Second Cousin Sarah

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

CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

Reuben turned and looked toward the gateway, where from the shadows into the warm sunshine beyond stepped the young lady whom he had seen first in his father's house. His astonishment was great, but the young lady's surprise was still more strongly marked. She stopped, clasped her hands together, and then came on again, with two large clear gray eyes distended.

"Mr. Culwick! you in Worcester! You have repented; you are going to your father?"

Reuben shook his head and smiled a little.

"You are a foolish fellow," she said, "and almost as strange a man as your father is. Are you still living down that wretched street in Camberwell?"

"I can only afford to live in wretched streets," was the reply.

"What has brought you to Worcester?"

"To see Aunt Eastbell," he replied, "and to discover, if possible, the mystery of my second-cousin Sarah. They are my relatives; I am more interested in them than I can explain. May I ask in return what Aunt Eastbell and my second-cousin has to do with you?"

"I am interested in them more than I can explain," was the arch answer; "that's all."

"I wish you would explain something. Who are you, to begin with?"

"Ah, that's not worth elucidation," she said. "If I tell you that my name is Holland, will that make the position any clearer?"

"It might," said Reuben, quickly. "My father wished me to marry a Miss Holland once, a young lady whom I had never seen, and whom I was to take upon trust. Are you the lady?"

"Yes, sir."

"And have you married my father instead of me?" he asked, satirically.

"I would not marry either of you for twice your father's money," she said, frankly. "I am simply his housekeeper, at a housekeeper's wage. My father was his best friend, and your father has been kind to me, in his odd way, since my father's death."

"And now," said Reuben, "will you explain why you are interested in Aunt Eastbell, why the girl who has deserted her corresponds with you? why you pass yourself off as the niece of that old woman who has left us?"

"I'll work backward, if you will allow me," she said, "I call myself Miss Muggridge because the name of Holland is familiar to your aunt. The girl corresponds with me because she knows that I read her letters to her grandmother, and that I am the grandmother's friend while she is away. I am interested in Mrs. Eastbell, and feel for the utter loneliness in which she is left by her friends. I have been interested in Mrs. Eastbell for some years now, for the matter of that."

"Indeed! and her granddaughter, Sarah Eastbell, also?"

"Of late days—a little. She was not very gracious to me—she never cared to see me here. When she got into trouble, she thought that she would make me her confidante, but it was too late."

"When she got into trouble!" echoed Reuben; "what trouble was that?"

"Come with me, and I'll show you."

She led the way out of St. Oswald's into the Tilting, crossed the road to the corner of the street leading to the prison, and pointed to the wall, in which several bills were posted. One was to the effect that a reward of five pounds was offered for the apprehension of Sarah Eastbell, late of Worcester, who had conspired with others for the unlawful issue of spurious coin.

Reuben stared with amazement at the placard.

"It is well that the old woman is blind," he murmured. "I did not think it was so bad as this."

"Neither is it."

"You mean that——"

"That her brother is at the bottom of it. You don't know what a scamp he is, I suppose? He gave her the money, I believe. She offered a sovereign in all good faith—it was detected as false coin—she was asked where she lived, and how she became possessed of it, and she took fright and ran away."

"Is she with her brother?"

"Yes. She wrote to me without giving her address, stating that she must remain with her brother Thomas for a while. He was in business, and was taking care of her. She left Grandmother Eastbell in my charge, she said. 'It's a responsibility,' she added, 'but I have accepted it.'"

Reuben related the story of his discovery of Sarah Eastbell, of her flight from him, and the way in which he had lost her in the gardens of Saxe-Gotha. Miss Holland reflected for a few moments, then she said:

"I wonder if her brother performs there. He is an acrobat at times. When he was first in prison, he was arrested in his tumbler's dress."

"In prison—an acrobat?"

Reuben Culwick remembered at once the tumbler who had been spinning round on the slack rope at the Saxe-Gotha, when he had first entered the gardens. Could that be Tom Eastbell, the scamp who had brought his sister into difficulties, who had caused her to fly from Worcester, in order to escape the charge of uttering base coin?

On the following evening Reuben Culwick was in the Saxe-Gotha gardens again, waiting patiently for the appearance of Signor Vizzobini, who had postponed his departure for Turin for six nights, by special request of the nobility, gentry and public in general, and who was announced to appear every evening at half-past nine in his highly graceful and artistic entertainment, as performed before all the crowned heads of Europe, to the immense delight and manifest satisfaction of every crowned head among them.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Saxe-Gotha gardens were not doing well. Even the re-engagement of Signor Vizzobini had not aroused the locality to enthusiasm. It was a terribly dull evening, even for the Saxe-Gotha, Reuben Culwick discovered, when he had entered for the second time on what the program informed him was a fairy tableau of surpassing brilliancy and splendor.

It was a more respectable evening than ordinary, owing to the scanty attendance. Mr. Splud, lessee, counted fifty-two with the babies in arms. Reuben stood under a shady tree, an old blue Scotch cap drawn down to his eyebrows, and a waterproof coat turned up to his ears. Mr. Splud mixed in a friendly way with the company. He was a tall, lank man, of a melancholy aspect. He finally took his stand under the tree where Reuben was.

"This is a bad night for our business, sir," he said at last.

"So I should think," answered Reuben.

"Rain always keeps the people away; no matter what you offer them in the way of attraction—they won't come, sir."

Here the eyes remained so long in the corners next to Reuben's that Reuben was afraid that Mr. Splud's vision had become permanently fixed.

"I have seen you somewhere, and that is what bothers me a bit," said Mr. Splud, by way of apology.

Reuben did not tell him that he was lodging next door but two, and that they had passed each other in the street with tolerable frequency; but the idea had suggested itself to put a few questions on his own account, when a third person joined them. The newcomer was a small, spare man, in a long, seedy great coat with big horn buttons, extending from his chin to his heels, and who wore a dirty yellow handkerchief tied loosely round his throat. He was a man of an unearthly pallor, and pitted so deeply with smallpox that one wondered how he had ever struggled out of his malady alive.

"You don't want me to-night, I suppose?" he said to the proprietor.

"Yes, I do want you. Because I pay you," said Mr. Splud, sharply; "you don't want your money next Saturday, I suppose?" he asked, with so much biting sarcasm.

"Yes, I do—and I'll take care I get it," said the other, far from civilly, "along with last week's. What's the use of dressing up and a performing in the blessed rain before nobody? There's nobody here, there's nobody coming, and it's a beastly shame on me."

"If I have the honor of addressing Signor Vizzobini, I may add that I have come here this evening expressly to witness his performance," said Reuben.

"Have you, though?" said the acrobat, surprised in an extraordinary degree. "Well, if you can't let a fellow off, I'll go and dress," and he walked away in deep thought.

"He is a vagabond not up to his work," said Mr. Splud. "I took him by advertisement, on the faith of his recommendations. He has fallen off three times this week, and if he breaks his neck one of these fine days it will be a happy release to the profession."

"What is that man's real name?" asked Reuben.

"I haven't the slightest idea; Jack Sheppard, perhaps."

"You know his address, surely?"

"Oh, yes. No. 2 Potter's court, Walworth road."

"Thank you. Good night."

Reuben knew nothing of Potter's Court; but he muttered, "Poor Sarah!" as he went down the cavernous entry in search of No. 2. He knocked at a parlor door with the handle of his stick, and a grim-looking individual in his shirt sleeves answered the appeal.

"What's up?" he said, in not too civil a style of address.

"Do you know a Mr. Vizzobini?" said Reuben. "He performs at the Saxe-Gotha gardens on the slack rope."

"Oh!" said the parlor floor, disparagingly; "top of the 'ouse—front room."

Reuben went up the dark stairs, reached a front room door with his stick, and rapped gently.

"Who's there?" said a faint, weak voice, which Reuben did not recognize.

"I come from the Saxe-Gotha."

"From Tom?"

"Yes."

The door was cautiously opened, and there streamed through the aperture, through which a woman's face was peering—white and wan and pinched—a rush of hot air as from a furnace mouth.

"Is he locked up?" said the woman, somewhat apathetically.

"No. He will be back presently, I think."

"Come in if you like, then; we don't charge any more," said the woman, with a somber flippancy, and glided back noiselessly to the side of a big fire that was blazing in the grate, sat down in the chair she had quitted, and leaned her head against the wall like a woman tired out.

But it was not her at which he gazed so intently as at the figure of a girl in a striped cotton dress, who lay face-foremost on the patchwork counterpane of the bed. It was a figure of despair that thrilled him; it was surely Second-cousin Sarah cowering from him in that hour of her discovery.

"I say, what's your message?" asked the woman. "What have you got to say about Tom, and what has Tom to say?"

"Are you Tom's wife?"

"Yes, I am."

"And that's Tom's sister?"

Here the woman burst into a paroxysm of coughing, for the cessation of which Reuben waited patiently, keeping his eyes upon the figure on the bed, and doubtful still if it were sleep that kept Sarah so dumb and passive. It was a violent cough, that of Mrs. Eastbell's, which was rending away all the life that was left in the sufferer, who carried consumption in her every look and fitful breath.

"You have come for her," said Mrs. Eastbell, in a husky voice.

"Yes, I have come for her, if she'll trust me."

"You're just the chap for the likes of us to trust," said Mrs. Eastbell, ironically, "and poor Sally is sure to be uncommon glad to see you. Not that she'll mind much which way it is, for she's been awful down."

"Indeed! Has she?"

"If it ain't Worcester prison, it'll be the Surrey canal. Here—hi—Sally!" screamed the woman, "you're fetched, my gal. Here's a cove says he wants you partikler."

The girl lying on the bed sprang up on her hands at once, and glared toward them both, shaking her long black hair from her head as she did so. Her face was flushed with sleep, but the pallor rapidly stole over it as she recognized Reuben Culwick standing by the fire place observing her.

"What can you want?" she murmured; "what has made you come in search of me?"

"To help you," was the answer, "for I am afraid that you are in bad hands, and I wish to take you from them."

"There's no getting away," answered Sarah; "ask her."

"Tom wouldn't like it," said Mrs. Eastbell, thus appealed to. "Sally's handy."

"And Sally knows too much," added the girl, scornfully, "and if she moved one step away from home they would tell the police where to find me."

"I wouldn't, Sally," said the woman, raising her head from the wall, and inclining it forward in her self-defense.

"You know who would."

"Ah! I can't answer for him," replied Mrs. Eastbell, leaning her head back again; "when his back's up he don't mind much what he does, certainly, and mislortun' has soured him awful."

"I saw your grandmother yesterday," said Reuben.

"You did?" exclaimed she—"at Worcester? I hope she was well—that she didn't know anything."

"No—she lay there just as I saw her weeks ago, very patient, very gentle, and very full of love for you. She was waiting for her granddaughter to come back. Couldn't she come to you? I don't mean at once," he added, as Sarah recoiled at the suggestion, "but after you had left here and got some situation, which might enable you to hire a room for her. A friend of mine has found you a situation already, and I will be security for your faithful service, until they learn to trust you for yourself."

Sarah broke down at last. The thin little hands went up quickly to the face, and she sobbed forth:

"God bless you, sir; but don't—oh, don't say another word."

But Reuben Culwick, carried away by his theme, seized his advantage and went on. He had one object in life now—to get Sarah Eastbell from that house.

"Why, you are my cousin," he said earnestly, "and why shouldn't I help you for your own sake, as well as for the sake of that old woman grieving for you down in Worcester?"

"Sally," said her sister-in-law, slowly and emphatically, "I've been a thinking it all over."

"Well?" said Sarah Eastbell.

"And if you'd like to go, I'll not hitch a single word against you, even if he kills me, and he's often said he would. He mayn't find you out, and if he does he'll think twice about doing you an ill turn. He's not so bad, you know, take him altogether. Go—run away—hook it," exclaimed Mrs. Eastbell, with increasing excitement evidencing itself along with her slangy phraseology, "while there's time!"

Sarah wavered, for she turned quickly to her sister-in-law.

"You—you mean this? You will not tell Tom or Tom's friends—you will let me pass from this place unwatched—you will give me time to get away?"

"Of course I will."

"I came here of my own free will, sir, not knowing where to go in my despair and fright," she said, turning to Reuben; "but, oh, if I could get away again. If you only knew that——"

Her hands fell helplessly to her side, and she went backward step by step to the bed again, where she sat down with a new horror on her countenance.

The door had opened and Tom Eastbell, with his long great-coat buttoned round him, was standing in the doorway regarding them. Over his shoulder loomed the forbidding countenance of the man who had met Reuben at the entrance, which, by the jarring and clanging that echoed through the house, was evidently being bolted and barred.

(To be continued.)

GOLDEN GATE CITY LEADS.

San Francisco Shows the Largest Percentage of Suicides.

The number of people who voluntarily shuffled off this mortal coil in American and other cities during last year has been investigated by some delver in statistics and the following figures indicate the results: San Francisco leads with the largest ratio, 39.1 per 100,000 population. Next comes another Pacific coast city, Los Angeles, with a ratio of 29.8. The reader has naturally been looking for Chicago, and that city does in fact come next with a ratio of 24.0, followed by the neighboring city of Milwaukee, whose ratio is 22.2. New Orleans was the scene of the self-destruction of 21.8 persons per 100,000 of population, and Cincinnati followed close with 21.2. New Haven is next with 20.9, and then comes the borough of Manhattan with 20.0, though greater New York as a whole is well down the list with a ratio of only 13.6. This is less than Rochester, Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Pittsburg, Baltimore, Boston, Detroit, Omaha and Louisville, besides all of those specifically enumerated above. As to the foreign cities, Paris leads the list with a ratio of 42, followed by Berlin 36, Vienna 28 and London 23. There were more suicides in Saxony than in any other country, 31.1 per 100,000. In Denmark the ratio was 25.8, in Austria 21.2, in France 15.7, in the German empire 14.3, and Sweden, Norway, Belgium, Great Britain, Italy, the United States and Spain followed in the order given.

The table referring to American cities is somewhat difficult to explain. Why the city of the Golden Gate, and California, with its glorious climate, its sunshine, its fruit and its flowers, should show the greatest number of suicides seems a mystery, unless the presence of a large Chinese population explains it. The high suicide rate of Chicago is, perhaps, accounted for by the rush and struggle of that great city and the large foreign element it contains—a foreign element, moreover, which comes mainly from those countries where suicide is most frequent. The same is perhaps true of Milwaukee and Cincinnati. The high rate at New Orleans may possibly be attributed to its relation to France and the ideas and traditions brought here from Paris, the suicide capital of the world. But New York City casts a cloud over some of these explanations. Here are the large foreign populations, the stress and strain of living and working, the poverty, the excitement. Yet Philadelphia, the sleeping city of the humorous paragraphers, has a higher ratio of suicides than greater New York. And how is it to be explained that New Haven leads all the other New England cities in the number of suicides? St. Paul and Minneapolis lay side by side, but in Minneapolis the ratio was 11.4 and in St. Paul it is but 6.5. It seems that the conclusions must be that there is no method in suicide madness and that the effort to reduce it to rule is doomed to failure.

Youth's Unrestraint.

"Don't you sometimes long for your childhood's happy days?" said the sentimental person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "there are times when I would enjoy hanging on the fence and making faces at people I don't like, instead of having to say, 'How do you do, dear? So glad to see you!'"—Washington Star.

Legitimate.

She—So you lost all your money in speculation?

The Urgent Case—Yes'm.

"But, beside that, didn't you have any legitimate business?"

"Oh, yes. I was a dealer in straight tips."—Life.

Decidedly So.

"Have that newly married couple set up housekeeping yet?"

"I should say so! They're so set up, they won't notice their neighbors."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

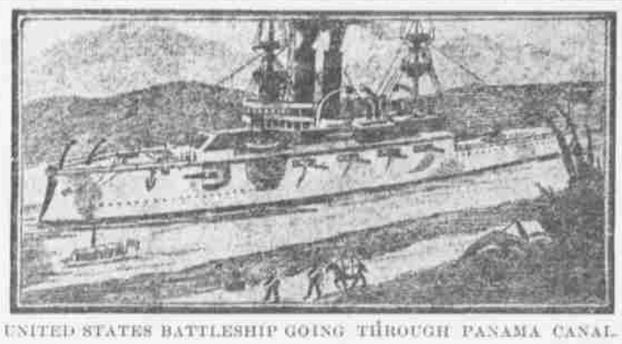
THE NATION'S SHIP CANAL.

Little difficulty should be encountered in the completion of the Panama canal by the United States government once work is begun and if, as goes almost without saying, the proper treatment of the technical questions are handled according to the lessons of experience, writes Senor Don Phillippe Bunau Varilla in the New York Sunday World. The United States will have unusual advantages in its work. It can profit by the experiences of the French engineers, who have worked on the problems for nineteen years.

Already more than 80,000,000 cubic yards of earth have been excavated. This has removed all of the smaller difficulties and practically all of the great technical obstacles.

The three greatest obstacles originally encountered in the building of the canal were the Culebra cut, the control of the water of the Chagres river and the climate. The first of these difficulties, the technical ones, have already been practically removed. There is now a trench 150 feet deep cut across the Culebra saddle and this must only be deepened 90 feet in order to complete it.

Culebra offered one of the greatest difficulties for a time. The superior part of the cut was found to be composed of soft, spongy, yielding, sliding soil, and the enormous mass, to be removed, necessitated the employment of machinery of great power, and, therefore, of a great weight, which it was difficult to maintain on such a soil. The trench over Culebra is now done to a point where excellent soil has been found and as a result the cut is practically eliminated as an obstacle. This great problem I was fortunate enough to solve myself during the last years of the life of the old company.



UNITED STATES BATTLESHIP GOING THROUGH PANAMA CANAL.

Changing a River's Course.

Another and seemingly insurmountable obstacle was the control of the water of the Chagres river. In 1892, in my book, "Panama, Past, Present and Future," I recommended the building of a huge earth dam at Bohio across the Chagre river and the derivation of the water of the artificial lake thus forced to the westward of the canal between the lake and the sea.

The United States engineers have adopted this method and a dam will be built at Bohio, fourteen miles from Panama, the only modification being a sure elevation of about twenty feet above the level I had proposed for the lake in 1892. Much of the valley of the Chagres river will of necessity be flooded with this artificial lake. When the problem of what to do with the water of the Chagres river was solved one of the greatest obstacles to the successful building of the canal was removed.

The only remaining obstacle is the climate. To my mind that was the greatest of all. Now, with the wonderful progress of science and judging by the extraordinary improvements in sanitation made by the United States in Cuba, I am convinced that the disadvantages of the climate will be wiped out. The sanitary problem, too, is solved. With American military methods applied to the canal zone, the sanitation of the isthmus is complete, as the United States will have the making of sanitary laws not alone for the canal zone but for the cities of Panama and Colon as well.

To Fight the Mosquito.

Scientists have demonstrated that it is a kind of mosquito, the stygomia or the culex fasciatus, that carries exclusively the yellow fever infection, and as it is known to be within the possibility of a rigorously enforced sanitary law to destroy the mosquito plague, and therefore the cause of infection, this evil promises to disappear.

The wonderful advance made in electricity will be of great advantage to the United States in building the canal. When the French company was at work steam was about the only agent at the engineers' command. This necessitated plants at short distances along the entire work. As black men were the engineers, this was not highly satisfactory. These engineers were careless and there were many accidents and delays, with a corresponding increase in cost. With electricity the black man cannot by error injure the appliances, and the possibility of burning his fingers will make him wise and prudent.

Summing up the difficulties the American engineers will have in building the canal, it may be truthfully said that they will encounter none which the lessons of experience do not permit of solution. It is a large work of which the essential obstacles have been overcome. It will require a strong, disciplined administration, and the men who direct it must be fully imbued with the knowledge of the country and of its necessities.

The eminent engineers of the Isthmian Canal Commission have made a most thorough and complete study of these questions and their experience will be of great value to the successful completion of the heroic undertaking.

Interesting Facts.

Here are some interesting facts about the Panama canal:

Canal's total cost, nearly	$200,000,000
Panama Canal Company's share	$40,000,000
Length	46 miles
Time of passage	8 to 10 hours
Present time (New York to San Francisco via Cape Horn)	60 days
Time via Panama canal (approximate)	24 days
Annual traffic (estimated)	7,000 vessels
Travel saved Liverpool to Yokohama	4,000 miles
Present navigable stretches	18 miles
Still to be constructed	34 miles
Present depth	28 feet

A NOTED DIPLO[illegible]AT

Was Charles Denby, Whose Death Occurred Recently.

Colonel Charles Denby, of Evansville, Ind., whose death occurred suddenly at Jamestown, N. Y., where he had delivered a lecture, was one of the most noted of American diplomats. For fourteen years he served continuously in the diplomatic service. He was appointed United States minister at Pekin, China, by President Cleveland during the latter's first term. He served at Pekin during both Cleveland's terms, throughout the Harrison term and for seventeen months under President McKinley. On relieving Colonel Denby from duty at Pekin, President McKinley made him a member of the commission which investigated the army accounts in connection with the war with Spain, and which more particularly concerned the furnishing of beef to the United States troops in Cuba.

COL. DENBY.

Having completed his duties on this commission Colonel Denby was made a member of the Philippine Commission by President McKinley, along with William H. Taft and President Schurman, of Cornell University, and he accompanied this commission to the Philippine Islands, where it spent about seven months investigating conditions and preparing its report. For the past few years Colonel Denby had been living quietly at his home in Evansville, Ind., making an occasional lecture tour of the country.

FAMOUS FANS.

Collections Owned by the Princess of Wales and Madame Patti.

The Princess of Wales has quite a large collection of fans of all descriptions, both ancient and modern. Among the collection is a Japanese fan that once was fluttered by a former Empress of Japan, and is a trophy that the curio collector would give a large sum to possess, though it would certainly cause some alarm if worn in a modern drawing room. This fan is about six times the size of the ordinary article, and is made of the brightest scarlet silk, upon which are embroidered figures of various characters who have been famed in the history of Japan. The embroidery work of this fan is said to have taken ten years to complete, says Home Chat.

A fan frequently worn by the Princess of Wales is one presented to her by King Edward shortly after the marriage of her Royal Highness. This fan is made of kid skin, exquisitely hand-painted, with a pure ivory handle inlaid with gold. This type of fan is extremely fashionable just at present, and if you care to pay $150 you can get an almost exact copy of one often carried by the Princess of Wales.

Queen Alexandra has a particular liking for fans made of lace.

During her Majesty's recent visit to Ireland she was presented with a beautiful fan made of Irish point lace, a souvenir of the visit much prized by Queen Alexandra, and which has since been worn by her Majesty on several occasions.

The lace on the fan was of Irish manufacture; but the fan itself was made by Duvalroy, of Regent street, who has made fans for numbers of celebrities.

The Duchess of Devonshire sometimes wears a large fan made of black ostrich feathers, and a fan of this description was presented by the Princess of Wales to Lady Mary Crichton on the occasion of her marriage. Madame Patti has a most exquisite collection of fans, many of which have been presented to the famous prima donna by different European royalties, several of them bearing royal autographs, among them being those of Queen Victoria and the late Empress of Austria.

Object of Suspicion.

Mabel (who has spent the summer in the Green Mountains)—Papa, does Mr. Bjackson come from Vermont?

Papa—Yes, dear.

Mabel—Then why doesn't he say 'B'gosh?—Sommerville Journal.

Rewarded Efforts.

Hopeful parent—You never know what you can do till you try.

Hopeless son—'No, ba Jove, that's so! Now, upon my word, you know I used to think I couldn't blow smoke rings.—Detroit Free Press.

Fond Mother—I am going to give dear little Johnny a drum. Fond Father—Then I will give him a knife.—New York Sun

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

First Comedian—I know something awfully funny.

Second Comedian—What is it?

First Comedian—Why, I was held up by a highwayman last night. But the joke was on him. I told him there was no use searching me, as my wife had been through my pockets just five minutes before.

Second Comedian—But I don't see that the joke was on him. It was on you.

First Comedian—No, you're wrong. It wasn't on either of us. It was on my wife. There wasn't any money in my pockets to begin with!

Proof.

"What makes you think he wears ready-made clothes?"

"Because he borrowed my overcoat two weeks ago and hasn't returned it."

An Impending Tragedy.

Rug Lover—Fairest Angelina, for the last time I ask you to be mine. Refuse, and I throw myself into the crater of yon fiery volcano.

Out of Work.

"I would gladly work, ma'am," replied the tramp, when reproached for begging, "but the fact is I can't find any work at my trade."

"That's unfortunate. What is your trade?"

"I'm an ambergris hunter. You know ambergris is worth $14 an ounce, but notwithstanding that, and that it can be found in the ocean, no one will advance me money to purchase a steamship in order to go after it."

Charms of Alaska.

Reader—It must be fine livin' up in Alaska.

Mosie Long—It's too cold.

Reader—But think of sleepin' six months, an' when y' git up, find all de work covered up wit' snow.—Butte Inter Mountain.

His Preference.

"They always speak of pugilism as 'the fighting game.'"

"I've noticed it."

"Well, if that's a game, I'd rather work than play."—Chicago Post.

Soporific.

Playrite—I heard one man who attended the premiere of my new play last night complain that it was so late when he got out.

Crittick—Yes?

Playrite—Yes, and the final curtain fell before 10:45.

Crittick—H'm! Perhaps he overslept himself.—Philadelphia Press.

Came His Way.

First Actor—They say there is as much strength in three eggs as in a pound of meat.

Second Actor—Yes; that's the way eggs have always struck me.

A Happy Straggler.

Bertha—What a queer man that young professor is!

Ethel—Yes; I talked about new books and he said he hadn't got through reading Shakspeare yet.—Detroit Free Press.

Getting the Flavor.

Gunner—How do you like Miss De Style's new veil?

Guyer—Best I ever tasted.

Gunner (astounded)—Tasted?

Guyer—Yes, I kissed her through it.

To Society Reporters.

Why drag her father in and say
He "led her to the altar?"
The average bride would make her way
Alone and never falter.
—Philadelphia Press.

Hunting for Interesting Part.

"What on earth do you find interesting in that stupid book?" her friend asked.

"I haven't found anything worth while in it so far," the beautiful girl replied, "but after mamma had read it she tried to hide it from me."

Changed His Views.

"Do you believe there is such a thing as infant depravity?" asked the deacon.

"Well," replied the parson, "I didn't until I heard of that 13-months-old child in Kansas who plays the mouth organ."

Rather Personal.

"I noticed that gentleman gazing at my racing automobile for some time," remarked the chauffeur with the wild eyes.

"Well, he is just the man to do it," said the stern citizen.

"Ah, a sportsman, eh?"

"No; he is inspector of nuisances."

The Truth Unintentionally.

Joquist—Blankton is in a fix.

Morelle—How's that?

Joquist—His wife was called out of town recently to attend the bedside of her mother. He has been sending her his daily program, per his typewriter, how he started to the office promptly at 9 o'clock and worked all day until dinner time. Then he went downtown and invariably returned to his home and retired at 9 o'clock. He ended his letter with: "I trust you will be well, and that your mother's health has improved when you receive these few lines."

Morelle—Well, wasn't that all right?

Joquist—Yes; only the typewriter accidentally omitted the letter 'n' in his very last word.—Albany Journal.

Justice, with Mercy.

Magistrate—You are charged with having sixteen wives. What have you to say for yourself, sir?

Prisoner—I really couldn't help myself, Judge.

"Nonsense!"

"It was this way. Five years ago I went to a summer resort and for six weeks I was the only man there."

"Discharged."—New York Weekly.

Poor Druggist Again.

Mrs. Stubb—I think that druggist is horrid.

Mr. Stubb—Why so, Maria He left three urgent prescriptions to give you a stamp.

Mrs. Stubb—Yes, but he didn't say "Thanks!"

The Signal.

Jack—It is very strange if your father is opposed to our love-making that he should insist that we occupy the old-fashioned sofa.

Ernie—That's just it. Every hug causes a loud creak.

In That Class.

Jack Scribe—I think fiction in manuscript form should go through the mails at cheaper rates.

Ida Clare—Indeed! I suppose you'll be putting 1-cent stamps on your love letters soon.

Quite Novel.

"It's the finest play of the realistic school I've seen yet."

"A real flying machine on the stage, I suppose?"

"No, but it has a real plot and a few real actors."—Philadelphia Press.

Somewhat Different.

Wilder—Poor outlook, Brokeum. The doctor says you'll never live to see 50.

Brokeum—Oh, I knew that long ago.

Wilder—Why, don't you expect to reach two score and ten?

Brokeum—Oh, I thought he meant I'd never live to see $50.

The Reason of It.

"Woodby Riter tells me he writes exclusively for Penniman's Magazine now."

"Yes, Penniman's is published in town here, you know."

"I know, but I never see any of his stuff in it."

"No, but still he writes for it exclusively, because he can deliever his manuscript in person and thus save postage."—Philadelphia Press.

That Was Plain.

Howells—You were at the Peace Society's concert last night when I sang my song, weren't you?

Growells—I was there, but I couldn't make out what you were singing about.

Howells—Don't you remember? It was "Why Should Discord Rend Our Ranks——"

Growells—Oh, yes. I remember the discord.

Brakeman Caught Him.

"What did dey lock yer up fer?" asked the tramp.

"Riding too fast," replied the chauffeur.

"Same trouble wid me."

"You don't mean to say you were riding fast in an automobile?"

"No; fast freight."

Clever Indeed.

La Montt—He certainly has a keen appreciation of singing.

La Moyne—Can he understand grand opera songs?

La Montt—I should say so. Why, he can even understand college songs.

Slight Misunderstanding.

She—But I don't see how you can manage to support a wife on an income of $10 a week.

He—Ten a week! Why, I thought your income was much larger than that!

The Reason of It.

She smiles and laughs the livelong day;
Pray do not think her simple—
She'll laugh at anything you say
Because she has a dimple.
—Yale Record.

Usual Haste.

Ernie—Is the play most over, dear?

Ida—I guess there are two more acts. The people in the boxes are beginning to put on their coats and hats.

A Hint.

Hostess—You appear to be in deep thought, Tommy.

Tommy—Yes'm. Mamma told me if you asked me to have some cake I was to say something an' I've been here so long now I forgot what it was.—Philadelphia Press.

A Dent in the Road.

John B. Stanchfield, of Elmira, speaking of literary men, tells a story of a shock he had in a case in which he was recently associated. Several witnesses had sworn that there was a hole in a certain road. Then to the surprise of counsel, the principle witness, a farmer, on whom they mainly depended to establish their case, swore that there was no hole in the road. After Mr. Stanchfield and his associates had recovered from their astonishment they sought to draw the witness into some explanation of the remarkable testimony. What they eventually got was this:

"There wasn't any hole in that road. Here's my hat. If I jam my hand into the top of it without pushing it through it does not make a hole. It makes a dent. That's what was in that road—just a dent."

Women Do Better.

Seventy-five per cent of the women and but sixty-three per cent of the men taking the civil service examination are able to pass it.