After a ten days' visit to Mrs. Clayton. girl. Winifred was summoned home.
"I would gladly let you remain longer," her?

On the 25th of April Winlfred tetural regned than at the mansion of states, and the friend, but with almost a sense of relief at being freed from the observious will observe the Court of not seemed the same without her-it lacked the saushine, as the old French lady

Lady Grace Fargular and Miss Eyre arrived at Earon Square and were duly unnounced in the fashionable chronicles. A new life suddenly opened on the girl who had speut all her young years in such quiet, not to say motonony. Mhe found it very pleasant, although not altogether what it had been in her dreams

house of Miss Douglas, Lord Harold Erskine's aunt, a lady occupying a very leckled position in the fashionable world, decided position in the fashionable world, dare to think a pause of retrospection and the entree to whose entertainments would either send her heading down the

no reason to regret having allowed her d'Aguilar.
to exercise her own taste. Her dress was As if to draw the last plan's of safety there over it were the softest white feath-

Very late in the evening Mr. Hastings appeared. As he entered the halfroom he caught sight of Winifred talking in a very animated manner to Lord Harold. in an interval of waiting. He stood and watched her intently; until to-night be had never thought her beautiful. He had loved her for her grace, for her pride, for her innocence; but as she looked and smiled now, he felt she had a greater claim to general admiration than he had ever dreamed of.

"And she might have been my wife loved her-how proud I should have been f her! I wonder if she really cares for hat follow Eirskine?"

At this moment a voice said close to his ear, as though the speaker had divined his thoughts:
"Will it be a match, do you think?"

He turned with an angry start, and not the mocking gaze of Flora Cham-You mean Gray and Miss Went-

worth? I think it very probable," Mr. Hastings answered, curtly, "Oh, no, that is beyond a doubt, I meant Lord Harold Erskine and and his

partner."
"I cannot form the slightest surmise. Your cousin" and he spoke the word pointedly-"your cousin is very beautiful, and may even do better."

"Perhaps be chosen by the descendant all the Hastings?" she asked, with

a scornful laugh.
"Your penetration seems unusually at fault to night. Miss Champion," he re-turned, coldly; "but pardon me, the dance is over, I am going to seek a partner for the next; your card is full, I see," and be moved off before Flora had time to intimate her willingness to exchange his name on her program with that of a less eligible expirant. She hit her lip angrity as she saw him cross straight over to where her cousin smed, and bend to speak with her. She could not but remark the tender deference of his bear-ing toward the country girl whom she de-

plact, and whom she well remembered ignoring to him as only a former's daugh-ter. She turned to the quiet, middle aged man on whose arm she leaned, and began o talk to him with some of brightness and vivacity. He listened with admiring attention, but had very little to say in ceply. Flora felt inex-pressibly bored.

pressibly bored.
"This man is a dolt." she said to herself, angrily; "the idea even of all his cy scarcely reconciles me to the hor-tedium of spending so much time In his company.

Mr. Maxwell was an excessively un interesting, eich bachelor of two-andforty. He gave one an impression of weakness and yielding that made it a matter of surprise he had been allowed to remain so long in the unblessed estate of bachelorbood. He had met Flora Champion several times and had admired

"He is rich," she said to herself; "he is as weak as water, and he is greedy-three admirable qualities for a husband whom you do not want to care about! Why should I not marry him?"

Meanwhile Mr. Hastings has crossed or to where Winifred was standing. engaged in laughing conversation with Lord Harold, a bright emile on her lips and apparently very happy. She did not see Errol until he came up to her, and then she stopped in a sentence and chang ed color. She felt a quick thrill of pleasure when she saw his handsoms face bent on her with genuine admiration. Some sudden thought of forgetting her pride and yielding to her love came surg-ing into her brain; and then her second, unnatural self rebelled, and she ceted him with a cold, indiffer You will dance with me, W he whispered, as Lord Harold turned to

e behind him. I am engaged for every dance, thank

"May I come and call in Eaton I dare say Lady Grace will be pleas-

'It is my duty to be pleased to see any and all of Lady Farquhar's guests. You are not natural, Miss Eyre-you are strangely altered from the generous, large-hearted, true Winifred I knew two

years ago." well for Ignorant country girls to be trustful?" she saked, with a quick scorn. "If they are generous, do they my heart. I am twenty. I have no hope in the world," and an agonized eigh broke those whose minds are more calarged, or should be, from their birth and sta-

'Is your enmity to be lifelong, then?" "No doubt it will wear out in time, as every other feeling does," was the quick

As Mr. Hastings walked away, he asked himself how it was possible that a can I leave you to that man's bratality was man whose inherent fault was intense with could voluntarily expose himself to she asked sadiy.

the slights and indifference of a young

would gindly let you remain longer,"
wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember,
wrote Lady Grace, "but you remember,
leave for London on the 28th, and 8ir
Clayton never likes his plans interfered
with."

" would gindly let you remain longer,"
her? She seems to have lost all that
made me love her when I first knew her.
What a fool I am! I will not think any
more of her?

And he left the room and the

and went off to an entertainment where a considerably greater degree of freedom

iscovering that he was really gote.
"He is disgusted with me be will not

On the day appointed Sir Clayton and er," she thought, bitterly. "I love him with all my heart, and I have lost him!

CHAPTER XV.

The weeks rolled on and the London season was at its height. Drawing rooms. concerts, balls, operan, fetca champetres, flower shows and garden parties went on as usual to make up the sum of the gar For debut was to take place at the Mrs. Clayton—one of many, perhaps—had been leading a life of fittal, feverish happiness for the last month. She did no decided position to whose entertainments would enter the was very generally desired. Lady Grace was auxious that her protego should look her best.

When Winifred appeared, dressed, on the was so unpartiously weak that who will will be was so unpartiously weak that who he was so unpartiously weak that who was so unpartiously weak that who he was so unpartiously weak that who was so unpartiously weak that was parting at her rest was yearning at her rest was

of a marvelous whiteness and softness, away from his wife, Mr. Clayton treated almost like snow clouds, and here and her daily worse. He left letters in her her daily worse. He left letters in her way that could not fall to mortify her ers, that might have been flakes of fallen If they went out together he made a polar of keeping her waiting. He never open-ed his lips to speak to her onless he was positively obliged, and then his words were speers and tannes. He paid other women the most extravagant compli-ments and attention. In short, but for Col. d'Aguilar's presence and sympathy, Pee's life would have been unendurable

They met constantly.

One of the entertainments that was in tended to rank among the first of the season, was a garden party given by the Honorable Mrs. Vivian Lynedon at her beautiful vills on the banks of the river he thought. 'How I should have hern how proud I should have been I wonder if she really cares for provided; and the whole was to end in a display of such costly fireworks as were rarely seen, and a dance. Mr. and Mrs Clayton were invited. At the last mo ment he declined to go, and his wife went without him. He did not attempt to pre-rent her. Col. d'Aguilar was to be there.

"I will not spoil the sport," he said to blusself, with a smile that would have be ome Mephistopheles.
All her friends were there, all but one at least, and at first it was with a sense of relief that she missed him. But hour after hour were on, and there was no sign of Col. d'Aguilar. First she felt reatless then a little impatient, then angry, and then she could have cried for the hitterness of the disappointment. It was four

days since she had seen him, and then be told her distinctly that he intended to be Fee eat down wearily on the edge of one of the seats. Suddenly she heard a voice pronounce her name, and a quick thrill of pleasure went to ber heart. He had come at last! She forgot her anger, her impatience, and the weary hours she

had spont waiting for him, and looked up with a glad smile. "At last" she said. "I had given you up long ago. I am so tired of all this." she added, in a whisper; "let us walk a

And then she perceived that he was

she uttered hastlly, "That kept you away and it hurts you to walk."

"Not at all," be answered; "it is noth-g. That did not keep me away," "What, then?" Fee asked, quickly. Col. d'Aguilar was silent. "What kept you sway?" she repeated.

"I do not think I can tell you, Mrs. Do tell me," she whispered, pressing his arm ever so slightly.

"I tried very hard to make a sacrifice," answered slowly, "and I falled." What sacrifice. "The sacrifice of my heart's desire to our peace." Fee trembled and was silent,

"See!" she said, "the fireworks are be giuning," and at that moment a blaze o light shot forth into the skies and scomes o lliumine the whole garden and river There was a rustle garden bench standing in a niche of arbutus and laurel. "Let us sit dewn," Mrs. Clayton said.

"I know your foot pains you."
"I was so disappointed when you did
not come," Fee said presently. "I had just made up my mind to send for the carriage and go home. I came alone, you

"Alone? I thought Mr. Clayton was

"He would not come. I think he would to anything rather than spend an hour in my company," she added bitterly. I can-not go on living like this," she broke out presently. "My life is a torment to me. You told me once I should be miserable if I married him-are you glad your words have come true?"

"Mrs. Clayton, what do you take me for?" he cried, moved to passion, glad-glad that you, whom I love heart, soul and strength, are tied to a brute who makes your life a pandemo nium upon earth—giad that you are part ed hopelessly from me, and that I cannot lawfully stir a finger to help you when I am ready to lay down my life for you" "Forgive mo!" Fee said, quickly: "I did

not mean it. I feel so bitter—so ma sometimes—I scarcely know what I say. "Mrs. Clayton," he auswered hoursely "you must not say these things to me My blood is on fire at your wrongs and your minery. You forget how badly, how hopelessly I love you!"

"I weighed your love in the balance with Mr. Clayton's money once," she said slowly, "and my choice has broken my heart. I am twenty. I have no hope good or wise enough to remember my duty, and keep from speaking of my misery to you, we might have gone on meet ing as we have done. To-night we shall

part forever."
"Do not say that, Mrs. Clayton. How

He rose to his feet suddenly and stood LET US ALL LAUGH. efore her as pale as death.

"Will you never be emvineed," he id, passionately, "that my love for you beyond self-neeking, beyond doubt? If you will It so, I will never seek you again after to-night."

"I think I am not well to night-I am over-tired," she said, recovering herself; "if you will have my carriage sent for, I

He went at once and did not return to her until is was ready; then he gave her his arm and led her away without another word. She never looked at him as he put her into her carrings, and wish-ed her a grave good night; but when the loor was closed, and they had passed brough the gutes, she threw berself back n a corner and ashbed such tears as she and never wept from the hour she was born until now. There were lights in the dining room when she returned, and she would have entered it, but the foorman stood in the way with a frightened

"Not in there, if you please, ma'am master dined at home, and has a party of gentlemen."

At that moment there was a clinking of glasses, and a sound of laughter, in which a shrill peal of a woman's voice cas distinctly andible Mrs. Clayton stood for a moment as if

furned to stone; then she went upstairs without a word. It was evident she had not been expected hume ac early. She was too stupelled to think, It seemed as if some heavy blow had fallen on er, and she scarcely realized it or knew what it was. Her mind was exhausted and she alept heavily. The next day when

"How terribly Ill Mrs. Clayfon looks! the should not go out so much, or should be dead before the end of the sea or she

"Dear Fee." said Winifred, riding up, what alls you—you look worn out?"
"I think yesterday was too much for me." Mrs. Clayton answered, "Stop my horse, Winifred" and Mrs. Clayton seemed for a moment to reel in her sed-Winifred caught the bridle, and

opped her ewn horse,
"Oh, Lord Harold" she cried suddenly to the gentleman who rode beside her, "go to the other side of Fee, and hold her up; she is fainting." In a moment he had his arm round her,

and had lifted her into the saddle, from which she had partly slipped. Mrs. Clayton recovered herself almost immediately "Thank you," she said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile; "a sudden giddiness. Take me home. Winifred, will you?" 'Yes darling."

Mrs. Clayton remained the whole day n the sofs, scarcely speaking. Winifred would not leave her for a moment. She buthed her forehead, and watched and snothed her when she turned on her side and mosned.

ind mosned.
"It is my head, my head." she mur-nured now and again. "I think I am go-And then Winifred thought it time to aren't they?"

send for a physician,
"It is a nervous attack," he said, when e had seen her: "the brain seems to have heen overexcited. In a day or two Mrs. Clayton will be quite herself again," (To be continued.)

A DISAPPEARING STREAM.

The Dry Fork of Ashley Creek, in Northwestern I tab. Some curious revelations are being

ande by the United States geological

survey. A recent report from C. T. Prall, one of the hydrographers of the survey, has reported the existence of a stream whose water, in the summer season, entirely vanishes midway in its course The river is known as the Dry Fork, a small stream in northwestern Utah, tributary to Ashley creek. About four teen miles from its source in the Ulnta ountains this stream reaches a large basin or slok, whose walls are from 75 to 100 feet high, except on the up-

stream side. The pool is apparently bot omless, and the water in it revolves with a slow, elecular motion, caused either by the incoming waters or by specien from below, or both. The only visible outlet to this pool is a narrow rock channel, from which a little water "Then it is true, what some one told hundred yards below. A measurement me, that you have sprained your ankle?" of the main stream just above the pool flows, but is soon lost to sight a few water passing each second, but this entire flow disappears in the basin, and the stream bed for miles below is per-About seven miles below feetly dry. this interesting pool were found several springs, one of them in a large hole wenty-five feet in diameter and twenty feet deep, which at times are empty and again filled with water. It is thought that the water which disapin the upper pool flows under ground deep below in the gravels which form the bed of the stream, and in times of rainfall heavier than usual

> springs below.-Atlanta Constitution War Made by Rule.

An officer now in England sends the following story from South Africa, for the necuracy of which he vouches: "A brigade had been marching with morning." scarcely any food nor nearly twentyfour hours continuously. When it halted and rations were served out and the cooking had commenced one regiment was asked by the brigade major to extinguish its fires, as 'they were not in right.' The C. O. of the regiment in appearances." question remonstrated as strongly as possible, pointing out that if the fires "Shall I administer gas before ex-were put out there would be neither tracting your tooth?" asked the dentime nor fuel (the latter was very tist, scarce and limited in quantity) to get could say the brigade major insisted, me electric light." the fires were put out, and before the tea could be boiled and the meat cooked the regiment had to march, the men

having had no food.' It would appear from this, says the London Truth, as if the process of edu- flat and I moved into his.—Somerville cating our officers in the field-staff of Journal. figers at any rate-was still proceeding only slowly. The incident is of the more interest since the brigade major con cerned is a professor in one of our milltary schools. If the war office would like his name we shall be pleased to give it them-of course, in confidence.

The Casual Observer. This old world has some curious ways, You watch with eager oye, And don't know if you ought to laugh Or if you ought to cry. -Washington Star.

Nicaragua Canal. The creation of the Nicaragua Cana) vill out off 10,000 miles from the vovage from New York to San Francisco. Men seldom leave behind both in

quest and bequest.

tache

giggle."

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA. RIQUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

"I've refused George twice," she said, but it's no use." "No use?"

"Not a bit. He believes in predestination.

What has that to do with tree Why, he thinks I'm predestined to e his wife, and of course, if that is so, I'll simply have to give in, no matter what paps says. He can't ex-

post me to defy face ' Pay Day in Fight. last week and he declares she is all the world to him.

Giles-So he's getting ready to col-Millon-What debt?

Glies-Why, the one his wife owes iim. I heard him say one time that the world owed him a living.

Passing Amenities.

Growler-Hi! H!! Carn't yer look ut wher' yer a comir Omnibus Garn! Shut up, Jack-inthe Box!-Punch.

Most of the Stories True. A story is told of a New England minister who often speaks in behalf of a charity in which he is interested. At the close of one meeting at which he had spoken with great effect and a large gain for the charity had been the direct result a little old woman approached the minister. "Oh," she said enruestly, "I've been so interested in hearing about those poor dear children! And I suppose a great many of those stories you told are really true,

A Paying Investment. "Was it worth while to send your four daughters to that fashionable school?

"Sure. One cloped while she was there and the others came home en gaged."-New York Times.

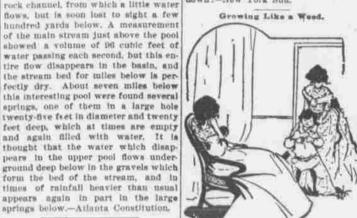
Must Take His Turn. Enraged Reader-I have come in orsewhip the editor.

Office Boy-You'll have to wait, sir: there are two others ahead of you.-Life. Bow the Cured Him. Mother-You say your husband no onger spends his evenings at the club?

Daughter-I soon broke him of that. "How did you manage?" "Before going to bed I put two easy chairs close together by the parlor fire, and then held a match to a cigar until the room got a faint odor of smoke?-

New York Weekly. Why Not, Indeed? N. Ane-Willie, I forgot to wind my watch this morning. Will you bring t down to me?

Willie-Why don't you let it run down?-New York Sun.



"Why, Tommy, how you do grow "Yes, Auntle. I think they water me Why, I'm bathed night and

Facts and Pancles

"Does it cost much to live In city?" asked the rural youth. About the same as it costs to live in the country," replied the village with those of the regiment on its sage, "but it costs like fury to keep up

"Well," answered the fair patient

Her Preference.

cooking finished before the troops from a back township, "If it doesn't had to march off. But in spite of all he cost any more I'd rather you'd give No Trouble in House-Hunting.

Hicks-I understand that you and Jenkins have both found desirable new Wicks-Yes, Jenkins moved into my

Told the Truth. Edyth-Aunt Margaret used to say she wouldn't marry the best man on earth. Mayme-And did she keep her word?

Edyth-Yes; but she got married just "Oh, at the present time she may Canse and Effect. "Women evidently have no sense of humor," remarked the baid-headed

philosopher. "Why do you think thusly?" asked the youth with the ingrowing mus-

"If they had," replied the philosophy dispenser, "they would never get past the love, honor and obey part of the marriage ceremony without an audible

Milesian Notion of Strategem. An officer once asked an Irishman if he knew what a stratagem was. "Yes, of course I do." "Then," said the officer, "please explain one to me." Pat (after five minutes' pause): "Suppose you were firing at the enemy and you run short of ammunition and you don't want the enemy to know, why all you have to do is to keep on firing."

Correcting Misapprehension "And this," exclaimed the traveler from the old world, emerging from his state room and gazing dreamily at the shere line aboad of him, "Is free Americs."

"No," said the bored looking passenger in the steamer chair. "That is New York City."

Made a Mistaka. Wonder irrita "You don't mean to say, doctor, that for a sleata. you can tell people's ages by their Burnham thought regretfully of a want to see the polar bear." teeth, the same as if they were horses, do you?"

"Certainly, madam." ticular dentist.

separate and labeled, so that each man the heavy curtains. The wonderful she won't?"

gets his own bread back in the bread eyes, hiding their merciless laughter pudding."-London Tit Bits. Towns-That was a brave act of Uroan's -rushing into the water to save a woman from drowning.

Suburb-Brave fiddlesticks! It was merely an act of selfishness on his part. Towns-Why, how can you say that? Suburb-The woman he rescued was a cook that had been with him for six her

months.-Chicago News.

How He Proposed, Miss Charmer-How did Fred pro-

pope? Miss Milyun-He said he didn't go on and leave Topsy crying on the know what he would do unless he got beside her and tilted up the little face. some money right away.-Baltimore

A Slight Difference. back into the blue eyes-"Aunt Dale Haggard Looking Boom Hunterwouldn't take me to the park, and I Little girl, does your mamma keep wanted to see the new polar bear. They say he just sits round on ice all Honest Little Girl-No. air; she takes honest Little Girl-No, air; she takes the time—and then they're scared boarders, but she don't keep 'em.— he'll die."



were more or less salamanders, and She-Yes, papa is suffering terribly that they would take the first carriage from gout—he can hardly move his they found stirring. "Don't you think Aunt Dale's bor

foot. He-Bah Jove, Miss Goldie, some thing seems to tell me to speak to him as she clasped Burnham's hand about our engagement to-day—Bah moistly and affectionately, and trot-Jove.

"It's a shame the way those Squal-lop children are growing up, without word—but I guess it's satisfactory," any parental restraint whatever."

he added ungaliantly. "Yes; when their mother joined the woman's literary society and began atending all the meetings Mr. Squallop got sort of reckless and joined a don't worry club."-Chicago Tribuna.

Tess-Some men are awfully slow, days of August had passed in Arctic ren't they?

Jess-Yes, and they're so aggrava and not bother her. And—and next aren't they? ting. There was one sat alongside of time I asked her to come she shook ne coming down in the car this morn- me!"

Tess-You wern't trying to flirt with ham implored. "I didn't cry when she im? Jess Gracious! no: but he was reading a novel, and he was never ready to eyes from the depths of a limp sunturn the page when I was.—Philadelbonnet. "When did she ever shake

Giles-Robinson Crusoe must have lly. been a queer sort of chap. Miles-Because Why? Giles-Because it was Friday every day in the week with him,

Wasn't Superstitious,

Semething Wrong. dend.

tor there for over a week. Defined. "A souvenir," said the thoughtful man, thoughtfully, "Is something that we consider to be worth a whole lot

more than its value."-Chicago Evening Post. Neither Spinster Nor Old Maid. "She's a spinster, isn't she?"
"Certainly not. Why, she'd have fit if you called her a spinster.

"She isn't married." "Widow, perhaps?" "Oh, no.' "Then she must be a spinster." "Not at all. She keeps house with we other girls in a cosy little flat."

"What difference does that make?"

"When was she married, then?"

"Well, of course, it's possible for a girl to be a bachelor maid without serted street in a blur of yellow. that, but it's that that makes it absolutely certain. You never heard of leasly. "He was horrid ugly, like a spinsters doing anything like that" "Then a bachelor maid isn't a spins- of him-

lightfully up-to-date and spinster is ham halted.
so frightfully old-fashioned."
Topsy," h

*********************************** ALL ON A SUMMER DAY

certain dusky corner under a Persian

house across the way.

steps resolved itself into a little lade

and disheveled hair away from a

"Why, what's the matter, dear?"

starched bosom and wailed.

wouldn't look at him.

looked anxiously toward the house,

"See here! Stop crying! Listen

"Did she promise to take you to the

you?" she asked, whisperingly, sur-

"Yesterday," said Burnham, gloom-

The

veying her stalwart friend with awe.

"Did it make you feel bad?"

"Yes, I'm afraid it did."

under the smile.

was mean to you?

of things.

speckles."

8y ?"

clear child eyes had seen the pain

was just crying because there was

so much naughty in her. I do some-

she was looking at was all over

"What-what picture was it, Top-

"I dunno," answered Topsy, care-

Burnham saw the long, de-

es—and they lick me," said Topsy,

and we'll go to see the polar bear!"

T was unquestionably a hot day | paused in embarrasament, Perhaps if Burnham had known "Yes? Well, why don't you say it?" that the next morning's papers Topey gave his hand a suggestive

would send it down into history as the tug. hottest day in years he would have remained in the comparatively cool it "It's-it's so beastly hot, dear, and seems too bad to leave Aunt Dale solitude of his mother's dining-room alone if she—if her head aches so for the sake of his reputation. As it Topsy's chin puckered doich Topsy's chin puckered dotefully, was he found the uptown streets in and her bright eyes grew pathetically a state of desertion which made him dim.

"It ain't bot-she sin't alone-'nd wonder irritably if the city had retired we've come eight blocks-'nd I-I Burnham laid a storn band over

canopy where there were many pil- the cavernously open mouth. lows and much lemonade, and, inci-"Now, Topsy, bush! We'll go to Which explains why this particular dentally, a girl's face, cool and sweet see the polar bear, but here's an empty patient never went again to that parabove the fan she held. Yesterday carriage—see? And we'll drive back the face had been so temptingly near after Aunt Dale."

-too near. And to-day it was so Topsy hesitated, blinking back the

Neathers.

"I say," said the man who has to he acknowledged to himself the use.

"Be won't go," she objected. "He had come—he had seen the house mose and eyes are just as red! And she had been open to him yesterday she thinks it's hot, and she says she had polar bears. But we'll

"The nearness of the place. The face in the dusky corner—suppose she have the ride, won't we? And will landlady keeps all the left-over crusss were looking at him now from behind you go to the park just the same if "Yes." said Burnham, smillingly:

under their drooping inshes! Burn- "just the same." ham lifted his gloomy young face haughtly and looked severely at the But when the carriage stopped in front of the gray stone steps all his assurance left him, and he pushed Topay out imploringly. But he did not pass on. Instead, he stopped with a whistle of surprise

"I won't go in, Topsy," he mid remulously. "You tell her we as what he might have taken for a tremulously. broken parcel of laundry on the stone thought perhaps she might be sorsteps resolved itself into a little lady ry-no, good Lord, don't say thati with penwiper skirts and exceedingly Oh, see here; just-just say wo'd like long black long who show up from long black legs, who shot up from to have her coll and shook a mop of moist bear?" to have her come to see the polar Then he shrank back tuto the car-

tear disfigured face.
"Why, Topsy!" exciaimed Burnham amazedly. It was impossible to he shade of Topsy's veranda; that Topsy berself was hot steps. He dropped on one knee dirty and he very wilted, and that the driver had stared at him as he issued his invitation. Never mind, if only "Well"—the tears came flooding Dale was sorry, and her sense of mor keen. Topsy finshed out of the house jubi-

"She's coming!" she shouted vociferously. "She'll be ready in just a minute—she's putting rowder on her nose. And mamma says I'm a Topsy's curis whipped into Burnperfect spectacle, and I've got to get ham's eyes smartly as she buried her a clean dress and my face washed, so you're to come in and walt. Aunt suitated countenance in his freshly "Oh, hush, Topsy, dear! Do, for heaven's sake hush!" Burnham Dale says you know the coolest corper, and mamma can't come down 'cause it's too hot to dress. Mammawants us to wait till to-morrow, but whence at any moment Topsy's howls Aunt Dale says It's such a nice, sunof newly stirred injury might fetch shiny day, and she does want to see Topsy's mamma, who would invite the polar bear!" or-Topsy's aunt, who

So eager was Aunt Dale that when her neice, although she chose the short and speedy route of the banis-Is that your sunbonnet on the walk? ter, came riotously into the parlor, Well"-desperately-"put it on quick, she found her repentant relative in the shaded corner before her.

It was only Topsy who was struck Topsy's piercing shout of rapture

was more dangerous than her weeping, and Burnham hurried her off by the great tragedy of the empty cage with its dripping ice blacks. down the street, comforting himself with the reflection that all children "Chloroformed him two hours ago," expinined the keeper crudely. "Lord, but it's a bot day!" He looked curiously at the perspiring bear-hunters. "They ain't been much of anybody in here to-day, 'ceptin' kids."

rid?" demanded Topay, revengefully, vouchsafed, with an undercurrent of reproof in his tones. "We only came to bring my little ted beside him in soiled contentment. "Oh, I don't know," he answered niece," explained Aunt Dale with dig-

nlty. "You didn't," interpolated Topsy suddenly, as she sat down wearily on a block of ice outside the cage door. You wouldn't come at all till "Well, no-o," said Topsy, honestly. Not exactly. But I thought she went all the way back for you, and "Not exactly. But I thought she then you said you wanted to see the would, and when I went to her today-and it's such a nice, sunshiny don't care a bit-and oh, dear me, it's so hot and I'm so tired-and this is just water,' 'added Topsy as an afterthought, examining her skires with discouraged interest. Her accusing eyes caught the laughter in

Burnham's and she began to weep. "Don't cry now, young 'un," Burn-"You don't care, either-I don't helieve you care for a single thing, only that Aunt Dale's sorry.' Topsy stared at him with very round

Burnham shouldered her torily and bore her away to the car riage. "You have come a long way, Topsy," he told her seriously, was very hot and the bear was dead. But at the end of the Journey was contentment."—New York News.

An Unassuming Royal Personage. The carclessness of the Duke of Norfolk about dress and his unassuming Topsy slipped her other hand into ways are very marked and have caus Meeker—There's crape on the door Burnham's, hopping along beside him of him to be the victim of many curl-over the way. Old man Jones must be like a comforting little bird. end. "I'm awful sorry," she said, ear-ter. My friend had a house near Mrs. Meeker—I haven't seen the doc-nestly; and then, after a pause: "Was Arundel, and when she and her fam-Aunt Dale crying yesterday when she tly were removing to London the duke contemplated buying the place as a "No," said Burnham, grimly; "she house for a member of his family. One wasn't. I think she laughed." morning Mrs. — was in her bedroom shortly after breakfast when a sercrying. She said it was so hot it want came up to tell her that a : made her head ache. But I think she senger from the castle had called.

"Where is he?" she asked.
"Oh! he's in the hall, ma'am." Knowing the duke's habits of activevidently pondering on the injustice ity in the country she felt some misgivings and burried dowstairs to find Burnham's clasp tightened on the the Earl Marshal of England sitting tile fingers.

"Was she crying much?" he asked, his hat in his hands. She overwhelmed him with apologies, of course, but "You bet she was. Mamma's green the duke was most amused and laugh-pillow was all wet. And the picture ingly said that he delighted in an appearance which protected him fro attentions which would make his life

burdensome. Health Commandments.

The requirements of health can be counted on the fingers of one hand. poodle, with a big Y on the front They are good air, good food, suitable Say, do you think the polar clothing, cleanliness and exercise and bear might die while we look at him?" rest. The first two requirements affect "I don't know," said Burnham, ab- the blood, and as the blood circulates se one technically, for there's been sently, in his turn. There had been all over the body, including the brain, hardly time to change the dictionary; an ultra haired young fool once who every part is affected. Fresh air affects but she doesn't admit it."

had given that football picture to a the purity of the blood. The freshest girl who had laughed at it frankly air is out of doors, and it is the duty copt her chosen designation and insisted upon calling her spinster and later old mald—what then?'

"Why, why, then, I suppose she ly on the chances of being the happy are recise and rost should alternate and later and would marry almost the first man who spectator of a tragedy, trotted in balance each other. It is quite perthis side of the question must be guard-"Topsy," he said feebly, and then ed against as carefully as the other.