

it was little, fearful maid. When mother left her alone. Her door with iron bolt she staid.

ABOVE THE DAM.

A broad waving field of corn on an Ohio farm. At the top of a little hill, beneath a group of buckeyes, sits a woman with two children playing in the grass at her feet.

From the village, behind the hill, comes a family of four. The father is a stout, well-to-do man, the mother a woman of middle years, and two children, a boy and a girl, are running and playing about them.

There is a beautiful little stream which winds through the country. In the morning of New York called the Bronx river. In places it is so narrow one could jump from one bank to the other.

"Yes, we have only two more days," said Tom. "Two more days—two more days," sang Tommy from the stern, to the tune of "Home Again," rocking the boat mean while.

"Be quiet, Tommy, or you'll upset the boat," said Maria. "We wouldn't drown if I did, sis. I expect in bathing right here yesterday it isn't up to my neck."

"Why didn't you let me row in the first place?" cried Tommy. "Adelele beat down her head that she might conceal her laughter behind the brim of her straw hat."

"The bow of their boat shot to the left, and the stern wavered and just grazed the other. In the bottom of the boat lay a full length young man clad in a white bathing suit. His hat was off and his head had rested on his crossed hands.

Stop. For one long second Cora looked down into a pair of deep blue eyes which looked up into hers. Then Tommy began to explain stilly with the oars.

"If you do not wish it, I will turn back at once," he said gently. "It shall be just as you direct, but I would like to give you the flower."

"Cora sank back in her seat. "Go on," she said. Her voice sounded strange in her own ears—she felt that she longed to be forever with this youth, neither asking nor caring whether.

"Your little cousin has told me something of you," he said. "He is a very bright boy. He told me what your first name is. Shall I tell it to you? It is Cora."

"You are not a girl, are you?" she asked. "No, I am a boy," he said. "I am a very bright boy. He told me what your first name is. Shall I tell it to you? It is Cora."

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CREDULITY OF MAN.

Two Good Stories Illustrating A BROKER'S THEORY. Some Men Will Believe Almost Anything Without Logical Investigation It Seems to Be in Earnest.

They wandered from subject to subject in a listless way over their coffee and cigars, as men often do when they have enjoyed a good dinner, until the broker got on his favorite hobby—the average man's credulity.

"Well, I'll give you an instance. It is a pretty good story anyhow, and perfectly true, almost incredible as it seems. In the town where I was born there lives an old river captain named Stewart, who is a great practical joker. The proprietor of one of the two hotels in the place is a rather pompous and conceited old man. Stewart walked into the office of the hotel one day a few weeks ago, and drawing out one dollar bank note asked the proprietor if he could change an eleven dollar bill.

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KATE SANBORN'S HOME.

An Odd Country House Near Boston and Its Costs Her but \$40 a Year. After the days of travel and the intrigues of the streets of Boston, it is more than agreeable to hear the railway conductor call "Metrol" as the station of this exceedingly rural suburb of the "Hub" is reached.

A wide piazza has been stretched around one corner of the old domicile, which is filled with near things, white ironstone of all kinds and shapes, pretty and grotesque, and a wire stretched from post to post, filled with wire balls, slough balls and silver bells, forms a screen between it and the roadside.

"Where did you get them all?" asked the writer. "Picked them up here and there," was the reply, "like all the rest of the odd things in the house."

"No, you must see my outdoor pets," says my hostess. "Just look at my chickens, there are over 200 of them."

"I saw one of them bats the other day in the city," said Stewart to the little group of men who had gathered around him, and I had had a mind to get it, but as I was in a hurry I didn't stop. They are something entirely new. They don't bark, you know. I'd like to have that bat. What'll you take for it?"

"I don't want to sell it," answered the owner, grinning with pleasure at being the object of so much attention. "I didn't know it was fireproof though. Are you sure about it?"

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WOMAN AND A PURSE.

TRIBULATIONS OF A PRETTY WOMAN'S POCKETBOOK. Here is a Detailed List of the Contents of Times One Pocketbook Was "Lost, Strayed or Stolen" in the Short Space of a Few Months—Lustrious Misses.

It is a great combination—the woman and her pocketbook. It serves as a source of never tiring satire in masculine circles, and of never failing anxiety in feminine ones.

I have been looking up the history of just one pocketbook. It—the pocketbook—is relegated to the past now, but while it is in known existence it had a lively experience. It was a handsome pocketbook, dark blue almost black, with corners and clasp of solid silver. There was no alarm about it anywhere. It had one piece of leather for the outside, and the pockets were made of one continuous piece of kid.

She had some pockets in her coats. She formed the habit of placing it in a side pocket, where she could easily feel it with her hand. One day she was walking along the street, and at the corner of a crowded thoroughfare she was jostled by a number of men.

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WHEN CRIME WAS A SERIOUS THING.

Punishment Inflicted Upon the Lawless in Ancient Pennsylvania. The unhappy people who are being sent to jail or have costs to pay at Media this week, may think that the days that they did not live in the early days of the colony of Pennsylvania.

The assembly that convened at Chester Dec. 4, 1682, enacted a code of laws that made the people of the new colony live up to the mark, and while many of the several penalties in the Duke of York's code were enforced, yet the unfortunate deemed them harsh enough. The man or woman who used profane language was punished by fine or imprisonment, and more than one person had reason for regret for expressing their feelings in public with too much emphasis.

The severest punishment was meted out for libelous conduct. A public whipping and one year's imprisonment was the penalty for the grosser degrees of this crime, while a second offense was punishable by imprisonment for life. This law was amended in 1705, the first offense being punishable by the infliction of twenty-one lashes and imprisonment for one year or a fine of fifty pounds. A second conviction subjected the culprit to seven years' imprisonment, the letter "A" was branded on his forehead.

The man that had more than one wife, instead of being an object of commiseration, was liable to be sent to jail for life, while the man who broke into a house and stole was sent to jail for four months. He had to work like a leaver, however, and unless he restored fourfold to the party the court sent him up for seven years to give him time for reflection.

Murder was punished with death and the forfeiture of half the estate of the felon. Theft was punished with public whipping and various terms of imprisonment, while restitution had to be made from three to fourfold.

The minor regulations prohibited all persons from taking part in stage plays, revivals, masques and kindred worldly pursuits, so that any troupe that had chanced to drop into Pennsylvania with the "Tara-ra Boom-dee" would have been sent higher than Gildersleeve's kite.

Drinking of health was punishable by a fine of five shillings or five days' imprisonment, and horse racing, shooting matches and sports of like character were interdicted. If the offenders happened to be slaves they were whipped and imprisoned instead of fined.—Chester (Pa.) News.

Dodging the Road.

"What's the use of fixing up the road?" said a "patron" in the country, who had been reproached because he did not cause the proper amount of work to be done on the highway. "When the truck gets so bad that we can't travel on it we can dodge out and start another track. The road-walkers are enough."

The results of this practice were seen on nearly all the highways throughout the State, many roads wide, which lay between the road fences, was cut by a series of deep ruts, each one representing a track in which vehicles had gone in order to "dodge" what had once been supposed to be the established roadway.

The original provision of a very wide roadway which had been intended in the interest of good roads had led to a result quite different from that which was intended. Instead of one good road roadway it had become a series of narrow roads with no true roadway at all.

So long as a general level, grassy surface enabled wagon travelers to "dodge" the road when it was in bad condition they dodged it, and as a result the track was never in good condition.

If the roadway had been one-quarter as wide necessity might have constrained the people to take better care of it. A roadway only sufficiently wide to allow two wagons to meet and pass, but well kept, is certainly worth more than a road which is an eighth of a mile wide and in some places anywhere.—Youth's Companion.

Marriage Among the Wends.

A parlor talk recently on the Wends, who, it seems, were originally Slavs, but considered 400 years ago by the Teutons, and the historical dependents of Germany, reveals the fact that some curious customs originated with these little known folk. It was always leap year, in limited principle, at least, with those people, for the maid selected their husbands. Then the man's mother took a hand in the transaction, and the young man, in a joyful captivity to the world for half a year, the wife appreciating that to leave the parent nest was a critical step, the matrimonial conditions must have been of the best.—Her Point of View in New York Times.

Baldness Among Married Women.

There is no apparent reason why girls should not inherit a tendency to baldness as well as boys, unless that tendency is hereditary. In a chair in the parlor of a large hotel for an hour one day, with people coming and going all the time, its various experiences were teaching it something of the world.

One day she was on a crowded steamer. The wind on her face was so strong, and so disagreeable and she changed to the other side. In about half an hour she discovered that she had left her pocketbook in the other seat. She flew around the corner, sure that this was the last time she could lose that pocketbook. But no, there it was. A lovely elderly lady and her husband were taking care of it for her. They were strangers to her, but had found her name and address inside the purse.

Then one night this pretty little affair took a sort of fiendish revenge on her for her carelessness or absentmindedness or whatever it was. She went to a reception, in donning a dress that she had worn several times she discovered that her dressmaker had put a pocket in one of the back seams. It was a great surprise, and for once she should not have to worry about her pocketbook. She slipped it out of the pocket, buttoned it in securely with the blind fastening and for once threw off all care of it. While she and her husband were waiting for their carriage one of the ladies, who she had met for the first time that night, came up in great distress and said: "I have lost my pocketbook. I got it down somewhere while I was adjusting my hat, and it is gone."

Her husband volunteered his services, and she waited patiently for some time. He was sympathetic with the loss. She finally said: "Some one must have thought it was their own and picked it up." As she spoke she glanced down at her own lovely pocketbook. It was not hers at all. Hers was blue and this was black. Hers was where was hers? And then the thought of that newly discovered pocket came to her. Hers for once was safe, and she hid, from the habit of having a pocketbook in her hand, appropriated one belonging to some one else. She rushed after the lover of the pocketbook. She tried to explain, but never felt that she made her explanation at all.

That pocketbook had gone through a good deal and could endure much, but there was a limit to it. It met its Waterloo in Paris. Without going into details, it was snatched from her hand one morning at 11 o'clock on one of the most respectable boulevards in the city. The thief was dressed in common blouse and a laborer's hat. He was captured within the week. All there was left of the beautiful pocketbook was a new suit of gray, a gray hat, a white shirt and a red necktie. The man took with him to his prison house for eighteen months.

It would not surprise her, if in the irony of fate, the little blue pocketbook came back to her some time.—Texas News in Chicago Inter Ocean.

Ernest's Tribute to Women.

Ernest Renan used to say that he was loved by the four women whose affection he valued above all others—his mother, his sister, his wife and his daughter. His daughter, he said, "that the judgments which will be passed upon us in the Valley of Jehoshaphat will be neither more nor less than those of women, counterbalanced by the Almighty."

Furnishing a Bedroom.

Do not have your bedroom walls covered with plain paper. It gives them a cold and unfinished look, unless you have plenty of pictures to hang there. Some pictures do not belong in a bedroom. The wall effects that are good for living rooms, libraries, dining rooms, etc., do not suit bedrooms, the pretty chintz patterns papers are best for these. One is soft green, with green trees across the top, another with white woodwork and blue Tronçon tiles. With a chocolate colored woodwork you can have large pink and cream peonies on the walls. With cream colored paper have yellow flowered wall paper.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Future Comfort.

Little Ethel—Hedge Rex and I is going to be married when we grow up.

Little Ethel—You don't like Hedge?

Little Ethel—I don't, but married men is never at home, and I'd rather have him away all the time than any boy I know yet.—Good News.

First Manager—Some prima donna want the earth.

Second Manager—That is so. I once engaged one who demanded all the receipts of the house, but still I made money.

"How did you make out to do that?"

"I married her when the season was over."—Texas Siftings.

A Teacher's Confession.

There is a young and beautiful school girl in town who went with a chaperon to a reception one Saturday evening. In the delay of leaving taking midnight was crossed. The agony of having broken the Sabbath, although for not over five minutes, sent the girl home in tears.—New York Evening Sun.

Three Million Stockings in a Year.

The women, girls and children of New York City use up 3,000,000 pairs of stockings in a year, and that is putting the average only a trifle above three pairs for each.

The difference in the price of stock legs is so great, ranging from the unbleached cotton, which you pay for four cents a pair, to the beautifully embroidered silk pair, made to match the costume and bringing \$20, that it seems absurd to try to name the average price.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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