

BIRDS OF A FEATHER

By TEMPLE BAILEY

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When Ward Davis heard that her name was Jennie Wright, he smiled and said: "It ought to be Jennie Wren."

He had noticed that she wore sober little gowns to class, gowns which contrasted strangely with the pinks and blues and heliotropes of the other girls at the summer school.

She had a sober manner, too, which was relieved by a birdlike brightness. And she went on her sedate and busy little way alone, studying hard while others danced and played cards, or ate shore dinners at neighboring beaches.

To Ward she seemed, in spite of her intellectual occupation, closely allied to the women he had known in his childhood. She seemed the type who would be busy about household things. He was glad when he discovered that her work in the winter was in a kindergarten. There seemed an eternal fitness in the fact that she lived daily with little children. But now and then, the thought came to him that she would be at her best crooning a lullaby at her own hearthstone.

Such thoughts never entered his head when he made merry with the other grown-up scholars who were seeking the knowledge that should advance them in the professions. Most of these other women were bright, scintillating, beautiful creatures, who seemed made for fun and frivolity. Those who were not beautiful and brilliant were intellectual machines, whose no man could seek, because they would not admit the need of masculine companionship.

Ward Davis, having taught English to countless students, both in the summer and the winter schools of the university, could not quite understand his interest in Jennie Wright. Girls had come and gone,



Poring Over a Volume of Ancient Cookery.

and he had remained heart whole and fancy free. When he had dreamed of marriage for himself, he had thought he would select a wife of rare attainments, with culture and beauty. He had made up his mind that no teacher or toiler should tempt him from his ambition, and now this little Jennie Wright was beginning to hold for him an interest which was amazing and disconcerting.

He avoided her except when she came to his classes, but fate seemed to bring them singularly together. Their tastes were similar, and if he went to the college art gallery, he was sure to find her in front of his favorite pictures. She spent hours in the library digging among old books, and it pleased him one day to find that she was poring over a volume of ancient cookery. It seemed to fit in with his idea of her domestic qualities.

"That isn't in line with your studies," he chided her with a laugh in his eyes. "You ought to be reading finger plays and things like that."

As her eyes laughed back he felt a sudden thrill. It was as if a wild bird had flashed past him, and had then hidden herself away in a thicket.

"I like cook books," she said. "They are my solace when things at the boarding house go wrong. I like to read about good things to eat—just at this moment I have been revolving in a recipe for Brunswick stew. Did you ever taste one?"

"Yes, indeed," Ward's tone was serious. "My grandfather was a mighty hunter, and he would bring home squirrels, and there were always corn and green peppers and onions to make it savory, and tomatoes to add the final finish to its flavor."

She laughed. "You positively make a poem of it," she said. "Look, here," she urged, boyishly. "I know a place a short ride away, where we can get Brunswick stew made after our family recipe. An old nurse of mine keeps the place, and she would be delighted to have it ready if I telephoned ahead."

Her glance reminded him, more than ever, of a startled bird. "Why, I couldn't," she said. And then she added stiffly: "You must think me dreadfully silly."

Ward wanted to say that he thought her charming, with the flush on her cheeks, and with her kindling eyes. But he knew it wouldn't do. He felt that flattery would be distasteful to her, and that she would fly away.

"Please," she urged again, but she shook her head. "I have so much to do," she pleaded. "Never having been thwarted, Ward made up his mind that some day she should go with him, but he bided his time. And, before he knew it, he was wooing his little Jennie Wren like a gallant Robin Redbreast. He was deeply, profoundly in love

for the first time. He felt stirring in his heart all the primeval instincts. He wanted a home with this woman in it. He wanted a future in which this little creature should be at his side, cheering him, helping him, analyzing him. He smiled as he surveyed his feelings. "I thought I longed for a mate of gay plumage, but I am no more fitted, with my quiet tastes and love of homely happiness, to unite with a society woman than is a plain robin to join his fortunes with a hummingbird."

His sense of protection made him want to surround her with every safeguard, and when one day, upon the campus, he found her being badgered by a group of gay young students, his blood boiled. Behind a screen of vines he sat on the porch of the old library and heard them tease her about him. They had read his secret before her modesty would permit her to understand and now they were taxing her with it.

"Little mouse," said a gay girl in blue, "to think that you should carry off the prize."

Jennie's inquiring glance went from one amused face to another. "Why—I haven't won any prize," she said. "What do you mean?"

"A big prize," said the girl in blue explaining; "all of us set our caps for the professor, and now you have won out."

"Oh," Jennie's face flamed, "but I haven't—why, who ever thought of such a thing—"

"He did, and we did," chanted the girl in blue. "Oh, you blind little mouse." And away they went.

Ward dared not approach her as she sat alone looking out over the campus. He knew how she must feel to have had her affairs talked about by irreverent tongues.

But that afternoon he sought her out. "You refused my invitation once," he said gravely, "to go to my old nurse's. Please don't refuse me now—I want you."

With a new self-consciousness upon her she dropped her head. "Please don't ask me," she protested. "I—I think I ought not to go."

"Why?"

"Because."

"Because of what those girls said to you on the porch this morning?"

"Yes."

"And it is true. And it is because of that that I want to carry you off with me this afternoon. I want to talk it over with you—may I Jennie Wren?"

Suddenly she was enveloped by the joy of his love for her. "Oh, yes," she said breathlessly. "I'll be glad—to talk it over."

In the dim, cool dining room of the old farmhouse, where the air was sweet with the fragrance of honeysuckle, Ward told her the story of his awakening. "I need such a woman as you to complete my life," he said. "I need the comfort of you, the quiet content that your presence gives me, the rest, the peace, the joy of your gentle womanhood."

He smiled whimsically. "Do you know the words of the old song: 'Will You Have Me, Jennie Wren?'"

And Jennie, true to nursery rhyme tradition, whispered "Yes."

Sure Something Will Happen. A bet was made in a subway car between two commuters who go to their places of business daily from the Forty-second street station. One said it would be "a hand" and the other gave odds of 3 to 1 that it would be "a cane or an umbrella."

The car was equipped with the new fans, of which four are placed near the top and which revolve horizontally. This was the dialogue:

"Some fool is going to monkey with one of these fans pretty soon, and I'll bet he'll do it with his hands."

"Three to one he'll do it with a cane or an umbrella."

"Done."

That the fool will appear sooner or later neither one seemed to doubt, and the two men will watch the papers to see, as one put it, whether "he'll lose a few fingers or an umbrella."—New York Times.

Hungarian Banks. Paul Nash, the American consul general at Budapest, in his report to the department, reviewing financial conditions in Hungary, shows that every branch of industry in that country is financed by banking concerns; runnings from the manufacture of machinery to the export of nuts, and yet there has been only one bank failure of importance in 40 years. The assistance of the banks is a necessity for Hungarian industry because the individual investor, as in most agricultural countries, does not regard manufacturing with any degree of enthusiasm, and but for the banks and the government little progress would be made toward industrial independence.

The Royal Petticoat Colonels. Most of the women of the royal families of Europe are honorary colonels of these regiments, but they are actually permitted to wear the regimental uniform with a skirt instead of the masculine trousers. The kaiserin is a colonel, so is the czarine. The crown princess of Roumania, who likes to pose in picturesque garb, has, of course, not missed the opportunity of being photographed in regimentals. Most of the German grand duchesses are colonels of regiments. The latest princess of Germany, who is sponsor for the Eighth dragoons.

True to Life. Gunner—Did you see the new suburban drama? They have real vegetables and real chickens in the second act.

Guy—Is it realistic? Gunner—I should say so. The chickens go to the next neighbor's and eat the vegetables instead of eating those in their own's garden.

Qualified. Shoe Dealer (to new clerk)—What size shoe does a woman with a No. 4 foot wear? New Clerk—A No. 4. Shoe Dealer—How do you sell her a No. 4? Clerk—By telling her it's a No. 3. Shoe Dealer—You'll do.

Parisian Models



The model at the left is of striped cloth in two shades of brown. The blouse and sleeves are cut in one piece and trimmed with a brown-silk embroidery and straps of cord and buttons to match. It is finished at the neck with an edge of brown velvet or liberty and little frills of cream lace. Similar frills finish the sleeves at the elbows.

The plastron is of brown crepe de chine, and the gumpo or collar is of tucked cream tulle. The skirt is slightly gathered at the bottom and drawn in by a wide band of the material on which the stripes run crosswise and which is trimmed with the straps and buttons. The skirt is finished with a shaped flounce of the velvet or liberty. The girde is of the material.

The other model is of blue velvet or drap de soie. The blouse, with crossed front, is cut in one piece with the sleeves and finished with an edge of black liberty or velvet. It is trimmed with a multi-colored cotton embroidery which forms a collar, tiny revers and motifs on the sleeves.

The plastron and undersleeves are of dotted tulle, the girde is of liberty. The skirt, one of the new hobbler skirts, is trimmed to correspond with the waist, with the edge of liberty or velvet and with the embroidery, as may be preferred.

MEMENTOS OF ONE'S "HERO"

Much Enjoyment May Be Had in Making a Collection of Matter Concerning Admired One.

Nearly every girl has some special hero who embodies in himself the qualities she most admires, and if she be given to "collecting" she will find much enjoyment in gathering together all the mementos of him she can. If it be Napoleon, for instance, she will gradually add every work that has been written on his life to the particular shelf in her bookcase devoted to his honor; while just above it she will hang engravings of him at different periods and of the various battles that made him famous. If her hero be an author she will have one edition at least of all his books and as many different photographs of him as she can muster. Pictures of his birthplace, his early home, etc., will add to the interest of her collection, and if she can obtain his autograph, she will feel rich indeed. There is no reason why it should not be a "heroine" instead of a "hero," for women who have some like stars in the firmament are sufficiently numerous to suit any conception of "greatness."

Women to Have Pockets.

The latest news from the select world where fashions are made indicates that women will no longer have to do without pockets. The latest dresses in tunic form show two pockets attached to the skirt in front, a little above each knee, so that they can be comfortably reached with the hand. The tunic of light material falls over them.

The men dressmakers who have devised the pockets have also stipulated what shall be put in them. It appears that one is for the handkerchief and the other for the powder puff. As no arrangement is made for the purse it may be assumed that the little bag will still be indispensable.

Paints and Dyeing.

If your dress accessories do not quite match your gown, or you wish that gown itself a slightly different shade, try painting with oil colors and gasoline. The effect is marvelous and the slight odor soon goes off. Kid slippers can thus be made to match exactly any costume.

A spot on linen can be painted with water-colors to match the clean material, as the paint sinks into the linen without changing its texture. It rubs off, however, and must be renewed every five or six months.

Made-Over Rugs.

As a guide to housekeepers who have old carpets to be woven into rugs it will take four pounds of Brussels carpet or three running yards of six running yards.

A smaller rug for placing before the bureau takes eight pounds of carpet or six running yards.

A rug measuring six feet by nine feet will require 48 yards of Brussels or 42 of Ingrain, averaging about three-eighths yard.

High Trimmings. Flowers are no more to be seen on the best Paris hats; feathers have entirely taken their place. Black and white ostrich plumes are first in favor, especially in the willow curl.

Paradise aigrettes in the same shades are also popular with the Parisienne, though fortunately most

of our really well-dressed women refuse to wear feathers that are obtained at the cost of so much slaughter.

Collar Stitches. If you get sick of eyelot work and lace insertion in linen collars and jabots, here are a few hints of what can be done in that line:

French laid, padded dots, waltz-lacian, venetian ladder, Italian cut work, soutache braiding, cable stitch, hemst. Every one of these is seen on modish collars, jabots and belts, and can be used by the clever needleworker who is tired of "the same old thing."

Glove Making by Hand. In many parts of the world glove making is entirely a hand trade. It is contended by many manufacturers that no machine yet devised man cut out a glove properly; for the reason, it is said, that such a machine is incapable of discriminating between good and bad, thick and thin, pieces of leather, each of which calls for special treatment.

button in each scalloped. The yoke is tucked net in upper part, and this is encircled by a shaped band of thick lace. The joining of bodice to skirt is covered by a scalloped band of silk. The box-plot in center and the cuffs are also silk.

Materials required for dress: Seven yards 42 inches wide, one yard silk, two inches wide, three-eighths yard tucked net, half yard piece lace 18 inches wide.

Mr. Tommy Dwight had wandered down by the river. He had gone down there with sturdy stride to fish for mullet and suckers and bass and bullheads. He had quite recovered from the shock of a week ago. He sat fishing, and he hummed as the fish came into his basket. Yes, the world was a good old place to live in, even if a goat was to be met now and then. He had thought of that good looking girl several times, but had avoided passing the house.

Miss Susie Anderson hadn't wandered down to the river. She had sauntered down there. She wanted to see the waters pour over the dam. She wanted to wonder, by herself, if the stranger had forgiven the goat, or was still bent on his assassination. And all of a sudden she saw Tommy Dwight as he fished. And all of a sudden she saw somebody's goat as the goat saw Tommy. Would it be proper to scream and scare all of Tommy's fish away? Could she approach him and warn him that the same goat was after him the same way? Should she throw herself between the goat and the man and receive the head-on collision?

Miss Susie was a little slow in making up her mind, and the goat settled the matter. The fishing, humming, happy Tommy was struck between the shoulders. He uttered a brief prayer for mercy and shot far out into the river and sank. Then the girl screamed. Somebody's goat looked at her and shook his head. Then, as she ran for the water, he went up town on new business.

It was good for Tommy Dwight to come to the surface at all, but particularly good that he came within reaching distance of a pole Miss Susie held out to him. He was drawn ashore. He sputtered and spluttered and coughed and gasped, but life came back to him. Miss Susie ran to the sawmill and got a man, and it was the man who told Tommy that it was the same old goat, and gave him an arm to his hotel. This time there were results. The victim was in bed for five days. The doctor didn't exactly say so in plain English, but he hinted around that both of Tommy's lungs had been parted from their foundation, and that his shoulder blades had been dislocated in seven different directions.

Miss Susie Anderson had a conscience. That conscience accused her of collusion with somebody's goat. She hadn't been a heroine. She hadn't given a warning. She hadn't put forth a hand. And to save that conscience she sent flowers to Tommy when she heard from the innkeeper's wife that he was in bed and wrapped up in cotton batting. All of this was perfectly right and proper. Tommy held his nose to the bouquets 20 times a day and agreed that it was so. And further, that it was the proper and all right thing to do there and vow vengeance upon that goat.

When Tommy Dwight's heart and lungs and shoulders had worked back to the proper place, the thing for him to do was to walk down and call on the young lady and tender a thousand thanks.

One evening, therefore, after having hired about 20 boys to scout around and bring back reports that somebody's goat was not to be seen, he started out on his call.

The house was reached. The gate was reached. Miss Susie was perched on the side fence, and the goat was shaking his horns and venerable whiskers at her. He turned from her to see the new arrival, and the light of joy danced in his eyes. He even bleated with happiness.

But it was not to be. As somebody's goat drew a long breath and dashed forward he met a determined painter of landscapes. There was a club handy, and it fell upon Billy's pate with a crash, and he rolled over to die game. He gave not one bleating appeal for pity. He died game.

Several months later Tommy had come down to Medvale on one of his weekly visits, and he and Miss Susie had been talking and talking, when he suddenly asked:

"Haven't you always thought that somebody's goat had a mission on earth?"

"To hunt folks, do you mean?"

"No; to bring them together."

"Why, it does look a little that way," she said as she blushed and began to play on the piano.

Tommy not only got somebody's goat, but he got somebody else.

SOMEBODY'S GOAT

By LAURENCE ALFRED CLAY

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Somebody's goat stood in the open gate looking at a young lady pinning a wet lace collar on a clothes line.

She looked at him in return. He had the horns of an ibex. He had a venerable whisker. His attitude was truculent. Would he charge?

That goat had a mission. He did not know it, but the mission began to work out as he finally turned from the gate and trotted down the street. When he had departed, the young lady drew a breath of relief and advanced to the gate and fastened it and leaned over it for a moment.

Miss Susie Anderson was young and a teacher in one of the public schools at Medville. This day was Saturday. As for the goat—he was just somebody's goat, just such a goat as can be found wandering around every village.

And Tommy Dwight, the artist, had tired of painting pictures which the American people refused to buy in preference to the old masters, and had come down to Medville to fish and loaf around and get new inspiration. He was on his way to the inn from the depot, baggage in either hand and more on his shoulder, when the girl looked over the gate. She saw him a block away, but she had no interest in him. Tommy might have been the advance agent of a moving ten-cent picture show, for all she knew or cared at that moment.

Miss Susie was interested in the goat. Billy was standing in the middle of the street and his actions were menacing. He was striking the ground with his front feet. He was



Crash, and Tommy Went Down.

considering Tommy's case. Then, suddenly, he dashed forward. Tommy was unconscious of his peril. Miss Susie didn't think to scream, and guardian angels are not always around when wanted.

Crash, and Tommy went down. He had to. He lay there, sprawled out amid his baggage, and somebody's goat surveyed him for a moment and then walked placidly away. Tommy did not get up. No one came along to help him, and Miss Susie did the proper and humane thing. She ran down to him. She found him gasping for breath and clawing around as if he had lost something. When the light of intelligence returned to his eyes she gently informed him that a goat had mixed things up for him. Until then he had labored under the impression that it was a brick house.

It was not her goat, and she was very, very sorry, and should she bring out vinegar or a smelling bottle, and were any legs or arms or ribs or shoulders broken? Tommy Dwight had been thrown down, and thrown hard. If it had been a \$5,000 automobile, he would have felt all right about it, but to be upset by an old goat in the face of a good-looking girl, hurt and humiliated him. He thanked her sulkily and gathered up his stray baggage and limped off. In the future look be cast at his sympathizer he thought he saw a smile on her face.

Saturday came again. Somebody's goat had lived a week longer—a week near his grave. He brought his ibex horns and venerable whisker to the same gate, but found it shut. He peered between the pickets, but the girl was to be seen. He made sure of it and then went away on his mission. He wandered down by the river.

Mr. Tommy Dwight had wandered down by the river. He had gone down there with sturdy stride to fish for mullet and suckers and bass and bullheads. He had quite recovered from the shock of a week ago. He sat fishing, and he hummed as the fish came into his basket. Yes, the world was a good old place to live in, even if a goat was to be met now and then. He had thought of that good looking girl several times, but had avoided passing the house.

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Several months later Tommy had come down to Medvale on one of his weekly visits, and he and Miss Susie had been talking and talking, when he suddenly asked:

"Haven't you always thought that somebody's goat had a mission on earth?"

"To hunt folks, do you mean?"

"No; to bring them together."

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GAME DRIVEN TO THE SWAMPS

Forest Fires Have Caused Caribou, Deer and Moose to Desert Their Usual Quarters.

According to the opinion of an old resident of the country about Kelliber and the upper and lower Red lakes, the forest fires which have been burning with more or less regularity in the wooded sections of that community have had a tendency to force the moose and deer from their usual haunts into the more swampy parts and more particularly to the big swamp north of the upper Red lake, where there is a safe retreat from fires.

While these fires are not heavy or dangerous, yet they are sufficiently severe to disturb the big game animals and cause them to seek more congenial quarters.

The country about the Rapid river, which flows northward from a point northwest of Red lake to the Rainey river on the Canadian boundary, has always been the habitat of large droves of caribou, about the only stamping ground of these animals in the northern states.

Parties who have visited the Rapid river section state that there are more caribou this year than ever, and that deer and moose have been added in large numbers since the summer season began. As Agent Bishop, Red Lake agency, is co-operating with the officials of the state game and fish commission to prevent the slaughter of big game by the Indians the deer, moose and caribou in the Rapid country have been but little disturbed this summer.—Bemidji Correspondence St. Paul Pioneer Press.

The Only Relief.

The flat dweller looked up from his afternoon paper.

"Jane," he demanded, "how is it we don't hear that girl across the way ripping up the atmosphere with her singing lessons?"

"Mouse jumped from under the piano today and she lost her voice," responded his wife.

"Great Josephus! Jane!"

"What, Henry?"

"Can't we catch another mouse and drop it under the piano when she recovers?"

More to the Purpose.

Peddler—"I've got some signs that I'm selling to shopkeepers like wild fire. Here's one, if you don't see what you want, ask for it." Country Shopkeeper—"Give me one readin'." "If you don't see what you want, ask for something else."—Stray Stories.

A Pleasing Deduction.

"He asked me to guess her age." "Did you get it right?" "She said I did and seemed much pleased."

"How in the world did you do it?" "Why, you see, I happened to know her real age."

A Byron Statue. Many years ago some admirers of Lord Byron raised a subscription for a monument to the poet to be placed in Westminster Abbey. Chantry was requested to execute it, but on account of the smallness of the sum subscribed he declined, and Thorwaldsen was then applied to and cheerfully undertook the work.

In about 1838 the finished statue arrived at the customs house in London, but to the astonishment of the subscribers the dean of Westminster, Dr. Ireland, declined to give permission to have it set up in the abbey, and owing to this difficulty, which proved insurmountable, for Dr. Ireland's successor was of the same opinion, it remained for upward of twelve years in the customs house, when (1846) it was removed to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge.

The poet is represented in the statue of the size of life, seated on a ruin