EUGENE CITY, OREGON.

FRECKLES TO ORDER.

A Growing Business Which Has Its Secrets-Methods.

"But how do you make freekles?"
"There! I told you that I had my trade secrets and that I wouldn't tell you what they were—unless you want to become a pupiland perhaps eventually a business rival-in which case my terms are \$50 cash down-and the instruction is cheap at that, too, for it in-volves more bother and requires more pa-tience to impart the knowledge than you could possibly imagine. Now, at one time I operated as a manicure, and as the business in less than no time after it became known that I was giving instructions. And just as fast as I graduated one and gave her a diploma to practice, with an M. A.-that's a manicure artist-attached to it, she would straightway open up business and in-sist on referring, by kind permis-sion, to Mrs. Kauvar. Well, I was making more money giving lessons than in following my profession; but if you will excuse the expression and the seeming egotism, I have a pretty long head, and when I found so many half amateurish persons starting up in opposition to me, and then using my name brushed up in my chemistry a little, and as most in the female heart to be in the country, or at least create an impression to that effect, I was not long in devising my scheme.

"Now, if you really want to know anytion on your own face, though where I would don't know. Here! Sit in this chair. Nowyour head back on this rest-so! Steady, now-where will you have it |- not on your nose, surely, for your friends would think it was an incipient blossom. Here on the left cheek-steady now,"

From a table covered with perfumes and lotions, a long, needle like instrument was taken. Defuly dipping it into a pot containing a purple colored liquid, the fair operator grasped the tip of the reporter's ness with one hand, and paying no heed to his starts of first; pain, she prodded him on his left cheek half a dozen times. Theu a sponge was dipped into a colorless liquid and the wound care

There, that's all there is to it! Inside of three days you will have a freekle on that spot which will last you the season through, and if you wish to repeat the operation often enough I'll guarantee a crop that will make you the envy of all your acquaintances; and when I have applied a liquid bronze it will put such a healthful look on your face that when you gaze upon it reflected in a looking enjoying the comforts of a month's vacation in the country with none of the attendant expenses. My charges! Oh, they are reasonglass you will imagine that you have been able enough-twenty-five cents per freckle with a liberal discount when taken in dozen lots. Do I have a good trade! Yes, indeed; I am busy all day, though just at this time business is a little but slack. But I have half a dozen engagements, beginning in five minutes, so that really I must bid you good day. Call again when you aspire after more freek-les;" and with another pleasant laugh she showed the reporter to the door. On the threshold stood two blushing girls, with a bloom of youth upon their cheeks never closed upon them as the reporter made his put in the lady. I was never married to this gentleman; I never saw him; I brother to his cheek - Chicago Tribune.

Locomotive Signals in England. switchmen and others engaged in switching and drilling operations, are now extensively used in the large yards of the Caledonian railway in and around Glasgow, and are about to be introduced on some of the great railway systems having their termini in Lon-According to the code of trumpet signals for shunting, in operation at St. Rollox | postor!" freight yard, Glasgow, the various signals are represented by long blasts, short blasts, and "crows" of the trumpet, the repetition of each varying the directions. For innce, one long blast of the trumpet means "move forward," and two long blasts are a signal to "move back." Each shunter, and some cases the signalman, is furnished piece, the whole being of very light construction. The trumpet is carried by the shunter, slung over his left shoulder with a piece of cord, and hangs across the right

Another ancient and pastoral implement the shepherd's crook, is also used for facilitating switching operations across the water. erook, by which he lifts the chain coupling. It is stated on good authority that since this method of coupling, and coupling freight cars has been adopted on the Caledonian that not a single man has been injured in coupling cars. This can be readily understood, as the shepherd's crook obviates the necessity of going between the cars.-The

He Got a Bad Fiver.

"Ha! hat by jove, you know!" he said as he entered the Gratiot avenue station the other day, "but I've been done up, you know." "Howf" asked the sergeant.

"I was going along a street up here, jove! when a chap run into me with such force as to knock me down, you know, He nsisted on paying me damages, by jove!"

"To my plug bat, by jove! It rolled in the dust, you know. He insisted on paying me a dollar, and rather than burt his feelings I accepted. He gave me a fiver, and I you! You are in a conspiracy to cheat returned him the change,"

"Well, here's the fiver, and it's a dead and broken bank, by jovel Took it into four places, but it's no go. The chap put up the ob on me, by jove! and I'm four cases out of pocket, you know. Ha! ha! but I must be green, by jove-very green, indeed. What murdered my husband and taken his would you advise me to do, by jove "- Do papers. But you will not murdered by husband and taken his advise me to do, by jover -De- papers. But you will not succeed; I will troit Free Press.

A Boy Proof Cherry Tree.

which is warranted boy proof. It is simple in its construction, and consists in drafting a the worst of it. As for Mr. Valentine sprig of cactus in the tree when young. The dies spring out all over the trunk and limbs, thus preventing the predatory youth

matter rests in the action of a smart boy in band-and I certainly am not-no such the town, who has constructed a pair of person exists in the world. Neither can successfully compete with the cactus, but as a barbed wire suit is more expensive than a ton of charries, its use is not likely to become universal. - Poughkeepsie Enterprise.

The vicinity of Bellevue, Idaho, was visited by a hall storm one day last week, mination I shall adhere. The utmost you which lasted for thirty minutes, and the hailstones came with unusual force. not Mr. Valentine, and that you are wel-The streets were full of clear ice that come to attempt. But I warn you before measured four and one-half inches in circumference. The grass was beaten to the ground, the fruit stripped from the and that you will fail. I advise you to the ground, the fruit stripped from the go back whence you came, and to give look directly at the face in the carriage

FROM THE DIARY OF INSPECTOR BYRNES.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE, Author of "The Great Bank Robbery," "An American Penman," Etc.

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1 had been buck from Pachuca just a week when I was told that there was a lady in the house-an English lady-that wanted to see me. Thinks I, 'Now, what was a prefitable one a number of ladies does this mean? I brushed myself up a sought instructions from me. Well, I opened bit and went down to find out. She was a class and charged \$35 for a full course, sitting at a table in the patio, with a cup which included twelve lessons. Do you be of tea in front of her. She was a good lieve it, I was actually overrun with students looking woman, and as I judged might be something under 80 years old.

"I made my bow, and she asked me to

be seated. After a little talk, says she, I hear you have been inquiring after Mr. Valentine -giving his full name, you understand. I told her that I had. Did you find him? asked she. 'I did,' said I. She seemed a bit excited or anxious, and I began to have my own ideas, but I wasn't prepared for what she said next, I wish you to know that I am his wife," she said, 'and whatever is his business is for reference, I said it was the beginning of mine also,' 'I am bound to inform you, the end. Therefore I cudgeled my brain, madam, I said at last, that his family has no knowledge of his marriage; they the June days came and the desire was upper- believe him to be a bachelor.' I am aware of that,' said she, 'but fortunately I am in a position to prove what I say, and with that she took her marriage certhing more about the workings of my tificate out of her pocket and showed it 'freekle factory,' the only further insight I to me; it was as regular as the multiplitificate out of her pocket and showed it can possibly give is a little practical illustra- cation table; she was married to him three or four years ago, in New Zealand. get a chance on that rough heard of yours I I hadn't a word to say. 'I understand he has come into his property, said she. 'Well, as to that, madam,' sald I, 'so he has; but he has refused point blank to have anything to do with it.' She turned white and looked at me very sharp. What do you mean? she cried out. 'Just what I tell you,' said I, and then I went

on and gave her the story of my visit to

"Well, that seemed to floor her, at first; she kept making exclamations, and saying things half to herself, and biting her lips; it was plain she didn't know what to make of it any more than I did. 'I must see him!' she cried out at last, jumping up from the table, 'I must see him, and'- 'Speak of an angel, madam,' says I; 'here he is!' and sure enough, by the funniest chance in the world, in walked Mr. Valentine into the patio at that moment. I don't think he was overpleased at the meeting; but it was too late to get out of it, so he came up; and took my hand. It was a bit awkward. I said, 'I suppose you will wish to converse with your wife alone, sir; I will and accomplishments of the bride being leave you. 'My wifel says he: 'I was almost as well known as the forensic not aware there was such a person!" not this lady your wife? cried I. He stared at her like a man astonished, and then at me. 'I never saw her till this moment,' said be. 'Come, sir,' said 1, 'I have just seen the certificate of her marriage with you.' 'Oh, it's all a mistake, which, by the way, still chings closer than a am the wife of Mr. Valentine. 'Well, and this gentleman is Mr. Valentine, said L 'He may have the same name, but he is another person altogether," said As to that 'said I 'you must settle means of giving signals to engine runners, it between you. Mr. Valentine's papers are all correct, and there is only one estate in England with the name that his bears. But I have proved, cried the

he is the helr. I denounce him as an im "At that I looked at Mr Valentine He had kept his eyes on the lady all the while, with a sort of perplexed expres sion, but now he smiled very quietly and said he. I think I have heard of this lady before. I wish to say nothing against her. She seems to be in a dilem with a horn trumpet, which is eleven inches ma from which there is no way of extri in length, having a reed inside the mouth- cating her. If she wishes to lay a claim to the estates, she can do so only by ac knowledging me as her husband. But you have just heard us both declare that we have never seen each other before But she also declares me an impostor Suppose I am: she must find the real man before she can profit by the inheritance. yardman carries a sort of shepherd's If I am not he, where is he? Grant, on the other hand, that I am he, and this lady is my wife; I still decline to touch a penny of the hundred and fifty thousand pounds; and what I will not accept she cannot share. That is logic and law

lady. 'that I am the wife of the heir of

that estate; and if this gentleman says

both, I believe? "Upon my word. Henry Clifton," ejaculated Mr. Bob Stapleton at this juncture, "this is about as peculiar a varn as ever I listened to! It's as good as a play and better too. When you get to New York, do you go straight to a manager and offer to sell it to him, and if he don't give you a good price for it I'm a

Dutchman!" "Good or bad," returned Mr. Clifton. "it happened just as I tell it you. When Mr. Valentine said that, the lady seemed staggered for a moment; and then all at once she called out: 'I see how it is! You two have arranged this thing between mel You have plotted to get hold of this property and share it between you. keep me out! But I will have denounce both of you to the au-

thorities. For all I know, you may have

expose you, and you shall be punished! "Well, that made me a little angry and I told her that if she wanted to An ingenious horticulturist up the river charge me with conspiracy she had beted a patent on a safety cherry tree, ter set about it at once, and the sooner the better, for I knew who would get he didn't lose his temper, but he said very quietly, 'I am not a murderer, maof the land from stealing the fruit without reaping the reward of the wicked.

The most unfortunate feature of the whole assure you that, if I am not your husyou sustain the charge that I am aiming -either in combination with Mr. Clifton

or alone-to keep you out of this property. I told him a week ago, before you arrived in Mexico, that I would have nothing to do with it, and to that detercan attempt to do is to show that I am hand that all the evidence is on my side.

up any idea of ever becoming a great English tady Meanwhile, I have the

onor to wish you good morning!" "He bowed to her as polite and cool as you please, and walked out of the patic and I followed him. 'What in the name of wonder does all this mean? I

asked hlm. "Really, Mr. Clifton, said he, 'I can give you no explanation. You have heard the whole conversation, and you must draw your own conclusions from it, as I do mine. If you believe that that lady is the wife, or the widow, of the Mr. Valentine who has inherited the estate, you are at liberty to act in accordance with your conviction. The most difficult thing will probably be to make other people believe as you do."

" 'That's all right, Mr. Valentine,' said I, but there is one thing you can tell You said just now that you had heard speak of that lady before, and the inference was that what you had heard was not to her credit. Now what did you mean by that?"

" 'Well, Mr. Clifton,' said he, 'perhaps I may have heard of her before, or perhaps I may be mistaken in thinking I had; but I don't see why the inference to be drawn is necessarily a bad one. At all evnets, she has never done me any harm and I don't believe she ever will, or can: and I have no present intention of harming her, either by word or deed. As I said before, you must follow your own judgment; as for me, what I have said I stick to, and nothing will change me. By that time we had got to the door of the office of the secretary of the interior, who was a friend of his, and he went in and left me in the street, to do my own thinking Well, and what was the upshot of i

all?" inquired Mr. Stapleton.
"It isn't ended yet," Mr. Clifton replied: "but from facts that subsequently came to my knowledge I came to the conclusion that I might learn something

by coming on to New York."
"Now that I think of it, it's growing a little chilly, too," rejoined Mr. Stapleton, "and as the governor of South Carolina once remarked to the governor of North Carolina, 'it's a long time between drinks. I have some acquaintance with the head steward on board this boat; supthe head steward on board this boat; supthe park for nothing, I reckon! And pose we go down stairs?"

Apparently Mr. Clifton accepted this

suggestion: for when, a few minutes inter, the bearded gentleman pushed open his blind, the two camp stools were

> CHAPTER XIX. IN A CARRIAGE



UDGE KETEL LE and his young wife took up their abode in a house not far from the south ern boundary of Central Park taking Mrs. Nolen to live with them. The westding aroused considerable interest in New York

city, the beauty and judicial ability of her husband. The

newly married couple did not entertain, however, owing to the recent domestic misfortunes which had overtaken Mrs. Ketelle's family, they received a few friends very quietly and informally, and made scarcely any calls. The judge had not been on the bench for some years previous to his marriage, but he had a large and important pratice as a barrister, and he now devoted himself to this with more assiduity than ever. Report had it that he and his wife were very admired the judge's intrepidity in venturing to appropriate a lady so beautiful and so much his junior, there was noth ing in their relations to indicate that his choice had not been as prudent as it cer-

tainly was enviable. The wedding had taken place about the first of October, on the return of the Nolens and Judge Ketelle from the seaside, and after a short honeymoon they settled in their new dwelling early in November The judge attended to business down town every day; his wife spent her mornings at home, and in the afternoons was fond of driving out in the park in her brougham, occasionally accompanied by her mother, but more often alone. The weather was cold but very fine, and the hue of the autumn leaves was unusually beautiful. But those who happened to see the face o the young wife at the window of her brougham forgot all about the autumna foliage and had their thoughts filled with the memory of another kind of loveliness.

One afternoon, while passing the children's play ground, Mrs. Ketelle, caused the coachman to stop his horses in order that she might watch the little creatures at their games, for nothing pleased her more than the spectacle of children having a good time.

After remaining a few minutes, she was about to give the order to move on. when her attention was attracted to a gentleman who was standing with his back partly turned towards her in a footpath that here approached the carriage way He was tall and well made, he wore a thin cape ulster of dark tweed and a black felt hat with a curved brim -a sort of fashionable modification of the picturesque Tyrolese hendgear. Of his face she could see only the outline of the cheek and brow, he had a mustache

and a short, closely cut beard. Why was it that the sight of this man produced so strange and powerful ar impression upon her? She asked herself this question, but could give no satisfactory answer. Surely he was not an acquaintance of hers! And yet there was something about him that not only arrested her gaze but sent a thrill to her heart, as if particles of ice and fire were being driven through it. Her hands became cold and her teeth chattered, and yet her cheeks were burning and drops

stood on her forchead. The gentleman turned slowly to resume his walk. As his face came more fully into view Mrs. Ketelle caught her breath with a sharp sound, and her fingers grasped the frame of the door convulsively. She could not cry out; her tips were parched and her tongue dry. But her whole soul went out to him through her eyes. Was it a dream? Was he a phantom? Could she be deceived by some marvelous resemblance? Oh, would he pass on without seeing her and vanish

forever! the had, in fact, walked on severpaces, and in another minute he would be out of reach. But either accident or one of these mysterious mental impressions which many persons have experienced in some epoch of their lives caused

window. Their eyes met for a moment; then the woman covered her face with her hands, and sank back in her seat

with a breathless cry of terror, bewilderment and intolerable joy.

The gentleman, who also seemed pale and agitated, came over to the road and laid his hand on the carriage door "Drive on!" he said to the coachman, and with the words he entered the carriage and closed the door after him. Then he pulled down the shades over the windows. The coachman spoke to his horses, and they moved on.

This episode had taken place in short space of time, and with very little visible munifestation of feeling on either side. Never wices, it had not entirely escaped observation. Two men had been sauntering along the path side by side, apparently whiling away the hour or two that separated them from dinner. One of them was a tall, slender, graceful fellow, with sharp but well molded features, black hair and mustache, and a pair of restless black eyes. He was dressed quietly, in dark colors, and yet there was a certain jauntiness in his appearance that suggested the sporting man or the sharper. His companion was a considerably older man, and his face was of a much coarser cast; his clothes were new, but fitted him ill, and he wore a flashy necktie and watch chain. His small gray eyes had noted the little occurrence above described, and as the carriage rolled away he nudged his friend with his elbow.

"Weil, what now?" said the latter, "Did you see that?" "What?"

"Well, your wits are wool gathering, it seems. Did you see that fellow get into that carriage?" "What carriage?"

"That carriage that was standing here just now with the lady in it. Why, what's got into you, Horrie? Don't you know who she was?" "No, I don't. How should I?"

"Well, you might find it money in your pocket some day, that's all | Swell may be, rather than have their husbands know what they're after, they might see their way to paying an obliging person a consideration to keep his mouth shut."

"Oh, stuff! That business is played out. The swells are on to it, and the first word that's said they ring the bell for the police. I don't want any of that in mine, thank you! And if you want any one to believe you know all the ladies that drive in the park in their own broughams, you must find some greener

hand than I am."

"I know who she was, just the same," retorted the other. "She's the giri that married that fellow Ketelle, a month ago.

She?-the sister of that"- He stopped.

"The sister of Jerrold Nolen! You re member him, if I ain't mistaken," said the short man, with a chuckle, "Yes, I remember him, and when the

accounts are evened up I'll remember you too, Jack Grush, and don't you forget it!" exclaimed the black baired man. with a sullen flerceness. The fellow be had called Grush Jaughed but made no reply. "So that was his sister, was it?" the other went on, muttering to himself: "and she's married to the judge a month ago, and taking fellows to drive in her brougham!" He twisted the ends of his mustache, and switched the toe of his boot, as he sauntered along, with the light cane be carried

Let us follow Mrs Ketelle's carriage. After the first few minutes of speechse and wild emotion were rasse line relinguished her brother's hand, and shrank away from him to her side of the carriage. A reaction of feeling had come over her. She felt a sort of indignation that she should have been all these months grieving for a calamity that had never happened.

"Why did you never let us know that

you were alive?" she demanded. "I put it off from day to day," he said I had not decided, at first, what to do. thought of coming home; then thought that since I had been reported dead it was better to let it be believed so for a time, until the truth about the robbery should be discovered. Besides, I knew that detectives would be after me. and I feared that a letter addressed to you or to the judge might betray me. At last when I found something to do I decided to wait until I was certain of success before communicating with you. And finally, circumstances led to my coming back here unexpectedly myself.

But Valentine might have written, if you could not." "Valentine! Why, Pauline, don't you know-don't you see-it was Valentine

who was drowned!" 'Valentine! Oh, God forgive me! how have wronged him!" She turned aside and rested her face against the side of the carriage and sobbed for a few moments passionately. But she was never one to be long mastered by emotion. She forced back her tears, and said: "Tell

me, tell me all!" The whole affair came about by an accident, without any prearrangement at all. When I went down to the pier of the steamship, Val had suggested my making one or two alterations in my dress and appearance, so that if any on were on the lookout for me I should pass for Valentine. Afterwards, on the steamer, we found that people were giving us each other's names, and we let it be so. We occupied the same state room and I used his things-I had brought very little of my own with me.

"On the voyage he told me all his private history; I afterwards thought that if he had been consciously training me to personate him he could not have done it more effectually. Then came the day of the hurricane. We were close together all the time until within a few minutes of the time the wind changed. We were in the cabin, there was a lantern buring, but it was almost quite dark. Val left me and went to our room. I could see him there; he seemed to be writing on something that he held up before him. Afterwards he went towards the steward's room, holding on by the iron pillars of the cabin as he went. That was the last I saw of him. He must have gone on deck-for what I can't imagine-and been swept overboard. No one knew anything of it until the next

"Now I know-now I know!" murmured Pauline, pressing her hands over her heart. "It was he-he did not for-

get-I might have known it!" What might you have known?" asked her brother.

"Nothing; go on. When you found that he was dead what then?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

## JUST A LIVELY BOY.

NOTES OF A 10-YEAR-OLD'S EXECU-TION OF AN ERRAND,

Doings of an Everyday New York Boy

There was nothing psculiar about the boy's appearance. He seemed just an ordinary 10-year-old boy in kniekerbockers, shoes, stockings, jacket and polo cap, the latter worn on the back of his head as most other boys wear theirs. He was starting out of a house on Lexington avenue with a gallon tin can, a new, smooth, bright vessel, very strongly made, and carried by means of a handle of wire at the top. In turning the corner of Fiftieth street the boy anddenly came upon a large black dog asleep in front of the grocery. Just before he reached the dog he let go his hold on the can and launched it squarely beside the sleeping animal. It struck the flagging, rattled off its cover, bounded in the air, and sent the dog out of his sleep with a leap and a yell of terror, The dog ran away, and the boy gathered up the can and its cover, fastened the two to-gether, and went on. There are iron palings in front of the houses on Fiftleth street, and the boy found much sport in holding the can firmly against them as he walked along, This made a prodigious noise, and caused the can to bob incessantly from paling to paling, denting it at every bounce. The boy was tempted to desist from this

exercise by the sight of a frowsy woman pitching along the street with uncertain steps, and with half a yard of her rusty black dress dragging on the pavement. The boy went up to her with a modest and kindly air and asked her if she would not like some beer. She replied affirmatively with brighten-

"Follow me," said the boy. He led her to a gate in a high brown painted fence, opened it, waited until the woman was in the gateway, and then gently shoved her in, slammed the gate, and hung on the top of the fence with his head just over the edge, shouting to her that there was a savage dog in there, and that she had bet-

He dropped to the sidewalk an instant later, tired of this conceit, and seeing a Third avenue car bowling along, waited until it had passed the corner, and then yelled and whistled for it to stop. It stopped and he ran after it. When close to it he shouted: "Ali right; let her go,". The car moved, and he flung his gallon can on the platform. At the same moment be boarded the car. He had thrown the can in such a way that it went on at one side and off at the other into the street. The conductor pulled the bell to stop the car. "Never mind; I'll get it," said the boy, as he plunged off the car after the can. The car stopped, and the boy got his He picked it up, and then continued walking hastily away from the car precisely as if he had never dreamed of wanting to ride on it. The conductor was furious, but be did not seem to be aware of the man's ex-

At the moment that he reached the sidewalk he encountered a young playmate, who asked him what he was doing with the can. Got it to play shin loo with. Don't you know how to play it? It's the boss game out."

Without apparently taking time to think what he was about to say, he explained to the boy, who was two years younger than himself, all about the game, which he would have been obliged to admit he had never heard of before, but which he now said consisted in pitching pennies at the can, the rule being that all the coppers the little boy put in the can were "counters," and all that he failed to get in were "losers." The little boy had three cents, and threw them at the can, which the bigger boy had set up as a mark. All the little boy's coppers rolled away from the can, and the big boy picked up them and the can. After spending a moment over an expression of sympathy for his friend, and promising to give him "another chance to morrow," he strode off, whistling light heart-

the fact that a candy store was in charge of a little girl. He opened the store door and went in. "Hello, little girl!" said he, assuming a wicked appearance, "I am going to leave this thing behind the counter, and as soon as I have gone away it will burst up and blow the whole store over to Hoboker and you'll be killed and your mother will be

At this instant the stout German woman who kept the store opened the lace curtained inner doorway to the household apartment in the back and entered the store. The boy ceased teasing the child. His face looked blank and innocent, though the little girl's countenance expressed considerable alarm. "Penny's worth er chewing gum," said the

"n' I'm in a hurry." He got the chewing gum and started to re turn. In his haste he opened the door so rapidly with one hand as to knock the gallon can out of his other hand. It banged on the floor, its lid rolled off, and there was nois beyond all estimate. The little girl had been expecting an explosion and screamed with fright. "Dropped my can," said the boy, and at once squatted on the floor, spread his legs as wide as possible, and described an arc with one and a circle with the other as he lunged first for the can and then for its lid. A bale of little red wooden wagons was disengaged from the nail it hung on and fell with a crash that brought the German woman around the corner of the counter just as the boy had gathered himself and his belongings and was darting out of the door.

In his flight be made a pretended dash at a pile of apples on an Italian fruiterer's stand, but neither touched the fruit nor stopped his flight. He did not take the trouble to look around in order to note the consequence of what he had done. He lost something by that, for the Italian in charge of the stand had almost leaped out of his coat in his haste to defend his goods. The boy ran untri be came to the stairs of an elevated railroad station. These be mounted with only three falls, by reason of one of which he was obliged to chase his gallon car down to the foot, where it had gone with a series of bumps and bounces that aroused all the pleasure the boy's eyes had power to

He made believe to forget to put his ticket in the box, and when the gateman asked him for it he pretended to indulge in a wearisome search through all his pockets. The man discovered the ticket in the mouth, took it away, and offered to cuff th lad's ears, but was not half quick enough. In the clevated car he had rare fur put the now battered and dirty can bottom up between his knees, and to a tune whistled between his teeth in that grating, discordant way that only such a boy can manage, he drummed with his knuckles.

Thus the boy rode on his errand. Unfor tunately, the reporter who observed him left him at the termination of the elevated ride, so that what he did on the return journey can only be guessed at. But he was evidently an every day New York boy, with only the ordinary excess of animal spirits.— New York Sun.

Brown-Why do they call Professor Quay Smith—On, I suppose because he has suc abooking execution.—Rome Sentinel.

Deserves Electrocution.

Probably Was. Quizz-Ever troubled with absent minded-Fizz (vaguely)-I forget whether I eve was or not.-Lowell Citizen.

the mate!-West Shore.

His Position. Stranger (to the cook) -Are you the mate Cook-Faith, and I am the man that cooks

"Phyllis! Darling!" There was a tremor in the full, rich, manly There was a tremor in the full, rich, many tones. He looked up with beseeching eyes, in which the faint suspicion of a tear glistened, at the fair, perfect type of all that could be lovely in woman that stood before him, and as he looked long, earnestly, interestly, by some broken in a trambiling traditensely, his voice broke in a trembling treble with Only the Ordinary Excess of Ani- Outside, on the brickswathed pave, could be mal Spirits-A Reporter's Notes of His heard the low, dull sog of the raindrops and the soft, plaintive gurgle of the organ grinder as he gyrated the crank for all there was in it, while the merry invitation of the man next door to "have anozer one fore we go home" broke upon his ears with a startling distinctness that made his tired head ache.

"What is it, Clarence?" said the beautiful girl, turning the rare and dazzling loveliness of her face toward his, but there was no answering tremor in her voice. "Have you a

pain! Perhaps a porous plaster or a pill"— "Do you mock mestill!" he cried, springing to his feet, while all the pent up agony that had twisted his internal economy with a gas plier twist tortured his features into an awful look of despair. "You know how madly, passionately, I love you. It is true, you are rich, and I"-

"Owe for your last week's board," came the cold, calm, matter of fact and business like True, alasi too true. But it will not

"And callow," chipped in the maiden. Not noticing the interruption be continue "I will work, carve a name for myself, and

paste it on each successive rung on the ladder of fame until wealth and position are mine. For you I"-"Listen to me, Clarence Coughdropp"-and there was a cold, steady glitter in her eye-"I asked you a question last night-a simple everyday question that every schoolboy and schoolgirl in the land could have answered

with their eyes shut-you stared at me in blank amaze. You remember it, do you not?"
"Yes," he faltered, "I remember. It was It was whether I favored the league or the brotherhood." "And you told me-told me without the

shadow of a jest, but in dead earnest—that you never heard of the league or brotherhood and did not know what they meant. Is it

Clarence bowed his head. He could not

"And you expect me to marry you," continued the now thoroughly aroused woman. "You! A man who confesses himself actually ignorant of the existence of the league brotherhood. You must think I'm

And they parted forever.-Pittsburg Dis-



Female Novelist-Darling, I have been un true to you. I love another. Husband-W-h-a-t! -



Female Novelist - Calm yourself, dear calm yourself; that is only what my new heroine says to her husband, and I wanted to see how the husband would act.-Life.

The Court Was with Him.

A young lawyer was making his maiden effort before a jury in defense of a criminal. The evidence was all in, and he arose to utter the brilliant thoughts that had been surging through his brain. He was primed for a fine display of oratorical pyrotechnics, but some how or other be could not get a start. His mind became a blank, and he stood trembling for a moment. Then, waving his arms, he began: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury-My-ahem! My -Officer, kindly get me a drink of water."

He waited for the attendant to return and tried to gather his faculties. After taking a sip of water he began again: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury-I am happy-no-yes.

After a pause be again extended his arn and exclaimed: "May it please the court and gentlemen of the jury-my unfortunate cli-

This impressed him as a particularly bad opening, so he again hesitated. "Go on, counselor," said the judge, encouragingly; "so far I am with you."—New York Herald.

An Encouraging Prospect Many of the good, old fashioned legal anec dotes that have seen hard service in their day and have been honorably retired long since are great favorites of mine. While they pos

sess the rich flavor of age for me, I have found as a general thing that they were new to my audiences, particularly to the more youthful element. One of the best of these old time stories re lates to a lawyer, in whose hands was placed a claim for collection. He agreed to under-

take the work on a contingent fee, viz., a retention of half the amount he would succeed in collecting. He promised to act vigorous ly, but weeks passed and the client heard othing. He finally wrote to inquire what had been done in the matter. By the return mail he received this reply: "I have already got my half of the claim. If you will wait ! few months I may be able to secure your balf."-New York Herald.

He Had Had Enough. "Will you have a cigar!" inquired the botel clerk of a traveling man. "Is it one of your own private stock?"

"Like the one you gave me vesterday?" "Yes." "No, I believe I won't indulge. I had cab-bage for dinner just now."—Merchant Trav

College of Photography. A college for teaching every branch of

photography has been established in Ber-in and another in Vienna. These institutions are finely equipped and are supported by the government. - Arkansaw Traveler.

The crossest at home are the pleasantest abroad; so be a little careful how you trust too much to a too smiling face .-Bar-Homan.

Smithers says that the public made so much fun of his novel that he classifies it as a guyed book.—Harper's Bazar.

A LUNATICS LIFE

A CHAPTER FROM THE STORY

A MAN'S MADNESS

scovered Lunatic Recounts H perjence in the World of tule Minds-Truth Stranger Than Person Quick Recovery. I was finally taken out of the note.

wards and put in a place called by Bay, at the end of the lawn, when maddest maniacs were consigned strait jackets, dungeon chains and tortures of a living helt. Wild, ben unearthly shricks sounded in tree night and day, and all the impact sedemonium martialed in an intered a talion could not have made marecless to my mind. All was like sweet by jangled out of tune." I was tuned as an open vault room to parade with a rest of the wild animals, but some did doctors and attendants learned that was a royal Bengal tiger and would be herd with common bensts. I issue ately put to flight the biggest of a drove and made them cower before a imagined superiority. A big, busy a tendant finally slipped up behind as felled me to the floor and draged sea a dark room, where I was chained to a wall, strapped to a bare from set, po-ished and rebuked for a poor, did to mind that God in his wisdom enterme with. TAKING SAVAGE REVENCE.

The blow of the attendant mails more in my mind than body. Idea-mined to be even with the ignorabrute who struck me. One day when had gained a little liberty, lawakelth attendant behind the door of tayed and as he passed by I struck him vit my boot heel, the only weapon I had I came near killing the fellow and was of course, disciplined again; but I felts my heart that the blow I strick to brute was only a partial punishmentar the many secret injuries he had inflicaon my brother lunatics.

For weeks I was confined in a said basement room, with an upper grade window to admit light and air. was bolted and food was poked through an aperture, as wild beasts are fed in circus eage. All was lonely and at until I made friends of two little are and a family of gray spiders that some my cell for safety. Part of my and food was set apart for the mice, a food was set apart for the med a first they were shy of my impalin movements and shricking voice m would dart into their hole in n flash. But finally kindness to got confidence, confidence tanished fear, and in a short time they are from

my hand, played on the cot or disse around the room to a low musical tell that I whistled for their amuseum The big dark spiders would come out of their web and eat the flies I caught is their meal. Sometimes they would fin for their food, but like a metroplication of the food of the policeman I came to the resus was both were exhausted and separated the with a straw. Like a well regular housekeeper the wife would som gir work weaving a fine brown garbaness the innumerable eggs she laid, while in "old man" would spin long yarns up m down the walls, scampering over is growing web with the mathematic precision of a scientific surveyor. It was perfect in all his gossamer lines, in the octagonal shapes that seeming grew out of his mouth and feet filled is with a nameless surprise. When the mice or the spiders heard footsteps at a door they would immediately stop par or work and run into their holes, sening to know that same man was on h round of ignorance to minister to their

Days and weeks wore away, and sil my mind rambled in the brian a flowers of imagination. I would take the hour to imagined spirits that flow about me, and in the rapture of my is vent soul spin poetry faster than m spiders spun their webs. I dashed in flights of eloquence that might has equaled the fluency of Demostla Mirabeau or Patrick Henry. HIS STRANGE COMPANIONS.

It would take a volume to describe the

different kinds of lunatics and the vin ous forms that the mind takes on is it ravings. There is the chattering type as he walks the wards and taps the last like a caged beast There is the most low browed man, sitting alone, count over his finger tips or watching the far and spiders as they buzz and weares the sunshine. There is the general she strides the halls, commanding lap armies and fighting great battles Pharsalia or Waterloo, who imagis himself a Cresar or Napoleon. There's the king in all his royal glory, carried a broom for a scepter and a tornshel for a purple robe. In the next warden be seen his consort, imitating the strate Queen Victoria, straws and chicken feet ers in her hair fot a royal crown, and simpering smile for the poor subjet who gaze upon her pretended not There comes the confidential, wise b ventor, who will tell you of the god things he has done, of the millions controls, and the innumerable ships that plow the ocean for his pleasure and profit. There, too, is the Jesus Christ, who preaches forgives and salvation, ending with a bless and general absolution from sin and si ing in return only a bit of tobacco. In fact the very earth blossoms at his will, mi the sun, moon and stars give light at h command. It is only a generous charit that keeps him from shutting up the universal world and retiring into chan See there—another Ophelia posturing before a looking glass, with comb in has and tangled hair, sighing or weeping in a lover or father snatched from by daughter. the owl was a baker's

we know what we are, but knowns what we may be." For a month after my arrival in the asylum I did not sleep, but finally large dose of laudanum did its perio work, and after a death like dream seventy-two hours I awoke, as emerging out of another world, and the pister of lunacy flew back into the cylinder reason and began to move in its accep tomed groove. My hot fever, contracted by hard study at school, had gone, to nerves had relaxed, my voice r its natural tone, and tired nature lay a drooping plant in the midday sun, was soon admitted to the privilege of the lawn, walks and garden, and the lst de of September, 1860, after a lunatic sign of two months and ten days, I was pe nounced "recovered," and from that the to this have never felt the insane sel creep over me.—John A. Joyce in cago Tribnne.

Superfluons Advice. Jones-For heaven's sake, Reddings, led here! That boy has broken thr Robinson-So he hest What

are we going to do for him, Jones! ering and exhausted boy) Keep cod, job keep cool!-Burlington Free Prest.

She (Boston)-Have you ever dephlogisticate the ecphratic of the pneumatological anhyvolved in the mysteramic prot He-Well, not exactly. By scrapple, -Philadelphia Ledger