for he said at once, 'Oh, Unwin; I'll make short work of him.' So, please! do be careful! I could see in his eyes how cruel he might be. I said, 'Surely there is no harm in trying to find out what has become of my poor father?' 'Oh,' said he, 'no harm at all—none at all, and went away.'"

I could not but regret this very much. It was, therefore, with some anxiety that I received and accepted an invitation to an interview—I had almost said, a collision—with Steinhardt, this evening at seven o'clock in the laboratory of the Chemical Works. I had never yet been within the mysterious, tainted precincts, and it was with some thing of a shudder that I asked myself why he should have invited me to call upon him there, and at an hour when probably there would be no one in the place except himself and the watchman. I went, however, with the sternest courage I could summon.

I cannot describe the laboratory, for I clearly saw only Steinhardt, red as a Mephistopheles; all else was a jumble of retorts, taps, tubes of raw color and what not. He was very civil.

"I asked you to come and see me here, Mr. Unwin," he began, "because I am watching an experiment which I cannot leave, and I wanted to see you at once. You have not taken my word for it that Miss Lacroix is not for you; you have been seeing her at times and places when you should not." He paused and looked at me, as if expecting me to say something. I was silent, and he went on, "Miss Lacroix is not a girl to be the wife of a clergyman who has his way to make; she is beautiful, I know, but she has no money—nothing to speak of. Your time here will be up in another week or so; you have been trying to get a place near here, but you cannot; it will not do to stay about in this neighborhood. I will help you to get a good place in the south—a living of your own—I know where I can, and you must go away tomorrow. There is a cheque I have written for your quarter's salary."

"I am sorry, Mr. Steinhardt," said I, "I cannot go away tomorrow; and I cannot promise to leave the neighborhood."

"Oh; you cannot. Think again: if you do not go, I must send away my family."

"My mind is quite made up," said I. "It is? Very well." He rose, as if to end the interview, and I rose, also. You had better take the cheque," said he, pushing it toward me. "It is almost due, and I shall not want to see you again."

I took it, and was going. Involuntarily I glanced about for any ray or vessel which I could think of as that which had figured in Dick's confession. He seemed to notice my curious glances.

"You have never been in here before," said he. "That is the most interesting place—pointing to a small door—"would you like to look in? I call it the Experiment Bath."

I said I would; and my heart beat wildly.

"You must let me tie up your mouth and nose then," he said, taking some kind of muffer from a drawer.

I wondered whether this were the place, and whether he was going to show it me out of bravado, or whether he was quite unconscious of my suspicion. I determined to go through with it. I was muffled, and he muffled himself. He opened the door; and I saw a small chamber, filled with purplish vapor, in which a gas jet burned dully, and with an unwonted tint.

"Enter," said he.

I entered, and he followed.

"This," said he, raising a lid by some arrangement, "is my experiment."

Vapor rose more densely from the vessel, whose outlines I could not discern. I felt stifled; I gasped for breath. I tugged at the muffer; I could not help it. I reeled; I felt his hand on me—whether to snatch or to push me I cannot now say—but I thought then the former; with a violent effort I recovered myself and turned at once to look at him, and saw—great heavens!—the very counterpart on the wall behind him of that shadow, with head and hands outstretched, which Dick's delicious figure had cast, only vaguer, because of the vapor!

"What! Again?" I involuntarily cried, and dashed from the chamber.

I had to sit down to recover myself; I trembled violently. I thought, when he undid his muffer, he looked paler, and more open-eyed. Did he suspect now my suspicion?

"It is very risky, you see," he said, calmly enough, but with a very keen look, that longed, no doubt, to read me, "very risky to enter my bath!"

I said not a word, but after a moment or two rose with a "Good-night," and went out into the air.

Had he intended to suffocate me? Thinking calmly of the adventure now I do not think so. I think the danger I escaped was altogether owing to my own rashness and folly.

CHAPTER X.

I was scarcely surprised when next day I received a hurried note from Louise. They were all going away at once, she said—all except Mr. Steinhardt. He had come home late, and told them they must pack that night, to be ready to set off in the morning—to the seaside somewhere—where she did not know yet, but she would write to me as soon as she had an address to give, so that I might send her any news. How I treasured that little note! It was the first bit of writing I had had from her; and I read it again and again that day, and for many days, and tried to conjure a hidden meaning, a lurking touch of tenderness or concern out of its ordinary words. A strange feeling of being alone, and forsaken, seized me—a foolish feeling,

which I could not shake off for some days.

I looked in upon old Jacques, as usual. He had been recovering himself since I had seen him first; at least, regaining a consciousness of his own existence, and of the existence of things about him. I thought that day I could see something in his eyes and in the twitching of his mouth, which told that he missed the presence of his niece. He gazed at me long and keenly, till I felt rather disconcerted, looked down at his hands (the fingers of the right hand trembled a little), and uttered some guttural sounds, as if in an effort to articulate. I talked to him a little, though I was not sure he could hear me; or, hearing, could understand; I told him his niece had gone away to the seaside; I hoped it would do her good, for she had been in a very anxious state of mind since her father's loss. It gave myself some relief to speak these things. When I rose to go away, he looked me shrewdly up and down, and watched me to the door. A week or two passed before I saw him again.

My time was taken up with attempts to provide a post for myself against the day when I should leave that at Timperley. Under ordinary circumstances I would have taken the opportunity of the season of the year, and such a juncture in my affairs, to spend a holiday among my friends; but I was now convinced the mystery I was pledged to clear up was in Timperley, and I was resolved to sit down and besiege it there—the more obstinately resolved, since I knew Steinhardt so heartily wished me away.

I wrote letters; I made journeys to this vicar and that rector in the neighborhood, who then needed, or soon would need, a curate, with the same result in all cases. I would not do it; I was not just the kind of man they wanted; they were not sure that my opinions were quite as they would wish the opinions of their curate to be. It became plain to me that I was to be "boycotted;" the word had been passed round, apparently—and by whom, if not by Steinhardt?

Again and again I tried, though with little hope now, to find a curacy even in the neighboring large town; but nothing came of my efforts except disappointment and weariness, and disgust. My time was up in Timperley, but I still retained my lodgings there (they were cheap and comfortable); I held them like an outcast advanced against the enemy's position. The situation was, indeed, becoming like a duel between Steinhardt and me, in which, for the time, he certainly had the best of it.

My anxiety was not lessened by the fact that in the three weeks which had passed I had not heard a word from Louise, and did not know what had happened to her, or even where she was. I finally went to the girl whom I had seen Frank with, and from her I found out that he had written from an address (which she gave me) in Douglas in the Isle of Man. At the end of another week, not having received any reply to a note I had written to Louise, I confess I was tempted with weak thoughts of giving the whole matter up, of surrendering my position to Steinhardt, and going away. I was earning no money, and my quarter's stipend of 22 pounds 10 shillings was rapidly disappearing. What could I do, when it was all gone, but surrender? I am not ashamed to confess that, often than once, I was betrayed into an unmanly prostration of disappointment—of despair, I may even say—and grief. But remember that I was desperately in love (I suppose a clergyman may be as desperately in love as another man) with a young lady, who might be dead, or dying, or married, for aught I knew; that I was sojourning, so to say, in a strange land, whose chief was bitterly hostile to me; that the affair upon which I had staked my success in love had not advanced an inch during those long and lonely weeks.

I do verily believe that, in spite of the conviction which usually sustained me of the final revelation of the truth—in spite, too, of the obstinacy of my nature, and the high reward of success which I had hoped to gain, I would, indeed, have soon best a retreat, if it had not been for a visit I had from my old friend Birley, and the results that immediately followed upon that.

One evening I heard a loud, cheery voice there was no mistaking ask my landlady, "Is 'th' parson at 'hoam, Betty?"—a question which I answered myself by calling, "Come upstairs."

"Well," said he, "you haven't come to see me since I've come back" (he had been ill, and absent from home for some weeks) "so I ha' looked you up."

I said I was very pleased indeed to see him (he looked much older and grayer than when I had seen him last, poor old gentleman).

"Now I've come," he continued, "to ha' a bit of serious talk with you, my friend. You know I wish you well, lad, and that I'd do all for you that a broken old chap can do; but there's no sense, the knows, and no policy in sticking here wi' nought to do—not even courting. You love a lass, and of course, naturally, hang about her; but, deuce take it, lad, what do you expect to get by hanging about the place when she's miles and miles away? Is it that the ground whereon her gentle feet have trod—eh? Come now, lad, let's talk the thing out; we can't ha' the folk about here that used to think so much of you getting to look at you as a sort of harmless lunacy."

"There is at least one person in the village," said I, somewhat nettled, "that do not believe me harmless; whether he thinks me a lunatic or not."

"Well," said he, "you munna be offended at my saying that."

"No, certainly," said I. "If there is one man who could never offend me, it is you, Mr. Birley. But, when I think of it, I am not surprised that people should begin to look upon me as a maniac, since nobody but myself knows altogether what I keep saying here for."

"Ah, well, of course," said he, looking mystified, "but talking on at a venture, according to his wont, 'you know your own affairs best—but you think nobody else knows this altogether. Well, I daresay—'

"I daresay," said I, interrupting him, "I am a monomaniac." The impulse seized me to take him into my confidence; I felt it would relieve and cheer me to talk to him about the matters that occupied my thought so much; he must know them sooner or later, and, by knowing them at that juncture he might give me a useful hint. "Perhaps," said I, "you will think me mad if I tell you what really keeps me here. It is not, as you imagine, that I am in love with your ward, or with the ground she has walked on; I don't deny that I am in that condition—but it is not that keeps me here. I wish to tell you what it is, but you must promise me to keep it locked up in yourself."

"Nay, lad, if it's some very private affair of your own, do not tell me."

"But," said I, "it is no private affair of my own; indeed, it concerns you at least quite as much as me; and I think, perhaps, you might help me a little on it."

I then related my story, point by point, not even omitting mention of Louise's repeated dream, or of my own recent adventure in the chemical works. The effect my story had on him caused me great anxiety. Being, by nature, more of a talker than a listener, he could not refrain, at first, from breaking in now and then with a "To be sure," a "Just so," or an "Ah, yes—there you are," but as the point of the story took hold of him, his talking instinct took vent in occasional grunts, while he became paler and paler, and more and more moved. He did not for a moment doubt that my suspicions pointed to the truth; he adopted them at once, and was enraged that he had not formed them for himself before.

"Stupid old idiot," he exclaimed, "that I was, not to ha' guessed afore that 'Mannel would stick at nothing to get Paul eaten completely up! And Paul was a hot temper, and, if he had words wi' 'Mannel, there would be 'th' devil to settle! And, of course, Paul was likely to come home unexpected, to catch 'Mannel on 'th' hop, so to say, wi' that confounded patent agent! Lord, Lord! if I had only thought of all that a year ago, it might ha' been easier to clean it up! Well, now, what can we do—eh? What can we do?"

I answered that I had been striving for weeks to discover what next to do—but I had not yet discovered it. I was anxious, too, now, I said, about Louise.

"Oh," said he, "I expect she's all right with my sister, in 'th' Isle of Man."

"I think," said I, "it's rash ever to expect that anything is altogether right that Steinhardt is concerned in."

"True for you, lad," said he.

"Besides," I continued, "she promised to write to me, and she has not written a week or more ago, when I found out the Douglas address. I wrote and asked her to send me only a line to say my anxiety—but I have had none."

He looked very grave.

(To be continued.)

THE CAPITOL'S FLAGS.

Regulated by Strict Rules When Flying at Half-Mast.

The flying of flags over the capitol at half-mast, says the Washington Star, is regulated by the strictest rules. Whenever these flags are seen floating half way down the mast it is a sure indication that a vice president, senator or representative is lying dead, or that the action is taken in response to a presidential proclamation ordering the flags on public buildings at half-mast in respect to the memory of some prominent official of the government who has passed away. When the sergeant-at-arms of the senate or house of representatives learns of the death of a member of either of those bodies they at once order that the flags over the senate chamber or hall of representatives be half-masted. This is often done before the houses of congress themselves are officially notified of the death. A good deal of discretion is exercised in the manner of placing the news of a death of this kind officially before the senate or the house. Upon such announcement it is customary for the houses to adjourn in respect to the deceased senator or representative, and in order that current business may not be stopped early in the day the announcement is generally made just before the houses are ready to conclude their day's work. Officers of the senate and house, when they fly the flags at half-mast in response to a proclamation by the president, regard their action as one of courtesy, as they do not recognize the power of the president to order congress to do anything except to assemble in extraordinary session.

For Her Special Benefit.

Lady Butler is probably the only English artist for whose sole benefit a cavalry charge was ordered. When she was painting her stirring picture, "Scotland Forever," she one day expressed a regret that she had never seen a body of cavalry in the act of charging, with the result that a general in whose hearing she had spoken, arranged that a charge should take place for her special benefit.—Cassell's Magazine.

Hobbies.

Men who ride hobbies would not be nearly so objectionable if they did not want all the road to themselves.—Town and Country. Canada has a group of young sculptors of whom much is expected. One of them, Hamilton McCarthy, of Ottawa, is making the bronze statue which the government of Nova Scotia will erect in Halifax to commemorate the services of Nova Scotians in the South African war.

Chickens' Tails Twelve Feet Long.

A new breed of chickens just received in New York from China have tails 12 feet long. They are kept in cages, and when they are taken out for exercise an attendant goes along to hold up the feathers. The hens lay 30 eggs a year, which are hatched by other hens.

Senator Kerns Outdoes Depew.

Until Senator Kerns of Utah arrived Senator Depew's watch was the coldest watch in the senate. Now Mr. Depew asks Senator Kerns what time it is.

SUCCESS IN BEGGING.

Street Mendicants Who Sometimes Make \$50 a Day.

"It requires something more than nerve to be a successful beggar," said the old crippled man. "The asking for alms is the least part of the profession. People think because we ask every passer-by for something that we expect each to contribute. This is the reverse of the story. We know pretty well as soon as a man or a woman heaves in sight whether we can look for a lift or not. We study humanity. We get so we can tell from the face what the inclination of the person is. As not every cynic looks sour, so every beneficent person does not wear his or her heart on the sleeve. In fact, we get more from the sour-looking people than from those who are gay. Those who are gay are usually broke, and if they are not they are too busy figuring on having a good time with their money to help a beggar out."

"Business men are generally easy marks, because they would rather give up than be detained with the harrowing details of how the arm or leg or eye was lost in a terrible wreck. Grab one when he is in a hurry, and he will part with a coin nine times out of ten rather than miss the engagement, even if it be a lunch appointment. Children, contrary to general belief, are poor givers. In the first place, their nickels are few and far between as a rule and in the next place they are usually in a rush to get to the nearest candy store and spend them. Women, too, pass us by. Whether they expect the men to do all the giving, or whether they dread contact with suffering, I know not, but I do know that few women contribute."

"But by far the bulk of the money which is given to beggars comes from the middle classes, and this, perhaps, is due to their knowledge of and acquaintance with suffering themselves. Most of them have had more of the ups and downs than come to the very rich, and they have a fellow feeling for us. They are the ones who stop and listen to the story we have fixed up. We reach them at once, and very rarely fail to land them."

"By the way," continued the beggar, according to the New Orleans Times-Democrat, "if the man is a good artist at his story and knows the game, begging is not such an unprofitable business after all. As a means of earning a living it beats several of the trades all hollow. The proceeds do not seem large to the casual observer, but when you figure up at the end of a day a beggar who cannot average from \$7 to \$10 a day is not a good hand at the business. I have made as much as \$20 a day for months at a time. My family lived well, and I managed to do so at the same time. During gala days and carnival times we sometimes clean up as much as \$50 a day. It has run higher than that. A man cannot be proud and be a beggar, but he can sometimes afford to put his pride in his pocket for a while if he is making money. When he has the money he will find that his pride is all right."

NATURE'S ICEHOUSE.

Food for Birds that Is Preserved in the Arctic Regions.

The number of birds that go to the arctic regions to breed is vast beyond conception. They go not by thousands, but by tens and hundreds of thousands, and because nowhere else in the world does nature provide at the same time and in the same place such a lavish prodigality of food.

The vegetation consists of cranberry, clonberry, and crowberry bushes, and these, forced by the perpetual sunshine of the arctic summer, bear numerous crops of fruit. But the crop is not ripe until the middle and end of the arctic summer, and if the fruit-eating birds had to wait until it was ripe they would starve in the meantime, as they arrive on the very day of the melting of the snow.

But each year the snow descends as a miniature crop of ripe fruit before the birds have time to gather it. It is thus preserved perfectly fresh and juicy, and the melting of the snow discloses the bushes, with the unseasoned last year's crop hanging on them or lying ready to be eaten, on the ground.

The frozen meat stretches across the breadth of northern Asia. It never decays, and it is accessible the moment the snow melts. The same heat which thaws the fruit brings into being the most prolific insect life in the world—the mosquito swarms on theundra. No European can live there without a veil after the snow melts. The gun barrels are black with them, and clouds of them often obscure the sight.

Thus the insect eating birds have only to open their mouths to fill them with mosquitoes, and thus the presence of swarms of cliff chaffs, plovers, and the wagnals in this arctic region is accounted for.

Frye's Blackburn Dialect.

Sensors Frye and Blackburn are very good friends. Nothing delights the president pro tem. of the Senate more than to imitate the Kentucky accent of Blackburn. He declares that the other day, when Blackburn was in the marble room a man asked him if Senator Hoar was on the floor of the Senate. "No, suh," replied Blackburn, according to the Frye version. "Senator Ho' is not on 'th' flo'. He went out that do' at half-past fo'."

Big and Fast Merchant Steamers.

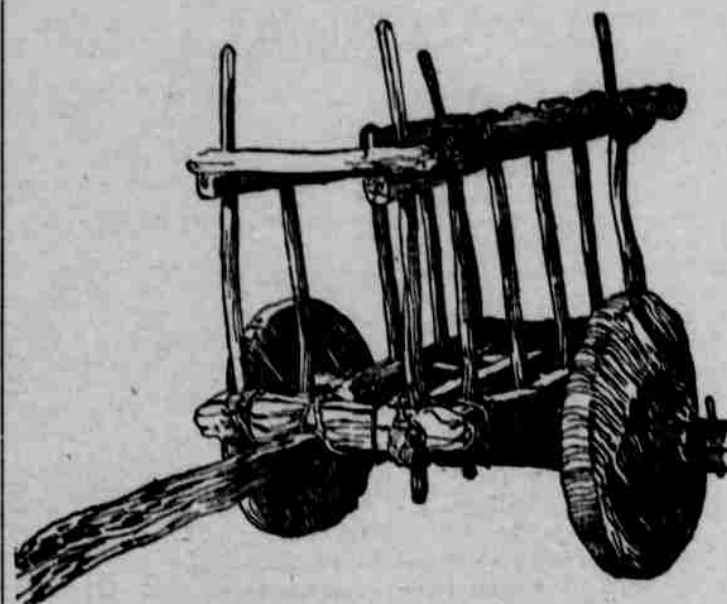
It appears that there are only 1,100 merchant steamships in the world or over 2,000 tons and capable of making twelve knots or over an hour. Of these, 597 are British, 110 French, 106 German, 94 American, 41 Japanese, 31 Italian, 29 Dutch, and 21 Russian. Great Britain leads all in speed, even in the ships of twenty knots or over, the number in this class being: British, 7; German, 5; American, 4; French, 2; Russian, 1.

Tame Wild Squirrels.

The people of Fall River, Mass., have protected the wild gray squirrels in the neighborhood. One was picked up the other day on the principal street, and ate candy from the hand of a friendly citizen.

What has become of the old-fashioned girl who, as soon as she became engaged, got out her crochet needle, and began to make her own trimmings?

OLDEST WAGON IN AMERICA.



Pictureque among the relics of ancient Indian days, dating back to the introduction of cattle in New Mexico, more than 200 years ago, is the old carreta or ox cart, shown in the illustration, which is probably the oldest vehicle of native American origin in the world. This carreta was found in the possession of a native Indian in the ancient pueblo village, Rio Tesque, situated about five miles from Santa Fe, the capital of New Mexico. The Indian, who was 85 years old, said it had been the property of his great-grandfather, and the traditions of Rio Tesque, when taken in correlation with known historical events, clearly establish the date of its making in the latter half of the seventeenth century.

The ancient vehicle shows the primitive conditions of past modes of travel. The great wheels are made of the cross sections of the sycamore tree. The hubs are of one piece with the body of the wheels; they are secured by wooden pins driven through the axle. No iron or metal figures in the make-up, wood and rawhide alone being used in the construction. The body of the carreta is an open rack of cottonwood eight feet long. Upright slats four feet high form this rack. The frame rests upon the axle and the tongue.

The tongue, twelve feet long, is a twisted and gnarled trunk of a mesquite tree. The oxen which drew this ancient cart pushed with their heads a sort of yoke in the shape of a bow of wood bound upon the horns with rawhide, which may be seen to-day in some parts of France and Germany.

CHICAGO WONDERS AT IT.

Remarkable feat of Engineering Skill Now About Completed.

Three distinct and unusual features tend to make the great subway system now being constructed in Chicago one of the most extraordinary triumphs of engineering skill ever accomplished. It is unique in design, mammoth in size and the methods of construction and ultimate use are decidedly novel.

Chicago is a most peculiar city. While it covers an area of 184 square miles, a large portion of which is sparsely populated, the business interests are centered in a district about three-quarters of a mile square. Within these narrow limits are the great wholesale houses, banks, department stores, office buildings, theaters, railway depots and steamboat docks.

The result is a bewildering confusion of pedestrians on the sidewalks, while the roadways are choked with street cars, delivery wagons and heavy drays. All this within a radius of six blocks

stores to the outlying districts. No attempt will be made to do a passenger business.

Intelligible Announcement.

An American woman who understands Italian, but has not learned to comprehend Italianized English, had at a hotel in Florence an experience which she relates with glee.

She had asked that a carriage might be ready for her at a certain hour. She waited in the parlor for it to be announced, and when the time had passed she made complaint that her request had been not regarded.

"But, madam, I send up a boy where you and the other madam were sitting, ten minutes ago, and command him to announce your equipage," said the clerk.

"A boy said something in the doorway," said the lady, doubtfully, "but as he spoke in a language unknown to me, and did not seem to be addressing me, I paid no attention to him."

The boy, being summoned, gazed from the corner of State and Madison streets, the hub of the business section.

Outside of this district there is comparative ease of movement for both pedestrian and wagon traffic.

To offer partial remedy for the ills affecting the city a proposition was made to the Council for an underground telephone service that would rid Chicago of the Bell monopoly. It was received kindly and a permit given to construct the necessary conduits.

Then opposition began to show itself. A clause was inserted in the franchise forbidding the new concern to tear up a bit of pavement, or to disturb the surface of the roadways in any manner under pain of forfeiture of its entire plant.

This was about two years ago, and since there has been no sign of any work being done. Not a foot of street pavement had been torn up, and when the word was given out not long ago that seven miles of large-sized tunnels had been built under the business section of Chicago and were ready for use, everybody excepting the men directly interested in the work was astounded.

As opposition was feared, the work has been done quietly. Basements were rented at convenient intervals along the line and the work of excavation began. Men were put to digging, and the earth taken out was hauled up and carted away at night through the coal holes in the sidewalks, so that it did not attract attention. In the daytime there was not a sign to indicate to the thousands of pedestrians that any unusual work was in progress, but every hur of the twenty-four, day and night, hundreds of men were digging away like moles forty feet below the surface of the street.

It was necessary to go this deep in order to avoid the sewer and gas pipes, the conduit of the telephone and the telegraph companies, the electric light cables and the great water mains. Now the work is about completed. The main tunnels are 14x12 feet and the branches 6x8.

Although constructed ostensibly for the accommodation of telephone wires, this will in reality be a small part of a new enterprise. Its subways are of such size that small cars can be run through them, and on these it is proposed to transport the mails from the general postoffice to the various railway depots and sub-stations; to deliver newspapers to the railway depots and to the dealers instead of sending them by wagons, as is now done, and to carry package freight from the downtown

Modern acrobats perform some seemingly impossible feats. We have seen them walking on the ceiling like flies, but none, so far as known, has yet succeeded in lying on his face in thin air, as if he were taking a stroll down the side of a house and had stopped to examine the horizon. This particular trick is a "fake," pure and simple, though not a photographic one. The picture is strictly truthful, but the man is lying on a beam which projects from the wall. Simple, isn't it, when you know how it is done?—Exchange.

Africa's Ancient Sea.

Recent studies of the animal life of Lake Tanganyika have shown that that lake differs from all other African lakes in possessing inhabitants that belong to the oceanic species. Still, these singular denizens of Lake Tanganyika are not exactly like the marine organisms of the present day, and the conclusion is drawn that a sea, connected with the open ocean, once occupied the parts of Africa where Tanganyika now lies and that the lake is the last remnant of the ancient sea.

Malapropos.

Cadleigh—I thought I had met you before, Miss Browne.

Miss Browne—No; I guess it was my sister.

Cadleigh—Perhaps so. The Miss Browne I met was rather pretty.

Philadelphia Press.

A Temperate People.

The per capita consumption of spirits in the United States is smaller than in any other of the great nations.

FLASHES OF FUN

Fred—John's wife helps him with his literary labors, doesn't she? Fredericka—Oh! yes, she cashes his checks.

"I wonder if he knows his sister has money." "Has he proposed?" "He has." "He does."—New York Herald.

"Do you believe in love at first sight, Chris?" "Sure. If more men took a closer look they wouldn't fall in love."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

"Will you marry me?" he asked. "I told you once that I would not," she answered. "Yes, but that was yesterday," he urged.—Tid Bits.

"It's a small village." "So small they call a shop a store?" "Oh, smaller than that. They call a store an emporium."—New York Sun.

"He proposed to her as a joke." "Yes?" "Well, she accepted him. He does not regard himself as a humorist any more."—Brooklyn Life.

Jaggles—A new summer drink has been named ping-pong. Waggles—So they're going to force it down our throats, eh?—New York Sun.

Too late we learn to grasp the clew. "Twist that which is and that which was."

And the man who's always "going to" is the man who never "does."

"Jenkins holds his head mighty high this mornin'. What's happened?" "Just put a mortgage on the mule and sold a mockin'bird for \$10.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Pa," said little Willie, "I wonder why a bad actor is called a 'ham.'"

"Perhaps," replied his father, "it's because he's so often served with eggs."—Philadelphia Press.

He—Do you mean to say the plumber has not been here yet? She—No—Isn't it shameful? And we such good customers; our plumbing is nearly always out of order!—Brooklyn Life.

Foreign Visitor—Your American society has no castles with haunted rooms. American Girl—No, we haven't. I admit; but (brightening) we have plenty of scandals.—New York Weekly.

Traveler—I sent you half an hour ago to the railway station to find when the next train goes. Porter—Yes, sir, and to be sure and be exact I waited till it started—it was just 12:37.—Punch.

"I don't believe you love me a bit!" sobbed his wife. "But I do, darling! I—" "Don't tell me! It's unnatural you should. No man could love a woman who wears such old hats as I do."—Answers.

Judge—Have the letters been duly examined by the handwriting expert? Prosecutor—Yes, your honor. Judge—Very well, let the handwriting expert now be examined by the insanity expert.—Ohio State Journal.

Clerk—"Mr. Snipper was in while you were out; he said he'd call again tomorrow. Proprietor—Very kind of him. Clerk—But he wanted to collect a bill. Proprietor—Very kind to say when he would call.—Boston Transcript.

"Now that my engagement to Edgar is broken off I wonder if he'll ask me to return the jewels that he gave me?" "If he doesn't ask for them I'd send them back at once—for in that case they're not genuine!"—Fleegende Blaetter.

"Of course you've read Homer's story of 'Ulysses and Calypso,' haven't you?" "No, I really can't say that I have. There's so many books keep coming out now, don't you know, that I just simply don't pretend to keep track of them all."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Mr. Stingham—By the way, Sharpe says he saw you in the Hongkong cafe yesterday—Nurich Cadd—Yes, but I cut him. Did he tell you that? Mr. Stingham—No, but he did remark that he expected every minute to see you cut yourself.—Philadelphia Press.

The automobile had broken down and the chauffeur was busy trying to discover the trouble. The impatient owner of the machine at last broke out: "Hurry up, Felix; there are a lot of people crossing the street that we are missing."—Yonkers Statesman.

Mrs. Waldo of Boston—I have a letter from your Uncle James, Penelope, who wants us to spend the summer on his farm. Penelope (dubiously)—Is there any society in the neighborhood? Mrs. Waldo—I've heard him speak of the Holsteins and Guerneys. I presume they are pleasant people.—Boston Christian Register.

Life Worth Living.—George—Well, life is worth living, after all. Jack—What's happened? George—I went to a railway station to see my sister off, and by some chance Harry Handsome was there to see his sister off, and in the rush and noise and confusion we got mixed, and I hugged his sister and he hugged mine.—New York Weekly.