THE CLD, OLD STORY.

tr 1 had told her in the spring The old, old story briefly, When the sparrers and robin began to sing And the planting was near chiefy.

Her tracks makes muste, shift the story over body Origin 1 recovered, will avera through the sources of the source of the second state o

Bud Leven told the tale of June When the wind through the grass a

Information, instand of Diffusion it rather too enoug, And cultting till after the monitum

Or had I hinted out under the store That I know a cory worth learning. Unservice to show the partner bars, Not wanted to do the sheatron Now the barn is full, and so is the bin.

But Freegrown wise without glory, since here is the crop not gathered in For my neighbor told for the story. New York Recorder

OVER-THE-WAY.

Over the Way-queer name for a woman, isn't it? It was big Jim Grayhe's a telegraph operator on a morning newspaper-who gave her the name. Of course we found out her real name after Way it was at the breakfast tablewe are all night workers, and the breakfust nour at Mrs. Smith's is moon-and the windows. Jum sits where he can look out of the Young Mr. Over-the-Way-we found to be put in the vanit and kept till the window Miss Elliott-she "dors socuty" on another morning paper and is onite vivacious-noticed that Jim was stayed three days. Then he went away, and staring with all his eves across the street. Now Jim is a master hand at him till he turned the corner. Then she anchewheat cakes, and Moss Elliett, hav dropped down into her big armchair and ing a reputation for vivacity to sustain. Inrued its broad tack to us. was perfectly justified in remarking that | He was gone two weeks, and they Mr Gray did not seem quite himself. were long weeks for Over-the-Way. But We maghed, as in politeness bound, and everything human has an end and he that brought Jim back. He got up and came back at last. Well, it was the made a flourish with his napkin and same thing over sgain. Only he stayed

LADUS AND GENTLEMES-IL now days. Next time it was a week, and afgives me great pleasure to present to ter that it was every Sunday when we on the neighbor we have long been ex | sat down to breakfast we found them to pecting. Over the Way." gether in the big bay window. But Sun-

We were so interested that we got days are invariably followed by Monright up from the breakfast table and days, and poor Over-the-Way had hard growded to the windows Even that work enough to lay in happiness enough p-rved and sarcastic Elizabeth Haw in one day to last her six. Still, from kins-she's a telephone girl, and I sup- Monday morning to Wednesday night pase she's justified in having a poor she lived on remembrance, and from opinion of the sol and trying to get Thursday morning to Saturday night on even out of office monte-forget her dig anticipation, so she got along pretty well. mity for once and was as interested as But one day, after six or seven months anybody. You see, the workmen tod, of this alternate sumhine and shadow, need busy on a little cottage right across the clouds settled down in earnest over the street for two months or more. We the little cottage file came home in the did not pay any particular attention to middle of the week, and Over the Way it until they began to put in a second met him at the door with a scared face. story my window that was almost as The next morning be left with a big ag as the rest of the cottage After that trunk. He had his hat down over his bay window had done duty as a family eyes and never looked back at the bay take for two or three weeks we fell to window. He knew Over-the-Way wasn't wondering what sort of peeple had built, there to kiss her hand to him. We it, and who would occupy such a funny didn't see her at all that day, for by and little house. by Aunt Amanda came and pulled down

Handsome Henry Roberts-he's a win the shades dow dresser in a big State street dry He had been ordered off on a three goods store, and a great hand with the months' trip to South America, and John girls-said he knew some woman was Berry said "reciprocity" or some such responsible for that window and noped thing was the cause of it. I know we added: she would be good looking, it would be women all hated it, whatever it was a pity to spoil such a fine window. Wherenpon dear old Miss Brooks she's doir after a while, but she didn't seem nce looking even if she is forty, and has to be quite the same old Over-the-Way. muse down from better days to proof She got letters, but they didn't come rading-reminded him, in her precise, every day now Sometimes we fairly gated way, that young men who had hated the postman-just as if it was his meyes for anything but a pretty wom fault! But when she did get one-why, an sometimes came to grief The graces we could tell a block off when the postless Harry responded that a nomely man had a letter by the way he walked one a joy forever at Elizabeth Hawkins | and deserted her arm

ging him inside in a second. Then she the window and turned to us with his let go of him in a hurry and ran in face working and his lips trembling. He quicker than she came out. If she hadn't couldn't speak: just pointed across the sho'd have been kneed right there on street. the front parch in plain sight of every-Old Annt Amanda was tying a long

streamer of white creps to the door bell. We knew they'd show up in the big "Over-the-Way's dead," said some one

hay window shoner or later, and, sure in a strained whisper. enough just after dinner they came "White's for little children," said Mrs. into aight. She was climping to his arm Smith. "It's Over-the-Way's little haby. and just dancing on her toes, she was so O dear! O dear!" And the good woman happy; and just as she was right in the burst out sobbing. None of us were midst of telling him how fine it all was much better off, for that matter. O she discovered us at the windows. We So it happened that then we made our could almost see her blush clear across first call across the street. John Berry the street, and her young husband and Mrs. Smith went. Mrs. Smith went straightened up and looked daggers in, but John paced up and down in front But John Berry rose to the occasion of the house. Elizabeth Hawkins never nobly. He had his overcoat and hat on took her eyes off him. She was as pale - he was just going out-and he took off as a ghost, and yet she didn't look exacthis hat and made a now respectful and 1y unhappy either. friendly like, as much as to say, "We're By and by they came back. As soon

giad to see you, sir." And we women as they came in John took out a roll of clapped our hands and smilled, as much money and dropped a bill in his hat. as to say, "We're glad he's come at last," "Flowers?" said he, and looked around And then Oversthe-Way and her hus- as much as to ask if anybody wanted to hand saw it was all right and they follow suit. We all put in something smiled and bowed. Over the Way patted Elizabeth Hawkins put in a dollar. I him on the arm as much as to say, knew she had saved it to buy some Sun-"Here he is isn't he trice?" And the day gloves. After John had gone out young husband put his arm around Mrs. Smith told us how she had talked ward, but none of us at Mrs. Smith's Over-the-Way and give her a little hug with the poor young mother in the dark ever spole of her except as Over-the- right before our eves, as much as to say, ened room, and how the little baby was "It's all right new. I'll make up for lost to be buried the next day, and how John time." And then we came away from was to see to everything and go to the cemetery, and how the little coffin was

afterward that in public life he was a father got home. By and by John came back with a traveling salesmus for a big drug firmgreat box. It was full to the brim with neglecting his plate of buckwheat cakes And Over-the Way went up into her bay lilles of the valley-not another flower. window and bravely kissed her hand to Well, John's services were not needed after all, for that very night the young husband came home from South America, and the next day, when the carriage

drove away from the little cottage with a little white casket on the front seat heaped high with lilies of the valley. the poor young husband looked over to us in the windows and made a sort of a bow and put his hand on his heart. but one day. Then he was gone ten

That evening, when it was time to go to work, John Berry came down with a satchel in his hand and began to say goodby to us saying he was going to leave. When he came to the last one-Elizabeth Hawkins-he hesitated, then held out his hand just as he had to the rest of us. She just barely touched it, and both of them looked white and trembling. Just as he was going out of the door she called to him:

"John!" It wasn't a bit like Elizabeth Hawkins' voice, and we all stared. John came back, but didn't say a word-just stood waiting. And now they both were red. "Are you going because-because" John nodded. I don't believe he could

have said a word to save him. "Well-well-1-John, don't go!" Long before she finished John had her in his arms right before us all. "I said 'No,' John, because I was

afraid you were hard and unfeelingtill today. Now I know better." "God bless you, my children!" said

motherly Mrs. Smith. The stereotyped old phrase was a relief, and we all laughed in a teary sort of way, then she

"When trouble comes and you need patience and forbearance remember what brought you together." And we all said:

"Over-the-Way!"--Chicago Trilana

An Odd Time to Make a Speech,

There is a remarkable story of Dr. Follen, which is told thus: Dr. Follen had been a German patriot, and he bewoman was a real grief, and a pretty By and by Over-the-Way had a broad, came a fervent American patriot; for he Here the scamp comfortable lounge put in her window valued political liberty as a necessary chair for it. There condition of the development of Chris-

MONGOLIAN GENIUS.

CLEVER ACT OF A CHINAMAN WHO STOLE A BOX OF JEWELS.

Story of a Burgiary to China-A Greased Scamp Covered With a Sheet Makes Away with the Strong Boy of an Amon lean Embassador-The Thief Escapes

"My husband was, as you know, in the Austrian diplomatic service," said an American woman whose experience of divers lands had been must extensive. instance out of a thousand Take, again, those old and young "and of course the number of incidents in our varying life has been legion. But women we saw squatting in the market, there was one adventure which occurred with little scraps of produce spread out while we were attached to the embusay before them. Suppose they sell this for in China that so combined the ludicrous ten cents, they have enough to buy mate. with really serious that I shall never fortobacco . d mandioca, which are their get it.

"After we had been there about a year household going, with the help of orthere occurred some grand jubilee or anges, that he in many places a foot deep other at the court to celebrate the emon the ground. A caustic observer has peror's hirthday or some other festive said that the Paraguayan peasant lives occasion, and Baron H. had been sent on mate and the smell of a greased rag from Vienna as special convoy to tender The greased rag is an exaggeration. congratulations, etc. He, of course Mate, mandioca, tobacco, sugar cane, stopped at the legation. The night beoranges, and cana ruta as a luxury, such fore he was to leave he returned very are the ordinary and extraordinary arlate for dinner. I could see during the ticles of consumption. With poor food evening that he was distrait and worsuch as this the men are naturally weak ried, and after our guests had gone he and indolent; and being at the same confided to the count and myself his time the lords of creation they pass their trouble. lives in meditative lariness and leave the

"He was a pervous, fussy little man women to do what little work is also and was evidently greatly disturbed. 1 lutely required to keep a roof over their have had some important jewels con-fided to my care, he told us, 'to be given heads. to our emperor as a memento of this ocas they may be, are proud and suscepcasion. Tomorrow I sail, as you know. in the government steamer for home. and as soon as I am aboard ship I shall not feel any anxiety; but I must confess that tonight I am nervous-why, I do not know; but I have the feeling, and I thought I would confide it to you, and perhaps you would share my responsibility

"My husband, who has inherited from his Irish mother a bold careless which has often stood him in good stead, although disastrous in this instance, said good naturedly: Give them to me, if you like. I have an iron box by my bed where I lock up any important papers that I have in my room at night, and 1 will keep them for you.' The haron, greatly relieved, gladly handed over the little case that held the costly trinkets. and shortly afterward we all retired for in Harper's. the night. STORY OF THE BURGLARY.

After a useless parsuit he returned,

and the chase and his emboupoint my

poor husband was completely exhausted

-we finally elicited the following facts.

breathless, to tell his story.

Kelcey's Bill for Trousers.

Herbert Kelcey's dignified appearance is a part of his reputation. His faultless coats and his well creased trousers which never seem to have discovered that their wearer is jointed at the knees like the rest of the world, have been the envy of plenty of fellows who cannot the shout of my husband, and in a few sit down once in a pair of breeches without letting them into all the secrets of their shape. It is not generally known, however, how much care Kelcey takes to keep up his appearance.

in the lightest of attire, having torn easy to keep one's self pressed, but when down the stairs and into the courtvard. he is traveling on the road it is quite a different matter. The actor resorts to various methods to retain that beautiful "The box was gone; that I had seen crease down the front of his trousers, at once, and had already communicated one of which is to take his trousers when my fears to Baron H., who had also aphe undresses, stretch them carefully into peared upon the scene, and who was shape, and lay them between the matnearly frantic, Between gasps for tresses of his bed-when his bed has two breath-for what with the excitement mattreases.

hurry and left a pair of trousers behind him, for which he telegraphed back from After he had put the jewels in the strong the next town. In the meantime Mr. box, which stood on a table at the head and Mrs. Barrymore had arrived at the of his bed, he sat down at his desk, and hotel the next night and been assigned

SLAUGHTERING THE BIRDS

Uncounted Numbers Killed by California Bunters.

The wild pigeon is not yet extinct in America-no, not by many millions. And, though the days of their plenitude have long since passed in all the states cast of the Mississippi, they occasionally amore the people of some remote section of the west by knows where. Such a case was that of the

central west were often heard lamenting



These Paraguayans, poor and ignorant told how at various times the hinds would come in clouds that literally shut out the rays of the sun, how they crossed the Ohio in certain stated places and roosted in certain forests in such masses that the soil and timber showed the effects for years after. More than one such district is still known as Pigeon Roost. In southern Indiana one such tract extended for six miles, and old settlers declare that every tree on the tract limbs would hold them. Why the birds mass in this way no one

knows, but a few days since they concentrated along Boulder creek, California, and soon hundreds of people were banging away at them with every known if feather beds had been ripped open and scattered along it. In the villages the barroom tables were piled high with them. They came lean, but feasting on the ma-drone herries soon made them fat. The variety is that called the Columba fasciata, or band tailed pigeon, and ranges on the Pacific from British Columbia to Guate-Rocky mountains to the Columbia river. An ornithologist of Colonel Long's cele-

brated expedition of 1823 first discovered the variety. California scientists believe that they have breeding grounds in the far north of British Columbia, the Northwest Territory and Athabasca. The region of the wood buffalo would apparently suit them well. They were driven south by the storm. That is agreed upon, and as they fly with asnding rapidity they might have reached California even though coming from the remote regions of Hudson's bay.

The fan tailed visitors are ashy in color and have a fine bluish cast on the rump. Their primary feathers and the basil portion of the tail are dusky, and the larger wing coverts are edged with white. The bill and legs are yellow. There is a sharp, whirring sound when they fly. At last accounts they were being slaughtered wanwere millions more.

An Eccentric Idea.

The eccentric people in the world are more plentiful this summer, it would seem, than ever before. A lady verging on forty, attractive withal, and excellently bred, approached a friend with an astonishing proposition.

THE FLOAT AT WELLESLEY.

A Dress Parade of College Girls on the Luke Near Their School.

Few New Yorkers know what a gala weasion is the float at Wellesley college. It is the annual dress parade, as it were, of the college girls on the pretty lake of Waban, which borders one side of the coming in millions from no one college gr unds. Four hundred acres of rolling and partly wooded fields extend recent invasion of the Santa Crus moun about the college halls and dormitories, tains in California, which excited all the with plenty of tennis courts for the girls sportsmen and would be sportsmen of the and shaded walks and well kept drives in different directions. The float at

tracts many visitors, and all day long gay equipages and groups of young met and maidens make brilliant the scene.

The function takes place at early evening. By 6 o'clock a throng has collected on Waban's banks. Trees border the beautiful lake and Chinese lanterns deck the trees. Many bundred guests are assembled by the lakeside waiting for the crews to appear. The gown and black square cap are worn by many of the girls. and one had chosen hers of dark red with charming effect. A group of perhaps fifty students are waiting at the landing to cheer off the crews as they pass through the crowd of spectators and descend the bank. The sun is almost setting and the light over lake and land is enchanting. The evening songs of birds are heard among the hum of voices. The quiet expectancy of the moment is impressive.

Presently eight girls wearing dark green gowns and large, round, flat topped caps appear. The group of singersspell out gayly "W-E-L-L-E-S-L-E-Y -Wellosley-'911" followed by the quick "Rah! 'rah! 'rah!" The spectators ap-

pland and the crew seat themselves in the eight oared boat and put out slowly from shore. A crew in gray follows The freshman crew in white flannel step daintily down the sandy plank to their boat. One crew in dark blue waists and was loaded with pigeons as long as the caps and striped blue and white skirts make a pretty snowing, and those in old rose seem to belong to the evening colors of sky and water.

The rowing is dignified. Some crabs are caught, but not many, and usually arm. The ground in many places looked as grace prevails. The boats move gently off toward the middle of the lake. The pennons of the crews and the Japanese lanterns add their beauty to the scene. The spectators cheer heartily and the girls shout their "Raht 'raht 'raht Wellesley!" bravely. Ten or a dozen crows thus move away from the crowd, mala. Its main rendervous is west of the and the seniors nearly capsize a little craft with two men in it which had run awkwardly under their bow.

Some of the last crews numbered but six, and the "specials" sang as they pulled offi

For class may come and class may go, But we go on forever!

By and by, as twilight deepens, the boats come slowly back. Two stroke oars clasp hands and steady their boats into position near theshore again. Two more row in between them, joining across and holding themselves there while five or six more draw up, their bows pointed together, making a star of boats. A tall and graceful senior, with a ribboned baton, rises from her seat and leads, with a clear, strong voice, all the crews as they sing song after song, "A Maid Lives by the River," "The Smith tonly by tens of thousands, and still there Girls Have Much Wit," "Listen to My Tale of Woe," etc., but the notes of "Lauringer" ring out more sweet and full than all the rest.

Applause from the shore follows all the songs, often so hearty as to bring a welcome encore. The moon is shining brightly on the scene, and now colored lights are thrown upon the star of boats as their fair crows sing on and on. By 9 o'clock the voices seem a little tires The crews betake themselves with their guests to the college halls, and the float is ended. --Cor. New York Tribune.

tible; they never say thank you except as a formula of refusal; it is useless to order them about: they must be treated with gentleness and persuasion, as equals, and even then not much can be got out of them. So I was told by a dozen men who had varied experience in the country. The educated Paraguayans them-

selves admit this much, but without notable disapproval, and with an impa tient click of the tongue against the teeth and much writhing and shrugging of neck and shoulders they will protest against Americanism, progress and doing things quickly. "It is not in the character of the nation," they will say. "It is in our

nature to go on slowly, quietly, without effort; and fortune comes to us almost while we are sleeping."-Theodore Child

"The count's room adjoined mine, and the last thing I remember was seeing the glimmer of his light under the door as he sat writing at his desk, finishing up his dispatches for the morrow. 1 was awakened from a deep sleep by the noise of a scuffle, and immediately afterward minutes the whole house was aroused. 'Catch the thieves!' shouted the count, and for a short time all was in confusion, no one understanding the why and the wherefore of the uproar, the count,

Of course in New York it is perfectly

Last year he left a western hotel in a

The People of Paraguay Take Things Easy and Do Not Like to Work. Butter is very rare in the Paraguayan capital, because the peasants will not at-

A LAZY MAN'S PARADISE.

tend to their cows, lead them to good pasture and work a churn. At Asuncion we have seen the cows turned out into the street to graze where there is next to nothing to eat. At Villa Concepcion the case is the same, whereas if the cows were led half a mile to the edge of the town they would find abundant pasture. and give good milk. This is only one

Not many years ago the old settlers of the the disappearance of the wild pigeons. They

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"Busy what's your number" And John Berry -lac's some sort of an editor and the May wasn't going to grieve herself gious carnestness in American patriots. saw Harry and scowled.

discussion over that little cottage, and finally came to feel a sense of proprietorship in what we called "Over-the-Way." when Over-the-Way herself appeared.

To be sure, there wasn't fruch to see big transfer wagon loaded with new fur- the end of the week, and he did. titure, an express wagon heaped high with non-shold belongings, two drivers an old negro woman with a gorgeous furban, and a dear little woman in a smart jacket and a wide brimmed hat.

Harry Roberts declared he was simply penaliony for exercise and fresh air, and put on his overcost and strolled next the cattage. He came back and reports that the fittle woman was a beauty; in fact, he grew quite eloquent over he charms And then, of course, we had to talk it all over-whether she was married, and if she was, where was he hushand, and if she wasn't, was she go ing to live all alone with the old colored aunty, and so on.

Over-the-Way was evidently a capa ble little body, for she bad the furniture in and the house to rights in no time And the way old Aunt Amanda-that's the name we gave to the colored woman and her inclan-made things fly moved Mrs. Smith to wish, with tears in her voice, that the days of slavery were back

But though the nest was ready, no male bird appeared. After a week had give by we women began to hate "him. as we called the man Over-the-Way was waiting for. We knew there was a "him" by the way. She flew to meet the postman and fairly hugged the letter when she yot one, and kind o' drooped when she didn't. And there were unighty free days when she drooped too:

But his absence didn't seem to bother Over-the-Way a bit. She was busy morning and night fixing up the cottage for him. The hig bay window was evidentiy the pride of her life. Every after | moment he entered the room he said he noon she'd put on a preity house dress, when he got home everything was ablaze snaggle down in a big arm chair right letters. Harry Roberts thought it was phaston in front of the house. We could all for his benefit until he found. after repeated trials, that she had no eves for time recept to find its glances and atti-times a subject of mirth. And then one for have to tell us?

day we found out why it was she had no ! eves for Harry or any mor man-except

time." It was the second Sunday, just before dinner time-her dinger time-and she dear little giri." "Good Lord!" said Jim. was in the window as asual. But she had on a new dress, and to save her she Nobody laughed right then, but a couldn't sit still in her chair more than minutos later, when Miss Elliott made saw thirty seconds at a time. All of a and- one of her vivacious remarks everyboly den alse elipped her hands, and gave a roared-encept Jim. Even John Berry little jumps and should her hand to and Elizabeth Hawkins, who were look somebody we couldn't see, and ran from ing powerfully glum, had to laugh the window And then (a) manly young Things get out so to a boarding house fellow went striding across the street We all know that he had proposed and and ran up the steps. The front door she had said no.

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Elizabeth Hawkins looked back at Har she would lie for hours reading or look tianized humanity. And he never ry, and I thought she was going to say ing idly out of the window. And Jim ceased to wonder, during his whole resiwoman after all, and liked to lie around the rest of them. Nebody said a word, and the next day Harry Roberts told

Over-the-Way came back to her bon

But Jim Gray didn't write, for Overthe-Way did chirk up right away. She got an industrious streak all of a sudden

and sat in her big armchair and cut and too much of her clothing for such a sensible young woman. Then he discovered that all her sewing was white, and he suggested that most likely she was getting ready to join her husband in South America; it was so hot there that every one had to wear white all the time. We bonnets and Mrs. Smith left the room. She anddenly remembered that she had

left something in the oven. Jim grew reconciled to the sewing.

but he found other things to worry him. He elected himself a bulletin committee of one and made frequent reports. When there were no facts he gave us the announced that he guessed Over-the-Way would begin to pack up before long: she had pretty much finished her sewing.

He could see that she was just puttering and putting in fancy stitches Another time he said he was afraid that Overthe-Way was ill; there was a light in the bay window when he got home at 4 o'clock that morning

A few mornings after that there was neura. We women all knew it long before breakfast time and John Berry and the other men were told by Mrs. Smithwhen they came down. The bulletin committee was a little late and we were all at breakfast when he appeared. The

was sure that Over-the-Way was ill.

shades were down.

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"Why, what's happened?"

doesn't say much, being as reserved as into a decline. If she didn't chirk up I remember once when he was in Dr Elizabeth Hawkins and peculiarlike- pretty scen he believed he'd get her hus- Channing's pulpit, and was thanking band's address and write to him to throw God for the privileges of American citi-Well, as I was saying, we had many a listingion over that fittle cottage, and Roberts said that may be Over the Way gation, he paused and made an address wasn't so much better than every other to the people, to call their attention to the deep character of the blessings and So you see it was a great day for us in a loose gown and read novels just like its bearing on their religious privileges. in order that they might join with him more fervently than he feared they were when we did get to the window-just a Mrs. Smith that he guessed he'd leave at doing, and afterward went on with his

prayer. About this there was at least a nobility, however remote from ordinary practice.-St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Miss Smith's Peculiar Suit.

Miss Margaret Smith's lately deter basted and sewed until Jim said he was mined claim for £20,000 against the afraid she was getting vain and thinking estate of the deceased Mr. Park almost rivaled the baccarat case. Miss Smith was described as "an Irishlady of gentle birth, good education and considerable attainments." Mr. Park died four years ago, aged eighty-two, leaving £100,000. Thereupon Miss Smith produced a contract which bound Mr. Park to nav women all began to talk about spring £30,000 if she succeeded in marrying his son John. Twenty thousand pounds was guaranteed to her in case of failure.

The trial showed that Miss Smith was possessed of a passion for litigations She had had fifteen of them for all sorts of purposes. In this case she swore that young Park had asked her to marry him and had given her a ring, all of which benefit of his speculations. One day he the young man denied, and at last Miss Smith lost her case .-- London Letter.

Perfumes in Ancient Days.

Old as the history of the world itself is that of the queen of flowers. The ancient Greeks and Romans reveled in roses: they were used lavishly at their feasts. In the time of the republic the people had their cups of Falernian wine swimming with blooms, and the Spartan soldiers, after hattle of Cirrha, refused to drink any wine that was not perfumed with roses. while at the regatta of Baim the whole surface of the Lucrine lake was strewn

with flowers. Nero at his hanqueting showered rose water upon his guests from an opening in the colling, and when honoring the honor of a noble with his presence the host was compelled to have his fountains playing resewater. In the repast itself roses found with light and there was a doctor's place in the form of a rose pudding -Phila delphia Times.

Sensible to the Last.

A good story is told of a late Dublin doe-"Umph?" said Mrs. Smith "Is that all tor, famous for his skill and also his great love of money. He had a constant and en-Oriching patient in an old shopkeeper. This "Over "O" Way has a visitor." "So he Oracle ut last, is he? Well, it's old hady was terribly rheumatic and una-ble to leave her sofa. During the doctor's visits she kept a one pound note in her hand, which duly went into Dr. C 's pock-"I wish her nusband was here; it' et. One morning he found her lying dead

on the sofa. Sighing deeply, the doctor approached, and taking her hand in his he the fingers closed on his fee. "Poor thing," he said as he pocketed it; "sensible to the last!"-New York World.

> A Revised Version. Wes Brother-Tell me a stowy 'hout see

old woman who lived in a stor. Little Sister-Oh, I'm tired of that. Fil-

blew open with a bang and Over the Just as we were getting through flat an had so many children she-she had Way had him by the arm and was drag- breakfast John Berry gave a groan at to sleep on the doormat.-Good News,

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finding that he had more to do than he to the room Kelcey had occupied. expected, wrote until the small hours of the morning. "Notwithstanding the lateness of the

hour he was restless after he finally got to bed, and did not fall into a sound sleep; so that the light noise of the open ing door aroused him at once, and by th dim light from the hall he saw a muffled figure approaching his bed, while another form, also shrouded in drapery stood by the door. Count A, is a brave man and a strong man, and has always Home Journal. been a famous athelete: so rather enjoy-

ing the idea of the denouement he lay quietly in wait, knowing by a flash of intuition that the jewels were the object of the midnight marauders. A GREASED SUBGLAR

"The robber came steadily and noise lessly toward the box as if he were perfectly familiar with the location, while the count feigned sleep and allowed him to come near enough to lay his hand upon it. Then with a sudden movement he threw his powerful arms around the thief and shouted for help, but by an indescribable wriggle the creature slipped with the dexterity of a serpent from under the heavy sheetlike drapery, leaving it in my husband's clutch.

With a bound the latter was out of bed, and for the second time he had the miscreant in his grasp; but again he was foiled, this time by a new device which I will venture to say has never been heard of in the police reports of any civilized country. The man was completely nude and greased from head to foot with a soft, buttery substance that made him slippery as an eel. Notwithstanding that the count caught him several times he made good his escape, never relinquishing the box.

"Yes; the jewels are gone," continued the countess, in answer to an inquiry. "And what is more we could never trace them; there is no detective service in China that amounts to anything, and the wretches were completely successful. Baron H., although terribly afraid of the consequences of his having releasted his trust to another, behaved most handsomely, and completely exonerated my husband from all blame.

"Both gentlemen wished to give 114 money value for the loss, but this his imperial majesty would not permit. The story of the 'greased Chinaman' got about, however, and, we are told, vezed the Chinese officials not a little; and whether it was for this cause or for some other reason, we were shortly transferred. to another post. As it was in the path of promotion we were more than satisfied, and took no pains to discover the

It is a curious fact, by the way, that the French, who cannot cook a real beef-steak to the Anglo-Sax@ palate, can convert the horse into a savory dish. The opportunity for deception puts their culinary art upon its mettle, I suppose, head, some yeal scraps and the don alderman. - Alfred Trumble in New York Epoch.

Th bellboy was sent to the room to ask the occupants' permission to look for the nether garments. They were found be

tween the mattresses, and Barrymore undertook to do them up and forward them to his brother actor. When Kelcey received the package it contained, in addition to the trousers, a bill stating that Mr. Herbert Kelcey was indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Maurice Barrymore for pressing one pair of trousers -Boston

The Truth in Hot Weather

We are accustomed to say that the Americans are generally a truthful people. Is it owing to our climate? That has great extremes. The mean is fair. and produces national veracity. Whence comes, then, the habit of playful exaggeration, usually harmless, and perfectly understood as humorous? Is it the result of the extremes of heat and cold, especially of heat? Observation ought to tell us whether we are more truthful in the winter than in the summer, and whether the national habit of using ice water for a beverage is an attempt to counteract the veracity destroying power of a high temperature.

There is no doubt that we unbend in summer; moral reforms relax; the city churches are closed; society falls' into a flirtatious way, and only rounds up into seriousness of intention with the advent of the bracing autumn. Apparently it is the first frost that tones us up into veracity. It is a humiliating dependence.-Charles Dudley Warner in Harper's.

The Production of Pollen.

The immense number of pollen grains produced by a single flower apparently militates against the saying that nature allows nothing to be formed but what is needful. It seems, indeed, a vast waste of material to have such a multitude of grains when so very few would answer the same purpose. In a single flower of the peony there are about three and a half millions grains; a flower of the dandelion is estimated to produce nearly

two hundred and fifty thousand; the number of ovules in a flower of the Chiness wisteria has been counted and the number of pollen grains estimated, and it is found that for each ovule there are neven thousand grains.

While few fall below the thousands, many rise far above the peony in point of numbers. These are the wind fertilized flowers, and here nature must provide for an immense loss of material -Professor Joseph F. James in Popular Science Monthly.

The Sign of the Three Balls.

The three gilded balls used by pawa-brokers are the three gilded pills which the Florentine banking house of the Medici assumed as their arms when they became wealthy. The founder of the family had been a medicus; his children went into banking and got rich; they assumed the canting cost of arms of the pills, and bung hem out to show where their bank wastheir business being largely in the nature of pawnhroking. Their rivals caught on the idea and hung up three golden balls, and so their successors, having given up banking, retain the balls as the emblem of the pawnbroking side of the business.-New York Son.

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'I want to borrow your little daughter for the summer, if I may," said she, "Why, what for?" laughed the friend

"Oh," she replied, "I have a plan. You know how odd I am. My oddity has kept me single all these years. There never was a man that cared for me over a week, though I've had a hundred of em desperate for that length of time. Well, I've been doing the girl act up to the present moment, and have had all the fun I wanted. Last summer, however, I noticed that my fascination was waning, and that the men were neglecting me for the younger beauties.

"I didn't like that, and I set to work studying out some way for getting myself into condition to compete with the freshest of 'em. I've got it now. I'm going to be an interesting widow this summer. I shall go to a jolly little quiet hotel where no New York ladies are ever found, and I shall be Mrs. So and-So of New York. But I must have a child. I want a pretty, sweet little girl child of eight, and your Bertha is just the one I want. Now, you lend her me and let me pass her off as my daughter, and I'll invite you to go to Europe with me in the fall. Do, now, there's a dear. Take pity on a poor faded creature who can only make a hit by being a widow. Lend me Bertha, and make my summer happy."

But she did not get the child .-- New York Letter.

A Queer Occupation.

If you happen to see a pretty woman, smartly dressed, leading two or three valuable dogs in leash in the park these fine days don't lose your heart to her under the impression that it is one of th athletic young daughters of inherited es tates that you read about in English novels. No: she is one of the new do maids, taking some fine lady's pets out for an airing. She will tell you, if you chat with her on the benches, that the

dogs belong to her and her sister or chum, that she is devoted to the dear creatures, and so fond of lovely strolls in the park with them for protection Stuff!

She is paid by the hour for exercisis the brutes. My lady's maid that care for the son and heir must wear the badge of servitude; not so with she who cares for my lady's dog. She is a different sort of an individual, as is fitting to be out with dear doggie. She is intelligent and chic. Any girl likes to stroll in the park Any girl likes to lead a brace of hand-

some dogs, and of course the good pay abe receives for it is not objectionable for new gloves and bonnets. Advertisements in the papers like "A

lady, experienced, would exercise dogs in the park," are not at all unusual. The only thing that surprises you about it is the style and apparently good place of the girl who presents herself for this novel occupation. A dog in leash is only the mark of luxury and wealth .- New

Wells in the Desert.

The successful boring of an artesian well in the Colorado desert is of hopeful omen for the reclamation of that region. A mighty stream of water rose from a great depth-cool, pure water-and continues to flow. Other borings will doubtless he car-ried out, and then will the descri blossom as a garden. 00

A Crown to Her Husband

The editorial writer of one of the ablest and largest journals of the west in a woman. She is the journalist's month piece on all questions pertaining to the tariff, and few editorials are more widely copied. Her office is the library of her deasant home. She does all her writings on a typewriter, composing and writing at the same time. "The printer's devil" drops the proofs in a letter box outside her dining room window at the lunch hour.

A peculiar rattle at the shutter is a cipher dispatch from the editor, "Turn down or turn off steam." "That means," explained this brilliant woman, "that I must temper tomorrow's editorial-a little warmer, a little colder." A woman of infinite resources, she is a daily power, and earns a splendid salary. She repeatedly refuses to be "written up," though solicited by all sorts of syndicates. "My work," she says, with her proverbial good sense, "is being done by hundreds of men all over the country. There is no desire to learn of their personality or see their pictures. Why should there be any curiosity about me? Until I am able to do something that men have failed to do I refuse to give personal information or my photograph for publication. I think women defeat their best interests by running into print with every little thing they accomplish outside the beaten track."-Columbus (O.) Post.

A summer Home for Jewish Girls.

Through the efforts of the friends of working girls a working girls' club, composed exclusively of Jewish girls who work for a living, has been organized. This association has recently opened a summer home for the girls of the club. It is to differ from the homes of the other working girls' clubs in that it will be near the city. It will afford a bomelike and pleasant place at which to spend a vacation at a very reasonable rate. wealthy Jewish woman has offered to take charge of the house, and has closed her own home for the summer in order to enable her to give her entire attention to the work .- New York Letter.

A Dainty Treatment for Aspararus. A delicious dainty for hot weather lunches is asparagos salad. After the stalks are boiled they should be plunged at once into iced water, which prevents them from losing their natural color and also keeps them straight. Make a dress ing of oil, salt and pepper, substituting for vinegar a generous amount of lemon juice. This succulent vogetable is never eaten under more delicate and appetizing auspices than these.-New York Times

The Philadelphia School of Design has awarded the first prize for illustrating to Miss Aimee Tourgee, the daughter of Judge Albion Tourgee. She is only twenty years old, and expects to go abroad after a preliminary course of study at the New York Art League. The prize Miss Tourgee has just won is a gold medal worth fifty dollars, pre-mented by George W. Childs.

reason."-New York Tribune. Cooking in Paris.

just as if you give them the primest green turtle out of the West Indies, they will spoil it in the pot, while from a calf stock kettle they will make you a mock tell you 'hout an old woman who lived in a turtle soup to delude any one but a Lon-

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