# Second Cousin Sarah "ANNE JUDGE, SPINSTER." "LITTLE RATE RIRBY," ETC., ETC.

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CHAPTER IX. man who in his seal had adven into Polter's Court did not betray change of funture his sense of the by an v which seemed hauging over him, hall, no one had been melting lead or a not an enviable position, but his anything. They had had a little wrangle on did not dower him. Had it not as it got late, and just as their couch for the changing of holts below and was going home, and the flower pots It was not an enviable position, but has readinous did not desart him. Had it not here for the changing of holds below and for the carreful locking up of the house he would have been disposed to regard the avrival of Thomas Eastbell and his reampanion in a friendly spurt, despite the works with which they favored hum and the maximum faces of the women. "Homas Eastbell, also Vizzelian, for the is work you farm seens into any criti-ation the Save-fielding is 12. Well, what have 1 dow, that you some into any criti-have 1 down.

way? What have you got to a full'acryc lasters on his face, he could forth in a londer key. ""Come, that sham won't do, young fel-it you keep too big a fire for the ler," and he, "is there say complaint to Part

of the year, and that it bu't good marke?" our healths," said Reaben, in a quiet No or time r beatha," and feater, in a quiet r colco. "I have come to see your Reuben had erossed to Sarah.

"ell, that's uncommon kind of you." Tell, that's uncommon kind of you." is mit Karah, at this juncture, is Mr Culwick-young Mr Cul "Not you" senter acount common part in the maxwered; "not till "Good-by, then." Reuben went out of the room, and the aluter "etils heard attempt in any way to interfere with him." "What business has he with you? Why

"What hummess has he with you? Why can't be mind his over business and let prove alone?" cried Turn. "What's hier this rescue. But he could not explain, necond cousin chap to ns? What goad is ha? What matics has he ever taken of he's a cousin at all, but a polyceman try-he's a cousin at all, but a polyceman try-lagent work op a cose against people more hones then this hi? "" "Oh, that's h! 150."" The interrogative was addressed to the

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interrogative was addressed to the oking over his shoulder, who had

doing inck."

a mean give you money? Then, 100

in the background, who had recent forth a histored to Tom Easthell, "you've ing am d in without leave after the gal, and , heath, walk

"I pay your footing before you go." "I think not," and Renbern Calwek. "Then you'll have to stop," cred the n. "The house a backed up for the ful, and we can't afford to part with append we, mate?" nght

you: otier

you're ther . explanation, "and they're Irish, and riled." BOOM

am mot afraid of shom."

sk my sister, p'rate you'll take her . Sally," he said, "will the Peter-stand as much of this man as 1

They will not come up here," cried Barn! "They're sitting on the states waiting

Tom, "and they will know all about follow. They are as sure as I am he is a detective. What now ?" as air realed in and Mrs. Eastbell tenald gan to cough herself to pieces.
"There's mischief meant," cried Sarah.
"I shan't heave this window while Mr.

Culture to the winner of the winner of the control of the second second

1001 one back from that window," roared

Top "I will do nothing of the kind," cried HATAL standing there erect and delight "till Mr. Culwick is allowed to quit this nid more away."

o't you see how you're making your 

was willing stop by step toward bi

Lucy Jennings walked out of the room with her hands rigidly clasped together; in a few minutes afterward she had passd out of the bouse, It was late, and when John Jennings ed out of 8

and Reutien had taken counsel together and had arrived at the conclusion that she would not return that night, Lacy, stiff backed and grim, come up the front garden with a tall girl, who walked with difficulty, resting on her arm. "Here's your Second cousin Sarah," she said to Reuben, in her old jerky coa-

not, as the two women came into the

Renher Culwick rose to greet his s ad cousin and to introduce her to John Jennings, who was tilling in some Roman candle cases for Mr. Spind's benefit, which was to take place in a fortnight's time at the Save-Gotha.

"I am glod that you have come," said Realsen, heartily "John, this is my Sec-ond cousin Sarah."

"How d'ye do, marm?" said Mr. Jen-nings, with a solemn bow. Sarah Eastled was vdry like Sarah Eastled's ghost, as she booked from one to snother, and tried hard to raise s

suille, without success. ""Can't you find the girl a sent, instead of staring at her," said Lucy, sharply, to her brother, who immediately tendered her his own chair. "You have been ill," said Reuben to his consin, as she sait down wearily; "how's that ?"

"She wants rest," muttered Lucy Jen-

"I don't want rest-only a few hours,

that is," wild Barah, correcting herself, "and then I hope to set off to Worcester. I have been thinking of what you sold to

ne at Potter's Court, and when Tom and

if they had grown anddenly afraid of me

five pounds." "What five pounds?" asked Reuben;

Itesides, I want you to have the

"Not ill exactly. A little weak, per-hops," answered Sarah, "I shall be better in a minute."

ter in a minute." "I am very gind that you have found her, Lucy," said Reuben to Miss Jen-nings, who was untring her bonnet strings in rather a violent manner, "you will be me thank you for all the trouble

think

tings.

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that you have taken?" "I never cared for people's thanks," she mawered. in any way to interfers with pelicemen followed him downstairs and nto the court. He somewhat ungratefully left the tri-"She has been very good to me," Sarah "She has been very good to me," Sarah Esatbell murnured; "I made a mistake when I thought her very hard—bot my life's been pretty well all mistakes, I

CHAPTER X.

The interregative was an intrement to the man looking over his shoulder, who had interred his arm and whisperred in his ear, keeping his eyes fixed upon Reaben manywhite. 'My friend remarks," said Mr. East- he felt, had the right to criticiae. Hence, bell, with a grins smile. That if you have with this impression on his mind, the come to help the family, perhaps you will deep reverses of Lacy Jennings, and the hes kind enough to prove your words by similars stares of her brother appeared the handhouse to us people out of to be taking him in far too intently, be came a source of irritation to him. "Is mighing the matter, Lucy?" he

affences, I am sorry that I can't help a." "But you coust," growled forth the chair nearest to her folger, and burst forth with her estalogue of wronge, mak-ing amends for all past reserve in one

> "It has come to you. You're not the man you have been. You keep away from home too much-you have been seen at low places of amusement-you're going wrong-you-you-you never tail us sny-thing?" cried Lucy, passionately.

"Am I to understand that I'm a priv-erg?" inquired Reaben, sternly. "There's num down stairs who say are a sty on them," will Tom, in fur-somewhat irregular at present. And so I reflectively

somewhat irregular at present. And so I am going wrong. Lucy ?" "You are not doing what is right." "You imp too rapidly at conclusions, after the habit of enthusiasts. I'm not a sinner—that is, no more of a misserable specimer than I was three weeks ago." "Why did you ask John about the girl in the striped dress, at the Saze Gotha

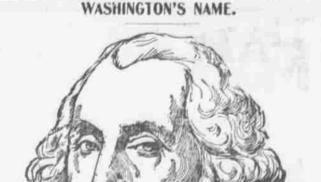
"Ab, the raseal has turned king's evi-

nce, then?" cried our hero. "Why did you ask him not to tell me? why are you always at the gardens?-why had you the effrontery," she cried, with eyes ablaze how, "to ask that wretched, miserable girl to call here for

"What!" should Renben, so forcibly that even Lucy was unprepared for his excitement, and jumped back in her chair me distance from him. "What do you can?" be continued; "who has been here? Speak out-don't glare at me, you

icious, heartless, disagreeable What girl called here for me? Lucy was very paie, but she held her cound against his rage, through she had ever been a witness to it before. He had been always a pleasant man till this had been aiways a pleasant man bil this day, but now he was full of passion and, perhaps, hate of her. She could under-stand more clearly now why his quarrel with his father had been a bitter one. "It was a girl in a wriped cotton dress," said Lucy, with emphasis. "She

was a pert, insolent, miserably clad wom-m. She would not answer any of my questions, save that you had told her to and she grew impertment at last." 'You sout her noray' She said that she would never "Yes. onie again. "Because of your hardness and harsh-'She curried effrontery and desperation in her face." a lie!" shouted Renbert Cutwick; "It's "you don't know what you are doing, what you have done, in your heartless ness. There was a soul to be saved, and you have wrecked it." of work in regularing the heat of the weapon of which the Americans were ody. destitute. After a short struggle, For these reasons the skin from the which Gen. Marcer was mortally wou ody "No," said Lucy, growing paler still, carliest years should not be too nux- ed the British put this division of the "you don't mean----""" 'I mean that that girl is my consin usly protected. It should be accusomed to the shock of cold water, unfor whom you tried to obtain an hones place in life," he replied, "for whose sal ess there happen to be reasons forbidding rhis, and the clothing should be porous and not too much in quantity. Washington, who distinguished him-self by his personal daring. The British then opened with their artillery and atvation I have been struggling after my uncless fashion. I found her in Lou-Most adults use far too much bedding, and most bables are kept entirely too don, and tried to save her from the svil that was surrounding her. She saved warm, as physicians well know. my life, perhaps, then, and rendered and





At the heart of our country the tyrant of our country the tyrant of our many a chief, on his passage to

fame; And still on its fuld in gere. When Washington sprang from the watch to was keeping. And drove back that tyrant in shame Shine in letters of gold The glory and worth of our Washing-

ton's name. from our shore; foud that hung o'er us then parted And wo it shall be, while eternity tar-The ch

- and rolled Its wreaths far away, deeply tinctured his wife left me in the lurch-they went away in the night while I was asleep, as with flame; And high on its fold Was a legend that told time
- -I came to this place. I wanted you to Was a legend that told take me down to Worcester, to stand by The brightness that circled our Washpinion carries
  - ington's name Wherever that flag on the wind shall be Long years have tolled on, and the sun

still has brightened Our mountains and fields with its rud. All hearts shall be kindled with anger and shame,

It e'er they are told

his lightened. With a flash as intense, in the face of In the glory that circles our Washing-

there

ONE PICTURE OF WASHINGTON.

"Why shouldn't you have the money "Why shouldn't you have the money turing the British forces at Trenton, as well as anyhody else?" said Sarah Dec. 20, 1770, Washington found him-

traced me to day thinks it would be right to teil the truth, but, oh! I can't tell grandmother. You will break it to her, in your best way. And I may rest here tonight?" turning to Lucy Jennings. "You will share my bed," and Lucy. (To be continued.) DEVELOPING THE BODY. Mistakes Made Through Unsven Care of the Parsical gates. In all efforts to strengthen the gen oral system to produce a "strong con-stitution," as the saying goos-the fact must be horne in mind that the body is no stronger than its weakest part. As the British magazines were defended by must be borne in mind that the body is intended to march to Branswick, where no stronger than its weakest part. As the British magazines were defended by an enemy would attack a broken gate in a fortified town, so will the germs of the British army was at Maidenhead, of disease attack the feeblest outposts of the system. This inistake of uneven care of the body is one often made by well-mean ing people with regard to the skin. Fer-haps there is no one thing so often to was in bad condition, the Americane did

biame for bronchilis, for instance, as not reach the bridge at Stony Brook, an overcoddled, unventifiated akin. The about three miles from Princeton, until amount of work the skin will do is surfise. Here they took a short cut largely a matter of practice. In ani, mals and savages the skin reacts quick the same this measure this measurement under From the portrait by James Peale, painted from life for David C. Claypool The town man, on the other hand, lives too much to the even temperature of less pro-tected by built-up streets, and so this share of work in regulating the heat of the A group of young men all active in the world of business, were telling hard stories at the Manufacturers'

# \*\*\*\*\* GOOD Short Ctories \*\*:\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

The late Gustav von Moser, the suc

resful German author of comedies, whose name is hest remembered in this country in connection with "The Private Secretary," used to show his friends a little crystal urn in which he ordained that his ashes were to rest after his cremation. "From every one of the many laurel wreaths showered on him after the premiere of a new success," so the story goes, "he used to pluck a single leaf, burn it, and lay its sales in the urn. 'And so, you see, he was wont to say with his sunny smille, 'one of these days I shall really he resting on my inureis.' And so it came about, for his whimsical request was scrupulously observed."

The late British ambassador, Sir Michael Herbert, was a guest at a dinner at one of the clubs in Washington not many months before his death. He was one of the speakers of the evening, and was to be followed by Rear Admiral Charles Beresford. "I am to be followed by a little sallor man," he observed, after an extremely felicitous speech in a more serious vein, "at least, he has been a sallor. I believe he is engaged at present in the plastering business." There was a little polite insighter from those who feit sure that a joke was intended, while others waited, believing that the final touch was to come. "I see you don't understand my joke," said the ambassador, taking in the situation; "I mean that he is engaged in cementing the good relations

between England and America." Thomas A. Edison believes there is no work so mechanical as the telegraph operator's. To prove his deduc tions, he relates this incident: "One night when I was a 'cub' operator in ries, Aud pauses to tread in the footsteps of crowd gathering in the street outside a newspaper office. I called the atten-The hird of the tempest, whose guick tion of the other operators to the crowd, and we sent a messenger-boy Our arrows of rengeance, shall hover sublime: and shouted out: 'Lincoln's shot?' Instinctively the operators looked from one face to the other to see which

man had received the news. All the faces were blank, and every man said and you must claim that, for it's through you first main and the set in intense, in the face of the the gory that crease our washing to a name. The first state and the set in the face of he had not taken a word about the also a tiny breakfast room. The dining hall contains a large open fireplace and oaken beams form its ceiling. On the without the slightest knowledge of its significance."

first floor above are the drawing room The recent death of Lord Rowton, and two bedrooms. The next floor is Disraell's trusted secretary, and the occupied by one big bedroom with an ad-executor of his estate, was responsible joining dressing room, and, still above, there are three attic bedrooms. for the following explanation of how Mrs. Brydges Willyams came to leave her fortune to Lord Beaconsfield: "Diz-

zy received one morning a letter from Mrs. Willyams-whom he did not know-in which she said that she had read his novels with much interest, and would like to make his acquaintance. She also asked a question which rendered it necessary for him to answer the letter. Unfortunately, the letwas left in his greatcoat pocket, and Dizzy did not wear the coat until several months after, when he happened to be in the south of England, and in the very town in which Mrs. Willyams lived. Coming across the letter in such circumstances, it occurred to him to call upon her, and Mrs. Willyams was so flattered at, as she thought, his carrying the letter so long about him, and then calling, that she decided on leaving him her fortune! That shows how wise it is not to answer letters," added Lord Rowton

# A SCHEME THAT FAILED.

Unsuccessful Attempt to Discover Competitor's Secret,

aldewalk over and said: 'It's a good job. I didn't think you could do it. Now, if you look sharp you'll be in time to catch the noon tralu for Baltimore, and "Just tell them that you saw me." That was a new song in those days, and I have detested it ever since,"-Philadelphia Press,

### PROMINENT TRAIT OF RACE.

Negro's Love of Music Manifest in His Daily Avocations,

"Marvel as you will at the negro's penchant for music, it stands out as the most pronounced trait of the race," said Representative Williams of Miss tasippi. "They love harmony of sound. It is innate with them. They excel in music, although it is not developed in in its higher phases, because they draw from the most ordinary surroundings. A negro woodchopper, a roust about, a railsplitter, will inject the idea of music, the harmony of sounds, into his work. Show me a bookkeeper or bank cashier who ever juggles figures in a manner to make them suggest music and I'll show you a model of Gabriel's horn;

"The conclusion is forced that the cold, intensely practical affairs of the up-to-date business man exclude all sentimental feelings. The banker goes to the opera when he desires music, The broker hears only the monotonous icking of the telegraph instrument. The bank clerk is abjured to work aflently. If he whistles or sings in the counting-room he is corrected if not dismissed.

"Note the difference. The negro plitting rails in the woods mingles his olce in a well-blended manner with the noise made by the maul. The swing of his voice matches the swing of the manl, and fails with greatest force just when the wedge is struck. The steamboat rouster hauls in a line with a sort of rythm that suggests music, chanting the while. So it is with these fellows. Watch them tamping the asplialt with those heavy from Observe the precision of their movements. Catch the sounds as the heavy weights fall. If the ear is properly attuned you will hear the music of the sound and also the rythm of the movenents. Out of this simple manual labor those negroes get as much music as an ordinary drum corps would produce.

A few days ago 1 had my shoes polished in Natchez. I was surprised to catch the strains of "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night' from the swish of the cloth the negro was sing, and I discovered that he could faintly produce several other simple airs. In a barber-shop a negro boy used a whisk broom on my clothes, and the first thing I knew he was fairly sweeping music off my shoulders, Watch for such demonstrations if you do not believe the corectness of the instances I have given. You will soon be convinced."

## WHAT THE BOSS THOUGHT,

His Idea of the Way Public Affairs

Should Be Managed. Other men may make the speeches nd write the platforms; let me bestow the jobs.

One man with a little political swag n view outweighs a hundred good citizens. He will hustle; they will not. Some politicians say: "First my own nterests; then the interests of the party; then the interest of the people." They are soft. My motto is: "First, my own interest: then my own interest; then my own interest." should a man fritter away his time? The weakness of my enemies is that when they get power they think they they have to look after the welfare of the service and the good of the people The people are dough. The people can't do anything but sleep. Let the young man seeking a polit-

cal career study the game of poker and learn the meaning of bluff. It is all very well to be a "talented young literary and newspaper man."

But there is more satisfaction in owning and bossing a whole bevy of the sweet creatures. And that is easy.

reflectively. "Suppose we argue the case in the morning?" and for fourted by the British army, un-"As we go to Worcester?" said Sarah ""Yory well. This good woman who traced me to day thinks it would be right to tell the truth, but, oh? I can't the a strail forded at states, which was

haps there is no one thing so often to was in bad condition, the Americans did

So Many More to Cut Down.

"It dey'd had Arbor Day when George

Washington as Dictator.

What is it. Tommy

ouldn't he T'

"What have point grandmother when-" "that I gave your grandmother when-" "Oh, no-mot that," said Sarah, "but to pay that one back, and part of which we were obliged to spend. There's five pointils reward offered for me, you know, and you must claim that, for it's through on I shall say diest glow: And the bolt that he wielded so proudly his lightened,

slafer as he spoke, when Reuben Culwick crossed the room in one stride, and thensi him forcibly away before his parther-like spring could fasten on her. It was a hold more, assuming the offensive in this fashut Reuben had grown augry at restraint, and it was the time to act of Reuben's thrust sent him stag with violence against his friend. who, taken off his guard, received Tom' head between his eyes, and fell and into the passage, with Tono on back the t of him. The clear doorway say a temporary expedient, and Reu-lord the door quickly, locked it the key and set his foot against the with Lower portion of the woodwork

murder done now," said Easthell, wringing her hands; "ob. sul to come to this place? Call out give 'em money or they can have 2011 [] watch-say momething, They're of the the states "Who are they ?" asked Reuben, stern-

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could hear the traunding rush of benyy feet up the stairs, and then the door creaked and shook with the heavy pressure of shoulders from without. pressure of shoulders from without, Sarah Easthell was as good as her word. Hag watchful dark eyes had observed the door vibrating, and a scream of extra-the door vibrating, and recease of values startled ordinary shrillness and volume startled the schoes of Potter's Court.

"Oh! don't, Sally-it's only their fun, perhaps," cried Mrs. Eastbell; but Sally and then swept from the window sill a whole collection of Bower pots, which descended with a tremendous crash on to the parel footway below. The pressure against the door ceased, as though the against the door ceased, as though the people in the house had stopped to lis-ini the windows of other houses in ar's Court began opening rapidly;

were volces shouting out innumo able questions; there were three or four shrill whistles, and then the ominous crack of a rattle, followed by another in response, and at a little distance. 'You are safe," said Sarah; "the police

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cently the street door below was being unfastened in response to solemn knacks without, and then the ponderous, mulistakable boots of the metropolitan

were heard clamping up the stairs en unlocked the room door, and ias Easthell, white as a ghost, crawl-on his hunds and knees, took a hared to on his hunds and knees, took a har-lequin's dive into bed, and drew the tat-terned coveriet to his chin. The burly figures of three policemen were in the room in an instant or two afterward.

m, what's the row?" said the

cipal spokesman; "who's been trying row the other out of the window?" Who's been melting lead?" inquired her, whom the peculiar nature of the | most disdainfully again.

my life, perhaps, then, and rendered me forever her debtor. When there was a chattee for her, she was to come here. She came," he said, flercely, "and you sent her away. How will you, with all

acti for an away. They will you, with all your narrow views of charity, and God's mercy, and God's vengeance, answer for it, if you have cut from her the last thread which led her to a better life?" Lacy Jennings was cowed by his re-proaches, by his vehenence. Suspicions, awfully sumplements as shown as the secawfully suspicious, as she was, she was still a religious woman, and the horror of having cast back a stubborn, willful nature on itself rose before her even in mor The one has before her even in more terrible colors than he had painted it. "Why-why didn't you tell me?" she gaaped forth, "why didn't you tell me?" she is a she will be the she will be

"I will tell her that I was wrong it a judgment. I will ask her pardou my judgment. I will ask her parsion. You must not charge the loss of this girl to me. Where did you see her last?" "In Potter's Court." know it-in the Walworth road,"

said Lucy; "It is part of my mission to go among the people there. What is the number of the house?"

"Where the Petersons live-the Irish "Where the Petersons live-the Irish people. I will go at once; don't judge me too harshly, till I have made amends for my mistake," she pleaded. "It is too late," said Reuben, gloomily; "the head head of the state of the state of the state."

"the house was empty two days since. There were coiners in it, and the suspi-cion that I might betray them, or that the police were on the scent, led them t leave the premises."

leave the premises." "I will find them," said Lucy; "I am window?" known. People trust me there, who know inquired me better than you do," she added, al-

r young or old. A most important part of the cold water treatment is the subsequent rubsing. The cold water produces a poworful contraction of the skin vessels and when afterward the skin is well ubbed and the body exercised, these resaels dilate; they breathe, and a feel-ng of warmth and well-being follows, prisoners.

All this keeps the skin up to its normal luties, and it then reacts quickly to the hanges to which it is exposed.

One word more: small children are bathed in water much too hot. A bath thermometer should be an incariable aljunct of the nursery, and

the temperature should not be tested by the mother's or nurse's elbow, as is often the case. The water should often the case. never be above 95 degrees, and after the first months should be reduced gradually to 90 degrees and lower .-Youth's Companion.

#### To Be Consistent.

Deacon Snow-Do 1 un'erstan', paron, dat yo' opinionate dat Adam wuz colored man?

Parson Johnsing-Yo' diagnose mah lews c'reckly, sub.

Deacon Snow-Den I s'pose yo' 'low int dat apple wuz in reality a watah- part of what is known as the Sulgrave müllon.-Philadelphia Press.

There are altogether thirty miles of

longest being at Krashnoyarak being over half a mile in length.

American army to flight. The were soon checked, however, 1 by the American regulars, under the co mind 5 too Col. Mawhood fought desperately, and It is by the aid of his bayonets forced his needless to add that the old-fashioned way to the main road and retreated feather bed is an abomination for eith-ward Trentsn. The Fifty-lifth Brit regiment was completely routed, and a portion of the Fortieth regiment took refuge in Naman Hall, where it surren dered on the approach of the American

Not more than thirty Americans were Washington was er kid, he'd had a cluch, killed or wounded in this battle the British lost two hundred kill wounded, and two hundred and thirty

### HIS ANCESTRAL HOME.

Rouse of Washington's Ancestors Still

Stands at Branbury, England. The home of George Washington's an stors still stands at Banbury in the English county of Northamptonshire, about eighty miles from London. The The



The house, while small competty, is many homes of the English gentry, is The house, while small compared with

bridges on the Siberian Railway, the bongest being at Krashnoyarak being roof and square porch of stone imbedded in which are some interesting satique Walton. club one evening recently. An ele trical engineer, still in his early 30's whose salary is represented by five figures, told the following:

"I've been up signings it more than ce, but an adventure I had in New York in '96, like Aaron's serpent, swalfows all the rest. At the time I was extent in Baltimore. We were operating under a patent, and things were just beginning to come our way when we got word from our salesmen that goods similar to ours were being placed upon the market at a fifure which we could not meet.

figures from three different sources, and at once called a meeting of the directors. Our patent was worthless as a matter of protection, and our only source was secrecy; and, so far as we were able to do it, our process was kept from prying eyes. But there was some one who was beating us at our own game. If we could find out how it was done we could do it ourselves; if we could'nt, it meant ruin. "The next day disguised as a work-

Dec. 27, 1176, George Washington was made Dictator in the United States. It is a remarkable—and not a very well ob-erved—passage in American history. man, I went over to New York and found the factory without any trouble. but try as I would I couldn't get employment. The foreman said he Students know he was honored above other men at different times in his life; but that the Congress of this country hadn't work enough to keep his men going and would have to discharge should ever clothe any man with the some of them. 1 was desperate. It was a bitter winter day, and a foot powers and attributes of Dictator-as if it were a South American State-seems and a half of snow lay on the ground. As a last resort, I asked him if he would let me shovel the snow from the sidewalk and give me a square meal tic man, so warranted, might have made in payment. This appeal reached his heart, and I got the job. It was no loke, I can tell you, for the factory

was a big one and the sidowalk long. But I was glad to get the chance, for it meant that I was to have a show to get inside the works, and I only needed a few hours at most to find out how

the trick was done. It took me four hours to get the sidewalk cleared, and my back was nearly broken when I row night?" went into the office again. The foreman looked up from his desk as I

"'Got it done so quick?"

" 'Let's go out and look at it."

"And we went out. He looked the over a telephone."-Chicago "ribune

Because they will all come to you if you succeed. Power is power .-- Kapsas City Journal,

#### A Chinese Auction,

The celestial always seems to do things differently from other nations and men. Perhaps nowhere is this more apparent than at an auction sale in China. To a stranger it is a most curious spectacle. It is a quiet, solemn manager and stockholder to a limited proceeding, perfect allence being preserved the whole time. In this particular it is unlike the noise and confusion that usually reigns on like occasions in this part of the world. The auctionser leans over a slightly elevated counter and exhibits his wares. He says nothing, neither does the bidder, who mere-"I got samples of the goods and the ly steps forward to the auctioneer and runs his fingers up his sleeve, making pressures on the salesman's arm, indicating in this manner how much he is willing to pay for the article. Then another and another repeat the action until the one signifying the highest price receives the article without a word being exchanged on either side. Only the auctioneer and the successful bidder know the price offered and ac-The opportunity for favoritcepted. ism in this method is apparent, and doubtless is often shown.

The Less, the More.

"What;" asks the astonished husound when the wife shows him the oill for her new theater gown; "five hundred dollars for that dress?"

"Why, yes, dear," purrs the fond wife.

"Five hundred dollars! Why, there isn't half as much goods in it as there is in one of your ordinary dresses.

"I know; but when the modiste makes a decollette gown she makes a higher charge."

"Gee! Poor old Adam! I wonder what his household expenses were?"

#### Another Libel on the Sex.

"Laura," said Mr. Ferguson, "do you suppose your mother would like to go with us to the concert to-mor-

"I am sure she would."

"You might call her up by telephone and ask her \* \* \* Now, Ruggies," he sold to the friend that had called in, we'll have a smoke. It takes two women half an hour to finiah a talk

came in and said:

Good company and good discourse are the very slnews of virtue.-Isaak "'Yes,' said I.

nimself Dictator for life, King or whe ever he liked.-Chicago Evening Post. None for Her. "Really, Mrs. O'Toole," said Mrs. Naybor, "you should send little Denis

o the kindergarten. "Phwat kolnd av a thing is that?" lemanded the contractor's wife,

"Kindergarten? Oh, that's simply

German for-"Enough said, ma'am. Of'll hov no

Dutch in moine, thank ye koindly,

ma'am."-Philadelphia Ledger.