By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

He colored again, he could not prevent No." he answered; "what makes you ask

such a question?'
"I don't know," she said, laughing a little; inine curiosity, I suppose. I thought you might be. Good-by," and she went on leaving Edward Cossey to the enjoyment of a very peculiar set of sensations.



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cta-but

the

"Good-by," and she went on,

"What a coward?" said Belle to herself "He does not even dare to tell me the truth." Nearly an hour later she arrived at the castle, and, asking for Ida, was shown into the drawing room, where she found her sit-Ida rose to greet her, not without warmth.

for the two women, although they were at the opposite poles of character, had a friendly feeling for each other. In a way they were both strong, and

strength always recognizes and respects strength.
"Have you walked up?" asked Ida.

"Yes, I came on the chance of finding you. I wanted to speak to you."

"This. Forgive me, but are you engaged to be married to Edward Cossey?" Ida looked at her in a slow, stately kind of way, which seemed to ask by what right she came to question her. At least so Belle "I know that I have no right to ask such a

question," she said, with humility, "and, of course, you need not answer it, but I have a ason for asking."
"Well," said Ida, "I was requested by Mr.

Cossey to keep the matter secret, but he ap-pears to have divulged it. Yes, I am engaged to be married to him." Belle's beautiful face turned a shade paler,

Belie's beautiful face turned a snade paler, if that was possible, and her eyes hardened.
"Do you wonder why I ask you this?" she said. "I will tell you, though probably when I have done so you will never speak to me again. I am Edward Cossey's discarded mistress," and she laughed bitterly enough. Ida shrunk a little and colored, as a pure

and high minded woman naturally does when she is for the first time suddenly brought into actual contact with impurity and passion.
"I know," went on Belle, "that I must
seem a shameful thing to you; but, Ida, good

and cold and stately as you are, pray God that you may never be thrown into tempta-tion; pray God that you may never be marhate, and then suddenly know what a thing it is to fall in love, and for the first time feel "Hush," said Ida, gently; "what right

have I to judge you!" went on Belle, "I loved him passionately, and for a little while it was as though heaven had opened its gates, for he used to care for me a little, and I think he would have taken me away and married me afterward, but I would not bear of it, because it would ruin him. He offered to once, and I refused, and within three hours of that I believe that he was bargaining for you. Well, and then it was the old story, he fell more and more in love with you, and, of course, I had no hold upon him."

"Yes," said Ida, moving impatiently; "but why do you tell me all this? It is very painful, and I had rather not hear it."

Why do I tell you? I tell you because do not wish you to marry Edward Cossey. I tell you because I wish him to feel a little of what I have to feel, and because I have said

he should not marry you."
"I wish that you could prevent it," said
Ida, with a sudden outburst. "I am sure you
are quite welcome to Mr. Cossey, so far as I
am concerned, for I detest him, and I cannot imagine how any woman could ever have "Thank you," said Belle, "but I have done

with Mr. Cossey, and I think I hate him too. I know that I did hate him when I met him in the street just now, and he told me that he was not engaged to you. You say that you detest him; why then do you marry him! You are a free woman."
"Do you want to know!" said Ida, wheel-

ing round and looking her visitor full in the face. "I am going to marry him for the same reason that you say caused you to marry-because I must. I am going to marry him because be lent us money. On that condition I promised to marry him, and sal have taken the money. as I have taken the money I must give him his price, even if it breaks my heart. You think that you are wretched, how do you know that I am not fifty times as wretched! Your lot is to lose your lover; mine is to have one forced upon me and endure him all my life. The worst of your pain is over; all

ine is to come."
"Why! why!" broke in Bella. "What is such a promise as that? He cannot force you to marry him, and it is better for a than to have to marry a man the hates, especially," she added, meaningly, "if she happens to love another man. Be advised by me: I know what it is."

"Yes," said Ida, "perhaps it is better to die, but death is not so easy. As for the promise, you do not seem to understand that no gentleman or lady can break a promise in consideration of which money has been re-ceived. Whatever he has done, and whatever he is, I must marry Mr. Cossey, so I do not think that we need discuss the subject

then, rising, said that she must go. "I have warned you," she added, "although to warn you I have had to put myself at your mercy. You can tell the story and destroy me if you like. I do not much care if you do. Women,

"You must understand me very litzle, Mrs. Qust" it had always been Belle before, and she winced at the change of names, "if you think me capable of such conduct. You have nothing to fear from me."

She held out her hand, but in her humility and shame Belle mentals."

and shame Belle went without taking it, and through the angry sunset light walked slowly back to Boisingham, and as she walked there was a look upon her face that Edward Comey would scarcely have cared to sea.

CHAPTER XXVL

MR. QUEST HAS HIS INNINGS. All that afternoon and far into the evening Mr. Quest was employed in drafting, and with his own hand engrossing on parchment partain deeds, to the proper execution of

which he seemed to find constant reference

necessary to a tin box of papers labeled "Honham Castle Estates." By II that night everything was finished, and, having carefully collected and docketed his papers, he put the tin box away and went

Next morning, about 10 o'clock, Edward Cossey was sitting at breakfast in no happy frame of mind. He had gone up to the castle to dinner on the previous evening, but it can-not be said that he had enjoyed himself. Ida was there, looking very handsome in her evening dress, but she was cold as a stone and unapproachable as a statue. She scarcely spoke to him, indeed, except in answer to some direct remark, reserving all her con-versation for her father, who seemed to have caught the contagion of restraint, and was, for him, unusually silent and depressed. But once or twice he found her looking at

him, and then there was upon her face a mingled expression of contempt and irrepressible aversion which chilled him to the marrow.

These qualities toward him were indeed so much more plainly developed than they had been before, that at last a conviction which he had at first rejected as incredible, forced itself into his mind. That conviction was, that Belle must have disbelieved his denial of the engagement, and in her eagerness for revenge have told Ida the whole story. The thought made him feel faint, but there was but one thing to be done, and that was to face it out. Once when the squire's back was turned be ventured to attempt some little tenderness in which the word "dear" occurred, but Ida did not seem to hear it, and looked straight over his head into space, and this he felt was trying. So trying did he find the whole entertainment indeed, that about half past 9 he rose and came away, saying that he had some bank papers which st be attended to that night. Now most men would in all human proba-

bility have been dismayed by this state of affairs into relinquishing an attempt at mat-rimony which it was evident could only be carried through in the face of the quiet but none the less vigorous dislike and contempt of the other contracting party. But this was not so with Edward Cossey. Ida's coldness exercised upon his tenneious and obstinate mind much the same effect that may be supposed to be produced upon the benighted ceker for the north pole by a frozen ocean of icebergs. Like the explorer, he was convinced that if he could get over those cold and frowning beights he would find a smiling and sunny land beyond, and perchance many other delights, and like the explorer again, he was, metaphorically, ready to die in the effort. For to tell the truth, he loved her more every day, till now his passion domi-nated his physical being and his mental judg-

ing in question, when Mr. Quest, looking very cool and composed and gentleman like, was shown into his room, much as Col. Quaritch had been shown in two mornings before.
"How do you do, Quest?" he said, in a from

high to low kind of tone, which he was in the habit of adopting toward his official subordinates. "Sit down What is it?"

"It is some business, Mr. Cossey," the law-yer answered in his usual quiet tones.
"Honham castle mortgages again, I sup-pose," growled he. "I only hope you don't want any more money on that account at present, that's all, because I can't raise another cent while the governor lives, for they don't entail cash and bank shares, you know; and, though my credit's pretty good, I am not far from the bottom of it."
"Well," said Mr. Quest, with a faint smile,

gages, but as I have a good deal to say perhaps we had better wait till the things are cared away." "All right. Just ring the bell, will you,

and take a cigarette?"

Mr. Quest smiled again and rang the bell,

but did not take the cigarette. When the breakfast things had been removed he took a chair, and, placing it on the further side of the table in such a position that the light, which was to his back, struck full upon Edward Cossey's face, commenced to deliber-ately untie and sort his bundle of papers. Presently he came to the one he wanted-a

eopy.
"Will you kindly read this, Mr. Cossey?" and went.
When the he said quietly, as he pushed the letter toward

him across the table.

Edward finished lighting his cigarette, and

then took the letter up and glanced at it care-lessly. At the first line, however, his expression changed to one of absolute horror, his face blanched, the perspiration sprang out upon his forehead, and the cigarette dropped from his fingers to the carpet, where it lay smoldering. And no wonder, for the letter was a copy of one of Belle's most passionnte epistles to himseif. He had never been able restrain her from writing these compromising letters. Indeed, this one was the very same that, some time before, Mr. Quest had

abstracted from the pocket of his lounging coat in the room in London. He read on for a little way and then put the letter down upon the table. There was no need for him to go on, it was all in the same strain.
"You will observe, Mr. Cossey, that this is

a copy," said Mr. Quest; "but if you like you can inspect the original document." He made no answer. "Now," went on Mr. Quest, handing him a

second paper, "here is the copy of another letter, of which the original is in your hand Edward glanced at it. It was an interpted letter of his own, dated about a year

before, and its contents, though not of so pas-sionate a nature as the other, were still of a sufficiently incriminating character.

He put it down upon the table by the side of the first, and waited for Mr. Quest to

'I have other evidence," said his visitor presently; "but you are probably sufficiently versed in such matters to know that these etters alone are almost enough for my purpose, which is to commence a suit for divorce against my wife, in which you will, of course, accordance with the provisons of the be joined as co-respondent. Indeed, I have already drawn up a letter of instruction to my London agents directing them to take the preliminary steps, and he pushed a third

paper toward him.

Edward Cossey turned his back to his tormentor, and, resting his head upon his hand,

tried to think.
"Mr. Quest," he said presently in a hoarsvoice, "with: ut admitting anything, there are reasons which would make it ruinous to me if such an action were commenced at

"Yes," be answered, "there are. In the first place, there is no knowing what view your father would take of the matter, and his view would affect your future interests, and in the second, your engagement to Miss de la Molle, upon which your heart is so strongly set, would certainly be broken off."
"How do you know that I am engaged?"

asked Edward, in surprise.
"It does not matter how I know it," said the lawyer. "I do know it, so it will be use-less for you to deny it. As you remark, this less for you to deny it. As you remark, this suit will probably be your ruin in every way, and therefore it is, as you will easily understand, a good moment for a man who wants his revenge to choose to bring it."

"Without admitting anything," answered Edward Cossey, "I wish to ask you a questionally to the control of t

tion. Is there no way out of this? Supposing that I have done you a wrong, wrong admits

of compensation."
"Yes, it does, Mr. Cossey, and I have thought of that. Everybody has his price in this world, and I have mine; but the compensation for such a wrong must be a heavy

"At what price will you agree to stay the action forever? be asked.
"The price that I will take to stay the mortgages you hold over the Housam castle
mortgages you hold over the Housam castle
sattates, answered Mr. Quest, quietly.
"Great beavens?" said Edward, "why, that

is a matter of thirty thousand pounds?"

worth your while to pay thirty thousand pounds to save yourself from the scandal, the chance of disinheritance, and the certainty of the loss of the woman whom you want to marry. So well do I know it that I have prepared the necessary deeds for your signa-ture, and here they are. Listen, sir," he went on, sternly; "refuse to accept my terms and by to-night's post I shall send this letter of instruction. Also I shall send to Mr. Cossey, senior, and to Mr. de la Molle copies of these two precious epistles," and he pointed to the ideriminating documents, "and a copy of the letter to my agents; and where will you be then! Consent, and I will bind myself not to proceed in any way or form. Now, make

"But I cannot; even if I will, I cannot," said he, almost wringing his hands in his perplexity. "It was on condition of my taking up those mortgages that Ida consented to become engaged to me, and I have promised that I will cancel them on our wedding. Will

you not take money instead?"
"Yes," answered Mr. Quest, "I would take money. A little time ago I would not have taken it because I wanted that property, but I mave changed my ideas. But as you yourself said, your credit is strained to the utmost, and while your father is alive you will not find it possible to raise another thirty thousand pounds. Besides, if this matter is to be settled at all it must be settled now. I will not wait while you make attempts to

raise the money."
"But about the mortgages! I promised to keep them. What shall I say to Idaf" "Say! Say nothing. You can meet them if you like after your father's death. Refuse if you like, but if you refuse you will be mad. Thirty thousand pounds will be nothing to you, but exposure will be ruin. Have you made up your mind! You must take my offer or leave it. Sign the documents, and I will put the originals of these two letters into your hands; refuse, and I will take my

Edward Cossey thought for a moment, and then said: "I will sign. Let me see the pa-

Mr. Quest turned aside to hide the expression of triumph which flitted across his face and then handed him the deeds. They were elaborately drawn, for he was a skillful legal draughtsman, quite as skillful as many a legal chancery conveyancer, but the substance of them was that the mortgages were transferred to him by the said Edward Cossey in and for the consideration that he, the said William M. Quest, consented to abandon for ever a pending action for divorce against his wife, Belle Quest, whereto the said Edward Cossey was to be joined as co-respondent.

ment, so that whatever loss was emaned, which you certainly could ment whatever obstacles arose, he was determined assignment, which you certainly could not be endure and overcome them if by so doing do with any prospect of success, the attempt will recoil upon your own head, because the will recoil upon your own head, because the "You will observe," said Mr Quest, "that require some witnesses, so, with your per-mission, I will ring the bell and ask the landindy and your servant to step up. They need know nothing of the contents of the papers," and he did so.

"Stop," said Edward presently. "Where "Here," answered Mr. Quest, producing

them from an inner pocket, and showing them to him from a distance. "When the landlady comes up, I will give them to her to hold in this envelope, directing her to band them to you when the deeds are signed and witnessed. She will only think that it is part of the ceremony."

Presently the man servant and the land-

ady arrived, and Mr. Quest, in his most matter of fact way, explained to them that they were required to witness some docu-ments, and at the same sime handed the letters to the woman, saying that she was to give them to Mr. Cossey when they had all

ione signing.

Then Edward Cossey signed, and, placing his thumb on the familiar wafer, delivered the various documents as his act and deed and the witnesses, with much preparation and affort, affixed their awkward signatures in the places pointed out to them, and in a few nimutes the thing was done, and Mr. Quest was a richer man by thirty thousand pounds han when he had got up that morning.
"Now give Mr. Cossey the packet, Mrs.

Jeffries," he said, as he blotted the signa-

When the witnesses had gone, Edward looked at the letters, and then with a savage oath flung them into the fire and watched

Quest, as he prepared to depart with the deeds. "You have now bought your exupon my word, when I think of all you owe me, I wonder at myself for letting you off at

When he had gone, Edward Cossey gave way to his feelings in language forcible rather than polite, and what they were may be more easily imagined than described now, in addition to all the money that he had lost and the painful exposure to which be had been subjected, he was face to face with a new difficulty. Either he must make a clean breast of it to Ida about the mortgages being no longer in his hands, or he must that he still had them. In the first alterna tive, the consideration upon which Ida had agreed to marry him came to nothing. More-over, she was thereby released from her promise, and he was well aware that under these circumstances she would certainly break off the engagement. In the second, he would be acting a lie, and the lie would somer or later be discovered, and what then? Well, if it was after marriage, what would it matter! To a woman of gentle birth there is only one thing more irretrievable than mar riage, and that is death. Anyhow, he had suffered so much for the sake of this woman that he did not mean to give her up now He must meet the mortgages after marriage,

that was all.

Facilisest descensus Averni. When a man of the character of Edward Cossey, or in deed of any character, allows his passions to lead him into a course of deceit, he does not find it easy to check his wild career. From dishonor to dishonor shall be go till at length, in due season, he reaps as be has sown.

CHAPTER XXVIL

HOW GEORGE TREATED JOHNNIE. Some two or three days before the scene described in the last chapter the faithful George had suddenly announced his desire to

visit London.
"What!" said the squire, in astonishment. for George had never been known to go out of his own county before. "Why, what on earth are you going to do in London!" answered his retai

"Well, squire," answered his retainer, looking marvelously knowing, "I don't rightly know, but there's a cheap train goes to this here exhibition on Tuesday mornup to this here exhibition on Tuesday morning, and comes back on the Thursday evening. Ten shillings both ways, that's the fare, and I see in The Chronicle, I do, that there's a wonderful show of these new fangled self tying and delivering reapers, sich as they use over sea in America, and I'm rarely fell use over sea in America, and I'm rarely fell on seeing them, and having a holiday look round London town. So as there ain't not northing particler a doing, if you hain't got anything to say agin it, I think I'll go,

"All right," said the squire; "are you going to take your wife with you?" TO BE CONTINUED!

Complaints have been made that the treasury agents and customs authorities at San Francisco were careless in the work of inspecting such dutiable parcels as came by Asiatic and other mails which are landed in this country on the Pacific Coast, and an investig tion is to be made by a special officer. Dutiable articles, it is said, have passed through the mails.

The gas well at Summerland, near Santa Barbara, is down sixty-two feet,

WAS IT A BIT OF ROMANCE!

Meeting in an Elevated Car Arouses a "I plead guilty to a good deal of curiosity," said an old man with a rather florid face, kindly, twinkling eyes, and friendly, good natured lines around the mouth. "I would give a good deal to know all the circumstances of an unusual meeting which I saw the other day. I was in an elevated train, and on the cross seat opposite me sat a little woman who must have been about 40 years old. She was still very pretty, although her blue eyes were a little faded. She was the kind of a woman who, when a girl, must have been plump, but who had not grown stout with years. Her complexion was as clear and soft as a girl's, and the curves of her lips were very gently fashioned. I was studying over the top of my paper the graceful lines of her slender hands when a man seated himself by my side. I saw two spots of color suddenly appear in her cheeks, and then she quickly turned her head and looked

steadily out of the window. "I could not resist the temptation to take a good look at my near neighbor. He was tall and dark, and in his black hair was a fine sprinkling of gray. His face was smooth shaven, save for a mustache, which, like his hair, was grizzled. Fine lines were traced beneath his eyes, and the eyes had rather a far away expression, as if they were searching for something which had been lost. Apparently he saw nothing around him.

"Finally his dark eye rested on the little woman before him, and he looked hurriedly around as if he intended to leave his seat. The blue eyes across the way were still looking out of the window, and the pink spot had not yet faded from the one cheek which was turned toward me. The man moved

uneasily in his seat." "And then," one of the story teller's hearers broke in, "two lovers met after long years, etc."

not said so." "They were divorced and this was their first meeting in a long time,' ventured another with a laugh. "Bosh!" said the narrator, with an

"No.

impatient wave of his hand. "Sister and brother parted in early youth by a cruel fate," cried a third, determining not to be outdone in suggestions

'Wrong again, so far as I know, declared the first speaker.
"Well, the story, then," in chorus.

"Good. She shot a glance at my neighbor and their eyes met. He leaned forward and took her hand, while her and the motions to make, and the dogs moved over and took a seat next to gramme they go through with me. her. 'Fifteen years, Mamie,' I heard him say, and then she blushed again.

"My station was at Fifty ninth tions just to watch them. What was the show at night. This troupe conthe romance? I'll give a dinner to the sumes about fifteen loaves of bread and man who satisfies my curiosity." "Love match broken off by a quar

rel," insisted interpreter No. 1.

"Sister and brother," repeated No. 3, with deep conviction. "I wish I knew!" said the inquisi-

Remember that there are few things one is so loth to loan as books-if we except money. It is curious, too, that a book, like an umbrella, is commonly reckoned public property. Few people trouble themselves to return it. Considering the vast cost of even an unpretending library, this is very exasperating to the eager book hunter, who makes many annual sacrifices that he may add a few choice volumes

to his meager store.

He may defend himself, however, lend his treasures. When you have borrowed a book you have no possible excuse for loaning it on your own responsibility. To do so is to violate every law of good faith, and to incur either the open or tacit displeasure of the friend who obliged you. - Chicago Saturday Herald.

A Knight of the Garter Pin.

James H. Drake possesses an unique scarf pin. It is nothing more or less than a Knight of the Garter pin, of which there are none in this country with this exception, and but thirty-two in all England. The pattern is a garter of blue enamel, on which are the well known words in gilt lettering, surmounted by a cross whose points are set with diamonds. Some years ago Mr. Drake entertained a party of English capitalists in the northwest, among whom was the Duke of Suther-land. When they took their departure, greatly pleased with their visit, the duke drew the pin from his cravat and placed it in Mr. Drake's. Many times has he been stopped by Englishmen in this country who recognized one of the emblems of the order, and who desired to know how it came into his possession. Mr. Drake might readily pass for a duke, but he is as proud of his nationality as he is of the pin and the circumstances of its presentation. -St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The causes and philosophy of sea lekness have always been a great puzzle; but the most generally received theory at present is that the trouble is due to the inequality of pressure in the blood vessels. In a craft tossing on the waves the blood is made to flow first this way and then that, naturally producing disturbance. As for reme nothing has been discovered that is more effective than the traditional piece of salt pork on the end of a string. New York Telegram.

Van Lyttelbrane (concluding a mo ologue on hypnotism)—No, Miss Jessie I make it a rule to believe nothing cawn't understand.

Miss Jessie-No wonder you are such

DOGS AND THEIR TRICKS

Most Any Dog Can Be Taught Some Trick and He'll Never Forget It.

Professor Burton, who has a troupe of clever dogs, is an old circus man. He used to be tumbler in the ring. There comes a day in the life of every circus tumbler when he must quit the business and go into something else. Burton went to training dogs. He has been with several companies, but is now on his own hook. He had a valuable troupe of dogs once in New

York, but somebody poisoned them. The professor's present family of dogs consists of Italian greyhounds, German poodles, a Russian poodle, a Russian spaniel, a liver-and-white spaniel, a spitz, a black dog that does the somerset act, and several others. "There is no dog," said the profes-

sor, "which can't be taught a trick of some sort. Of course there are some dogs that learn quicker than others, and more tricks. I am always asked how I teach dogs these tricks. Well, there is no trick about it that I ever knew. It takes patience and judgment and kindness. I seldom use the whip, and never in giving instructions. In fact, I have to be very cautious. The other day two of my family got into a squabble. I separated them, but with trouble. In doing so I had to cut one of them with the whip. That fellow is heartbroken. He has had the sulks ever since. He won't eat and he won't act. I've got to send him away for a few days.

"A dog should be at least a year old before training. I select different breeds for different acts. The greyhound is a natural leaper. The spaniel is a trickster. The spitz is the clown. The black dog-the black-and-tan one -is the acrobat.

"Under ordinary circumstances the average dog will learn his trick in five weeks. Then the test comes when he goes on the stage the first time. Talk about people having stage fright! I've known dogs when brought on the stage for the first time make a break and run away and tremble like a said the story teller, "I have frightened child. When they get used to it, though, they like the stage, and the more applause they get the better they act. You may think that is stretching it, but it is a fact that trick dogs do better if they are applauded, and this is especially true if the applause comes from children.

"These trick dogs know their places on the stage and take their cue from my looks. They are as eager for the show to begin as children are eager for play. This, I think, is instinct, for anybody could go on the stage with them if he knew the words to speak face blushed like a school girl's. He would go through the same pro-"I keep them in cages after the

show. Every morning at 9:30 I take them out for exercise. They are fed street, but I rode past two more sta- twice a day-in the morning and after a large size market basket of cooked

meat every day.
"They never forget a trick. I laid "The fifteen years spoils my divorce off some months ago and sent the dogs theory," said No. 2, in disappointed to the country. I had a vacation of several weeks-me and the dogs. When I returned to the stage with them they went through every part without a break. There is good feel

An extensive leather dealer of London, traveling in this country, says that never before was there such a craze in London for queer leather as at the present time. He adds: "All kinds of skins, from elephant's to, frog's, are pressed into service to meet the demands of the fashionable. Some of our shops are stocked with a supply of fancy articles that are made from the skins of all sorts of beasts, reptiles if he will. He may politely decline to lend his treasures. When you have displayed in the windows, where their appearance attracts wondering crowds.

Made up into various articles are yellow pelican skins, lion and panther skins, buffalo skins, fish skins, monkey skins, snake skins, and the coverings of almost every living thing known. They are tanned and sometimes color ed with blue, gray or red. I think it looks hideous to see a pretty English girl walking along the street swinging a portemonnaie made of the scaly hide of a boa constrictor. But it's fash

ion's order, you know."-Exchange. Preferred His Own Importation. Col. Reynolds was wounded. His thigh was shattered by a ball, and after a grave and protracted consultation the surgeons informed the brave Irishman that his leg must be amputated in order to save his life. He was true grit to the backbone, and protested against this strongly. "Can't you cure the leg!" he pleaded. The surgeons shook their heads, and one of hem informed him that it would not be so bad after all, as he could wear a cork leg. "It's a Cork leg I have now," he replied, with a grim smile, "and I think a great deal of it because rom Ireland."-Chicago Herald.

chances are, with the jury system run the way it is, that the average prisoner has more sense and intelligence than the average man sitting on his case. He has got to be a mighty poor man who is the peer of a juror.-Detroit

Advice to a Schoolboy.

There is no use going to school, my boy, with the idea that you are going to excel because you are your father' son; for every other boy is his father's son, and all do not excel who go to school.-West Shore.

had just been shown the door by the father of a pretty young maiden .- RANCHING OUT WEST.

PUPILS ON THE FARM WHO PAY FOR tice which I thought might strike THE PRIVILEGE OF WORKING.

Younger Sons of English Gentlemen Who Come to America to Learn How to Drive a Plow and a Bargain-Winding Up as Hotel Dishwashers.

In some of the northwestern cities like St. Paul, Minneapolis and Winnipeg, it is an every day sight to see a young Britisher land from the train, with one eye glass screwed into his face (in order that he may not see more than he can comprehend, some one has been unkind enough to say), a corduroy suit of blouse and knickerbockers, bright yellow leather gaiters buttoned up to the knee, a fore and aft cap, two guns, that he may shoot all the buffalo he expects to find just outside the town, a dog and about 500 pounds of baggage. He has come to learn farming. He is a gentleman's son, accustomed to comparative luxury and ease all his life.

Arrangements have been made for him by some English firm, of whom there are a good many in this business, to do "chores" for his board, and to pay £100 down to "learn farming"-that is to master the mysteries of harnessing a horse, to milk a cow, to drive a sulky plow, to drive a seeder, to drive a mower, to drive a harvester and, possibly, to drive a bargain. As soon as he has mastered the last accomplishment, he generally sees that he has been duped, leaves his teacher and strikes out for himself.

THEY WANT TO GO HOME. The coarse food of the farmer's table and the rough society of his hired help, who get good wages, while he gets nothing, generally disgust him, however, long before he reaches the stage of education last mentioned, and the young man starts for the nearest town, hoping to find more congenial employment. He goes to the hotel, and by the time he has discovered that there is no demand for any class of unskilled labor, save on the farm, he is in debt to the landlord, and in a great many cases brings up in the hotel kitchen as a waiter or dishwasher, or even a stable boy.

One of the peculiar things about this

class of young fellows is the longing all of them have to go home again and their evident inability to gratify that wish, although most of them receive sums of money from their friends in the old country at regular intervals. The fact seems to be that they are not wanted at home. Their parents seem glad, or at least willing, to have their boys undergo considerable hardship, with dangers to morals and health, rather than to have them meet the inevitable evils of idleness in England. For the prejudice against any form of trade or business, outside the professions, is strong there yet, and many an English gentleman would rather have his boy washing dishes in America than standing behind a counter in England. Of course it is not heralded from the housetops that dear Reginald is washing dishes in America; oh, no, he is "ranching it in

"I remember the case of two young lads," said a Dakota lawyer, "fresh from a famous boys' college in England. What struck me particularly when first I saw them was their cheerfulness and their

"Their boots were amazing. The boys were short for their ages, 15 and 16, but the boots would have reached half way above the knees of the tallest man in the settlement, and were big in the feet in proportion. Walking was difficult in ent family. They are healthy and one step up into the toes first, and then full of fun. There isn't a cynic in the pull the rest of the boots along after rail; they then made a united effort lot."—Chicago Tribune.

them at the second stride. In answer to to raise the crate, but alas! in vain; questions about the reason for such roominess, they replied that they had been led to believe that the cold was so intense in the northwest that it was cus-

tomary for people to wear all the socks they had at the same time.

"Boots' we christened the boys, indiscriminately. "Then they produced their shoes from their trunks. Splendid shoes they were, but the heels were shod with great plates of iron, and the soles were full of brass pegs with protrading heads as big as peas. The shoes must have weighed five pounds each. 'Extra hob nailed,' the lass called them, and useful they would be no doubt on the stony, flinty English roads and fields, but on the soft loamy prairie lands of the west, where you could not find one stone to throw at a bird in a ten acre lot, they were about as retarding to lo-

comotion as the suction boots of those 'artists' who walk on the ceiling. "Well, they went out to the who had secured them and I lost sight of them for a while. One day I came across such a thin, sorry, disguste chap, sitting on the back steps of a hotel, that I barely recognized him as one of the rosy, smiling boys I had laughed at a few months before.
"'What's the matter, old man? I said,

what are you doing here?
"'Making the beds and washing the dishes,' he replied sorrowfully. 'I'm
"boots" now with a vengeance,' he added, with a flickering smile. "'Didn't they treat you well? I asked.
"'Oh, they did all they agreed to do,'

he answered; 'but it was not what we expected, you know. I wish I had my hundred pounds back. "'Where's your brother, and what's he doing?

" 'Cooking for a lot of English fellows that have a camp out at the Forks." " 'Has he, too, thrown over his teacher and his "comfortable home, with plain imported it myself-I imported it but substantial fare," as the circular said? I asked. " 'Yes,' said the lad, 'I think he'd like

Once in a While.

When a judge tells a prisoner that he has been tried by a jury of his peers, he may be correct, but the to renew it. He has our money safe, do "I saw, but what could I do?"-New

> "That Jimson is unbearable." "There's something good about him." "What, pray?"
> "He reads my jokes."—Yank Blade A German Compliment.

York Tribune.

A crooked compliment was paid a Gern young lady, who said:
"Now, Herr Lieutenant, if you don't at
once cease your flatteries I shall have to hold oth my ears shut."
"My adorable Fraulein," answered the

officer, "your pretty little hands are far too small for that."—Chambers' Journal. "I am very much put out about this table while participating at a banquet. Commatter," said my young friend who to the said my young friend who to the said my grant friend who th well as the American, doesn't recline until after the banquet—and then it is under, not at, the table.—Norristown Herald.

Queer Boston Husbands.

During a visit to one of the suburbs of Boston a few facts came to my nosome of your readers as rather odd. Surely woman's rights prevail here to a great extent, at least in one direction—that is, as regards the weekly washing. I called on a lady one afternoon and she complained of being 'sotired." Her husband, she said, had had the grip and had done the washing the night before, but he really was too ill to hang out the clothes, and she had done it that morning, and was totally used up. I was so surprised that I suppose I must have shown my feel-

I finally said it was the first time I had heard of the men doing such things; that is American men. But she informed me that a great number of men in the place did the washing, and other work, too, which I had always considered belonged to woman's domain. This is how it was managed: The husband did the washing in the evening, and if the weather was at all dubious in the morning would go to work as usual. But if, in the course of the morning, it should clear off he would ask for a little time off, and rush home and hang out the clothes. And no one seemed to think it either funny or odd.

The wife can outwalk any woman I know; and was always ready for a day's shopping in Boston, which is so wearing to most ladies.

"But then," she said, "Fred was sure to get home by a little after 5 and have a nice hot cup of coffee ready. and an oyster stew, or something else nice and warm, knowing I would come home cold and hungry." And that man was not considered a first class fool, either, strange as it may seem. I thought the twenty-sixth verse of the fourth chapter of Esdras very appropriate to him. I am not interested in any laundry, but will mention that it only costs thirty-six cents per dozen here to have clothes done up very nicely. One lady informed me that her sister said it was such a trial to her to go over the clothes, and if they were not clean throw them back in the tub for her husband to rub again. I don't think I could ever get up a parti-cle of respect for a man like that.

These are not the only cases in this place that I know of, as one lady informed me that not only her husband did the washing on their street, but there was only one man who did not.

-Cor. Hartford Times.

The Imprisoned Duck.

A young duck, by some accident, had its leg broken, and the wounded limb having been put in splints, the duck was placed under a small crate, or railed coop, to prevent it, for a time, from running about. The poor prisoner looked very forlorn in this cage, and was evidently an object of pity to its brothers and sisters around. They tried to release their companion by forcing their necks under the crate and so lift it, but the effort was beyond their strength. On ascertaining this, they held a consultation and then they marched away in a body.

Presently they reappeared with all the ducks belonging to the farm yard, amounting to about forty.

After a great deal of quacking neck was inserted under the lowest their strength was not sufficient. Another consultation was now held, and after another storm of quacking, the whole of them came to one side of the crate; as many as possibly could now thrust their necks beneath the rail, the rest pushing them forward from behind. This time they succeeded; the crate was raised, their imprisoned friend was liberated, and noisy were the greetings she received as she limped, once more free, into their midst.—New York Mail and Express.

Wonderful Mechanism

The Bank of England's doors are now so finely balanced that a clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing of the great metropolis from robbing this famous institution. The bullion departments of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the managers' sleeping rooms, and an en-trance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near that person's head. If a dishonest official, during either day or night, should take even as much as one from a pile of a thou-sand sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, beside letting every person in the establishment know of the theft. -St Louis Republic.

An Extraordinary Beard.

Philip Hensen, a planter, residing near Corinth, Miss., is believed to be the possessor of the longest beard in the world. He is a man of unusual stature, standing nearly 64 feet in his his stockings; this notwithstanding, his beard reaches the ground when he is standing erect. A German residing in Chicago a few years ago boasted of his 60 inches of beard, but Hensen goes him several better, having many threads in his beard which measur over 70 inches. This remarkable growth is but fourteen years old.

New Father-in-law—Well, sir, the cere-mony is over, and now that you are the husband of my daughter I want to give you a little advice. What would you do if you should wake up some night and find hyprogram in the house?

find burglars in the house?

Groom—I should tell them that my father-in-law forgot to give my wife a wedding dowry, and they'd go away.—
New York Weekly.

Miss Minnie—Was the play pathetic?
Mr. Banklurk—I should say so. Why,
even the seats were in tiers.—Harper's