By Special Delivery

By GEORGE ETHELBERT WALSH

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THE REV. SEXTUS WORTERLY gathered the loose sermon leaves in his hands and shoved them aside, not hastily or impatiently, but reluctantly, as though yielding to a temptation. The day was not suited to sermon composition.

The Rev. Sextus Worterly sighed heavily, sighed with the unconstrained freedom of a man who knows that he is alone.

There had been a time when the Reverend Sextus (no one had called him this for short except a defunct maiden aunt, who dared not approach nearer to familiarity than the compound name) was happy in his loneliness. "A man can do his best work when untrammeled by the responsibilities of family ties," he reasoned in those days.

Those pessimistic days had faded somewhat. The maiden aunt who had ministered to his few material wants in his household was only a memory now. A longing to hear lips abbreviate his name even to the extent of two words had possessed him lately. It was a species of madness that he did not acknowledge to himself. None ever suspected such weakness in the man of stiff broadcloth and high, starched collar who so graciously and successfully filled the Daleville pulpit every Sunday.

Least of all, probably, did the gentle, demure soul of Widow Trimble, who in her own intense loneliness pitied the pastor only as sympathetic creatures can. She had nurtured and guided two husbands through the winding pathway of married life, tearfully laying them, with the help of the Reverend Sextus in his capacity as officiating clergyman, beneath the sod wheif all earthly powers had failed to renew their lease of life. She was alone again, alone in her double bereavement, but seeking to give rather than requiring comfort.

Cynthia Trimble was a name to conjure with. It had a sweet, sonorous sound in verse and a subtle suggestion that the amorous mind could readily trace to all sources of beauty and loveliness. The Reverend Sextus had broken his fealty to a single, bachelor existence by falling in love with Cynthia. But he was not versed in the ways of the lover, and he shrank from the possibility of the recipient of his affections ever discovering his amorous inclinations.

Had the Reverend Sextus died yesterday there would have been no scrap of paper found in his possession today to indicate the slumbering of a great passion in his life, none that is, there had been none—which could betray a lovesick soul, but within his inner pocket there was this day an epistle which had caused him to sigh and turn reluctantly from his sermonizing. It was a proposal to Cynthia, which he had indited after much painful thought and elaboration. If ever the time should come when he could find the courage to speak he would repeat the contents of this letter. Its diction was faultless, its confession earnest, but not too affectionate, its wording to the point and not too verbose. It was a masterpiece of its kind.

But it was never intended to be delivered. The Reverend Sextus had not

HE PLACED IT WITHIN HIS INNER POCKET.

composed it for that reason. No eyes other than his own should ever read it.

The proposal to Cynthia was the Rev. Sextus Worterly's masterpiece. It reflected his highest mental and spiritual expression. Today he read it over and over and reluctantly thought of the necessity of destroying it lest something should happen to reveal its secret.

But a moment later he placed it within his inner pocket. "I shall stroll awhile, and I may need it," he said as excuse for his sudden change of mind.

Despite his threescore and five years, the Reverend Sextus was a man of strength and agility, a youth in all except years. He strode from his study and swung down the flower scented lane with the easy grace and muscular power of a much younger man. He loved to wander afield seeking new sights in distant pastures and communing with nature in all her many perplexing moods.

Today he rather strained a point. When he rested in a deep wood he was many miles from home, with the noon hour approaching. It was delightfully cool and retiring in the woods. There was no house within three miles of his dell. On all sides were the shadows of a great wood.

Great was his surprise to hear voices anon stilling the sounds of the woods and hushing the warbling of his feathered friends. The Reverend Sextus turned to greet the newcomers, wondering not a little at their strange appearance. Shaggy of beard, unkempt and unclean of body and clothes, they appeared out of all harmony with the scene.

"Ah, Shaggy, we have sometimn here," spoke one of them, with a twang in his accent. "What d'ye call it? Somethin' broke loose from the picter."

Shaggy pushed his companion in the background, replying: "Ye don't understand yer bisness, Pete. It's me ole frien' what gave me a lift when I wuz a youngster. He's a minister. Ain't you?"

The Rev. Sextus Worterly rose with dignified slowness from his seat on a log and made reply as befitted his position in life:

"You surprise me at your rudeness. It pains me exceedingly to see you in your present plight"—

"Jest what I was tellin' me pard," Shaggy made sharp reply, advancing. "It's painful to be broke, an' we're sick of it. We've cum to ask ye to help us."

"I should be only too glad under ordinary circumstances to lend assistance to you, but the suspicious appearances of things compel me to"—

"Ye shouldn't suspect honest men jest because they happen to be down on their luck. Now, see here, if you wuz"—

The man seated himself on the log which the aged minister had just vacated, but Pete suddenly pushed forward and growled:

"I ain't got no time fer yer tomfoolery, Shaggy. Ye can sit here an' talk with the old gent all day, but I'm off after I get what he's holdin' in his pockets. Come, old man, shell out!"

Pete had thrust a hand into the pocket of the affrighted and dumfounded minister, and while he was rifling it the Reverend Sextus gasped aloud:

"Do I understand that this is highway robbery—that I'm a victim of footpads, of common thieves?"

Unresistingly up to this time the victim of the holdup had permitted them to extract from his pockets all that they contained, but at the sight of the letter addressed to Cynthia his whole manner underwent a marked change. He clutched the hand that profanely held the love epistle.

"Not that!" he said. "All else, but not that!"

"An' why not?" demanded Pete. "It must be valuable if ye set so much store by it."

He flung the detaining hand from him and held the letter above his head. The Reverend Sextus lost his balance and rolled in the dust and leaves. When he recovered himself the two men were moving away, counting their cash and—and—yes, reading his epistle to Cynthia.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WE SHOULD READ POETRY.

The Need to Keep Alive Faith In Spiritual Literature.

Analysis is encouraged by our civilization more than the sense of beauty. It is a scientific age, and we are all in danger to some extent of that atrophy of the imagination of which Darwin is the most famous case. Poetry is in literature that branch which appeals primarily to the imagination and helps to keep it alive, as exercise helps to preserve the body. As we do not produce much poetry or other imaginative art we are thrown back upon the past, and this increases the necessity of education in poetry, for forms of expression which are not contemporary are seldom entirely appreciated without training. Often people of the best natural taste are less open to certain beauties than others less naturally appreciative, but with more mental and aesthetic exercise in youth. The most sincere minds reject most emphatically any pretense of caring for what they really do not enjoy. Thus among the truest natures of our acquaintance one sees nothing in early painting, another in poetry and a third in the higher music, all from lack rather of training than of eye, ear or fancy. In the circumstances of our day it is more important in a child's education that he should be prepared to like and understand Spenser and Wordsworth, Milton, Burns and Shelley than that he should early acquire a realistic mode of thinking or a start in scientific information. Exact knowledge and logic in this age will take care of themselves, but it requires more care to keep alive that

Sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air
And the blue sky and in the mind of man

Whatever truth may be, it is larger than the little naturalistic thoughts and observations that sometimes claim the title. There is more of it in a Beethoven symphony than in one of Herbert's Spencer's essays, and more in Macbeth's soliloquies than in fourteen weeks in natural science.—Collier's Weekly.

Knox and Scotland.

Scotland owes to Knox not its existing Presbyterian government—this was the subsequent work of Andrew Melville—but that which is the chief feature and main strength of Presbyterianism—viz, the full recognition (lacking in Episcopacy) of the Christian laity in the administration of the church, combined with that orderly subornation (which Congregationalism fails to secure) of the whole church to one representative and supreme authority. It is owing to Knox and his fellow reformers that the Scottish church avoids the danger both of hierarchy and of anarchy.—"John Knox," by Professor Henry Cowan.

French Art.

There must be more vitality in French art as a whole than you would guess from a visit to the salons. Nay, there is. I do not say that it is healthy anywhere. The great days are gone, but still, out of doors—in posters, in illustrations for the journals, in bijouterie, in the ornamentation of shops, even in the pictures in railway termini—there are still signs that the plastic arts have a vitality in France, more vitality than with us. It is often vulgar enough, but at least it is bold.—London Outlook.

Reap Your Reward In Peace.

You have a disagreeable duty to do at 12 o'clock. Do not blacken 9 and 10 and 11 and all between with the color of 12. Do the work of each and reap your reward in peace, so when the dreaded moment in the future becomes the present you shall meet it walking in the light, and that light will overcome its darkness.—George McDonald.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Handsome Blouse.

How many times during a season occasions crop up when a wardrobe seems absolutely inadequate and each separate frock fails to fill our demands. A natty extra waist will often save the day, and the accompanying illustration shows a stylish model. A deep yoke facing, broad sailor collar and attractive sleeve are striking features. White linen, trimmed with narrow red sou-

WAIST WITH SAILOR COLLAR.

tache braid and finished with a dashing tie of red silk, will make a stunning blouse after this pattern. Blue linen with decorations in white or tan with brown are also good combinations. French flannel or any of the light woolen materials may be used for this waist.

Silks Fashionable.

Silk has not gone out of fashion because of the advent of hot weather. Taffetas and fancy silks, not to speak of foulards and other utility silks, are immensely popular. Gowns for elaborate occasions are made of the charming pompadour silks, which are so beautiful that they never stay out of fashion very long.

Novelties In Sweaters.

A sweater bolero is something new, collarless, ending just above the waist line and not fastening down the front. It is made with loose bell shaped elbow sleeves. Another novelty is the ordinary blouse form, ending at the waist, which has a square neck, standing collar and cuffs knitted of contrasting color.

Packing Dress Skirts.

No crease is permissible in the front panels of dress skirts—or petticoats either, for that matter. In packing skirts never fold through the middle of the front breadth. Professional packers leave the front of the skirt uncreased except for a necessary crosswise fold and fold the skirt around it. If this portion goes without creases or wrinkles they declare the rest is pretty sure to come out all right. Soft paper and plenty of it is a necessity for gowns. All folds excepting those actually pressed in with the intention should be separated by layers of paper.

Outdoor Negligee.

In this age of the practical, when the dressing sacks or negligees are no longer limited to the confines of one's boudoir or bedroom, dainty designs for these graceful necessities are planned with as great care and thought as any other garment in a woman's wardrobe. There has always been a certain charm about these fascinating little negligees which appeals to both men and women, for they carry with them an air of comfort which is distinctly agreeable and satisfying. As they often have to be slipped on hurriedly

DRESSING SACK.

those that are simple in construction are often the most desirable. The model here shown is all that could be desired. Made in one piece, it requires only a few minutes' time to fashion a dainty garment. The trimming may be of bands or of contrasting material. It requires only one and one-ninth yards of forty inch material, so that almost every woman would be able to have a few dressing sacks from pieces left over from other garments. Made of silk or lightweight cloth it becomes a wrap that may be worn on the street and is quite enough protection from cold for some time to come.

Face Screen For Lepers.

In the leper colony of Audijan, Turkestan, there are a number of women who have become professional beggars. The sad creatures on whom the frightful disease has made visible marks use large fans made of leaves to shield their faces when they present their palms for coppers. The oddly shaped screens are large enough to entirely conceal the head, and if the hands, too, have begun to show signs of the disease pieces of linen are sometimes wound over them.

FACTS IN FEW LINES

The latest London quotation of radium was $750,000.

There are 747 varieties of wood in the Philippine forests.

More than 5,000 persons annually disappear in the United States and are never heard from again.

Alkmar, Netherlands, is to have a steam tramway, to be built by the "Noorder Stoomtramwagmaatschappij."

There are four towns in the Philippines with a population exceeding 10,000 each and thirty-five with a population exceeding 5,000.

Six miles is the length of a petition promoted by the British National Canine Defense league in support of the bill for the prohibition of the vivisection of dogs.

It has been found in Victoria, N. S. W., that unscrupulous tanners there have been increasing the weight of their leather by the use of barium chloride, a poisonous chemical.

For thirty-seven vacant posts of a minor character in the Victoria (N. S. W.) civil service no fewer than 916 candidates recently presented themselves. The highest salary was $500 a year.

The town council of Neuchatel has unanimously adopted a scheme by which water for drinking, taken from Lake Neuchatel at a depth of 260 feet, is to be conveyed to Paris, a distance of 250 miles.

A crow hunt was recently held by thirty-nine hunters of Elgin and Kane counties, Ill., lasting two days. Their record was 1,131 crows, besides 50 butcher birds and 5 hawks. The score of sides was 571 to 560.

In the mountains of Tyrol it is the custom of women and children to come out when it is the close of day and sing. Their husbands, fathers and brothers answer them from the hills on their way homeward.

It is said that the people of Tangier received King Edward so enthusiastically because it was raining on the day of his arrival. The country had been suffering from want of rain, and the Moroccans thought he had brought it.

J. W. Thompsen of Adams has a number of pictures of a woodchuck which has climbed a tree. This is a very unusual thing for that animal to do and is never attempted except in the most dire necessity. This particular "chuck" did it to escape from a dog.

In addressing highlanders who placed wreaths on the memorial cairn at Culloden on the occasion of the anniversary of the battle recently T. Napier said "the Hanoverians" had now ruled for 200 years, and he thought they should "make a graceful bow and retire."

What is said to be the smallest electric light installation in the world is to be found in the village of Bremen, near Dornbach, Thuringia. It comprises a single arc lamp installed in a church, the lamp being operated by a small dynamo driven by the wheel of the village mill.

A large bald eagle dropped from its talons a live lamb in the dooryard of Pearl Martin of Harmony, Me., one day recently. The lamb had a few claw scratches, but otherwise was alive and smart. It appeared to be about three or four days old, and Mr. Martin is raising it as a cosset.

At the annual meeting of the parishioners of Farnworth-with-Kearsley parish church, near Bolton, England, it was mentioned that the sexton of the church, George Holmes, had celebrated his jubilee. He had commenced his duties when sixteen years of age and has officiated at nearly 10,000 funerals.

At Pompeii, Naples, San Martino and other Italian cities tourists could obtain formerly with ease permits to snapshot historic places for a nominal fee, but now the objects intended to be photographed have to be specified in writing, and a tax, varying from 10 cents to $1, is imposed for every negative.

Because her husband did not wear a dress suit at a dinner at which she had guests Mrs. Ulysses Craig, wife of a financier of Indianapolis, Ind., sued for divorce. Judge Leathers granted her a divorce and awarded her $47,000 alimony, a house worth $35,000, custody of her four children, $200 a year to clothe the children and $50 a month to support the children.

There are seventeen mills in Germany engaged exclusively in the manufacture of tissue paper. Germany turns out more tissue paper than any other country in the world. The exports of German tissue paper, especially those qualities used for cigarettes, copying books, artificial flowers, chimney shades, carnival articles, etc., are steadily increasing.

One of the most unique canes in existence is the property of Mr. D. F. Beans, paymaster of the Burlington railway. This cane represents $100,000,000 in money, 2,250,000 pay checks and 580,000 miles of travel. The cane was made by Mr. Beans himself from part of the pay checks paid out in his fifteen years of experience as paymaster.

The viceroy of the Twokuang provinces, China, recently put out a proclamation that no pawnshop was to take arms in pawn. Being later himself in need of funds, he sent his own agents with arms to pledge. Five shops accepted them, and these he afterward fined in the amount of $7,250 each.

In sawing a huge rock maple which was cut on the farm of C. F. Webber at West Kennebunk, Me., a piece of granite was found imbedded in the wood. The piece weighed several pounds and is thought to have been imbedded in the wood of the tree by a blast many years ago when the railroad was being constructed.

Charity Begins at Home.

The absentminded Professor Lumpkin is always so shabbily dressed and presents altogether such a broken down appearance that the other day on seeing his own image reflected in a large mirror he drew out his purse to give himself an alms.—Lustige Blatter.

He Induces It.

Gerald—The faddists claim that yawning is a most healthful and beautifying exercise. Gladys—Well, if that opinion gains ground Cholly Sapphead will become much more popular with the girls.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

An Unfortunate Selection.

"You say the prisoner was singing. Did you notice the song?"

"Yes, your honor. He repeated it so many times that it impressed itself upon my memory. It was something about a daffydil."

"A new song?"

"I had never heard it before, your honor. It was a sentimental song, something in the popular line. No doubt your honor knows the sort."

"Perhaps I do. Can you sing it, officer?"

"I can make the attempt, your honor. The air is simple, but the words are a trifle hard. Do you want me to sing it, sir?"

"Yes. Silence in the court."

"One moment, your honor. Will your honor kindly recollect that the prisoner was intoxicated at the time and that it was not altogether easy to catch the exact words?"

"Proceed with the song."

"Yes, your honor. It was like this: 'By sha-ty nook an' guggling rill I sawed for thee, my daffydil. I bat my heart, bees till, bees till, an' cried all-oud for daffydil—oh, daffydil, my daffydil. I love thee still an' ever will. The days zat go are all so slow, I miz see zo, my daffydil,' etc."

"You say the prisoner sang that?"

"Yes, your honor."

"Six months at hard labor. Next case."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Only One Who Did.

Grayce—I don't see why you picked out such a fellow as George to marry. You know dozens of better looking, brainier and richer men.

Gladys—That's very true.

Grayce—Then why are you going to marry George?

Gladys—Simply because he has asked me to, my dear.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Assisted His Own Defeat.

"Home, my dear, is that certain place wherever two people of opposite sex can make themselves happy," said he as a clincher.

"How convenient!" exclaimed she, brightening up suddenly. "I hope it does not matter to you, but I have decided to live with my father."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

A Choice of Evils.

Tommy (dressed for evening party)—Mother, shall I wash my hands or put on gloves?

He Had Some.

Recruit (with young lady on his arm, meets his sergeant)—Oh, ah, good evenin', sergeant. This is—er—er—my cousin.

Sergeant (with sardonic smile)—Yes, I know. She was my cousin once.—Ally Sloper's.

Hitting Back.

Mrs. Laker—I am a true daughter of Eve.

Mr. Laker—I'd like to know in what way? You can neither cook nor wash dishes.

Mrs. Laker—Neither could Eve.—Chicago News.

Lucky Dog!

Mrs. Kidder—Oh, yes, he leads a regular dog's life with her.

Miss Gaussip—Indeed? Do you know I suspected she wasn't all that she—

Mrs. Kidder—Yes, she's petting and kissing him all the time.—Philadelphia Press.

His Father's Wealth.

"It strikes me as strange that a millionaire's son should believe in an equal distribution of wealth."

"He has six brothers and sisters, and only by an equal distribution can he get his share."—Houston Post.

Paradise In Advance.

"The man died eating watermelons," some one said to Brother Dickey.

"Yes, suh," he replied, "sometimes Providence puts us in paradise 'fo' we gits ter heaven!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Not Informed.

"Didn't you advertise 'no mosquitoes?'" asked the indignant guest.

"Yes," answered the summer landlord, "but I guess the mosquitoes didn't read the advertisement."—Washington Star.

Practical.

"Never mind your poverty, darling. Ours will be the old story of love in a cottage."

"Yes, but who's going to supply the cottage?"—Brooklyn Life.

Pshaw.

$ummer, $ummer, $ummer,
$i$ter at the $hore,
Pop's in the $izzling city
Trying to make more
$ $. $ $. $ $.
$o $i$ter dear can win
A dude with $tandup collar
Loaded down with tin.
—Houston Post.

You Know Him.

"Oh, yes, he's a very intellectual man."

"What makes you think that?"

"I judged so from his talk."

"What does he talk about?"

"He's always talking about how intellectual he is."—Philadelphia Press.

Explained.

"Why does a woman always get off a car backward?"

"Because she's never quite sure she may not change her mind and want to get on again."—Life.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Bugs Cost $785,000,000.

We have the word of the statisticians that the chinch bug annually destroys crops valued at $60,000,000; that the grasshopper eats up $50,000,000 worth, the Hessian fly $40,000,000, the corn root worm, the corn ear worm, the cotton boll weevil and the codling moth of apple each $20,000,000; the army worm $15,000,000, the cotton boll-worm $12,000,000, the grain weevil and San Jose scale $10,000,000 each, the cotton leaf worm and the potato bug $8,000,000 each and the cabbage worm $5,000,000. This makes a total of $298,000,000 worth of products that might have been expected to but never do get to market because of the ravages of these most numerous insects. And this is not the only loss charged to their account. Shortage of crops affects various industries and increases prices, and a deal of money is spent in fighting the pests. Taking into account all these things, the annual loss in this country from insect pests, distributed among the various products, is estimated as follows: Cereals, $200,000,000; animal products, $175,000,000; forest and forest products, $111,000,000; truck crops and hay and forage, $53,000,000; cotton, $50,000,000; fruits, $27,000,000; tobacco, $5,300,000; sugars, $5,000,000; miscellaneous crops, $5,800,000, and products in storage, $100,000,000, making a total of $785,000,000.—New Bedford Standard.

The Admiral and the Dog.

The late General H. V. Boynton disliked dogs, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He said one day in Washington:

"I know a lady who always receives her callers with a yapping, snapping spaniel, pampered and spoiled, on the sofa beside her. An old admiral, a friend of mine, visited her one afternoon, and the spaniel took a dislike to him. It began to bark and growl and show its teeth, and it leaped down from its velvet cushion on the sofa and began to make little feints and springs at the admiral's legs.

"He as he talked held his cane in his hand and kept the tail of his eye on the infernal little beast. Its growls and yappings redoubled, and its feintlike springs at his legs increased. For anxiety and rage he could hardly follow the thread of the talk. He took a firm grip on his cane.

"The lady said calmly:

"'Don't be afraid, admiral. My little dog never bites any one.'

"And even as she spoke the nasty brute nipped the admiral's ankle, tearing the stocking and drawing blood.

"He swung his cane and gave the dog a rap on the skull that rolled it half unconscious into a corner.

"'Don't you be afraid either, madam,' he said. 'I never strike little dogs.'"

Colonel Bradshaw's Money.

Colonel Blythe while in Topeka told a good poker story. A northerner got into a game with some southern gentlemen in Alabama. When it came time to quit he was way to the good. Colonel Bradshaw, one of the southern gentlemen in the game, owed him $300 and gave his check for the amount. The northerner was at the bank bright and early the next morning and presented the check. The cashier looked at it, jammed it down on the book, went to the vault and got a stack of bills, came back, counted out $2,600, counted it over again to make sure and then shoved it through the window. The northerner was delighted. He gathered it up, went over to a desk and started to count it. As soon as he looked at the first bill he stopped with a jerk and exclaimed to the banker:

"You have made a mistake."

"How so?" asked the cashier.

"Why, this is Confederate money," said the northerner.

"That's the only kind Colonel Bradshaw has had in the bank since the war," replied the banker.—New York World.

Concerning College Athletics.

There are certain general principles that ought to be kept in mind. One of them is that professionalism, if it be honestly admitted, is not an immoral thing. The wrong is in playing the professional as an amateur and in trying to make yourself believe that your professional is an amateur. This is hypocrisy of a very odious kind, and its influence on the young men in our colleges is deplorable. Though honest and openly avowed professionalism is not immoral, it is, we believe, fatal to true college sport, for if you admit that it is proper you destroy absolutely all healthy interest in college contests. If an athletic association may hire a star halfback, why may it not hire a whole eleven to do nothing except play football? Of course if any degree of professionalism be admitted there is no reason why this should not be done. But games played by such men would not be college games in any decent sense of the word.—Indianapolis News.

Trains or Crinolines?

Two ladies are said to have been mobbed in America who went out to shop in such vast crinolines that they could hardly get through the shop doors. I do not know which is the greater nuisance to others, a lady puffing out her petticoats like an inflated balloon or one wearing a long train. I am inclined to think the latter, for the lady occupies more space. What grace or beauty there is in a train trailing after a woman I have never understood. A peacock has a fine tail conferred on him by nature. But when he wants to show it off the feathers are stiffened and form a fan. The bird is not so silly as to suppose that he would add to its adornment by dragging his tail limp behind him. Possibly, however, were the lady peacocks adorned with tails they would do this.—London Truth.

How He Won.

How did you get along with that mining proposition that fellow wanted you to go into?"

"I made $5,000 out of it."

"You did! How did you do that?"

"By not going into it."—Houston Post.

Sparing His Feelings.

Alice—He thinks he hasn't made any impression at all. Clara—Oh, yes, he has, but I'm too considerate to let him know what kind of an impression it is.—New York Press.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Dr. Peck Obeyed the Law.

The late Rev. Dr. J. O. Peck, so well known in the Methodist church, was an admirer of consistency. When preparing for college he attended a coeducational school, the old Newbury seminary in Vermont, where very strict rules were laid down to regulate the association of the sexes.

One morning as he reached the entrance to the campus a young lady also arrived from the opposite direction, and at the same moment a drenching shower began. Young Peck had an umbrella, but the lady had none, so he gallantly held his over her head until he left her at the ladies' entrance to the chapel.

Being called to account for this, Peck replied: "No wrong was intended, but I could not see the lady get wet when I could prevent it. Neither did I wish to get drenched myself, so saw no other way but to share my umbrella with her."

"But," remonstrated the grave professor, "do you not know, Mr. Peck,

THEY WALKED TEN FEET APART.

that ladies and gentlemen while students at this seminary are not allowed to walk together without permission from some member of the faculty?"

"I do, sir. But allow me to ask if a lady and gentlemen thus chance to meet on their way to the seminary how far apart they must walk not to infringe upon this rule?"

"Really—ahem!—I should say ten feet at the least."

An exchange of notes between Mr. Peck and the young lady caused the two to reach the campus entrance the following morning at the same moment, and Peck was carrying in his hand a ten foot pole. Politely handing one end of the pole to her, he carried the other, and thus they went to chapel.—Boston Herald.

A Story of Jefferson.

New York still has at least one of its old time firms of booksellers, the sort of business house which is law unto itself and alters not the law to suit the convenience of any one, however great, says the New York Times. Joseph Jefferson had been a customer of this firm for years, but had never seen either of its members, who may just as well be called Jones & Smith as anything else. One day Jefferson called at the shop, his errand being to protest against a long delay in delivering some books he had ordered. The old gentleman arrived in a very irate state of mind, but soon cooled off when he observed the pained expression of the shopkeeper.

"You understand," said the veteran, "that I don't wish to be offensive to you. It is your confounded firm I am complaining of. If you are Jones, I say confound Smith. If you are Smith, I say confound Jones. I don't mean to be personal at all."

Blind Man Who Tells the Time.

Charles Bohannan of Taylorsville is totally blind. Light and darkness are the same to him, but he makes his certain way about the streets with the aid of a cane and sometimes puts to shame men possessed of two good optics. The other day Charlie visited the county jail. After talking awhile he pulled out his watch, an ordinary gold timepiece with a double case, held it in his hands a moment in the usual way and then snapped it shut, with a sigh of relief.

"Well, it's time for me to start home," he remarked.

"What time is it, Charlie?" he was asked quizzically.

"One minute to 3," was the prompt response.

Every watch in the crowd except Charlie's came into view. It required longer for the men with good eyes to verify Charlie's observation than it did for him to ascertain the time, but he was declared correct almost to the second.

"Goodby!" And he was off without waiting to hear the discussion his feat had precipitated.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Only City.

An amusing story of Hans von Bulow, the famous German pianist and conductor, is contained in the volume of his letters that has just been issued in Germany. After a very successful appearance which he made at a concert in Chicago he came forward in acknowleigment of the applause. Beaming on the audience he began:

"After all, ladies and gentlemen, there is only one city"—here he was interrupted by a prolonged burst of applause. When there was a lull he concluded, "and that is—New York."—Harper's Weekly.

A Duty.

Jimson—It's very unpleasant to speak of this, but I feel that it is only a duty to myself to remind you that you owe me $5. Stimson (turning on his heel)—Don't mention it, old fellow. I'm glad you've discharged your duty so well.

Posted.

Mistress (trying on one of her new gowns)—Norah, how does this dress fit? Norah (without looking up)—Not very well, ma'am. I found it a little tight under the arrums.—London Answers.