Second Cousin Sarah

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER," "LITTLE KATE KIRBY," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER II.—(Continued.)

Sedge Hill was a staring edifice of considerable proportions, with an aspect of newness about it that fourteen years had not done much to soften. It had been built to the order of the present proprietor, who had made much money by cotton stockings, and had risen from twenty shillings a week at the loom to the splendor of his present life. It was a new house to suit the new man who had been lucky enough to get rich. There were spacious grounds beyond, and there was a big room at the side, that was new to Reuben Culwick since he had last stood in his father's house, and it was this that he pulled up his horse to inspect before turning into the carriage drive.

Then he went rapidly along the drive, drew up in front of the house, and stepped lightly and briskly from the trap, giving the reins to a rosy-faced young man in livery, who emerged from some stabling in the rear, to be of service to the newcomer.

"Old Jones has gone, then?" he said to the servant.

"Yes, sir. He's with Squire Black of Holston."

"And you reign in his stead. Well, we cannot all reign."

He knocked and rang, looking steadily through the glass doors the while. Another new face—a smart young housemaid, whom he had never seen before, to replace Mrs. Perkins, who was stout and sallow, came to the door and admitted him.

"Is Mr. Culwick in?"

"Yes, sir, but he's engaged just now."

"You will be kind enough to give him my card?"

The maid servant took the card and departed, and Reuben Culwick, like the merest stranger, and feeling like a stranger, very doubtful of his reception, walked up and down the spacious hall with his hands behind him, and his hat in his hands.

Presently the servant reappeared.

"Will you step this way, if you please, sir?"

Reuben followed the servant along a corridor to a door at the extremity—the door of the new room, he was certain, from his old remembrance of the house. The door was opened and his name announced, and he felt that he was passing into a spacious apartment, the walls of which were bright and rich with many pictures, and the ceiling paneled and massive, with ground glass in the panels, for the proper transfusion of light on Mr. Simon Culwick's "collection." When Simon Culwick had lost his son Reuben, he had taken to the "masters," ancient and modern, and given them all the love that was in his heart.

But it was not at the paintings which enriched the walls that Reuben Culwick gazed with so much of curious earnestness, but at the big broad-faced man sitting before the fire in a capacious leathern chair, and who was looking curiously and steadily at him. There was a pretty, fair-haired young woman, in gray silk, sitting at the table in the recess of a bay window, reading, and Reuben was conscious of her presence—that was all. She rose not at his entrance, only looked toward him with a certain degree of curiosity as he advanced, and then turned to the pages of her book as he held his hand out to his father.

"So you have thought of me at last, have you?" was rolled out in a gruff bass, as a large, white gouty-looking hand was placed in that of his son.

"So I have come back at last," answered Reuben Culwick.

"You can sit down," said the father.

"Thank you," said the son.

This was the meeting after five years' absence—the calm after the great storm which had happened in that house five years ago. This was the home that the son had never liked, and that he felt he did not like now, although he had come to it of his own free will. There was a pause, during which each man took stock of the other without any particular reserve.

"I got your letter," said the father, "and I might have sent the carriage for you had it not rained so much."

"The horses might have caught cold instead of me," said the son dryly; "but I didn't want the carriage. I was glad that I had not further to go last night than Worcester."

He looked toward the lady in the bay window at this juncture, and his father noticed the wandering gaze, and paid no attention to the hint which it conveyed.

"Well, what have you been doing? What do you propose doing now that you are here? I suppose, after all that has passed, you have no intention of sitting down in the house and waiting complacently for my death and my money?" the father inquired.

"You told me that I should never have a penny of your money, if you remember, sir. I have never expected it after that day," said Reuben Culwick.

"Why should you?" said Mr. Culwick in a loud tone of voice, and yet without betraying any passion. "Have I been known in all my life to break my word? Has not sticking to my word, through thick and thin, in evil report and good report, made me what I am? I would rather break my own heart than break my word. You know it," said the father boastfully.

"Fifty hearts as well as your own—yes, I know it," answered the other, with an unflinching gaze at his father, "and hence I come to you—not for assistance, I don't want it; not for affection, I don't expect it—but with the simple motive, which I hope that my letter conveyed to you last week, to see you, to express sorrow for a long alienation, to feel glad that you are well, to tell you that I am not unhappy, and to go away again."

The son's tones seemed to impress the father, who subsided into his easy chair, from which he had leaned forward, as if cowed by the cold, clear ringing tones of the voice which fell upon his ears, a voice which subdued him, and an arrogance that had always been difficult to quell—which touched him, though he never owned that—which made him even prouder of his son, though the time never came for him to own that, either.

The young woman in the background leaned forward with clasped hands until he caught her glance again, when she once more turned her eyes upon her book.

"Have you made your fortune?" asked the father, in a different voice.

"On the contrary, I have been somewhat unsuccessful."

"How do you live?"

"I write—a little," he added modestly. "It is a long story, that would scarcely interest you."

"It would not interest me in the least."

There was another long pause, during which the son, still at his ease, still singularly hard, despite his respectful manner, glanced round at the pictures on the walls, admired them even, secretly but not curiously, wondered at their cost, and looked once more in the direction of the lady, whose pensive face and quiet grace he admired also, and at whose presence he wondered in a greater degree, though he repressed all exhibition of surprise. Suddenly the father said, with that singular abruptness characteristic of the man:

"You can stay here if you like."

"For how long?" asked the son, surprised at last out of his assumption of stoical composure.

"Till we disagree again," said the father, with a short, forced laugh; "that will not be many days, I suppose?"

"One moment, sir," said Reuben Culwick, with grave politeness. "A mistake parted us, and we are laying the foundation of another already, unless I explain the first."

"Go on."

"I was hardly twenty-one—a rash and foolish young fellow—when you wanted me to marry your friend's daughter."

"You would have been rich—you would have been respected—it would have been for the best."

"I refused to entertain the proposal, if you remember."

"WHO ARE YOU?" DEMANDED REUBEN.

"Remember! remember it!" cried the father, turning pale with anger; "do you rake this up again to insult me?"

"No, to enlighten you," said the other; "at that period, Mr. Culwick, I had promised my mother that I would not marry the lady."

CHAPTER III.

The effect of Reuben Culwick's announcement upon his father was remarkable. The big man rose from his chair with his two large hands clenched, and his face of a deep purplish hue, and glared at his son in speechless wrath. Then he sank slowly and heavily into his seat again, and panted for awhile. The dark coloring left the face, but the bushy black brows retained their lower curves over the eyes, and the mouth was hard and fixed, until the lips parted slightly to allow a few words to escape.

"And this is the first time you tell me that you were in league with your mother?"

"Yes," answered Reuben, politely. "I was a willful lad who had not been brought up well or looked after carefully, and I had been only taught to fear you. My mother, who had been separated from you for some years, I was learning to respect then. When we quarreled, I went to take care of her as well as I could. I was with her when she died."

"You know how I hated your play-acting mother—how she hated me. Why do you tell me that you sided with her, when it would be so much the better policy to keep this to yourself?" said the father, bitterly.

"Because I am not afraid of you any longer—because I see now where you were wrong."

"And you expect me to forgive this deceit, as old men do at the end of a play?"

"Or toward the end of their lives," added Reuben.

"Don't talk to me of the end of my life," he cried; "I dare say you have thought enough of it—have considered that it would be as well to sink your cursed pride and your curseder temper, and come here in prodigal-son fashion. But it won't do; I'm not a man to be hoodwinked in that way."

"I am not sorry to have seen you, father," said Reuben, rising; "I came out of my way—a long way out of it—to reach Worcester. I am glad to find you well. Good day."

He extended his hand again, but this time his father refused to take it.

"You have come out of your way to give me a fresh wound, that's all," said the father, sullenly, "and you have done it effectually. I don't want you to trouble me again. You will not come here again at my invitation. I can't forgive you—why should I? I never forgave anybody. I never forgave your mother. Your two aunts offended me years ago, you know. Have I ever forgiven them? One died last summer, and I wouldn't go to see her—wouldn't go near her—and the other one is in St. Oswald's almshouses, blind as a bat, and living on eight shillings a week. Eight shillings a week, and those pictures there cost me eighty thousand pounds."

"A good investment," said Reuben Culwick, coolly, and critically looking round the walls; "they will increase in value year by year, sir."

As he looked round he became aware, for the first time, that the lady in the bay window had disappeared. She had passed from the room silently, through a second door at the extremity of the picture gallery.

"And I never gave her a penny in my life," added Mr. Culwick, senior.

"Poor old Sarah—blind is she? and in the almshouse, too! I am sorry. I liked old Sarah," said Reuben; "she was one of the few friends I had when I was a boy, and when you were not rich. But I am detaining you, and I am pledged to reach London to-night. Good by again."

When he had reached the door, Simon Culwick called out his name, and Reuben paused and turned.

"I am not deceitful," said the father, "and I may as well tell you that I have made my will, and that you will never be a penny the better for it. It is all left—all," he added, "away from an undutiful son."

There was a moment's pause, and then Reuben Culwick quitted his father's presence and closed the door after him. He went from the room into the corridor, and thence along its entire length to the dining room, where he threw himself into a chair with so thoughtful a mien that he was not for the moment aware that the young lady in gray silk whom he had seen in the bay window was stepping back from the big fleecy mat at the door, to allow of his egress. When he saw her, she put her finger to her lips, and he repressed an exclamation of surprise.

"Go back," she said, with an excitement that astonished him; "don't give up—don't leave him like that—it's your last chance."

"You have been listening," said Reuben, coldly.

"To every word," was the honest confession; "and you have not said a word to please him, and much to offend. Why did you come, if in no better spirit than this? Go back to him. Tell him how sorry you are for everything—do something before you go that will leave behind a better impression," she urged again.

"No, I can't go back."

"You are as hard as he is," she cried; "as if it mattered what you said to him—as if it were not worth a struggle to regain your position here!"

Grasping her wrists, while her hands covered her face to hide it from his fierce gaze, Reuben exclaimed in a wondering tone, "Who are you?"

"Only the housekeeper, sir," she said, quaintly; "keeping house for Simon Culwick—and in your place. You should hate me as a usurper already," she added, mockingly, "if you had any spirit in you."

"The housekeeper—yes—but——" he said wonderingly, and without regarding her strange taunts. "I was not aware——"

"Why should you be aware of anything about me, you who are as quarrelsome and strange as your father, and have kept away so long? There, go home and think of the best way to bring that old man to his senses."

"And interfere with your chance," said Reuben, lightly. He was in better spirits already, and the odd manner of this young lady interested him.

"I have no chance," she answered, "or I should not be very anxious for you to get back. I should be too selfish—I should try and keep you away, being as fond of money as your father is."

"I hardly believe this."

"Mr. Reuben Culwick can believe exactly what he pleases," said the young lady, spreading out her skirts and making him a very low obeisance, which he felt bound to return, after which he would have continued the conversation had she not darted out of the door and disappeared.

(To be continued.)

NOME VERY RICH IN GOLD.

Value of the Deposits in That Region Is Now Fully Established.

It is not at all surprising to be told by those familiar with the facts that the gold output of Nome this year will probably equal that of the last two seasons put together. This is what everybody believed who knew anything about the conditions. It has pleased the sensational newspapers to represent the Nome incident as a mere feverish excitement, which disappeared with the vanishing of the supposed fictions that began it. It pleased the cities which Seattle has outstripped to take the cue and to speak of the gold product of the north as waning. At these things we can afford to smile. The record of the Klondike, about which exactly the same things were said, is there. The record of Alaska's gold output is there. The record of Nome will take care of itself.

This is the first season that there has been any opportunity whatever to measure rationally the possibilities of Nome as a gold producer. The first summer was one of a mad rush by inexperienced people to get into the country, believing that all they had to do was to shovel up free gold on the beach. They tumbled over one another, impeded or excluded the real miners, and brought back the stories of disappointment and disillusion inseparable from such an enterprise.

Both the first and the second season's work was done under inconceivable difficulties. There was, worst of all, the judicial wrangle, the endless appeal to the courts, the tying up of some of the best properties and the check upon prospecting and development by the certainty that the first move must be a lawsuit. There was the worst kind of weather, late spring and early fall, too much ice and too little water. The country was bare of those necessary accessories to mining on a generous scale—water and fuel. A more unfavorable condition for producing gold in large quantities it would be hard to imagine.

Now for the first time Nome is in a position to show what she can do as a gold producer. A strict administration of justice has held down the unruly elements and given certainty to titles. The worthless and the inexperienced element has largely disappeared from the country. Capital has gone there in large quantities. Fuel and water are to be had in abundance and claims can now be worked there with the advantages available elsewhere. The first result is the announcement that the year's output will probably equal the entire product of the past.—Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

Mildly Rebuked.

"Didn't you say that it was going to rain to-day?"

"I did," answered the weather prophet.

"But there hasn't been a sign of moisture."

"I am perfectly aware of the fact. All I could do was to offer the best opinion on the subject that I could arrive at. If I could accurately foretell events, I should quit working for a salary and make a fortune in the stock market."—Washington Star.

So Thoughtful.

She—There, dear, haven't I been thoughtful of you and unselfish?

He—How?

"Why, I kept all these bills of mine away from you until the middle of the month!"

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

JEALOUSLY IS NO PROOF OF LOVE.

By Helen Oldfield.

If jealousy be proof of love, that love is love of self. It rushes eagerly to sacrifice the supposed object of its deep and absorbing affection upon the altar of its own vanity and selfishness, and never hesitates to drag the so-called sovereign of its heart captive at the chariot wheels of its caprice. A great love must of necessity be unselfish, too full of the beloved to think of self, prizing all its talents and possessions, great or small, only as something to offer with itself. Love is slave as well as king, and serves faithfully, joyfully, taking pride in its humility, and ready always to sacrifice itself with alacrity for the use and behoof of the beloved. There may be some men, and more women, who, upon making the bitter discovery that the heart which they coveted for their own had been given to another, have not only put their own claims unselfishly aside but have also done what they could to make the person so dearly loved happy with that other. Can any one deny that such affection, counting its own happiness as naught in comparison with that of its object, is far more pure and devoted than the self-seeking passion which claims everything as its own, and begrudges even the crumbs which fall from its table—the mad desire which has been sung by poets, and which nowadays occasionally figures in the police courts as preferring to slaughter the object of its fierce devotion rather than relinquish it to another? No; a thousand times no! Unselfishness is the strongest proof which love can give in evidence of its own truth and sincerity.

There is a faint shadow of apology in the case of the mother—the natural pang of "to bear, to rear, to lose," the giving way to another. And there is far too much truth in the old adage, "Your son is your son till he gets him a wife." It cannot be denied that wives are far more likely to be touchy, not to say jealous, of their husbands' mothers, than mothers are with regard to their sons' wives. Mother love is, or ought to be, the most unselfish sentiment upon earth, and it is to be hoped and believed comparatively few mothers would condemn their sons to lonely lives in order that they may keep them all to themselves until the inevitable day comes when they must leave them. But for the sister's jealousy there is no possible excuse. What right has any sensible woman to expect her brother to keep single for her sake? Yet time and again all sorts of family differences and quarrels arise purely from bitter opposition to a brother's choice of a wife. Nor—singular fact—is it by any means the case that the women who keenly resent their brother's thoughts of marriage are willing to give up matrimony on his account. On the contrary, they are ready and willing to say "Yes" to the first fairly good offer; nay, sometimes are already engaged or even married, in which latter condition of affairs they are selfish for their children as well as themselves.

THE GROWTH OF HUMANITARIANISM.

By John G. Shortall, President of Illinois Humane Society.

The conflict that has been going on for so many centuries between the forces of kindness and cruelty, of barbarism and civilization, still continues. The last 100 years has seen the greatest progress in the practical development of humane sentiment. Animals ceased to be merely the property of their owners but became through the development and application of the divine emotions of mercy and justice clothed with certain inherent rights. The most notable public recognition of the evidence of this humane sentiment occurred when Lord Erskine stood up in his place in the House of Peers in 1811 and in gentle and appealing tone pleaded the cause of justice to the lower animals. Side by side with Lord Erskine stood that great apostle of kindness, Richard Martin, who then represented the County Galway in both the Irish and British parliaments, whose boast was that between his entrance gate and his hall door lay thirty good Irish miles. Upon this vast estate the first humane society took form, for cruelty was punished by "Humanity Martin," he being himself judge, counsel and jury, and the offender was either committed to jail on the spot or received adequate punishment at the hands of "Humanity Martin" himself.

The late Henry Bergh, of New York, in 1866, thirty-two years later, founded the New York society; in 1868 the Massachusetts and Pennsylvania societies were organized, and in the following year the Illinois Humane Society was chartered by the State and organized. Now there are few of our sister States in which protection is not given to helpless animals and children by legislative enactment and the organization of humane societies thereunder.

These societies have always encouraged that mode of education of children known as bands of mercy, and in this interest nearly every public school in Chicago has been visited and such bands of mercy formed. The continuance and efficacy of such bands necessarily depend upon the interest of the teachers in and their devotion to the humane cause. Chicago has two ambulances with horses and a most competent man in charge for the relief and transportation of suffering animals.

At an early day the society began the erection of street fountains, of which there are now over sixty in convenient places throughout the city of Chicago, ministering to the wants of man and beast, and for two or three years the society undertook the administration of the city dog pound. There exists the utmost cordiality between this society and all its correspondents. The grand sum of all this humane work that is proceeding everywhere to-day throughout the civilized world it would be impossible to estimate.

"He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.
He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

CAPITAL AND LABOR SHOULD BE FRIENDLY.

By Senator Marcus A. Hanna.

M. A. HANNA.

If there are men who from force of circumstances and their environments do not feel competent to decide questions of interest for themselves, for that class organization is a good thing, and it is a good thing to have leaders. Dignify labor by conservative action and by choosing as representatives men who fully appreciate and fully understand both sides of the question, men who do not feel it to be their duty to go into a fight for the sake of a "scrap."

My proposition is, first, that the interests of capital and labor are mutual; second, that because of the greater experience and, if you please, greater intelligence of the employers as a whole, it makes their responsibility greater, and they should go more than halfway.

CURE FOR THE TRUST EVIL.

By Governor Cummins of Iowa.

GOV. CUMMINS.

It is my firm belief that if all corporations are so organized that the aggregate par value of their bonds and stocks is limited to the actual value of the capital contributed to the corporation the trust question will not long vex the people of the United States. The corporation or association that is brought into existence for the express purpose of suppressing competition by the purchase or consolidation of independent plants covering the whole field and that proposes to destroy the force of potential competition by the same method is a vicious and unlawful combination, and all the powers of government should be employed for its annihilation.

NEXT TO ALICE ROOSEVELT.

Miss Enid Shaw Takes a High Place in Washington Society.

Over 1,000 invitations were sent out for the brilliant function in Washington, when Miss Enid Shaw, daughter of Secretary of the Treasury Leslie M. Shaw, was introduced into society. The President and his family, together with the official world of the capital, were present to welcome the Iowa girl into the charmed circle of Washington's upper tendom.

MISS ENID SHAW.

Miss Shaw is a young woman of attractive appearance and bears a strong resemblance to her distinguished father. She has dark-blue eyes and wavy brown hair, with an exquisite pink and white complexion. Last year she graduated, after a five years' course, from Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa, from which her father many years before graduated. It is a co-educational institution. She then traveled in Europe, perfecting her French and German, both of which languages she speaks fluently.

Miss Shaw is now the ranking young woman in Washington society under Miss Alice Roosevelt, and will come in for a large share of social attention.

A Visible Argument.

Some uneducated people are victims of the fallacy that because there are graduates of colleges who are unworthy of the institution that has tried to do so much for them, therefore colleges are bad. The Rev. Thomas P. Hunt relates in his spirited autobiography an incident in which he corrected one man's prejudice.

While I was acting as agent for Lafayette College I applied to a wealthy merchant for a donation, and also urged him to take a scholarship and have his sons educated. I found him so strongly confirmed in the opinion that a college education is but the road to worthlessness that I desisted from arguing with him.

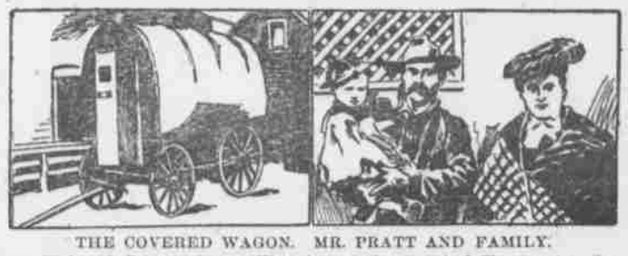
After dinner I proposed a walk. We made a thorough visit to the wharves, grog-shops and hotels of the place.

After supper I remarked, "What a pity that so many of the worthless, idle nuisances we have seen in our walk to-day have spent their time and their father's money in colleges!"

"Colleges!" said he. "Why, there is not a college boy among them? They are ignorant; their parents do not go to church nor read the Bible. Colleges, indeed!"

I had him. "You see, then," I said, "that young men may be ruined without a college education. I admit that educated boys may be ruined, not in consequence of education, but rather in spite of it. Statistics show that a smaller proportion of college students become worthless than of any other class of young men in the country."

FAMILY TRAVELS 1,500 MILES TO CHICAGO IN BIG WAGON



THE COVERED WAGON. MR. PRATT AND FAMILY.

Walter J. Pratt, a former Wyoming rancher, reached Chicago the other day with his family after a 1,500 trip from Rock Springs, Wyo., in a covered wagon. It took Pratt just seven weeks to make the journey. He was a cattle rancher and after selling his ranch he decided to move East, and to make the trip in true Western style. A covered wagon was secured and he immediately proceeded to make it ready for the journey. A spring bed was fitted to the rear of the wagon, and a stove, table and all the necessary articles they had use for were placed in the vehicle.

Two of Pratt's best horses were hitched to the wagon and then the trip commenced. The travelers stopped only to feed and rest the horses. In the evening the horses were unhitched and allowed to roam the prairies. Stops were made at all cities to get supplies. Pratt is the possessor of a valuable farm near Higgins Lake, Michigan, and after a short stay in Chicago started for that locality with team, wagon and family.

NO WATER MAY BE NEEDED.

Agricultural Department Considers the Problem of Dry Farming.

It is probable that in the near future it will be possible to raise good crops without either natural or artificial irrigation. As is apparent to everyone, even the most liberal system of irrigation will not exhaust the available arid and semi-arid regions of the west, as even when irrigation has been applied to its utmost limits there will remain some millions of acres of fertile land that adjoins these reclaimed wastes. The lands lie principally between the one hundredth and the one hundredth and twentieth meridians and comprise areas over which there is a deficient rainfall, with no available neighboring sources of supply which might be brought to them even by canals.

But the department of agriculture has other resources to fall back upon. If the customary crops require water why not develop new crops that can be grown dry? This, in substance, is the problem the bureau of plant industry has set for itself. Dry land farming or "dry farming" is the name of this unique scheme. Just now the world is being searched for industrial plants that can sustain life and mature crops with a minimum of water and an elaborate life study of all such plants is under way.

Oldest Family in the World.

Of the 400 barons in the British House of Lords about a dozen of them date back to 1400, the earliest being 1264. The oldest family in the British Isles is the Mar family in Scotland, 1093. The Campbells, of Argyle, began is 1190. Talleyrand dates from 1199, and Bismarck from 1270. The Grosvenor family, the Duke of Westminster, 1066; the Austrian house of Hapsburg goes back to 952, and the house of Bourbon to 864. The descendants of Mohammed, born 570, are all registered carefully and authoritatively in a book in Mecca by a chief of the family. Little or no doubt exists of the absolute authenticity of the long line of Mohammed's descendants. In China there are many old families, also among the Jews. But in point of pedegrees the Mikado of Japan has a unique record. His place has been filled by members of his family for more than 2,500 years. The present Mikado is the 122d in the line. The first one was contemporary with Nebuchadnezzar 606 years before Christ.

The Pope's Sleeping Car.

Although the pope never travels he owns a sleeping car, which was constructed in 1868, when the line from Rome to Naples was opened. It will be exhibited at the Milan exhibition in 1905 to inaugurate the Simplon tunnel. There are three compartments—a throneroom, a car for the guard of honor and a bedroom. The throneroom is richly furnished and has a cupola engraved with the papal arms and the twelve apostles. The carriage is so arranged that the pope when seated on his throne is plainly visible and can give his benediction to the crowds at the stations. The sleeping car is divided into three parts—bed, bath and dressing rooms—which are hung with yellow and white, the papal colors. The bed is of ebony and ivory.

Irate Father—Ah! how is it I catch you kissing my daughter, sir? Answer me, sir; how is it? Young Man—Fine, sir, fine!—Philadelphia Ledger.

No man is always right—and if he is a married man it's ten to one that he's never right.

SHEAR NONSENSE

Fond Parent—I understand the faculty are very much pleased with your work. Dropped Junior—Yes, they encored my sophomore year.—Princeton Tiger.

Caller—Your sister is a long time making her appearance, Johnny. Johnny—Yes, she's got to make it, of course, 'fore she comes down.—Chicago Tribune.

"His wife has been the making of him." "Why, he doesn't seem to be much." "That's it. She has made him perfectly miserable."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Politician—Congratulations, Sarah, I've been nominated. Sarah (with delight)—Honestly? Politician—What difference does that make?—Detroit Free Press.

The Mother—Bobbie, didn't your conscience tell you that you had done wrong? Bobbie—Yes'm; but I don't believe everything I hear.—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Do you know anything about flirting?" "No," he replied sadly. "I thought I did, but when I tried it hanged if the girl didn't marry me."—Chicago Post.

"What can I do for my little boy," asked mamma, "so that he won't want to eat between meals?" "Have the meals ficker together," replied the greedy young man.

Farmer Ragweed—Has Bill learned anything tew college? Mrs. Ragweed—No; an' wuss'n that, he's forgot what he uster know! Says he can't eat pie without a fork.—Chicago News.

Doctor—Do I think I can cure your catarrh? Why, I'm sure of it. Patient—So you are very familiar with the disease? Doctor—I should say so! I've had it myself all my life.—Judge.

Miss Muddie—I wish I knew of a really good way to preserve my complexion. Miss Snappe—If you keep the box in a cool place it will be all right, won't it?—Philadelphia Press.

Jonathan—I say, Britisher, can you spell horse? Englishman — Orse? Why, certainly. It bonly takes a haitch and a ho and a har and a hess and a he to spell 'orse.—Kansas City Journal.

"Within the last decade," remarked the progressive citizen, "woman has gained considerable standing in the business world." "Yes," rejoined the female breadwinner, "especially in the street cars."

Teacher—You notice that boy who stands at the foot of the class? Well, last summer he was the brightest boy in school. Committeeman—He is now. I notice the foot of the class is nearest the stove!

Mrs. Knox—So you met Mrs. Tomlyn to-day. What did she say? Mr. Knox—Nothing. Mrs. Knox—You surprise me—she usually talks an awful lot! Mr. Knox—Oh, she did that to-day, of course!

Missus—We're going to give a dance on Friday, Jane, and I want you to do all you can to help us. Jane—Well, mum, I'm afraid I ain't much good at that sort of thing. I only know a barrel organ jig and a cake walk.

Mrs. Ascum—Did you see Mrs. Locutte at the ball? Mr. Ascum—Yes. Mrs. Ascum—She was dressed entirely in white, the paper said. Is that so? Mr. Ascum—Well—er—no, she didn't appear to be dressed entirely.—Philadelphia Press.

"Seen Eary's new horse?" asked one citizen of another. "I have," was the reply. "Well, what does it look like?" asked the questioner, impatiently. "Well, he looks," said the other man, slowly, "as if Eary had taken him for an old debt."—Christian Register.

"Who's the slowest man you ever knew?" "A chap in New York. He fell out of a third-story flat window and did not reach the ground for an hour." "How was that?" "He caught in a tree at the second story and went in to visit some friends."—Detroit Free Press.

"I don't believe in paying fancy prices for custom-made clothes," said Kloseman. "Now here's a suit I bought ready-made for seven dollars. If I were to tell you I paid twenty dollars for it, wouldn't you believe it?" "I might if you told me over the telephone."—Philadelphia Press.

Blobbs—What a touchy little chap Hotspur is—he's always ready to take offense. Sharpe—I've known him when he wouldn't. Blobbs—When was that? Sharpe—When we were following the Atherstone hounds. He'd always rather go half a mile round—sooner than take a fence.

"One week from to-day, Uncle John, I will be a married man. Yes, in seven short days I will be initiated into the mysteries of matrimony." "No mysteries about it, my boy. It is just the plain, simple rule of three." "Rule of three? Eh—what three?" "Wife, mother-in-law, and hired girl."—Kansas City Journal.

"Are you sure you really and truly love me, John?" asked the fair bunch of home-grown sweetness. "Sure, I'm sure," replied the he end of the transaction. "But Tom loves me, too," persisted the fair party. "He said he'd gladly lay down his life for me." "Oh, all right," answered John. "If you want a dead man you're his and he's it."—Chicago News.

Fine Tax Dodger.

German imperial authorities have secured a fine of $12,500 from the heirs of a German manufacturer on the ground of his having understated his income and so paid too low a tax during several years of his lifetime.

Not Quite as Bad as Reported.

Madge—They say your mother takes in washing?

Marge—No such thing; she hasn't come to that yet. She only goes out washing.—Boston Transcript.

We can all find reasons why other people shouldn't make mistakes.