@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@@

CHAPTER XVIII .- (Continued.) She had gone deeper than this into ferent direction. When they met again thought before the prudent man abovestairs had finished the last will and testament of Sarah Eastbell. She had forgotten all danger in her love-dream, but she awoke suddenly to it at finding a figure standing at her elbow, wan and ghost-like, a something from the other world verily believed in her first surprise and horror. Two years ago this being had lived—only to-night she had heard that she was dead—and she sprang up and went back with hands spread out against the wall, too terrified to scream

know me?" croaked the haggard figure 'Sophy-Tom's wife!" ejaculated

Sarah Eastbell.

"Yes-but not dead yet-oh, dear, no
black as Tom's coat is!" she whisper-

Sarah glanced at her. She had no yet recovered from the shock, and the woman was terribly forlorn and ragged, with a death's-head gleaming from a battered black straw bonnet.

'How did you obtain admittance to Through that window-it was unfast-

You have come in search of Tom?" "No, no-to warn you of a danger-of an awful danger, as I live, Sally, to you and your grandmother! I can't tell you here-I daren't be seen by Tom," she whispered still, "he would kill me if he found me at his heels. Outside in the garden I can breathe a bit." "I will come with you."

Sarah followed Mrs. Tom Eastbell, who walked very feebly, into the garden, where a little while ago she had seen Miss Holland and Captain Peterson together. Was this a further installment of the mystery about her?-or in the shadows of the night would she approach closer to the truth? In thinking of Reuben Culwick, and forgetting everything what valuable time might she not lost?—she who should have been watchful at all hazards of the men who

she knew were dangerous.

Thus from one mystery to another passed Second-cousin Sarah.

CHAPTER XIX

The will of Sarah Eastbell was comand Hartley, the maid, and second servant were introduced into the room to witness the old lady's effort at a

"It's a good thing done, after all," muttered Mrs. Eastbell as she lay down

"It's brief and unlawyer-like," said Reuben, contemplating the will, think it sets forth your intentions clearly, aunt. What shall I do with it?"

"Lock it in that iron box; the key is under my pillow," said Mrs. Eastbell. Reuben found the key, and locked up the will, restoring the key to its place beneath his aunt's head.

It had been a day of more than ordinary fatigue and excitement to Mrs. Eastbell, and she was tired out; sleep was life to a woman of her age, and he would not trouble her again concerning granddaughter, or ask her any ques tions respecting the engagement. would be time enough to-morrow to con-sider that—and Sarah was waiting for

Reuben went downstairs thoughtfully. He had almost resolved to proceed to the gallery in the first place, but the temptation was too strong to seek out his secondcousin, who would surely be in the draw-ing room awaiting him. He had a great "May I inquire your name?" said Reudeal to tell her now, and a little to ex-plain concerning his past misonthropy, which had grown more strongly develop which had grown more strongly develop-ed as she at last seemed to fade away more completely from him. A real hero-ine had his Second-cousin Sarah proved herself to be; he wished that he had been more of a hero to match, that he had more bravely endured the inevitable. She did not know yet what an obstinate and bad-tempered man he was, and how he had quarreled with everybody in turn after his father's death. He went into the drawing room full of these odd resolutions, and found Mary Holland there, "Where is Sarah?" he asked, after a

glance round the room had assured him the absence of his second-cousin. "Sarah?" said Miss Holland, springing to her feet. "Has she not been with you in Mrs. Eastbell's room?"

'She left it half an hour since.'

Mary Holland left the room; and Reu-

ben remained, with a new perplexity to battle with, and rising doubts and fears Mary Holland entered the room again

and was standing at the door, a paler and more affected woman than when he had seen her a few minutes since. "Gone!" she said at last,

"What do you mean?"
"That—that Sarah Eastbell is not in

the house," explained Mary.
"It can't be true!" ejaculated Reuben.

"Stay, let me think still. For heavn's sake give a distracted woman time to think!

Reuben, in the midst of his excitement, remembered afterward that the demeanor of Mary Holland aroused in him for an instant a half-wondering interest, as in a dream of vague beliefs and startling inconsistencies; and then the trouble of upon his second-cousin's promptitude, but Sarah's absence took away all thought of his friend turned quickly to him, and everything else.
"Her brother and the man he brought

with him," said Reuben, "where

"They are in the gallery still; they could not have left the room without my being warned."

They are in this plot, if plot there said Reuben.

Mary Holland ran to the window and

looked back at Reul "Open!" she cried she cried

uben and Mary Holland stepped into the garden, and looked around them. It was a dark, dry night, with the stars hidden now, and the wind soughing through the larches on the hillside with such plaintive moanings that Reuben strove to catch the accents of his cous-In's voice amidst them.
"We shall find her in the garden," said

Reuben assuringly, as he strode along the paths, with which he was acquaint-

ed, and directed Mary Holland in a difwere no nearer the discovery of Sarah Eastbell. She had vanished away completely, as by a miracle; and Reuben stood discomfited by the drawing room window.

"This is beyond all guessing at," he

said, with a half groan.
"The window of the picture gallery is closed and barred," said Mary Holland,

"but they are there still."
"I will see them at once," said Reuben; "meanwhile send out the servants to search the country. There has been foul play here.

no!" exclaimed Mary Holland. "He said—he promised Who promised?" asked Reuben quick-

ly. "Sarah's brother," answered Mary, afa moment's silence.
"Well-promised what?" said Reuben

"That he and his friend would not in any way disturb the peace of this house —that they were here in all sincerity—

"Do you ask me to believe in that vagabond, Tom Eastbell? Send the servants abroad, and leave these men to me," said Reuben, passing from her into the drawing room, and proceeding through the room into the hall, and along the corridor toward the picture gallery. He turn-

ed the handle sharply and entered.

The two men were there. In the man olling in the armchair there was no diffiin identifying Thomas Eastbell; culty but he who bent closely, and in near-sighted fashion, over a music book propped against the lamp, was a stranger be had never met before. It was at him that Reuben gazed, distrusting him more at first sight than Thomas Eastbell.
"I am Reuben Culwick," said our hero

sternly, looking from one to the other. "I don't bear you ill will, mind," Tom; "when I was in trouble once in Potter's Court, and the police came, and you might have made mischief out of a little bit of innersent chaff we had to gether, you stood by me like a trump, and I'll shake hands with you, if you ask me, just for my sister's sake."

Which of you two men will save him self from jail by telling me where Sarah Eastbell is?" thundered forth Reuben Culwick.

Thomas Eastbell's lower jaw dropped at Mr. Culwick's vehemence, and his sem-blance of astonishment was admirably felgned, unless he was astonished in real Captain Peterson sat down with his hands upon his knees, in the attitude of one who anticipated a narrative of great interest to follow.

Where Sarah Eastbell is!" said Peterson; "why do you put such an extra ordinary question to us, sir, and accompanied by such a threat as the jail?" She is not in the house, and you two

"She is not in the nouse, know where she has gone."
"Miss Eastbell was in the drawing room a quarter of an hour ago, when I for my violin," said Pense "surely she has not left the hous son; since? There must be some mistake, Mr. Culwick, and, mistake or not, you will excuse me for protesting against manner of addressing Mrs. Eastbell's guests.

Captain Peterson spoke with a falter ing voice, and with considerable warmth, as a man might do whose feelings had been unnecessarily wounded, and Reuben Culwick regarded him with graver interest. Here was a being to be wary of, if

"My name is Peterson, sir-Captain Peterson, of the merchant service—a friend of Thomas Eastbell's, and if not an old friend, still one who does not feel disposed to allow him to be browbeaten out a word of protest." "Peterson," muttered Reuben, half

aloud. The name was wholly unfamiliar to him-it had not been mentioned on that night in Potter's Court, and only some days afterward by Lucy Jennings, when it had not lingered in his memory. Captain Peterson's dark eyes peered from under his brows at Mr. Culwick, as he repeated his name in a low tone, and there was the faintest smile of satisfaction flickering over his fresh-colored face at the discomfiture expressed on Reuben's. "You both deny all knowledge of my

disappearance?" said Reuben. "We do," said Peterson, with grave no liteness; and Tom took his oath upon it at once, by way of adding force to his denial. "And now, sir, perhaps you will tell us what has happened."

'And relieve a brother's anxiety." added Tom. "She's the only sister that I have got in the world, and we have albeen very fond of one another

"You overdo your anxiety," said Reu-ben, dryly, "and I am still suspicious of you. Sarah Eastbell has disappeared suddenly from this house-within the last half-hour—and you are the men of whom she has been in fear. To that fact I swear before a magistrate to-morrow. To-morrow the police will search the house and grounds for traces of her. I telegraph to-morrow to Scotland Yard for one of its ablest officers to meet us

Thomas Eastbell was heard to mutter a malediction of the most violent kind upon his second-cousin's promptitude, but

"Don't give way, Thomas. Don't let sensibilities get the better and lower your character before this man of many threats. You have been unfor tunate, in your early days-you have had the frankness to confess it to me, and the generosity to atone for it to othersbut your later life is without stain or blemish. Let the police come; you can face them in your aunt's house this gentleman is more an intruder than yourself—without a blush upon your honest cheek."

"At your peril be it, if she is not found," said Reuben; then he strode fro the room, doubtful in his own heart of Reuben these men's complicity with the mystery of Sarah Eastbell's disappearance.

As the door closed, Tom leaped to his feet and went across to his friend, whom he clutched by the shoulder nervously. "Has she really gone?"

favored us, and she has left your grand-mother's establishment."

"There must be no harm done to her." Tom said, trembling; "I won't have her hurt, I swear."

"You left all to me, Tom Eastbell," said Captain Peterson; "it's too late to complain, whatever happens."

CHAPTER XX.

Only one person slept that night in the big house at Sedge Hill. While Mrs. Eastbell slumbered, the inmates were astir, and not a few of them abroad, heating right and left for scraps of informa-tion, and failing in their object miscra-bly. Sarah Eastbell had disappeared, leaving not a trace by which she might be followed. As Reuben rode to Worcester he scan-

ned the hedge rows, and the dry ditches, for a trace of her; he turned into yawning lanes where all was of an indistin guishable darkness; he reined in his horse you will count around the circle, fifty times to listen to the noises of the ing various dominoes, each night—the shrick of a distant engine, toil-ing on with its luggage through the country to some bustling center; the rattle of the train, the rustling of the trees, the whirring of a night bird in the long grass of the meadows, the yelping of dogs in the farm house yards, as he dasn by. He found his way at last to Worcester, and went slowly, hopelessly along deserted streets in the direction of the police station.

was seven in the morning when he was at Sedge Hill again. He rode bac in hot haste, as if something unforesee He rode back were to be thwarted by his quick return; and he was prepared for evil tidings, as he passed into the hall and found Miss Holland, pale as he had seen her last, awaiting him with eager eyes.

What news-what has happened since I have been away?" he exclaimed. "Nothing has happened," answered Mary Holland; "and you? Have you

heard or seen-

"There is not a trace of her." He sat before the fire where his cousin Sarah was surprised by her sister-in-law, and endeavored from his bewildered brain to shape out a scheme for her discovery when the maid Hartley entered breakfast on a little tray, and set it down on a coffee table at his side.

There was a letter lying on the tray, addressed to himself. The superscription was in a strange hand, a fine bold hand-writing, characterized by too many flourishes to be wholly satisfactory, and he took up the letter curiously, broke the seal and read the following epistle:

"Sir—After your discourteous behavior of vesteder avenues."

of yesterday evening, I cannot, with satisfaction to myself, remain a guest in your aunt's establishment. I feel compelled to withdraw from a position which it is incompatible with my dignity to re-tain. I have intrusted Mr. Thomas East-bell with my kind regards to his grandit is incompatible with mother, to whose hospitality and invariable kindness I am forever deeply indebt-ed. My servant will call for my violin in the course of next week. I beg to remain, sir, your obedient servant,

"EDWARD PETERSON." There was a deep furrow on the brow of Reuben Culwick when he had finished the perusal of this letter.

"Why was this man allowed to leave the house?" he asked. "He who calls himself Captain Peterson.' "I didn't know that he was gone, sir.

Not that I could have stopped him, Mr. Culwick, as all the servants were away when I saw him last." "When was that?"
"At five o'clock this morning. He was

"N-no, sir, I don't say that," was the quick answer, as the woman flinched before his steady gaze; "but I was curious, of course. It's all in such a muddle, sir, just now, and Miss Holland's very kind; she's been always very kind to all of us, but I wanted to hear what they had to at those two being together in the garden last night."

-which two? "Those two Miss Holland and the Captain." "Sarah was angry," repeated Reuben "with whom?"

"With Miss Holand, just before you

The Llama of the Ander

What the camel is to the people of the deserts of Asia and Africa the llama is to those who dwell in the Andes, says W. E. Curtis in his book, "Be tween the Andes and the Ocean." The llama is a faithful, much-enduring beast, sure-footed and speedy, without the services of which the inhabitants of some parts of the country would be utterly helpless, for mules and horses cannot endure the great altitude and the rarefied atmosphere.

It costs nothing to keep llamas; they pick up theelr food by the wayside, although this seems almost incredible to though this seems almost incredible to And plant my way with seed, those who know the barrenness of the The song sends music everywhere, terrible deserts.

Although the llama is naturally doelle and obedient, he has a furious temper, and duels sometimes take place

in the herd which continue until one of the combatants is killed, if both are When frightened, the llamas scatter over the desert, but when cornered they huddle in groups, with their tails together and their heads out to meet the enemy. Their only weapon of defense

is their saliva, which, when they are angry, they squirt through their teeth in showers, as a Chinese laundryman sprinkles clothes. A drop of this saliva falling in the ear or eye or on any part of the body where the skin is broken will produce a painful irritation, and sometimes dangerous sores, like those that result from

the venom of a serpent.

A Man of Family. "Are you a man of family, sir?" "Heavens, yes! My third son-in-law moves in to-day."

Doubt is brother evil to despair .-O'Reilly.



LITTLE STORIES AND INCIDENTS

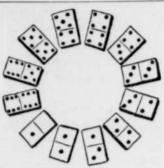
That Will Interest and Entertain Young Readers.

Trick Played with Dominoes. So don't forget that Here's a jolly trick you can play

with dominoes, boys and girls. Place twelve of them in a circle (see picture) and tell one of the players that you can point out any domino he thinks of.

This is the way to do it: Tell him you will count around the circle, touchcounting one. He must count your touches, and when the number of spots on the domino which he has thought of equals 20 he must say "stop." The domino last touched is sure to be the one he had in mind. Here is an example: Suppose he se

lects the double-two. You begin touching various dominoes with your finger, silently counting 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, as you go. When you come to "8" be



HOW TO PLACE THE DOMINOES.

sure to touch the double-six domino and then count to the right without skipping a single domino.

The six-five domino will be "9," you understand: the double-five '10." the five-four "11," and so on until you reach double-two. There you will be told to "stop," for the number of times you have touched various dominoes sleeves (16 times) plus the number of spots on the double-two domino (4 spots) equals 20, you see.

Now all you have to do is to say This (the double-two) is the domino you thought of." He will say, "You're right," and he

will wonder how you guessed it. Be sure not to count aloud nor even to look as if you were while you are doing the touching.

Johnny Appleseed. Before the days of the Civil War very country boy and girl had heard' of Johnny Appleseed. He was a queer character wandering from place to place, and as he played his fiddle very well and did not beg for money most people were glad to see him. In these days we might have called him a "At five o'clock this morning. He was talking to Miss Holland—here, just where I stand, sir—and I think that they were having a few words. I don't know for certain, but I think so."

"You suspected them?" said Reuben clothing, he never passed the hat for money.

He never talked about himself nor told where he was going, but used to recite the most wonderful tales rhymes. Children loved to hear him. and interested people used to write because poor Miss Sarah was angry down some of his verses. Appleseed was only a nickname which was given him on account of a singular habit he had of planting seeds. Whenever he ate an apple, peach or pear, he saved the seeds, and while tramping across the country used to stop and plant

'don't say any more. I will wait for that had been planted by Johnny Aport of the stalk up and the fringes pleseed. This is one of the songs that ing toward the sun. he used to sing:

I love to plant a little seed, Whose fruit I never see: Some hungry stranger it will feed, When it becomes a tree.

ve to sing a little song Whose words attune the day And round me see the children throng When I begin to play,

So I can never lonely be, Although I am alone, I think of future apple trees Which help the men unknown

I sing my heart into the air. The tree will tell my deed.

Looking His Rest. A certain boy of about sixteen years.

whom I know, is very careful about his personal appearance, and yet I do not believe he has a trace of vanity in his make-up. He is not the least "dudish." He does not affect startling neckties, nor fancy waistcoats, nor canes with great, bulging heads on them. nor anything at all striking in appearance, but he sees to it that his clothes are free from dust or soil of any kind. His boots are always carefully polished, his hair neatly combed, his clean, his nails in the same condition. Moreover, his mother does not have to beg and implore him to wash the back of his neck and his ears. He always has an appearance of freshness and neatness that is good to look upon.

Tastes Differ. "If you would only be gentle and kind," Said our little kitty one day, "And always speak low,

And move rather slow, How pleasantly then we should play! For cat rimes with mat, And with afternoon chat,

And a little love-pat;

If you would only be gentle and kind, And smooth my fur just the right way, And call me some pet name, you'd certainly find

How pleasantly then we should play!"

If you were only a livelier child, Said our puppy, Ravels—called Rav—
"And would hop, skip and jump
Over bush, snag and stump.
What a glorious time we should have!
For dog rimes with log.
And with loud-subashing from

And with loud-splashing frog, Or a twenty-mile jog Through a nice, muddy bog; So if you were only a livelier child, would call out, 'Here, Ravels!

Come, Rav!"
And then dash off and prance through the wilderness wild, What a glorious time we should have!"

The Little Princesses The Czar of Russia has four little daughters who may some day be sorry they are not boys. That is strange, indeed, isn't it? The reason is because the Russians are anxious that there should be a prince as heir to the throne. So these poor little girls are not loved as dearly as they might be by their own people. The Rusisans are sorry for them, but think they cannot

The Wanderer.

A little cloud hung on its mother's

love them because they are not boys.

blue sky 'I must go to the earth, but I will not

> and by. The Youthful Idea.

"Papa," said small Edgar, "I know "Papa," said small Edgar, I allow and the judge, eagerly. what makes people laugh in their "We do!" shouted the enthusias

"Well, my boy, what makes them? asked the father. "'Cause that's where their funny

bone is." was the logical reply.

FACTS ABOUT THE BANANA When Ripened on the Plant It Is Not Suitable for Food.

There is a vast amount of ignorance

prevailing among intelligent people of the North concerning the growth, production and marketing of bananas. that are no longer in circulation, Many people imagine that the natives even collectors find difficulty. in sec in tropical climes step out of their huts ing specimens to complete the vari in the early morning and pluck and series. eat bananas fresh from the plant the same as they would oranges and other fruits. Bananas ripened on the plant are not suitable for food and would as a curlo have set many to rumn be much the same as the pith which is ing in old pocketbooks and the bott found in the northern cornstalk or elder. Bananas sold in the United States, even after traveling 3,000 miles in a green state, are every bit as good as bananas ripened under a tropical sun. This is probably true of no other export fruit. The plant of which bananas is the fruit is not a tree nor is it a bush or vine. It is simply a gigantic plant, growing to a height of probably have not so much gold from fifteen to twenty feet. About them as they represent, They used leaves, ofttimes eight feet long, come out in a sort of cluster, from the center of which springs a bunch of ba- the handsomest coin relics seen is bananas pointing upward, naturally, of 1799. It is larger than the pres and if the stem grew straight they would hang exactly as seen in the fruit on a band and wears it as a charm came. She said she couldn't trust her, them in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. This, it heard that as I was passing with my mistress' gruel, quite by accident."

"That will do," said Reuben, moodily:

Western country chose a spot where and this brings it into directly the country chose a spot where and this brings it into directly the country chose as pot where and this brings it into directly the country chose as pot where and this brings it into directly the country chose as pot where and this brings it into directly the country chose as pot where and this brings it into directly the country chose as pot where and grocers' windows. This, it is the country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. This, it is the country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. This, it is the country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. This, it is the country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. This, it is the country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they are country chose as possible to the case; the stem in places where he thought they stores and grocers' windows. stores and grocers' windows. This, his watch chain. The owner says however, is not the case; the stem has refused an offer of \$150 for bends under the weight of the fruit relic of the stalk up and the fringes point- days, when gold dust was largely t

A word of explanation concerning some banana terms. Each banana is not the elegant finish of the gold co called a "finger" and each of these litstalk is called a "hand;" the quality number of hands it has. Some may some on account of the \$50 in them wonder how the fruit is cut from the top of a plant fifteen feet from the ground. The native laborers cut the stalk part way up its height, the ground, then the bunch is cut off with ing man, who stopped and asked: the ever-ready machete and carried to the river or railroad for shipment. The plant at the same time is cut close to the ground. The banana is a very pro- annoyed at being interrupted, "and t lific producer of itself and at every one that tells the biggest gets cleaning of the land it is necessary to cut down many of the young plants or "suckers," as they are termed, in order that they may not become overcrowded up to a certain limit; the fewer suckers on a given area the larger the fruit they will produce.

Latest Demand of the Cook. Mistres to servant, who has just given notice: "What inducement can offer you to remain?" "I want an asbestos curtain before

the kitchen range."-New York Sun.

Easily Acquired.

Hyker (reading)—A physiognomist says that men who are impulsive and aggressive usually have black eyes. Piker-That's right. They are reaenably sure to get 'em sooner or later.

Only after repeated failures to catch on does a girl announce her decision Free Press. never to marry.

Dogs and porous plasters are frequently attached to mankind.

sional men of the last generation loved the field and the cry of hounds above any indoor duty, or the best known was a certain jurist who inspires reminiscences fised in the People's Friend, of I dee, Scotland. During the Fer minded, says the contributor, and

Of all the "hunting sporting parsons," and other pr

joyous pair they made.
"Yer honor," whispered the cle one fine morning, "there's a meet day at Ballykilmulligan, and they a fine dog-fox."

"How many's in the dock?" ask the judge, excitedly.

"Twenty, for rioting and breach peace, yer honor." "Tim," said the judge, "do you th

you can get the first fellow to ple guilty without a jury trial-me to him off with a week in jail?" "The easiest thing in the work

answered the faithful clerk. "Make haste, then, and bring whole gang, and I say, Tim, tell Jery to saddle the mare meanwhile."

The twenty Fenians were broug into court-nineteen of them prepar to fight with counsel and jury to t bitter end. The twentieth had be interviewed by the clerk.

"Guilty or not guilty of the crim-charged?" demanded the judge, wi propitious smile. "Guilty, yer honor," said the craf

prisoner. "Well," said the judge, gland benevolently about the room, "I fan I can let you off with a week."

The man thanked the judge, stepped down to the balliff. There w terrific sensation among the oth breast,
And quivered and sobbed, in the deep pected to get off with less than a years in limbo. Here was a chance profit by his honor's pleasant me One and all manifested an earnest sire to follow the example of the I'll fly back to you in the sweet by comrade and acknowledge their crit at once.

"Do you all plead guilty?" deman

nineteen in chorus. transportati

"Fourteen years'

aplece!" exclaimed the judge, with click of his jaw. "Jerry, is the me po saddled yet?" COINS THAT ARE OUT OF US

Some Money Issues of the Governm

Have Disappeared from Circulatio There have been more than a s of coins issued by the United Sta

Recent mention of the disappeara of the \$2.50 gold piece from circulat and the premium this coin comma of cash boxes and drawers in search odd or out of date coins. Some h found a \$2.50 piece, but not many.

The \$3 piece, once quite comi but always a sort of curiosity, is tener found, and many have specin of the little gold coins representing cents and 50 cents each, which w not minted by the government, eighteen feet from the ground the pass as coin, but were never in g eral circulation, being so easily that they soon became scarce. One namas. These do not grow with the \$10 gold piece bearing the mint sta \$10 gold piece. The owner has it h

The old octagonal \$50 pieces w as a circulating medium. They v made of pure gold, and while they l minted by the government in the tle clusters of fingers surrounding a days many still remember them as handsomest coins they ever saw. Ms and value of each bunch depend on the people now would consider them has

Got the Dog Fairly.

Two little boys were having wh appeared to be a warm discuss weight of the fruit causes the stalk to about a dog, which one of them b slowly bend over until the bunch of by a string, in a downtown park, wh bananas just nicely reaches the the group was joined by a grave-lo Well, boys, what's the matter?"

> dog," explained one of the youngste "Do you not know," advised

"We're telling lies for this he

newcomer, sagely, "it is very wro to tell untruths? Now, I never told lie in my life." The boys looked at each other

credulously and then one of them claimed: "It's his dog! We ain't in his class

After the "Corner." Gunner-What ever became of t young stock speculator who used to

so many tips? Guyer-Oh, he's getting more than ever. Gunner-You don't say?

"Jones is a cheerful fellow." "Yes; he never listens to anyth but what he says himself."-Det

Men and women are so weak, amount to so little, that it is surp

A MISTAKEN INFERENCE. ******

Guyer-Yes; he's a waiter in a b

ing that anyone can be flattered.