

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY J. MACLAREN COBBAN.

## CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

There was no suspicion, then, that the remains were of their own master! What could I do? Had I broken my promise to Franklin Haas? Was I helping even now to make public Steinhardt's crime? Was I not standing assenting by while a terrible vengeance was threatened on the foreigner in the deep, slow Lancashire speech? I felt helpless in the crisis; I permitted myself to be borne along whither it might carry me.

In a very few minutes the canvas packages, dropping almost to pieces, were out of the ground and laid in silence on a hand barrow. In silence the improvised bier was taken up between two men, and as it was carried away attended by the lacroixs the crowd, as by instinct, formed a procession behind. I was surprised to find myself in front of this strange funeral procession and close to the bier. Thus in silence we marched away from the ruined mill through the tortuous and treacherous ways which led to the village.

"He's got an experiment on hand tonight, they say," remarked one in a low voice.

"Ay," said another; "and there's a night shift on five or six."

As we entered upon the paved main street of the village, the regular clank of the clogs of our procession was sufficient of itself to attract attention. But though it was very late, the streets were alive with people, not noisy, as might have been expected on a wake night, but earnest and occupied. It was a novel, but true, "Timperley Wakes," for the whole population seemed astir. Our procession created little or no surprise; it appeared to have been expected. We were greeted with no speech or cries. I but heard now and then fearful whispers of "Who is it?" and "They cannot tell yet." Many of the crowd fell into the procession as it slowly passed up the street. There was no tavern open at that late hour to which the bier could be taken for examination, so it was carried to the door of the public hall—which was soon opened, lit up, and full of people, as it had been earlier in the evening.

I have no clear recollection of what followed. I appealed to them not to open the packages; I knew who it was. But I got only the obstinate, but respectful answer, "Ye, parson, but we mun." The packages were opened; but I know only I had a horrible vision of a ghastly head with black hair and beard.

"Good Lord!" I heard more than one exclaim. "It's th' mister!"

His men had recognized Mr. Lacroix. Hurried and fierce consultations were held, to which I was not invited, and upon which I did not force myself. In a few minutes the whole crowd, except a few who remained to watch over the ghastly remains, marched out of the hall as if with settled purpose. I accompanied them with no purpose at all of my own; my will seemed absorbed in that of the crowd. We were on our way down the village street, when I was startled by the church bell beginning to toll: some venturesome spirit had forced his way into the tower.

To explain what followed I must mention here that for some weeks many of the work people, the younger folk especially, had been under the influence of those hysterical, revivalist teachings which have always taken such hold of the ignorant and the half-educated. A contingent of the Salvation Army had held the village for some time, preaching fire and sword, the terrible justice of God, and the pains of everlasting torment to the unbelieving. This kind of doctrine accorded well with the grim, tenacious Lancashire character, and the army had won a good many recruits among the villagers. These were well represented in the crowd I accompanied.

Before I quite knew where we were we had halted at the gates of the chemical works. Without a word the foremost of the crowd knocked. There was, of course, no answer, and they knocked again. While we waited I listened mechanically to the talk which those about me began in their slow fashion to indulge in.

"God Almighty," said one, "is terrible to a wicked man like him!"

"Yes," said another, "and wicked he is! You mind what Muster Freeman told us that time; it's the likes of Steinhardt has made us such sinners as we are, and has made our place what it is! An' he connot do w'out murdering his partner, poor man!"

"He'll ha' his proper death for it, sure as God's true!" said a third.

"Yes," said the first, "and God's wrath will not wait for a terrible sinner like him!"

In a little while there was the sound of bolts being drawn, and the watchman appeared at the side gate. When he saw the crowd he would have shut it again, but he was prevented. Several entered that way and opened wide the great gates. The crowd entered without commotion, and marched ahead as if it knew its destination. From a shed filled with glowing vapors, came half a dozen workmen—the night shift, I supposed. They met their comrades and demanded what was to do. They were answered by the man who had insisted to me that the packages must be examined.

"What's to do?" he said. "Yo' do not know? We mun ha' that murdering villain, Steinhardt, out; ye, but we mun. What's he done? He's been and murdered horribly poor Master Lacroix—yo' shall hear a' about it. And now, by the vengeance of God Almighty on the wicked which cannot wait, he mun be done for this night as he did for his partner!"

"For God's sake!" I exclaimed. "Don't think of such a thing! It will be murder, as certainly as his crime was!"

But my remonstrance was not heeded; I was put aside respectfully, but firmly. The crowd pressed on toward the laboratory. They had not advanced far in that direction, when an explosion burst upon the air, stunned us all, and threw the foremost to the ground. Many ran away, others went forward—

I with these last. It did not take long to discover that the explosion had come from the laboratory, from the broken roof of which rose strange vapors. A little work, and removal of debris, and Steinhardt was discovered stretched on the floor, a discolored and blasted wreck! It was an awful sight! Here, in his own cherished sanctuary, had the vengeance of God leaped forth at him from beneath his own hands; for a smashed iron retort, which he had been manipulating, lay close by him! His strong nerves had been shaken by the approach of the crowd.

"I came to tell him," said the watchman in a hushed voice, "that th' crowd was in. He said, 'Go to th' devil, and leave me alone!' and I was just gone away when th' explosion came."

My story is in effect finished. But for the satisfaction of those who would like to see the loose ends of its web taken up and tied I must add a page or two.

After legal process of identification and inquest, the ghastly remains of the two partners, Lacroix and Steinhardt, the victim and his murderer, were buried, the one with his uncle in the family tomb, the other in the obscure unconsecrated ground of the church yard. This done, the affairs of the firm were wound up.

In the necessary examination of all papers some letters and documents were found in a small safe in Steinhardt's study at Timperley Hall, which sufficiently explain what still needs explanation in the Lacroix mystery—the substantial ground of offense on which the partners met on that fatal night, and the unwavering resolution of Steinhardt to get Louise married to his son. The letter which came first in order of date made clear one side at least of the quarrel. It was from Lacroix to Steinhardt, and was dated "Paris, March 3rd, 1882." It was evidently in reply to one from Steinhardt, containing a proposal affecting Louise—what proposal will readily be guessed. This Mr. Lacroix warmly declined to entertain, and begged it would not again be mentioned.

"My daughter," he wrote, "is promised to her cousin, the Count De Lacroix. As for the 20,000 pounds damages, that must be reckoned a joint business loss; there can surely be no doubt about that. I hope we have done for the future with playing tricks with that patent."

The next letter, of date several days later, was of great interest, at least to Louise and me. It was stained and blurred as with some liquid dye; it had doubtless been taken by Steinhardt from Lacroix's person after death. It was addressed to "Mimie De Lacroix"; it was written on fine "foreign" paper with crest and motto, and contained many gallant and polite expressions of the Count De Lacroix's devotion to his lovely cousin—whom, he said, he hoped to come and see in the summer. How was it he had never come?—never even been heard of?

These questions were answered by a second letter from the count, dated in May, 1882, and addressed to Mr. Lacroix, and by the postscript of a letter of about the same date, written in German though from Paris, and addressed to Steinhardt. The count's letter excused him to his "dear uncle" from paying his proposed visit; he was too ill to think of leaving France; the letter to Steinhardt was evidently from a compatriot. It was mainly about business affairs; its matter of interest for us was squeezed into a corner: "You ask me about the Count De Lacroix. I learn he is still busy killing himself with absinthe."

Lastly came the astonishing communication of all. It was dated several months later, in the November, I think, of 1882. It was from a Paris lawyer, who evidently had the management of the De Lacroix affairs. In a few words, it informed Mr. Lacroix that the young Count Honoré was dead, and saluted Count Paul, his successor! ("La roi est mort—vive le roi." And the congratulatory count was dead too! With this letter were tied up two or three legal documents, of which I cannot attempt much account, though they are now in my possession. They were a copy of certificate of the death of Honoré Marie Antoinette, Count De Lacroix, and certain papers showing of what the De Lacroix property consisted—chateau, estates and rents—and with them, finally, a later note from the lawyer to Steinhardt, who had evidently apprised him of Mr. Lacroix's "disappearance," and of the half-fact that in the meanwhile he was guardian of Paul's heirs.

"By George!" exclaimed Birley, when we had made this discovery, "but 'Mannul was a tough schemer! He was determined to set his lad up as a French count, with a chateau and all the rest of it!"

I ventured to doubt whether Louise's husband would be Count De Lacroix, though Louise certainly was the inheritor of the chateau and the rest.

"Do you mean to tell me, then, the lass is not a countess?" he exclaimed.

"That I could not declare, though I was certain no handsomer or sweeter countess could be found in the whole wide world."

"True for you, my lad," said he; "and yo're in the luck of it."

Birley was eager to go home at once to tell Louise all about it (she was again established in his house, with Mrs. Steinhardt). He wished me to go with him to assist in the explanation; I endeavored to excuse myself, but in vain.

"Come, lad," said he, "I can see what yo're thinking. Keep a stiffer back, man; do not be so shy yourself. See—tho' I saw a duke once—a great Scotch duke—and he was the crabbest-looking tailor-body ever you saw in all your life. If you cannot make a better count, once you get used to it, than he made a duke, I'll eat my hat, lad!"

"Ah, ha!" cried Birley, in his cheery voice, "I have a word to say unto thee, my lady!"

"Which of us do you mean, Mr. Birley?" she asked.

"Which of you? Well, Sally might

have had to do with it, but as it happens she hasn't. I mean thee, my lady countess."

"Countess?" she exclaimed. "Why, what has amused you, Mr. Birley?"

"I do not quite know," said I, wishing to get the explanation over, "that Mr. Birley is right to call you countess, but we have found evidence that your cousin the count is dead, and that you, being next in succession, inherit the De Lacroix chateau and other property. You are a great French heiress, Louise, whether you are countess or not."

"Me?" she cried. "Oh, what strange thing is this?"

Birley sat down and entered into explanation, while I withdrew to the window.

"So, my lady," concluded Birley, "there you are, and we are all thy humble, obedient servants."

I was astonished to see her hide her face in her hands, and burst into tears.

"I do not wish at all," she cried, "to be countess, or to be anything but what I am! And you want all to put me far away from you! I do not wish to have their chateau and their rents!"

"Louise," I said, "let me confess to you that I have been thinking I ought to give you up—to give you back the promise you gave me, before either you or I crossed you were the great lady we now know you are! It was terrible, terrible to think I ought to do it, but—but—ah, Louise, what must I do?"

"You still love me, then, as much as you did? But why should you not? Am I not the same Louise? I do not feel that chateau and rents make it unwise to say that you should love me!"

"Then you do not—"

"Ah, hush!" she cried, stopping my mouth with her hand. "You must not say such things! It is wicked! But I know you did not doubt me! I know! I know!"

Shall I go on? What need is there? Surely every reader may guess the rest—that Louise De Lacroix is now known to the world as Mrs. Gerald Unwin—to me as the dear partner of all life's joys, and cares, and duties, the tender and faithful heart who has put away all the terrors and shadows of the past and cherishes only the lessons of humility, faith, patience and duty which it has taught.

"What," some may ask in conclusion "about Frank Steinhardt, and his little sweet-voiced school-mistress?"

Frank was more of a musician than a chemical dye manufacturer. The chemical works were, therefore, sold, and Frank and Mrs. Frank are now known in musical circles, he as a pianist, and she as a singer of repute.

I cannot end without a word concerning the strange woman whose visions played so great a part in the elucidation of the Lacroix mystery—poor Franklin Haas. I put off as long as I could the unwise task of informing her of Steinhardt's death. When at length I did write I told her in few words that a retort had burst upon him while he was engaged upon an experiment, and had killed him at once. Soon after I had written I was surprised to receive a note from her, containing only these words:

THE END.

**A Green Blackboard.**

A "blackboard" of green artificial slate, which, it is claimed, is more restful to the eye than the old boards, has been invented by A. W. Marshall, and was first adopted by the public schools in Little Rock, Ark. In fact, many large cities have utilized this new invention and oculists give it the highest recommendation. It is believed that children with weak eyes are often subjected to serious personal injury through the constant use of blackboards, which are known to be injurious to the eyes. Green is nature's color and is naturally restful to the eyes. So far the invention has met with favor among those who have experimented with it.

**The Scepter.**

The scepter was the emblem of power. As the silver wand, so familiar in cathedrals, was once hollow, containing the "virge," or rod with which chastisement was inflicted upon the chorists and younger members of the foundation, so the royal scepter represented the right to inflict punishment. Hence the expression, "to sway the scepter," implied the holding of regal dignity. The scepter with the dove possessed the additional signification of the Holy Ghost, as controlling the actions of the sovereign. The same idea was conveyed by Rhems by the beautiful ceremony of letting loose a number of doves at the coronation of the French kings.

—Good Words.

**Precedent Established.**

A beginner in newspaper work in a southern town who occasionally "sent stuff" to one of the New York dailies, picked up last summer what seemed to him a "big story." Hurrying to the telegraph office he "queried" the telegraph editor: "Column story so and so. Shall I send?" The reply was brief and prompt, but to the enthusiast unsatisfactory. "Send 600 words" it all said. "Can't be told in less than 1,200," he wired back. Before long the reply came: "Story of creation of world told in 600. Try it."—New York Post.

**Health Farm for Invalids.**

A health farm is planned by the Young Men's Christian Association six miles west of Denver for the benefit of those, particularly the tuberculars, who might otherwise be unable to live in that state. A sanitary home, nourishing food, skillful medical attention, and an uplifting environment will be offered to young men. The prices to be charged will be within the reach of those of an average financial condition, and whenever possible medical services are to be offered against such outdoor work as the patients may be able to do.

**A Cave of Torturers.**

An interesting discovery has been made at the island of Capri, in the shape of an underground vault in which the Emperor Tiberius used to confine the victims of his displeasure prior to their being thrown into the sea. The walls are covered with inscriptions, some of which go to show that among those immured subsequently in the prison were the sister and wife of the Emperor Commodus.

**Alabama Agriculture.**

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 228,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers, and 94,083 by colored farmers.

## THE AMERICAN BOY.

You say you were "born here—that settles the matter." Not quite; perhaps much as the marching and drumming of powder, the din and the clatter On Fourth of July making soldiers of boys.

You see, the American standard was set Quite high at the first, and it's rising still higher: No American boy is allowed to forget That he cannot be great through the fame of his sire.

The men who are great on our history's page That speaks of our work for our first hundred years, Whose fame is increasing as age after age Rolls backward, to down in the gulf of the years.

Are great from the fact that they stood for the right, Regardless of person, of place, or of poif; They battled each evil that rose into sight For the good of their fellows, forgetful of self.

This is what is expected. You may have been born In a city, or far in the West 'Mongst the shimmering plumes of the rippling corn; Or from the light where a king's golden crest.

Overshadowed the land; where the poor turned their eyes From their hovels, far out over mountains and wave, To the sunset Republic, where liberty's skies Smiled down on the homes of the free and the brave.

Being born an American, can't be denied Give us a fair start on the highway of fame, Of wealth, or whatever else he may decide To deserve, to achieve and attach to his name.

But whoever would win must be ready to work; He must earn and secure before he may enjoy; In all the wide field there's no sneaf for the shirks— It means this to be an American boy.

You may not be selected for perilous trips Over mountains and glaciers, or sail in the van Of the fleet for entrapping an enemy's ship; Then take to the waves on a catamaran.

But you must be ready, and stand by your gun; Wherever you find them, as firm as the earth, If you would be proved one of Uncle Sam's sons By lawful adoption of fortunate birth.

Then hold your head high, your eyes on the stars; And sure of our banner, your hand firm and sure; Like Galahad strong because you are pure. Stand fast for the right. Look well to your work.

Build your life of pure gold, with no grain of alloy; Do your best if you'd win yourself loftiest praise, And deserve to be called an American boy. —Margaret Holmes Bates.

## A Premature Fourth.

BY PAUL INGLEW.

INCIPENT Fourth of July enthusiasm was astir as the Millville accommodation rolled into the depot, discharging a cheery-faced, portly gentleman of 50, carrying a bulging satchel. He came out on the "market street" in time to get a shower-bath from a pack of firecrackers hung by a crowd ofurchins, enveloping him in a veritable "blaze of glory!"

"Hi! you young imps!" he roared—but the children only grinned, for their victim was chuckling as though he enjoyed the excitement, tossed them a quarter, and laughingly strolled over to the farmers' wagons lining the square.

"There's the best-natured man I ever did see!" the occupant of one was remarking as the man sauntered off.

"Any of these rigs going down the old Ford Road?" he inquired.

"I am," nodded the other—"thirty miles."

"A lift of two will suit me," "Jump in, I say, stranger, you're the beamiest mortal I ever set eyes on; I'd a-chased those bothersome kids with the whip lash."

"Pshaw—was a boy myself once," retorted the traveler. "And—beaming? Why shouldn't I be? Just back from the Philippines, easy conscience, some money, and come home to have a jolly Fourth with my best friends."

Rolf Burton, an orphan from an early age, had experienced some hard knocks and single-handed, had fought his way to quite a competency.

Two miles from Millville lived the only relatives he knew. They were the Phillips and the Ames families, occupying neighboring farms—his half-cousins. He had drifted down here a few years back, and they had made it very pleasant for him. Especially had young George Ames put himself out to entertain him, and quite naturally winsome, warm-hearted Alma Phillips discovered a kindred friendship.

A great idea came into Burton's mind; those two were made for one another. They were very young—only sixteen then—but mutually in love. It would be the object of his life to nurture their pretty engagement. They would marry, he would endow George with a farm, suggesting a life-tenancy for himself as a compensation.

Then came the Spanish war. Burton caught the martial fever at home—and the real malaria in the Philippines. Now he was coming back to carry out his original plan, and was joyful as a vacation school boy, as he jumped down from the wagon.

"Hello!" he expanded, as he neared the Phillips farm. "There's old Seth, sure!" he roared the great, bluff fellow, and nearly shook his cousin off the hay rake with the suddenness of his hail.

"Well, well!" cried Uncle Rolf, rapidly. "Thought it about time for a wedding—see?" rolicked Burton. "So, bobbed down on you—hey?"

"Wedding—who's?" muttered Seth, crabbedly.

"Who?" retorted Burton. "Who should it be but George and Alma?"

"Don't mention any Georges, or Ames, or that rascally tribe, to me!"

"Eh! what's happened here?" stared the astounded visitor.

"Go up to the house. I'm busy, but I'll hurry through and join you soon. Hold on—say, Burton; you're not going down to see Si Ames?" challenged Seth roughly.

"Why not?"

"They drop me—that's all I'm through with that rubbish; you can't be my friend and his'n, too!"

"Whew!" whistled Burton, treading on. He sat down by the wayside, finally. His wits were askew. What, indeed, was happening? Things seemed turned all topsy-turvy!

He got up as he saw a light buggy approaching, and recognized old Lawyer Russell. There was an interchange of greetings. The attorney stated he was going first to the Phillips farm, then on to Ames' place.

"I'll go with you. Anything valuable here, Squire?" asked Burton, as he placed his satchel behind the seat next to the attorney's document bag.

## UNCLE SAM CELEBRATES.



One hundred and twenty-six years old to-day, and feelin' frisky ez a kitten, B'gosh!—Minneapolis Journal.

"Nothing but the papers in this pestiferous dispute between Ames and Phillips," answered Russell.

"Because I've got some extra husband's in my satchel!" half-laughed Burton.

"How's that?"

"A dozen genuine double-headed Chinese giant fire-bombs. Brought 'em clear from Manila to celebrate Fourth of July with the Phillips kids. Looks, though," suggested Burton, ruefully, "as if there isn't going to be much celebrating around these parts!"

"I fear not," gravely replied Russell. "I suppose you know the bone of contention between these two stubborn-headed fellows?"

"I don't, but I want to know," asserted Burton.

"Well, you remember the eighty-acre strip that lies between the two farms—belongs to the Morris estate. Last year Ned Morris leased it for ten years to Ames. Same time, unknowingly, Lida Morris leased it to Phillips. Both claimed it. Neither would give in. They've fought like cats and dogs over their respective claims. I suggested they use it alternate years. No go. I've got the leases in my document bag there, and I've come down to see if they won't fix the matter up."

When they reached the Phillips farm a joyous brood of children surrounded "Uncle Rolf." He was kept busy distributing newly minted dollars and agreeing to help them shoot off their fireworks, and act the festive old boy generally.

Prided with the means of replenishment, the children set off some of their stock in hand. Meantime, old Seth came in from the fields. Burton sat on the veranda, watching the stubborn-eyed farmer while the lawyer explained that he and Ames must compromise or go to law.

"Law be it!" cried Seth. "I'll never give in."

"Bang!"

An awful clatter rent the air. The spot where they had left the lawyer's horse and buggy was a maelstrom of fire and detonation.

"My double-headed Chinese bombs!" cried Burton.

"My legal document bag!" quavered Russell.

This had happened: The youthful Phillips brood had thrown some crackers into the buggy, fire had communicated to the contents, there had been an explosion, and Uncle Rolf's cherished importations had gone up in smoke!

"Hurrah for the Fourth of July!" Uncle Rolf waved his hat with a will. "But it isn't the Fourth of July—yet!" piped a tiny nephew.

"Hurrah for the third of July, then!" roared the whole-hearted visitor. "Glory! Glory! Blow to finders, horse run away. Lawyer Russell scared to death, but all the same—hurrah!"

There was cause for jubilation, Uncle Rolf had come as the good angel of the occasion.

Now, four hours after the explosion, two shame-faced neighbors shook hands, and "made up," and meekly smiled upon happy Alma and George, cooling among the rose bushes.

The explosion had ended "litigation," for it had blown to finders both of the leases that made the eighty acres a bone of contention.

"Two well-disposed, lifetime-friend cronies fighting over a bit of land!" railed Burton. "You stubborn old noddies, I'll soon settle that. Know what I'm going to do?"

All hands looked expectant, for Uncle Rolf was always doing something great.

"I've deputized Russell to buy the eighty acres for me. You, Seth, shall have half of it to till; you, Si, the other half—for a year."

"And then?" inquired both farmers in a voice.

"Why, then," crowed Uncle Rolf, rapidly. "I shall give it to George and Alma. The thing's settled—they're going to get married next Fourth of July!"

**George Wore False Teeth.**

During the latter part of his life Washington wore false teeth, made by a dentist named Greenwood. His teeth did not fit well and pushed out his lower lip. He had a lot of trouble with his teeth, and there is in existence a copy of a letter which his dentist wrote to him a year before he died. The dentist tells Washington that the old set of teeth which he sent him from Philadelphia was very black, and that it must have been discolored by his soaking them in port wine or by his drinking too much port wine. He warns Washington that all wines containing acid are bad for the teeth, and advises him to take out the teeth after dinner and put them in clean water, and should any holes be eaten in them by the acid, to fill them with wax and seal them tight with a piece of red-hot iron, such as a nail. He closes his letter as follows:

"If your teeth grow black, take some chalk and a pine or cedar stick; it will rub off. If you want your teeth more yellow, soak them in broth or pot liquor, but not in tea or acids. To preserve teeth they must be very often changed and cleaned, for whatever attacks them must be replaced as often, or it will gain

## FLASHES OF FUN

The "water-cure" practice will at least tend to keep the American hobo out of the Philippines.—Philadelphia Ledger.

He—it is reported around town that we are engaged. She—is it? What idiotic things people do say!—Somerville Journal.

Gladys—They say Harold is an expert in the art of self-defense. Evelyn—Nonsense! Edith made him propose in just one week!

"Johnny, where did you hear that bad word?" "Why, papa, didn't you know that mamma played ping-pong?"—The Yale Record.

"Goodness! how that railroad stock does fluctuate." "Yes, it's a wise railroad stock that knows its own par."—Philadelphia Press.

Muggins—Youngpop is going to have his baby christened Bill. Muggins—How strange. Muggins—Oh, I don't know. He came on the first of the month.

Elderly Lady—Aren't you ashamed to be seen smoking cigarettes, little boy? Little Boy—Sure I am; but wot's a feller to do when he ain't got de price of a cigar?—Philadelphia Record.

Popularity: "Do you think he would be a success in politics?" "Yes, indeed. Why, he has thoroughly mastered the knack of looking interested when he is being bored."—Chicago Post.

Teacher—Now, Ethel, who wrote the "Elegy in a Country Churchyard?" Ethel—Please, ma'am, it was Willie Kmf. I seen him 'goin' in the churchyard at recess, ma'am.—Chicago Daily News.

Elmore—What made you give up society, Edmond? Edmond—Oh! I got so dead-tired of seeing people who are nobody trying to act like somebody; and people who are somebody actin' like nobody.

First Boy (contemptuously)—Huh! Your mother takes in washin'. Second Boy—Oh, course; you didn't s'pose she'd leave it hangin' out overnight, unless your father was in prison, did ye?—Tit-Bits.

At the concert: Fosdick—Why do you applaud such a long and wearisome sonata? Keedick—I've been sitting so long that all my limbs have gone to sleep. I wish to restore the circulation.—Judge.

"When a young man is in love," said Uncle Eben, "don't blame him if he's 'lowed.' It's hard to get along wif. He can't help havin' de idea dat any one who kin win de 'fections of sech a fine lady must be sumpin' great."

"I'm fixed," said the young doctor; "I've got a big enough practice for life." "But suppose you should lose half your patients?" "I'll just double my bills on the others."—Philadelphia Press.

Greene—They tell me you send a good many things to the magazines, as well as to the daily papers. Come, now, is there any money in literature? Brower—If there isn't it is no fault of mine. I never took any out of it.

A Georgia man, who has gone to Washington in search of a government job, gives as his qualifications: "I cannot write poetry and novels. There ain't a government mule that can throw me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Little Boy (pointing to window of India rubber shop)—What are those? Mamma—Those are diving suits, made all of India rubber so that the diver won't get wet. Little boy—I wish I had one. Mamma—What for, my dear? Little boy—To wear when you wash me.—Chicago News.

Mrs. Hickey (who is entertaining her little son's playmate, aged 5, to dinner)—Willie, can you cut your own meat? Willie (who is struggling with a piece on his plate)—Yes, thank you (with a desperate saw at the beef, I've cut quite as tough meat as this at home.—Glasgow Evening Times.

"Music is a very desirable accomplishment," said Melitabel's mother. "That's right," answered her father. "If a girl likes a young man she can play come opera, and make him feel perfectly at home, and if she doesn't she can give him a few samples from a sonata and make him weary."—Washington Star.

A blessing in disguise: "I was so sorry to hear a fox had been stealing your poultry again. How unfortunate you are!" "Oh, we can bear it, miss, thank you kindly. You see the Stopshire Hunt country comes on our farm on one side, and the Jowers on the other, so we make a claim on both, and they each pay for the old hens!"—Punch.

Brown (in the middle of tall shooting story)—Hardly had I taken aim at the lion on my right, when I heard a rustle in the jungle grass, and perceived an enormous tiger approaching on my left. I found myself on the horns of a dilemma! Interested Little Boy—Oh, and which did you shoot first—the lion, or the tiger, or the dilemma?—Punch.

One morning the minister gravely observed to the girl— "Jessie, I hope you say your prayers every night." "Ay, I dae that, sir! Last night I prayed for you an' the meestrass." "Indeed, Jessie; why?" queried the reverend gentleman. "Jessie, without hesitation, responded, while pointing contemptuously to the ping-pong appliances— "Sir, when I see you an' the meestrass so far left ye yersels as the play at that nonsense, I'm thinking that ye baith sair need prayin' for!"

**New Trip for Tourists.**

Fram London to Shanghai by rail within twenty or thirty days and at the comparatively small cost of \$105 first class or \$120 second class is now a matter for accomplishment by any tourist. Until recently the time occupied in the journey to the commercial metropolis of the east was about six weeks and the cost was nearly treble the present amount.

The New Maid—And the mistress cooks some herself, does she? The Cook—Oh, yis! But there's naughtin' wasted—I makes it over into Irish stew.—Puck.

