

ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By MRS. FORESTER.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)
The morning after Mr. Hastings' visit, a letter came to Mr. Clayton, announcing that one of his bailiffs was supposed to have robbed him to a considerable extent. The man himself had no idea that he was suspected. Francis Clayton was beside himself; he vowed vengeance against the delinquent—he would convict him—he would get him transported—his wife and children should be reduced to shame and beggary.
"I find I shall have to go back to England," he told his wife. "I shall leave you here, and return for you in a week or ten days."
"Oh, do take me with you, Francis," said the little hypocrite, pretending to look disappointed.
"Pshaw! I tell you it is not convenient."
"But what am I to do if you go? I cannot go to all these balls and dinners we are engaged to, alone."
"Nonsense, Madame de St. Geran will chaperon you if you still want a chaperon," added the agreeable husband, with a sneer. "She knows every friend and acquaintance we have in Paris."
Madame de St. Geran was an old friend and friend of Francis Clayton's, and she had for some reason tolerated what she called "her English bear." Francis Clayton, assuming the privileges of an old friend, paid her a most unfashionably early visit, and she received him in a demit-toilet of elegant simplicity in her own boudoir, and was most graciously pleased to accede to his request.
"Tell Madame, your wife," she said, in parting, "that at nine o'clock this evening I shall have the honor to call for her to take her to the opera and afterward to the ball given by the Duchesse de Beaumont."
And Francis Clayton bent over her hand and kissed it in a manner that might have edified and astonished Madame de St. Geran, and she returned to the hotel, delivered the message to Fee, bade her good-by, and kissing her coldly, jumped into his brougham, which was in attendance to convey him to the station.
Madame de St. Geran called for Mrs. Clayton at the appointed time, and they spent two hours very pleasantly at the opera, during which several positions of their acquaintance dropped in to see them, and paid their court to either lady, as taste or diplomacy suggested. Once or twice the Frenchwoman looked curiously at her lovely companion, who for once was as bright and sparkling as in the olden days.
"How is it possible," she thought, "for a man to be indifferent to a creature so divine?"
They had seen enough of the opera, and their carriage being called, they drove off to the ball. In the first room Mrs. Clayton met with Mr. Hastings. She took his arm, and they joined the dancers. "My husband is away," she whispered. "and I shall dance to-night to my heart's content. If he were here he would not let me."
The dance was over, and they were wandering together through the magnificent conservatories that led from the ballroom. Suddenly Mr. Hastings felt his companion's hand tremble violently on his arm, and he looked down quickly into her face. It was crimson with blushes. The words, "Are you ill?" were on his lips, but at that moment he caught sight of Col. d'Agullar advancing, and was discreetly silent. A quick glance, an undecided bow, passed between them, and they both moved on. When Mrs. Clayton returned to find Madame de St. Geran, Col. d'Agullar formed one of the knot of men who stood talking with her. They were obliged to speak to her; and against her better judgment, against her own resolve, she went back to the ballroom on his arm. They were perfectly discreet, their conversation was simply such that the merest acquaintances might have held; the danger was in the fascination the presence of each had for the other. She did not dance with him any more than she did with Mr. Hastings; but when she went home she approached herself bitterly for the time she had spent in his company, while she never gave a single thought to Errol Hastings.
It was three weeks before Mr. Clayton returned to Paris for his wife, and during that time she met Col. d'Agullar almost every day.
"Fee wanted to do her duty—wanted with all her might, if Francis Clayton had been a little kind and forgiving to her, she would never have suffered a thought even to be false to him. But he was cruel, tyrannical and suspicious, and—and—well she almost hated him. Now and then she would make a great effort, and strive to be good and patient and keep from quarrelling with him, but he was so harsh and ill-tempered that her design always failed. She was making fresh resolves as she sat looking pensively into the fire, on this particular morning, but all of a sudden her thoughts were most unexpectedly put to flight by the abrupt entrance of her husband.
"Francis!" she exclaimed, rising and kissing him.
"Yes, I suppose you did not expect me. What a wretched fire! I am almost frozen, and the room is as cold as death. Bring the bell and order me some lunch." A terrible fear seized on Fee. If he was angry and jealous about Mr. Hastings, what would he say when he knew that during his absence she had been constantly in the society of Col. d'Agullar? She had never fully realized her imprudence until this moment. What could she do? If she told him, he was certain to be very violent; if she concealed it, and he became aware of it, the consequences might be terrible. "It is better to get it off my mind at once," she determined.
"Mr. Hastings was here this morning, dear. He came to wish me good-by."
"In anticipation of my return, I suppose."
"Really, Francis, I have scarcely commended patience with you. What a poor opinion you must have of yourself to be so suspicious! Mr. Hastings is going to England on business, and Col. d'Agullar is going with him."
"D'Agullar!" cried Francis Clayton, starting. "has he been here?"
"Yes."
"And you have met him?"
"Yes."
"And spoken to him?"
"Yes."
"And danced with him?"
"I plead guilty to that also," answered Fee, trying to speak easily. She was accustomed to violent outbursts from her husband, but the passionate violence he gave way to on this occasion surpassed anything she had ever witnessed.
"He said such terrible things to her,

the entrance of Lady Grace. She was very glad to see him; asked him why he had not been over before, and a thousand questions about his travels. They had been talking some twenty minutes when the door opened, and to his surprise Miss Eyre entered, with an air of perfect unconcern. Lady Grace, evidently not knowing they had seen each other that day, introduced them. They bowed coldly.
"Though I think you have met before?" her ladyship remarked, interrogatively.
"Mr. Hastings called once at the Farm to see my father about something. We did not meet as equals," and she gave him a defiant flash of her proud eyes.
Her ladyship pressed Mr. Hastings to dine and stay the night at Endon Vale, but he pleaded an engagement at home. She insisted, however, on his taking lunch before departing, and to that he consented. During lunch his hostess discussed her projects for the coming season.
"I am about to appear in a new role," she said, with a kind glance at Winifred; "that of chaperon. I am going to bring out my adopted daughter, and I trust she will not disappoint my expectations."
"Miss Eyre will, I doubt not, more than realize the fondest anticipations," said Mr. Hastings.
"Sir Clayton has taken a house in Eaton Square for the season," she continued; "we propose to commence occupying it in a fortnight. I hope we shall see you constantly, Mr. Hastings."
"I shall be very glad," assented Errol. "I propose to be in town a good deal, and have taken a set of rooms in Piccadilly."
Sir Clayton's voice made itself heard at this juncture, almost for the first time. "Are you going back to the Court this afternoon, Hastings?"
Errol answered in the affirmative.
"Then Miss Eyre and I will bear you company part of the way. We have ordered the horses for three o'clock."
Winifred bit her lip with vexation; and Mr. Hastings saw it, and would have excused himself had it been possible.
The horses came round; he offered to mount her.
"No, thank you," she said, coldly; "I like to be put up by some one whose skill I have tested."
She seemed to delight in wounding him. She kept persistently on the other side of Sir Clayton, and scarcely spoke. Presently they came to a gate, from which the two top railings had been broken.
"Come, Winifred," said Sir Clayton, "there is a capital piece of practice for you." The groom had gone up to unfasten it. "Don't open it, Mason!" shouted the baronet. "Miss Eyre is going to leap it!"
And Winifred immediately put her horse at it, and was over in a moment. "Does she sit well?" Sir Clayton asked, triumphantly, turning to his companion. "Harold Erskine taught her to ride."
Errol's reply was less enthusiastic than it would have been if the last sentence had been unspoken. But, nevertheless, he admired the graceful figure before him very ardently and genuinely. When they parted, Sir Clayton pressed him to dine there the following week. Before he answered, he looked at Winifred, whose gaze was fixed blankly in the distance.
"I will make her love me!" he vowed, impatiently, and he accepted the invitation.
(To be continued.)

that, trembling, frightened, as she was, her indignation was greater. She walked straight up to him, and said to him: "How dare you use such words to me?" she cried. "How dare you utter your base-minded suspicions before me! I would not lower myself so much in my own eyes as to attempt to justify my conduct. You are a poor, miserable tyrant, with whom it is impossible for a woman to live and retain her self-respect. I will not stop under the same roof with you another hour. From this moment I leave you," and she swept toward the door. But he was there before her, and stood with his back against it, to prevent her egress.
"I forbid you to leave this house."
"Henceforward you have no authority over my actions," his wife replied, coldly. "I leave Paris to-night."
"Then you go without servants or clothes?"
"I do! I care not how, but go I will."
He saw that she was resolved, and he was afraid of her. He tried to justify himself—to make up the quarrel; but she would not hear a word. Then he apologized, humbly, abjectly; and at last she consented to receive his amende. Their misery was sealed from that hour. How could a man with a mind like Clayton's ever pardon a woman who had so humiliated him?
The Champions were perhaps not the most united family in the world. Mr. Champion was proverbially indifferent to his wife; Sir Howard and his grandchildren had perpetual altercations; and, latterly, Mrs. Champion and her daughter seemed far less attached to each other than formerly. Flora Champion was unhappy and discontented. Her aim in life was to make a brilliant marriage, and she failed.
Scenes between her and Sir Howard were of frequent occurrence. She quarrelled constantly with her brother, and the last and crowning part of her mortification was that he had fallen desperately in love with Winifred Eyre. When Mr. Eyre died, Sir Howard had gone to the Farm and offered to take Winifred to the Manor. But she refused—not bitterly, not angrily, but firmly. "Thank you," she said, "but I am sure you mean kindly. You despised and slighted my dear, dear father when he was alive, and I will not accept anything at your hands now." And Sir Howard, instead of being displeased and offended, was rather gratified by an independence of spirit which he considered due to the blue blood she inherited from the Champions.
Meantime Winifred very gratefully accepted another offer that was made to her. The moment kind Lady Grace heard of her young friend's trouble she came to her and wanted to take her away to Endon Vale at once. But no persuasion could induce Winifred to leave the Farm until after the funeral, and even then she clung to her old friend, Madame de Montolieu, and could not bear the thought of leaving her. But Lady Grace was bent on having the girl, whom she had come to love so dearly. So she finally persuaded Madame de Montolieu to give up her cottage and go with Winifred to Endon Vale.
To return to Flora Champion. The tribulation which her conduct toward Mr. Vane deserved had overtaken her. He was Lord Lancing now; his father had been dead six months, and he was as indifferent to her as she had formerly been to him. And, worse than all, their positions were reversed, and she was in love with him, to her own bitterness and mortification. She tried first to win him back, and when that failed, she strove, with all her strength of will, to master her unrequited attachment. Lord Lancing never slighted her—he was far too generous minded for that; he paid her the same attention in public that he had always done. But he never, as long as she lived, uttered another word of love to her. He was kind and tender to her, for the sake of olden times, but a brave, generous heart like his could never again love a woman who had been capable of coldness and cruelty.
"I will marry!" Flora vowed to herself, "and marry well. I shall never love any one but Evelyn, and he does not care for me now. If a man as old as my grandfather asks me to be his wife, and he has rank and wealth, I will take him. Surely I have still beauty enough to buy love!" and Flora Champion looked proudly into the long mirror before which she was standing.

PORTUGUESE HOTEL CLOCKS.

Their Irritating Influence Upon Strangers Trying to Sleep.
It is the fashion for Portuguese clocks to strike the hour twice over. Heaven only knows why, for certainly the people are not so keen about the profitable use of their time that they require to be reminded thus of its flight. The habit is apt to be irritating, especially in the night, when your bed (like enough a straw mattress and a bran pillow) chances to be near one of these monsters, which rings its four and twenty strokes at midnight, with a pause between the dozens which merely stimulates expectation. If there are five clocks in the establishment, all with sonorous works (and the supposition is reasonable), they will, of course, differ widely, so that twenty-four may be striking with intervals, during a mad-dening half-hour.
You may happen to want to know badly which of the monsters is the least mendacious, and the bells at your head communicate with two servants, one a Gallego and the other a Portuguese. In such a case ring for the despised stranger without hesitation. He will be with you in a minute, fresh and smiling, though half-naked, and, if he distrusts his own judgment about the clocks, he will not mind saying so, and will hasten to awaken the landlord himself rather than that you should remain in doubt. I regret to add that his more conciliated fellow servant will more probably say whatever first comes to his tongue, more helpful of his own comfort than of your desires. This is the installation of the Gallego waiter in Portugal justified, as that of the German-Swiss with us.—Chambers' Journal.

The Wandering Rhado.

As I wandered down the street I noticed that the said street was paved with divers and many bowlders which doubtless were the remains of some ancient fortification. They were rough and full of seams and ridges and valleys, and I marvelled greatly how the people of this otherwise progressive modern city stood for it.
Just then a passing vehicle caught my fancy.
"Gadzooks and by dern!" thought I, "but methinks I will have a ride; for not since the days when we rode in sedan chairs and upon joggly war horses have I ridden save on the wings of a time mist.
So I climbed upon the wagon and smiled a ghostly smile of rare contentment.
"By castor and jing!" quoth I, "but this is the real thing!"
Just then, however, we struck another of the bowldered places, and, alas! my spectral spine was driven into my ancient and honorable skull so that I was forced to fade away swiftly and reorganize.
For, by my halldom! nothing of the days of yore was ever so soul-destroying as the things I snag upon in this modern city.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Raise Pay of Employes.

The New Zealand government is raising the wages of its railway employes to the extent of \$100,000.



Then and Now.
"When I was courting my wife," said the sad-faced man, "we were two souls with but a single thought."
"How about you at the present writing?" asked the inquisitive youth.
"We still have but a single thought," replied the proprietor of the sad visage. "We both think we made fools of ourselves."

Reminder of Old Times.
A rich man who has joined the multitude in New York since his quick fortune came to him was entertaining friends at dinner the other night. The service was magnificent and so was the dinner. The wife, gorgeously clad, reigned over the table. During a lull in conversation the rich man watched a servant who was dexterously removing crumbs from the table. Then he looked down the glistening table at his jeweled wife and remarked:
"Sadie, remember when you used to shake the tablecloth out of the back door to the hens?"

He Waited for the Finish.
"Before a man is married," said the humorous lecturer, "he is only half a man."
"There," said the maid of uncertain age as she nudged her escort, "did you hear that?"
"And after marriage," continued the lecturer, "he loses his identity entirely."
"Yes," answered the escort aforesaid, "I heard that."

Signs in the Windows.
He—They say the eyes are in the windows of the heart. Now, when I look at your eyes—
She—I hope you notice the signs in the windows.
He—Signs? What signs?
She—"No admittance except on business."—Philadelphia Press.

From Bad to Worse.
Doctor—Did those powders I gave you have the desired effect?
Patient—No; my insomnia is worse than ever.
Doctor—Is that so?
Patient—Yes; why, I can't even go to sleep now when it is time to get up.

A Philosopher.
"Wouldn't you like to be able to write a great novel?"
"And lose all my pleasure in reading novels? I should say not!"

Fate of the Moderns.
"Tommy, where do people go who deceive their fellowmen?"
"To Europe."

Aiding the Selection.
Now there arose a quarrel among the little band of captives, who were surrounded by the hungry cannibals. They were trying to induce some one of their number to offer himself as a sacrifice.
"Let them take you," said one of the captives to another. "You are so tough that they will break their teeth on you, and give the rest of us a chance to escape."
"Sir," said the captive addressed. "You are very fresh. I must say."
"Take the fresh one," commanded the chief of the cannibals.

Her Specialty.

He (at the reception)—And you neither sing nor play?
She—No.
He—Then I suppose you either read or paint?
She—No; my specialty is giving imitations of the society young man.
He—How's that?
She—I merely sit around and try to look intelligent.

Not Going.

Miss Srevescher—Papa is thinking of giving my voice a trial.
Mr. Bluntleigh—Well, I hope for your sake he'll not select a jury from among your neighbors.

Not Used to Waiting.

Mrs. Wickerby (to new girl)—Eunice, you will be expected, of course, to wait on the table.
New Girl—I've generally ett when the rest of the family did, ma'am.

Protected Hereafter.

"Why does Manners take his wife with him everywhere that he goes?"
"So that he won't have to explain to her where he has been if he leaves her at home."

As Others See Us.

"You always say the wrong thing at the right time, Henry," said Mrs. Packem. "Now, I always think twice before I speak."
"Yes, my dear," replied the meek and lowly Henry, "but you are one of those rapid-fire thinkers."

Too Strenuous a Life.

A well-dressed lad, the son of wealthy parents, recently decided it would be quite manly to earn a few coppers for himself by selling daily papers. He stopped a tattered newsboy in the street, and said to him:
"Do you think I should be able to earn money as you do if I bought some papers and came to this corner to sell them?"
"Why do you want to sell papers?" "I'm tired of being idle."
"Well," said the philosophic little newsboy, with a serious air, "d'yer think you can hold thirty-six papers in one hand, lick three or four boys bigger unger yerself with the other hand, while yer keeps two more off with yer feet, and yells 'Evenin' News' all the time?"
"No, I don't," replied the well-dressed boy.
"Then yer are no good in the news-boy biz," replied the tattered philosopher. "You'd better get yer people to 'prentice yer to somethin' light!"

Heated Gloves for Motormen.

Electrically heated gloves and shoes are proposed for motormen.

Popular Phrases.

"What is a sharp intake of the breath?"
"It generally precedes a rapid output of talk."

THE WORD FULLY EXPLAINED.

When He Understood It, "Besitizes" Gave the Old Man a New Idea.
Back from the day's hard work in the wheat field the discontented parent sat down to interview the young man who was home from college in quest of a brief vacation and more cash.
"I do not comprehend the meaning of many words which have appeared in your letters," complained the parent. "For instance, in your last letter you wrote this: 'Financial besitizes are on the blink again.' I comprehend 'the blink,' that is what your education is up to date, but 'besitizes' is beyond me. Explain."
The young man smiled a superior smile and gracefully lighted a tuted cigarette. He said:
"'Besitizes' is a new word in the language and can be used as a substitute for all the other words—or, rather, it is a word which may be used to express the universe in its infinite entirety and in minute detail; anything, and everything, separately or together is 'besitizes.' The purpose of 'besitizes' is to relieve monotony of diction in the classics of the future."
"Thus the reformer will protest against the 'besitizes' of political abuse; historians will allude to the ancient Roman 'besitizes' of Julius Caesar; the poet will sing the sweet 'besitizes' of the springtime; even the parson will minister to the spiritual 'besitizes' of his flock—all the various entities in literature, science, religion, and art will be known as the intellectual 'besitizes.' But that is not all."
"You don't say?"
"'Besitizes' are also people and things. For instance, in your distinguished person you represent my own parental 'besitizes.' Ha! ha!"
"Indeed?"
"And you are 'besitizes' in a general sense."
"Am I?"
"You eat 'besitizes,' drink 'besitizes,' and engage in 'besitizes.' Merely 'besitizes' comprises all the 'besitizes,' and it is very odd 'besitizes' that you should be 'besitizes' under the remarkable 'besitizes.' Ha! ha!"
The young man laughed uproariously, for he was tickled by the fun he was having with the old man. As the latter rose to answer the dinner bell he remarked:
"You needn't go back to that college. I don't believe you are just cut out for the classical 'besitizes.' You can report for more appropriate 'besitizes' in the wheat field with the rest of us at 6 a. m. to-morrow."—Kansas City Star.

Worships a Big Rag Doll.
Carrying in his arms a huge rag doll, dressed in the clothing of his dead wife, "Jerry" Mooney, a farmer living near the village of Montague, Lewis county, N. Y., goes to his work in the fields each day.
For fifteen years, ever since his wife, Molly, died of paralysis, Mooney has carried this dummy about with him. He refuses to believe his wife is dead. After her burial he made a rag woman and dressed it in his wife's clothes.
He often places the figure in the favorite chair of his wife and spends long evenings before the fire talking to it. At meal time he draws the chair containing the figure up to the table and helps it to food. On Sundays he dresses the figure in the best clothes his wife had at her death, gets out all of her jewelry and places it about the neck and on the hands of the doll.
Week days when he goes to the field the rag doll is carried by him and placed under the shelter of a tree in summer or in some protected spot in cold weather. He always carries lunch for himself and the doll and never eats the latter's portion.
Mooney and his wife came from Londonderry, in the north of Ireland, in the early '50's and settled on a small farm. They were rigid Covenanters and, having no children, lived by themselves. When his wife died in 1888, neighbors, not seeing her about, called at the house and found her dead in bed and her husband sitting by the side of the body talking to her.
Mooney will permit no one to enter his house. The existence of the rag woman was discovered by persons who watched the house and saw him carrying it back and forth from the fields. On all other subjects Mooney is rational.

Age of Criminality.
With reference to New York's special police court for childish offenders, it is noteworthy that both British and American law fix the same age of criminality. In defiance of theology the legal codes of all nations regard man as sinless by birth. Before attaining a certain age he is regarded as incapable of crime.
In England and America this age is 7 years, and before this a child cannot be prosecuted. After his 7th birthday a child is accountable for his deeds, but if under 14 the prosecution must show that he was acting with criminal intent. The same age of criminality is held in Russia and Portugal. In France and Belgium a child must be 8 years old before being prosecuted. In Italy and Spain a further year of grace is accorded.
In Norway, Greece, Austria, Denmark, Holland and Switzerland, says the London Chronicle, the age is 10. The little German can play pranks with impunity until 12 years old, while in Sweden no prosecution is allowed when the offender is under 10.

The Pleasant Way.
Tess—Yes, Mr. Trotter was on my card for one dance last night and I enjoyed it very much.
Jess—Nonsense! He's as clumsy as an elephant.
Tess—I knew that, so I induced him to sit it out.—Philadelphia Press.

Comets Lighter Than Air.
Professor Babinet has proved that comets, instead of having a solid body with a gaseous tail, are much lighter in weight than air. Even if a comet were to strike the earth it would hardly penetrate its atmosphere.

What England's Navy Costs.
The navy which gives England the supremacy of the seas costs \$155,000,000 a year, or a little more than the United States pays in pensions.

LITERARY LITTLE BITS

Mr. Morley's "Gladstone" is promised for Oct. 2. A number of portraits will accompany the text.
Jacob A. Riis has written "The Peril and the Preservation of the Home." It is to be published by George W. Jacobs & Co. of Philadelphia.
The five conspicuous novels last season were written by Gertrude Atherton, Edith Wharton, Charles Major, Frank Stockton and Mary Johnston. They were all five historical in subject and all five written by Americans.
Turkey is "looking up" as the provider of literature. Poetry, short stories and novels are coming out in rapid succession and some of these works are to be translated into French. Achmet Midhat is mentioned as the most popular novelist.
Webster's Spelling Book holds the sale record. In the thirty-five years during which D. Appleton & Co. published this book 31,155,000 copies were sold, and in one year, just after the emancipation of the slaves, 1,596,000 copies were sold.
The forthcoming volume of McMaster's "History of the American People," which D. Appleton & Co. will issue in the fall, has an important monograph on President Jackson, fortified with many letters and hitherto unpublished material.
The prevalent interest in the race problem has this season added three novels to the list of negro books—"The Leopard's Spots," "Handicapped Among the Free," and "The Inevitable." The three authors take varying views and paint their pictures in vivid colors.
Houghton, Mifflin & Co. are to publish "The Flower Beautiful," being an illustrated volume by Clarence Moores Weed. It is said to be the first book dealing purely with the decorative use of flowers, an art in which, according to the author, the Japanese have been pioneers.
How Methodism may be said to have begun in Susanna Wesley's nursery, rather than in the University of Oxford, so often called its birthplace, is one of the fresh and interesting points made up by Professor C. T. Winchester in his papers on "John Wesley," printed in the Century Magazine.
F. Hopkinson Smith styles his new book "The Under Dog." It consists of thirteen stories, chiefly of men and women who have been misunderstood. The Scribners say that in fashioning them the author's sense of the dramatic and the picturesque is united with an idealized justice and a serious purpose.
The just issued index, edited by Sidney Lee, of the monumental "Dictionary of National Biography," is not only an index—it summarizes briefly the wealth of information given in this vast work, so that leading facts may be found in a moment, while precise references to volume and page guide the reader quickly to the fountain head of details.
"The Call of the Wild" is the title of Jack London's Klondike story, to be issued by the Macmillan company. It is said to show a long advance over even the best of Mr. London's previous work and to combine human interest and adventure. It is the same story as Ernest Seton Thompson's "Biography of a Grizzly," except that human beings enter into it more largely as actors in the drama.
David Gray in his "Gallop" established the horse as a member of society. In his "The Rhybcock Baby's Godmother" one of the Century's many stories, even the baby who gives title to the tale plays a part subordinate to the foxes and the drags whose wrongs a charming New York woman tries to right. For Miss Cushing, never having visited a menagerie, thought of drags as small animals needing a champion to save them from cruel fox-hunters; and David Gray's story tells the ludicrous adventures into which her imperfect knowledge and righteous zeal led a houseful of guests.

Where Pulque is Drunk.
"The pulqueries of the City of Mexico are a unique feature of the life of that country that never fail to catch the eye of the tourist and attract the attention of visitors," said A. B. Chawning, of El Paso, Tex., to a Washington Star man. "There are nearly a thousand such places, and they dispense many carboys of pulque every day. These pulque shops are open every day in the year, and surely present a picturesque appearance. The walls are decorated with the most extraordinary pictures, representing bull fights and prize fights."
The extraction of the pulque from the stems of cacti is done by hollowing out a sort of cup in one end and letting the sap flow into it, which it does very quickly. Then it is emptied into a gourd, which is carried to the pulque dealer. A plant will yield from three to ten gallons. Every pulque shop in the City of Mexico has a name peculiarly its own, such as "Delights of Life," "The Smile," "The Charmer," "The Hope," "The Rainbow," "The Image of Jesus," "The Inspiration" and a lot of others of a similar nature. Pulque when taken in large quantities is intoxicating. It forms the principal drink of the Mexicans, and is a thin, whitish fluid, with the odor of sour milk.

The Automobile Out West.
Tourist—I suppose Brulstone like has killed his man.
Native (witheringly)—His "man"? Why, he has got five nickels in the steerin'-handle of his automobile already.—Judge.

Women Clerks in Germany.
Women clerks employed in the German state railway offices are not allowed to work later than 10 p. m. or begin earlier than 6 a. m.

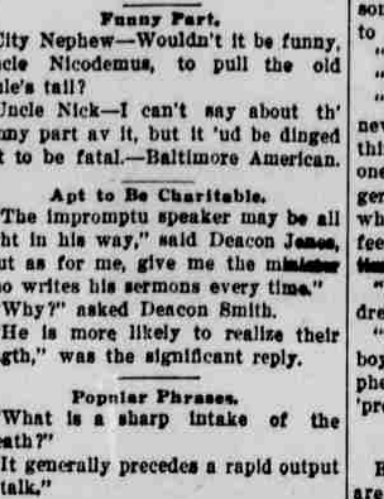
When we go out to dinner we like to eat and run.



Now there arose a quarrel among the little band of captives, who were surrounded by the hungry cannibals. They were trying to induce some one of their number to offer himself as a sacrifice.



Miss Srevescher—Papa is thinking of giving my voice a trial. Mr. Bluntleigh—Well, I hope for your sake he'll not select a jury from among your neighbors.



Why does Manners take his wife with him everywhere that he goes? So that he won't have to explain to her where he has been if he leaves her at home.