Reform.

"What will you do, Rivers," asked Brooks, "when they do away with the smoking cars?"

"I shall circulate a petition," answered Rivers, savagely, "demanding that the chewing gum cars be abolished!"

One of the Early Nature Fakers.

The cat was looking at the king.

"He isn't so very much of a sight, either," mused the cat. "I've got eight more lives that he has."

Herein we see that mere rank counts for nothing when compared with things that are ranker.—Chicago Tribune.

Self-Abnegation.

Photographer (exhibiting plate)—You moved your head a little, ma'am. We shall have to try again.

Sitter (with lap dog)—Not at all. I moved my head on purpose. I want Fido to be the whole thing in this picture.

Those Useless Questions.

"Billy, did you ever pick up a live trolley with your bare hands?"

"Many a time."

"Didn't it give you a shock?"

"Give me a shock? It killed me dead every time."—Chicago Tribune.

A Coming Financier.

"How is your boy getting along at that business college?"

"Splendidly. When he sends me his monthly statement of the debts he owes it is drawn up in such an absolutely correct and businesslike form that I always send him my check for the amount without a murmur."

Courteous Highwayman.

"You don't mean to say you would accept this old timepiece?" faltered the man who was being held up. "Why, it is only an apology for a watch."

"That's all right, friend,' laughed the bold highwayman. "I'll accept the apology."—Chicago Daily News.

Just as Easy.

Yes, he is able to keep a carriage,
Is Nelson W. Ardrich;
He's akin to Standard Oil by marriage
And well he may be called rich!
—Chicago Tribune.

Race for a Wife

—BY—

HAWLEY SMART

CHAPTER IX.—(Continued.)

"But, Maude, my darling—!"

"Yes, and intend to remain so," laughed the girl merrily. "And the sooner the fact is broken to Mr. Pearman that he is not 'my destiny's lord,' the better."

"Stop, child—listen to me," and the nervous tremor in her mother's voice arrested Maude's madcap humor instantly. She knew every inflexion of that dearly loved voice, and her quick ear detected coming trouble, much as the sailor foresees the storm in that peculiar sobbing sound the wind sometimes gives forth shortly before the tempest bursts.

In a second she dropped quietly on her knees by Mrs. Denison's side, and leaning on the arm of her chair, said, "There's more to come, mother; you haven't told me all yet."

"No, my dearest; I had hoped so differently. I mean—I told your father, in short——;" and here Mrs. Denison fairly broke down, and wept copiously.

Maude petted, soothed and coaxed, as she had done on many a previous occasion, and between the showers of tears learned how much they were in the hands of the Pearmans; how that their remaining at Glinn was an impossibility unless the Pearmans came to their assistance; and how her hand was the price they placed on standing in the breach between Harold Denison and his creditors. About the foregoing of their own claims the poor lady wisely said nothing. Better Maude should think her future husband stood chivalrously forward in her father's support, with the prospect of her fair self as his guerdon, than she should know that her hand was the sole bribe which induced him to forbear seizing upon Glinn.

The saucy smile had left the girl's lips by the time she comprehended the sad story. It was replaced by a pale, anxious look, such as had never been seen before on Maude Denison's face.

"You can't mean this, mother," she said, at length. "You surely don't wish that I should marry this man, whom I can't say I dislike, for I don't even know him enough to tell whether I do or no; but that I am to take this man for a husband without any reference to my own feelings—you don't intend that, do you?"

"I don't know what will become of us if you don't, Maude," gasped Mrs. Denison.

"And is it not possible that we could live without Glinn?" inquired her daughter.

"What would your father do?" moaned the mother once more, truer to him even still than to the child she adored so.

"It is hard!" said Maude, and her young face grew stern in expression as she spoke. "Do you think it quite fair that I am to throw my life's happiness away at eighteen to save Glinn? Mother, I know nothing of the world, but a man surely brings a bad introduction to a girl's heart who seeks her as Mr. Pearman would apparently seek me. I don't think I'm a romantic fool, but I never thought to leave your side in this wise. Of course I know girls do marry for money; but—but—I had—had hoped I should be different," and here Maude was seized with an hysterical choking in the throat, which though it only drew a few tears from her own eyes, brought forth another shower from Mrs. Denison's.

I really am shocked, for the sake of my readers, at the amount of tears introduced into this part of my story. "Umbrellas up!" would have made an appropriate heading to this chapter; but what am I to do? You see, Mrs. Denison is one of those women who naturally dissolve into—may I say, mist?—on the most trifling occasions, and come down in torrents when things go hard with them. And, bear in mind, she was performing the hardest task that had ever fallen to her lot as yet.

"No use crying about it, mother," said Maude, gulping down her agitation bravely. "I am going up to my own room to think it all over; but come what may, I feel at present you will have to let Mr. Pearman know that I'm grateful for the honor he has done me, but respectfully decline anything further."

When Maude reached her own room, she sat down and began to muse over all her mother had told her. Had it come to this really, that it rested with her to save her parents? What was she to do? I have said before that she was not like the young ladies of this world. She was rather behind the age in many of her ideas. She was very young, and had, moreover, a tinge of that dear old-fashioned romance about her which is at such a terrible discount in these utilitarian days. "What can there be to think about?" cries Belgravia. "Preserve me from such an imbecile daughter!" shrieks Tyburnia. But Maude, after thinking for half an hour, with set face and knit brows, suddenly rose with a smile rippling over her pretty face, and while the midday sun still glinted through her bonnie brown hair, sat down to write to Grenville Rose.

"He always gets me out of scrapes," she murmured, softly; "he must out of this, though"—and here she even laughed—"I'm afraid Gren will think this what he calls a 'big un.'"

CHAPTER X.

Grenville Rose dwelt in the Temple. There, in a couple of pleasant rooms, he read musty law books, the latest periodicals, and waited for business. Though there was very far from being any asceticism about Grenville Rose, yet he stuck soberly and honestly to his trade. If the work didn't come, he couldn't help it. He was always in the way, and an assiduous attender at the Westminster Courts. But if you are "Coke on Lyttleton," strongly impregnated with the departed afflatus of Erskine and Ellenborough, you cannot show it until you get an opening. The beginning of the legal profession is doomed to be principally observation. Attorneys are far from being speculative on the subject of undeveloped talent. It is not given to everyone to have Sir Jonah Barrington's chance of a friendly judge, who insisted on his continuing the case he had begun, in consequence of his leader being temporarily out of court. So that whether Grenville Rose was a coming lawyer, or a pretentious impostor, was still concealed in the womb of time. In the meanwhile, the nothing he had to do he, at all events, did conscientiously—more, a good deal, than can be predicated of many of us. He strolls leisurely out of his bedroom, in dressing gown and slippers, the day after Maude's resolution, and glancing round his breakfast table, takes little notice of the heap of letters that lie thereon. His attention, on the contrary, is arrested by the absence of some condiment he peculiarly affects. After indulging in a solo on the bell, which produces no apparent result, he opens the window and runs up the vocal scale on "William," terminating, crescendo, in "Wil-li-am!" which seems to produce some slight commotion, at length, in a boy with a pewter, and a companion furnished with shoe brushes, who are lightening the hours by pitch and toss. Satisfied with this result, he first opens the morning paper.

Grenville Rose is not in the least addicted to the pursuit or study of racing; still, like most men of his age about town, he very frequently hears it talked of. He knows the names of the prominent favorites for the coming great three-year-old events of the season. Has he not more than one friend who has asked him to book himself for a Grenwich dinner in the event of some Derby contingency coming off satisfactorily? He throws his eye lazily over the sporting intelligence, and under the head of "Betting on the Two Thousand," he perceives "Five to two against Coriander—taken freely."

"S'pose he'll about win. Suit Silky Dallison down to the ground, I presume; not that I know much about it. But as he hath bidden me to the consumption of clicquot and bait, if Coriander wins at Epsom, it is fair to presume he'd like to see him well through 'his smalls,' to begin with."

Ah! we go blundering on in our blindness and ignorance. Can even the most far-sighted of us ever predicate twenty-four hours ahead? What a mess Providence makes of our intricate calculations! What shallow fools we seem, after all our study! I wonder what Grenville Rose would have said, if anybody had hinted to him that within ten days his destiny would be bound up with Coriander's? Can you not fancy his laughing retort: "I never race! 'What's Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?'" Yet it will be so.

Grenville tosses the paper on one side, and in a careless way takes up his letters. Two or three are thrown aside; but his pulse quickens, and his handsome features flush a little, as he catches sight of that firm, delicate hand he knows so well. Maude's letter had been near the bottom of the pile, or he had not glanced over the paper before reading it. That cousin of his had wound her way into his heart strangely of late. He hardly knew himself how it had all come to pass. He had bullied her as a boy; he even, till quite lately, had snubbed her as a man. He had liked her, ay, loved her, in cousinly fashion, all his life. How was he to have dreamt that the gawky school girl who accompanied him in his fishing expeditions at Glinn was to grow into the lovely girl Maude had of late blossomed into? He was no fool, and had as much command over his passions as five-and-twenty, that sets up for no superlative virtue and lives in the world, can usually lay claim to. That anything could be more injudicious than a love affair between himself, with mere undefined prospects, and the daughter of his ruined, spendthrift uncle, no one could be more clearly aware. That if Maude Denison married, it must be somebody with means and position, he thoroughly understood. That he should at present marry anybody, he quite recognized as an impossibility. And yet, with all these theoretical axioms distinctly present to his mind, he was forced to admit to himself that he was over head and ears in love with his cousin. That he had never even hinted it to her was a fact upon which he gave himself most extraordinary credit. That she had as yet given him no earthly reason to suppose he was anything to her but Cousin Gren was a circumstance that he brooded over sulkily and despondingly. With these correct and high-principled views, it should have been made matter of great gratulation; but you see it was not. I am afraid it will ever be so. The right people never do fall in love with each other; while, from the days Helen left Menelaus to the present time, the converse of the proposition seems inexhaustible and unchangeable.

But all this while Grenville Rose had been reading Maude's epistle. His face darkens as he does so, the brows contract, and a curse breaks at last from his lips in a low, guttural tone that bodes bad times for somebody, supposing that Grenville possesses power equal to his inclination.

"That brute Pearman!" he muttered. "My instinct didn't fail me. Better I'd have dislocated his cursed neck by throwing him down stairs that night than this. And the poor child appeals to me to help her! What can I do?"

Once more he glances at the letter—again he reads the paragraph: "Gren, dear, you have been my resource in all my scrapes since I can remember. Do come to my rescue now; what am I to do? My childish troubles of bygone days were not of much account, whatever they might look at the time. This seems extinguishing the sunshine of my life on the threshold—as if I was doomed, as I heard you say not long ago. I have said I cannot, I dare not. Both papa and mother say I am to decide for myself. But it isn't so—you know, Gren, it isn't. There's papa, more sneering and gloomy than ever, suggesting that we had better make the most of Glinn during the remaining few weeks that it remains to us—as I have decided to give away the property. Mother, of course, all tears; and papa bullies her worse than ever. Oh, tell me what to do, Gren, for I am very miserable. I can't stand it much longer—I know I can't. I shall have to give in; I cannot bear to see mother always in tears. I almost wish I was dead, I do indeed; and yet I don't want to die."

"Yes," he mutters, after reading it through for about the twentieth time; "it's easy to see the whole thing. My precious uncle intends you shall marry Pearman, so that he may finish his days in Glinn. My aunt, poor soul, is weeping a Dead Sea over the arrangement, and having her soul harried out besides. Maude—Maude, my darling, how can I help you? Pretty chance of a pauper like myself being much use on the occasion," he mused, with a bitter sneer. "She never says, poor child, by the way, what sum, if any, would stop the gap—though, of course, there must be a price. However, that is a question there is no use in raising. Of course it's thousands; and to raise a few hundreds would require all my ingenuity, to say nothing of terminating in my eventual destruction; not but what it's little I'd think of that just now, to save Maude. My love, I am powerless!" And Grenville Rose leaned his head upon his hands and tasted the bitterest sorrow this world can afford—that of an appeal for succor from the woman whom he loved, and the knowledge that he was powerless to help her even a hair's breadth in her bitter anguish. Better to stand by her deathbed than this!

Our nineteenth century training makes us bear such trials well. But do not believe, my brethren, that when the mask is dropped, feelings are not much the same as of yore. Bitter tears are shed over worthless women, and deep lamentations made over rotten investments in the privacy of the bed chamber. The matutinal razor sweeps the chin at times with a strange fascination for one strong free stroke at the jugular vein; a morbid feeling to end all this weary struggle, and cut the knot of existence. A well-known writer, the other day, laid down: "It was better to be bored than to be miserable." I can't say I agree with him. I would rather be miserable.

For more than an hour does Grenville pace his apartment, musing over Maude's letter. But no! he can neither see help to be rendered, nor even anything to justify the slightest interference on his part. Then he thought savagely of the old dueling days; how easy it would have been to have picked a quarrel in those good old times, and run his chance of disqualifying Pearman through the medium of a pistol bullet. But we have changed all that; and when we quarrel nowadays, we employ counsel instead of firearms. I suppose it is all for the best, though I take it there was more politeness in general society when the being rude had to be so speedily justified.

(To be continued.)

CHANCE FOR A BIBLIOPHILE.

Unique Copy of Ancient Records, Full of Historical Material.

Here is an opportunity for some rich collector of books, or for some library that likes to place upon its shelves tomes which are valuable as records of bygone days, says the New York World. The opportunity in question is a book believed by its present owner to be the only copy in existence, which was printed in Osnaburg, Germany, in 1628. It is valuable not so much for its age as for the wealth of historic material it contains.

This book is a history of the see of Osnaburg, the first Saxon-Germanic church, from its foundation by Charlemagne, in 772 A. D. It relates his nomination of its first bishop, St. Wiho of Frisia, and contains, first, the order and series of the bishops of Osnaburg, with an epitome of their origin and characteristics, from 772 to 1623 and 1628, when Itel Frederick, Count of Hohenzollern, cardinal of the Holy Roman church, and Francis William, Count of Wartenberg, successively occupied the see.

Second, the acts, canons, statutes and decrees of the synods and councils of the church held at Alemania, Cologne and Osnaburg in 1225, 1260, 1310, 1322, 1360, 1423, 1452, 1536, 1625, 1628, authenticated by notarial certificates.

Third, the apostolic mandate of Innocent VI., dated from Avignon, 1360, to Wilhelm, archbishop of Cologne, "De vita, habitu et honestate clericorum et monachorum."

Fourth, the confirmation of the Caroline constitutions of Carolus IV., Roman emperor, ratified by the council of Constance, 1423.

Fifth, the ceremonial of the assembly of the major synod of Osnaburg, 1628, and the historic sermon of Pater Gulielmus Aschendorf, S. J. "De vitus præcedentibus temporibus enatis et adhue durantibus."

The book belonged in 1643 to the great library of the Bollandists at Antwerp. On the title page, in the handwriting of Father Jean de Bolland, the illustrious "ancient," are the words: "Domus prof. Soc. Jesu, Antwerp, 1643." (House of the professed of the Society of Jesus, Antwerp, 1643.)

When the Bollandists were expelled by Joseph II. of Austria, their library was seized and sold at auction. It was purchased for the monastery of St. Norbert at Tongerloo. When these monastics were afterward driven out by the French revolutionists, their library was pillaged and the book came into the possession of Father Jean Francois Van de Velde, S. J., president of the University of Louvain. His autograph is on the opening page.

The book, which is in Latin, is bound in vellum and in perfect preservation, belongs now to Joseph A. Donovan, Rochester, N. Y., who is willing to sell it for $10,000.

An Ounce of Prevention.

Jimmie—How did you know I was going to call?

Her Little Sister—I saw Nell taking the pins out of her belt.—Puck.

On Her Way to the Club.

"For mercy's sake, whose dirty little boy are you!"

"Yours, mamma."—Chicago Tribune.

PNU No. 22-09