Section Sixteen

By CARRIE NEWMAN

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Clifton glanced down the car at the last section. Somehow it irritated him. Last night the chap who had that section had beaten him at penuchle. He might find diversion and revenge if the sleepyhead would only tumble out and recognize the fact that it was broad daylight.

The night before the car had been well filled. All through the night they had dropped off at the way stations, and Clifton thought viciously of the man in his section who had stepped on his face in climbing down from the upper berth about 3 o'clock. So far this morning he had the sleeper to himself, save for the occupant of section 16.

He finished the breakfast that had been served from the buffet and strolled down the car. Reaching through the curtains, he gave the shoulder a shake. "Wake up, old man," he shouted. "Your alarm clock's broken, I guess."

There was a muffled feminine shriek, and the porter came dashing around the corner from his tiny kitchen.

"Waffor you wake dat lady?" he demanded. "You all ain't got no right to wake a lady dataway."

"There was a man went to bed in there," exclaimed Clifton. "How was I to know that he wasn't there yet?"

"Dat gemman yo' done play cards wif las' night?" demanded the porter. "He done get off at Falls Crossin' 'bout leben. Dis hyer lady done come on bode 'bout two hours ago. She shuah am sleepy."

"Tell her I'm sorry," commanded Clifton, backing away. "I was lonesome, and I thought I'd rout that chap out. I'm awfully sorry."

He went back to his own section, and the porter, mollified by the bill slipped into his hand, made full explanation to the unseen occupant.

Clifton settled himself savagely in his seat and fixed his eyes on the berth. He wondered what the woman might look like. Her voice suggested that she was young. More than that

"WAKE UP, OLD MAN," HE SHOUTED. "YOUR ALARM CLOCK'S BROKEN, I GUESS."

he could not guess, so he occupied himself in speculation as to her personality.

It at least served to occupy his thoughts, and this was something. Since the cutoff had been built most long distance travelers took the short route. But the state authorities had demanded that one through car each way be run on the old main line, and because the other sleepers were crowded Val Clifton had taken a berth in the other car. Most of the traffic was short hauls in the day coaches, and he missed having company on the first day out.

It was nearly noon when at last a commotion behind the hanging curtains suggested that the unknown was getting up, and at last there was a flash of red wrapper, a glint of golden hair and just a suggestion of white as she vanished around the corner to the dressing room.

The porter came in and made up the berth and presently she returned to her section. Now she wore a trim gray dress. There were dimples in her cheeks, and Clifton rose and strolled forward.

"I want to apologize in person for my awkward blunder," he said as he leaned over the arm of her seat. "It was a silly mistake, but somehow the chap in this section last night gave me the impression that he was going through, and I was so horribly lonesome that I wanted him to play cards with me."

"A sleeper is a place of surprises," she laughed, "but I guess that you were more badly scared than I was, so we'll call it square. I know how lonesome it is traveling."

"May I venture to hope that you will share my solitude?" he pleaded. "You want some breakfast, and I want some lunch. May I call the porter?"

The girl nodded, and Clifton pressed the button. Presently they were chatting across the white tablecloth as merrily as though they had been old friends.

Then when the things had been cleared away he got out his cards, and they were soon deep in euchre. She chatted away on impersonal topics, and Clifton was charmed. In contrast with the loneliness of the morning in the deserted car with only the dreary landscape to watch, the girl seemed doubly attractive, and he was surprised when the porter came around to light the lights. A number of persons had boarded the car through the afternoon, but he had scarcely noticed them.

He was sorry now that he had arranged to stop over on some business. He was sorry that he was not going straight through, for she had told him that she was to be on the train until well into the next day.

He swore softly to himself when the porter came to brush him down.

"Be in your station in ten minutes," he said briskly as he picked up the suit case beside Clifton's seat and took it to the forward door. Clifton followed him more leisurely and stopped at the girl's seat.

"I am grateful to you for a most delightful afternoon," he said earnestly. "I am sorry that our ways part so quickly, but somehow I feel certain that I shall see you again."

"I'm sure of it," said the girl with laughing eyes. "But next time I hope that the introduction will not be so abrupt."

"I'll follow the adage and let sleeping dogs—and sleeping car passengers—sleep on," he laughed. "Goodby—and thanks."

Their hands met for a moment in a warm clasp, and then he made his way to the door.

The train pulled out before he turned away from the platform, and with the last flash of the car lights on the glinting gold of her hair a terrible sense of loneliness came over him. He had not asked for her address. It would have been worse than rude, and he wanted her to think well of him, but now he was sorry that he had not risked giving offense. It was too late now, though. She had probably passed out of his life forever, and he turned away toward the hotel stages with a heavy heart. Now that the train had gone on he knew that he had fallen in love, and with an unknown girl at that.

There were letters waiting for him at the hotel, including one from his sister urging him to close up his business and get home quickly, as she wanted him to reach there before her school chum went back home.

Clifton caught up a sheet of note paper and wrote a line to Nell. He solemnly warned her to cherish no hopes that he would fall in love. "I met a girl on the train," he wrote. "Unless I can find her you will never have a sister-in-law. I think I shall stay here until your visitor goes."

He sent the letter downstairs and turned into bed, but sleep was laggard. He could see in the darkness of the room that golden head, and he reproached himself for his foolishness in not finding out who she was.

He rose unrefreshed in the morning and went dully about his business. The girl of the train was before his eyes all the time. It was silly, he told himself, to feel so about a woman he would probably never see again, yet at the same time he realized that she had made an impression upon him that time could not efface.

He tried to read that evening, but he could not keep his mind on the magazine, and at last he threw it down and gave himself up to meditation. He knew that if he brooded on the subject he would be unfit for business or anything else. He must find the girl somehow. Perhaps he might trace her through the conductor of the train. She must have come on board about 7 o'clock. Perhaps he could run up the line and find out from the ticket agent. He had about decided upon that scheme when there came a knock at the door, and he went to open it. A bellboy thrust a telegram into his hand and stood waiting to see if there was an answer. Clifton broke the seal listlessly, then gave a shout. The message ran:

"Come home, you silly. Bess Winston was the girl in section 16. She saw your name on the suitcase. That's why she was so nice. Nell."

"Any answer?" asked the boy, fidgeting first on one foot and then on the other.

"I hope the answer will be 'yes,'" said Clifton absently. "I mean," he went on quickly, "yes, there's an answer." And he stretched out his hand for the blank.

Corot and the Prince de Joinville.

"I thank you, Corot," said the prince, holding out his hand, "for having allowed me to renew my youth in seeing your works. And, look, I see there an old acquaintance, your picture of Dante in hades. It was in the Salon of 1843, was it not?" "That is true, mon prince," said Corot. "How in the name of goodness can you remember the date—you who have seen so many things since that time?" "And the critic Delecluse," replied the prince, "worried you a great deal on this subject. But it touched you very little, and you were right. And this lovely delicate study—you must have made it in the neighborhood of Genoa?" "Indeed, I did," bellowed Corot in his great voice. "You are gifted with second sight. For ten years now I have searched in my old noddle for the place where I did that, and it needed you, mon prince, to come and tell me." "That, M. Corot, is because I have sketched those beautiful mountains more than ten times, and I know them by heart. There is another study over there of a mill on the dunes. It is soft and gray and very true. I think it must have been done at Dunkerque. And next to it I recognize the tower of the port of La Rochelle." "I see, monseigneur—pardon, mon prince—that there is nothing to teach you. I see only one thing—that to your title and quality of prince and admiral must be added that of 'wizard.'"—G. Chardin in Putnam's Weekly.

ZEB WHITE'S TALES.

The Old Possum Hunter Tells of His Last Drink.

WIFE COULDN'T REFORM HIM

It Remained For Two Bears to Bring Him to His Proper Senses, and They Did the Reforming Act in Short Order.

[Copyright, 1906, by C. H. Sutcliffe.]

"I reckon that every man on these yere mountings was brung up alongside of a whisky jug," said old Zeb White one evening as we sat at his fireside. "That don't mean that all are drunkards. It means that they've known what whisky was from the time they was bo'n, and while some take to it others let it alone. I keep it in the house, as you know, but I give you my word I haven't had my nose to the jug fur the last five years. I hain't sayin' that I didn't drink my full share on to that time, bekase I did. I reckon I got away with as much

"BETWEEN ME AND HER WAS TWO

moonshine as any other critter miles around, and I was fool feel proud of the fact.

"When I was married, fiftee ago, my wife thought she could me. Mebbe I went a leetle ligh year or so, but the reformin' di form. I'd promise and promi as soon as I got out with a cro fill up. The only good thing ab gettin' drunk was the fact never raised a row at home. ply wanted to git home and and if left alone I'd sleep it next day. I had been sober fu months when town meetin' day along. When I got ready to home the old woman said:

"'Zeb, you've been livin' like cent human bein' fur some tim Are you comin' home drunk or tonight?'

"'Sober as a stump,' I replie fearin' myself at all.

"'Why not let town meetin' sli

"'I couldn't. I've promised thar to vote.'

"'Thar'll be heaps and hea whisky thar, won't they?' she ask

"'Fur shore. But don't you be a fur me. I give you my word I won't drink nuthin' stronger'n le ade.'

"That was a lively town meetin', whisky flowin' like water, and, th I held out agin it fur an hour or had to take a drink at last. Then lered a second and a third, and night I was roarin' drunk and fig everybody. They started to take home in a cart, but when a mile my cabin I got out and wouldn' any further and was left there. was a bright and beautiful moonl night. I could jest remember How I got home after leavin' the I never could recall. I didn't k when I reached here and fell dow front of the house. The fust thi knowed was that somebody was pu me around in a mighty rough way opened my eyes and sot up, and was the old woman on the doahs and between me and her was b'ars. They would look at her and t at me, and it was their haulin' around that had roused me up. wasn't sober yit, you understand, could reason things out after a fashi

"'Why don't you git the gun shoot the b'ars?' I called to the old man, but she never 'peared to not me. The b'ars did, however. Th turned from her to me and begun sort o' hossplay. One of them fetch me a sort of cuff on the ear th stretched me out and made my he ring fur a week arter, and then th begun playin' ball with my body. knowed them fur b'ars, and I know that it would be all play until I tri to git away from them or fit back.

"Well, suh, I can't begin to tell y what them thar b'ars put me throu that night. They rolled me over a over; they dragged me about feet fir and head first; they pulled me down the pigpen and then pulled me back they used their teeth and claws onl in play, but they left marks behind that didn't go away fur two months. Every time they rested I called out to the old woman, but she wouldn't answer. Sometimes she looked at me in a pityin' way, and sometimes she was laughin' at the way I was tossed about. The rifle was on its hooks in the house and loaded, and in that moonlight she could have shot one of the varmints through the heart, but she wouldn't move to do it.

"I reckon them b'ars sported with me fur half an hour or so befo' they had had 'nuff of play. By that time I was in rags and jest as sober as you are now. I have thought some of takin' out a patent on that adventure of mine. That drunk orter have lasted me the best part of three days, but the b'ars cured me of it in about forty minits. Seein' the old woman would do nothin', my line was to play dead and hope the varmints would git tired and go away. They got tired of the play, but they wasn't through with me then. They began to growl and show sign of madness, and I called out to the old woman:

"'Mary, can't you see that they all are dun gittin' mad?'

"'I kin,' she said, speakin' fur the first time and speakin' mighty keerlessly at that.

"'They all will begin to bite and claw in airnest now.'

"'They will fur shore.'

"'Hain't yo' gwine to do anything to help me?'

"'Nothin' tall, Zeb. A man who can't stay sober had better be dead and it don't make no difference whether he falls from a tree or gits clawed up by b'ars.'

"'But yo' wouldn't see yo' own husband perish befo' you' eyes, I take it?'

"'I'll think it over. If yo' are gwine to live on, yo' got to keep sober arter this. It will be well fer yo' to have some scars to p'int to. Arter yo' have been half killed mebbe I'll do sunthin', but it does seem pizen mean to drive the b'ars away when they're havin' so much fun.'

"Jest then the old he b'ar took a long look into my face and then uttered a growl that made chills shake me all over. He knowed me, and I knowed him. He was a b'ar I had hunted fer three years, and he had three of my bullets in his body at that very minnit. Yes, suh, that critter knowed me fer Zeb White, the man who never yit had mercy on a b'ar, and he seen that his time had come to git even. He hauled off and gin me a swat that almost stove in my ribs and then bit me twice. His mate pitched in, and fur the next two minnits I was mauled about between 'em like a rag doll. It was no use of my tryin' to make a fight fur it. They was all over me all the time, and even if I had a knife it wouldn't have helped me out.

"What sent the pesky critters off at last was the old woman shootin' down the he b'ar, but I was left in a powerful sad state. I had skeercely a stitch of clothes left on me, and I was one mass of bites and claw marks. I had to be dragged into the house and boosted into bed, and I didn't tech toe to the floor fer three weeks to come. I hadn't any bones broke, but the claw marks and bites of a b'ar don't heal fur a long time. Durin' all the time I was in bed and sufferin' the old woman kept whisky under my nose. I had [illegible] minutes. [illegible] hated [illegible] away. [illegible] orked [illegible] I run [illegible] rs, I [illegible] g to [illegible]?" I [illegible] What [illegible] play [illegible] in' a [illegible] ords [illegible] she [illegible] hat's [illegible] and [illegible] ines [illegible] D [illegible] TY, [illegible] anc [illegible] im. [illegible] ED [illegible] Phi- [illegible] Off- [illegible] Him [illegible] ked [illegible] me [illegible] the [illegible] sed [illegible] ing [illegible] ied [illegible] ise [illegible] to [illegible] on [illegible] to [illegible] ou [illegible] ll. [illegible] a [illegible] n- [illegible] ed [illegible] ld, [illegible] or [illegible] w [illegible] re [illegible] m [illegible] w [illegible] s- [illegible] d

"AND WHAT DO YOU CALL THIS?"

and desperate father may have abandoned him to the tender mercies of the world. See that he has a plate at the table."

Mrs. Bowser took a closer look at the boy and smiled. The boy returned her look and seemed to be confused and uneasy.

"Are you trying to scare him to death?" demanded Mr. Bowser.

Boy Is Ravenous.

Mrs. Bowser did not answer, but led the way down to dinner and gave the boy a seat at the table and heaped his plate high with dinner. He was as ravenous as a young wolf, and after watching him for awhile Mr. Bowser said:

"Poor child! I suppose this is the first meal he has sat down to for many weeks. This place must seem like heaven to him."

"What are you going to do with him?" was asked.

"I don't know yet. He should be returned to his parents tomorrow if they can be found. If not, I may adopt him. One has only to glance at his face to see intelligence far beyond his years."

As the kid was cross eyed and snub nosed and flat faced, Mrs. Bowser couldn't see the intelligence part, but she made no comment, and directly Mr. Bowser continued:

"If this child is adopted and reared as he should be, who knows the goal he will ultimately reach?"

"That's true. He has begun well by reaching for about everything on the table."

"Never mind that. Of course he hasn't been brought up to have table manners. I wish you were more humane, Mrs. Bowser."

"I could pick up a dozen lost children a day, but I have no clothes or food for them."

Cajis Wife Hard Hearted.

"If you were a millionaire the poor would be no better off for it. You are selfish and hard hearted. You have no sympathy for those in misfortune. Any evening I may come home and find a man, woman or child frozen to death in the vestibule."

"We might put a kerosene stove out there," she suggested.

Mr. Bowser turned red in the face and was about to say something decisive when the lost boy looked around for something more to devour, and, not finding it, he picked up his plate and slammed it down on the floor and began to kick and yell.

"Here, what the devil is this?" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up. "Young man, what do you want?"

"Sunthin' 'teat," replied the boy.

"Something to eat! Good lands, but you have eaten more than three hired men could already! You may get something more by and by, but not now. We'll go up to the sitting room. Mrs. Bowser, why didn't you smile at him and speak a few motherly words?"

Mrs. Bowser took the boy by the hand and led him upstairs. On the way they passed the cat, and he gave her a vicious kick. As he reached the sitting room he walked over to the piano and began kicking that and shuffling. Mr. Bowser seized his arm and hauled him away and twisted him around and said:

"We mustn't judge him too harshly. He is hardly old enough yet to know whether we are his friends or enemies. Isn't it a sad case that a child of his age is without a home, perhaps without a father or mother?"

Kicks at Bowser.

"Very sad, indeed, but still he ought to behave himself," answered Mrs. Bowser as the boy kicked at Mr. Bowser and [illegible] one of his shins.

"He will be all right as soon as he knows we are his friends. He may have a father who came home and beat him, and he has got in the habit of fighting back. Bubby, come here. Now look at me. I am your friend. I am going to give you more to eat and a warm bed to sleep in tonight. I like boys. Perhaps I shall adopt you and send you to school and let you live with me all the time. What is your name?"

"Cheese it!" impudently exclaimed the lad after a moment.

"What! What's that?"

"He said 'Cheese it!'" explained Mrs. Bowser as she laughed behind her hand.

"And you are giggling over it, of course! You can't understand that poverty and the want of human sympathy have made him what he is. Where do you live, sonny?"

"Rats!"

"Hey, what do you mean by that? Don't you understand what I mean? What street do you live on?"

"Oh, come off!" answered the boy as he turned away to chase the cat back down in the basement.

Mrs. Bowser had to giggle. No woman could have helped it. The first giggle set Mr. Bowser's ears to working back and forth, and at the second he rose and shouted:

"Yes, giggle and giggle and giggle and be hanged to you! You can't see that you are encouraging the child in his impudence. You are disappointed because he wasn't found dead of cold and hunger at the gate. The boy is all right, only he is afraid of you."

"Then I'll go upstairs and you may question him some more."

"Sonny," said Mr. Bowser after she had disappeared, "I want you to understand that I am your friend. I have some pennies in my pocket, and if you will tell me where you live I will give them to you. What is the street?"

"Taffy!" grinned the boy.

"Look here, you young cub, but you are inclined to be impudent. I want you to answer me straight or out you go. What is your name?"

"Bug house!"

Draws Him Over His Knee.

Mr. Bowser reached for him and drew him over his knee. He forgot all about adoption and human sympathy. He was about to perform the old fashioned spanking act when two things happened at once. The kid fastened his teeth in the humanitarian's leg with a grip like that of an alligator, and the front door bell rang, and somebody drummed on the glass panel of the door outside. The boy was twisted down on the floor and the bell answered. The callers were a man and a woman—man and wife. They were not yet inside the hall when the man brandished his fists and shouted:

"You old child stealer! Where is my boy?"

"Yes, you villain, where is our Peter?" added the woman.

"W-what does all this mean?" asked Mr. Bowser as he stared at them.

"It means that we live five doors above here and that tonight you on- [illegible]

Bowser Again An Easy Mark

Fraudulent Mendicant Gets Money to Take Him to Home of a Relative.

SYMPATHY IS MISPLACED

Philosopher Deceived by the Tears of a Man Disguised to Look Old.

[Copyright, 1906, by P. C. Eastment.]

MR. BOWSER was within a hundred feet of his gate as he came from his office the other evening when he noticed an old man coming out of the gate. He was evidently a vagrant by his looks and dress, but as he was asked what he did there he choked up and could not answer for a moment. Then he replied:

"Sir, I want to get to my daughter's in Troy. I asked for 5 cents at the door, but the lady sent me away. If a few people would only help a poor old man along he'd—he'd"—

Here he was overcome again, and to cut it short Mr. Bowser gave him half a dollar and did not wait to hear the thanks poured out. The incident was not adverted to until dinner was ended, though Mrs. Bowser saw that something had occurred and that there would be an explosion later on. It came when they returned to the sitting room. When Mr. Bowser had paced up and down for five minutes he halted and turned to say:

"Mrs. Bowser, when I reached home this evening there was a poor old man at the gate."

"Yes?"

"He had been here asking for alms."

"Yes?"

"He wanted to get enough money together to pay his fare up to Troy.

"THAT MAN IS NO MORE OF A FRAUD THAN I AM."

where he has a daughter. He explained the matter to you, did he not?"

"He did."

"And how much did you give him?"

"Not a blessed cent, Mr. Bowser. I told him to take himself off or I'd have him arrested."

"What, woman—what! You used such brutal language to him! No wonder he was so choked up that he could not speak to me for a minute! By thunder, but if anybody had told me there was such a stony hearted woman in all this world I wouldn't have believed it!"

"You know the old fellow, do you?" asked Mrs. Bowser.

Old and Homeless.

"No, I don't know him, and I can't remember ever having seen him before, but it is enough for me to know that he is old and homeless and friendless. My sympathies were touched at once, and I gave him half a dollar."

"Then he went off taking you for a soft mark. The old fraud has called here at least ten times. I gave him money the first twice, but I have turned him down since. He is known all along the street as the weeping fraud."

"Then the people around here ought to be kicked. That man is no more of a fraud than I am. He is a simple, gentle old man, and if he is poor through misfortune that is no fault of his. He wasn't asking money for lodgings, but to get up to Troy with."

"Did he tell you that he wanted to open a Troy laundry?"

"No, ma'am, he didn't, and you can keep your sarcasm to yourself. I wish some of you folks along here knew what it was to have to ask for charity. Poor old man! You not only refuse to give, but you utter words that hurt his feelings. How do you suppose he must feel toward mankind?"

"He ought to feel pretty mellow toward you. It's a wonder he didn't drop dead when he saw that 50 cents. However, if you want me handing out to all the frauds that come along, leave the change and I'll give it to them. The old man was the eighth one that called today."

"And by what right do you characterize him as a fraud?"

"Because the policeman on this beat has arrested him two or three times and warned people against him. He has no daughter in Troy. He can't tell you where Troy is. Every time that I have been to the door his breath has smelled of whisky. You needn't waste any sympathy on him."

He Knew a Fraud.

"But I tell you you are wrong," persisted Mr. Bowser as he became more and more irritated. "Do you mean to tell me that I don't know a fraud when I see one? Could this old man have choked up with emotion and deceived me? Could the tears that coursed down his wrinkled cheeks have been false? I am neither a child nor a fool, woman."

"No; you simply gave up 50 cents to a man who has been begging around here for a year and has no claim on any one."

"Look here, woman," said Mr. Bowser as he set his jaw, "this matter of charity has come up between us before, and you have always tried to make out that I was a soft mark. You have gone too far with it. I believe the old man can be found. If so I will bring him home with me. We will hear his story, and when it has been told you will go down on your knees and beg his pardon."

"I will cheerfully do so if I have wronged him."

Mr. Bowser put on his hat and left the house. He knew that there was a community ten blocks away where many mendicants made their headquarters, and he headed for it, meanwhile keeping a lookout for the old man as he went. Nothing was seen of him, but Mr. Bowser had the luck to run across the young man who supplied his house with kindling wood and had occasionally been given the job of beating the rugs. When he had been hailed he halted and asked:

"I suppose you know many of the people to be found around here?"

"For sure."

"A good many of the street beggars lodge here, don't they?"

"Yes, most of them."

Knew the Man.

"Well, I am looking for an old man. His hair is white and his face wrinkled, and he speaks in a husky voice."

"He ought to speak that way," grinned the young man.

"What do you mean?"

"Why, his name is Husky Jim. You mean the old fellow who wants to get up to Troy to live with his daughter?"

"Yes."

"He lodges right over there at No. 97, and is drinking a highball at this minute. I heard him telling Sleepy Sam that he had struck an old bloke who came down handsomely."

"What—what did he mean by that?" asked Mr. Bowser as he began to feel weak in the knees.

"Oh, he cried to some one and told his Troy story and got a quarter or 50 cents. Husky is a slick one for a young man."

"Young? Why, he must be seventy years old."

"He isn't a day over twenty-five, Mr. Bowser. He goes about in disguise, you know. He can make up like an actor. I put Mrs. Bowser up to his little game long ago. Don't you ever give him a cent. If you want to see him, come across the street and look into the window. Want to hire him to beat the rugs?"

"N-o-o. Some one was telling me about him, and I just wanted to know."

Would Steal Anything.

"Well, don't you put any rugs into his hands. If you do he'll make a skate. Say, he has stolen more doormats than any ten other men. If he's left in the hall half a minute the spare hats and umbrellas are his. You leave it with Mrs. Bowser to turn him and the other frauds down. Shall I call Husky out?"

"Oh, no. I happened to be passing through this quarter, you know."

"I see. Well, if Husky ever stops you and begins choking up and shedding tears and telling that Troy story you take him by his venerable whiskers and they will come off his chin at a yank. Good night, Mr. Bowser."

During that walk of ten blocks back home Mr. Bowser had seventeen thoughts. The thought that gave him the most pain was that he must meet Mrs. Bowser on his return. He walked at a slow pace and finally decided on his course. He entered the house with a swagger and stamped along to the sitting room, and of course she looked up and asked:

"Well, is the weeping old man on the doorsteps?"

"What weeping old man?"

"Why, the one I am to get down on my knees to."

"I noticed you had a queer look around your eyes at dinner time. I hope you are not getting wheels in your head."

With that he sat down and began to read the evening paper, and nothing further was said. It was the kindling wood boy who told her all about it two days later, but in the goodness of her heart she didn't make use of the knowledge.

M. QUAD.

Brahms Was Not Sociable.

Anecdotes about Brahms show the composer to have been a somewhat unamiable companion. His wit was brilliant, but cruel, and its direct object could rarely join in the amusement it created. One story begins with the statement that as a performer Brahms had an extremely hard touch. This once led a musician who was accompanying him on the cello to exclaim, "I don't hear myself." "Ah," replied Brahms, "you are a lucky fellow." When he left the room after a lively evening among friends he used to remark, "If there is any one present whose feelings I have not hurt, I trust he will receive my humble apology."

Brahms never could bring himself to produce an opera. "If I composed one which failed, I should certainly have a second try," he said to pressing friends, "but I cannot make up my mind to the first. To me the undertaking seems much the same as marriage." The latter institution found no favor in his eyes, and he lived an isolated existence, recognizing no kinsfolk.

Scott's Monument In Edinburgh.

The finest monument erected to a literary man in Great Britain is the Scott monument in Edinburgh. It is in the form of a graceful gothic spire, with pinnacles, resting on four pointed arches. In this canopy of open arches is a statue of the novelist and poet, accompanied by his dog. The designer was George Kemp, a youthful architect who died before the monument was completed. He is said to have been greatly influenced by the architectural beauties of Melrose abbey. An interior staircase conducts to the top, which is 200 feet from the ground and terminates in a single pinnacle. Above the principal arches and in various parts of the structure are fifty-six niches destined to be filled with statues representing well known characters in the Waverley novels, several of which have been completed. The statue is by John Steell, R. S. A., and is a magnificent work of art. Lord Jeffrey supplied the inscription. The cost was £15,650, which was raised by public subscription.

Horrors of Close Shaves.

A New York barber has on a corner table a fine pocket microscope and a framed announcement that says:

"Do you know what a close shave means? Bring a friend here, if you don't, have him shaved close, and then look at his face through this microscope. The entire skin will resemble a piece of raw beef.

"To shave the face perfectly smooth requires not only the removal of the hair, but also of a portion of the cuticle; so that a close shave means the removal of a layer of skin all round. The blood vessels thus exposed are not visible to the eye, but under the microscope each little quivering mouth, holding a minute blood drop, protests against such treatment. Bring a friend and see!

"The nerve tips are also uncovered by close shaves, and the pores are left unprotected, which makes the skin tender and unhealthy. This sudden exposure of the inner layer of the skin renders a person liable to colds, hoarseness and sore throat."—New York Press.

His Money's Worth.

Laundryman—I regret to tell you, sir, that one of your shirts is lost.

Customer—But, here, I have just paid you 12 cents for doing it up.

Laundryman—Quite right, sir; we laundered it before we lost it.—Harper's Weekly.