

# HERR STEINHARDT'S NEMESIS

BY I. MACLAREN COBBAN.

### CHAPTER I—Continued.

"Ah," he said to me, "we've come to try and enlighten our Hibernians about a thing or two in this world and the next. Well, you can only do your best, you know; we'll try to make you comfortable and back you up. Come all the way from London today, I suppose—have you got yourself fixed up yet in the village?—what some author says—Matthew or Mark Somerset or other—call a 'Landscape Hill-hole.' Well, we've got quite a few here, but we're getting to it. But it can't be helped, you know, we've gone forward and we must go forward. As the rabbit said, 'let's let it be as it is.' I should like to see a good change for you, it may give you an idea when you want to describe to your congregation the real—"

"Jim," said I, "I don't remember you know when all round about here was as sweet and pretty a place—I was born back of the 'White Mill'—in a district that locality near his school—'Poppleton' was."

These two full, quaint and careless streams of his talk flowed on, meandering about one person and another, this subject and that. He seemed a well of words and serene Lancashire (perhaps of the days when spinning and weaving were done in the cottage homes of remote hamlets and townships, when Lancashire energy applied itself to useful work and not to useless toil, when its labors were made to be worth and not merely to be sold—the days when the steam engine was not yet with its all-devouring, all-enveloping machinery.

We had talked thus for about an hour—or, rather, listened to Mr. Birley talk—when he paused and looked round (he had been sitting in his chair for some time).

"What's got 'Mantle'?" he said, addressing his sister. "Is he stuck till midnight in his laboratory again? Doesn't seem as if that smoke was to come off tonight. Is Paul's house now it used to be 'smoke where you please'—drawing room or anywhere. Poor Paul!"

I was astonished and alarmed to see Miss Lacroix rise hurriedly, and glide without a word from the room. Mrs. Steinhardt made as if she would follow her, but she did not. She sank back in her chair with a sigh.

"Jim! Jim!" she exclaimed, reproachfully. "Why will you say things, when you know the poor girl cannot bear allusions to it?"

"Ah," said Birley, humbly, "Poor law—Her father," he explained, turning to me, "has never come back from London. Poor Paul!" He was visibly affected.

"He had to go to the law courts there," said Mrs. Steinhardt, "more than a year ago, about some doubtful business of the chemical works—he was my husband's partner."

"Hilderheim's, Lacroix and Steinhardt" (Frank turned on the music stool to correct his sister's pronunciation.) "Well," said he, "that's all right; anyway that was the case. May be—turning again to me—"You remember it in the papers. It was about the infringement of a chemical patent 'Mantle' had put them up to in his eternal laboratory."

"Nay, nay," interrupted Frank, frowning. "It wasn't father's fault more than anyone else's."

"Ay, lad," said Birley, "of course you know all about it. But you're right to stand up for your father. However, Paul, as the chief of the firm, went up to London to fight the case; he fought and lost to the tune of 20,000 pounds damages—which, I suppose, drove him mad, poor fellow, for he's never come back—made away with himself, very likely, or, somehow, got made away with."

"But, surely," interrupted Frank again, "it could hardly be the damages did it, could it? You remember he went to Paris after the trial about some pattern business for the print works, and then got back to London again."

"Ay, lad—out 20,000 pounds damages can make a man feel very queer all the way to Paris and back. At any rate, poor Paul's gone—lost in the great London wilderness."

"It is a very extraordinary affair," said I. "But I don't remember seeing anything of it in the papers."

"It got into the papers, though," said Birley, "to some extent—not much. We didn't want a noise about a private, painful thing like that."

"But," said I, wondering, "I suppose inquiries were made?"

"They made inquiries high and low," said Birley; "they laid detectives on, and everything, but nothing came of it. Did there, Frank?"

"No," said Frank—"nothing at all."

"Did you try to trace him out of London?" I asked. "I suppose they did," said Birley.

"Yes—oh, yes," said Frank. "I wondered that Birley should keep using the word 'they.' Had he borne no share in the investigation himself? I had my thoughts answered at once."

"I wasn't able to go to London myself," said Birley; "I was laid up with a broken leg, and when I got better, I didn't think it was any use my going. There was an end of Paul—that was certain; for he wasn't the man to knock under like, and get lost just."

In a little while Miss Lacroix returned, with apology for her withdrawal.

"I had a little of headache," said she.

I now saw more clearly the circumstances which grieved, and what I cannot describe by other words than "sorrowful waiting" had made on a young one which would, unexpressed, I was sure, have been so full of spirit and mirth. I looked there and then with an earnest desire that I might be something to lighten her life, to remove the weight of uncertainty and of grief which burdened it, and pressed upon it.

But I had little further opportunity to talk with her that night. In a few minutes Mr. Steinhardt returned. We heard then what were the casualties resulting from the falling of the bell tower. A horse had been killed, as also had been a cow with her litter, and two pigs had been so injured that the butcher had to be summoned. We were now invited into the smoking room; but Mr. Birley rose, and said he must be going; he would smoke his pipe on the way home "with the person."

"Pardon me, I suppose," said he, laying his hand on my shoulder.

"So he and I departed together. The valley was asleep under a white pall of fog; but the weird tongues of flame still flickered on the slope and ridge behind and beyond us from oaks, pines, my companion explained, and the tall chimneys drearily and intermittently smoked. The great chimney of the chemical works however emitted not so much smoke as this pinkish vapor, which stole away imperceptibly over the neighborhood to poison all green things, and to filter through the cracks and crevices of doors and windows, to trouble sleepers with lethargy and headache.

"By George!" exclaimed my companion, "He'll get fished again, some day. Paul used to be always at him about it. Poor Paul!"

So ended my first evening in Timperley—a memorable evening for me. I had made the acquaintance of one whom I have reason now to call a dear friend as I have ever known, and as good a man as fortune has ever neglected, and of another who is now the dearest of all earth's creatures to me.

### CHAPTER II.

I frequently looked in upon the ladies at Timperley Hall, and took a four-o'clock cup of tea with them (not, however, to the neglect of other, less pleasant, parochial visitations). During these visits we talked without that constraint which somehow Mr. Steinhardt's presence imposed upon us. Miss Lacroix and I agreed in our opinions concerning the ruthlessness with which Lancashire pushed on its industrial way; we often astonished poor Mrs. Steinhardt sometimes even ourselves by the warmth with which we would discuss the outrage done to man and nature.

One afternoon we talked thus. It was well on in springtime; the stream was running full and all nature, in spite of drawbacks, was striving to look green. I told them how that morning I had stood by the little punk bridge just below Timperley Hall, looking across at the dreadfully littered little peninsula on which the ruined spinning mill stood, when there turned up at my elbow an old man whom I knew by sight as an old-handloom weaver.

"A fine brook, that, person," he said.

"Yes," said I, smiling my reply to what I thought his perceptive; "what a pity no trout seem to know of it!"

"Ah, lad," said he, sadly, "there were trout in it wunst; though there's been none for monny a day. I trust a w'd be crying to live in that, trout penna' sued first, like a red herring or a salmonander. There was a lad drowned like as it might be this spring, and he were never found till like as it might be next back end, down there in that mud; he were not gone at all, but he were eured thro' and thro', black now—black!"

This I told; and then I continued: "I'm sorry, they say, is an easy death; to die down in such a stream as that seems horribly repulsive. I fancy no one would care to commit suicide in it."

I perceived my stupid blunder as soon as I had spoken; I had not thought that what I said could be taken as "allusive" to the disappearance of Mr. Lacroix.

"Excuse me," said Miss Lacroix, rising hurriedly. "I do not feel very well. Do not come, Mrs. Steinhardt; I shall get better by myself."

I of course made apology to Mrs. Steinhardt for my stupidity.

"Yes," said she; "you see she can't bear any kind of allusion to her father's end. She told me soon after she came here (she couldn't, you know, go on living in that big house up there all by herself)—she told me a strange dream she had once or twice when her father was missing—the strangest thing, but I scolded her so, she has never said another word to me about it. Still I fancy she thinks a great deal about her father, though she does not say much; they were rare and fond of one another."

That very evening I unexpectedly learned from Miss Lacroix herself what that strange dream was. I was returning by moonlight from the house of a parishioner along that same road which first brought me upon the valley. Passing the pond on my right (which I before mentioned as reflecting the lighted windows of the many storied mill), I observed a figure, cloaked and hooded, standing on the margin of the pond under one of the trees. I paused a minute, while my heart beat with apprehension, and then I passed through a gap in the fence and approached. The figure turned quickly, as if im-

patient at the intrusion, and in the pale moonlight I recognized the face of Miss Lacroix.

"Miss Lacroix!" I exclaimed. "You here?"

"Oh, Mr. Urwin," she began, in evident tension of feeling. "I could not rest indoors, and so I came down to see Uncle Jacques. I could not remain with him, and so I came out here to look at this, which always fascinates me."

I stood by her side and looked; this is what I saw. An inverted reflection of the tall chimneys of the chemical works which was drifting, as it often did late in the evening, its strange pinkish vapor, this vapor in the reflection looked as if it were slowly rising from the bottom of the pond, and as its color blended with the tints the water somehow took as the breeze ruffled it this way or that, produced the impression of a slowly simmering rainbow of red, green, and copper-brown flames. This was so wonderfully weird a fancy that I confess I felt my skin creep. I turned my eyes away, and then looked again, and again, but the impression was ever the same.

"It's indeed very strange," I said. "Is it not?" said she. "You see it also?"

"Mr. Urwin," she went on, turning suddenly to me, and speaking with a vehemence which increased as the words came. "I have wished to tell you. You are a clergyman, and must bear the marks of your confession, and you will keep it secret to yourself. You have heard, perhaps, that my father—my dear father—is thought to be dead, now just a year ago."

"I have," said I.

"He went to London and to Paris on business, and he never came back. It happened while he was away that I lived all by myself at home. I slept sound that night without dreaming, when suddenly I had a dream. I saw vapor of flame slowly rising just like that—I saw a man plunge into it, and I knew the man was my father—I felt he was. I awoke at once all trembling and did not go to sleep again. That was all my dream."

"Are you sure?" I said, "that you had not heard some one—Mrs. Steinhardt, for instance—suggest that he had been drowned, and then you went and dreamt of the peculiar appearance of this pond?"

"No, no," she protested with rapid vehemence. "Did I not say that I dreamt it the very night on which all trace of him was lost from his hotel in London? Nobody thought then that he was not coming home soon. And I do not think I had noticed this pond then. I have dreamed the same dream several times since, but that may be nothing at all. I shall very likely dream it tonight."

I turned away from the pond and she followed me. We walked along in silence for some distance.

"Oh!" she exclaimed, at length. "I do long so very much to know what has really happened to my dear father—my poor father!"

"I wish I could help you to find out," I said; "indeed I do. You may be sure I shall think of all you have told me, and shall try to discover anything more. I have friends in London who may be of use, if I may mention it to them."

"Oh, certainly," she answered. "You are very kind. Bacon's Hotel, Great Queen Street, is where he was last heard of."

At a certain corner where the lane to Timperley Hall diverged from the way through the village, she insisted on parting from me. I let her go with little hesitation, for I knew there was no fear of her being missed.

It may be presumed that while I smoked my post-coal pipe I thought over the strange scene at the pond, and all that Miss Lacroix had said. It was certainly very mysterious, but all the conclusion I could reach concerning it that night was a resolve to go and look at the pond by day.

(To be continued)

### Where the House Acted Hastily.

The house does funny things sometimes. It passed a bill the other day establishing a lighthouse on the coast of North Carolina. The second section of the bill provided that the "act approved March 2, 1901 be, and the same is hereby repealed." The act thus wiped off the statute books at one fell swoop was the sundry civil appropriation bill, which appropriated millions and millions of dollars for the expenses of the government. In the Senate the bill was amended so as to be less sweeping in its effect.—Washington Post.

### Industrial Consumption of Gold.

The industrial consumption of gold in the United States in the calendar year is estimated to have been \$16,967,500, and in the world approximately \$75,000,000. Although the United States led the world last year in the production of gold, our imports of the metal exceeded our exports by the sum of \$12,886,101. The stock of gold in the country, including bullion in the mints, at the close of the fiscal year was estimated at \$1,124,652,818, and the stock of silver coin at \$610,477,025.

### Worth of a Compliment.

Most compliments sound something like this: "They say he is a thief, but he never stole anything from me. It may be because I have watched him closely, but so far I have never missed anything." When you feel that your friend deserves praise, why pay tribute to his enemies in praising him?

### So Stupid.

"Who was that you just spoke of?" asked the first Chicago woman; "his name was rather familiar to me."

"I believe," said the other, "his name is Jenks—Henry Jenks."

"Oh! to be sure. How stupid of me! He was my first husband."—Philadelphia Record.

## ERA OF BIG SALARIES

### MEN WHOSE ABILITY COMMANDS GREAT PAY.

Heads of Large Corporations Who Draw Annually in the Neighborhood of \$500,000 for Their Services—Some Conspicuous Examples.

The present seems to be the era of big salaries. When Lyman J. Taft left his \$8,000 office place in Washington to become

President of the United States Trust Company, at a salary said to be \$500,000 per year. Certain business men in Chicago expressed a doubt of his ability to earn that enormous amount. That any man should render services commensurate with a salary of \$500,000 a year is really beyond the understanding of the average reader whose stipend is \$2 or \$3 a day. Nevertheless, in this manner-of-fact age there are probably very few persons receiving prodigious pay who do not earn every dollar of it. Some months ago Secretary Clegg told an assemblage of bank clerks in Denver that he could place at least 20 young men, if they had the ability, in financial institutions of the country at a salary of \$25,000 a year each. His remark doubtless was intended to lay stress upon the fact that a score of young men worth \$25,000 each could not easily be found.

### Some High-Salaried Men.

Some months ago, when Charles Counselman was elected President of the American Fisheries Company, a concern that has control of many of the canning factories in the State of Washington and along the shores of Alaska, it was announced that his salary was to be \$500,000 a year. Mr. Counselman is a Chicagoan and he has had a long and successful experience as a grain merchant on the Board of Trade, an expert of grain elevators, a builder of skyscrapers, a dealer in real estate and a man of large business interests generally. He began with little or nothing and such education as he possesses is acquired in the school of experience. He is today a man of large fortune and great commercial activity, still in the prime of life.

There is another Chicago man who is said to be receiving a yearly salary so big that many would consider it a fair fortune after a lifetime of industry and effort. This is Conrad H. Mathieson, President of the Chicago Sugar Refining Company some time called the Glucose Trust. He is now about 50, and his annual salary has been variously stated as \$500,000 and \$750,000. At any rate, it is big enough to be highly exceptional. It is but fifteen years since he left college, and at first he worked ten hours a day, carried his lunch with him, and earned \$12 a week.

Step by step he mastered every detail of the business and rose to be manager. Then a crisis arose, calling for the highest executive ability, and he was equal to the emergency. His company was in a rate-cutting pool and its profits had disappeared. Upon his aggressive initiative it withdrew from the pool, inaugurated a fight of its own and within two years was paying 30 per cent dividends. This triumph inspired in Mr. Mathieson an ambition to control the entire field and this was accomplished under his direction. Most of the concerns absorbed by his company were being money, but under the combine which he organized their stocks were transmitted into gold. This policy has earned his primary salary by successfully handling \$500,000,000 of combined capital and reducing the glucose business, comprising some 20 departments, in such a systematic and judicious way that the shareholders are well satisfied. He says that hard work is a tonic to him and he keeps at it steadily and late, never asking a subordinate to do more than he does himself. He knows no other secret of success.

### Bank President's \$40,000 Salary.

When Richard DeLaford, President of the National Park Bank of New York, had his salary raised from \$20,000 to

\$40,000, early last year, it was said that no other bank President in the United States received such big pay for his services. The reason given for this increase was that the bank's business had expanded so much and the responsibilities of its executive had become so great that he well deserved a salary only \$10,000 less than that received by the chief executive of the nation. As the custodian of \$10,000,000, to be successfully handled in such financial operations as are open to national banks, his responsibilities are tremendous. Mr. DeLaford began his business career as clerk in a mercantile house on a salary of \$5 a week.

There has been much talk about the salary of Charles M. Schwab, President of the United States Steel Corporation. It is pretty well settled now that he receives \$100,000 as annual salary, and



A. E. DELAFORD, annual services commensurate with a salary of \$500,000 a year is really beyond the understanding of the average reader whose stipend is \$2 or \$3 a day.



E. R. GARY.

an additional \$25,000 as a contingent fee.

A little more than two years ago, Elbert H. Gary, who at that time resided at Wheaton, Ill., a suburb of Chicago, was elected President of the Federal Steel Company, which is now an integral part of the steel combination, and his salary was fixed at \$60,000 a year. Having previously been attorney for the Illinois Steel Company, he had mastered the legal side of the gear industry before he was able to command such high wages. He specialized his knowledge, and thus was able to attract the attention of the capitalists in control of the vast enterprises. As chairman of the Executive Committee of the great steel trust, he probably receives fully as much as he drew when President.

The two highest paid men in the American pulp are Bishop Porter, of New York, and Ralph Emil G. Hirsch, of Chicago, each of whom draws \$15,000 annually.

### PECULIAR DREAM STORY.

Lady Sees Visions of Home and Is Herself Facsimile of Ghost Seen There. Horace G. Hatcherman, who has been discoursing on "Dreams" in Longman's Magazine, gives the following peculiar instance:

A certain lady dreamed frequently of a certain house until it had become exceedingly familiar to her; she knew all its rooms, its furniture, it was as well known to her as that in which she lived her waking life, and, like a good wife who has no secrets from her husband, she often talked over all the details with him—a very pleasant fancy. One day they—husband and wife—went into the country to view a house that they thought of taking for the summer months. They had not seen it, but the account in the house agent's list had attracted them. When they arrived before it they gave a simultaneous exclamation of surprise. "Why," said the husband, "it is your dream house!" It was. The coincidence attracted them. They took the house.

In the course of their occupancy they learned that the house had the reputation of being haunted; that several people before them had taken it for short terms, but had seen—or fancied they had seen—"something," and had left before their term of tenancy expired. Had these new tenants not brought their own old servants with them, it is likely that they would have had some difficulty in whipping up a domestic staff, so unmannly was the reputation of their apparently reputable house. The new tenants dwelt in the house with all satisfaction and peace through the summer months until their term of tenancy came to an end. On leaving, husband and wife expressed their satisfaction to the local agent.

"The only thing," said the wife, "that we were disappointed in is that we never saw the ghost."

"Oh, no!" said the agent. "We knew you would not see the ghost."

"What do you mean?" asked the wife, rather puzzled.

"Oh," the agent repeated, "we knew you would not see the ghost. You are the ghost that people have always seen here."

### Same Old Trouble.

It was a frequent custom with Lincoln that of carrying his children on his shoulders, says the Literary Digest. He rarely went downstairs that he did not have one of his younger boys mounted on his shoulder, while another hung to the tail of his long coat. The antics of the boys with their father, and the species of tyranny they exercised over him, are still subjects of talk in Springfield.

Mr. Roland Diller, who was a neighbor of Mr. Lincoln, tells one of the best of the stories. He was called to the door one day by hearing a great noise of children, and there was Mr. Lincoln striding by with the boys, both of whom were waiting around. "Why, Mr. Lincoln, what's the matter with the boys?" he asked. "Just what's the matter with the whole world," Lincoln replied. "I've got three walnuts, and each wants two."

Wife—I am going down town this morning to try and match a piece of silk. Husband—Very well, my dear. I'll tell the cook to save some dumplings for you, and I'll put the children to bed myself.—Tit-Bits.

His Way: Sabbath School Teacher—When very angry, what should you do? Johnny Thelneck—Knock the teacher down, sit on his head, and count one hundred—that's the only way, ma'am.—Judge.

Go-as-you-please Punishment: "The pater-familias shoot the burglar; he found in the house?" "No! He works than that. He made the man walk up and down with the baby on the break of dawn!"—Judge.

"Why are you crying, little boy?" "One of them artists paid me a dollar to sit on the fence while he sketched me." "Well, is there any harm in that?" "Yes, sir; it was a bar-barenance!"—Philadelphia Record.

Mrs. Jenkins—I see Mrs. Hoagson going to have 'King Lear' at her private theatricals. Mrs. Newrick—How curious with envy—is she? The actress thing. Do you know, I don't believe he's a real king at all.—Tit-Bits.

Apt Comparison: "When I see you Barlow accomplish I am forced to admiration," said Bunting; "he has great physical endurance." "Surely," replied Gargoyles; "that man has the stut of a debutante."—Baner.

Where They Flourish: Crawdad—you're not going out to buy a new hat, but merely to look at them, what do you want with a dollar? Mrs. Crawford—Why, you can't get a decent one at the matinee for less than a dollar. Ex.

The Boston Variation: Bacon—Never say in Boston that a child is born with a silver spoon in its mouth. Egbert—What do they say, then? Bacon—That it came into the world with gold-rimmed eye-glasses.—Yuletide Statesman.

Reminiscences: He—Ah, those days of our young love! You remember the afternoon you promised to meet me, and didn't come? How I raved! She—Just like a man! And there I was, suffering agonies trying on that dress you liked so much.—Life.



"I wonder why they haven't started any yellow journals in Cuba yet? I don't believe there are enough Americans there to support one."—Life.

Not Much Hurt. Elmer: "You, a man, show down and hit him, and he'll get fifteen hundred dollars damages." "Quite a windfall, wasn't it?"—Life.

The principal ingredient in all these parent medicines is the same. "It must be a powerful drug. What is it?" "Printer's ink."—Town and Country.

Father—Now, remember, I have forbidden you to go out with young Tomkins; don't let me catch you together again. "No, papa—we'll try not to."—Life.

In Pursuit of It: Smith—Hello, Fine day! Are you out walking to your health? Smythe—Yes; I am going to the doctor's.—Indianapolis News.

All's Fair to Him: Street-car Conductor—How old is that boy, master? Lady—Why do you ask? Conductor—Because it's a fare question.—Chicago News.

Sympathetic Dags—I'd have you know, sir, that my ancestors were blooded. Diggs—Too bad; why didn't they take something for it?—Ohio State Journal.

When a workman has a job to presumption is that he is an honest man. When a politician has one, the presumption is the other way.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Photographer—Now, I want you to look as if you were not having your picture taken. Customer—Then you'd better give me back the deposit I made in advance.—Life.

Interesting and Exciting: "I attended a large crowd gathered in front of your house this morning. What was what was the matter?" "I was discharging the cook."—Ex.

Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy)—Long life to you, dear, sure, I'll never see a goose again. Mr. Hartwell—No, I'll think of you.—Harlem Life.

A Sinecure: Mrs. Flynn—An' phony yer son Moike doin' now, Mrs. Casey? Mrs. Casey—Sure, Moike ain't doin' anything, Mrs. Flynn. He's got a government job.—Leslie's Weekly.

"Say, my uncle dat's visiting us; he's got a wooden leg." "Ugh! dat's no in." When I was down ter New York I saw a man dat was all wood in front of a cigar store.—Leslie's Weekly.

Reduced to a Good Basis: "Wid how does it seem to be engaged to a wealthy girl?" "Fine! Every time I kiss her I feel as if I were taking a coupon off a government bond."—Life.

A Fight Jury: Western Judge—The jury come to an agreement? Foreman (with a broken nose and hooded eye)—I don't know, yer honor. Most of them are unable to speak at present.—Smart Set.

Candidly Avowed: "What do you intend to do when you are out of public life?" asked the friend. And with out a moment's hesitation Senator Sorghum answered: "Get in again."—Washington Star.

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