ONLY A FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

By

MRS. FORRESTER.

CHAPTER XIV.

After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton, Winifred was summoned home.

"I would gladly let you remain longer," wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember, my dear, that our original plan was to leave for London on the 28th, and Sir Clayton never likes his plans interfered with."

On the 25th of April Winifred returned to Endon Vale, very sorry to leave her friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the obnoxious society of Mr. Clayton. Everyone welcomed her with open arms; the house had not seemed the same without her—it lacked the sunshine, as the old French lady said.

On the day appointed Sir Clayton and Lady Grace Farquhar and Miss Eyre arrived at Eaton Square and were duly announced in the fashionable chronicles. A new life suddenly opened on the girl who had spent all her young years in such quiet, not to say motonony. She found it very pleasant, although not altogether what it had been in her dreams two years before.

Her debut was to take place at the house of Miss Douglas, Lord Harold Erskine's aunt, a lady occupying a very decided position in the fashionable world, and the entree to whose entertainments was very generally desired. Lady Grace was anxious that her protege should look her best.

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the night of the ball, Lady Grace had no reason to regret having allowed her to exercise her own taste. Her dress was of a marvelous whiteness and softness, almost like snow clouds, and here and there over it were the softest white feathers, that might have been flakes of fallen snow.

Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the ballroom he caught sight of Winifred talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold in an interval of waltzing. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night he had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; but as she looked and smiled now, he felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife now," he thought. "How I should have loved her—how proud I should have been of her! I wonder if she really cares for that fellow Erskine?"

At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had divined his thoughts:

"Will it be a match, do you think?"

He turned with an angry start, and met the mocking gaze of Flora Champion.

"You mean Gray and Miss Wentworth? I think it very probable," Mr. Hastings answered, curtly.

"Oh, no, that is beyond a doubt. I meant Lord Harold Erskine and—and his partner."

"I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin"—and he spoke the word pointedly—"your cousin is very beautiful, and may even do better."

"Perhaps be chosen by the descendant of all the Hastings?" she asked, with a scornful laugh.

"Your penetration seems unusually at fault to-night, Miss Champion," he returned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over. I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see;" and he moved off before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her program with that of a less eligible aspirant. She bit her lip angrily as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin stood, and bend to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bearing toward the country girl whom she despised, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a former's daughter. She turned to the quiet, middle-aged man on whose arm she leaned, and began to talk to him with some of her old brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in reply. Flora felt inexpressibly bored.

"This man is a dolt!" she said to herself, angrily; "the idea even of all his money scarcely reconciles me to the horrible tedium of spending so much time in his company."

Mr. Maxwell was an excessively uninteresting, rich bachelor of two-and-forty. He gave one an impression of weakness and yielding that made it a matter of surprise he had been allowed to remain so long in the unblessed estate of bachelorhood. He had met Flora Champion several times and had admired her.

"He is rich," she said to herself; "he is as weak as water, and he is greedy—three admirable qualities for a husband whom you do not want to care about! Why should I not marry him?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hastings has crossed over to where Winifred was standing, engaged in laughing conversation with Lord Harold, a bright smile on her lips and apparently very happy. She did not see Errol until he came up to her, and then she stopped in a sentence and changed color. She felt a quick thrill of pleasure when she saw his handsome face bent on her with genuine admiration. Some sudden thought of forgetting her pride and yielding to her love came surging into her brain; and then her second, new, unnatural self rebelled, and she greeted him with a cold, indifferent smile.

"You will dance with me, Winifred?" he whispered, as Lord Harold turned to speak to someone behind him.

"I am engaged for every dance, thank you."

"May I come and call in Eaton Square?"

"I dare say Lady Grace will be pleased to see you."

"But you?"

"It is my duty to be pleased to see any and all of Lady Farquhar's guests."

"You are not natural, Miss Eyre—you are strangely altered from the generous, large-hearted, true Winifred I knew two years ago."

"Is it well for ignorant country girls to be trustful?" she asked, with a quick scorn. "If they are generous, do they always meet with like generosity from those whose minds are more enlarged, or should be, from their birth and station?"

"Is your enmity to be lifelong, then?"

"No doubt it will wear out in time, as every other feeling does," was the quick response.

As Mr. Hastings walked away, he asked himself how it was possible that a man whose inherent fault was intense pride could voluntarily expose himself to the slights and indifference of a young girl.

"I wonder how it is that I still care for her? She seems to have lost all that made me love her when I first knew her. What a fool I am! I will not think any more of her!"

And he left the room and the house, and went off to an entertainment where a considerably greater degree of freedom reigned than at the mansion of stately Miss Douglas, and where he was sure of an enthusiastic welcome.

With the charming inconsistency of the sex, Winifred was terribly chagrined on discovering that he was really gone.

"He is disgusted with me—he will not bear my unworthy treatment of him longer," she thought, bitterly. "I love him with all my heart, and I have lost him!"

CHAPTER XV.

The weeks rolled on and the London season was at its height. Drawing rooms, concerts, balls, operas, fetes champetres, flower shows and garden parties went on as usual to make up the sum of the gay world's pleasures and disappointments. Mrs. Clayton—one of many, perhaps—had been leading a life of fitful, feverish happiness for the last month. She did not dare to think—a pause of retrospection would either send her headlong down the precipice that was yawning at her feet or make her fly from it altogether. And yet she was so unpardonably weak that she hesitated and could not bring herself to break off all intercourse with Col. d'Aguilar.

As if to draw the last plank of safety away from his wife, Mr. Clayton treated her daily worse. He left letters in her way that could not fail to mortify her. If they went out together he made a point of keeping her waiting. He never opened his lips to speak to her unless he was positively obliged, and then his words were sneers and taunts. He paid other women the most extravagant compliments and attention. In short, but for Col. d'Aguilar's presence and sympathy, Fee's life would have been unendurable. They met constantly.

One of the entertainments that was intended to rank among the first of the season, was a garden party given by the Honorable Mrs. Vivian Lynedon at her beautiful villa on the banks of the river. No expense was to be spared; amusement of every imaginable kind was to be provided; and the whole was to end in a display of such costly fireworks as were rarely seen, and a dance. Mr. and Mrs. Clayton were invited. At the last moment he declined to go, and his wife went without him. He did not attempt to prevent her. Col. d'Aguilar was to be there. "I will not spoil the sport," he said to himself, with a smile that would have become Mephistopheles.

All her friends were there, all but one, at least, and at first it was with a sense of relief that she missed him. But hour after hour wore on, and there was no sign of Col. d'Aguilar. First she felt restless, then a little impatient, then angry, and then she could have cried for the bitterness of the disappointment. It was four days since she had seen him, and then he told her distinctly that he intended to be there.

Fee sat down wearily on the edge of one of the seats. Suddenly she heard a voice pronounce her name, and a quick thrill of pleasure went to her heart. He had come at last! She forgot her anger, her impatience, and the weary hours she had spent waiting for him, and looked up with a glad smile.

"At last!" she said. "I had given you up long ago. I am so tired of all this," she added, in a whisper; "let us walk a little."

And then she perceived that he was slightly lame.

"Then it is true, what some one told me, that you have sprained your ankle?" she uttered hastily. "That kept you away—and it hurts you to walk."

"Not at all," he answered; "it is nothing. That did not keep me away."

"What, then?" Fee asked, quickly.

Col. d'Aguilar was silent.

"What kept you away?" she repeated.

"I do not think I can tell you, Mrs. Clayton."

"Do tell me," she whispered, pressing his arm ever so slightly.

"I tried very hard to make a sacrifice," he answered slowly, "and I failed."

"What sacrifice."

"The sacrifice of my heart's desire to your peace."

Fee trembled and was silent.

"See!" she said, "the fireworks are beginning," and at that moment a blaze of light shot forth into the skies and seemed to illumine the whole garden and river. There was a rustic garden bench standing in a niche of arbutus and laurel.

"Let us sit down," Mrs. Clayton said. "I know your foot pains you."

"I was so disappointed when you did not come," Fee said presently. "I had just made up my mind to send for the carriage and go home. I came alone, you know."

"Alone? I thought Mr. Clayton was to be here?"

"He would not come. I think he would do anything rather than spend an hour in my company," she added bitterly. I cannot go on living like this," she broke out presently. "My life is a torment to me. You told me once I should be miserable if I married him—are you glad your words have come true?"

"Mrs. Clayton, what do you take me for?" he cried, moved to passion. "I glad—glad that you, whom I love with heart, soul and strength, are tied to a brute who makes your life a pandemonium upon earth—glad that you are parted hopelessly from me, and that I cannot lawfully stir a finger to help you when I am ready to lay down my life for you"

"Forgive me!" Fee said, quickly; "I did not mean it. I feel so bitter—so mad sometimes—I scarcely know what I say."

"Mrs. Clayton," he answered hoarsely, "you must not say these things to me. My blood is on fire at your wrongs and your misery. You forget how badly, how hopelessly I love you!"

"I weighed your love in the balance with Mr. Clayton's money once," she said slowly, "and my choice has broken my heart. I am twenty. I have no hope in the world," and an agonized sigh broke from her. "I know that after to-night I dare not see you any more. If I had been good or wise enough to remember my duty, and keep from speaking of my misery to you, we might have gone on meeting as we have done. To-night we shall part forever."

"Do not say that, Mrs. Clayton. How can I leave you to that man's brutality?"

"How can you protect me from it?" she asked sadly.

He rose to his feet suddenly and stood before her as pale as death.

"Will you never be convinced," he said, passionately, "that my love for you is beyond self-seeking, beyond doubt? If you will it so, I will never seek you again after to-night."

"I think I am not well to-night—I am over-tired," she said, recovering herself; "if you will have my carriage sent for, I will go home."

He went at once and did not return to her until it was ready; then he gave her his arm and led her away without another word. She never looked at him as he put her into her carriage, and wished her a grave good-night; but when the door was closed, and they had passed through the gates, she threw herself back in a corner and sobbed such tears as she had never wept from the hour she was born until now. There were lights in the dining room when she returned, and she would have entered it, but the footman stood in the way with a frightened face.

"Not in there, if you please, ma'am; master dined at home, and has a party of gentlemen."

At that moment there was a clinking of glasses, and a sound of laughter, in which a shrill peal of a woman's voice was distinctly audible.

Mrs. Clayton stood for a moment as if turned to stone; then she went upstairs without a word. It was evident she had not been expected home so early.

She was too stupefied to think. It seemed as if some heavy blow had fallen on her, and she scarcely realized it or knew what it was. Her mind was exhausted, and she slept heavily. The next day when she rode in the park, as usual, every one said:

"How terribly ill Mrs. Clayton looks! She should not go out so much, or she will be dead before the end of the season."

"Dear Fee," said Winifred, riding up, "what ails you—you look worn out?"

"I think yesterday was too much for me," Mrs. Clayton answered. "Stop my horse, Winifred!" and Mrs. Clayton seemed for a moment to reel in her saddle. Winifred caught the bridle, and stopped her own horse.

"Oh, Lord Harold!" she cried suddenly to the gentleman who rode beside her, "go to the other side of Fee, and hold her up; she is fainting."

In a moment he had his arm round her, and had lifted her into the saddle, from which she had partly slipped. Mrs. Clayton recovered herself almost immediately.

"Thank you," she said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "a sudden giddiness. Take me home, Winifred, will you?"

"Yes, darling."

Mrs. Clayton remained the whole day on the sofa, scarcely speaking. Winifred would not leave her for a moment. She bathed her forehead, and watched and soothed her when she turned on her side and moaned.

"It is my head, my head," she murmured now and again. "I think I am going mad."

And then Winifred thought it time to send for a physician.

"It is a nervous attack," he said, when he had seen her; "the brain seems to have been overexcited. In a day or two Mrs. Clayton will be quite herself again."

(To be continued.)

A DISAPPEARING STREAM.

The Dry Fork of Ashley Creek, in Northwestern Utah.

Some curious revelations are being made by the United States geological survey.

A recent report from C. T. Prall, one of the hydrographers of the survey, has reported the existence of a stream whose water, in the summer season, entirely vanishes midway in its course. The river is known as the Dry Fork, a small stream in northwestern Utah, tributary to Ashley creek. About fourteen miles from its source in the Uinta mountains this stream reaches a large basin or sink, whose walls are from 75 to 100 feet high, except on the upstream side. The pool is apparently bottomless, and the water in it revolves with a slow, circular motion, caused either by the incoming waters or by suction from below, or both. The only visible outlet to this pool is a narrow rock channel, from which a little water flows, but is soon lost to sight a few hundred yards below. A measurement of the main stream just above the pool showed a volume of 96 cubic feet of water passing each second, but this entire flow disappears in the basin, and the stream bed for miles below is perfectly dry. About seven miles below this interesting pool were found several springs, one of them in a large hole twenty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, which at times are empty and again filled with water. It is thought that the water which disappears in the upper pool flows underground deep below in the gravels which form the bed of the stream, and in times of rainfall heavier than usual appears again in part in the large springs below.—Atlanta Constitution.

War Made by Rule.

An officer now in England sends the following story from South Africa, for the accuracy of which he vouches:

"A brigade had been marching with scarcely any food nor nearly twenty-four hours continuously. When it halted and rations were served out and the cooking had commenced one regiment was asked by the brigade major to extinguish its fires, as 'they were not in line with those of the regiment on its right.' The C. O. of the regiment in question remonstrated as strongly as possible, pointing out that if the fires were put out there would be neither time nor fuel (the latter was very scarce and limited in quantity) to get the cooking finished before the troops had to march off. But in spite of all he could say the brigade major insisted, the fires were put out, and before the tea could be boiled and the meat cooked the regiment had to march, the men having had no food."

It would appear from this, says the London Truth, as if the process of educating our officers in the field—staff officers at any rate—was still proceeding only slowly. The incident is of the more interest since the brigade major concerned is a professor in one of our military schools. If the war office would like his name we shall be pleased to give it them—of course, in confidence.

The Casual Observer.

This old world has some curious ways,
You watch with eager eye,
And don't know if you ought to laugh
Or if you ought to cry.
—Washington Star.

Nicaragua Canal.

The creation of the Nicaragua Canal will cut off 10,000 miles from the voyage from New York to San Francisco.

Men seldom leave behind both in quest and bequest.

ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

It was unquestionably a hot day. Perhaps if Burnham had known that the next morning's papers would send it down into history as the hottest day in years he would have remained in the comparatively cool solitude of his mother's dining-room for the sake of his reputation. As it was he found the uptown streets in a state of desertion which made him wonder irritably if the city had retired for a siesta.

Burnham thought regretfully of a certain dusky corner under a Persian canopy where there were many pillows and much lemonade, and, incidentally, a girl's face, cool and sweet above the fan she held. Yesterday the face had been so temptingly near—too near. And to-day it was so hopelessly remote.

He acknowledged to himself the shameful motive of his pilgrimage. He had come—he had seen the house which had been open to him yesterday to-day closed to him forever. And the face in the dusky corner—suppose she were looking at him now from behind the heavy curtains. The wonderful eyes, hiding their merciless laughter under their drooping lashes! Burnham lifted his gloomy young face haughtily and looked severely at the house across the way.

But he did not pass on. Instead, he stopped with a whistle of surprise as what he might have taken for a broken parcel of laundry on the stone steps resolved itself into a little lady with penwiper skirts and exceedingly long black legs, who shot up from her coil and shook a mop of moist and disheveled hair away from a tear disfigured face.

"Why, Topsy!" exclaimed Burnham amazedly. It was impossible to go on and leave Topsy crying on the hot steps. He dropped on one knee beside her and tilted up the little face.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

"Well"—the tears came flooding back into the blue eyes—"Aunt Dale wouldn't take me to the park, and I wanted to see the new polar bear. They say he just sits round on ice all the time—and then they're scared he'll die."

Topsy's curls whipped into Burnham's eyes smartly as she buried her agitated countenance in his freshly starched bosom and wailed.

"Oh, hush, Topsy, dear! Do, for heaven's sake hush!" Burnham looked anxiously toward the house, whence at any moment Topsy's howls of newly stirred injury might fetch Topsy's mamma, who would invite him in, or—Topsy's aunt, who wouldn't look at him.

"See here! Stop crying! Listen! Is that your sunbonnet on the walk? Well"—desperately—"put it on quick, and we'll go to see the polar bear!"

Topsy's piercing shout of rapture was more dangerous than her weeping, and Burnham hurried her off down the street, comforting himself with the reflection that all children were more or less salamanders, and that they would take the first carriage they found stirring.

"Don't you think Aunt Dale's horrid?" demanded Topsy, revengefully, as she clasped Burnham's hand moistly and affectionately, and trotted beside him in soiled contentment.

"Oh, I don't know," he answered hesitatingly. "It's a pretty strong word—but I guess it's satisfactory," he added ungallantly.

"Did she promise to take you to the zoo?"

"Well, no-o," said Topsy, honestly. "Not exactly. But I thought she would, and when I went to her to-day—and it's such a nice, sunshiny day" (as if the previous twenty-eight days of August had passed in Arctic gloom) "she—she told me to go away and not bother her. And—and next time I asked her to come she shook me!"

"Don't cry now, young 'un," Burnham implored. "I didn't cry when she shook me."

Topsy stared at him with very round eyes from the depths of a limp sunbonnet. "When did she ever shake you?" she asked, whisperingly, surveying her stalwart friend with awe.

"Yesterday," said Burnham, gloomily.

"Did it make you feel bad?" The clear child eyes had seen the pain under the smile.

"Yes, I'm afraid it did."

Topsy slipped her other hand into Burnham's, hopping along beside him like a comforting little bird.

"I'm awful sorry," she said, earnestly; and then, after a pause: "Was Aunt Dale crying yesterday when she was mean to you?"

"No," said Burnham, grimly; "she wasn't. I think she laughed."

"That's funny. To-day she was crying. She said it was so hot it made her head ache. But I think she was just crying because there was so much naughty in her. I do sometimes—and they lick me," said Topsy, evidently pondering on the injustice of things.

Burnham's clasp tightened on the little fingers.

"Was she crying much?" he asked, carelessly.

"You bet she was. Mamma's green pillow was all wet. And the picture she was looking at was all over speckles."

"What—what picture was it, Topsy?" Burnham saw the long, deserted street in a blur of yellow.

"I dunno," answered Topsy, carelessly. "He was horrid ugly, like a poodle, with a big Y on the front of him. Say, do you think the polar bear might die while we look at him?"

"I don't know," said Burnham, absently, in his turn. There had been an ultra haired young fool once who had given that football picture to a girl who had laughed at it frankly and to his mortification. But now Topsy's description did not trouble him. The latter, speculating morbidly on the chances of being the happy spectator of a tragedy, trotted in silence by her escort. Suddenly Burnham halted.

"Topsy," he said feebly, and then paused in embarrassment.

"Yes? Well, why don't you say it?" Topsy gave his hand a suggestive tug.

"It's—it's so beastly hot, dear, and it seems too bad to leave Aunt Dale alone if she—if her head aches so."

Topsy's chin puckered dolefully, and her bright eyes grew pathetically dim.

"It ain't hot—she ain't alone—'nd we've come eight blocks—'nd I—I want to see the polar bear."

Burnham laid a stern hand over the cavernously open mouth.

"Now, Topsy, hush! We'll go to see the polar bear, but here's an empty carriage—see? And we'll drive back after Aunt Dale."

Topsy hesitated, blinking back the tears for which she found she had no use.

"She won't go," she objected. "Her nose and eyes are just as red! And she thinks it's hot, and she says she just hates polar bears. But we'll have the ride, won't we? And will you go to the park just the same if she won't?"

"Yes," said Burnham, smilingly; "just the same."

But when the carriage stopped in front of the gray stone steps all his assurance left him, and he pushed Topsy out imploringly.

"I won't go in, Topsy," he said tremulously. "You tell her we thought perhaps she might be sorry—no, good Lord, don't say that! Oh, see here; just—just say we'd like to have her come to see the polar bear!"

Then he shrank back into the carriage, crimsonly conscious that the thermometer stood at unknown heights in the shade of Topsy's veranda; that Topsy herself was very dirty and he very wilted, and that the driver had stared at him as he issued his invitation. Never mind, if only Dale was sorry, and her sense of humor keen.

Topsy flashed out of the house jubilantly. "She's coming!" she shouted vociferously. "She'll be ready in just a minute—she's putting powder on her nose. And mamma says I'm a perfect spectacle, and I've got to get a clean dress and my face washed, so you're to come in and wait. Aunt Dale says you know the coolest corner, and mamma can't come down 'cause it's too hot to dress. Mamma wants us to wait till to-morrow, but Aunt Dale says it's such a nice, sunshiny day, and she does want to see the polar bear!"

So eager was Aunt Dale that when her neice, although she chose the short and speedy route of the banister, came riotously into the parlor, she found her repentant relative in the shaded corner before her.

It was only Topsy who was struck by the great tragedy of the empty cage with its dripping ice blocks.

"Chloroformed him two hours ago," explained the keeper crudely. "Lord, but it's a hot day!" He looked curiously at the perspiring bear-hunters. "They ain't been much of anybody in here to-day, 'ceptin' kids," he vouchsafed, with an undercurrent of reproof in his tones.

"We only came to bring my little niece," explained Aunt Dale with dignity.

"You didn't," interpolated Topsy suddenly, as she sat down wearily on a block of ice outside the cage door. "You wouldn't come at all till we went all the way back for you, and then you said you wanted to see the bear. And now he's dead, and you don't care a bit—and oh, dear me, it's so hot and I'm so tired—and this ice is just water,' added Topsy as an afterthought, examining her skirts with discouraged interest. Her accusing eyes caught the laughter in Burnham's and she began to weep.

"You don't care, either—I don't believe you care for a single thing, only that Aunt Dale's sorry."

Burnham shouldered her peremptorily and bore her away to the carriage. "You have come a long way, Topsy," he told her seriously, "and it was very hot and the bear was dead. But at the end of the journey was contentment."—New York News.

An Unassuming Royal Personage.

The carelessness of the Duke of Norfolk about dress and his unassuming ways are very marked and have caused him to be the victim of many curious mistakes, relates an English writer. My friend had a house near Arundel, and when she and her family were removing to London the duke contemplated buying the place as a house for a member of his family. One morning Mrs. —— was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast when a servant came up to tell her that a messenger from the castle had called.

"Where is he?" she asked.

"Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am."

Knowing the duke's habits of activity in the country she felt some misgivings and hurried dowstairs to find the Earl Marshal of England sitting quite patiently on a hall chair with his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but the duke was most amused and laughingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him from attentions which would make his life burdensome.

Health Commandments.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. They are good air, good food, suitable clothing, cleanliness and exercise and rest. The first two requirements affect the blood, and as the blood circulates all over the body, including the brain, every part is affected. Fresh air affects the purity of the blood. The freshest air is out of doors, and it is the duty of everyone to spend a certain amount of time in the open air. Good foods is not necessarily expensive food. Exercise and rest should alternate and balance each other. It is quite possible to take too much exercise, and this side of the question must be guarded against as carefully as the other.

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I've refused George twice," she said, "but it's no use."

"No use?"

"Not a bit. He believes in predestination."

"What has that to do with it?"

"Why, he thinks I'm predestined to be his wife, and of course, if that is so, I'll simply have to give in, no matter what papa says. He can't expect me to defy fate."

Pay Day in Sight.

Miles—Shortun married an heiress last week and he declares she is all the world to him.

Giles—So he's getting ready to collect the debt, eh?

Miles—What debt?

Giles—Why, the one his wife owes him. I heard him say one time that the world owed him a living.

Passing Amenities.

Growler—Hi! Hi! Can't yer look out wher' yer a-comin'?

Omnibus—Garn! Shut up, Jack-in-the-Box!—Punch.

Most of the Stories True.

A story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a charity in which he is interested. At the close of one meeting at which he had spoken with great effect and a large gain for the charity had been the direct result a little old woman approached the minister. "Oh," she said earnestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true, aren't they?"

A Paying Investment.

"Was it worth while to send your four daughters to that fashionable school?"

"Sure. One eloped while she was there and the others came home engaged."—New York Times.

Must Take His Turn.

Enraged Reader—I have come in to horsewhip the editor.

Office Boy—You'll have to wait, sir; there are two others ahead of you.—Life.

How She Cured Him.

Mother—You say your husband no longer spends his evenings at the club?

Daughter—I soon broke him of that.

"How did you manage?"

"Before going to bed I put two easy chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke?—New York Weekly.

Why Not, Indeed?

N. Ane—Willie, I forgot to wind my watch this morning. Will you bring it down to me?

Willie—Why don't you let it run down?—New York Sun.

Growing Like a Weed.

"Why, Tommy, how you do grow!"

"Yes, Auntie. I think they water me too much. Why, I'm bathed night and morning."

Facts and Fancies.

"Does it cost much to live in the city?" asked the rural youth.

"About the same as it costs to live in the country," replied the village sage, "but it costs like fury to keep up appearances."

Her Preference.

"Shall I administer gas before extracting your tooth?" asked the dentist.

"Well," answered the fair patient from a back township, "if it doesn't cost any more I'd rather you'd give me electric light."

No Trouble in House-Hunting.

Hicks—I understand that you and Jenkins have both found desirable new tenements.

Wicks—Yes, Jenkins moved into my flat and I moved into his.—Somerville Journal.

Told the Truth.

Edyth—Aunt Margaret used to say she wouldn't marry the best man on earth.

Mayme—And did she keep her word?

Edyth—Yes; but she got married just the same.

Cause and Effect.

"Women evidently have no sense of humor," remarked the bald-headed philosopher.

"Why do you think thusly?" asked the youth with the ingrowing mustache.

"If they had," replied the philosophy dispenser, "they would never get past the love, honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without an audible giggle."

Milesian Notion of Stratagem.

An officer once asked an Irishman if he knew what a stratagem was. "Yes, of course I do." "Then," said the officer, "please explain one to me." Pat (after five minutes' pause): "Suppose you were firing at the enemy and you run short of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know, why all you have to do is to keep on firing."

Correcting Misapprehension.

"And this," exclaimed the traveler from the old world, emerging from his state room and gazing dreamily at the shore line ahead of him, "is free America?"

"No," said the bored looking passenger in the steamer chair. "That is New York City."

Made a Mistake.

"You don't mean to say, doctor, that you can tell people's ages by their teeth, the same as if they were horses, do you?"

"Certainly, madam."

Which explains why this particular patient never went again to that particular dentist.

Neatness.

"I say," said the man who has to board out, "I've found the ideal place at last."

"What is the advantage?" asked the man who has married.

"The neatness of the place. The landlady keeps all the left-over crusts separate and labeled, so that each man gets his own bread back in the bread pudding."—London Tit-Bits.

She Was a Treasure.

Towne—That was a brave act of Urban's—rushing into the water to save a woman from drowning.

Suburb—Brave fiddlesticks! It was merely an act of selfishness on his part.

Towne—Why, how can you say that?

Suburb—The woman he rescued was a cook that had been with him for six months.—Chicago News.

How He Proposed.

Miss Charmer—How did Fred propose?

Miss Milyun—He said he didn't know what he would do unless he got some money right away.—Baltimore American.

A Slight Difference.

Haggard Looking Room Hunter—Little girl, does your mamma keep boarders?

Honest Little Girl—No, sir; she takes boarders, but she don't keep 'em.—New York Herald.

Opportunity.

She—Yes, papa is suffering terribly from gout—he can hardly move his foot.

He—Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, something seems to tell me to speak to him about our engagement to-day—Bah Jove.

As to the Squallops.

"It's a shame the way those Squallop children are growing up, without any parental restraint whatever."

"Yes; when their mother joined the woman's literary society and began attending all the meetings Mr. Squallop got sort of reckless and joined a don't worry club."—Chicago Tribune.

A Human Clod.

Tess—Some men are awfully slow, aren't they?

Jess—Yes, and they're so aggravating. There was one sat alongside of me coming down in the car this morning.

Tess—You wern't trying to flirt with him?

Jess—Gracious! no; but he was reading a novel, and he was never ready to turn the page when I was.—Philadelphia Press.

Wasn't Superstitious.

Giles—Robinson Crusoe must have been a queer sort of chap.

Miles—Because why?

Giles—Because it was Friday every day in the week with him.

Something Wrong.

Meeker—There's crape on the door over the way. Old man Jones must be dead.

Mrs. Meeker—I haven't seen the doctor there for over a week.

Defined.

"A souvenir," said the thoughtful man, thoughtfully, "is something that we consider to be worth a whole lot more than its value."—Chicago Evening Post.

Neither Spinster Nor Old Maid.

"She's a spinster, isn't she?"

"Certainly not. Why, she'd have a fit if you called her a spinster."

"When was she married, then?"

"She isn't married."

"Widow, perhaps?"

"Oh, no."

"Then she must be a spinster."

"Not at all. She keeps house with two other girls in a cosy little flat."

"What difference does that make?"

"Well, of course, it's possible for a girl to be a bachelor maid without that, but it's that that makes it absolutely certain. You never heard of spinsters doing anything like that."

"Then a bachelor maid isn't a spinster?"

"Oh, at the present time she may be one technically, for there's been hardly time to change the dictionary; but she doesn't admit it."

"Suppose the public refused to accept her chosen designation and insistd upon calling her spinster and later old maid—what then?"

"Why, why, then, I suppose she would marry almost the first man who came along. Bachelor maid is so delightfully up-to-date and spinster is so frightfully old-fashioned."