man, and took a severe and gloomy necessary to dwell. The Heathcotes also riew of the pleasures of life. He worked arrived, and Tom at once took up a postterribly hard in an East End parish; tion on the drag by the side of Miss Alice, knew nothing and cared less about out the warmth of whose greeting speedily est of black hats and variegated sundoor sports-or, in fact, about any form bar ished all fears and qualms of conof amusement: and fully expected his second from his breast. Nothing, in not quit his hiding place, and despair once of amusement: and tany expected his occurates to follow unhesitatingly in the fact, could have been more perfect than extremely narrow and steep path up which he led them. Hence it came to con interval. His stentorian "well hit" here for the afternoon. Holy Moses, how appallingly hot it is!" (Heat is apt to repass that Mr. Straightway experienced or "well bowled" could be heard a hun-lax the propriety even of a curate's lanconsiderable difficulty in finding curates dred yards away; he clapped his hands, guage.) "Wish I dared to take some after his own heart; the young men were stamped and waved his hat like the verimore of my clothes off!" And then his Jasper came in with his account of the continually leaving him for less ardnous est schoolboy, and meanwhile he was eye fell on the champagne bottle, which affair. duties, and the vicar's opinion of human unremitting in his attention to the girl was nearly half full, "Well, I can have nature in general, and of the younger of his heart. Two o'clock struck. The another drink, at all events!" And again generation of curates in particular, stend- bell rang for lunch, and the occupants of his troubles seemed less. He stretched ily grew worse. In Tom Baxter, how- Mr. Heathcote's drag prepared for the himself out as well as he could, for he ever, he really thought he possessed a substantial meal which forms so promi- was a big man and the space was small, treasure, and the danger of working a nent a feature of the two great matches willing horse to death never so much as at Lord's. Tom by no means despised entered into his head.

really respected the man and valued immensely his good opinion, but, as has allonging that his superior would enter a little more into his own harmless liking for occasional relief, and sympathize was connected with athletics.

At the time I write of the cricket sea son was in full swing; but Tom's duties had not only prevented him from playing in a single match, but even from the roof of the pavilion at Lord's. Moreover the university cricket match, in which he took an absorbing interest, was fast approaching, and he was sorely troubled by the dread that he might no be able to see it. This fear haunted him day and night; it worried him during his visiting and mission work, spoilt his rest and occasionally obtruded itself upon him in the pulpit. Even the absent minded Mr. Straightway at length noticed that his curate's mind was ill at ease, and one day he went so far as to in quire the cause. Tom stammered out ventured to hint that he thought a day's holiday would do him good.

When I was your age, Mr. Baxter, I never wanted a holiday," replied the austere vicar: "but you are certainly not looking well. Let me see, today is the 24th of June. In about a fortnight 1 think I can arrange a day for you. Say the 12th of July."

"Can't it be managed a week sooner?" queried Tom, desperately, for the university match was fixed for the 4th.

"Ouite impossible, I fear," said the vicar, decisively, for he was a terrible was an old friend of Tom's, and might ate huddled on his coat. martinet with his curates. So, with a be relied upon. Baxter espied Pinns ject, and Tom knew that further appeawas uspless.

"It's rather too bad," grumbled Mr. Baxter, as he walked home to his humble lodgings. "But it is no use talking to him about cricket; he doesn't know a bat from a ball." And with a heavy heart he tried to resign himself to the inevi-

But two days later a circumstance oc curred which entirely routed Tom's virtuous resolutions. A letter arrived at the reverend centleman's lodgings which

was couched in the following terms: REATHCOTE HALL LOAMSHIRE. HEATHCOTE HALL LOADSHIRE.

DEAREST TOM—We are actually coming to town:
Only for two days, though: and we are going to
Lord's to see the match. Uncle has got a drag
there, block B. Of course I shall never forgive
you if you don't come and see me; on Wednesday
afternoon we go to Essex to stay with the Chil vertons, so this is our only chance of meeting. Do

ne; in terrible haste. Yours lovingly. From the foregoing it may be gathered that Miss Alice Heathcote and Mr. Tom Baxter were on tolerably intimate terms. As a matter of fact they had been engaged for six months, during which time they had very rarely met. Baxter's people were well off, and he had a very rich uncle, among whose possessions was an excellent family living, destined in the future for Tom and his bride. But the uncle was a stern and conscientious gentleman, and he was determined, before he definitely agreed to give Tom the vacancy-when it occurred-to see what that young gentleman was made of. And this was why Baxter had been sent to help Mr. Straightway in the East End, why he worked so hard in the parish, and why he was so desperately anxious to

stand high in his vicar's opinion. When Tom read the letter his first impulse, unclerical though it may appear, was to use strong language. But he restrained himself and fell to thinking over the various means of escaping from his duties. A fresh appeal to Mr. Straightway he knew to be hopeless. That worthy ascetic did not only look upon cricket as a frivolous waste of time, but he was a strong advocate of the celibacy of the clergy. Moreover, by merely asking the question Tom might offend him, and this he certainly could not afford to do under the circumstances. There was nothing for it then but a pious fraud, and although Tom's conscience rebelled againt the idea of deceiving his vicar, who trusted him implicitly, he could not make up his mind to disappoint Alice, or to deny himself the pleas ure of seeing her. He might, under more favorable circumstances, have dined at her uncle's house in Portman square, but as luck would have it he had undertaken to conduct an evening class on both nights of her stay in town. So he wrote a very affectionate answer, promising that nothing short of an earthquake should prevent him from appearing at Lord's, and he at once set to work to arrange a plot for the deception of Mr.

Straightway. On the day before that on which he had promised to meet his intended Tom told his vicar that he was passing the night with a very old friend, who had just come home from India, in his rooms near Jermyn street. This, it must be ear, Straightway could offer no valid objection, as Baxter had done all his work fore, though it inspired him to smile at Letter.

Tom slunk off to a telegraph office and his position. His stiff collar was growin guilty haste dispatched a wire to the ing limp, and his beavy black garments effect that he was suffering from a severe attack of lumbago, but would, if

possible, return in the evening. By Il o'clock he was at Lord's. The mere sight of the ground was so welcome was extremely risky; but he consoled

The match commenced in due course The Rev. Septimus was an earnest but upon its varying fortunes it is not creature comforts. Mr. Straightway's Poor Tom did his very best to satisfy curates were expected, at all events when years." Mr. Straightway's requirements, for he with him and on duty, to follow their vicar's example in asceticism, so a good lunch was very acceptable to him. He ready been indicated, he could not help had supplied Alice's wants, and was in fork, fell unheeded to the ground.

It was too true. Beside the very next seat, stood a tall, lean man, in clerical mistaken, it was Mr. Septimus Straight | as peacefully as a child. way, though what could have brought not suspect his curate's proximity. Instant flight was the only liope,

"Good gracious, Tom!" cried Miss Alice, "what on earth is the matter? You look as white as a sheet!"

"I don't feel very well, dear. Excuse me one minute," stammered Mr. Baxter. And he rose hurriedly, upsetting his something about being out of sorts, and as he reached terra firms he saw the the drag. clergyman shaking hands with his friend on the box seat; he was turning toward Mr. Heathcote's drag; in another second detection would follow. Tom glanced hurriedly round; the door of the drag was open and no one was looking. He accordingly plunged in head foremost, shut the door, and to make assurance doubly sure, pulled up the wooden blind. on earth would the Heathcotes think? A confederate was absolutely necessary. The Heathcotes' family butler, Mr. Binns, tracted his attention as noiselessly

"Binns!" he whispered, in great agitaher know that I'm in here. Don't let ing?" anybody know. You won't, will you?" he continued, piteously.

Mr. Binns thought that Tom was off mad today. his head, but his impassive face betrayed

"Certainly, sir. Any other message!

something else." "Yessir."

The message caused some little surprise and much sympathy.

"Poor fellow!" said Miss Alice; "it all comes from working so hard in those terrible slums, and never taking a holi-

When Binns returned Tom asked him

in the same agitated whisper: "Did you notice a tall, thin gentleman a clergyman-standing beside the next

drag just now?" "Yes, sir."

"Do you see him now?" "Yes, sir," said Binns; also whisper-

ng, "he's a standing close by," "Good gracious!" murmured Tom. Look here, come and tell me when he's

And Tom pulled up the other wooden blind half way, and cowered on the floor among the cushions and dust cloaks. It was terribly hot and stuffy, but he dared not move until Binns returned, and that personage was absent for no less than half an hour by Tom's watch. The captive was growing desperate, when at last a welcome face appeared at the window above the blind.

"Mr. Baxter, sir," whispered Binns, the clerical gent, sir; he's on the roof of our drag.

"You don't say so!" groaned Tom. "He is, indeed, sir. He and master seems very thick; they're talking over old Cambridge times. I never waited on

him before, sir." "Of course," said the curate in despair. I see it now. Old Septimus was at Cambridge, so was Heathcote; they are old friends. How in the name of Providence am I to get out of this? I say, Binns, do you know I must stop here till he goes. You will keep it dark-now won't you?"

"Most certainly, sir," said the sympathetic butler. "Won't you have some nch, ser? Nobody will know." Tom smiled in his misery at the idea After all, why shouldn't he?

"Well, Binns, I really think I will." And the trusty servitor disappeared to return with a huge plateful of cold pie, a bottle of champagne and some straw-

"Thank ye, Binns," same Tom, grate fully: "now go away and don't come back till the clergyman has gone.

Whew! How hot it is!" It was hot and no mistake. On a

began to grove insupportable.

Womler if I dare to take my coat off? he asked bimself. The mental answer was "Yes," and he proceeded to do so Then he felt better, finished the plate of pic, and had another tumbler of the champagne. "I feel half inclined to go out and face him," reflected Tom, but his heart failed. He piled the dust cloaks, coats and umbrellas in one corner, and tried to make himself comfortable. Pres ently, however, the match was resumed, parsons, and Tom was hardly less ener- society of any sort, he was not at all had never endured such torture. Loud and then his real suffering began. Tom applause frequeltly broke upon his ears; at Eaton and Oxford. But there were awaited the beginning of the play with "Well caught!" and, sometimes, more shouts of "Well bit!" "Well bowled!" liked an occasional holiday, and this was were all enthusiastic cricketers, and he was a deep hush of suspense in the noisy maddening even than these sounds, there crowd, or a distinctly audible sigh of retief, which told his practiced ears that some exciting crisis of the game had come or gone.

He vainly peered over the half drawn blind to eatch a glimpse of the players: he could, however, see nothing but a forshades. Binns returned not-Tom dared and by degrees he finished the bottle. "If only I had a weed," he reflected: "haven't smoked for months, it seems

And growing bold even to reckless ness, he hunted in the pockets of the salmon, when suddenly he turned pale, bot, he thought, but a peaceful feeling

"Are you awake, sir?" she inquired, an' let him out. with elaborate sternness. "Awake! yes: why not, dear?" stam-

mered Mr. Baxter. "Then what is the meaning of this?

You leave me hours ago and say you sleeves, too!

"Good gracious! I beg your pardon, 1

"And they all say that you are drunk," Tom it's shameful!

"Drunk!" cried Mr. Baxter, indignant-Binns-but for mercy's sake don't let shrank back. "Is that man never go-

> "What man?" asked Miss Alice, with impatience. "Really, Tom, you must be

you know who he is?"

Of course I do; it's Mr. Grayson. an alarming person-in fact, the only strange thing about him is that about twenty people have mistaken him for your man-Mr. Straightway, you know Are they at all alike?"

"Yes, they are-rather," gasped Tom, carcely knowing whether he stood on his head or heels. "Come and introduce him to me, darling. I'll make it all right with your father.

And he did; but it will be some time match.-London Truth.

Windthorst and Bismarck. Preparations are being made among the Clerical Opposition to celebrate in a suit-Windthorst, the only member of the reichstag in whom Prince Bismarck recognizes a foeman worthy of his steel. Nothing is more strange than the contrast between the two men; the one, a burly | I'd ha put him outen his misery. giant in stature, with a big, loud voice and heavy tread, always arrayed in his uniform of a cavalry general with boots singularly ugly yet clever face, watery eyes that are hidden behind a huge pair of blue spectacles, a monstrous and almost toothless mouth, from which issues a thin piping wooden kind of voice, and clean shaven cheeks, in every fold and wrinkle of which there seems to lurk a sarcasm or an irony in store for the chan-

A New Branch of Rognery. "Muzzle stealing" has become a regularly established branch of roguery in Great Britain since the promulgation of the recent ordinance compelling all dogs to go muzzled. The worst of the matter is that dogs, being delighted to get rid of their muzzles, aid and abet the thieves in the perpetration of the robbery. Dog owners are in despair and plaintively inquire in dog Latin: "Quis custodier ipsos custodes?" The only suggestion to be offered in response thereto is that since the law requires dogs to wear muzzles all the time, a person should be appointed to attend each dog and prevent its muzzle from being stolen. - New York Tribune.

English Fraud Coffes.

English tea is delicious, but their coffee is abominable. The ready ground coffee sold in the shops is as fine as dust. If you ask the grocer to grind it coarse scorching day the interior of a drag with he will have it the size of granulated the windows shut is about as agreeable a sugar. It is only possible to have it resting place as the Black Hole. Tom drinkable by making in a French coffee could not let the blinds down, so he put by percolation. Made in the Amer-

A BROKEN HEARTED B'AR

TRUE STORY OF THE DEMISE OF JASPER GRINDLEY'S PETS.

A Joke with a Water Barrel Brought Re taliation with a Dutch Oven ami Led to Premeditated Suicide by Drowning-The

Accounts Differ Slightly. According to the story current among the laymen of this pleasant region, a year-old bear belonging to Jasper Grindley, a bear killer, had a fight with another year-old bear, also the property of Jasper, the result of which fight was the death of the last mentioned bear. The victor made a break for the woods, and, in taking a short cut, attempted to cross Gravely's mill pond on the ice. The ice was too thin to support the weight of the fleeing bear and broke beneath him. He disappeared beneath the ice, and was not seen again until his dead body was carried down by the water to the tail race, and so on to the water wheel of the sawmill. There it became jammed in the paddles and stopped the mill. When the body of the unfortunate bear was removed from the water wheel it was in bad shape.

Such was the story that was current about the death of Jasper Grindley's two bears; and it was tragic enough until

"Them two young b'ars," said Jasper, "beat all creation for smartness, an' it was jest that smartness of their'n that done em both up. They was always playin' tricks on one another, an' one day one of 'em was takin' a leetle tramp around the house. He come to a bar'l that stood at one corner o' the house, half full o' rain water. He didn't know what was in the bar'l, o' course, but other men's overcoats till he found a thinkin' that mebbe there was sumpin' in cigar case. When he had lit a cigar he it that mowt pan out a heap o' fun fer the act of lifting to his mouth a piece of felt comparatively at ease. It was very him, he riz up on his hind feet, an' puttin' his forepaws on top o' the bar'l, his jaw fell, his eyes dilated, and the stole over him; the hum of the crowd looked over into it. Not bein' anything with his passion for rowing and all that piece of salmon, accompanied by the grew fainter and fainter; the shouts of but water in the bar'l, the chances is that applause more distant; even the ham- the little cuss'd ha' got down ag'in an' mering of sticks and umbrellas on the gone on lookin' fer sumpin' else to git fun drag, talking to a gentleman on the box drag, within six inches of his head, out of; but, jist ez he riz up on the bar'l. ceased to annoy him. He pulled at his t'other b'ar happened round that way. attire, whose figure was horribly familiar cigar less energetically; soon it fell from He seen his mate nosin' inter the looking on at one for a few hours from to the guilty curate. He could not be his lips, and the Rev. Thomas Baxter slept bar'l, an all on a suddent it struck him that he see some fun in the situation. So He was awakened by a rough snake what does he do but sneak up ahind the reverend gentleman to Lord's was and shout in his ear of "Hi, wake up!" t'other b'ar an' grab him by the hind beyond Tom's imagination. The vicar Returning to semi-consciousness he in- legs, an' quicker than 1 kin tell ye he had his back turned, and evidently did distinctly heard exclamations of "Shame- lifted him up an soused him head fust ful!" "Disgusting!" "Who would have in the bar'l. While the onfort nit b'ar in thought it!" And then a familiar voice the bar'l was splutterin an kickin an said in somewhat quavering accents, twistin' an' chokin' in the water, the "Leave him to me, papa. I must see tricky little sarpint that dumped him in him alone." Tom pulled himself together just danced an' pranced around, an' holwith a jerk, opened his heavy eyes, and lered till you'd ha' thort he'd ha' busted found himself confronted by Miss Alice the thing hit him ez being so consarned Heathcote, who stood with flushed cheeks funny. The b'ar in the bar'l would ha plate, and jumped to the ground. Just and indignant expression at the door of drownded in short order if 1 hadn't ben clus by, an' run an' turned the bar'l up A TERRIBLE REVENGE

"That b'ar never let on that he was put out by the little trick his mate had played on him, an' didn't git mad a bit. But I could see that he was keepin' his don't feel well, and here I find you sound eye skinned for a chance to git even asleep when the play is over for the day, An' there's where I orter kep' my eye and we have been sending all over the skinned to prevent anything serious, but Then be breathed more freely. But what ground for you. And in your shirt I never thort about things ever turnin out the way they did.

"That big Dutch oven o' mine stands forgot." And, blushing scarlet, the cur in the back o' the yard jist ez it did ez my of pop built it fifty year ago. The door is allus open except when we're wave of his hand, he dismissed the sub- opening a bottle of champagne, and ata week. One day a couple of weeks ag I noticed that the door was shet, but I ly. "I should like to meet anybody who didn't think anything wrong till I see tion, "please say to Miss Alice that I am says that I'm drunk! Let me explain, that there was only one o' the b'are not well, and that I have gone to take a darling. I'll come out now." And then around, an' he was terrible oneasy, an walk, to bathe my head-say anything. he caught sight of his vicar again and kep' hangin' round the oven, whinin' an cryin' ez if his heart 'd break. Then went and opened the oven door. Inside o' the oven lay t'other ba'r. He was deader'n a macker'l. I pulled him out. He had been suffocated till he died. "Why, the clergyman, Alice, dear; do There was only one way to explain it. The b'ars had been in the habit o' crawlin' in the oven an' layin' there, one at a "No! that will do-and, Binns, come back here at once; I want you to do college friend of papa's; they haven't the b'ar that had been dumped in the met for twenty years. I'm sure he's not bar'l o' water watched his chance, an when t'other b'ar clumb in the oven he just sneaked up an'clapped the door shet on him. I wasn't there to let him out, an' the consekences was that he pegged out

slick an' clean. SELF DESTRUCTION. From the way the live b'ar acted know'd that he know'd jist what his trick had ended in, an' he took on orful to see. He howled an' whined an' beliered, an somehow couldn't git over it. He took before he hears the last of that cricket to wanderin' over to the neighbors ez if he was lookin' fer his dead mate, an' they told me that if I didn't keep him home he'd git a ball in some day. So I put a rope around his neck an' tied t'other end of it to an old plowsheer that was knockable manner the 78th birthday of Herr in round the yard. He could drag the plowsheer about, but couldn't drag it fur. But he kep' up his mournin' fer his mate, an' it was tetchin' to see him. I thot, o' course, that he'd git over it bimeby, or

"One day las' week Sol Tift come to

my house an' says: " 'That b'ar o' your'n, says he, 'is and spurs complete; the other, a little old cortion. I jist met him walkin' over dwarf, almost hunchbacked, with a to'ards the mill pond, carryin' his plowsheer under his arm ez handy ez I'd

carry three pound o' pork. "That skeered me. I dug over the mill pond ez fast ez I could go. got there quick enough, but I couldn't see nothin o' the b'ar. I walked up around the pond, an' what should I come on to but the b'ar, standin' on the ice an breakin' a hole through it with the heavy plowsheer. I see what he was up to at wunst, but afore I could get to him he had the hole made big enough, an' down through he plunked like a muskrat. I waited, but I never see him ag'in. The poor little cuss was jist wore out with remorse fer what he had done to his mate an' had committed suicide complete an' deliberate ez it had ever been committed sence the world started!"-New York Sun.

A Peculiar People.

On the banks of the river Purus, in South America, is to be found a peculiar tribe of people-men, women and children-who have spotted settlements in the lagoons and pass their whole lives in fishing.-London

Two Kinds of Unhappy People. There are two kinds of unhappy people in the world-Those who are sad because they are not known, and those who are miserable because they are known too well. -Ram's Horn.

AN ASTONISHED SOUTH SEA KING.

M'Bern of Butaritari Sees Many Won deciul Things in San Francisco.

King M'Bora of Butaritari spent two hours at the Olympic club, and was probably more amused and surprised than by anything else he has seen in San Francisco. The members who were present practicing in the gymnasium gave an impromptu exhibition, which interested his South Sea majesty very inuch, and he gave evidence of this in grunts and by gestures of surprise, and almost of fear, at some of the feats of the athletes. The tumbling was a surprise to him, and he could not understand, while Professors Tronchet and Chapins were fencing, how it was that they did not drop dead when struck by the foil. A burlesque boxing contest ending in a well "faked" knockout was arranged for the king and his party. Professor De Witt Van Court and Philip Boulo were the boxers, and they gave an exhibition which interested his island majesty more than the genuine fight he saw at the California club. At the end Boulo was apparently knocked out, and he was carried out of the room limp and motionless. Of course he immediately returned, and as he appeared the king allowed a sigh of rebef to escape him. and remarked through the interpreter that he was glad the little fellow had

not been killed, as he was so plucky. After the exhibition King M'Bora and his party were shown through the Olympic club building. In the billiard room he had his first meeting with a piece of ice. His dusky majesty was given a glass of ice water in response to a request for a drink. He saw the piece of ice floating in the water and could not understand what it was. He put his royal right hand into the glass and seized the cube of ice, but immediately dropped it and jumped back severely frightened. After an explanation he picked up the ice again and watched it slowly melt in his hand. He seemed to partially understand the philosophy of the thing and gave an order for an ice making machine, which he will take to Butaritari with him to cool his royal

throat on hot summer days. In the ladies' parlor the glass chandelier was lighted by electricity, and the king immediately wanted to know where the oil tank was. He had had some experience with gas before. The first night at his hotel, after having seen the gas turned on and lighted, he nearly terminated his royal career by playing the Farmer Wayback act. He turned on the gas and lay down waiting for the gas to light itself.

One of the members of the Olympic club who was going through the rooms with the party wanted the king to talk through the telephone. His majesty had already had an experience and was so shocked that he did not care for another. It was at Sutro Heights on his visit Saturday. W. Lauterbach, who spent some time on the Gilbert islands, went to the stables on the place while the king was in Mr. Sutro's house, When the telephone connection was made King M'Bora was asked to put the receiver to his ear. As he did so he heard words in his native language, and he dropped the instrument as if struck by lightning. A long explanation could not fully satisfy his mystified majesty. The king and his party remained at the rooms of the club until nearly midnight. -San Francisco Chronicle.

The Flower Industry. If the practical business man believes that the business of flowers is an inconsiderable one, and that they are used ried or getting out of the world altogether, let him step into a rose market in Twenty-third street some afternoon between 3 and 4 o'clock. When he reaches there first he will find everything about as quiet as it well could be. By 4 o'clock, when the carts drive up filled with boxes of flowers shipped from out of town rose farms and flower farms, just arrived at piers and railroad depots by express, everything immediately takes on a very confused and animated appearance. A dozen clerks and the proprietor appear simultaneously from nobody knows where, and the boxes, containing layer upon layer of baskets filled with all varieties of roses, picked early that morning, are unpacked. In packing, the roses are carefully placed with the first layer of stems running one way, reversing the order on the next layer, and so on to the top of the basket. By this time the room is filled with men anxious to procure the first pick and the choicest variety, and they bargain as closely, with as total an oblivion to all their fragrance and beauty, as if the goods were the most ordinary cloth or cotton.-New York World.

Some Great Unexplored Lands. A great part of Asia and nearly threefourths of Africa is a sealed book to us moderns. The explorations of Stanley, and those who preceded him, are mere spider tracks in the desert, and our best maps of Africa are half guesswork. In Asia there is Thibet and Turkestan,

and in Africa the great desert of Sahara after his girl. to be explored. We know almost nothing

Great tracts of Australia have never say and tradition. Coming up to our northern half of the continent, we encounter more unknown lands. Central America and Mexico offer fertile fields after they had got to be quite large. for exploration, and lower California has Whenever I wanted to go away my sis never been thoroughly explored.

In the far north is Greenland, Baffin of British America north of Istitude 60 degs., and our great territory of Alaska. Cor. Boston Globe. -Golden Days.

Women Writers in France. A Paris correspondent says: The most

discouraging obstacle the American wo-

man has to contend with in Paris is the great number of English and French writers employed by the American press, while it is impossible for an American writer to be recognized by foreign journals. One of the most rabid anti-Americans, in his personal feelings, receives thousands of dollars a year from American magazines and journals. No woman skins of black and white. They live can live by her pen who has not a reguon the river banks or in the floating lar salary. To attempt it is one of the most hazardous and vexatious undertakings. Hapharard correspondence is casting bread on the water that in nine cases out of ten brings back-the manuscript. Mrs. Hooper has a stated salary, which enables her to live in cozy apartments and enjoy Parisian life with comfort. Her daughter has studied for the stage, and

REMARKABLE TWINS.

TWO WOMEN SO NEAR ALIKE AS TO DECEIVE THEIR HUSBANDS.

Mrs. Coombs and Mrs. Turner, of Spring field, Mass., Have Had Lots of Fun in Their Lives Because of Their Great Resemblance-Mrs. Coombs' Story.

Similarity in facial appearance has often resulted in mistaken identity with the subjects of this sketch. Mrs. Levi T. Coombs and Mrs. Josiah Turner. These estimable women are twins:

their maiden names were Frances Arroette and Florella Antoinette Foss. It will be observed that their initials were the same, the middle name being bestowed on the promise of a pearl neck-

lace for each. The Foss twins were the danghters of Dr. Simeon Foss, a Maine physician of the old school and a Mason of high degree. They were born in Belfast, Me., Nov. 22, 1825. Frances made her debut in this world half an hour before her sis-

At Paris Hill they went to school with the late Hannibal Hamlin, ex-vice president of the United States.

Frances married the late Levi T. Coombs, who held the position of deputy sheriff of Androscoggin county, in the town of Lisbon, twenty-one years.

Florella married Josiah Turner, now dead, who also lived in the town of Lisbon. Both have been school teachers and inseparable companions. Their mother died when they were 214 years It is difficult to distinguish one from

the other, and the photographer who took their pictures persisted that Florella had just been in the room when, in fact, it was her sister who had been Frances has given birth to six chil-

dren, all of whom are dead but two-Walter Coombs, of this city, and Simon Coombs, now mail agent on the Maine Central railroad. Mrs. John Staples, of Charlestown,

and Charles E. Turner, of Lawrence, are the only living children of Florella. who had three in all. The height of the twins is exactly the

same, and twelve years ago they weighed just 200 pounds apiece.

Singularly, when one would fall away in weight the other would do the same. Their aggregate weight at present is 350 pounds. These duplicate sisters think alike, ac

characteristics of dress to avoid mistakes of identity. Often one has worn the other's shoes, while years ago their money came from one pocketbook, and it did not matter which one carried it. "Mistaken identity was almost a daily occurrence with us in our younger days," remarked Frances a few days ago. "My father always called us girls,"

and neither of us ever addressed the other by our given names. We called each other 'sister' instead. "The reason why father never addressed us by our given names was due to the fact that he was always uncertain

which was which. "After we were married people addressed me by my sister's new name so often that I declare I got puzzled myself once, and couldn't for the life of me tell whether my name was Turner or

"We took our first ride on a railway we were living in Lisbon and drove ne'er me-et with elsewhe-e-ere. down from there in a chaise to Portland. When we alighted at Saco the depot closely resembled the one in Portland. and I stuck to it that it went with us.

"One time in church Judge Chamberlin was sitting in my sister's pew. My seat was just ahead of him. When came in he mistook me for my sister, and politely arose and stepped into the aisle to let me into my sister's sent.

"My husband often mistook my siste for myself. To illustrate how easily he was fooled, I will recall the time when I dropped into my husband's store to pay him a call. Judge Chamberlin sat there, and I knew him well, but my sia-

"As I entered leisurely my husband said, 'Come in, Mrs. Turner, and be seated.' I kept a straight face as long as I could until he had introduced me to the judge, when a smile on my face let the cat out of the bag, and then my bushand discovered that he had introduced his wife instead of Mrs. Turner.

"When we lived in Minot we studie French under Parson Jones. One day I had a perfect lesson and sister did not know her's. We shifted around, and the parson mistook me for sister and I recited the lesson for her and no one was the wiser. "We used to attend parties in my

younger days, and on one occasion, when the fellows come in after the girls, I started off with sister's fellow and got quite a piece with him before I told him he was mistaken and had better go back "Once at dusk Mr. Coombs was going

of Borneo, Papua or Madagascar, and thousands of islands in the Pacific ocean on the other side of the street and are still unexplored. die under her arm which he mistook for been trodden by the foot of a white man, a baby. My husband thought it strange and nearly all of South America inside that I was out at that time with my of the coast lines is known only by hear- baby, and said to a clerk that he be lieved Frances was 'crazy and going to drown that baby."

"I used to fool my children sometimes ter would come over to my house, put on one of my dresses and stay with the Land, the great Hudson bay region, all children till I got back, and they would not know the difference."-Springfield

> Unfortunate Hankinson. Mr. Hankinson-Here are some chocolate creams, Johnny. Do you think Miss Irene will be down soon?

Johnny (after stowing them away se curely)-Yes, sis'll be down purty soon I reckon. I wish it was you, Mr. Hankinson, sis was goin to marry instead of that stingy old Snagsford. - Ch'cago

An Unexpected Reply. J. F. Berry, secretary of the Detroit con-ference, told the following story on himself at the conference held recently at Green-ville, Mich: "When I was first introduced to a Sunday school, the superintendent asked the children to guess what kind of Berry I was. A little boy in front jumped up and squeaked out, 'Strawberry.' He asked them to guess again. A little girl said, 'Huckleberry.' Whereupon an old dried up woman with a poke bonnet on and dried up woman with a poke bonnet on and an umbrella in her hand straightened up, and in a cracked voice said. From what I've seen of ye, I think you're a gooseberry; and from all appearances 'twill be a long time before you're ripe."—Harper's Magazine. last June created the role in a play which Mrs. Hooper has written, called "Helen's

THE FIRST SQUALL

A Slight Unpleasantness Which Ares

Between a Loving Young Couple. Mr. and Mrs. Bolivar Pyke had been married about six weeks, and were still oppressively happy. Not a ripple of dis cord had stirred the frog pond of their do mestic harmony, and their life had run asmoothly and anobstructedly as a Chicage buseball club's progress down the tobog can slide. If there was anything that could have made Bolivar happier he didn't know what it was unless, possibly, it was to hear that his tough, leathery, and grasp ing old uncle in California had gone to the good world, while the addition of forty more supposeds and closets to the house could hardly have added to the felicity of his young wife.

you have positively no idea how unreason ably and absurily happy these two young It was an evening in May-an ordinary evening to May, 1800-and the rain hadn't stopped It was falling as it fell in the

This may sound like exaggeration, but

seventeenth day of the second month of the 600th year of the life of one Noah, and in sheer despair the signal service man begun to predict wet weather. Bucuavista," said Bolivar, looking abstructedly about the room, "if it wouldn't

be asking too great a favor"-"What is it, dear?" asked Mrs. Pyke, tenderly

"Please try the other knee awhile. This one is getting tired." "You have never said anything like that before, Bolivar," she protested, reproach-"Perhaps I'd better go and sit on a fully

chair.' "Now don't get buffy, darling. You don't look so pretty when you frown."
"I am not frowning, Bolivar." "You certainly are, Buenavista."

"Then I don't look pretty!" she ex claimed, bouncing up and seating berself ten feet away. "All right, Mr. Pyke, You-you-you're getting tired of me. Iwish I was"—
"Now look here, Buenavista, don't be

foolish. There's nothing to quarrel about. "I'm not quarreling, sir. I'm not going to quarrel, either. If there's anything of that kind done you will be the one who does it, Mr. Pyke."

"I am glad to hear it, my dear," "You needn't call me your dear. I am not dear to you any more. "I thought you said you were not going to quarrel.

"I did, sir, and I am not. In spite of your conduct, Mr. Pyke, I am still your "Then, dearest"-

"No, sir, I am not your dearest." "Well, Buenavista, then-if you prefer it -if you are still my loving wife, won't you please sing something?' "What for? Are you afraid I'll try to

sit on your knee again? You needn't'

"No, no, Buenavista. I thought it might clear up the atmosphere of this room a alike and have never adopted different little. That's all. With the aspect of a martyr going cheerfully to the stake Mrs. Pyke went to the piano and sat down before it.

"What shall I sing?" she asked meekly. "Perhaps-h'm-perhaps it would make things seem more cheerful if you should tackle 'Home, Sweet Home.' Mrs. Pyke fixed her eyes on a spot pear

the celling where the wall paper didn't ex-

actly match and wailed out the touching "'Mid ple-a-a-sures and pa-a-alaces tho-o-ough'-I know well enough, Mr. Pike, you have only asked me to sing this to make me appear ridiculous, but I am going to do it!—'we may ro-o-o-am, Be it e-e-ve-cr so'—I think any man who tries to make his wife the object of ridicule never, never cared anything for herhu-u-u-umble there's no-o-o place like'---I have always done everything I could to make home pi-pi-pleasant, and you—you know it—'ho-o-ome. A cha-a-arm from the ski-l-les seems to'— seems like the ghastliest mockery in the world, but you train at eighteen years of age. We never Which, see-eek through the wo-o-orld, is it k-k-kills me--- 'swe-e-e-cet, swe-e-ehome, There's no-o-o place like'—ain't you ashamed of yourself, Bolivar Pyke, to sit there pretending you care anything about our home any more, or me either

> B-B-Bolivar, dear, I can't! Yes, I willi I will!— 'ho-o-o-ome!' "
>
> As her quavering voice sounded the last word of the song a manly voice joined in with a deep bass, her trembling little fingers were gathered in a close grasp, her head sank on Bolivar's shoulder, and But what business has any outside bar-barian to be intruding here? Let us retire. -Chicago Tribune.

-'ho-o-ome, There's no-o-o-oo place like

The Secret of Happiness.

Not long ago Professor Blackie had occasion to be in the Fair City-Perth. He was waiting for a certain train, and was marching up and down the platform whistling gayly, and for all the world like a schoolboy en route home for his holidays. A gentleman near by, at once recognizing the picturesque figure and wishing to enter into conversation with him, went up to him and asked him:

"Professor, may I ask the secret of your happiness? The genial professor smiled and answered: "Well, here is the secret of my happi-

ness: I have no vain regrets for the past, I look forward with hope to the fu and I always strive to do my duty. There," he ended emphatically, "you have it." And he straightway set to and walked up and down again, whistling as before. - London Tit-Bits.

An Antedituvian Joke.

A hardware drummer is response for the story that a clerk in one hardware houses was informed that the last tailor's goose was sold and to order a dozen more. After puzzling over the matter for some time he wrote on a piece of paper as follows: 12 tailor geese.

12 tailor goose. 12 tail-Then he got rattled, scratched his head, looked in the dictionary and finally formulated the following: "Gents please send at once one tailor's

12 tailor's geese.

12 tailor gooses.

goose and eleven others."—Burlington Hawkeye. Monkeys Might He Made Useful.

Monkeys could be used in certain cases of fire, where expert climbing might be required; they could be used as messen-gers to some extent, and to do many light chores for man. They could be taught to destroy many vicious insects, such as tobacco worms, cutworms, cabb worms and many others. They could be taught to do many things on a farm, and I think long domestication wo develop many fields of usefulness them.—New York Independent.

Mourning Colors.

It is a great mistake to suppose black is the only mourning color, for it is the usual, it is by no means the uni versal color. For instance, in Russia black is never used for covering coffins, the cloth to never used for covering comm, to being of a pink shade when the dec a child or young person, a crimson women and brown for widows. Its not use black cloth, white being the case of a child and purple velve as a child and purple velve.