

SUNDAY AFTERNOONS.

From the window of the chapel softly
winds an organ's note,
Through the peaceful Sabbath gloaming
drifting shreds of music float,
And the quiet and the brightness and the
sweetly solemn tones
Bear me dreaming back to boyhood and
its Sunday afternoons.

When we gathered in the parlor, in the
parlor soft and grand,
Where the haircloth chairs and sofas
stood arrayed, a gloomy band,
Where each queer old portrait watched us
with a countenance of wood,
And the shells upon the whatnot in a
dustless splendor stood.

Then the quaint old parlor organ, with
the quaver in its tongue,
Seemed to tremble in its fervor as the
sacred songs were sung,
As we sang the hymns, sang the
glad revival hymns
Of the glory of the story and the light
no sorrow dims.

While the dusk grew even deeper and
the evening settled down,
And the lamp-lit windows twinkled in
the drowsy little town,
Old and young we sang the chorus and
the echoes told it o'er
In the dear, familiar voices, hushed or
scattered evermore.

From the windows of the chapel faint
and low the music dies,
And the picture in the firelight fades be-
fore my tear-dimmed eyes,
But my wishful fancy, dimming, hears
the light wind hum the tunes
That we sang there in the parlor on those
Sunday afternoons.

TAKING HIS ADVICE

MR. SHELDON was the principal
merchant in the important
manufacturing town of Tor-
mont. He was proud of his wealth, but
he was still more proud of the fact that
he had made it all himself, and his
pride was greatest because he had
made it by never allowing anybody to
get ahead of him.

"That's the secret of success in life,
Harry," he said, one day, to his favor-
ite clerk. "Sharp's the motto, if you
wish to rise. I don't mean you should
cheat; that, of course, is both wrong
and ungentlemanly," (Mr. Sheldon
prided himself, also, on being what he
called "a gentleman," and above all
his little meannesses.) "But always be
wide-awake, and never let anybody
cheat you. I've noticed, by the bye, that
you've seemed rather downhearted late-
ly. If it's because you're your fortune
yet to make, don't despair; but follow
my advice. An opening will come at
some time for something better than
a clerkship, and though I shall be sorry
to lose you, yet I'll give you up, if
it's for your interest."

"Thank you," said Harry, apparently
not a bit cheered up by this cool way
of being told he had nothing to expect
from Mr. Sheldon, "but it's not exactly
that, I suppose I shall get along
somehow."

"What is it, my dear boy, then? I
really take an interest in you, as you
know," and he did, so far as words
were concerned. "Perhaps I can give
you some advice."

"Well," said Harry, with some hesi-
tation, "I'm in love, and—"

"In love!" exclaimed the clerk mer-
chant. "In love, and with only a clerk's
salary to marry on. It will never do—
never do, Harry. Marriage for one like
you is a fastening a millstone round your
neck, unless, indeed," and he stopped,
as if a bright thought had struck him
—"unless, indeed, the girl is rich."

"She is rich, or will be, I suppose,"
answered Harry, "for her father is a
wealthy man. But that's just the diffi-
culty. Her father would never let her
marry a poor man, and she won't marry
without his consent."

"What a miserable tyrant!" said Mr.
Sheldon. "If I was the lover, Harry,
I'd run off with her. I'd checkmate
the old curmudgeon in that way," and
he chuckled at the imaginary triumph
he would achieve. "Pon my soul, I
would! I never, as I told you, let any-
body take a rise out of me."

"But would that be honorable?"
"Honorable! Isn't everything fair in
love and war? I thought you had some
clerk, Harry. How I should like to see
the stinky old hulk rear and stomp
about on his gouty toes—for he must be
gouty—when he heard of your elope-
ment!"

And he laughed till his portly sides
shook at the picture he had conjured
up.

"He'd probably never forgive me,"
said Harry, dejectedly. "And then
what could I do, with a wife brought
up to every luxury, and only a poor
clerk's salary to support her on?"

"Never forgive you? Trash and non-
sense! They always do forgive. They
can't help it. Besides," with a confi-
dential wink, "I think I know your
man. It's that skintight Meadows. I've
heard of your being sweet on his
daughter. She's a pretty mink, though
she is his child. Oh, you needn't deny
it. I saw how you hung about her at our
party the other night; and when I
looked about it with my daughter the
next morning, she as good as admitted
that it was true, saying it would be a
good match for you. Now, I owe old
Meadows a grudge. He tried to do me
in those railway shares last winter, and
I mean to pay him for it, somehow. I
tell you what I'll do. I mustn't ask
him, you know, who the girl is. Mum
must be the word. I mustn't, of course, be
known in the affair; but I'll give you a
leave of absence for a month and a
check for \$50 to pay for your wedding
trip if you'll make a runaway match.
Is it agreed? Well, there's my hand
on it. Here's the check, Egad! Won't
the old rascal howl when he hears how
we've done him!"

Harry seemed to hesitate, however,
and it was not till Mr. Sheldon, eager
to see his old commercial rival put at
a disadvantage, had urged him again
and again, and promised to stand by
him, that he finally consented, and took
the check which his employer persisted
in forcing upon him.

The next morning Mr. Sheldon came
down to breakfast in high glee, for a
note had reached him just as he was
shaving, which ran as follows:
"Dear Sir—I have, with much diffi-
culty, persuaded her to elope. It was

PRESIDENT EDUCATIONAL ASSOCIATION.



W. M. BEARDSHEAR

William Miller Beardshear, elected President of the National Educational Association, is President of the Iowa State College of Agriculture at Ames, Iowa. He was president of the Western College of Toledo, Iowa, from 1881 to 1889 and was superintendent of the Des Moines city schools from 1889 to 1891 and president of the Iowa State Teachers' Association in 1894. He was United States Indian Commissioner in 1897-98. Mr. Beardshear has been president of the Iowa State Agricultural College at Ames since 1891. He was born at Dayton, Ohio, and was educated at Oberlin and at Yale.

not, however, till I showed her your
check that she would consent to do so.
She said that she was sure you would
not recommend anything that was
wrong; that you would advise her as
if you were her own father, and she
hoped you will stand by us. We shall
be married to-morrow, before Mr.
Meadows is up. Very thankfully,
"HARRY CONRAD."

The old gentleman brought the note
with him to the table, opened it out be-
fore him, adjusted his spectacles and
read it over and over again.

"I'd give a \$10 note," he said chuck-
ling, "to see the old fellow's face when
he hears how Harry has done him."

It was the custom of Mr. Sheldon to
read his newspaper at breakfast, while
waiting for his only child and daughter,
who, a little spoiled by overindul-
gence, was generally late.

But this morning Matty was later
than ever.

The banker had read all the foreign,
as well as the home news, and even
reperused Harry's note, and still she
had not made her appearance.

"The lazy puss!" he said at last. Then
he looked up at the clock. "Half an
hour late! Now, this is really too bad."
John!" he cried, addressing the man-
servant at the sideboard. "Send and
see why Miss Sheldon doesn't come
down. Tell her, with a severe air, 'I'm
tired of waiting.'"

John came back in about five min-
utes, looking very much flustered.

"If you please, sir," he stammered,
"Miss Sheldon's not in her room, and
she says that the bed looks as if it
hadn't been slept in all night."

The rich merchant's jaw fell.
He started up, with a cry of agony, to
go and see. But he was prevented by
the footman appearing at the door with
a telegram.

"A telegram!" cried the merchant,
unfolding it with his trembling hands.
"What can it mean? Has she been
found dead anywhere?"

This was the telegram:
"Dear Father—Harry and I were
married at 8 o'clock this morning. I
would not consent to an elopement till
Harry assured me you had advised it.
He says you promised to stand by us,
and I know you pride yourself on never
breaking a promise. We wait for your
blessing."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated Mr. Shel-
don, when he had recovered breath.
"The impudent, disobedient!"
But here he stopped—stopped, and
mopped his bald head, which, in his ex-
citement, had broken out into great
drops of perspiration. He remembered
that he had himself advised Harry to
elope, and that, if the story got wind,
he would be the laughing stock of the
town, including—hardest of all—Mr.
Meadows. He remembered, too, that
he had but one child, and that she was
all in all to him.

So he accepted the inevitable and tel-
egraphed back.

"You may come home, and the sooner
the better, so as to keep the \$50 for pin
money."

Tell Harry he's too sharp to
money, and that I take him to-
day into partnership. Only he must
remember that partners never tell tales
out of school. God bless you!

"H. SHELDON."

The runaways returned by the next
train. The marriage proved, too, an
eminently happy one. The story never
got out. We only tell it now in con-
fidence.—Woman's Life.

ANNA GOULD'S SISTER-IN-LAW.
Senorita Na Ico Terry, who has mar-
ried Dr. Castellane's brother,
Senorita Natilio Terry, whose mar-
riage to the Count Stanislas de Castel-
lane, brother of Count Boni de Castel-
lane, is announced, is the daughter of
Senor and Senora Francisco Emilio
Terry, of Cuba, New York and Paris.
She is a niece by marriage of the prima
daughter of the late Tomaso Terry, the
fabulously rich Cuban planter, who be-
gan life as a peddler of cheap jewelry
in Havana and ended as one of the rich-
est land-owners on the island. The
new Countess Castellane is 22 years
old. She was educated at a convent in
Paris, and has lived in great seclusion,
after the fashion of aristocratic French
girls. She is said to speak with equal
facility French, Italian, German, En-
glish, and Spanish, and brings to her



NEW COUNTESS CASTELLANE.

the most money. Count Jean captured
the rich widow of Furstenberg, Marie
Louise of Tallyrand-Perigord. And
now comes along Count Stanislas, the
last of the trio, whose marriage is an-
nounced to the daughter of Emilio Ter-
ry, of the rich and famous Cuban-New
York family of that name.

While Count Stanislas does not secure
as much money, perhaps, to help regis-
ter the ignoble escutcheon of the Castel-
lanes as Boni or Jean, he gets a wife
whose face is described in the Paris
chronicles as delicious to look upon.

Curiously enough, in two instances
the money procured to the Castellane
family by the advice of this up-to-date
Polonius to his sons was made by two
peddlers in America. One was Jay
Gould, who peddled mousetraps; the
other was old Terry, the sugar man,
who started in life peddling cheap Jew-
elry.

Once "King of the Wheat Pit."
There died in San Francisco a few
days ago in great obscurity a man
whose name was known all over the
country in 1887 as the "king of the
wheat pit." At the time when William
Dresbach came into national promi-
nence General Boulanger was the man
of the hour in France, and it was quite
generally believed that he was about to overthrow
the republic. Such a coup d'etat would
have resulted in a war in France, and
would have sent the price of foodstuffs
soaring. Dresbach started to discount
the future and attempted to corner the
wheat market of the country. He was
at the time the President of the Pro-
duce Exchange of San Francisco, and
he was backed in his effort by the mil-
lions of the Nevada bank, of which
J. C. Flood and John W. Mackay, the
mining millionaires, were the owners.
Through the skillful manipulations of
Dresbach the price of wheat went
steadily up until on Aug. 2, 1887, it
reached \$2.17 1/2 a bushel. But the load
was too heavy and the same day the
bubble burst. Dresbach lost all his
own large fortune, James C. Flood was
caught for nearly \$6,000,000, and James
G. Fair for \$4,000,000. As for Dres-
bach, he dropped at once into complete
obscurity, from which he never
emerged. The last fifteen years he has
spent as a broker in a small way.

Probably every child cherishes it
against his parents that they once
gave him a calf, and kept the money
when they sold it.

What He Was Looking For.
A tramp applied for food at the house
of a suburban agriculturist recently,
and while he was eating the ration
that had been furnished at his solicita-
tion, he was asked:

"Why do you not go to work?"
"I have looked long for a place that
would suit me," he replied, "but have
never found it."

"Is there not plenty of work at farm-
ing?" asked the interrogator.
"Oh, yes," said the tramp, "plenty of
it; but, you see, sir, I want to find a
vineyard where a man who goes in at
the eleventh hour is the first to come
out and to draw a full day's wages.
In the olden times they dealt fairly by
a man. That is the New Testament
treatment, and that is what I am look-
ing for."

At the close of his meal he started
again in pursuit of that coveted agri-
cultural opportunity.

Cheap Tea.
Tea drinkers will be surprised to
learn that in Mincing lane the Ceylon
leaves from which their favorite bev-
erage is brewed has been sold at the
fabulously low sum of five cents per
pound. This is probably a record price
for tea, and it has caused a great deal
of indignation among the planters in
the island of the "spicy breezes," who
declare that the stuff thus sold can be
little better than rubbish, and is calcu-
lated to bring the products of Ceylon,
and India generally, into disrepute. It
would be interesting to know how much
per pound the public were asked to
pay for the article, or how much a
cup they gave for the water in which
it had been steeped for a certain time.
—London Daily Telegraph.

ANTS ACT AS STRATEGISTS.

Colonies of the Insects Transact Business with Military Precision.

From a military standpoint the meth-
ods employed by ants to provide food
for an ant colony are almost perfect.
Their foraging parties are faultless
both in planning and execution, and
are almost uniformly successful. A
resident of this city who visited South
Africa gives this description of a foray
of an army of ants.

The army, which he estimates to
have numbered about 15,000 ants, started
from its home in the mud walls of a
hut and marched in the direction of
a small mound of fresh earth but a
few yards distant, says the New York
Herald. The head of the column halted
on reaching the foot of the mound and
waited for the rest of the force to ar-
rive at the place of operation, which
evidently was to be the mound of fresh
earth. When the remainder had arrived
and halted so that the entire army was
assembled a number of ants detached
themselves from the main body and be-
gan to ascend to the top of the mound,
while the others began moving so as to
encircle the base of the mound.

Soon a number from the detachment
which had ascended the mound, evi-
dently the attacking party, entered the
loose earth and speedily returned, each
bearing a cricket or a young grasshop-
per, dead, which he deposited upon the
ground, and then returned for a fresh
load. Those who had remained on the
outside of the mound took up the crick-
ets and grasshoppers as they were
brought out and bore them down to the
base of the hill, returning for a fresh
load. Soon the contents of the mound
seemed to be exhausted and then the
whole force returned home, each carry-
ing his burden of food for the commu-
nity.

Here, then, was the regular foray,
planned and executed with military
precision, the country surveyed, the de-
pot of provisions known accurately be-
fore the march was made and at the
mound the division of labor and were
taken that none of the victims should
escape.

American Sewing Machine.
There are made on the average in the
United States, it is computed, 300,000
sewing machines a year, and the extent
of the sewing machine business is
shown by figures which, if not sustain-
ed by official corroboration, might be
thought to be extravagant. There are
sixty-five sewing machine factories in
the United States, with a gross capital
of \$20,000,000, giving employment to
10,000 persons and having annual re-
ceipts of more than \$15,000,000.

The American sewing machine indus-
try is sufficiently large to supply not
only the home market, but the foreign
market as well, and the machines
made in the world are
produced in the United States, and
practically all of them are protected by
American patents, and are the results
of Yankee ingenuity, perseverance, and
discovery. In the figures of the sew-
ing machine business of this country
the important item of repairs to ma-
chines are not included. It is a separate
branch of the business, maintained
apart from the manufacture of ma-
chines, and gives employment to a con-
siderable number of persons. American
sewing machines to the value of about
\$4,000,000 a year are shipped to other
countries, and there is practically no
country where the benefits of civiliza-
tion are known in which the American
sewing machines are not in use.—New
York Sun.

The Land of the Lizards.
In a late sojourn in Honduras,"
said L. R. Givens, "I came to the con-
clusion that it was a paradise for lazy
men. Everything grows luxuriantly,
with but little labor on the part of the
natives, and many crops do not need
replanting more than once in eight or
ten years. The country offers fine in-
ducements to enterprising men, but it
is hard for a white man used to civil-
ized ways to go down there and dwell
among an ignorant lot of natives who
are 100 years behind the times. A
man would have no congenial society,
and might as well be an exile."

"The natives usually live in bamboo
houses, though in the towns the dwell-
ings are of adobe. Children go naked
for the first two or three years of their
life, and the attire of the adults is
rather scant. The government is lib-
eral with concessions in order to en-
courage the development of the coun-
try's resources, but there is no general
rule governing the granting of privi-
leges; it all depends on how good a
bargain may be driven. The climate is
very salubrious and laziness is about
the only prevailing disease."

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pay for the article, or how much a
cup they gave for the water in which
it had been steeped for a certain time.
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Politeness as a Fine Art.
A Vienna correspondent writes that
there is a law in Austria which makes
it a very serious offense to insult a
public official, or even to offend his dig-
nity in any way. Public officials include
all railway employees from traffic director
to porter, policemen, tramway drivers
and conductors and municipal street
cleaners. Recently an electric tramcar
ran into an omnibus and overturned it.
One of the omnibus passengers, Frau
Sidonie Lankh, wife of a well known
donor in Vienna, was badly cut and re-
ceived a severe shock to her nerves,
which prostrated her for weeks. After
the collision, in her alarm and pain, she
cried, referring to the driver of the elec-
tric car: "The wretched fellow! Why
couldn't he stop sooner?" For this ex-
pression she was summoned and sen-
tenced to a fine of £1 13s 8d "for insult-
ing a public official."

Interesting Smoking Statistics.
Holland holds the first place in the
world as a nation of smokers. Every
Dutchman consumes on an average two
cigars a year. The Belgian consumes a
good second with an annual consump-
tion of 50 cigars, followed closely by
Turkey with 70 cigars, and the United
States with 60 cigars. Germany,
France, Spain, and Italy tread closely
on their heels, while the United King-
dom comes comparatively low on the
list with 23 cigars.

The women are wearing a white
glove now that looks exactly like the
gloves men wear when they act as pal-
bearers.

Rich widows are the only desirable
second-hand articles on the market.

HISTORIC DIAMONDS.

Art of Polishing Diamonds Unknown Up to the Fourteenth Century.

Pliny said that in gems might be per-
ceived all the majesty of nature united
in small space. Epitomes of all that is
most perfect, these flowers of the rock
add to splendor of form and color the
quality that most impresses the imagi-
nation of finite man, durability, while
in virtue of their rarity they become
most truly precious—attributes all pos-
sessed in sovereign degree by the dia-
mond, the Greek adamas, the "indom-
itable," the marvelous stone which
nothing in nature, so the ancients be-
lieved, could compress; which placed on
an anvil and struck with a hammer, as
Martial and Lucretius record (an error-
neous test, responsible for the loss of
many fine stones), shivered the iron
without being affected by the blow.

Plato described the gem as a kind of
kernel formed in gold condensed from
the purest and noblest part of the
metal, and prized more for its medical
and psychical virtues rather than for
its beauty; in fact, up to the fourteenth
century the art of polishing the dia-
mond with its own dust had not been
discovered. His theories were sustain-
ed as late as the beginning of the fif-
teenth century by the alchemist Cardan,
who believed that precious stones were
engendered by juices distilled from
gold, silver and iron in the cavities
of the rocks, and who asserted sol-
emnly that these masterpieces of na-
ture, these quintessences of the pre-
cious metals, not only live, but also
suffer illness, old age and death. This
conviction that even the impenetrable
crystal of the diamond incloses its
atom of the universal spirit, together
with all the vague mystical notions
concerning the influence of gems, the
wearing and rejuvenescence of the
pearl, the opal, the turquoise, in ac-
cordance with the fortunes of their human
owners, the prescriptions of the an-
cient pharmacopoeia which administered
powders of topaz or of hyacinth for
the cure of hypochondria or sleepless-
ness; the superstitions of astrological
mineralogy, which assigned a stone to
each month and to each sign of the
zodiac; Theophrastus' division of gems
into male and female, and the theories
of Dioscorides, of Avicenna, of Al-
bertus Magnus and of St. Thomas
Aquinas—all these may be traced back
to their origin in that magnificent
treasury of jewels, that dwelling place
of mystery and witicism, India, whose
philosophers held the cardinal principle
that the souls of the erring might be
imprisoned in the rock and serve out
an incarceration in a gem.—Lippincott's
Magazine.

Baseball in Africa.
The Boas—Say, get on to my curves.
The Traveler (as he empties his revol-
ver)—Good! But how do you like my
linchpins?

Missed His Calling.
Guest (angrily)—Why didn't you wake
me at 5:42? Now I've missed my
train!

Hotel Clerk.—I'm sorry; if you hadn't
missed your calling you would not have
missed your train, would you?—Ole
State Journal.

A Sure Result.
"Say, old chap. Coffup and I have a
bet we wish you'd decide for us."

"No, thanks."
"Why, why not? We're both friends
of yours."

"Exactly. So what's the use of my
making an enemy of one of you?"—
Life.

Deficiency Abundantly Supplied.
Binkerton—What is that place that
Prof. Nagleschmitt is playing?
Pilgrimage—That? Oh, that's one of the
"Songs Without Words."

Binkerton—Well, the audience seems
to be doing their level best to supply
the deficiency.—Harlem Life.

Convicted.
"Oh, you cruel boy, to take those eggs
out of the nest! Think of the poor
mother bird when she comes—"

"The mother bird's dead, miss."
"How do you know that?"
"I see it in your hat!"

Museum Discipline.
Visitor—So you weigh 700 pounds;
doesn't it annoy you to have people
comment on your size?

Fat Man—Oh, no; if I wasn't worried
to death with food questions maybe I'd
weigh 1,000 pounds.—Chicago Record-
Herald.

His Amended Complaint.
A man wearing a bandage across one
eye called at a solicitor's office and de-
clared that he must have a divorce
from his spouse. By way of cause he
complained that his wife made a prac-
tice of throwing things at the dog.

"You can't get a divorce for that," ex-
plained the solicitor.

"The worst of it is," complained the
husband, "every time she throws at the
dog she hits me."—Leslie's Weekly.

A Test of Security.
"I understand that friend of yours
has resigned."

"Yes," answered the man with a
broad-brimmed hat, "and it means a
good deal, too. When a man in this
part of the country resigns it shows he
feels dead sure of his ability to hold
onto office indefinitely."—Washington
Star.

Missed a Chance.
"I am satisfied now that I have made
a professional blunder in your case,"
the physician said, noting the symp-
toms of his patient.

"A blunder, Doctor? Don't I seem to
be improving fast enough?"
"You are improving too fast. Your
malady had begun to interest me ex-
ceedingly, and I wanted to see what it
would develop into if allowed to run,
but I stupidly gave you a prescription
that has knocked it entirely out of your
system."—Chicago Tribune.

Four Grapes.
"What do you think of 'The Love Let-
ters of a Liar'?"
"Too indelicate."

"What do you mean?"
"All who write love letters are liars."

Too Unreasonable.
"Men in love are such unreasonable
creatures."
"It's always been so."

"There's young Dudeleigh, for in-
stance. When he lost his heart he went
looking for it in a dark parlor without
a light."—Philadelphia Times.

Playing Him.
Tommy—Pop, who was Ananias?
Tommy's Pop—Ananias, my son, was
the man who first conceived the sum-
mer resort booklet.—Philadelphia Rec-
ord.

Regularity.
The Landlady—You said when you
engaged these rooms a week ago that
your habits were very regular, and
you've come home at 3 in the morning
ever since.

The Young Man Lodger—Well isn't
that regular?—Pick-Me-Up.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Callow Youth.—I—aw—have a deslah
to—aw—go on the stage, doncher know.
Cawn't you—aw—make a place for me?
Theatrical Manager—Sorry I can't
oblige you, old man, but I'm afraid our
scenery is too heavy for you to handle.
—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Inclusive.
She—No, I can never marry you. All
our family is opposed to you.
He—But if you are not—
She—I said all our family.—Philadel-
phia Press.

Responsible for the