

THE CLUTCHES OF A GRIFFIN

to have been rude and overbearing be-

"And then," she concluded, "I just

to 'tend to poor people, too, as well I

in those veracious histories, he could

across my path; geese bissed at me, to

dren swarmed about the doors, and

that I had not the slightest idea in the

world of where I was. Yes, I was lost.

I stood still and looked blankis

s raw, to feel that my ankle was

giving out. I was just making up my

raind to ask the way to the nearest car

time of the next person whom I should

meet, when I saw a buggy coming

down the street. A sudden hope took

possession of me. He always came

when I was in some undignified and

He pulled up at that quavering cry.

'And what are you doing in Rock

etts, miss?" he demanded, as he helped

& wild wave of exhibaratin had come

over me when I feit myself safe in the

"I was only paying some calls," !

said in an off-hand way. "Aren't the

chains of society burdensome? I am

"Calls!" he repeated. "And where

"I was going to the Plunketts"," I

I began to repent my nonsense when

he took a little red notebook out of his

"Well, Miss Frances," he said sui-

Forgiven you, for what?" I question-

He gave a short laugh, still turning

As he sat looking down, with his brow

cienr daylight, I stole timid glances

the leaves of his book, but did not an-

of mortification swept over me.

"But never mind-it isn't their

were you calling in Rocketts?"

and looked at me for a moment in the

ridiculous plight. And yes!

blankest amazement,

me in

vehicle.

sald.

really tired."

day anyway.

"Oh, Dr. Griffin!" I called out.

never before heard his name.

r was n real relief, when papa's from his sent. "Well, how is that anow doctor was gruff and terrify kle of yours?" to say "bear" all to myself. It seemed my fate always to be seen orhaps, I diverted my attention by Dr. Griffin at a disadvantage-from the from what he was telling me | the time when he just saved me from a device or he scared me into tem- murdering papa with the wrong medidiocy by his grim demeanor. cine on through various misadventures rate, I was conscious that as a almost to the present day and I have I had cut a poor figure. nated him afresh every time, as if it

cemed a special pity that poor were all his fault. Some people alchould have had that illness just | ways see one at her best-he appeared when mamma and Isabel were in on the scene invariably when one was ore. Mamma had gone there to least desirous of speciators. for the care of Dr. Baker, and she | I started out with rather a sinking not come home, and Isabel could heart not long after the adventure of eave her. If we had only had our the poem-which incident, by the way, old doctor it would have been bet | had rankled not a little in my mindot he was in Europe, and papa to hunt up a Sunday school pupil who alled in this Dr. Griffin, who, peo- had dropped off, after an attendance emed to think, was something of a Sunday or two upon my class. He erful. It was said that his prace was said to live on a small street which was really something phenomenal I had never heard of, in a remote and so young a man the was verging on not especially genteel part of the city, am sure that is not so very young which I had never explored, and I forely amount of practice), and I sup- saw that I should get lost. I stopped se had to economize his forces, but on my way at the house of another de him dreadfully disagreeable. | pupil of mine, whom I knew to be ill was sitting by papa's bed when be and whom I had been visiting for some

in that first day. Some people time, de such a hero of him that I felt a His mother received me in a cold. curious to see him, anxious and stuffy little parlor, and entertained me ded as I was, and I smiled at him while Johnnie was being made ready ely as I could as papa said, "My for company. I listened sympathetihier, doctor"-though he was lit- cally to a long narrative of the heartless as than appalling; extraordinarily treatment she had received from her and gaunt and awkward, with a physician, who really did seem to have d, serious face and a shock of neglected his poor little patient, and my hair like a lion's mane.

was about to go, but as he did not sides. I had passed him once as I went e in my direction he was proba- in, and had noticed how red and bloatot aware of my intention. He ed his face was, and had thought then ty inclined his head and said: that he was drunk. He was a physiss Macon will please go out." Which clan, I suppose, of no standing. I had s Macon did with all due celerity. at was but the beginning of a seof shrinkages that I underwent 'phoned for Dr. Griffin. My husband ing this illness of papa's. I am said, 'Don't you be bothering Dr. Grif-5 feet 4 to start with, but every fin; he's got more'n he can do 'tending rview with the doctor made me feel to the rich people.' But he's got time ot or two shorter.

en I looked out of the window one knew. And I 'phoned and he came. and actually saw mamma and Isa- An' he's an angel in a sick room?" getting out of a carriage at the door. The comparison struck me as so luas as if a ton weight had been lift- dicrous that a smile arose to my face from me. The doctor was with papa | nefore I could check it. o, however, was almost well), and I "If I was Queen Victoria and John n my own room keeping out of his nie was the queen's son he couldn't be I dashed downstairs like a mad ginder. Now, you can just walk right g and hung my foot somehow or in and see how pert Johnnie's bettin'." ght my dress on a loose serew (I After leaving there I walked on, and never known which), and fell al- on, as the story books say, and it really from the top of the flight to the d.d seem that I had embarked upon The doctor rushed out of one of the vague, nightmareish quests n's room and was at the foot of the of the Norse tales. The end of my

rs almost as soon as I was. Mamma journey seemed always just at hand, d Isabel appeared frantically from and still it lengthened, lengthened, till opposite direction, papa calling I could fancy that I was a lovelorn prinupstairs all the time to know cess looking for the Castle of the it all meant. I was so ashamed Clouds. If Benaparte Plunket had livaving caused the commotion that I ed east o' the sun and west o' the moon, to get up hastily and close the or at any other of the addresses given

it's nothing. I just slipped," I not, it seemed to me, have been more n, struggling to my feet-and then tantalizingly inaccessible. He took on. at, palpitating darkness settled at inst, a half-mythical character in dl. I revived to find myself, as it my mind, as I could find no trace of "in the clutches of a griffin." (1 him. ong appilled his name to him in a | Hens and chickens ran squawking ctly opprobrious sense,) that do you mean by tearing about any unspeakable discomposure; puddles

use in that fashion?" he demand- of ill-smelling water appeared on the opping at the door as he was mean sidewalks; dirty women and chilsomehow I was not so afraid of still Bonaparte Plunkett's place of resi-

now, and for reply I only laughed dence ever receded from me. I began and manely from my station on to have a distinctly disreputable feeltofa. It was well that my terror ing, as if I were becoming assimilated m had lessened, for that miserable to my squalld environments, and a ned ankle required his attention faint fear arose within me as I realized or less throughout that winter. strange thing happened soon after

ma and Isabel came home. Isabel ery pretty and very bright. We around me, beginning, as the last sitting together after tea wheabell rang, and who should be ush in but Dr. Griffin. And with his ent-which was not at all an imement-though I had thought that change would be. It was so wonul to see him sitting there laughing talking, "like folks," as Mammy used to say, that I could not do thing but stare at him. And when d Carey came in I was positively oked. But then I never saw Fred so stupid and uninteresting.

st very long after that another rekable thing happened. The first iderful thing, by the way, began to en pretty frequently after a while ink I have a little knack of rhyming. one day a magazine—a real magatook one of my pieces. Such a g had never happened before and never happened since. It was a mental little effusion, which was about anything or anybody in parflar, but it seemed to me to be pretand it sounded as if it meant a good

was standing on the porch when ned the letter which the postman I just handed to me. I remember it a beautiful spring morning, when | pocket, and, utterly ignoring my pres cup of happiness was running over | ence, began to look over it with knitted way, and this last drop was almost brows. We drove on in perfect slience auch. I was about to fly into the for several blocks, and he manifested e, as fast as my disabled ankle no intention of resuming the conversauld allow, when I heard the click of tion at all, while I, on my part, was gate. I waved my letter to Dr. occupied in regretting that I had totally in as he came up the walk, and he forgotten that I was "on my dignity." illed at my absurdly radiant face. (t as my old nurse would say. s almost worth while to be so grim oking, to be so transformed by a denly, without looking up, "have you le. I thought to myself. I did not forgiven me?"

it for greetings or questions, "I have got a piece accepted by the ingly replied, but a reminiscent wave ungazinel" I said, eagerly. "Ah, that's good?" he replied.

at are you scribbling about?" "Oh, it's just lovely!" I said. "Don't swer. m want me to say it to you?" "Go ahead, and don't jumble it," he furrowed and his rugged face showing plied, dropping down upon one of the every hard line at its hardest in the

ats on the porch. I clasped my hands behind me and at him and wondered how I had ever fled off my piece, flushing a little as | nad the temerity to recite those mis-

did it from suppressed laughter at crable, sentimental verses of mine to own audacity. And then I looked Lim, of all men! I blushed botly as I alm for applause. There was a blank thought of my folly. nce, and my eyes sank and checks | The horse had slackened his pace, but

the doctor did not seem to rotice it. "Humphi" he said at last, getting up | "Have you been writing any more, ments make her look.

poetry?" he asked, as if becoming conscious of the claims of civility. "No," I said stiffly.

He made no pretense of interest in my answer. Indeed, he was quite evidently not at all attending to what I mid. "I didn't like that-what's its ame?-sonnet of yours," he remarked.

dapping the horse with the reins. "Ah," I said, as if I had not already wen crushed by the snubbing which had received.

"Do you want to know why I didn't ike it?" he went on. He put his book town and looked at me with a queer

"Yes," I said, but still with the baughtiness born of inward humilia-

jerked at the reins.

pering about some whippersnapper," ica. It probably becomes milder by be-

he said, "when I want you myself." When the trees and houses had settled back into their normal places and first gained a footbold in Fiji it was as tinet Christien ground of putting himthe waterfall had ceased rushing and virulent and as fatal as chelera. resering in my ears I looked at him and saw that he was talking on, but of what he said I had only the vaguest notion. The blankness of my face culy when "other things are equal," must have struck him at last, for he that is to say, when the quality of trade, business or profession he can stopped abruptly.

Wait, don't say anything yet," be

We were drawing near to my own ome, but the horse went very slowly. there was something positively uncanhis tone-"but don't say anything un-

been 1,000 years already. It was such Darwin was abnormal as regards the an old, old fact that Dr. Griffin had ask- size and development of the head." ed me to marry him that I felt that I had been born with the consciousness of it. I tried to remember how things In a popular history of America pubwere before it happened, but no, there lished many years ago an account is was nothing before that.

the buggy and selemnly walked with ing game in the mountains, selzed a at the porch.

es'-don't make me wait."

at him standing upon the walk below. knows how long, but which still weighs

flew upstairs to my own room. chutters and I saw that he had bowed sliver formed in strings, and afterward his head on his hat for a moment, as compacted into a mass. The nugget

he were in church. What a ridiculous couple we will be: seum in Washington. -Ladies' Home Journal.

A POET'S TREASURES.

Strange Contents. Field's room, the one which holds his got ahead of some basing collegians, his idea was in selecting this red paper with its grotesque yet conventional swirl. In Henry B. Fuller's "With the Procession" that author tells about a Thicago woman named Susan Bates, who furnished her whole house magnificently except one little room,

Upon this room she spent a great ical of money, and visited many oldfashioned stores, in order to furnish it ike a primitive one she had occupied when a girl in her father's house. Now his was partly Eugene Field's idea in urnishing his own room. He was fond of grotesque effects, he loved red pasonately, and he wanted a reminder of the furnishings of a century ago. Where he found that gorgeous red paer, or the olu-fashioned calico for the ed curtain, would be difficult to tell, but he had a knack for discovering quaint things which other people pass y without notice. When it is added hat the rugs on the floor are also red, perhaps it may be imagined that this room is hideous. But it is not. The long bookense on one side, the white arranged shelves holding Mr. Field's a century is assigned as the probable treasures, and a gray screen repeating with a slight variation the same singular swirl that is upon the walls relieve the eye to such an extent that the effect

As you enter the room, you are conattractions of the room.

one of Cinderella's glass slipper. There it can be kept pure for years, and are also two strange wooden horses, transported safely thousands of miles. one used by Mr. Toole, the English zetor, when he played "The Cricket on the Hearth," and the other, daubed with a few spots of paint, used by Mr. Jefferson in the same play. Neither above the window, -St. Nicholas,

No woman really looks as nice with ner clothes as the corset advertise- letter that I received recently from a



It is reported that a terrible epidem) He took off his hat and looked care. Costa Rica. One writer says that as and that moment remembered leaving these diseases in a period of three something of the highest value which weeks. The government suppresses

reemed to be missing. And then he put the facts. It is well known that it on again. He cleared his throat and theasles is a much more dangerous disease in countries where it has never "I didn't like to think of your whim. been known than in Europe and Amering filtered through the bodies of successive generations. When meastes

Brain and Mind. Great size of head and brain is ind cative of extraordinary mental power | manity, is simply a matter of studying brain is fine and the vital functions generally are of a superior order. Proportion to the size and weight of the entire body is also to be taken into account. An Illustration of the fact that "If you could tell me," he began- the size of the head is not a direct and envarying measure of intellectual ny and awful to me in the humility of greatness is suggested by the remark in a recent biography of Louis Agassia less it is 'yes.' Take time-any length that while Cuvier and Agassiz both possessed "enormous heads and largely Time! It seemed to me that it had developed brains, neither Lamarck nor

A Hig Chank of Filver. given of the discovery of a silver mine Neither spoke as he helped me out of he Peru by an Indian, who, while chasme up the long green yard. He paused shrub for support, and the shrub, coming loose in his hands, revealed glitter-"If," he said, "you could possibly say ing masses of silver clinging to its roots. This story is recalled by the recent dis-I ran up the steps without replying, covery in Pinal County, Arizona, of a and opened the door, stopping with my sugget of native silver which had been hand upon the knob, and looking back washed and worn by water no one "Yes," I said, and, banging the door, +18 troy ounces. It is of an aval form, and its surface is so marked as to in-Then I peeped at him through the dicate that it consists of crystals of has been placed in the National Mu-

Got Ahead of Them. A writer in the Springfield Republican tells a story of the boyhood of Eugene Field's Queer Room and Its Judge C. B. Andrews, of the Connecticut Supreme Court. The story shows Before we go upstairs to Eugene how he, when a freshman at Amherst,

choicest treasures, it is necessary to It was the custom then to smoke out emind you again that he has a child's the freshmen. A party of a dozen or we of grotesque toys and of barbaric more of the fellows would enter the olors and effects. He was especially room of an unsuspecting boy, light their fond of red. The room in which he pipes and smoke until the victim gave time of distress, it would be difficult to dled is papered with a fantastic, swirt. In and offered a treat. When they came ing pattern on a red ground, which is into Andrew's room they were without absolutely exasperating to those peo- their pipes and had no tobacco about that went before him outdoes even his ple who prefer soft browns and dull them, but with a stern voice one fellow reds. Few persons understand what handed Charles a dollar and ordered him to go and procure pipes and tobac co for the crowd.

Charles went out, and soon returned with ninety nine pipes and one cent's worth of tobacco. What the boys did to him for his audacious act is not related, but it is a fact that they did not smoke him out that night.

The Earth's Animals. A recent computation places the en are number of species of animals which up to the present time have been described by naturalists at 300,000. Many new species are added every year as previously unexplored lands are in yaded by students enger to gain distinct tion by adding valuable contributions to the lists of science. The number of species aiready known is so great that even naturalists are sometimes troubled to keep track of them, and a project has just been set on foot in Germany to publish a work in which the entire animal population of the globe shall be arranged and described on a uniform system. The publication is to be begun next year, and a quarter of period needed for its completion. Not ouly German, but English, French and American naturalists will have a hand

in the work. The Science of Yearts. A translation into English of the conted with two hideous figures. An work of the great German authority outlandish Japanese figure is suspended on fermentation, Prof. E. C. Hansen from the wall by one arm. In the calls attention to the important serother it holds three Japanese gongs fus vices which science has recently renened together so as to make a loud dered to the brewers of the "Father ound when struck with the red stick, land." About ten years ago Prof. The other is the face of a hobgobin Hansen experienced much difficulty attached to the headboard of his bed- and opposition in obtaining admission stead. Field pretended that he bought to the Old Carlsberg brewery for the it to frighten away his babies when purpose of carrying on researches inco hey insisted upon interrupting him the origin and nature of the yeasts on while he was writing; but, like their which the production of beer depends, father, they were so fond of the ludi- The brewers were practically familiar rous that the strange faces the mon- with the culture of yeast, and did not ster would make when certain strings believe that a scientific professor could were fulled only made them laugh; so | tell them anything new or useful about he intended bugaboe but added to the the subject, although the yeast often behaved in a manner which they could On the shelves one may find a strange not explain and which caused thea officerion of quaint bottles of every much disappointment and loss. But onceivable shape and size, and Mr. within a few years the professor had Pield hunted many shops for those can- discovered facts they had never dreamdelabra which our grandmothers loved ed of, had taught them a better system those with glass pendants through of cultivating yeast, and had made which a child may distinguish the sev- their brewery famous throughout the on colors of the rainbow. He also had selentific world, on account of his exqueer collection of canes, candlesticks periments. Various kinds of yeast nd baby shoes. Not alone the first cause "disease" in beer, and Hansen swells that sweep across the ocean hoes his own hables were, with the has discovered the means of guarding oes and heels worn out, but wooden against it. He has also devised methshoes, and even glass since, reminding ods of preserving "stock" yeast so that

Selecting a Vocation.

"The young man who says, I have given my heari to the Lord, and, therefore, I am going to study for the min must one forget Mrs. Hawthorne's gin- Istry,' misses the entire point," says ger-jar, nor the ax Mr. Gladstone gave Dr. Parkhurst in an article on "Select-Engene Field. The az is suspended ing a Career," in the Ladies' Home Journal. "There is no Therefore' about it. That is a petrifogging way of meeting a great situation. I quote from a

about the criminal courts I have seen LET US ALL LAUGII. many a sad scene, and at last it has come to that polet that I am almost deeided to cast aside my bright future in law, and enter the service of the Lord." answered him that he was writing nonsense. What he mennt by the service of the Lord' was the Christian ministry, and that is no more a service of the Lord than any other reputable calling. It is not what a man dies that makes his service Christian; it is putfing his career under contribution to the public weat instead of mortgaging it to his own preferment, that makes ila servica Christian. There is a great for of small thinking about these partabolishing taxes that you can sucar ters and well-meaning inductibly that of measles and numps is raging in works damagingly all around. My correspondent furthermore wrote that he fully into the crown, frowning as if he many as ten thousand children died of had learned to distrust the law.' All the more reason, then, why he should stay in the law. We cannot improve a thing by standing off and 'distrusting' it, but by Jumping in and converting it. If all the consecration is put into the ministry and all the brains into the other professions neither the pulpit nor the world will profit. The sum and substance of all of which is that when a young man has come out on to the disself under contribution to the public weal, the selection of a career, best suited to himself and to the needs of huadaptations, and deciding by what art,

subserve that went the best." Field's Fondness for Children. Engene Field was a man of generous. He gained and held the love of little Gr. you live? children and of men and woment for n his writings he appealed to young and old, and every gentle nature respouded to the magic of his honest

He was a great lover of animals, and was constantly making pets of them. He was very fond of birds, but, as he disliked to see them caged, he looked at himself about?" said the mosquito forward to the time when he could add. "During the half-hour that I have been to his new home a good conservatory, flying around his head he was done where the birds might find a home and nothing but hit himself in the jaw avery By in and out among the plants. After half minute or so,"-Indianapatts sourse had once become attached to a pet of nal. any kind it was exceedingly hard for din to give it up. For several years he paid the board of two old dogs at a farm. Some of his friends thought this a foolish expense; but he said he would not have the dogs killed, as they had been faithful to him in their younger days, and he did not believe in descriing old friends Several years ago a Jerusalem donkey was given to the Field boys, and they named it Don Caesar de Buena. After they became too old to drive with him, it was a serious question what to do with "Don." For some pieces for the paper? time lie was boarded at a livery stable. His board bill soon became quite a serious matter. But Mr. Field would not mave him sold, for fear that the children's old comrade might fall into un kind hands. At last a friend in Ker incky offered a home for the donkey and there he is now, spending his last days in luxurious case on a blue-grass

farm. St. Nicholas. Pharaoh the Oppressor. The worst blot on his character was its ruthless destruction of the works of his predecessors. No doubt, in such a supply warkmen for public monuments; but his atter disregard for everything orgulous father, and is painfully in contrast to the expeful restoration made by his artistic grandfather, Seti I. He planted his fundral temple just behind the magnificent building of Amenhotep III., and proceeded to smash up every portable stone, whether statue or tablet, to throw in for his own foundations, and then reared his walls with the noble blocks of the great temple, and even stole the very bricks. Not content with taking what he wanted, he further defaced what he could not use; and all over Egypt the statues of the kings may be seen with his name rudee cut over their inscriptions, or battered with a hammer on the exquisitely polished surfaces of the other monarchs. With little of scruples, of taste, you your sins. or of feeling, he was yet not devoid of ability and energy for a difficult position; and though we may not rank him with a Trajan, a Belisarius, or an Al-

dius Gothicus, a George rae Second, or Victor Emmanuel.-Century. A Port's Gifts to His Little Friends. As we all know, Mr. Field was ever gentle and tender to the little ones. If they were in any way weak or afflicted, they appealed all the more strongly to the love of which his beart was so full. His nature was as simple as a child's, and he loved the children's toys as auch as they did. His sympathetic enjoyment of their pleasure in any new oy was a revelation to the every-day an or woman. One day I went with m into a toy store to get some little hings for the babies, as he rarely went ome empty-handed. After he had purhased several things; he ordered a doza medium-sized bisque dolls. I wonfered what he was going to do with so many, and put the question to him. He answered: "Oh, I like to have them, end when little girls come to see me can give them a dolly to take home. ome time after his death, the family ound the box that had contained the folls. There was only one left, and nat one in some way had been broken. It was only a few weeks before bis ife ended that he bought these dollsto he must have had many visits from his dittle friends. St. Nicholas.

tred, yet it would be hard to deny him

he company of a Vespasian or a Clau-

Size of an Earthquake Wave. Seismologists say that every great arthquake causes pulsations which exend for thousands of miles in all diections on the globe, and Prof. Milne Exens such pulsations to the long, low Recently Prof. Charles Davison has at tempted to measure the height and length of the waves of an earthquake that occurred in Greece on April 27, 1894, the pulsations of which were pergived by the aid of a specially contructed pendulum at Birmingham in England. The pulsations, or waves. passed through the rocky crust of the arth with a velocity of about two miles a second, and each of the largest of them, according to Prof. Davison, must have been about twenty-clight miles in length, but only baif an Inch in beight!

In order to thoroughly enjoy a novel, a married woman must temporarily roung lawyer in Ohio: In my daily life | forget that she is married.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over Sayingathut Are Cheer-Did you out yourself while shaving? ful to Old or Young - Funny selections that You Will Unjoy.

would be better to say that I shaved my self while cutting.-Roxbury Ga-One View
Jones-Pon'i you think the taxes on zette. personal property should be absorbed; Smith Why? What is the fixed of

off T-New York World.



Clara-But why are you going to marry Frank, when you like I red better? Marks-Frank asked me drst.

Commuters. Pead of Firm-I can't have you ar-

ander spirit and boundless sympathy. Tiving so late in the morn hig, sir. Where New Clerk-At Brixton, close to the

> Head of Firm-Uh, I see. Well, move arther away and come in by an ex ress train. Sketch.

The Mesquite Purched, wonder what that man is so ange,

Feeds of Dissension. The Sunday School Teacher What is meant by the seeds of dissemion? Mary Jane Griggs-Please, ma'am they puts 'em in a fruit jar and seals 'em up an' you guesses on 'em, ma'ana nn' if you guesses right you gets a bedroom set or a tandem bistckle, Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Identified. Editor's boy-Papa, who is this "Vox Populi," anyway, that writes so many

Editor-Well, Edwin, he thinks his other name is "Yox Dei," but in most cases it is "Mud."-Somerville Journal.

Had Tried It. "Fannie, I have told you time and again not to speak when older persons were talking, but wait until they stop." "I've tried that already, mamma,

They never stop."-Texas Sifter.



Farmes-Are you aware you're a tres

Facetious Gent-Certainly, and may the Lord forgive us our trespasses and

Betrayed by Her Looks. Bicycle Girl-I completed my first

century yesterday. Hobson-You look lt.

Bicycle Girl Sir! Hobson-Oh-ah, I mean that's a splendld record for such a young rider as you.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

- Living Contradiction Hobson-See that man there? He's

a living contradiction. Dobson-How's that? Hobson-Funny man on the newspaper and makes joking a seriors least-

ness.-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Small Boaster. Jimmy-You're afraid to fight: that's What It is. Thomas-No, I ain't, but if I fight my

An Hamilestod Countenance

we when he talks it she asked of Plusas

ion and lantern Jawa,"-Detroit Free

Hetter Fo.

Bismog-Zibley, your face is a sight

Elldey-Not exactly, Perhaps II

eg's rival for her hand.

"What makes I husboy's face light up

"Recause he has a headlight complex-

nother'll know and lick me. J(mm) How will she find out ch? Thomas She'll see the doctor going to your house.-Pittsburg Bullet'n.

Vast Differ ner. Everything in its appropriate place There is a vast difference between 1 dent in a pretty girl's cheek and a dim

ple in a dishpan.—Boston Transcript. Ferious Malady.

Nanette-The minister looked vers pale, didn't he? I was told he had some erganic trouble.

Marion-That's so. Mrs. Hersomuck said only yesterday that he was wor ried by the style of Mr. Playlivly's vol untaries.-New York Ledger.

At Hard Pan. Wickwire-I see that another police man has been suspended for sleep ing on his watch.

Mudge-I have been eating and drink ing on mine for a week.-Indianapolit Journal.



"I hear there is a very hard character topping at the hotel," For mercy sakes! I'll leave at once!

Who is it?" "The ossified man from a New York "nuseum,"

Unaretkably. "I love you unspeakably, Molly." "But perhaps you might speak to namma."-Fliegende Blaetter.

Why He Envied Cosar-Schoolboy-I always envied Caesar. Teacher-Well, he was a great gen-

Schoolboy-Yes, and he didn't have to study Latin, Somerville Journal.

Sarcestic. "What's the quarrel between Nero and Henry VIII.?" asked Byron, meeting Sophocles on Main street,

"Nero got sarcastic with his fiddle," said Sophocles, "As Henry and his various queens went by Nero's palace on their bleycles last Saturday, Ners played 'Only One Giri in This World for Me.' "-Harper's Bazar,

Discovered by the Rostgen Ray. Miss Elizabeth Banks, an English journalist, has related in a London paper some interesting experiments with he Roentgen rays, among which there is none more interesting than the fol-

She had taken her pocketbook to be photographed under this process, in order to see whether the picture would reveal the presence of the coins within it. This it did, and as she was counting the disks shown through the leather, she perceived a small black point of familiar outlines. Then she exclaimed: "I have found my ruby!"

Opening the pocketbook, she search ed in the place indicated by the black point on the photograph, and there, tucked in between two folds of leather, she discovered a small ruby which she had lost some time before, and could nowhere find.

It had slipped from a ring which she wore, at a moment when she was taking something from the pocketbook, and had gilded in between two thicknesses of leather. There its presence was alto gether unsuspected, and would have remained so until after the pocketbook was worn out and discarded if this extraordinary method of photography had not revealed it.

WHAT HE LIKED ABOUT HER.



"There is one thing I like about you, Miss Daisy." Miss Daisy-"And what is that?"