"Eh? I beg your pardon, Gilbert. Did you speak to me?"

"Speak to you? I asked you three times to give me another cup of coffee." Mrs. Corin extended a slim white hand for the coffee cap.

"May I ask what so engressed your thoughts?" inquired her husband, a little irritably.

Lucile smiled. "Ob, you'll only laugh at me if I tell you.'

"Never mind. What was it?" reiter-

ated her husband, a little mollified. "I-I was thinking of some levely Turkish embroidery they showed me at Liberty's yesterday, and"-

do with Turkish embroidery?" rupted Mr. Corin impatiently.

'Well, do you know that's what I've been wondering ever since, and I've place among the maris complaisants. just discovered" ---

"But"-

"Yes," continued Lucile, regardless of the impertment monosyllable, "I think it would look perfectly levely to derneath"-

"Tut, tht! I don't want you decked out like a houri in a harem."

"Gilbert!"

"I don't like all these new fangled things women get up in to look like figares on a Japanese fan' --"But, my dear husband, there's noth-

ery!" exclaimed Lucile as she pushed back her chair from the breakfast table. "Never mind; I don't like it. Besides you are really too extravagant,

Lucile. I cannot see the necessity for all these wonderful toilets. "My dear Gilbert, don't talk about

things you don't understand." And, gathering up the small pile of letters that were beside her plate, Mrs.

Cerin made her way to the door. "Oh, by the way." said her husband,

mind giving up the Claytons' ball to-Giving up their ball! Why, in the

name of all that's reasonable, should I do that?" "Because I ask you."

Mrs. Corin shrugged her shoulders in

"You will write to excuse yourself?" "Certainly not. Why, I've got a perfect dream of a gown to wear, and I mean to thoroughly enjoy myself." "That is to say you intend to make

yourself conspicuous by your flirtations, as usual." Lucile laughed.

"I will not allow it. You shall not go on in this ridiculous fashion." 'My dear Gilbert, don't you think

that it is you who are ridiculous just now? You silly fellow," she continued. drawing near him, "what does it matter to you if half the men in the room are in love with me when you know that I'm not in love with them? There, don't talk nonsense, and be off to your ride." "Why don't you come, too?" asked

her husband, half mollified again. "I-oh, not Couldn't possibly spare

And with a laughing farewell she

tripped out of the room. The smiles, however, vanished as she sank into a low chair in her bondoir diented, and began: and picked one note out of the heap that lay in her lap. Mrs. Corin's pretty dimples disappeared and her brows con-

tracted into a frown as she read: DEAR MRS. CORES—You know, of course, that I am engaged to Miss Eathleen Mayse. Don't you think under the circumstances it would be better for you to return. think under the circumstances it would etter for you to return me some very foolish effusions of mine which you still have? I am sure you will see the advisability of this and will be good enough to give the packet to my friend Appleparth, who will call upon you at 12 this morning. Yours sincurely. W.E.

"I shall do nothing of the sort," exclaimed Lucile when she had reread the letter for the third time. "Engaged to Kathleen Mayse, indeed! Engaged to her thousands, he ought to have saida horrid, plain, little, red haired thing without an idea in her head. It is perfeetly disgusting, the things men will do for money, but I did think Wilfrid was different. I did believe in him at least." And she rose from her chair indignantly. "Why, not a year ago, he was ready to blow his brains out because I would not marry him, and now"-She finished her sentence with a dramatic gesture worthy of Duse herself. A dangerous little person she looked as she paced up and down the pretty boudoir. The fact was that Mrs. Corin was suffering acutely from the complaint which in our nursery days we called

'dog in the mangerne Married before the close of her first season to a man whose hold on life and fortune was more unstable than any one had supposed, at 21 she was left a widow with an income which allowed small margin for opera boxes or Parisian toilets, both of which, with tout ce que s'en suit, were exceedingly dear to the little woman's heart. Launched among a certain set, however, she was swimming with the stream to no very safe port when Gilbert Corin-an elderly banker-came, saw and was con-

quered. Some one says somewhere that there are no wedding bells which do not ring the knell of somebody's happiness, and certainly on Lucile's second marriage morning Wilfrid Endicott might well have been dubbed the "Knight of the Rueful Countenance." He and the pretty little widow had, for some time before Corin's appearance upon the scene, been engaged in a very serious flirtation -so serious indeed that when her elderly suitor declared himself, and Lucile murmured the fateful "Yes," she had a nearer approach to a qualm of con-

science than she had ever experienced. Without doubt had Wilfrid been suit-

ably endowed with this world's goods there would have been small chance for Gilbert; but, as things were, "marriage was a luxury they could not afford, "as Lucile told the augry young man when he came to upbraid her for her faithlesynma. The little woman was not without a taste for dramatic situations, and "Did you, dear? I'm so sorry!" and on the whole she rather enjoyed her farewell interview with Wilfrid. She wept a little in a becoming fashion and gave atterance to a few sentiments of the "Blanche Amory" type and ended by saying that she would like to keep his letters as a souvenir of their "dream. "

Though she had laid express commands on Wilfred as to their conduct to each other after her marriage, Luctle had to intention of their being obeyed. Unfortunately, however, and as every silver lining has its dark cloud, Gilbert Corin was as jealous as a Moor, and some "My dear girl, what can you possibly whispers concerning his wife and Endicott having reached his ears it was speedily made clear to Wilfrid that Mr. Corin was by no means likely to find a

Acting on the principle that when a man's heart is broken be gathers up the places and melts them together again at the pearest camile, Wilfrid had gone to Kathleen Mayso for consolation, which consolution was possibly all the more trim a ten gown. It could outline a sort effective that, as a setoff to her red hair of creps de chine, you know, and nu- and hazel eyes, the young lady was sole beiress to one of the richest iron founders in England.

The sugagement had been formally announced a few days ago, and some how Lucile's maid had not found that her lot lay among the lilies and roses of life ever since, and this letter capped everything-the calmly impersonal tone of it-it might have been from any one ing Japanese about Turkish embroids to any one-and her hands clinched as she thought of the contents of the packet that she was so summarily called on to deliver up to this Mr. Applemanth.

Mrs. Corin unlocked a drawer in her writing table and took out a small parcel neatly tied up and docksted:

"Lotters from W., June-August, 1890. She untied it and glanced over one or

two of the most passionnte. 'To think that he could write like that and then be so utterly faithless, a little hesitatingly, "do you very much she exclaimed. "I've a great mind to send the whole lot to that little Mayse She paused. It would be a delightfully dramatic thing to do. It savored of French novels and Dumas plays. "No, no. It wouldn't be safe. There's no knowledge, she might make a scandal, and if it got to Gilbert's ears it might be awkward. No, I suppose there's nothing to do, after all, but meekly deliver them up. How wretchadly tame! What a stupid, common place ending! 'You've come for a parcel for Mr. Endicott? So sarry to have given you so much trouble. Thank you. Good morning. No, I won't! I can't let it and like that. Wilfrid shall come for them himself, of course. I'll tell this man so. He shall come tomorrow morning. I'll receive him here, and we will

say our last goodby. And Mrs. Corin's busy brain immediately went to work with the mise en scene-the gown she would wear, the attitude she would assume, the words she would use-ah, Wilfrid should remember that interview, she was telling herself, when the maid brought her a eard. "Show Mr. Applegarth in here."

He bowed a little stiffly as he adthe time, dear. Heaps of things to do vanced, and certainly, if he was suffer-and letters to write! Goodby for the ing from nervousness, Lucile's manner was not calculated to reassure him.

"Mr. Applegarth, will you be good enough to sit down?

The young man took the seat she in

"Endicott told me that you would be

kind enough to rece "May I ask what else Mr. Engleott

has thought fit to tell you?" Applemarth looked up in surprise-it

was rather the tone one might use to a presuming footman.

"No doubt you are acquainted with the whole story," she continued loftily. "I am aware that there are certain letters of Endicott's in your possession, which he thinks you would be glad to get rid of, and as such things occasionally miscarry in the post he fancied that the simplest way would be for you to give them into my charge. That is all I

know of or care for in the matter." "Why did not Mr. Endicott come for them himself?"

Applegarth suppressed a smile. "It would not have been quite wise, would it? He is not, I believe, a regular visitor at your house.

'Neither are you.' "True; but I am also a total stranger. whereas he was-I mean every one knows that you-that is," he concluded hurriedly, "as you were formerly acquaintances comments might be made if he were seen doing so unusual a thing as calling upon you.

'Oh, is Miss Mayse so jealous, then?' The embassador became interested in a minute speck upon his coat sleeve, and made no reply.

'Here are the letters," continued Lucile, after a pause, holding up the little packet, "but you can tell Mr. Endicott from me that unless he comes for them himself they shall not leave my hands"-

"But, Mrs. Corin"-"I am quite determined. Your friend can call upon me tomorrow morning at 11:30. I shall be quite free then, and "-

"He cannot possibly do that"-"Why not?" "He has to travel up to the north this evening with Mr. Mayse on business,

and he is particularly anxious that"-'What can it possibly matter to him whether the letters remain with me a few days longer? Is he afraid that I his wife's lap. "Now you've got all may address them to Miss Mayse by mistake?"

Applegarth's hurried denial was a triffs too emphatic not to have a doubtful ring about it, and Mrs. Corin was too keen not to notice it. He was afraid of her. Then he would put off the journey and come to her.

"Let me entreat you, Mrs. Corin, to reconsider the matter. It would make things so much easier for every one if | don Truth.

e letters and let me take them away? "I have already told you that I will give them to no one but to Mr. Endi-

CO2211 But"-"My mind is made up. Thank you very much for all the trouble you have taken, and excuse me if I must wish

you good morning. I have some shopping to do." Applegarth rose.

'if you would"- he began, when suddenly a man's voice sounded with-

"Mrs. Corin is in the bondoir, you said? "My bushand!" exclaimed Lucile in

sternation, "What shall I do?" Applegarth looked in surprise at her changed constenance. Was the worthy bunker a veritable Othello that she appeared so alarmed as she stood there. the letter still in her hand. As the haudle of the door turned she looked round wildly for some hiding place for them, and then suddenly catching sight of a pale green cardboard box, with a big gold "Liberty" painted upon it, she flung them hastily into it, jammed down the lid and sank into a chair just as

Mr. Corin appeared on the threshold. sucile- Oh, I beg pardon," added, stopping as he noticed Apple garth and glaring at him with an air of suspicion. "I did not know that you were engaged," he continued, address ing his wife, who was nervously fidget ing with her rings in a way that was

"Have I disturbed you?" Applegarth stepped forward quickly, I was endeavoring to persuade Mrs. Cerin to purchase some of our newly imported goods."

Linen' -"I am a traveler of Messrs. Liberty & Co., " he continued boldly, seizing the box, while Lucile gazed at him with wide open eyes.

"I see," said Cerin without relaxing his frown. "You've come about the Turkish subroidery, I suppose.

"Exactly," replied Applegarth promotly. 'It seems to me that shopkeepers do

quite enough in their showrooms to insince people to spend money uselessly without pestering them at home. "We only venture to call on our old

customers," explained the young man apologistically, "and really this embroidery is so very beautiful." "Yes, I daw say," interrupted the banker, "but I particularly dislike that

sort of thing. So gandy and"-'Oh, excuse me, I assure you the col-

ors are most beautiful! "My good man!" exclaimed Mr. Corin, checking what looked like a tend-

ency to display his wares, "it's quite useless. Mrs. Corin does not wish for any of your embroidery. Oh, but I do, Gilbert," put in Lu-

eile auxiously. "I do very much. "There is a lovely strip here for £20," interposed Applegarth at random. "Twenty pounds!" cried the banker. 'Twenty pounds! Perfectly preposter-

ous. Certainly not. We don't want your embroidery; we won't have it, do you understand? Good morning. "Good morning," replied the other

quietly, taking up the bandbox. "Oh, but won't you leave the box?" cried Lucile hurrledly, "perhaps"

"No, no, take it away; I hate that sort of thing lumbering up the place. Applegarth bowed, and the door closed on him-and the box. The next with the throttle closed is beyond the moment Lucile's sobs cansed her husband to turn toward her with astonish-

"What on earth is the matter?" A fresh burst of weeping was his only

What's Wrong, Lucile?

"You - are-so-unkind-to-me," came brokenly from behind the firmsy bit of embroidered muslin that did duty for a handkerenief.

'Unkind? What nonsense! Because ! won't let you throw away money by handfuls on mere nonsense?

"It isn't nonsense. Besides you always say that-you never do anything to please me now!" My dear child," he said soothingly

as the little frame shook with hysterical emotion. "Oh, I know, you den't care about me now. You think I'm silly and triv-

"I think you the sweetest little goose in the world," he ejaculated as he drew ber hands away from her face and looked into a pair of blue eyes that possessed the rare and enviable quality of looking all the prettier through a few tears.

'No, you don't," and a big drop that had trembled on the eyelashes fell with a splash upon his hand, and Lucile knew by experience that the battle was won. "You never let me have my own

"Is it about the ball tonight?" he asked coaxingly. "I didn't mean it, of

"It isn't that," she said, with a shake of the head, and only half yielding to his encircling arm.

'Surely you wouldn't cry about the embroidery, darling?"

"I did want it so much, and"-"You silly child! Well, dry the tears. You shall have it. We'll send after the man at once. He can't have got very far, or I'll go round to Liberty's myself. Will that do?'

Before Lucile could answer, however, the maid appeared at the door holding the fateful green box.

"Please, madam, the gentleman said that perhaps the box had better be left till the firm's cart called for it."

'There, isn't that lucky?" said Mr. Corin as he smilingly placed the box on you want."

But having taken out every separate piece of embroidery several times Mrs. Corin did not think it so lucky. She found that she had by no means got all she wanted, and while she cried with rage Wilfrid Endicott and his friend shouted with laughter. Of such contrasts is our little life composed.-Lun-

you would trust me! Won't you seal up JUST LIKE A WOMAN.

THIS IS WHAT A "BEAR OF A MAN" SAYS ABOUT LOCOMOTIVES.

Iron Horses Are Frenky Creatures and Pull of Whims - Some of the Odd Things They Do-They Seem to Have Instincts Just Like Live Horses.

That locomotives are freaky creatures and deserve classification as "she"-for no one ever heard of an engineer calling his machine anything else-is attested by William H. Crawford, chief of the constructing engineers' corps of the Baldwin works.

'It is not an uncommon expression, said Chief Crawford, "to hear that such and such a thing works with the regularity of a machine, and one is not surprised when such a comparison is made, for machines are supposed to work with mathematical regularity and never to they are set. The lecomotive, though, work, and to rid itself of the depressing most fanciful and inexplicable freaks, driving its master into bewildering wonder. To attempt to tell you all its carious ways would be as great an undertaking as to tell why a woman does thus and so. In this respect there is a mad shown so many signs of insanity great similarity between locomotives and women.

"No one ever heard of an engineer speaking of his machine as 'he,' and no one ever will unless it becomes more submissive to reason or less inclined to act according to its own whims and caprices. Thus an engineer must know his engine before he can manage it. He cannot mount a cab in which he has never sat before and obtain good work. He must become familiar with its habits and ways, and whonever he changes engines he has to begin all over again. Engineers do not like to go out on any other engine. They never gain complete mastery over any, but approach it nearer when they have been on one for some time. This seems strange, in view of the fact that there are so few levers to be controlled to manage a locomotive. The only parts of the machine necessary to be touched to move an engine forward, back it or bring it to a stop are the throttle, the reverse lever and the airbrake. The throttle is the controller of the main valve, which admits or shots off steam to the cylinder. The reverse lever runs over a semicircular bar of iron, in which there are several notches. When this lever is thrown open, the engine will move forward. To reverse it the reverse lever is thrown backward. The only other lever necessary to be used governs the braken

"Lake horses engines seem to know who holds the reins. An engineer on an engine not his own is at an utter loss what to do if it begins playing tricks, one of the most common of which is running away. The engineer will get out of the cab, leaving the machine standing quietly and submissively as can be, when of a sudden it starts along the track at top speed and generally keeps on running until ateam is exhausted unless it runs into another train and is brought to a sudden stop. Just why engines do this is a mystery. How the throttle opens itself or how it can run knowledge of engineers, but they do it and sometimes play havee too.

"Another trick is foaming. Without warning the water in the boiler will begin to foam, and instead of generating steam will bubble like a teakettle. This can be remedied, the ing a new supply of water. It is an old trick for discharged employees and during strikes to have a piece of soap dropped in the boiler to produce this effect. Often, too, it will go 'lame,' This happens when the eccentric is slipped or it does not 'cough' properly. The eccentries work on the axle of the main driver, and often the outer ring will slip and fall on the axle. As they work the steam chest, the supply is cut off when one of them slips, and the engine comes to a standstill. 'Coughing' is not the result. of a cold, but is the discharge of the steam from the cylinder after it has been used. There ought to be four 'coughs' to every revolution of the driving wheels, but when the valves choke it will 'cough' only once or twice, and the

relief is a large dose of oil. "One of the oddest freaks of an engine is jumping. I do not mean to tell of the wonderful tales of engines leaping across canyons when bridges were gone, but frequently when running at a high rate of speed, if some small obstruction is met on the track, the engine will jump 10 or 12 inches and drop squarely on the rails again. There are a few of the ailments a locomotive is subject to, and they begin as soon as it leaves the shop and continue until it is consigned to the junk pile. "-Philadelphia Inquirer.

Philadelphia Broil.

In Philadelphia we have what is known as the "Philadelphia broil," which, by the way, is not a broil at all. The oysters are cooked after the following fashion:

Drain the oysters; put the liquer over the fire; boil and skim it; for each 20 oysters allow a tablespoonful of butter, which put in a saucepan and brown; add a tablespoonful of browned flour; then add a half pint of the oyster liquor, which has been boiled and skimmed; stir the mixture until boiling; add half a teaspoonful of sait, 2 tablespoonfuls of sherry and a tablespoonful of paprica Turn all this into a double boiler and add a teaspoonful of "Kitchen Bou-quet." Have very hot an ordinary cake griddle; brush it lightly with butter; throw on a few oysters at a time. As soon as they brown and curi turn and throw them at once into the saucepan, and so continue until all the oysters are broiled. The griddle must be very hot, or the juice of the oyster will prevent the browning .- Household News.

BECAME A THIEF WHILE INSANE.

Surprising Discionness Follow the Return

of a Convict's Reason. Three years of imprisonment have lifted the clost from the mind of a mass supposed to be a common horse thief, out who is now revealed as Dr. Herbert Spencer, formerly a prosperous London physician. As a climax to his strange adventure the board of pardons will be at once petitioned for his release from the eastern penitentiary in Philadelphia.

On Sept. 25, 1891, three borses were

stolen from the stable of O. W. Young-

man in this city. The thief was easily tracked and was captured at Mount Pleasant, Pa. In effecting his capture an officer was shot in the hip and another was wounded in the arm. The horse thief had a gunshot wound in the safe, and one arm was nearly tern from the rocket. He was brought back to Williamsport and locked in the county jail While in prison he made half a dozen attempts to end his life. He was vary from the speed or action to which tried in December, 1891, under the name of Herbert Spencer Darwin, was is a striking exception to this rule. It convicted and sentenced to the peniferseems decidedly opposed at times to a mary for 4%, years. Before sentence monotonously perfect performance of its was pronounced it was prefty conclusively shown that at the time of his effect of sameness it indolges in the trial the man was insane. He has spent over two years in prison, and until the first of the present year he showed no change in his character or actions.

Then came a sodden and startling development. The condemned thief, who and whose bangling attempt to steal three houses was castly overthrown, showed signs of returning reason. Quickly these signs multiplied, and now the prisoner, scenningly a perfectly rarional man, aumounces his identity. He is not Herbert Spencer Darwin, but Dr. Herbert Spencer. He cause to this coun try in 1890 with \$6,000 in cash. He in

tended to locate in the United States. Soon after his arrival his mind be came a blank, and be recalls nothing that has happened the meanwhile Through the pentitentiary officials be tearned where he had been tried and convicted. Sufficient proof has been gathered, it is asserted, to establish the truthfulnes of Dr. Spencer's claims that he was tusane when he stole the horse and nearly ever since. Friends will me every effort possible to have the unfortunate prisoner set free. - Williamsport (Pa.) Dispatch.

AMERICANS IN EUROPE.

The English Boutface Is Making Prepara tions to Entertain Many of Us This Year. Afready the indications are that more Americans are coming to Europe this ear than ever before. The proprietors of the principal botels in London are rejoicing over the fact that they have received more applications for apartments during the season from all parts of the United States than at so early a date in any previous year. If their expectations are unfulfilled, it will be a dismal time for the English boniface, for the st of them found the balance on the wrong side of the ledger last year, and America is the sole hope for many of them One thing only it was feared might cheek the exodus, and that dangot is probably over. Most of the steamship lines made some advance in first days fares fast season in anticipation of World's fair travel. It proved to be the most apprefitable year for a long time. The recent conference of managers of the principal lines discussed the point uncellicially, but the managers were almost manimous in opposing a further ndvance.

The agents recognize that the bulk of clergymen, schoolieachers and others naving moderate salaries and for entions. A heavier tax would keep them at home. It is further argued that these classes rather profit than suffer by the ford times, so it is expected that travel this year will be unusually large. -London Letter.

WANTS TO DE CUT UP.

There's Money Inside Him, He Thinks, Besides a Strange Disease

A poorly dressed old man walked into the reception office at Believue hospital the other afternoon and surprised the elerk by hanling a thick roll of green backs out of one of his pockets. He followed this up by taking more bills out of the fring of his bat. It's all mine, " he said gleefully,

and I know where I can get more. He said he was Bernard Bergen, 69 years old, a peddler; that he had been all over the world and that he had money to burn.

I'll tell you how it is," he went on-I decided last night to become a martyr to medical science. I have discovered that I have a strange disease which has never been heard of before. When the dectors cut me up, they'll fearn something

A doctor pronounced the old peddler crazy and committed him to the insane paython. In his pockets were found \$270 to bills and a handful of small change. He refused to tell where he got the money.

When they cut me up, " be added, you il find a fot more. He said be had no friends, and that all people wanted was to get away his

money. - New York Press. To Save the Speculators.

The histop of London has ordered his elergy to make a special effort during Lent on behalf of the worldlings of the Stock Exchange and Lumbard street, who certainly need a spiritnal awakening as much as the poor east end. The hishop's scheme includes midday services at various ancient city churches, and as business is very slack they have been so far well attended.

The stock produce brokers regard the scheme as a remarkably funny joke and consider it their duty to help it along. On Thursday during a dull interval on the Stock Exchange somebody suggested a special mission on behalf of the souls of the bucket shop keepers, whereat there was much enthusiasm. - London

AN INNOCENT PARSON

HIS ATTEMPT TO DESCRIBE A RA FIGHT IN RING VERNAGULAR

The Bride Ventured a Suggestion Who Caught On-The Preacher Didn't he succeed In Appearing Unsuphities The Little Ram's Ring Tactics.

A preacher told this story at a wal ding supper on the South Side the olin evening:

"I was riding along a country mai near Bloomington," he said, "when noticed a group of sheep in a pasture There was a large open space is to midst of the flock, and at either ent of the space stood a ram. In the center. but standing a little at one side, was third ram. The two rams had evidenth had a falling out about something or else they had come to settle in a frient ly contest which was the better ran-Ram No. 3 seemed to be acting as judge, umpire-what do you call at Referen? Yes, that's it, the third ran was the referee. I don't know under what rules the meeting took place is may have been Queensberry or Roschery You see I am not up to these technimatters.

"When all the preliminaries had been arranged and both contestants had been cantioned apparently that there was to be no 'fouling'-I think I have seen that word in the newspapers occasional ly, and therefore I suppose it is a corect word to use in this connection each backed off to the farthest limits of the circle, which, by the way, was not a squared circle. The referee stepped out of the way, and the rams dashed to ward each other. When their beads came together, there was a terrific crash, and the force of the concussion three them as far apart as the length of the

All the guests looked the full length of the table from the passion flowers at one end to the bride's cake in the far perspective, and then at the precebria the middle distance, but holody stid anything.

"Then," continued the preacher, "they took their places, apparently none the worse for the encounter. Again, oridently at a preconcerted signal from the referee, they dashed tegether. This time the shock was even more terrific than the first, and I noticed that as one of them went back to his-ab, what do they call it, corner?-he was a little unsteady on his legs. 'Groggy!' ventured the bride.

"I believe that is the technical term," replied the preacher, "although, as I have intimated, I am not at all familiar with sporting phraseology. When time was called for the third round-ahemthat is, I mean to say when the rame had recovered strength for a third col lision — there was another rush, a crash, and one of the runs, the one you so uptly described as 'groggy' (with an acknowledgment to the bride) fell to his knees. His adversary did not seem inclined to follow up his advantage, but possibly he may have been restrained by the rules of the meeting. At any rate, after contemplating his fallen for grave ly for a mornent he walked back to his place. The other ram, after resting briefly, struggled to his feet. The third ram-the one I have called the refered -looked at him rather inquiringly, as it seemed to me, but the warrier showed no sign of recognition. He ambied to his side of the ring and faced about A marmur of some sort seemed to go American summer travel comprises through the flock. The odds were apparently I to I in favor of the other ram -- that is to say, it seemed to be the general opinion that the ram with the weak knees had been ontelassed, as the other one was decidedly the heavier of

"However, the smaller ram seemed to have wonderful recuperative powers. When the proper interval had elapsed, he came up emiling, as it were. I even thought I could see a twinkle in his eye, for I was quite close to the fence, and this thing took place only a little distance away. As the referee stepped back from the center of the ring, where he kept his position between the meetings, the other two rams drove at each other pellmell. At the very instant when their hard horns would have met, however, the smaller ram suddenly changed his course to the right, and the other

went through the ranks like a catapult.

"Just as he turned about, evidently boiling ever with indignation at the trick which had been played on him, the other one, with the added force given by a longer run from one side of the circle to a point several feet outside of it, where the larger ram's momentum bad carried him, shot at him like a cannon ball, striking him full in the face and driving him several feet away, where he lay limp and helpless. The third ram, who was promptly on the spot, as I suppose every competent referee should be, nodded his head several times-indeed it looked to me as if he was counting-and then the fallen ram failing to rise the whole flock marched away toward a knoll in another part of the meadow with the victorious ram at the head. Presently the defeated ram got on his feet and made his way to a secluded spot down by a little run, where I saw him reclining in the shade of a

large willow tree as I rode away." What an interesting study natural history is," said the bride's grandmoth-

er as she adjusted her glasses. "It is indeed," said the groom's father, coughing behind his napkin. -Chi-

cago Tribune. An Irish Student's Reply.

An Irish student, who some years ago attended the university of Edinburgh, called upon one of the most celebrated teachers of the German flute, desiring to know on what terms he would give him a few lessons. The flute player informed him that he generally charged gnmens for the first month and 1 guinea for the second. "Then, by my soul," replied the counting Hibertal. "I'll come in the second in mit