AIKENSIDE

BY

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dora Deane," "The English Orphans," "Homestead on the Hillside," "Lena Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Tempest and Sunshine," "Cousin Maude," etc.

CHAPTER XIII.—(Continued.)

"And during the vacations, where must she go then?" Guy asked.

"Go where she pleases, of course. As Jessie is so fond of her, and they are much like sisters, it will not be improper for her to come here, as I see, provided Agnes is here," Mrs. Noah replied, while Guy contnued:

"I know you are right; that is, I do not wish to do Maddy a harm by placing temptation in her way, neither will I have everybody meddling with my business. I tell you I won't. I don't mean you, for you have a right to say what no one else has," and he glanced half angrily at Mrs. Noah. "Pity if I can't take an interest in a girl, because I once injured her, without every old woman in Christendom thinking she must needs fall in love with me, and so be ruined for life. Maddy Clyde has too good sense for that, or will have when I tell her about Lucy."

"And you will do so?" Mrs. Noah said.

"Of course I will, and write to Lucy, too, telling her how you talked, and how I care no more for Maddy than I do for Jessie."

"And will that be true?" Mrs. Noah asked.

Guy could not look her fully in the face then, so he kicked the grate until the concussion sent the red-hot coals out upon the carpet as he replied:

"True? Yes, every word of it."

Mrs. Noah noted all this, and thinking:

"I ought to have took him in hand long ago," she came up to him and said kindly, soothingly: "We shall all miss Maddy; I as much as anyone, but I do think it best for her to go to school; and so, after tea, I'll manage to keep Jessie with me, and send Maddy to you, while you tell her about Lucy and the plan."

Guy nodded a little perking kind of a nod, and then Mrs. Noah, as she turned to leave the room, gave vent to the following:

"You know, Guy, as well as I, that pretty and smart as she is, Maddy is really beneath you, and no kind of a match, even if you wasn't as good as married, which you be."

Mrs. Noah's last remark awakened in Guy a singular train of thought. Yes, Maddy was his inferior as the world saw matters, and settling himself in the chair he tried to fancy what that same world would say if he should make Maddy his wife. Of course he had no such intention, he was just imagining something which never could possibly happen, because in the first place he wouldn't marry Maddy Clyde if he could, and he couldn't if he would!

CHAPTER XIV.

Supper was over, and Guy was back again in his library. He had not stopped as he usually did, to romp with Jessie or talk to Maddy Clyde until it was so dark that he could not see her sparkling face, but had come directly back, dropping the heavy curtains and piling fresh coal upon the fire. Mrs. Noah had lighted the lamps and then gone after Maddy, explaining to Jessie how she must stay with her while Maddy went to Mr. Guy, who wanted to talk with her.

"Is he angry with me, Mrs. Noah?" and remembering his moody looks when she went in quest of the book, Maddy felt her heart misgive her as to what might be the result of an interview with Guy.

Mrs. Noah, however, reassured her, and Maddy stole for a moment to her own room to see how she was looking. The crimson dress, with its soft edge of lace about the slender throat, became her well, and smoothing the folds of her black silk apron, whose jaunty shoulder pieces gave her a very girlish appearance, she went down to where Guy was waiting for her. He heard her coming, and involuntarily drew nearer to him the chair where he intended she should sit. But Maddy took instead a stool, and leaning her elbow on the chair, turned her face fully toward him, waiting for him to speak.

"Maddy," he began, "are you happy here?"

"Oh, yes, very, very happy."

It was at least a minute before he spoke again, and when he did, it came out how he had concluded it best to send her and Jessie to school, for a year or two at least; not that he was tired of teaching her, but it would be better for her, he thought, to mingle with other girls and learn the ways of the world. Aikenside would still be her home, still the place where her vacations would be spent with Jessie if she chose, and then he spoke of New York as the place he had in view, and asked her what she thought of it.

Maddy was too much stunned to think of anything at first. That the good she had coveted most should be placed within her grasp, and by Guy Remington, too, was almost too much to credit.

"Oh, Mr. Remington, you are so good to me; what makes you?" said Maddy.

He liked her, and all over Maddy's face there spread a beautiful flush as the words rang in her ears. And then she told Guy how much she wished to be a teacher, and so take care of her grandparents and her poor Uncle Joseph. It seemed almost cruel for that young creature to be burdened with the care of those three half-helpless people, and Guy shuddered just as he usually did when he associated Maddy with them, but when he listened while she told him of all the castles she had built, and in every one of which there was a place for "our folks," as she termed them, it was more in the form of a blessing than a caress that his hand rested on her shining hair.

"You are a good girl, Maddy," he said, "and I am glad now that I have concluded to send you where you can be better fitted for the office you mean to fill than you could be here, but I shall miss you sadly. I like little girls, and though you can hardly be classed there now, you seem to me much like Jessie, and I take pleasure in doing for you as I would for her. Maddy——"

Guy stopped, uncertain what to say next, while Maddy's eyes again looked up inquiringly.

He was going now to tell "the little girl much like Jessie" of Lucy Atherstone, and the words would not come at first.

"Maddy," he said, again blushing guiltily, "I have said I liked you, and so I hope will someone else. I have written of you to her."

Up to this point Maddy had a vague idea that he meant the doctor, but the "her" dispelled that thought, and a most inexplicable feeling of numbness crept over her as she asked faintly:

"Written to whom?"

"To Miss Atherstone—Miss Lucy Atherstone. Have you never heard of her?"

No, Maddy never had, and with that same numbness she could not understand, she listened while Guy told her who Lucy Atherstone was, and why she was not at that moment the mistress of Aikenside.

"Would you like to see her picture?" asked Guy.

"Yes," came faintly from the parted lips, about which there was a slight quiver as she put up her hand to take the case Guy drew from his bosom.

Turning it to the light, she gazed silently upon the sweet young face, which seemed to return her gaze with a look as lifelike as her own.

"What do you think of her—of my Lucy? Is she not pretty?" Guy asked, bending down so that his dark hair swept against Maddy's, while his warm breath touched her burning cheeks.

"Yes, she's beautiful, oh! so beautiful, and happy, too. I wish I had been like her. I wish——" And Maddy burst into a most uncontrollable fit of weeping, her tears dropping like rain upon the inanimate features of Lucy Atherstone.

Guy looked at her amazed, his own heart throbbing with a keen pang of something undefinable as he listened to her stormy weeping. What did ail her? he wondered. Could it be that the evil against which he was providing had really come upon her? Guy asked her why she cried.

Child as she was, the real cause of her tears never entered her brain, and she answered:

"I can't tell why, unless I was thinking how different Miss Atherstone is from me. She's rich and handsome, I am poor and homely, and——"

"No, Maddy, you are not;" and Guy interrupted her.

Gently lifting up her head, he smoothed back her hair, and keeping a hand on each side of her face, said, pleasantly:

"You are not homely. I think you quite as pretty as Lucy; I do, really," he continued, as her eyes kindled at the compliment. "I am going to write to her to-night, and shall tell her more about you. I want you to like each other very much when she comes, so that you may live with us. Aikenside would not be Aikenside without you, Maddy."

In all his wooings of Lucy Atherstone, Guy's voice had never been tenderer in its tone than when he said this to Maddy, whose lip quivered again, and who involuntarily laid her head now upon his knee, as she cried a second time, not noisily, but quietly, softly, as if this crying did her good. For several minutes they sat there thus until Maddy, half ashamed of her emotions, lifted up her head and said:

"I do not know what made me cry, only I'd been so happy here that I guess I'd come to think that you only liked Jessie and me. Of course I knew that some time you would see and think all the world of somebody else, but I did not expect it so soon. I am afraid Miss Atherstone will not fancy me, and I know most I shall not feel as free here, after she comes, as I do now. Then your being so good, sending me to school, helped me to cry more, and so I was very foolish. Don't tell Miss Atherstone that I cried. Tell her, though, how beautiful she is, and how glad I am that she loves you, and is going to be your wife."

Maddy's voice was very steady in its tone. She evidently meant what she said, but Guy, the bad man, did not feel as graciously as he ought to have felt in knowing that Maddy Clyde was glad "Lucy loved him, and was to be his wife."

Guy was rather uncomfortable, and as Maddy was in some way associated with his discomfort, he did not oppose her when she arose to leave.

Had Maddy been more a woman, or less a child, she would have seen that it was well for her to know of Lucy Atherstone before her feelings for Guy Remington had assumed a definite form, and she marveled at that little round spot of pain of which was burning at her heart, or why she should wish that Guy would not speak of her in his letter to Lucy Atherstone.

But Guy did speak of her, frankly confessing the interest he felt in her, telling just how people were beginning to talk, and asking Lucy if she cared, declaring that if she did, he would not see Maddy Clyde any more than was necessary. In a little less than four weeks there came an answer from Lucy, who, with health somewhat improved, had returned to England, and wrote to Guy from Brighton, where she expected to spend the summer, half hoping that Guy might join her there, though she could not urge it, as mamma still insisted that she was not able to take upon herself the duties of a wife. Then she spoke of Maddy Clyde, saying: "She was not one bit jealous of her dear Guy. Of course, ignorant, meddling people, of whom she feared there were a great number in America, would gossip, but he was not to mind them." Then she said that if Maddy were willing, she would like so much her picture, as she had a curiosity to know just how she looked, and if Maddy pleased, "would she write a few lines, so as not to seem so much a stranger?"

Lucy Atherstone had been educated to think a great deal of birth, and blood, and family, and Guy never did a wiser thing than when he told her that, according to English views, Maddy was a lady. Lucy asked for a line from Maddy, partly to mortify that pride, and partly to prove to Guy how free she was from jealousy.

"Darling little Lucy, I do love her very dearly," was Guy's comment, as he finished reading her letter, feeling somewhat as if her mother were a kind of cruel ogress, bent on preventing him from being happy. Then, as he remembered Lucy's hope that he might join her, and thought how much easier of access New York was than Brighton, he said, half petulantly:

"I've been to England for nothing times enough. When that mother of hers says I may have Lucy, I'll go again, but not before. It don't pay."

And crushing the letter into his pocket he went out upon the piazza, where were assembled Maddy, Jessie and Mrs. Agnes, the latter of whom had come to Aikenside the day before.

At first she had objected to the boarding school arrangement, saying Jessie was too young, but Guy as usual had overruled her objections, as he had those of Grandpa Markham, and it was now a settled thing that Maddy and Jessie both should go to New York, Mrs. Agnes to accompany them if she chose, and having a general supervision of her child. This was Guy's plan, the one which had prevailed with the fashionable woman, who, tired of Boston, was well pleased with the prospect of a life in New York. Guy's interest in Maddy was wholly inexplicable to her, unless she explained it on the principle that in the Remington nature there was a fondness for governesses, as had been exemplified in her own history. As Guy joined them, he began at once to speak of Lucy, telling of the letter, and her request for Maddy's picture.

"Me? Mine? You cannot mean that," Maddy exclaimed, her eyes opening wide with wonder, but Guy did mean it, and began to plan a drive on the morrow to Devonshire, where there was at that time a tolerably fair artist.

Accordingly the next day the four went down to Devonshire, calling first upon the doctor, whose face brightened when he heard why they had come. The doctor's gay spirits helped raise those of Maddy, and as that little burning spot in her heart was fast wearing away, she was in just the mood for a most admirable likeness. Indeed, the artist's delight at his achievement was unbounded, as he declared it the very best picture he had ever taken. It was beautiful, even Agnes acknowledged to herself, while Jessie went into raptures, and Maddy blushed to hear her own praises. Guy said nothing, except to ask that Maddy should sit again; this was good, but a second might be better. So Maddy sat again, succeeding quite as well as at first, but the artist's preference was for the former, it was left to be finished up, with the understanding that Guy would call for it. As the ladies passed down the stairs, Guy lingered behind, and when sure they were out of hearing, said in a low voice:

"You may as well finish both; they are too good to be lost."

The artist bowed, and Guy, with a half-guilty blush, hurried down into the street, where Agnes was waiting for him. Two hours later, Guy, in Mrs. Conner's parlor, was exhibiting the finished picture, which in its handsome casing was more beautiful than ever, and more natural, if possible.

"I think I might have one of Maddy's," Jessie said, half poutingly; then, as she remembered the second sitting, she begged of Guy to get it for her, "that was a dear brother."

But the "dear brother" did not seem inclined to comply with her request putting her off, until, despairing of success, Jessie, when alone with the doctor, tried her powers of persuasion on him, coaxing until in self-defense, he crossed the street, and entering the daguerrean gallery, asked for the remaining picture of Miss Clyde, saying that he wished it for Miss Remington.

"Mr. Remington took them both," the artist replied, commencing a dissertation on the style and beauty of the young girl, all of which was lost upon the doctor, who, in a kind of amaze, quitted the room, and returning to Jessie, said to her carelessly: "He hasn't it. You know they rub out those they do not use. So you'll have to do without; and, Jessie, I wouldn't tell Guy I tried to get it for you."

Jessie wondered why she must not tell Guy, but the fact that the doctor requested her not was sufficient.

"I am going to send Lucy your picture today, and as she has asked that you should write her a few lines, suppose you do it now," Guy said to Maddy next morning, as they left the breakfast table.

(To be continued.)

Wanted Money's Worth.

"All we can afford to give you, miss," said the Trustee of School District No. 16 to the young woman who applied for the position of teacher, "is $45 a month."

"At that figure, of course, you wouldn't expect me to teach any fads?" she said.

"Fads?" echoed the Trustee, taken slightly aback; "why—h'm—yes, if you can teach it we'll want that, too."

"But if it isn't in the curriculum—"

"You may as well understand, miss, that we ain't throwin' any money away. The $45 a month is to pay for the whole thing—fads, crickalum and everything else that's goin'."—Chicago Tribune.

No Room.

It had been a most delightful picnic, but it occurred to Bobby as he watched the elders of the party clearing away the remnants of the feast that he had eaten a great deal—perhaps a trifle too much for comfort.

"Would you like another piece of this cake, Bobby?" asked a kindly disposed person, surprising what she took to be a wistful look in the little boy's eyes.

"No'm, thank you," said Bobby. "I think perhaps I could chew it, but I know I couldn't swallow it."

The Honeymoon.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does this paper mean by the calm before the storm?

Pa—It probably has reference to the honeymoon, my son.

On Papa.

"Mamma, what's the size of a dollar?"

"The sighs of a dollar, Johnny, is the noise your father makes when he gives me one."—Houston Post.

FARMS AND FARMERS

Suggestions for Dairymen.

A good time to do your dehorning is to dehorn the calves with a good dehorner when they are a few days old. Mark them with an aluminum earmark so you can keep a record of them.

Keep a record of the breeding of each cow, so you will know when she is due to calve, and then allow her to go dry six weeks before calving.

The dairy bull should be fed like a working horse and should receive plenty of exercise. Work him in a tread power.

The milking is one of the most important parts of the dairy business. Tte cows should be milked quickly, cleanly and quietly. Do not excite your cows or they will not let their milk down. Don't abuse a cow because she kicks. If she kicks there is some cause for it. Look for the cause and remedy it. It may be a sore teat, it may be an inflamed udder or it may be that she has been misused and regards her milker as an enemy that she must fight. If such is the case, treat her kindly and she will soon learn that you are not going to harm her.

Clip the long hair off the udder and flanks and tail, and wipe off the udder with a damp cloth before milking, and you will be surprised to see how much cleaner the milk will be.

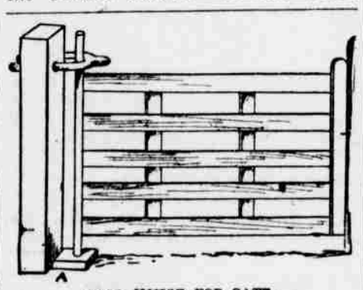
Weigh each cow's milk with an accurate scale and test the milk with a Babcock tester and you will be able to see how many of your cows are paying for themselves.—Dr. David Roberts, Wisconsin State Veterinarian.

Wheat in the Cotton Belt.

The first week in November is early enough to sow wheat throughout the middle portion of the cotton belt. This crop often succeeds well sown as late as Dec. 1, provided the conditions shall be favorable for germination for two weeks after sowing (not too cold and wet). Land covered with a thick growth of grass or other vegetation is not considered the best condition for wheat, for the reason that wheat likes a compact, smooth surface soil. Turn your land well, then harrow, then roll with a heavy roller, then sow the seed. A one or one and a half ton roller run over a freshly plowed surface once or twice will compact the three or four inches of surface soil. The wheat seed should then be put in with a regular wheat drill, says a Southern authority. I would not apply less than 400 pounds of fertilizer per acre and would prefer 500 to 600 pounds unless the land be already rich. I recommend this formula: Two hundred pounds acid phosphate, 400 pounds of cottonseed meal and 50 pounds of muriate of potash per acre, supplemented with a top dressing of 50 to 75 pounds of nitrate of soda in March if the appearance of the plants seem to indicate the need of more nitrogen.—Exchange.

Durable Gate Hinge.

In the accompanying sketch A represents a block of hard wood in which a socket hole is made, says a writer to the Prairie Farmer. In this socket



GOOD HINGE FOR GATE.

rests the gate piece, which is of a suitable size to turn easily. Through the upper part of the post a two-inch hole is bored into which is driven one prong of a hedge fork. A small hole is bored through the end of the prong and a pin inserted to hold it in place.

Wintering Sheep.

It is not cold weather that hurts sheep so much as it is getting wet. Sheep to fatten well should be fed regularly twice a day, morning and evening. Sheep naturally drink a little and often, and should have water convenient to them all the time. Don't feed well and give good shelter, then allow your sheep to drink ice water to cool off.

Lamb Values Advancing.

During the past ten years there has been a building up period in the lamb trade. Lambs are now in demand in every consuming center and the trade appears to have no limit. The fact of the matter is that lambs are becoming scarcer each year. Any first-class lambs will be sure of strong prices for many years to come.

Only Healthy Animals Pay.

Pure water only should be allotted to the hogs. Do not think that the hog will eat anything and it will be best for him. Clean food and drink are better and more profitable for any animal. Healthy animals only are profitable in this age.—E. J. Waterstripe, in Swine.

Grain Will Increase Cream.

It is claimed that cows that are fed a little grain in connection with their pasture yield a larger proportion of cream in the milk and always make hard butter.

Spraying Potatoes.

Careful potato growers can no longer doubt the advantages of spraying in "blight" years; but some doubt whether the practice is profitable year after year. Tests along this line have been continued for five years by the Experiment Station at Geneva; and the evidence presented in Bulletin No. 290, giving details of the fifth year's test and summaries of preceding ones, seems conclusive in favor of the practice. The gain each year has been profitable; and there is already much more than enough excess of gain over cost to pay for spraying five years more. Similar gains, though not quite so great, were obtained by farmers under tests carefully checked by the station and by much larger number of farmers who sprayed independently.

Red Texas Oats.

The strain of the Red Texas oats which has given the largest yield for two seasons and which stands third in order of yield for the four years' trial has been grown at the Kansas station for four years and has seemed to improve rather than to deteriorate in quality and yield. Oats are not considered well adapted for growing in this State. It is the general experience that oats soon "run out" in Kansas, and farmers consider it necessary to secure new seed every two or three years. The trials at the Kansas station, however, indicate that it is not only possible to maintain the quality and yield of oats, but also to even improve them by good culture and by sowing only the best grade.

A Nail Box.

By having a regular and orderly nail box always at hand in some convenient place it may come in handy in an

HANDY NAIL BOX.

emergency. The box with separate compartments for the different sized nails may be easily made by inserting partitions in the box, the size depending the number of apartments desired.

Twig Diseases.

It may not be generally known, but many twig diseases of trees are spread by the pruning tools. One very successful nurseryman dips his pruning knives and saws in a solution of carbolic acid before beginning to prune another tree, so if any germs are on the tool this treatment will destroy them. As soon as a wound is made it is a good idea to disinfect and paint it to keep out the moisture. There is danger of trees contracting disease, as the germs enter the wounds and diseased places result, or the exposed parts will begin to decay as soon as the moisture gets a hold.—Apple Specialist.

Saving the Clover.

It is a failing of the American farmer when a blade of grass or a stem of clover makes a strong showing to try to turn it into beef, mutton or pork. In this effort to utilibze it he entirely forgets that the plant may need a little winter protection. He does not understand how little is often sufficient to save the plant from frost destruction. Where the clover is not pastured it is often allowed to perfect its seed, which is as fatal to the crop next year as the winter freezing. Clipping would save the crop where it is so forward as to bloom and perfect seed.—Rural New Yorker.

Beans Fed to Swine.

Beans can be med to swine only in the cooked form. The pig seems to be unable to utilize beans which are at all hard or firm, even though they have been boiled for some time; hence it is very essential that they be thoroughly and carefully cooked, says R. S. Shaw, Michigan. To supply a single feed of half-cooked beans to a pen of hogs robs them of their appetites and relish for their food, if indeed it does not put them off their feed.

The Asparagus Bed.

Burn off the asparagus beds now and clean the ground thoroughly, applying manure plentifully. All bushes and weeds that have not been cleared from the ground will serve as harboring places for mice and insects. When the materials on the surface of the ground which have been destroyed by frost are dry, and the grass also dead, it is not difficult to burn an entire bed over and thus consume many seeds on the ground.

Ben Davis Good Enough.

A Maine farmer who has been making money during the past eleven years from growing Ben Davis apples, recently disposed of a shipment of this fruit at $4.85 net profit per barrel. When all other apples are past their usefulness, old Ben Davis is good enough for the most of the people.

Guinea Fowls.

It is a hard matter to distinguish the sex of guinea fowls. Some authorities claim that the male chatters in a quick manner, while the female gives off a sound like "Otrack" or "Joe Pratt," or "Buckwheat." The male gives a sound similar to a screech turned into a laugh.

JOLLY JOKER

"He's engaged to a widow." "How did he meet her?" "He did not meet her. She overtook him."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"When a bird can sing and won't—" "Yes?" "It isn't half the trouble as a bird that can't sing and will."—Baltimore American.

"One woman," remarked the mere man, "is just as good as another—if not better." "And one man," rejoined the fair widow, "is just as bad as another—if not worse."—Chicago News.

"Where have you been, Sam?" "I'se been up to ma two ears in work, sah." "Up to your two ears in work?" "Yes, sah." "What doing, Sam?" "Eatin' a watahmellion, sah!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Tommy—Ma, baby is naughty. He cried because I wouldn't give him any of my cake. Mamma—Is his own cake finished? Tommy—Yes, ma; and he cried while I was eating that, too!—Punch.

"Don't I give you all the money you need?" her husband complained. "Yes," she replied, "but you told me before we were married that you would give me all I wanted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"You seem to find that book very interesting," said Mrs. Henpeck. "Yes," replied Henry, "it's delightful. I've glanced at the ending, and the hero and heroine don't get married after all."—Washington Herald.

Miss Kreech—Some authorities believe that the practice of singing will keep a person from getting consumption. Mr Knox.—Yes, but most authorities believe in "the greatest good to the greatest number."—Philadelphia Press.

Rural Citizen (to son engaged in strange exercises)—Jabez, what in tarnation be yer tryin' t' do? His Son—It's that thar correspondence school, dad. I got a letter from the sophomores yestiddy tellin' me to haze m'self.—Puck.

"Who is this fellow Rush you spoke of?" "Oh, he's a well-known chauffeur." "A well-known chauffeur?" "That's what I said!" "Why, I never heard of him." "Well, you would if you were a court clerk like I am!"—Yonkers' Statesman.

"Gracious! my dear," said the first society belle, "I do hope you're not ill; you look so much older to-night." "I'm quite well, thank you, dear," replied the other, "and you—how wonderfully improved you are! You look positively young."—Philadelphia Press.

Casual Caller (to one next him)—I was introduced to that squint-eyed, red-haired woman over there as Mrs. Somebody or other. Don't you think the man was an idiot that married her? Next One (meekly)—I can't just say, I'm the man.—Baltimore American.

"You enjoy going to the theater?" "Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "But you don't care much for musical plays?" "No. What I enjoy is to take Henrietta where there is a whole lot of conversation going on in which she can't say a word."—New York Tribune.

"Tomkins has got more nerve than any man I ever met." "What now?" "He came over to my place yesterday to borrow my gun, saying that he wanted to kill a dog that kept him awake nights." "Well, what of it?" "It was my dog he killed."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

"Does your honor wish to charge the jury?" asked the legal light, when all the evidence was in. "No, I guess not," replied the judge. "I never charge 'em anything. These fellows don't know much, any way, an' I let 'em have all they can make."—Harper's Weekly.

"Do you think," asked the sweet girl's mother, "that Mr. Wilkins is serious?" "Serious? Ma, he's worse than that. He stayed here till nearly 12 o'clock last night, and any one who had studied his face might has thought he was sitting up with a corpse."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Father—I wish you'd invite that young man of yours up here to-morrow night. Daughter (surprised at the request)—Why, father, I thought you said you had no use for him? Father—So I did, last summer. But to-morrow I'm going to put up the stove.—Detroit Free Press.

"What does your father do to earn his living?" asked a New York principal of a pupil who was being admitted. "Please, ma'am, he doesn't live with us; mamma supports me." "Well then, how does your mother earn her living?" "She gets paid for staying away from papa," replied the child, artlessly.—Harper's Weekly.

The Scholar.

Dr. Evans, a witty member of the Parliament at Melbourne, was an old man, and the other members jokingly spoke of him as belonging to the era of Queen Anne.

Once, while making a speech, he referred to Queen Anne and was greeted with cries of "Did you know her?" "What was she like?"

"Yes, sir," retorted the doctor, "I did know her. The scholar is contemporary with all time."

No person, man or woman, who can't look on the bright side should ever be permitted to enter the marriage state.