Alone she sits and in the twilight gloom Dreams happily of what shall never

Sometimes her wistful fancy strews the (Rich carpeted and nent) with broken Paints finger prints on window glass and door,

Hears echoes of shrill laughter and rude noise; All that a tired mother might deplore Would seem to her starved heart as priceless joys!

Till, from the world without, some sudden note Of childish voices through her hearing rings,

And sobs of anguish rise to her white throat. Round which no dimpled arm in mischief clings:

Gone are the sweet dream-fancies, as may float From earth to heaven the flash of angel wings.

And yet, no little empty crib is there To mock the mother arms, outstretched in vain, She hoards no shining tress of silken hair,

No tiny grave where buried hopes lie Only the deeper loss she has to bear Upon whose heart no babe of hers has

-Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Blue Skirt

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<u></u>

ESSIE GALE was ambitious, immoderately so. Jack Gale was ambitious, too, but temperately so.

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It was because of the varying degrees of their ambition that this story came about.

Jessle could sing. Jack could not. He could only listen with a rare appreciation and adore this particular singer beyond all bounds of her deserts. For Jack was as gifted in the rare art of loving truly as Jessie was in the art of singing. Rather more, I should say. All this had much to do with the blue skirt, for it was these psychologic conditions that brought about the inci-

dent of the blue skirt. Jack had always extravagantly admired the gown of which the blue skirt was a component part. He had told her so often, but Jessie had answered rather fretfully that it was "such a simple little affair." Pale blue chambray, made with a blouse effect and trimmed with ruffles edged with nardescribed it, but to sturdy, honest, loving Jack it was a blue cloud flecked with white, from which the black eyes and curling black hair, the red lips and

brilliantly.

creamy skin of his wife gleamed forth

"I'll never wear that old thing again," she said. "I do hate to wear things when they've grown shabby."

There was a little tremor of sensitiveness in Jack's face as the words struck cruelly upon his ear, but he made a manful effort to suppress it. His income was small, but he was doing his best to increase it, and the income was sure to come if it was a bit slow. He had told Jessie so often and had explained that there was some disposition to keep the young engineers down.

"The older fellows naturally want to keep the best positions," he said. "Try to be patient, Jessie. I am doing my

And Jessie was silent. She had the introspective nature that matches heavy-lidded eyes, habitually cast down. And the habits of silence and introspection were growing.

It was on the evening of the day that Jessie said she had thrown away "the old blue dress" that the great change

Jessie heard that a theatrical manager was reorganizing a company for a season of comic opera. A neighbor has told her he needed girls for the company-"girls with looks, and with voices, if possible, but looks always." And Jessie had been to towe and been engaged and had come back and told Jack.

She was a little frightened by his strange silence.

"I did it to help you along-because the money will help us both," she said in defense. Then she burst out into a storm against the manner of their life. "I hate the solitude here," she said. "Sometimes I feel afraid of the hills.

It seems as though they will fall over me and crush me. And the silence here is awful. I want to hear human voices. I want to hear people laugh and sing. I want color and movement and sound instead of these walls of green making a living tomb for us."

Jack had talked with her very gently, and she had answered every argument with a bitter protest. He answered her sadly then:

"You are young, dear. I might have known that love would not fill your life now. When you are as old as I am you will know that it is all that really matters, besides working and doing one's duty. I will give my consent to your going, for all I live for is to make you happy."

Jessie joined the company and was acting a small part in a pretty, uncultivated voice. She dressed with half a dozen other girls who smoked and used slang, and in the guise of friendliness "made her up" to distort the beauty of her dark, brooding face. She learned the disciplinary value of the stage, and she learned the real hideousness of selfishness. But she told Jack none of this.

One season passed-two-she was soon to begin her third. She was getting on, but slowly. One evening she was moved by one of those impulses that seem to come from without rather than within, to run home and pay Jack a visit. The rehearsals were over. There was no reason why she should not go home for a week. She would surprise

She drove out from town in the early | to another.-Photography.

## HOW THE ORGAN GREW

Whistles, Prehistoric, Ancient and Modern-Pipes and Flutes -Pandean Pipes and Bagpipes <u>&</u>\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

> T is written down in the "Book of Funny Stories, Real and Alleged," that a plous old lady of Scotch Presbyterian antecedents, hearing a church organ for the first time, gave it as her opinion that it was a pretty box of whistles, but an awful way of worshiping the Lord. Many a true thing is said in jest, and many an apt characterization is hidden under the disguise of frivolity. So here. An organ is a box of whistles; all that is needed to make the description complete is to add that the whistles are of many kinds and are sounded by mechanical means instead of the breath of the player. What is beyond that is detail and elaboration. There are pipes in which the imprisoned air is set to vibrating so as to generate a tone by a jet blown into the end so that it impinges upon a sharp lip at an orifice near by. Those pipes

have their prototypes in the toy whistles MOUTH ORGANS. which boys make by carefully withdrawing 1. Mouth Organ from Tangier. 2. Heem. 8. From Burmah. 4. From Borneo. the bark from sections of willow or alder

twigs and fashioning them in a way too fa-5. From Burmah, miliar to need description. These are the diapasons—the foundation of the instrument. There are others in which the aerial vibrations are caused by the trembling of a tongue of metal which covers a narrow aperture in the pipe and emits the imprisoned air in puffs under pressure of the bellows. This is the "beating reed," and its prototype in the playland of the country boy is the stalk of the pumpkin or squash trimmed of its leaf (but so as to leave the small end closed) and provided with two lateral slits producing a narrow tongue which vibrates in the mouth of the blower and causes the green tube to utter a raucous note delightful to the ear of the rustic musician. Then there are other pipes in which a metal tongue vibrates freely through a slot, accomplishing what rigid lip and striking reed accomplish, but producing musical speech of a different quality from either. This is the "free reed." and so far as the records go its primitive home was China .-Montreal Star.

forests on the hillsides were so cool, would topple upon her now. Was it who were in trouble. that she was beginning to yearn for

roof by now.

The door was open. There was no fear ring within, but he was too absorbed to note her soft footfalls.

Her old blue skirt hung upon the wall, and her husband, looking older strength of patience in his face, stood looking at it.

She wrote the rest to her one friend in the company.

"I walked over quietly and stood beside him. He was still so busy looking at that foolish skirt that he didn't know I was there. But after a while row torchon. So a woman would have he turned toward me, and when he saw me the look that came into his eyes made me cry. "Well, I've resigned. When I saw

poor old Jack worshiping that blue skirt of mine that I had thrown away as worthless I made up my mind that Jack never forgot the day she tossed there are only a few things that are really worth living for, and stage life isn't one of them, and the companionship of a stanch, splendid soul like Jack is. And so I've left and I'm going to wait and work with Jack for the better days that I know are coming.

"He is getting on in his profession and the-did I call them betterthe other days are nearer. But I wonder if they will be better, the days when Jack and I are rich, and so many people will know us and make demands upon our time, and so separate us after a manner? We were both wondering to-'restorer.' "-New York News.

The Friend of Many.

the abode of a rich banker than of a immature product. literary man. He lived like a prince.

morning. The mist vells were rising gave up smoking so that his mother from the hill tops, melted by the burn- might have two sous more a day to ing kisses of the sun. The evergreen spend on bread for her young family. Zola's memory of that bitter time

the great walls of earth so restful. She made him very soft-hearted toward wondered why she was not afraid they others, and especially to young writers

Beggars swarmed about him. Every what they typified-strength and fidel- mail was laden with appeals for monity, the greatest and best things in life? ey, which his secretary would weed The little house had been done up, out. The applicants who were left she noticed as she drove up, and Jack after the process were usually surhad coaxed the rose vines quite to the prised at the generosity with which they were treated. Zola was a quick reader of character, as shown either of tramps in that region, and she peered in faces or letters, and it was not easy right into the house. Some one was stir- to deceive him. But once satisfied that he ought to give, he gave with liberality and promptness.

He spent time and thought, as well as money, in his charities. Often he and sadder, but still with that vast would take great trouble to unearth some starving young writer in the Latin Quarter, and place him on a journal, the high road to success. Many of the most promising younger men in France owe their start entirely to his helping hand.

REMAINS OF A WONDERFUL DEER.



This wonderful little deer, whose height at the shoulder was five and a half inches, it has recently been discovered, lived in New York State long before the recollection of living man, and probably played in the same woods that the giant mastodon strode through. Whether he was the representative of day, but we are going to enjoy the time a pigmy race, long extinct, or was a before that, and meanwhile that old single dwarf, it is impossible to deter- domain of the West to the settlers was blue skirt still hangs upon the wall. mine, but as he grew to maturity the Jack insists upon it. He calls it his former is more likely. The foot and leg shown in the illustration were found in a newly plowed field near

Troy, Rensselaer County. A writer in the Criterion says that The epiphyses, or ends of the bones, Zola was a prosperous man, whose are firmly united by osseous tissue to surroundings bore all the marks of the shaft, showing that the leg bewealth. His house suggested rather longed to an adult deer and not to an

This little fellow could have been Perhaps he was making up for the placed without discomfort in a capastruggles of his early manhood, when, clous pocket and would have found a as he used to tell with a sad smile, he determined chipmunk a formidable foe. 000,000 acres, although that in corn now hesitate to knock at her door, when and Leader.



Amateurs very frequently fall into the error of making a duplicate exposure of one plate, the result being that the plate contains two photographs, the one obscuring the other, while the next plate is left bare. This results in the speiling of two plates, and what might have been two excellent negatives if they had not been crowded upon the same plate lost entirely.

Dust on the lens is the bane of most amateurs. In order to secure a clear negative the lens must be kept perfectly clean. Bust accumulates readily on the inner side of the lens, and is frequently not noticed until a blurred negative reveals its presence. In damp weather, too, care must be taken to keep the lens clear of moisture or a dimness of outline will be perceived on the pictures taken. Either dust or mist on a lens will tend to fog a plate, as the light is unevenly diffused from the exposed surface of the dust particle or globule, and unless the matter is looked after frequently during a season's work trouble is apt to ensue.

Simple Blocking Out .- A method of doing this very conveniently, quickly, and-if only a few copies are wanted-effectively, is the following, which has been published often before, and has met with quite an undeserved amount of ridicule. A candle is the simplest thing to use for the purpose, but still better is a piece of camphor. This is lit, and as it burns the smoke from it is allowed to deposit itself all over the glass side of the negative. In this way a very fine coating of carbon, black and opaque, can be got with a little skill in holding the negative, and when once this has been done the rest is easy. Those parts which it is desired shall print out are carefully wiped over to remove the soot, the other portions being left covered with it. It is, of course, necessary to be careful lest the black should be touched with the fingers anywhere where it is intended it shall remain, as the slightest touch will remove it, and when this has been done there is nothing for it but to go over the whole thing again, giving the plate another coating of the soot. If there is any fine work to be done in rubbing out, such as round chimney pots, trees and similar outlines, a camel's-hair brush, just slightly damped, will be found to be very useful. It must be constantly wiped, or, instead of removing the carbon altogether, it will only shift it from one part

George Washington

<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> First in War. First in Peace. First in the Hearts of His Countrymen



He left an estate valued at about \$800,000.

He was the first and only President chosen unanimously.

He never made a set speech during his long public career. He exercised the veto power twice in the eight years of his Presidency. He had light-blue eyes, verging on gray, and his hair was a dark-brown. He was six feet and two inches high and had large hands and feet.

His face showed marks from the effect of an attack of smallpox: He was a very good horseman and fond of riding, racing, driving and

His "Farewell Address," published Sept. 15, 1796, is one of the most profound documents ever penned by an American. He was a member of the Masonic order, which, in his day, was the lead-

ing, if not the only secret society. He was fond of instrumental music, especially the harp, on which his stepdaughter. Eleanor Parke Custis, was a skilled performer.

He loved animals and his horses and dogs were all fine blooded stock. Lotteries were common in his day and he was a frequent investor. He also bet when playing cards, of which he was fond.

His mouth was large and he had a habit of clinching his jaws when in a He had portraits of himself painted by Peale, Wright, Ramage, Trumbull, Savage, Sharpless, G. Stuart and others, of which no one can be accepted

as entirely satisfactory. He was a hearty eater, and a moderate wine drinker, but did not use tobacco, although he raised it for export.

Like Lincoln, he was fond of the theater, and attended whenever he had the opportunity.

He could swear with surprising vigor and earnestness, and at times was known to get into towering fits of anger.

He was always in doubt as to his own ability and was never adverse to consideration. A correspondent of the receiving advice from friends.—St. Paul Globe.

Think, ye fashionable dames of to-day, of a national capital in 1800 in which the audience room was used by Mrs. President Adams as a place for drying clothes. precedent." Congressmen lodged wherever a board into the country. Grass grew in the streets while they were away. The population of Ohio was 45,000, of Tennessee 106,000, of Kentucky 221,000. The number of postoffices was 903, miles of post routes 21,000 and annual revenues \$231,-

The acquisition of the Louisiana pur chase and the opening of the immense about the last act which assured the permanency of the republic and left free the way for the marvelous prosperity following. The sewing machine did not exist, nor the steam road, nor a mile of railroad track, nor grain elevators, nor packing establishments, nor electric unquestioned, their faith in the God of the republic stern and unrelenting. How could they fail, led by Washington, by Jefferson, by Madison, by Randolph?

The farm lands under cultivation in yield at the opening of the century was less than 2,000,000 bushels; it is now over 550,000,000 bushels. The cotton acreage was about 1,000,000 acres; it is now 24,000,000 and the annual value of he inquired. the product about \$300,000,000.

Schools were few and books scarce. In fact, such books of value to be had were those carried away from foreign lands when emigrants fled to the colonies to escape persecution. Such poetry, prose or paintings as came forth were poor imitations of foreign standards. Only in theological documents and state papers did the thinkers of the United States take precedence at that time of all other nations. It is not a matter of national boasting, but of world-wide credit, freely given, that the state papers of Washington, Franklin, the Adamses, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jay and others contained a pure and vigorous English, a clearness of thought, a mastery of lucidty such as no documents of similar character in the old world bore.

So, too, the theological discourses Ionathan Edwards commanded for the same reason profound admiration, as did as well the oratory of Randolph, Henry and Fisher Ames. But school facilities were few and far between, the accommo ations most rude. The total value of all chool property in the country in 1800 fell pelow \$1,500,000; the total school attendince was less than 600,000, and the eachers engaged in the work not over 10,000. At the present time the enrollment in the common schools exceeds 15,-000,000, the average daily attendance 11,000,000 and the number of teachers 500,000.

Over a Century Ago. On Feb. 22, 1800, the obsequies of George Washington were officially celeprated at the national capital and were also observed in every city of the nation. The greatest American was also the subect of eulogies throughout the civilized vorld. Washington died on Dec. 14, 1799, after a few hours of great sufferwere his devoted wife, his secretary, Col. Tobias Lear, and his two lifelong friends and physicians, Drs. Dick and Craik. The last words he spoke were, "It is

In these days, when Washington's the same in history and that his account one, it seems agreed with the written one.

THE COUNTRY IN WASHINGTON'S DAY. strange to read that on his birthday anniversary in 1796 a motion was made in could be found. Yellow fever drove the that the speakers could not be heard, and population of New York and Philadelphia an adjournment was forced. Washington's birthday is now a legal holiday in the District of Columbia and in every State in the Union except six.

REMEMBERED WASHINGTON.

The Visit of Thoreau to a Cape Cod Octogenarian. describes an interesting settler who re-

membered George Washington. He knocked at the door of the first lights, nor pneumatic tubes, but the spirit house, but its inhabitants had all gone using soft coal are reduced to a miniof the people was sincere, their courage away. In the meanwhile we saw the mum, and its cheapness more than comoccupants of the next one looking out pensates for being deprived of hard the window at us, and before we reach- | coal. If it will keep the chimneys clean | ed it an old woman came out and fas- the cost of chimney sweeps, as well as tened the door of her bulkhead and the dangers from fire by burning out, the entire country were less than 10,- went in again. Nevertheless we did not are both avoided.—Des Moines Register exceeds 80,000,000 acres, in oats more a grizzly-looking man appeared, whom than 25,000,000 acres, in wheat more we took to be sixty or seventy years than 40,000,000 acres. The annual wheat old. He asked us, at first suspiciously, what our business was, to which we returned plain answers.

"How far is Concord from Boston?"

"Twenty miles by railroad." "Twenty miles by railroad," he re-

"Didn't you ever hear of Concord of Revolutionary fame?" "Didn't I ever hear of Concord? Why, I heard the guns fire at the Battle of

Bunker Hill! I am almost ninety; I am eighty-eight years old. I was fourteen years old at the time of the Concord fight, and where were you then?" This was the merriest old man that we had ever seen, and one of the best preserved. There was a strange mingling of the past and present in his conversation, for he had lived under King George, and might have remembered when Napoleon and the moderns generally were born. He said that one day, when the troubles between the colonies and the mother country first broke out, as he, a boy of fifteen, was pitching hay out of a cart, one Doane, an father, a good Whig, said to him, "Why it." Uncle Bill, you might as well undertake to pitch that pond into the ocean

ence!" He remembered well General Washington, and how he rode his horse along I always laugh when I think of the the streets of Boston, and he stood Irishman and the army mule. I was claimed, gleefully. up to show us how he looked.

with a pitchfork as for the colonies

to undertake to gain their independ-

looking man, a manly and resolute- which was kicking its legs rather freeas he sat on his horse-. There, I'll caught in the stirrup, when, in the ex- Katle to leave the door unlatched for tell you; this was the way with Wash- citement, the Irishman remarked; just such an emergency, and I thought He passed away at half past 10 and bowed gracefully to right and left, on, I'll get off!" o'clock in the evening, and by his side making show as if he were waving his hat. Said he, "That was Washington." He told us many anecdotes of the Revolution, and was much pleased when we told him that we had read

THE POET'S LITTLE JOKE

He Handily Outwitted the Tricky

Oriental Monarch. An Arab king, whose name is not re corded, had the faculty of retaining in his memory any poem which he had once heard. He had, too, a mameluke who could repeat a poem that he had twice heard, and a female slave who could repeat one that she had heard thrice. Whenever a poet came to compliment the king with an ode, the king Out of the old house, Nancy-moved up would promise him that if he found his verses to be his original composition, he would give him a sum of money Only a bounden duty remains for you equal in weight to what they were written upon.

The poet, delighted, would recite his ode; and the king would say, "It is not new, for I have known it some years." Probably you remember how rich we was Then he would repeat it as he had heard it. After that he would add, "An this mameluke also remembers It;" and the mameluke would repeat still the king would then say to the poet, "I have also a female slave who can repeat it," and on his ordering her Never a handsomer house was seen beto do so she would repeat what she had thus thrice heard; so the poet would go empty-handed away. Dr. E. W. Lane, in "Arabian Society in the Middle Ages," gives the story of a Was tickin' away in the corner there, poet who outwitted this king:

The famous poet, El-Asmai, having the trick, composed an ode made up of very difficult words, and disguising himself, went to the palace and presented himself.

plexed and unable to remember any of it, made a sign to the mameluke, but he had, too, retained nothing. Then he called the female slave, but she also was unable to repeat a word.

"O brother of the Arabs," said the king, "thou hast spoken truth, and the ode is thine without doubt. Produce, Why, settlers come to see that show a therefore, what it is written upon, and we wil give thee its weight in money, as we have promised."

"Wilt thou," said the poet, 'send one of the attendants to carry it?" "To carry what?" asked the king. 'Is it not upon a paper here in thy possession?"

"No, my lord the Sultan," replied the poet. "At the time I composed it there was not a piece of paper near me Yes, a deal has happened to make this upon which to write it, but only a fragment of a marble column; so I engraved it upon this, and it lies in the court of the palace."

He had brought it, wrapped up, on And not a nail in this old floor but the back of a camel. The king, to fulfill his promise, was obliged to make a prevent a repetition of the experience. in future rewarded his poets more All the hurry and worry is just as good justly.

CLEAN CHIMNEYS. Cheap Means Which Any One Can

The tendency of pipes and furnace flues to fill with soot is so marked that any suggestion of a convenient remedy for that condition is worthy of serious St. Paul Pioneer Press says that zinc burned in the furnace is very effective. Just throw upon the fire a handful of ing the domestic that they would zinc filings, or a piece of sheet zinc as spend the night at Jimson's brother's. Congress to adjourn in his honor, but large as your hand, and it clears away was lost because a few disaffected members declared that it would be a "bad will suffice. Shut the door quickly after scended upon him from all parts and When the crowd outside throwing in the zinc. Our informant in legions, so that there was not even heard the news, such a shouting ensued says his family has used this method a mantel-piece to sleep on; so after for forty years, and never had occasion to employ a chimney sweep.

As the Pioneer Press suggests, this remedy is not expensive. A worn-out zinc washboard will furnish enough of the metal for six or eight occasions. And if you have to buy sheet zinc, 25 cents' worth may suffice for a single In 1849 Henry D. Thoreau visited fire all winter. Even when soft coal is Cape Cod, walking from Eastham to used in hard coal stoves and furnaces Provincetown on the Atlantic side, and the sinc will keep them open, so that crossing the Cape half a dozen times on those who have been unable to secure his way. In his book, "Cape Cod," he anthracite will not be seriously inconvenienced by the change.

If this recipe from St. Paul is all that is claimed for it, the inconveniences of

Perishable Goods.

In a Vermont village there lives a young man who has reached the age of 24 with no apparent thought of tak- tie always locks and bars the window ing to himself a wife, although all his when I have no key, and leaves it companions have either "settled" or wide open when I have mine and yours left the place. He is regarded by the and hers and two or three spare ones. entire community as a confirmed bach- Oh, yes, that's a fine scheme." elor. His mother looks upon his state with a sadness which has afforded got to do is to take my diamond ring more or less amusement to her summer and cut out a little square in the glass boarders.

"There's one of his last pictures." said the mother, displaying a photograph on a small card. "It's a good "Do you think that glass can be cut likeness, ain't it? Getting kind o' with glass such asdrawed round the mouth, same as his pa, he is. I said to him that I'd been me," said Mrs. Jimson mildly. been waiting in the hopes he'd think Jimson." of it himself, but when I saw this and show his age, I took matters right glowered at the door. into my own hands, and marched him to the photographer quick as I could. know," she finally hinted. old Tory, who was talking with his I only hope some good may come of

> Tickled Sheriean's Fancy. Gen. "Phil" Sheridan was at one the window and walked down the hall time asked at what little incident did wiping with a dishcloth the blood off he laugh the most.

riding down the line one day, when I "He was a r-a-ther large and portly- saw an Irishman mounted on a mule Jimson hoarsely.

> A Necessary Evil. "My dear sir," said the physician 'you should take something for your

my business—I'm a book reviewer!"— are filled with thousands of persons out Atlanta Constitution.

## **FAVORITES**

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Out of the Old House, Nancy.

into the new, All the hurry and worry is just as good

and bid the old house good-by. that night. When we was fairly settled, an' had

and that's to stand on the doorstep here,

things snug and tight; We feel as proud as you please, Nancy, over our house that's new, To make the proof seem plainer But we felt as proud under this old roof, and a good deal prouder, too.

> neath the sun; Kitchen and parlor and bedroom-we had 'em all in one; And the fat old wooden clock, that we

bought when we came West,

and doin' its level best. heard of this proceeding, and guessing Trees was all around us, a-whisperin' cheerin' words; Loud as the squirrel's chatter, and sweet

the songs of birds: And home grew sweeter and brighter our courage began to mount-He repeated his ode. The king, per- And things looked hearty and happy then, and work appeared to count.

> tle joy, Though I fretted a little because it wasn't a boy; Wa'n't she a little flirt, though, with all her pouts and smiles?

Then our first-born baby-a regular lit-

half a dozen miles. Yonder sat the cradle—a homely, home made thing—
And many a night I rocked it, providin'

you would sing; And many a little squatter brought up with us to stay-And so that cradle, for many a year, was never put away.

old house dear; Christenin's, funerals, weddin's-what haven't we had here? log in this buildin' but its memo

touches a tender spot. heavy drain upon his treasury; and to Out of the old house, Nancy-moved up into the new:

ries has got,

Will Carleton.

as through; But I tell you a thing right here, that I ain't ashamed to say, There's precious things in this old house we never can take away.

THEN JIMSON WENT TO BED.

Just Because He Had No Words to Fittingly Express His Feelings. Young Jimson and his wife went out to the country the other Saturday, tell-Arriving there, they found that Jim-

dinner they came home. "Please give me the key," said Jimson, at the top of the fifth flight, "Of course Katle is out."

"Jimmie, I gave you the key this morning, and told you particularly not to lose it." "Yes," said Jimson, "and called me

back when I was halfway down stairs and took it back. Where is it?" "On the bureau, of course," said Mrs. Jimson cheerily. "Isn't it nice that I remember where it is. I can just see where I put it."

"If you had an X-ray to put through

an X-ray door, as well as X-ray eyes,"

said Jimson, with gloom, "it might be better. Can your Roentgen mind suggest any method of getting into our peaceful home?" "I have it!" cried Mrs. Jimson, clapping her hands. "You know the Smalls have just gone out of the opposite

apartment! Well, you go through

there and out on their fire escape to ours, and then open the kitchen win-"Yes," said Jimson, "that's nice. Ka-

"Now, don't get sarcastic. All you've to put your hand through and then unlock the catch."

"Your what ring?" retorted Jimson. "It's the engagement ring you gave

wanting he should have a dozen taken "That's it," replied Jimson, "interso I could give 'em round to his rupting again. If you had let me finfriends—young ladies—for sometimes a ish I was going to say that I wouldn't picture standing on a bureau, facing spoil a fine diamond by trying to cut right to you every morning, will start common or garden glass with it. You a kind of affectionate feeling. I've annoy me terribly sometimes, Mrs.

Mrs. Jimson remained discreetly sispring that he was beginning to fade lent for a few moments while Jimson

"You might break the glass, you Jimson departed grimly, and soon the sound of smashing glass echoed by all the cats in the neighborhood was heard. He turned the catch, opened his hand, which he had cut, and found "Well," he said, "I do not know, but his wife cheerfully lighting the gas. "I beat you! I beat you!" she ex-

"How did you get in?" demanded

"Why just after you left to break in looking officer, with a pretty good leg ly. The mule finally got its hoof the window I remembered I had told ington." Then he jumped up again, 'Well, begorrah, if you're goin' to get it would be such fun to surprise you. I beat you in! I beat you in!" Jimson went to bed .- New York Evening Post.

Trade in Germany. Trade in Germany has never been "Impossible, doctor; it would ruin at such a low ebb, and the large towns