

# A STUDY IN SCARLET.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE.

## CHAPTER I.—Continued.

Sherlock Holmes seemed delighted at the idea of sharing rooms with me.

"I have my eye on a suite in Baker street," he said, "which would suit us to the ground. You don't mind the smell of strong tobacco, I hope?"

"I always smoke 'ship's myself," I answered.

"That's good enough. I generally have chemicals about, and occasionally do experiments. Would that annoy you?"

"By no means."

"Let me see—what are my other shortcomings I get in the dumps at times, and don't open my mouth for days on end. You must not think I am snaky when I do that. Just let me alone and I'll soon be all right. What have you to confess now? It's just as well for two fellows to know the worst of each other before they begin to live together."

I laughed at this cross examination.

"I keep a bullpup," I said, "and object to rows, because my nerves are shaken, and I get up at all sorts of ungodly hours, and I am extremely lazy. I have another set of vitamins when I am well, but those are the principal ones at present."

"Do you include violin playing in your category of rows?" he asked, anxiously.

"It depends on the player," I answered. "A well played violin is a treat for the gods; a badly played one—"

"Oh, that's all right," he cried with a merry laugh. "I think we may consider the thing as settled—that is, if the rooms are agreeable to you."

"When shall we see them?"

"Call for me here at noon, tomorrow, and we'll go together and settle everything," he answered.

"All right—noon exactly," said I, shaking his hand.

We left him working among his chemicals, and we walked together toward my hotel.

"By the way," I asked suddenly, "how the deuce did he know that I had come from Afghanistan?"

My companion smiled an enigmatical smile.

"That's just his little peculiarity," he said. "A good many people have wanted to know how he finds things out."

"Oh, a mystery, is it?" I cried, rubbing my hands. "This is very piquant. I am much obliged to you for bringing us together. The proper study of mankind is man, you know."

"You must study him then," Stamford said, as he bid me good-by.

"You'll find him a knotty problem, though. I'll wager he knows more about you than you about him. Good-by."

"Good-by," I answered; and strolled on to my hotel, considerably interested in my new acquaintance.

## CHAPTER II.

We met next day, as he had arranged, and inspected his rooms at No. 221B Baker street, of which he had spoken at our meeting.

They consisted of a couple of comfortable bedrooms and a single, large, airy sitting room, cheerfully furnished, and illuminated by two broad windows.

So desirable in every way were the apartments, and so moderate did the terms seem when divided between us that the bargain was concluded upon the spot, and we at once entered into possession.

That very evening I moved my things round from the hotel, and on the following morning Sherlock Holmes followed me with several boxes and portmanteaus.

For a day or two we were busily employed in unpacking and laying out our property to the best advantage.

That done, we gradually began to settle down and to accommodate ourselves to our new surroundings.

Holmes was certainly not a difficult man to live with. He was quiet in his ways, and his habits were regular.

It was rare for him to be up after ten at night, and he had invariably breakfasted and gone out before I rose in the morning.

Sometimes he spent his day at the chemical laboratory, sometimes in the dissecting room, and occasionally in long walks, which appeared to take him into the lowest portions of the city. Nothing could exceed his energy when the working fit was upon him; but now and again a reaction would seize him, and for days on end he would lie upon the sofa in the sitting room, hardly uttering a word or moving a muscle from morning to night.

On these occasions I have noticed such a dreamy, vacant expression in his eyes, that I might have suspected him of being addicted to the use of some narcotic, had not the temperance and cleanliness of his whole life forbidden such a notion.

As the weeks went by, my interest in him and my curiosity as to his aims in life gradually deepened and increased.

His very person and appearance were such as to strike the attention of the most casual observer. In height he was rather over six feet, and so excessively lean that he seemed to be considerably taller.

His eyes were sharp and piercing, save during those intervals of torpor to which I have alluded; and his thin, hawk-like nose gave his whole expression an air of alertness and decision.

His chin, too, had the prominence and squareness which mark the man of determination.

His hands were invariably blotched with ink and stained with chemicals, yet he was possessed of extraordinary delicacy of touch, as I frequently had occasion to observe when I watched him manipulating his frail philosophical instruments.

The reader may set me down as a hopeless busybody, when I confess how much this man stimulated my curiosity, and how often I endeavored to break through the reticence which he showed in all that concerned himself.

Before pronouncing judgment, however, be it remembered how objectionable was my life and how little there was to engage my attention.

My health forbid me from venturing out unless the weather was exceptionally genial, and I had no friends who would call upon me and break the monotony of my daily existence.

Under these circumstances, I eagerly

halled the little mystery which hung around my companion, and spent much of my time in endeavoring to unravel it.

He was not studying medicine. He had himself, in reply to a question, confirmed Stamford's opinion upon that point.

Neither did he appear to have pursued any course of reading which might fit him for a degree in science or any other recognized portal which would give him an entrance into the learned world.

Yet his zeal for certain studies was remarkable, and within eccentric limits his knowledge was so extraordinarily ample and minute that his observations have fairly astounded me.

Surely no man would work so hard to attain such precise information unless he had some definite end in view. Desultory readers are seldom remarkable for the exactness of their learning.

No man burdens his mind with small matters unless he has some very good reason for doing so.

His ignorance was as remarkable as his knowledge. Of contemporary literature, philosophy and politics he appeared to know next to nothing.

Upon my quoting Thomas Carlyle, he inquired in the naivest way who he might be and what he had done. My surprise reached a climax, however, when I found incidentally that he was ignorant of the Copernican theory, and of the composition of the solar system.

That any civilized human being in this nineteenth century should not be aware that the earth traveled round the sun appeared to me such an extraordinary fact that I could hardly realize it.

"You appear to be astonished," he said, smiling at my expression of surprise. "Now that I do know it, I shall do my best to forget it."

"To forget it?"

"You see," he explained, "I consider that a man's brain originally is like a little empty attic, and you have to stock it with such furniture as you choose. A fool takes in all the lumber of every sort that he comes across, so that the knowledge which might be useful to him gets crowded out, or at best is jumbled up with a lot of other things, so that he has a difficulty in laying his hands upon it. Now, the skillful workman is very careful indeed as to what he takes into his brain attic. He will have nothing but the tools which will help him in doing his work, but of these he has a large assortment, and all in the most perfect order. It is the mistake of the fool that that little room has elastic walls and can distend to any extent. Depend upon it, there comes a time when for every addition to knowledge you forget something that you knew before. It is of the highest importance, therefore, not to have useless facts elbowing out the useful ones."

"What the deuce is it to me?" he interrupted impatiently. "You say that we round the sun. If we went round the moon it would not make a pennyworth of difference to me or to my work."

I was on the point of asking him what that work might be, but something in his manner showed me that the question would be an unwelcome one.

I pondered over our short conversation, however, and endeavored to draw my deductions from it. He said that he would acquire no knowledge which did not bear upon his object. Therefore, all the knowledge which he possessed was such as would be useful to him.

I enumerated in my own mind all the various points upon which he had shown me that he was exceptionally well informed, and I even took pencil and jotted them down.

I could not help smiling at the document when I had completed it. It ran in this way:

### SHERLOCK HOLMES—His Limits.

1. Knowledge of literature—Nil.

2. Knowledge of philosophy—Nil.

3. Knowledge of Astronomy—Nil.

4. Knowledge of Politics—Feeble.

5. Knowledge of botany—Variable.

Well up in bella donna, optimum and poisons generally. Knows nothing of practical gardening.

6. Knowledge of geology—Practical, but limited. Tells at a glance different soils from each other. After walks has shown me splashes upon his trousers, and told me by their color and consistency in what part of London he had received them.

7. Knowledge of chemistry—Profound.

8. Knowledge of anatomy—Accurate, but unsystematic.

9. Knowledge of sensational literature—Immense. He appears to know every detail of horror perpetrated in the century.

10. Plays the violin well.

11. Is an expert single stick player, boxer and swordsman.

12. Has a good practical knowledge of British law.

When I had got so far in my list I threw it into the fire in despair.

"If I cannot find what the fellow is driving at by reconciling all these accomplishments and discovering a calling which needs them all, I said to myself, 'I may as well give up the attempt at once.'"

I see that I have alluded above to his powers upon the violin. These were very remarkable, but as eccentric as all his other accomplishments.

That he could play pieces, and difficult pieces, I knew well, because at my request he had played me some of Mendelssohn's "Lieder," and other favorites.

When left to himself, however, he would seldom produce any music or attempt any recognized air.

Leaning back in his armchair of an evening he would close his eyes and scrape carelessly at the fiddle, which was thrown across his knee. Sometimes the chords were sonorous and melancholy. Occasionally they were fantastic and cheerful.

Clearly they reflected the thoughts which possessed him, but whether the music aided these thoughts, or whether the playing was simply the result of a whim or fancy, was more than I could determine.

I might have rebelled against these exasperating solos had it not been that he usually terminated them by playing in quick succession a whole series of my favorite airs as a slight compensation for the trial upon my patience.

During the first week or so we had no callers, and I had begun to think that my companion was as friendless

as a man as myself.

Presently, however, I found that he had many acquaintances, and those in the most different classes of society. There was one little fellow, rat-faced, dark-eyed fellow who was introduced to me as Mr. Lestrade, and who came three or four times in a single week.

One morning a young girl called, fashionably dressed, and stayed for half an hour or more. The same afternoon brought a gray-headed, seedy visitor, looking like a Jew peddler, and who appeared to be much excited, and who was closely followed by a slipshod elderly woman.

On another occasion an old white-haired gentleman had an interview with my companion; and on another a railway porter in his velvet uniform. When any of these nondescript individuals put in an appearance Sherlock Holmes used to beg for the use of the sitting room, and I would retire to my bedroom. He always apologized to me for putting me to this inconvenience.

"I have to use this room as a place of business," he said, "and these people are my clients."

Again I had an opportunity of asking him a point blank question, and again my delicacy prevented me from forcing another man to confide in me. I imagined at the time that he had some strong reason for not alluding to it, but he soon dispelled the idea by coming round to the subject of his own accord.

It was upon the 4th of March, as I have good reason to remember, that I rose somewhat earlier than usual, and found that Sherlock Holmes had not yet finished his breakfast.

The landlady had become so accustomed to my late habits that my place had not been laid nor my coffee prepared.

With the unregarding petulance of mankind I rang the bell and gave a quick intimation that I was ready.

Then I picked up a magazine from the table and attempted to while away the time with it, while my companion munched silently at his toast.

One of the articles had a pencil mark at the heading, and I naturally began to run my eye through it.

Its somewhat ambitious title was "The Book of Life," and it attempted to show how much an observant man might learn by an accurate systematic examination of all that came in his way.

It struck me as being a remarkable mixture of shrewdness and of absurdity. The reasoning was close and intense, but the deductions appeared to me to be far-fetched and exaggerated.

The writer claimed by a momentary expression, a twitch of a muscle, or a glance of the eye, to fathom a man's inmost thoughts.

Decent, according to him, was an impossibility in the case of one trained to observation and analysis. His conclusions were as infallible as so many propositions of Euclid.

So startling would his results appear to the uninitiated, that until they learned the process by which he had arrived at them, they might consider him as a necromancer.

(To be Continued.)

## The Marrying Age.

The marrying age, according to statistics, is steadily advancing. This accounts, perhaps, for another fact, that women are beginning to look younger and more girlish in the shady twenties and the early thirties than they used to do.

Twenty-five years ago a woman of 32 who was unmarried would have been regarded as a hopeless old maid. Now she is quite a girl at that age and her marriage is still thought of. If we continue to grow old in this leisurely fashion the very name "old maid" will disappear from our vocabulary, if indeed it has not done so already.

## Speaking of Royalty.

Damocles had been invited to dine with the King of Syracuse. On taking his seat he instantly saw the sword hanging by a hair above his head.

"I suppose," he said to the king, "you call that the hair apparent?"

Dionysius, pretending to see no humor in the remark, replied: "I don't know about that, my boy; but if it falls upon your head it will make some crown prints."

This shows that the ancients were not averse to joking, even under trying circumstances.—New York Times.

## True Philosophy.

Few men are better known in the down town district of New York than James Reilly, the man who is almost an exact counterpart of the late General Grant. Mr. Reilly was long connected with a leading navigation company and is very wealthy.

He is now arranging to buy three hearse, which will be for the free use of the funerals of poor persons, "for," says he, "nothing so engages me as to hear of an undertaker grabbing the last penny of a poor woman for the burial of her husband or child."

## First Woman to Win Scholarship.

Miss Helen E. Wallace, a brilliant student at the Melbourne, Australia, university, has been awarded the Shakespeare scholarship of 150 pounds. This is the most important scholarship in the gift of the university, and it has never before been won by a woman.

## The Vanishing Weight.

"This trunk is overweight." "Now look here, let me give you a tip—"

"Oh, very well, then. In that case it isn't."—Indianapolis News.

## She Was Prepared.

He—I don't see why a woman shouldn't lay something by for a rainy day as well as a man.

She—Why, they do. I have a lovely rainy day skirt.

## In Memory of Dr. Johnson.

Dr. Johnson's long association with the Strand, London, is to be commemorated by placing a beautiful stained glass window in St. Clement's Dane chapel.

## Beth's Surprise.

Beth was delighted with her aunt's new changeable spring gown. "Oh, mama!" she exclaimed, excitedly, "the colors of Aunt Mary's new silk dress are all extemporaneous!"—Judge.

## A Wise Girl.

Alce—How long should a girl know a man before becoming engaged to him? Grace—Oh, long enough for him to propose.

# HOW TO FORETELL THE THUNDERSTORM

THE weather man does not keep all his wisdom a secret, nor all the tricks of his maps. They are yours and all the world's for the reading. The "weather man" has pointed out the atmospheric conditions, the features of the sky and the clouds, and the time of day which must be taken into consideration when attempting to forecast the approach of a storm, and which, if rightly interpreted, are certain signs. The leading conditions to be considered are the aspect of the western horizon, the presence or absence of the cirrus and cirrus stratus clouds, the temperature, with soil-moisture and humidity, and the distance from the turning point in the day's temperature. If these different conditions are correctly understood there should be no difficulty, he says, in foretelling a thunderstorm.

There is one feature of an uncertainty, however, about the actual appearance of a storm correctly predicted, and this is due to the fact that all thunderstorms are distinctly local features, having to do with extremely limited areas, and all of short duration. This renders it possible for one to see a storm coming and really on its way, but to be disappointed of its arrival in one's own locality. Its energy has been spent before it has had time to come sufficiently far. Thunderstorms rarely cover more than thirty to forty miles in a stretch, generally no more than eight miles, while some are much shorter. A hailstorm, which always signifies the expenditure of tremendous force, seldom covers more than one-eighth of a mile. Less severe storms are sometimes no longer. In looking for a storm the western sky is the only sky point of value. This is because storms always have been known to travel from west to east. If you see a storm due north or due south, it is more than probable that it will not reach your locality, but if it is due west or west of north, or perhaps west of south, you may look for its arrival unless it should happen to expend its energies on the way before reaching you.

Look Out for Mares' Tails.

The clouds which foretell a storm are the cirrus clouds, "mares' tails" the country folk call them—hair-like shreds threaded across the heavens, later gathering into the cirrus stratus, white and gray cloud sheets, which are the true rain clouds. The atmosphere is always heated with a sultry humidity. It is warm and moist, thick, heavy, muggy. It sometimes almost feels wet. People often then speak of "feeling" the rain in the air. There is rarely any wind preceding a storm for any length of time; the air is exceptionally still. As the tempest approaches nearer, however, a soft, thick, "wet" sort of "whirl," characteristic as a harbinger of the rainstorm at its heels, is felt stirring abroad. This is most familiar to all those who have made a study of weather conditions and as easy of recognition as the awful oracles of the weather prophet monsoons on feet. The time of day when a rain is most likely to fall is about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, or again between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning. These are the two turning points in the day's temperature. At 3 o'clock the maximum heat usually has been reached for afternoon, while at night the coolness has thoroughly set in. In case of a succession of thunderstorms they usually oc-

cur about twenty-four hours apart, that being approximately the time necessary for them to accumulate sufficient moisture to break. So, if a storm series begins in the afternoon, the remainder of the series will likely take place in the afternoon, while if it begins at night the storms are likely to continue to be at night.

It is considerably easier to foretell accurately the arrival of a thunderstorm than to explain it after it has come. Wiser than any man now known would be he who could follow understandingly the magical metamorphosis of the charming summer landscape, with its lake like glass and air as motionless as marble, from the time the first misty sultriness arises as the threatening breezes begin to stir; as the sky darkens frowningly the winds break bolsterously from their fetters, the cloud streams pour out in cataracts, and the fires of heaven illuminate the tempestuous night with their terrible glare. And finally, as the elements again calm themselves, the sun breaks out and revivified nature becomes doubly lovely.

First Sign of Storm.

The first clue to the mystery of a storm comes from water. If a glass of water is stood on a window sill on a hot day it gradually evaporates. The hot, dry air sucks it up. Similarly the hot, dry air above a large body of water sucks up its water, transforming it into a fine vapor, which imparts a mistiness to the atmosphere. The distant atmosphere now gradually screens itself in a veil of vapor, which becomes thicker and thicker. This leads to the next phenomenon in a thunder storm. Every one knows that when steam comes in contact with cold objects it condenses, finally forming tiny drops and resuming its original form of water. In the same way on a warm summer afternoon the upper layers of the atmosphere are cooler than those immediately above the earth. Hence the higher vapors rising as they come in contact with the cool air condense, thickening into the form of clouds, which are nothing else than condensed steam. The particles of water forming the clouds are so minute and light that they float in the air. The movements of the vapor as it rises and the action of the cooler upper strata of air upon it generates currents of air, the wind. This at first is just strong enough to ripple the surface of the water and stir the foliage of the trees. In the meantime, another element is at work. Every one presupposes an accumulation of electricity at a thunder storm. Electricity is present in the atmosphere all the time, but, as has been observed, it is always more powerful when any strong perpendicular currents of air are in action, such as cyclones, tornadoes, volcanic eruptions, waterpots, thunder storms. Electrical manifestations are always accompanied by the down-pour of water. This means that the condensation of vapor is closely connected with electricity. Why is it not an instance of electricity generated by friction? Rub two pieces of paper vigorously against each other and electricity is generated. Open the safety valve of a steam engine giving out vapor and electricity is produced by the friction of the steam and valve. In a thunder storm electricity may thus be generated by the friction of individual particles of water which have been driven about by the wind.

The two kinds of electricity, positive

and negative, always try to unite. The ascending portions of the air and the clouds generally are charged with negative electricity, while the surface of the earth over which they swim are charged with positive electricity. Each seeks to unite with the other. The majority of the particles are not strong enough in electricity to span the space of air lying between them, and can do so only under high tension. As the friction increases, electricity accumulates on the brims of the clouds and the projections of the earth's surface, trees, houses and mountains. The currents of air become sturdier. They bend the boughs of the trees, scourge the waves, lash the ships. The last feeble sun rays break through the massy clouds, casting an unusual, threatening, and uncanny light over the scene. The clouds gather more and more thickly, transforming themselves from the light cumulus clouds to rain clouds. The struggle of the negative and positive poles of electricity become more savage. If a metal ball is charged with electricity only the surface becomes magnetic. The interior is not electrified, similarly the microscopic drops of water forming the clouds are electrical only on their surface. Through the ever greater condensation they come nearer and nearer, and finally many together form one large raindrop. This larger raindrop contains all the electricity of the many smaller drops, but as its surface is more limited than their combined surfaces its electricity is of greater power.

Storm in All Its Fury.

The raindrops, too large and heavy to hover in the air, fall to earth. As the clouds merge, raindrops form more and more rapidly and the rain falls more violently and copiously. The storm is now fully developed, and unburdened itself with fury. Brilliant flashes of light produced by powerful electric sparks illuminate the darkness, and the thunder growls in the sky. The tension between the surface of the earth and that of the clouds has become stronger. The tracts of air which at first were too vast to be traversed by electricity are now the pathway of lightning, not only between earth and clouds, but also between cloud and cloud, negative and positive poles meeting whenever strong enough to cross the necessary space. The lightning comes in three forms. Zigzag lightning with its crooked, branch-like forks, is produced when electricity amassed in small proportion at points opposite each other wishes to meet. The electricity seeks to spring across by the shortest route in a straight line, but is hindered by the resisting masses of air and clouds. Hence it goes as best it can, leaping to those spots charged with electricity, whereby it assumes its characteristic aspect.

Lightning Flashes 17,000 Yards.

Flashes a thousand yards long are not rare, while those 10,000 and 17,000 yards in length have been seen. The vast force of these long flashes may be guessed at when it is known that a streak a yard and a half long is the largest that our stoutest apparatus permits our eyes to inspect. Besides the familiar destruction of the bolt in houses, trees, beast, and man, it has been known to charge iron fences with magnetism. A single flash, as a scientific man has calculated, if utilized with customary illuminating apparatus, would yield enough power to light a city for a month.

Means of earning a living, so that she might not be a burden on the generosity of her friends. By chance there drifted into camp a ranchman with a herd of ninety Angora goats for sale. Nobody cared to buy them, for it was thought there was more money in cattle raising. With genuine intuition Mrs. Armour looked at some of the goats and knew that they were valuable.

But she hadn't any money and didn't want to borrow. So she made a proposition to take a small flock of the goats, tend them and care for them and breed them, and at the end of the year divide the profits with the owner. The proposition was accepted. She took her goats and her children and went up on the mountain side, 6,000 feet above the sea level, where the scrub oaks grow in profusion. Thus she secured the necessary fodder, and as for shelter the goats needed none. She located a claim, built herself a ranch, and settled down to work. At the end of a year her success was such that she had money enough to buy a flock of her own and start out independently.

Since that time each year has added to her prosperity. She now employs twenty goatherds to care for her flocks. The greatest precaution is required to protect the goats from the inroads of the mountain lions, or cougars, which are so numerous that the ranchmen have to organize hunts to get rid of them.

Through her industry and perseverance and pluck, Mrs. Armour has made herself wealthy. She has sent her eldest son to college, where he is now studying law, and her four other children attend school in Kingston.

Chicago Iron Workers Keep Gigs.

W. Abraham, M. P. ("Malbon"), in a speech on his American experiences, says that on rubbish heaps of the United States there are thousands of tons of machinery that in England and Wales would have been used for ten or even twenty years longer.

In Chicago, in one large steel works, the men, after being paid on Sundays, stepped into their gigs, which were there by the score, and drove home.

Could they imagine Rhonda colliers driving home in their working clothes in their own gigs on pay days?—London Mail.

Farmers in Alabama.

The total number of farms in Alabama is given at 223,220, of which 129,137 are operated by white farmers and 94,083 by colored farmers.

An old bachelor, when he feels blue and discouraged, always regrets that he has no wife to whine to.

A man is usually doing the very best he can, or else the very worst he can.



Heredity: "Do you believe in heredity?" "Certainly; I know a barber who has three little shavers."—Ex.

Youngman—I wonder what's the best way to find out what a woman thinks of you? Henpeck—Marry her.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dawson—Hjenka is a great believer in fate, isn't he? Lawson—Yes, he has to blame his incompetency on something.—Somerville Journal.

An Insultation. Flora—Yes, I sing in a church where they have an awfully small congregation. Dora—Then why don't you stop singing?—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Mrs. Swellman—I dreamed last night that I was with a box party at the opera. Mr. Swellman—I wondered why you were talking so loud in your sleep.—Philadelphia Press.

Miss Eastside—That is a lovely gown, but haven't I seen it before? Miss Westside—No, I think not; I have only worn it at a few smart affairs this season.—Town and Country.

It says here, Samanthly, that Reverend Toogood was a saloon passenger on the Majestic. Beats all how them preachers do out up when they get away from hum.—Judge.

Arthur—Yes, I think Minnie loves me very much. She's a dear girl; she has a large heart. Harry—A heart like a London omnibus; always room for one more.—Boston Transcript.

Clergyman (late) come to parish—Your neighbor, Smith, says my sermons are rubbish. Farmer—Ah, ye needn't mind 'im, sir; 't's a mouth-piece for other folks.—Tit-Bits.

Flossie—I'm afraid, Bridget, that mamma is dissatisfied with you. Bridget—Is she, now? Faith, thin, she'll soon have a chance to be dissatisfied wit' somebody else!—Puck.

Inducements Held Out. Harriet—What shall I say in the advertisement for a cook? Harry—Well, say that we'll take her with us to any summer resort she may prefer.—Detroit Free Press.

Nothing to Show. "What is your nativity?" asked the magistrate. "I ain't got any, y'r honor," said the bear-eyed nebrake, feeling in his pockets; "the police took everything I had."—Chicago Tribune.

She—You wouldn't mind saying this over again to-morrow, would you, dearie? I am a member of the M. P. D. C. Club. "Why, what does that mean?" "Moonlight proposals don't count."—Life.

Convincing Proof: May—I had no idea before last night that Mr. Pilcher was a man of such lofty ambitions and exalted ideals. Maud—How did you come to find it out? May—He proposed to me.—Bazar.

Mother—There were two apples in the cupboard, Tommy, and now there is only one. How's that? Tommy (who sees no way of escape)—Well, ma, it was so dark in there I didn't see the other one.—Glasgow Evening Times.

Sure Test: "How can you tell real cut glass from the imitation?" asked Mrs. Gaswell. "You can't, always," said Mr. Gaswell, "but when anybody offers you a piece of real cut glass for fifteen cents, don't buy it."—Chicago Tribune.

"Will you please raise my salary?" "Why, I gave you a raise only last week, because you told me that you had your mother to support." "I know, but my mother got married and now I have two to support."—Ohio State Journal.

Farmer (in cart