

THE RED STORM

Or the Days of Daniel Boone

By JOEL ROBINSON

CHAPTER I.

The vast forests of Kentucky had reverberated to the sound of the woodman's ax. The tide of population was flowing toward that wild and picturesque country which had been represented by those who had explored its fertile levels as another Eden.

A fort had been erected on the southern bank of the Kentucky river by Daniel Boone, that daring and indomitable man whom no danger could appall and no difficulties discourage. At the distance of eight miles from Boone's fort Captain John Harrod had built a second fortification, while Colonel Logan had raised a third at St. Asaph's, in Lincoln county. The few adventurous settlers that had penetrated into that country were continually harassed by savage foes, not unfrequently led by Frenchmen and British Canadians.

Bold men worked in the new clearings with arms by their sides, and became soldiers by necessity. The thrilling scenes that were of daily occurrence at that period eclipse the pen of romance, and imagination is surpassed by startling reality. The thrill warwhoop grew strangely familiar to the ears of the pioneers, and the shafts of destruction, hurled from the rifles of ambushed enemies, were continually striking down friend and neighbor. Aided by the British posts at Detroit, Vincennes and Kaskaskia, the Indians began a war of extermination. Against Boonesborough in particular was their hostility directed.

A few rods below the Salt Lick, near which a fort and stockades had been erected by Daniel Boone and his associates, there was a highly romantic spot, half shut in by trees. A grassy glade sloped down to the water, and gentle eminences, and rocks overgrown with verdure, formed very acceptable seats for those who might enjoy the tranquil beauty of nature in her spring vestments.

A young lady, in the summer of maiden loveliness, was reclining upon a mossy knoll, and the waters of the Kentucky were flowing at her feet. She had gathered violets and evergreens, and a wreath of the latter bound her brows with a careless grace, while the former she was leisurely forming into a bouquet. Her face was uncommonly attractive, and her figure very symmetrical in its outlines. That common figure of the blending of the lily and the rose was perhaps never more felicitously illustrated than upon the fair cheeks of Rosalthe Alston. The soft, pensive expression of the eyes, and the sweet light of intelligence that streamed from beneath the pencilled lids, were enough to fix the beholder's attention in a steadfast and admiring gaze.

The sound of human footsteps upon the river's bank caused Rosalthe to cast hurried and alarmed glances around her. It was not deemed safe, at that time, for females to venture out of sight of the stockades. Rosalthe had in this instance as on several other occasions, violated in some degree the established custom; for, from the spot where she had been reclining the stockades were not visible.

The cause of Rosalthe's alarm was directly apparent; a man appeared in the glade, and, without hesitation, approached her. The young lady drew the folds of her light scarf hastily about her person, and was on the point of leaving the spot with considerable precipitation, when the intruder addressed her.

"Stay, mademoiselle! Why should you fly at my approach? Am I indeed a savage? Is my skin red?"

"Excuse me, Monsieur Le Bland," she said, rather coldly, "if my fears appeared somewhat excited, for I did not expect—that is, I had no reason to suppose that my pleasant meditations in this agreeable retreat would be intruded upon."

"I am, then, it would seem, to be regarded as an intruder?" asked Le Bland, in a tone less courtly than at first.

"No matter, sir—let the subject pass. I seek no cause of disagreement," returned the lady, with a smile.

"Neither do I, fair Rosalthe; your frown of displeasure would make me miserable," said Le Bland, earnestly.

A scornful smile played for an instant over the rosy lips of the lady; Le Bland observed it, and contracted his brows.

"Coldness may not quite crush me," he added, "contentment I never could bear."

"The old theme, Mr. Le Bland; the old theme," returned Rosalthe.

"It is a theme never old with me. Small streams may be turned aside into new channels, but large and swiftly flowing rivers cannot be easily diverted. It is thus with the human affections; when they become fixed and strong they cannot be changed or trained to flow in other directions. I have sought you, Mademoiselle Alston, to lay bare my heart before you, and to ask you to see the treasures of love that are garnered there. But your impatient gestures, your curling lip, your rebuking glances, forbid me to proceed."

"I am glad you have done," she said, "and you could not better evince the good sense which I have always given you credit for possessing than by so doing. I will now return, and hope you will enjoy the beauties of this pleasant morning and of this lovely spot as truly as I have done."

"Not yet, mademoiselle—not yet. I have other matters to discuss which require your earnest attention. I refer to the dangers which environ and menace you on every side. The red men of the wilderness are gathering in great numbers to march against Boonesborough, and level it with the dust," returned Le Bland.

"Whence had you this information?"

"From one of my countrymen whom I accidentally met while out hunting yesterday."

"Who incites our savage foes? Who supplies them with arms and ammunition?" interrogated Rosalthe, with increasing earnestness.

"I know what you mean," said Le Bland, coloring. "I am aware that it is reported that the British posts aid and encourage the Indians in their movements. But to the subject under consideration. I have heard, from undoubted authority, that Captain Du Quesne will soon appear before Boonesborough with

a large body of savages, to demand its surrender."

"And what will be the consequences if Daniel Boone refuses to yield?"

"The consequences will be that Du Quesne will hurl his savages against Boonesborough, and take it by storm. The slaughter will, in such a case, be fearful, be indiscriminate. And now comes the most important part of my business: It is to earnestly request you to go to Harrodsburgh, and stay until after this tragedy is enacted."

CHAPTER II.

Le Bland paused and waited anxiously for an answer, but Rosalthe remained silent.

"Will you go to Harrodsburgh, Mademoiselle Alston, in order to escape the fate in reserve for yonder brave but infatuated families?" asked the Frenchman, seriously.

"And leave my dearest friends?" said Rosalthe, calmly. "Your motives may be excellent, sir, but I reject your counsel. I will not go; I will remain and share the fortunes of those I love, whatever they may be. But I would not appear ungrateful. I thank you for your kind attentions. Adieu! My decision is final."

"It is not—it must not be!" cried the Frenchman, emphatically. "I can—I will not consent to such a sacrifice!"

"I cannot understand whence comes your intimate knowledge of the contemplated movements of the Indians and their French and British allies," said Rosalthe. "Neither can I fully appreciate the motives which can induce you to offer safety to me and no others. You have been for a period the guest of the settlers, and Captain Boone, my father and others have treated you with kindness and true hospitality; why not go to them and make known the danger that is hourly drawing nearer and nearer?"

"There are many reasons that shape my actions which I cannot explain, but a strong—an irresistible—desire to save you has induced me to give you a word of timely warning."

"My resolution to dare every peril with natural guardians and protectors is as strong as human will can make it," said Rosalthe.

"Promise me, at least, that you will lock this secret in your own bosom, and reflect on what I have said for four-and-twenty hours," continued Le Bland, considerably agitated.

"I will make no promises, if you please," answered the young lady.

"How vexatious! how perverse!" exclaimed the Frenchman, petulantly.

"Mademoiselle, you must listen to reason; you must be rational; you must promise to keep my secret for at least twenty-four hours," and Le Bland placed himself before her and barred her further progress.

Rosalthe quailed before the stern glances of Le Bland, and would have called for assistance had she dared; but the terror which the Frenchman's conduct inspired, sealed up her lips, and shrinking from him, she exclaimed:

"I promise; let me pass."

"It is well; be careful that in some unguarded moment you do not betray the secret," rejoined Le Bland, in a milder tone, but without moving from her path.

"This is annoying, sir, and I'll become you as a guest and a friend," said Miss Alston, whose perturbation momentarily increased, and was now mingled with some just indignation.

"Stand aside, sir, if you are a gentleman," said a voice that made Rosalthe's heart beat with gladness. She beheld a young hunter at the distance of a few yards away, with a rifle in his hand, a powder horn and ball pouch slung at his side, together with the usual accompaniments of such a calling. The stranger's face was somewhat flushed with resentment, and his eyes were fixed sternly upon the Frenchman.

Le Bland, who appeared chagrined and displeased, stepped from Rosalthe's path, bowed as she passed, and then turned towards the hunter with an expression that might be construed into anything rather than approbation.

With a smile of contempt he scanned him from head to foot, then remarked, as if his words were intended for no ears save his own.

"A knight in a hunting shirt—a specimen of the infant chivalry of Kentucky. Young fellow, what may be your business with me?"

"I have no further demand to make of your courtesy, sir," replied the hunter, looking after the retreating figure of Rosalthe.

"Extremely modest and ingenuous youth!" exclaimed the Frenchman, ironically. "By what particular combination of letters are you usually known?"

"The condescending monsieur wishes to know my name; it is Allan Norwood," replied the hunter.

"Did it ever occur to you, excellent Allan, that meddling with other people's affairs is not always safe and profitable business?" said Le Bland, knitting his brows.

"I have some knowledge, proud Frenchman, of what belongs to a gentleman. I know how to defend my honor, and punish impertinence," rejoined Allan.

"You are there, are you? You carry it bravely. I'll humor your mood, my doughty rustic, and though you are not my equal, I will meet you on equal terms. Have you pistols, worthy Allan?"

"I have, and you may take your choice of the pair," answered the hunter, calmly.

"Let us walk yonder, then, out of hearing of the settlers, and adjust this little affair."

The two now diverged from the river's bank, Le Bland leading the way. Pushing aside the bushes at every step and passing over some pretty rough ground they soon reached a large growth of wood, free from underbrush and brakes, and emerging from that they stood on the border of one of the beautiful levels characteristic of the country.

Allan paused to admire the natural beauty of the spot, and the Frenchman observed him askance. While the parties stood thus a small bird alighted on a willow bush at about a distance of ten paces.

"I'll trouble you for one of those pistols, sir," said Le Bland quietly.

Allan instantly complied with his request, and gave him his choice of a brace of well-furnished pistols with side barrels. The Frenchman took one of them and remarked, with his usual courtliness of style, "that he was considered a very good shot, but want of practice had unfitted him for nice shooting."

With these words, and smiling again, he raised the weapon, fired without much apparent care, and the bird fell dead.

"Rather clumsily done for me. I should have shot his head off; but it is all owing to want of practice. Be good enough to load it, young man, and we will soon finish this business," added Le Bland carelessly, but at the same time glancing stealthily at Allan to observe the effect of the shot.

"It is one thing to shoot at a bird and another to shoot at a human being," replied the hunter coolly. "Such a feat does not surprise me; I have done as much myself. But there is one art in which I have never been emulous to excel; I allude to the art of dissimulation."

"Rash and foolish boy! You have provoked your fate. Your tone and manners are highly offensive, and add greatly to the sin of your first rudeness," retorted Le Bland, angrily.

"I care nothing for the loftiness which you affect; I only remember the cause of this quarrel. You offend an insult to a young and beautiful maiden. I appear as her champion, and will abide the result whatever it may be," answered the hunter, firmly.

Le Bland measured the ground by paces; and then walked back to his former position.

"Who will give the signal to fire, since we have no seconds?" asked Allan.

"I will arrange that. I have an alarm watch which strikes any given time, by a regulated movement. I will set it so that it will strike in precisely two minutes."

Le Bland drew a repeater from his pocket and proceeded to set it with much nonchalance. When he had done so, he hung it by the chain upon a bush. A minute of deathlike silence elapsed, when the Frenchman suddenly dropped his weapon and exclaimed:

"The game is up!"

Norwood instinctively turned his gaze toward the spot upon which Le Bland's eyes were fastened, and perceived a man of a figure bold and striking. He was dressed in deerskin hunting shirt and leggings, and his feet were encased in Indian moccasins. The handle of a hunting knife, the blade of which was thrust into a sheath under the wallet, was visible, while in his right hand he held a rifle.

"This Daniel Boone!" cried Le Bland. "Put up your pistols, and we will defer this business until another time; for I do not wish to incur his displeasure."

Allan mechanically placed his weapon in its accustomed place, and then Daniel Boone approached toward them.

"Mr. Le Bland, what means this?"

"Pantomime, sir; nothing but pantomime," replied Le Bland, somewhat disconcerted by the reproving glances of the far-famed forester.

"Let it end thus, sir, for we want no more blood shed than absolute necessity requires. I perceive that there is a quarrel between you and this young stranger; but drop it right here, and let it go no further. If you are wise, you will take my advice, for I assure you that your friends at the settlement yonder are not numerous."

The Frenchman reddened, and for a moment was embarrassed by the sharp tones and keen glances of the pioneer.

"As you will, Captain Boone. I yield to your cooler judgment," he said at length.

Boone stood for a few seconds as if lost in reflection, and then turning abruptly to Allan, added, with much frankness:

"Come with me, young man, to Boonesborough. You appear to be of that class which we need at this crisis; you shall be welcome to hunter's fare."

This honest and open invitation made Norwood's heart beat with pleasure, for he trusted he should again see the fair maiden for whose sake he had dared the proud Frenchman's ire.

"Will you go with us?" asked the pioneer, addressing Le Bland.

"Not now, I will follow presently," replied the latter. "Daniel Boone and Allan Norwood then walked toward Boonesborough, while the Frenchman, giving our hero a threatening glance, moved slowly away."

(To be continued.)

Ethereal.

"We'd be glad to have you among us," said Mrs. Starvorn; "all our boarders are quite refined." "Yes," replied the inquirer, "I've seen look positively spirituelle, almost diaphanous. It scares me."—Philadelphia Press.

Cause of It.

Cholly—I admit it frequently takes me some time to make up my mind, but—

Miss Pepprey—Ah! Naturally. You must lose time in trying to locate it.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Strangers Now.

Edyth—Percy De Smythe asked me to tell him the difference between pretty and handsome.

Mayme—I suppose he thought the opinion of a disinterested person would be best.

Drawing the Line.

Roundabout—I hear Lillian Russell is going to star in "The Barber of Seville."

Jaygreen—Well, she won't get any of my coin. I never patronize lady barbers.

To Please the Actors.

"Blank is an awfully kind-hearted fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, I took him to a minstrel show the other day, and he laughed at all of the jokes."

Damascus is to have an electric works and an electric railroad. The working capital of the company is \$1,250,000.



The manuscript of Swinburne's "First Book of Ballads" has been sold for \$1,000.

A blessed companion is a book—a book that fitsly chosen is a lifelong friend.—Douglas Jerrold.

Mr. Bishop's experience in yellow journalism is no doubt what enabled him to make such a striking success in yellow journalism.

Clarence S. Darrow, the Chicago author of "An Eye for an Eye," has practiced law for a dozen years, but says that he has never taken a case against labor.

In his essay on "Heroes in Humble Life" in the volume, "The Companionship of Books," published by the Putnams, Dr. Frederick Rowland Marvin voices Andrew Carnegie's views which led to the latter's "Fund for the Reward of Heroism."

Edward Atkinson, who died suddenly recently while on his way to his office, in Boston, was well known as a statistician and economist, and was the author of "Facts and Figures, the Basis of Economic Science," published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

It is asserted by the newspapers that women are writing the best fiction of to-day. The head of a large publishing house goes further and declares that "nine-tenths of the good fiction of to-day is written by women."

The substantial profits many women receive tell loudly and convincingly that in this channel their work is rated besides that of "mere man."

A book the admirers of Thackeray will rejoice to possess has been published. It is "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle," and is compiled by her son and daughter-in-law from family manuscripts never before used. It was to Mrs. Brookfield that Thackeray addressed a series of letters, delightful in their charm and humor.

Mrs. Brookfield was the original of Lady Castlemore in "Henry Esmond," and her husband was the Rev. Frank Whitestock of his touching little sketch, "The Curate's Walk."

Charles Brookfield, son of this couple, is a well-known actor and an excellent story teller. One of his stories referred to his father, of whom, though very fond, he stood rather in awe and did not come to know intimately until about three years before his death.

One evening, when the lad was about 15, he was hiding in a lumber room, surreptitiously smoking, when Brookfield, Sr., suddenly discovered him. "I am astounded," gravely exclaimed the father, "that you, whom I always regarded as a straightforward and right-minded lad, should hide yourself in this manner to indulge in the clandestine use of that abominable weed, tobacco. But since you have contracted this odious, paitry, cowardly, indecorous, unsanitary, pestilential habit, and I suppose it's too late to try and break yourself of it, why not come and smoke socially with me in my study?" Every after that son and father smoked comfortably together every day and grew into an affectionate intimacy.

SOME CLERICAL BLUNDERS.

Humorous Mistakes Made by Pastors in the Pulpit.

Each profession has its stock jokes, its stories innumerable, and to each belongs a flavor all its own. That the point of a jest lies not in the tongue of him who makes it, but in the ear that hears, is the testimony of the great dramatist. The doctor on his rounds and the judge upon the bench have both an audience ready and willing to accept as the highest wit the bonhomies of the speakers; and there is no club or gathering of men that does not acclaim one of its members as supreme in this respect and is not ready to yield due recognition of the gift, says Chambers' Journal.

There is, however, a vast amount of unconscious humor always floating about, and to those who perceive it the world is ever very amusing. It must be admitted that the blunders and jests clerical stand for some reason pre-eminent both in number and in mirth-producing qualities. The reason, of course, is not far to seek; the very surroundings in which they occur, the very upsetting of one's preconceived notions of reverence, all tend to cause a reaction in the ordinary mental equilibrium, and the simplest mistake or accident under such circumstances assumes the proportions of a huge comedy.

The divine who in drawing the attention of his congregation to a special communion service on the following Sunday informed them that "the Lord is with us in the forenoon and the bishop in the evening" is chronicled with praying for the children of his parish, in these words: "And now, O Lord, bless the lambs of this fold and make them meet for the kingdom of heaven." While a Scotch minister innocently, perhaps, hit the mark by telling his people: "Weel, friends, the kirk is urgently in need of siller; and as we have failed to get money honestly, we will have to see what a bazaar can do for us."

There is a certain amount of excuse to be made for the young curate who, remarking that some people came to church for no better reason than to

show off their best clothes, finished up as he glanced over his audience: "I am thankful to see, dear friends, that none of you have come here for that reason."

An Irish clergyman is credited with having concluded a powerful oration in this fashion: "My brethren, let not this world rob you of a peace which it can neither give nor take away." Which is coupled with the remark of a fellow country colleague who in reasoning with a woman who had lost her faith in Christianity told her: "Well, you will go to hell, you know; and I shall be very sorry, indeed, to see you there!"

But what can be said of the negro student who, conducting the prayers at one of the great missionary colleges, said: "Give us all pure hearts, give us all clean hearts, give us all sweet hearts," to which the entire congregation made response, "Amen."

The giving out of church notices has often proved a pitfall for the unwary. "During Lent," said a rector lately, "several preachers will preach on Wednesday evenings; but I need not give their names, as they will be all found hanging up in the porch."

It was a rector who gave out a hymn beginning "Awake, my soul, stretch every nerve," before his sermon, and a curate who read in the lesson for the day, "He spake the words, and cataphorers came and grasshoppers innumerable;" but it was at a young woman's Bible class that, when asked what hymn should be sung at the close, they all, with one accord chose "Where is my wandering boy to-night?"

A ROTARY FIDDLE BOW.

Does Away with Old-Time Scraping and is Big Improvement.

A wonderful advance has just lately been made in violin playing by the invention of the so-called "rotary fiddle bow," which invention is the product of the brain of Tronjhem Qualmquist, of Lesueur, says the St. Paul Pioneer Press.

It isn't a bow at all, but a wheel about eight inches in diameter, constructed of rawhide and made of revolve by pedal and flexible shaft in the same manner that a dentist runs his drills and other tooth-boring contrivances.

Every one realizes that the great drawback to violin music is the constant seesaw back and forth which the player is compelled to indulge in in order to produce the music. He "fiddles" slowly when he wants a slow tune and saws with lightning-like rapidity when the exigencies of the music make him hurry, and this waving to and fro of his elbow sometimes detracts in a slight degree from the proper solemnity of the occasion.

But with this new contrivance no see-sawing is necessary. The violin is held in the usual position and the wheel held in the other hand, when brought into contact with the violin strings, produces the musical vibrations by whirling its primer across the chords. The wheel is so geared that it can be made to run ten times as fast as the man can draw a bow and so regulated with a small brake, worked with the fingers, that the speed can be instantly changed from fast to slow or the other way, as desired. It can be made to touch one string only, or more than one, exactly as a bow is used, and by holding it erect or tipping it to one side the full breadth of the edge of the wheel is brought in contact with the strings or only the sharp edge of the perimeter. With a bow the same tone can be prolonged for only the length of time that the musician is drawing his hand one full length, but no such restriction is necessary when the wheel is used and the musician may dwell on one note as long as he desires and shade off into other notes without the stop or jerk necessary when he uses a bow.

The improvement is marvelous and is sure to come into general use. It is not patented, and will not be, for Mr. Qualmquist says that he would as soon think of making people pay for the air they breathe as to restrict them in any way regarding musical enjoyment.

Use for Old Shoes.

Janitors collect the shoes cast away by tenants and send them to auction rooms, where they are sorted into piles marked "Men," "Women," "Children."

Several poor people made fair bids, but the auctioneer did not seem eager to sell. Finally a red-faced man pushed his way through the crowd and offered 10 cents apiece for the whole lot. His bid was successful.

"I was killing time with talk waiting for that fellow," said the auctioneer afterward. "He always pays high for these shoes, and he does not want them for wearing, either. He wants to beat them out for the leather in them. He gets what material there is, puts it through a process and makes stamped imitation leather novelties, such as picture frames, bags, pocketbooks, pen-knife holders and even chair backs and seats. He finds a ready sale for these novelties and gets a good price for them."—Shoe Retailer.

Content.

"Is your son doing well at college?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Cornstossel. "He had his picture taken after the football game, and it showed he had his regular share of arms and legs. I should say he was doing right well."—Washington Star.

It may be called rudeness to enumerate after dining at a friend's house what you had to eat, but sometimes the friend gets up such an elaborate meal that it is ingratitude not to.

Conquest of the Great American Desert

There is now \$37,000,000 appropriated under the national irrigation act to build great irrigation works now surveyed and approved, or under construction, that will reclaim 1,200,000 acres of desert waste. That is one-tenth of the total cultivated area of Japan. Ten times that sum of money, \$370,000,000, would reclaim 12,000,000 acres, an area equal in size to the entire cultivated area of Japan, and capable of sustaining as great a population.

In other words, for less money than the Panama canal will cost, we could reclaim land with a producing power equal to all the agricultural resources of Japan. Isn't it worth doing? And it would be done by our own people, for our own people, within our own territory, and the institutions created would be American institutions.

We have ten times that amount that can be reclaimed in the western half of the United States. So we can, in half our territory, create ten agricultural empires, each the equal of Japan in productive power. In other words, we can sustain a population ten times our present population and to do so it is only necessary:

First—To provide the land for them to live upon, by a great national system of forestry, preserving our existing forests and planting new ones, storing the flood waters in reservoirs, building great canal systems, building levees and revetments, and all necessary works for flood protection and river control; building great drainage works to reclaim the submerged lands, building good roads and steam and trolley railways, and in fact, finishing nature's job where she left it only partly done in preparing this country of ours for human habitation.

Second—To provide the people to till these new acres with a great public school system that will train every boy and girl to love nature and love to cultivate the soil and make things grow so they would know how, if need be, to provide a family with food from an acre of good ground, and start out in life not to merely look for a job, but to get a home and live on it.—George H. Maxwell, Chairman Natl. Irrigation Assn.

SPAIN'S FUTURE QUEEN.

Princess Ena of Battenberg to be the Bride of Alfonso.

Princess Ena of Battenberg, whose real name is Victoria Eugenia, will wed King Alfonso of Spain during the present year. The Cortes will be asked to give its approval and when the expected consent is forthcoming Princess Ena will embrace the Catholic faith. The engagement is a love affair, pure and simple, without involving any questions of state policy, but Spain looks with favor upon the contemplated union with England.

Princess Ena, who is only daughter of Princess Henry of Battenberg, is one of the royal family. She acts

cleverly, sings and dances well, and is an expert horsewoman. The future Queen of Spain was born at Balmoral in 1887. Her birth was something of an historical event, for she was first royal child born in Scotland since Charles I. One of her names is Eugenia, a compliment to the ex-empress, who acted as one of her godmothers, and whose special pet she has always been. It is believed that she will one day inherit most of the great fortune that is now the portion of her godmother.

She made her debut on May 25 of last year at a ball given in her honor at Kensington Palace, at which King Edward was present.

What He Meant.

"I saw Mr. Luscman on the street to-day," she remarked, "but he didn't see me. He appeared to be preoccupied."

"Preoccupied," commented her husband, "probably he was merely 'occupied.'"

"How do you mean?"

"Well, 'occupied' sometimes is a synonym for 'full.'"—Philadelphia Press.

How foolish it is to tie a young horse on the street, and go off and leave it, knowing that a circus parade will be along presently, with elephants, lions, tigers, etc. Still, you can't run other people's business.

There are men, manly men and gentlemen. In which class are you?

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