

The Contrabandist;

A TRUE STORY OF THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

CHAPTER V.

A week after his arrival at the chateau, Louis stood, one morning, on the terrace with his fair cousin, Helga Montauban, and evidently prepared for a stroll in the park and sketch book in hand.

"Away so early, Louis?" asked Madeleine Montauban.

"Even so, Helga. I am going to spend an hour in conversation with Dame Nature, whom I have so sadly neglected since I came here. I shall scarcely dare look her in the face. An hour, and perhaps two, in the solitude of the woods, under the shelter of the trees, is the only way to refresh my mind."

"Then, if that is the case," returned Helga, in her calm, silver tones—"if that is the case, we shall hardly see you again till night fall. You will find no lack of amusement, as you may declare yourself, if you have not forgotten your former visits here, though they have been few enough, I confess."

"I know there is no neighborhood more beautiful than this in the country," responded Louis. "But as for extending my wanderings to the borders of the night, that would not be quite to my taste. I shall be back here before sunrise."

"That is well. And pray, Louis," she added, with impressive earnestness—"pray do not go too deep into the forest. Remember your adventures there not so very long since."

"I gently touched his lips to her fair forehead, and turning, descended the sloping path that wound irregularly down the hill."

A slight blush rose to her beautiful cheeks, as her blush followed, for an instant, the steps of the young man. He looked back, and seeing her still standing there, waved his hand to her. Hastily she left the spot, and re-entering the chateau, seated herself in the salon by a window, at her embroidery. Here, putting the drape of a chair, she could observe the receding figure of her cousin while pursuing, with slow and thoughtful steps, her favorite employment, until Louis had disappeared from sight, and there was no outward attraction to break the rose-lined thread of meditation that wove itself in and out among the clustering buds and leaves expanding into life under her magic touch. The marquis was in the library among his books, led to the exterior world, and wrapped in learned lore. Helga had no complaint save her own meditations, but they were sufficient to entertain her to the end of the day.

Louis continued to follow the main road leading from the chateau past the village, and onward to where it reached the forest, branching off into two distinct paths, one of which wound on through the forest, and the other skirted it to the left. His morning's work was finished. Turning his attention to the beauties of the quiet scenery about him, Louis paused now and then along the path, to add some charming sketch to the collection of fine drawings in his book, remembering his cousin's peculiar taste, and sketching such points as he knew would best please her. And wandering slowly still, he came at last within sight of the little dwelling of his pretty friend Rose.

Then Louis thought of the wish which he had expressed to her. The cottage was at a distance yet; he wished to gain a more distinct view of it. Perhaps he should discover Rose herself seated at the door, and his scene already laid out for him.

He hastened forward. The turn in the path was soon reached, and the half-hidden cottage was in full sight now; and yet there sat Rose at the door, working with her needle. He paused a moment to contemplate the scene. This little cottage, or farm house, so rude and plain in exterior, yet discovered to him through that open doorway, where the morning sun shone in the path, was a picture of the peasant's life in the world. Louis looked so lovingly that Louis hastened to commence his sketch. Yet a nearer view was needed; and, silently as possible, he moved forward, so as to trace her features distinctly, and at the same time to avoid disturbing her. He stepped now into a grove and vividness of tone that did justice to its present subject, Louis worked. It was the loveliest picture he had attempted that day, and he enjoyed it. Not many minutes was he in completing it, and then he advanced with a quiet step to the door of the cottage.

But Rose Lamonte was as busy with her thoughts as with her needle, and she did not hear the approaching footsteps. It was not until the shadow of the young man's form fell across the sill that she was aroused from her reverie. She looked up then, and started with some slight surprise on beholding the count. Immediately recovering herself, however, she welcomed him with a smile and hastened to offer him a seat.

He accepted it, and sat down near her. He had not seen her twice before; yet it was in such circumstances that the awkwardness and constraint of first acquaintance was in a measure unknown to them, and it was the easiest thing in the world to fall into conversation now. He almost forgot that his acquaintance was of so recent a date, indeed.

"Where is your mother, Rose, this morning?" he asked, at first. "I hoped to see him."

"I am sorry he is not here, monsieur," returned the young girl. "But he went to the forest, something more than an hour ago, to gather rose for me, and I do not know how soon he will come back. I suppose that monsieur le marquis and Mademoiselle Helga are well to-day?"

"Quite well, Rose. You have not been up to the chateau since last week, I think?"

"No. I do not think I have stayed away from there for so many days together in all the years since we came here. It seems a strange thing to inquire after them," said Rose, looking up.

"My uncle and Helen were mentioning it recently," rejoined Louis. "They intend sending for you to the city."

"O, I will not trouble them so far as to do that," responded the young girl. "I do not need any one to come for me now, because I can come alone quite as well. Will you be so good as to tell Mademoiselle Helga that I will come tomorrow?"

"I will do so—certainly," answered Louis. "But where, then, is that troublesome cousin of yours? Has he gone away?"

said Louis, with a smile. "But this subject is not a pleasant one—is it? Suppose I try to banish from your memory, for the present, the image of this wicked man, and we will talk of something rather pleasant. Tell me who and what this is, my little friend."

He had opened his portfolio and now, as he spoke, passed to her the sketch which he had taken fifteen minutes previously.

"She looked at it, and a bright smile shone in her hazel eyes."

"Monsieur," she said, "it is my own little house. How faithfully you have sketched it! There is the mignonette on the sill; and my pretty cat, asleep by the box, in the sunshine; and one edge of the book-case, which you can see within, and which hangs close beside the window. You must, then, have drawn this house. I saw you—before I heard you coming just now."

"Yes—exactly; before you saw me. But there is something, Rose, which you do not mention it. I wonder if you have observed it. Who is it that sits by the door sewing? My cousin Helga?"

"No, monsieur; it is not your cousin. You did not mean it for Mademoiselle Montauban; it is, I think, Rose Lamonte."

"You are right. It is Rose Lamonte. Well, Rose, I look this without your knowledge, therefore, I suppose I should ask your permission to retain it. But I do not anticipate a refusal. I do not know that I shall heed it, if one is given."

"In that case, monsieur," returned the young girl, smiling at his frankness—"in that case, it would be needless either to give or withhold permission. It is yours, however, by right, monsieur."

"Then I will keep it. And now, since the morning is nearly gone, I think I can stay no longer. I should like to see your father, Rose; but since he does not come, I must wait until another time."



COUNT LOUIS ON A SKETCHING EXCURSION.

"I am sure he would like to see you," said Rose. "And now I think of it; he bade me thank you, in his name, if I should meet you again, for your interference in my behalf the other day."

"I was glad that I happened to be near, to chastise the scoundrel," responded Louis; and I shall be well satisfied if the lesson proved to be one of lasting value."

Suddenly he heard a merry voice whistle through the air, at a distance. It aroused him from his reverie. Looking up, he beheld a man approaching him, who was then, perhaps, fifty yards from him. This man, as soon as Louis lifted his head, suddenly broke off the lively air with which he had been humming himself, and seemed to regard her very curiously. Then he suddenly recommenced whistling, fixed his glance in turn upon the earth, and, with head slightly bowed, advanced.

"Slightly," he thought the count, "it seems to recognize me. And it strikes me that he is endeavoring to conceal his features."

And such, truly, appeared to be the case. Yet it was no one whom Louis remembered to have seen before. This man was dressed in the garb usual to the peasants of the country, in a tunic of about medium rank, and proportionate size. His features were partially concealed, as he held his head down. But Louis, as he came nearer, was more curious to behold than that he would have been if the man had not endeavored, with such evident stolidness, to pass unnoticed.

As they approached closer to each other, the young count caught a glimpse of those features. He started, with an involuntary exclamation, and, stopping short, laid his hand on the man's arm.

"My friend," he said, "you will oblige me by pausing one moment. I desire to speak with you."

"What if it should be a mistake after all? But no! The man stopped at this quiet, yet peremptory summons, ceased whistling, and taking off his large hat, looked Louis in the face, saying, respectfully:

"I see it is useless, monsieur le comte. You are determined to know me. "Your own fault—your own fault," laughed the count, with an air of good humor. "For, in this person, he recognized the one who had appeared to him in the forest on the night of that memorable attack, to warn and arm him against the approaching danger of the way. The face, well marked by the assistance of the lightning then, had been carefully remembered since."

"But how is it that you know me so well, monsieur?" asked the man. "I scarcely imagined that you would."

"You must be sensible, my good friend," returned the count, "that neither the place, persons nor occasion were those liable to be easily forgotten. A man seldom meets such a dozen times in the course of his life. Did I not tell you that I should remember you?"

"Just so, monsieur. Still—"

ing. But you speak as though you had wished me to forget it."

"I was not over-desirous that you should remember it," answered the man. "And why not? You are not sorry for helping me, I trust?"

"No, monsieur; nor unable or unwilling either, for that matter, to help you again, if you should need help. And, my faith! but I am afraid you will need aid most sorely, if things prosper as they have begun. It is added, in a lower and half-musing tone:

"What do you mean?" queried the count, not a little puzzled.

"What do I mean, monsieur? Why, the fact is, it would be hard to tell. How do I know what is to happen?"

"What was that uttering for, then? What is your name? Tell me that. It cannot harm you."

"It is Jacques Leroux, monsieur."

"Jacques Leroux—well, I shall remember you. But come, sit down on this bank by the roadside a moment. I wish to talk with you."

"Very good, monsieur. Only I warn you, you must not ask too many questions. It is enough that I was inclined to help you that night. You must not inquire too closely into the why and wherefore of the secrecy."

"Let me ask what I please, Jacques. You are not afraid to answer, if you do not like. In the first place, then, how did you come to know all about the affair in which I was engaged?"

"That, monsieur, is one of the questions which I must decline to answer."

"Why did you converse so great an instant in me—a stranger?"

"That I cannot tell, unless it was because I liked your appearance."

"You had seen me before, then?"

"I had seen you before, monsieur."

"Where—when?"

"It would do you no good to know."

"You are cool, Jacques. I see shall gain no satisfaction from you. But, at least, let me know to what part of the country you belong, and whether I shall ever see you after this."

"I am not conscious of belonging anywhere in particular, monsieur, though one may be apt to see me most generally in this direction. I dare say we shall meet very often, if you remain at the chateau up there."

"You spoke of my needing assistance at a future day. Do you think it probable that I shall?"

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

PLEASANT INCIDENTS OCCURRING THE WORLD OVER—SAYINGS THAT ARE CHEERFUL TO OLD OR YOUNG—FUNNY SELECTIONS THAT YOU WILL ENJOY.

"Henry," whispered the bride of two hours, "you don't regret marrying me, do you?"

"No, darling," replied Henry. "Not even yet!"

The train sped on, and she was happy for another five minutes.

A Little Hint.

Mrs. Witherly—I bought this rug for the baby to play on.

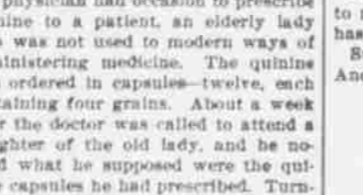
Witherly—Well, don't let her know it.

Doing His Share.

Angry Father—Young man, you are sitting up too late with my daughter. Last night I heard you kissing her.

Caperton—Well, sir, some one has got to.

No Titles.



Willie Winterman—And so you won't marry me?

Mannie Montana—Why, how perfectly ridiculous you are, Willie. Why, you're nothing but an American.

Why It Tasted Bitter.

A physician had occasion to prescribe quinine to a patient, an elderly lady who was not used to modern ways of administering medicine. The quinine was ordered in capsules—twelve, each containing four grains. About a week later the doctor was called to attend a daughter of the old lady, and he noticed what he supposed were the quinine capsules he had prescribed. Turning to the mother, he asked why she had not taken the medicine.

"Sure, doctor, do you mean that bitter powder? Yes, I took it, but had hard work getting it out of those little glass things it was put up in."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Pressed.

"Why, how rumpled your shirt waist is, Edith?"

"Dear me! and it has only just been pressed, too."

Edith was quite as self-possessed as ever. But St. John colored deeply.

She Knew Him.

He—When did you begin to suspect I was in love with you?

She—The day you told me I could have anything I wanted on the bill of fare.

Important to Young Men.

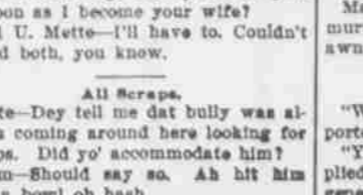
A girl would rather have a half pound of forty-cent candy in a fancy box with a red ribbon round it than a pound of eight-cent candy in a paper bag.—Somerville Journal.

A Common Affliction.

"How's he fixed?"

"Oh, he has the usual strawberry appetite and prune income."—Puck.

World Fix It.



Miss Matilda—Your company is distasteful to me.

Corporal Pinhead—Then I'll resign from it. I don't like being a soldier, anyway.

Expensive Luxuries.

Vera Hitone—Will you keep your promise and resign from your club just as soon as I become your wife?

Cal U. Mette—'I'll have to. Couldn't afford both, you know.

All Scraps.

Pete—Dey tell me dat bully was always coming around here looking for scraps. Did yo' accommodate him?

Sam—Should say so. Ah hit him wid a bowl ob hash.

The Next Best Thing.

"Polehunter talks about making an Arctic trip in an automobile."

"Why, he couldn't reach the pole that way."

"No, but he could come back and tell how he didn't."

Time to Run.

Sandy—Why are yer running so fast, pard?

Cladders—Dere's a lynchin' mob behind me.

Sandy—Dey don't want to lynch yer, do dey?

Cladders—No, but dey want dis clothes-line I'm wearin as suspenders fer de rope.

Scheme That Failed.

"Hay," exclaimed the man in a horse whisper, as he met his wife at the depot, "didn't I telegraph you not to bring your mother?"

"Yes," answered she, "but she opened the message and insisted on coming along to investigate."—Chicago Daily News.

A Change of Opinion.

"So they named a cigar after you?"

"Yes," answered the sporting man, in a dubious tone.

"Quite a compliment."

"I thought so till I smoked one of the cigars. Then I concluded it was a libel."

Feminine Charity.

He—Miss Elderleigh certainly has a very expressive face.

She—Yes, indeed. It's the very best money can buy.

One of Many.

Robertson—Did Jones die without a will?

Dr. Quackem—No, indeed. He died very much against his will.

Terrible to Contemplate.

LeMont—I see some one has invented a projectile in the shape of a cigar that will annihilate an army.

LeMoyn—You don't say? I bet if they made it in the shape of a racing automobile it would kill twice as many.

Quite Another Matter.

"Before I give you my answer," said the fluffy-haired summer girl, "I would like to know if you are in a position to keep me in the style to which I have always been accustomed."

"If the styles don't change too often I am," replied the wise youth. "Otherwise the odds are in favor of my going broke."

A Severe Test.

Her Father (protestingly)—You wish to marry my daughter, eh? Why, she has only just graduated!

Suffor (magnanimously)—I know it! And yet I love her!—Puck.

A Comparison.



Stout Man—Hello! You look as if you had been riding on a barrel.

Bow-Legged Man—You look as if you had swallowed one.

He Was a Rude Man.

"John," said the young wife who prides herself on being sensible right up to the limit, "just notice how easily my new shoes are."

"Yes, I see," answered John.

"And John," she continued, "do you know why I always get my shoes so large?"

"Oh," replied the ungentle other half of the sketch, "I suppose it's because you have such big feet."

Her Only Comment.

"Nevertheless, my dear," said the masculine portion of the combine, "there are a number of men in the world who are my mental inferiors."

"John," rejoined the wife of his bosom as she looked him square in the eye, "you were always a confirmed cynic."

Out at First.

"Sir," began the young man, "I came to ask your daughter's hand in marriage. I feel that I am not worthy of her, but—"

"Young man," interrupted the stern parent, "I fully agree with you on that point, and there is nothing further to be said on the subject. Good-evening, sir."

Servants.

First Housewife—Some days I undo about everything the servant does.

Second Housewife—Gracious! How do you dare?

Hot Draft.

Mahoolé—Ain't yer th' wan that towld me niver to thrink wather wid-out bollin'?

Physician—Yes, sir.

Mahoolé—Thin O! hov a mold to murder ye. O! thrank boll'd wather awn almost burned me mouth off.

People Eat Less Bread.

"Well, how's business?" asked a reporter of a wholesale flour agent.

"You would be surprised," he replied, "to know that in the time of general prosperity we are selling less flour than in hard times. From 1893 to 1896 I sold more flour than ever before or since. Business is thriving in many lines, but the country is too prosperous for the flour men and the bakers."

"Why is it? Simply because the people have money enough to buy other things than bread. When the country is hard up people get along on bread as the staple of the table. Now they use the fancy cereals, breakfast foods, can use more meat and vegetables and generally expand their diet, which, of course, lessens the demand for bread."

—Washington Star.

Power Used in Piano-Playing.

One playing on the piano the music for three songs exerts enough force to raise 1,000 pounds.

Many of man's mistakes are the result of his letting desire get a strangle hold on duty.

GOOD Short Stories

W. J. Lampton, the humorous versifier, wrote to a man who had asked him for his photograph: "My Dear Boy—I send you the photograph for which you ask. It is such a good likeness that it hurts."

When the late "Tom" Ochiltree first started out in life he went into the practice of law with his father. "Well, Tom," the senior partner is said to have remarked, "what shall we style the firm?" Whereupon Tom immediately suggested: "Why not Thomas P. Ochiltree & Father?"

To explain why his trip had proved so poor, a commercial traveler once wrote a long account of how the weather had affected his business in the territory in which he had traveled. In due time he received this reply from his firm: "We get our weather reports from Washington. Don't send us any more; what we want is orders."

It is said that Mark Twain was standing in a crowded street car, hanging to a strap, the other day. As the car swung around a corner the strap broke, dumping him into the lap of a well-dressed woman. The humorist arose and bowed. "Madam," said he, "this is the first time the street car company ever conferred a favor on me."

A strange story comes from China of a remarkable operation for appendicitis performed by Mrs. William H. Logan, wife of a medical missionary in China. When living in the far interior of that vast country, 800 miles from the nearest doctor, her husband was stricken with appendicitis. Dr. Logan saw that his only chance of recovery lay in an operation which he asked his wife to perform according to instructions which he gave her. A most appalling position for a human being to be placed in could scarcely be imagined; but this heroic woman, who, night, perhaps, have screamed if a mouse had run over her feet, placed her husband under an anesthetic, and with her unskilled hand successfully removed his appendix. Afterward, when he had rallied sufficiently to be moved, she took him 800 miles by wagon and rail to a physician, who completed the cure.

A farmer named Ed Armstrong was driving a bunch of cattle along the road near Salinas the other day, when a couple of automobile enthusiasts came tearing along at a tremendous speed. Armstrong feared that his cattle would become frightened and stampede, so he held up his hand and asked the automobilists to wait until he could get his herd in shape. The men only laughed at him, and continued going at full speed, defying Armstrong to catch them. He applied the spurs to his horse, took down his rattle from the saddle, and was swinging the loop preparatory to landing it over their heads, when the courage of the occupants of the car waned, and the machine was brought to a sudden stop. The drivers waited patiently while the cattlemen drove his herd to one side of the road, and, after thanking them kindly, he allowed them to pass, without even so much as referring to the ugly disposition they had shown until he had forced them to wait.

SOME FACTS ABOUT MONEY.

Place that Wealth Finds in Fiction and in Real Life History.

There are strange times in the accumulation of fortunes—stranger than any fiction could ever have made them. Think of it for a moment! Andrew Carnegie, a canny little Scotch boy, came to this unknown land a few decades ago bare-footed and last year offered to settle the Venezuelan imbroglio between Germany, England, France and Italy and the South American republic by loaning Venezuela the entire sum of these international debts. And yet a fortune so huge as to permit of such offers is as nothing to the power of another man. Mr. Rockefeller, personally a quiet American citizen from Cleveland, a simple liver, with a few habits of luxury, could easily buy half a dozen of the independent kingdoms of Europe, could without feeling it to an great extent in his pocketbook take up the debts of all the republics of Central and South America.

Again, in 1844, Alexander Dumas published a book called "The Count of Monte Cristo," the basis of which is the fabulous wealth of an individual. The count finds a cave full of almost priceless jewels. He buys many lives; he spends money everywhere; he comes to Paris with a notice from his Italian bankers giving him unlimited credit on a Paris bank. There is no limit on what he can draw from M. Danglers. It is entirely unprecedented. Nothing like it was ever known before. He draws 5,000,000 francs and ruins the banker and still has no complaint from his Roman house. He rights wrongs; he saves more lives; he punishes the guilty by the use of unlimited wealth. And then by and by he leaves Maximilian on the island of Monte Cristo with his bride and sails away. As Maximilian sees his ship disappear on the horizon he finds Monte Cristo's will leaving him his whole fortune. This fortune, Dumas suggests in two or three places, was 100,000,000 francs—\$20,000,000. It is the greatest private fortune the Frenchman could conceive of in 1844—it is considerably less than the income of John D. Rockefeller in 1903.

So you might run on if it did not tire the brain to conceive more. But, most remarkable of all, this one individual made his unprecedented wealth with his own brains.—Harper's Weekly.

DUTIES OF THE CARDINAL.

High Church Dignitaries Must Have Some Exceptional Qualities.

The title of cardinal makes its first appearance in history in the fourth century, and church authorities declare that the name means "principal," and that it is also derived from the Latin "cardo," the hinge or pivot of a door. In the early days certain

principal churches in Italy were known as cardinals, and the title of cardinal was sometimes given the chief pastors that directed them. To this day the canons of the cathedrae of Milan, Ravenna, Salerno, Naples, Cremona, Compostella and Bari wear scorial robes while officiating in the sanctuary. Pope Pius V. ordered them to relinquish the title of cardinal that was given them "by courtesy," though they retain their robes.

It is a remarkable fact that, though the office of cardinal is the highest in the gift of the church next to that of pontiff, it may be bestowed on any member of the Catholic church, layman or cleric. It does not require that a man shall have spent his years in the priesthood and that he should have worn the robes of bishop. Cardinal Antonelli, whose opposition to Pope Leo at one time attracted the attention of the whole world, was appointed while he was yet a lay member of the church. But once the robes and calotta are bestowed it is obligatory for the recipient to take holy orders within a certain period of time.

In rank at court the cardinal, whether he be deacon, priest or bishop, is equal to a prince of the blood. And this is one of the things that give to the diplomacy of the church much of its power. The representatives of the Pope at the courts of Austria and Spain and at Paris hold grave political powers and their advice is sought alike by the rulers of the nations and the leaders of the parliamentary parties. The interests of the church in these countries are so great that the cardinals appointed to represent Rome are among the best informed and most astute dignitaries at the command of the Pope.

At Rome various duties fall to the lot of the cardinals. Most of them hold posts at the head of the various congregations or bureaus in the administration of church affairs. So important and honorable are the interests consigned to these posts that they are eagerly sought for by the most powerful families in the church and the conduct of a congregation involves executive capacity of the highest order.

The congregations are the consistorial, for the reunion of dissenting churches, and the inquisition of holy office, over which the holy father himself presides. Then come the congregation of bishops and regulars, of the council, the propaganda, the index, of rites, of studies and the sacra penitentiary.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Book Lover is Still Dazed.

A new woman had just moved into the neighborhood. She was of the distinct literary type. Books were her hobby.

Her neighbors called. One of them in particular seemed to desire to make an impression. She professed an enthusiasm for new books and borrowed several. The books were returned within a few days, but always without comment as to their contents, very much to the disappointment of the lender.

Book after book was borrowed and returned with the same result. Finally, after two or three weeks, when the ambitious neighbor called again, a new more-bound Hhle was lying on the parlor stand. The neighbor picked it up and glanced through it. "I believe I'd like this," was the remark, the same as usual.

"Well take it," said the obliging new neighbor, "and when you finish it let me know how you like it," she added, with the slightest twinkle in her eye and a shade of suspicion in her voice.

The borrower hesitated for a moment, took the book, and was gone with it for over a week.

Finally she returned with it, laid it where she had found it, and, thanking her obliging friend, started to go without a word further.

"Well, how did you like it?" called the book lover after the other's retreating figure.

"O, I don't know," was returned; "it's good in places. But he does finally get her in the end, don't he?"

The book lover is still dazed.

Named After Depeve.

There is a town in western New York, says Chauncey M. Depew, "that bears my name and in this town some persons by boring tapped a natural gas well, and thereupon formed The Dupew Natural Gas Company, Limited."

"Mr. Choate and I met shortly after this on a public occasion, when both were set down for speeches. He had the last word. After dealing with other matters, he drew from his pocket the prospectus of the gas company and read it. Then he looked the company over, looked at me, and, reading the title at the head of the prospectus, queried with quiet emphasis, 'Why limited?'"—Boston Post.

Silenced by the Glare.

Hetty Green recently bought a parrot of a bird fancier who warranted the bird to be a splendid talker, but Mrs. Green found after some months that it never made a sound approaching the semblance of a word. She called on the bird fancier and demanded an explanation.

"Well, ma'am," said that worthy, "that there bird was brought up in my humble home, and I expect when it went to your residence and saw all the beautiful, luxurious surroundings, it was struck dumb with surprise. I dare say it won't ever talk again, but that ain't no ways my fault, so I can't take it back."

Why He Sat Down.

Maudie Adams says that while attending a performance in the Palace Theater, London, a young dude insisted on standing up in the pit, to the great annoyance of those behind him. Angry shouts of "Sit down!" "Turn him out!" etc., were raised, but he still persisted in keeping his position. At last a cockney in the gallery cried out in a voice of sympathy:

"Let 'im alone; he's only a poor tailor resting 'imself."

The dude sat down instantly.

It is usually the idiot who rocks the boat that lives to regret it.

There is no earthly hope for the man who boasts of his failures.