TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

m

It is never too late to mend if you do it in time.

It isn't what a man has, but what he does with it, that counts.

We could get along better with the incvitable if it would make reasonably concessions.

A girl thanks it is better to have been kissed and caught than never to have been kissed.

A man's neck was broken the other duy by a collar button. The muchjoked about article has at last turned.

Presid at Ellot, of Harvard, says that educated men are slow to marry. He failed to add that married men are soon educated.

You musta't wave your handkerchief when the kalser passes or throw bottque s at him. He wouldn't shy, but his horses might.

Th re is an impression that an abundance of American battle ships might tend to simplify any sudden necessity for a conclusive interpretation of the Monroe doctrine.

It is said that the czarina is largely responsible for the reforms that have be n started in Russia. If this is the case it is to be hoped that the lady will ke p on talking to him.

Dr. Flexner, of Rockfeller Institute, announces that he has found a serum to slay cholera infantum serum. Bets as to when he will announce that the serum is a fallure are now in ord r

It is claimed that the railways of Great Britain didn't kill a passenger last year. If this is true it might pay s use of the Americans who are running railroads to go over there and take a few lessons.

Among the treasures of the British Museum is a phonographic cylinder recording the voice of Robert Browning. The poet spoke for the purpose not long before he died. What would not the world give f r a single sentence uttered by Shakespeare, thus preserved!

An old throne, almost as good as new, has recently been discovered in France. It was occupied by Louis Philippe when he opened the French parliament, and disappeared after the Revolution of 1848. The discovery has some historic interest, but is not important otherwise, as the market for thrones is not as good as formerly.

Not many years before his death Abram S. Hewitt said, "I care little for political strife except as the good of the community may be affected, or for business success except as the general welfare is in that way influenced.' This is a good ideal for one to set before him. If more men sought to real-

fact is that the apparent speculations by which many men steadily accumu-Inte immense fortunes are not speculati ns at all. The element of chance is almost if not entirely eliminated by ma terful information and carefully cultivated judgment. Great enterprises, as well as smaller ones, depend A Tale of the Early Settlers and energy put into them. The true

captain of industry takes few chances. He generally sees in advance every turn and detail of his enterprise from BY AUSTIN C. BURDICK beginning to end. His speculation is appearances accesses and a second and a second a sure thing. Rockefeller and men of his class deal only in sure things. CHAPTER XV.-(Continued.)

They let others, less cautious, do the "Why, really, gentlemen," said Simon, experimenting. They take no chances, after he had piezed the paped up, "one No same young man would think of in- would think there was something surprisvesting his savings in any ordinary ing in a simple marriage. And you, sir, business of which he had no definite he added, turning to the marquis, "I knowl dge. He would insist first that should not suppose that you would wonder at this, especially, seeing that you the management be of the highest skill. yourself gave me permission to seek and that the profits be assured by past Louise for my wife."

success. If half as good judgment "I did not!" groaned the old man. "O, were used in investing in speculative I never gave it." 'You told me distinctly that I might

While Hand

of Louisiana.

enterprises, there would be few losses. Chance and luck are por things to ask Louise for her hand, and that if she depend upon. Another man's game is consented you should bid her follow her own choice. a poor r thing still to put faith in, But that was after you hal f irly

hunted me down with questions-after 1 From that mysterious seat of judg- , had refused to listen to you on the subment where fashlons are decreed the ject. But my child never freely gave her edict has come forth that the mascu- consent to this. She could not have done line girl has been deposed and that so. O, Simon, you have forced her to the consensus of opinion is in favor this! You have ____" But the poor man's of her elder and daintier sister, she emotions were too powerful, and his and followed him. Lobois led the way of the rose-white complexion, frills and speech failed him. A moment more te furbelows and scented fan. Whence gazed into the villain's dark features, and this supersedens comes no one can say this supersedens comes no one can say. then he bowed his neither he bowed his noble P rhaps it is public opinion, not ex- heart would break.

pressed, but quietly enforced. Any- "Ha, ha, ha! you didn't want me for a way, the masculine girl is taking her son-in-law, th n," the scoun irel uttered, departure. Manulsh ties, tannish com- in a coarse tone; "for," he added, turning plexions, low heels and loud, raucous a defiant look upon Goupart, "you meant, voices are going. The smart young no doubt, to have had a more beautiful woman of to-day follows rather clos ly husband for her."

the ideals of her great-grandmothers. tongue in my presence," spoke Goupart, "You will be careful how you use your in a hushed tone, the very breathing of sistently sounded in the whole scheme which told that there was a smothering of her dress and demeanor. It is not volcano near at hand, in place here to point out the technical "Ho-ho, monsieur!" the fellow replied;

d alls of this change. But it is very "you hoped to stick your fingers into the noticeable, even to those who are not old man's gold pots, ch? I understand the reason of your coming here very well. familiar with the mysteries of pleating But rest assured you won't handle the and fleunces-and by no class is it more keenly appreciated than by those "Hush, Simon Lobois! I am moved money through the daughter's pockets." leings known as men, in deference to now more deeply than I can bear, so be whose unreasoning sensitiveness these careful that you move me no more. It is complex and ever-changing fashions enough that you have crushed this old are invented. The return of "the fem- man's heart, and overturned his life cup. "Ho-ho! thou art wondrous sensitive, inine girl" can but be regarded as a

favorable sign, though it must be ad. Monsieur St. Denis. You have lost the mitted that the swing of the fashion prize, eh? I suppose if you had married that the swing of the fashion the daughter, 'twould have been all right. pendulum is largely responsible for But you're a little behind the coach this the change. The bolsterious style of time. However, if you remain here long the masculine young woman had enough, you shall see the brile." reached an extreme bordering on the "Villain!" gasped the marquis,

uncouth and vulgar. The eighteenth frantic tone. "O, would you had killed century lass can, of course, never re- me ere you had done this thing!" turn. The young woman of this day "But, monsieur, what do you mean? If must remain to a large extent an "out-the girl chose to marry me, what can "But, monsieur, what do you mean? If

door girl," even when she ceases to you object?" "She did not choose so to do. O, she compete with men in haberdashery and never consented to wed with such as you the broad jump and football. This is of her own free will." as it should be. The healthy, bright- "Such as me!" hissed Lobois. "And so

eyed and ruddy-cheeked girl, distinctly you would spurn me now, ch? You have feminne, however, in manners and found a new flame in your dotage-have dress, marks a great advance over the you? Monsieur St. Donis, I give you joy fiall misses of former times, whose of the friend you have gained; but I calesthenics was the blackboard, and can't give you up the wife. You did it well, but I'm afraid you li have to work whose exercise was gained at tambour-work and the spinnet. Yet the de-indeed, monsieur le marquis may take mure maids of century before last had pity enough on you to give you a few much that remains to be said in their crowns just to find you in bread and sait favor. Their occupations, narrow until you can get your eyes upon some

"Now, Peter," said Simon, after some to tremble at the whiz of a pistol ball, him various sums of money to serve him. and he wondered no more. Almost did other conversation had passed, "have you watched the affair between Goopart and he pity the poor wretch. Straight, powerful and tall he stood, with his broad he marquis, as I bade you?" "Yes, mas'r; me watch 'um well, an' chest expanded, while before him fairly

cowered the diminutive form of the vilme hear all. Me foun' de hole you tole me of in de floor ober de ole mas'r's d-"Ah. Simon. I've taught the sword art lain. brary, an' me hab watch 'um ebery time since you left me in France! Take care! Poor wretch, I gave you credit for more 's got a chance."

"And what have you found?" skill, and for more courage." Peter went on and told a long story In all probability, the villain believed he had heard about letting Simon go, that Goupart meant to kill him if he and about Goupart taking his place. could. That belief begot a feeling of de-"And," uttered the n g.o, with a sparkspair, and that last taunt fired him. Like

ling eye as he gave a sort of flourishing the cornered rat, he set to now with all emphasis to the conjunction, "me's heard one oder ting, berry sartin'; One time the energy of a dying man, and for a few moments St. Denis had to look dey feared young mas'r an missus d nebsharp; but it was only for a few mober cum back, an' ole mas'r's gwine to gib Goupart all his whole fortin'. He'll ments. Simon made a point-blank thrust from a left guard, and with a quick hab heaps o' money, ch?" movement to the right, Goupart brought

"Did he say the whole, Peter?" "He did sartin, mas r. An he's planned to gib im half of it now. O. I tell ye, mas'r Goupart got mitey big h.11 and thus end the conflict without bloodonto ole mus'r's poc'et, an' on o ole mas'r's lub, too. Dey's togedder all de time. Yah-guess ole mas'r don't s'pect , further forward than Goupart had calcu-

lated, and the blow fell upon the sword he il want you no more." lated, and the blow fell upon the sword It was late in the morning when Simon hand, the guard receiving part of the force, thus causing a slanting stroke. Lobeis made his appearance. He had With a quick cry of pain. Simon dropped his breakfast served in his own room, and for some time he had been engaged his weapon and started back. in bathing his face. He walked on to the

and Goupart there. "Monsieur St. Denis," he said, in a low, icy tone, "I would speak with you."

In an instant the young man turned to the garden, and there he stopped and turned. "Monsieur St. Den's," he spoke, while

his eyes flashed and his thin lip trembled. "last night you did what no living m n has ever done before. You struck me in face. Ere I leave this place, the the stricken man must be past remembrance of his shame, or the striker must be not among the living! You understand!"

Now, Goupart was not in a frame of mind to endure much, or to argue much on moral points. His heart was aching from a horrid wound, and his soul was tortured by a fearful power; and before him was the serpent who had done it all, who had torn loved children from a doting parent-sundered the brother and sister, and made unhappy the life of a defenseless girl. The young man's eyes did not flash like his enemy's, but they burned with a deep, calm fire, such as utter disgust and abomination add to fierce hate.

"I think I understand," was St. Denis' reply

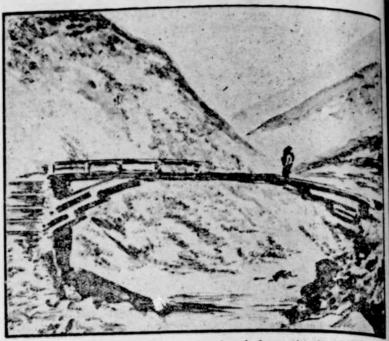
"I taught you your first lessons in the sword exercise, and you were a proficient when I last saw you handle the blade. Will you now choose that weapon?" "Yes.'

"Then get it and join me at once." Gonupart turned away and went to his He took down his sword, and noon.

buckled the belt about him. Then he drew the blade, and for a moment he gazed upon it. It had once been an uncle's weapon-the well-tried companion of Gen. St. Denis, a bold and true knight. It was of Spanish make, and never yet cheeked beys, and three sunny-haired had it failed in the hour of need. There was another sword in the room-a lighter one-a Damascus blade, and of exquisite finish, and one, too, with which the youth had always played. But it had been his father's sword, and he would not use it now. After he had returned the blade to its scabbard, he stopped a moment to ried on by means of a deaf-and-dumb reflect. Then he moved to the table, where an ink horn stood, and tearing a leaf from his pocketbook, he hurriedly wrote as follows:

"Monsieur le Marquis-You are my friend, and you know the few friends I have on earth. If I fall to-day, you will

master. And, moreover, Simon had pa'd and for the moment he was astonished. BRIDGE OF LOGS IN REMOTE HIMALAYAN PASS But then he remembered how Simon used SUGGESTING THE ORIGINAL CANTILEVAL



The above picture, which is reproduced from the Railroad Games shows what was probably the first cantilever bridge. The photograph m taken in one of the remote passes of the Himalaya Mountains near Daried ing, on the border land of Thibet. The bridge is built of logs and me mechanical principles used in its construction are seen to be quite corn This design for bridges, it is understood, has been used in India from mote times, illustrating the truth of the proverb that nothing under the sun is new.

MAKE COUNTERFEITING DIFFICUT

ASHIERS and tellers in New York financial institutions, where they sands upon thousands of dollars are received and paid out daily, sy

that it is less difficult to detect counterfeit notes and spurious coins than formerly. This is due in part to the fact that in the cleme through whose hands these vast amounts of money pass the sense of tops and the sense of sight are becoming more acutely developed, more sensi to the little differences in the appearance and feeling of money which would be undistinguished by the ordinary person, almost undistinguishable even they were pointed out, but which enable those who are experienced to se the good from the bad. Another assignable reason is the exceeding an which the government has been taking of late to render legally issued money inimitable.

Referring to the latter, it is stated that Uncle Sam, after many years d rough and expensive experience, is taking great care to get paper many factured expressly for the notes issued by the government. This particular and peculiar kind of paper is also used in the national banknotes, which as also issued by the government. It is thus possible to control the sources of supply of this kind of paper.

As soon as a counterfeit note makes it appearance a description of ha published and widely circulated. It is made a part of the business of the who handle notes to be constantly on the lookout for fraudulent ones, which are soon distinguishable by some easily discovered mark-that is, easily discovered by those who are experienced. The telltale marks are invariable present on counterfeit notes, and the teller, having been apprised of the denomination of the counterfeit notes and the nature of the marks of ides tification, knows just where to look for them.

Spurious notes are almost uniformly of inferior quality. This is the principal protection of the public. The very best material is used by the government in the manufacture of genuine notes; the expense is disregarded The best of workmen do the engraving and printing in the best equipped establishment money can provide. Counterfeiters must work in secret and at a decided disadvantage. Their appliances for manufacture are usually limited and of crude and oftentimes imperfect pattern. In the making thes is almost certain to be some palpable defect which the government agent through banking institutions, soon learn. If any number of the counterfa bills have been printed-and it would be profitless to issue them in smil number, considering not only the cost but also the element of risk and is bility which does not increase proportionately-they soon will be "spottel" and withdrawn.

The best experts, those who handle the largest sums and who often an held personally responsible for oversights and acceptance by the them of spurious notes, seldom fail to detect the counterfeit. Exactly what it is that exposes the false it is difficult to tell. Sometimes the telltale main are discovered by the eye, sometimes by the "feel"-by force of habit by instinct. The experienced teller detects one counterfeit bill in his roll of seeral thousand as surely and oftentimes as quickly as a reader detects a misspelled word. The public generally, says the New York Times, thinks little of the possibility of receiving a counterfeit bill. It is probable that many sperious notes pass from hand to hand, bringing in each instance their face value But the teller in the large bank, into which the bills drift eventually, deten them and withdraws them from circulation.

"Don't strike me now." he cried. "Fear not," replied Goupart. "I never sitting room, and he round the marquis strike a defenseless man. But are you satisfied?" "Yes-yes! But that was a cowardly stroke. "No-no, Lobois. I meant not to strike you then; I only meant to knock your

shed.

sword down. But you know you have been at my mercy thrice."

better than that, Simon.

a downward stroke with all his available

force, only meaning to break his antag-

onist's sword, or strike it from his grasp,

But Simon had thrust his arm

reply. His hand pained him now, and he held it out towards the marquis with a beseeching look. The old man examined it, and found that a bad gash was cut from the roots of the thumb to the wrist, on the back of the hand, but none of the bones were harmed. Had not the guard of the sword received the weight of the

surprised at the easy victory he had won, while Simon was surprised at the incredible skill his antagonist had displayed. And the marquis was thankful-deeply thankful-for the result, so far as mere

(To be continued.) UNSPOKEN SYMPATHY.

Little Children Who Were Careful Not

to Hurt an Uncle's Teelings. He was a big, burly, good-natured conductor on a country railroad, and he had watched them with much interest as they got on the train. There were two handsome, round-faced, rosypretty little girls of various sizes and ages. A grave, kind-looking gentleman, evidently their guardian, got in with them; and the conductor's attention was soon caught by the fact that the apparently eager conversation was caralphabet, the gentleman joining in so pleasantly that the conductor beamed on him with approval. Naturally kindhearted himself, it pleased him to see this trait in others. But his honest eyes were misty as he thought of his

found cut nearly in twain! life and death were concerned.

blow, the hand would have been severed wholly off, for the stout iron guard was And thus ended the duel. Goupart was

"It was your own fault that you did not take advantage of it. I should have kill ed you had I been able, and I think you UNCLE SAM AND BANK CASHIERS would have done the same. "No!" cried the marquis; "you know

But the wounded man made no further

ize it there would be less striving for the honors of office and less engerness for wealth for its own sake.

The child b ra to-day may expect four years' longer life than the child born fifty years ago. One of the agents to bring about this result is the school nurse, who goes from school to school, treating incipient allments. Many a cough or a cut or a sore is quickly cured, which through inattention would develop into serious trouble. Se successful has been the work of a single nurse in the New York schools this winter that twelve more have been appointed.

Many persons of good discernment believe that Frank Stockton was keeper of secrets because he never ex plained the lady or the tiger controversy. Perhaps they forgot that if he had explained it all interest in the book would have been lost. It is the business of the author to cause talk ab ut himself and his work, I believe. A pound of talk is worth a good part of an edition. Numerous authors of today are making money by advertising themselves in all sorts of freakish ways. The stuff they reel out is the v. riest trash and flap-doodle, but an interest being created in their individuality-or the lack of it-the books soil. Stockton's way of arousing curiosity was legitimate and honorable. He wrote the story for a purpose and schleved it. It was finished where he left off.

Now it is our friend-the country's friend-Edward Everett Hale-who has robbed us of a popular bellef! Daniel Weister was not a drunkard! In the twenty-six years during which Mr. Hale "knew him intimately he saw him thousands of times, read thoosands of his letters, ran in and out of his bouse constantly, and never once saw him under the influence of liquor." Of course we all will say we re oler to hear it. But in our secret souls we d n't altogether rejoice. Why is this? Are we at bottom a kind of malignant animal? Is there a nasty vein of malice in every heart? Or is it that the ordinary man and woman are chilled and stiffed by these faultless ruling folk-powers and dominions, as John Milton would call them? The dazz'e and shine of an archangel awes us, but a dab of coal soot on his wing makes him human at once. He is our brother now. We can claim fellowship with him at last; he "calls cousin" with us on account of that smut upon his wing.

Experience with "get-rich-quick" concerns is proving costly to a great many people, but if the experience be properly assimilated it will be worth far more than the lost money to thousands of young men and women who are learning through this means that ano her man's game is always run for the other fellow's profit. So many great fortunes seem to be made in speculation that young men are apt to jump to the conclusion that that is the only way to get rich, and it is all the more seductive because it requires no work. either physical or mental. But the happen.

though they might be, were genuinely other heiress? useful. They had occupations that provided both for comfort and char-acter. The proverbial spinning wheel is one of the most saccad traditions

is one of the most sacred traditions. | Goupart St. Denis could not have mov-It is as inseparable from memory as ed more quickly. Not in all the language is the good old-fashioned family fire- of all the world could words have been s de, that has gone with it. The old- found more insulting. With one bound time feminine girl, who charms mem- he was by the dastard's side, and on the ory and enriches history, can never re. next instant he dealt him a blow upon turn. She will ever live in poetry and the face that felled him to the floor like art, but she could never fit herself into a log. "O, St. Julien, I could not help it! For-

a modern city home. She would seem give mel' sadly out of place at up-to-date social "Goupa "Goupart, I do not blame von!

functions. Her home-made finery and For some moments Lobols lay upon the her home-made complexion are out of floor like one dead, and the youth was style. But the modern girl can at beginning to fear that the blow might east be a woman. And men are learn- have been fatal, when the villain moved. and shortly afterwards he arose to his ing to like her better as such. feet. He gazed a moment upon his ene-my with a deadly look, and then, as he

CHAPTER XVI.

had been made upon the subject.

"How can there be a doubt?" returned

a dull, dreamy slumber, and his pains

were for awhile only the phantoms of

Making Sure.

noticed that the blood was trickling down One day a very nervous, timid-look- his face upon the floor, he turned towards ng woman, accompanied by a robust the door. ooking farmer man, came on the plat-"Goupart St. Denis, thou shalt answer

form of a little railway station at a for this! remote country spot. F r a short time And thus speaking, the villain left the she seemed to devote her attention to room.

the time table, but not finding there the satisfaction she sought she stepped That evening Brion St. Julien and Gouup to the station master as he came

part conversed long and earnestly together. For some time the youth had enter-"Will you please tell me if the threetained the thought of proceeding at on e fifteen has gone yet?" she aked, in ap- to New Orleans and seeking Louise, but finally he resolved to wait awhile, at 'Yes; about twenty minutes ago," he least until he had one more interview

Goupart.

earnestly.

the Indiaus."

with Lobois. "And when will the four-thirty be ing abducted I have no longer any doubt." long, do you think?" said the marquis, after some remarks

"Why, not for some time yet, of SOUTSP.

"Are there any expresses before then?"

"Not one,"

"Any freight trains?" No."

"Nothing at all?"

out of his office.

rarent concern.

replied.

"Nothing whatever."

cross the line, William "

"Are you quite sure?" "Certainly I am, or I wouldn't have

said so." He took her there, and he must have "Then," said the old woman, turn- used some terrible power to make her ing to her husband, "I think we'll marry him."

Their Own Lookout.

There was an Irishman who after eaching America was full of homesick groans would break from his lips. His brag, in which nothing in America even in his wildest prayers, and his hopes were approached, things of a similar variety all gone. The thing had come upon him n Ireland. In speaking of the bees of with a doubly crushing force, for it had the ould sod he grew especially reseate found his soul already bowed down beand said-

Why, the baze in that counthtry is known that Louise had died, for then he wice as big as in this, bedade. In- might have wept awhile, and then calmdade, they're bigger than that they're iy knelt down and prayed. But now even as his as the sheen ve have in they're that and and melancholy boon was deas big as the sheep ye have in this coun- nied him. Like the frantic mother who

"Bees as big as sheep!" said his to credulous listener. "Why, what kind the youth with respect to his beloved of hives do they have to keep them in ?" But, at length, when the first hours af "No bigger than the ones in this coun- ter midnight had come, Goupart ant into

thry," was the reply. "Then how do the bees get into

hives ?" he was asked. "Well," replied the Irishman, "that's his terrible misfortune, Simon their own bekout!"

A woman doesn't consider that her a black slave named Peter. He was a pastor does his duty unless he asks ber every time he sees her if they are all vant, and the only one in the whole well at home.

A diplomat is a man who tells his ed him in New Orleans, and though he wife everything that happens not to had done so only as the marquis' agent.

her we shall meet-The youth stopped and started up, and

his hand trembled. "If I fall thus, shall we meet there?" he murmured to himself, "O, heaven will pardon the deed. It knows the deep provocation-the burning shame that blights this house!"

Then he stooped once more and wrote -in that world where love knows no ST. DENIS." This the youth folded and directed to

Brion St. Julien, and wiping a single tear from his cheek, he burried down to the hall, and from thence to the garden. where he found Simon walting for him "Now follow me," said Lobois; and thus speaking, he led the way around the house towards the barn, and thence out through the postern to the foot of the hill beyond, where grew a thick clump of hickory trees.

"Now, Goupart St. Denis, are ready ?" asked Simon, at the same time drawing his sword. "In one moment," returned the youth

also drawing his own weapon, but lowering its point upon the ground. He was stopped short in his speech, for

at that moment the marquis came rush ing out from the court, and soon reached the spot where they stood. "Simon," he gasped, white with fear

what means this? Put up your sword. "Brion St. Julien," quickly retorted the mad nephew, "stan! back! You say what passed last night-did you not?"

But that was the result of hot pas sion. You taunted him most bitterly, mon; you insulted him most shamefully and he knew not what he did. O, let this thing stop!"

"Stop? You might as well try to stop "His story of the rescue of yonder mighty river from flowing to its the poor girl is too improbable for belief. mouth! You say I gave him provocation. unless he had some understanding with Did he not give me provocation?" "Yes-yes. It was all folly-all eager,

"But do you not think that he found hot, mad haste. O, give over this thing! her as he says?" inquired the marquis, Simon, I command you!" "Brion St. Julien, look upon this mark

"Of course I do. He found her as he a my face! Were the man who did that says; but, of course, the Indians undermy own brother, he should stand before stood that he was to meet them there. my sword. So now stand back. There shall be a death to wipe this out. If I fall, 'twill die with me; if he falls, the atonement is complete." St. Denis went to his chamber, and

"Good Sir Brion," spoke Goupart, at went to his bed; but he could not sleep. this point, "let the conflict go on. Life He lay with his hands clasped over his to me now is not worth the price I would brow, and ever and anon deep, painful pay for it by refusal. Let it go on.' "But-my child-my son, if you are

"You'll have me left," interrupted Simon-"me, who of right belongs here. Now are you ready, Monsieur St. Denis?" The youth turned an imploring look upneath the weight of fear. He could have on the marquis, and as the old man fell

back, he replied; "Now I must ask the question I was about to ask ere our friend came to interrupt us. Simon Lobois, you may fall stands and sees the eagle perched upon in this encounter, and before I cross your sword, I would pray you to tell, if you the cliff with her shricking infant, stood know, where Louis St. Julien is. "How ?" hissed Simon, Would re heap more insult upon me?"

'I usk but a simple question." "Ay-and that question means a foul menicion. I know nothing of him."

While Gonpart thus iny pondering upon Then come on! And on the next instant the ewo Lobole were crossed.

was not alone. He was in the chamber he usually occupied, and with him was Simon Lobols had been ad of the best sword players in Marne, and middle-aged man-Simon's special serhe came to the conflict as though he were sure of victory; but at the third pass he household who had any sympathy for was undeceived. He turned pale in a moment, for he now knew that he had met the dark nephew. Lobois had purches with a superior, even in fencing skill. He was a coward at heart, and he fairly pet Peter looked upon the former as his trembled. Goupart saw it in an instant,

know why, and I know you will not own noisy crowd of youngsters at blame me. You will see Louise. Tell home, and contrasted them with this prim little company who smiled and gesticulated, but made no sound.

It was plain they were off on a holiday jaunt, for they all had satchels, and wore a festive, "go-away" air; and the conductor, whose fancy played about them continually, settled it in his mind that they belonged to some asylum, and were going with their teacher for a vacation trip. He couldn't help watching them, and nodding to them

turned his greeting in kind, being cheerful little souls, and he began to look forward with regret to the time of parting.

At length, at one of the rural stations, the gentleman kissed the young ish-American war. The ill-fated Mis- eat raw food or vegetables instead d the train. They leaned out of the win- of the Civil War, was making regular dows and waved enthusiastic farewells as the car moved on; then the biggest

"little girl" took a brown-paper bag from her satchel, and distributed crackers in even shares. The conductor, in passing, smiled and nodded as usual, as the little girl held out the paper bag to him.

"Do have some," she said He started back in sheer amazement. "What!" he exclaimed; "you can talk, then-all of you?"

"Of course!" they cried in chorus. The conductor sank into the seat across the aisle. "I thought you were trips between St. Louis and New Or-

deaf and dumb!" he gasped. "Oh, how funny!" cried one of the 21, 1865, and at Vicksburg took on name." rosy-cheeked boys. "Why, that was board 2,000 union soldiers that had "Lave it to me, sor. Lave it to me Uncle Jack, poor fellow. He was born just been released from the rebel pri- entoirely." that way. We wouldn't talk while he sons at Cahawba. Andersonville and They drove to Harcourt street and tion. Come on, girls," and the five board. trooped noisily out, and waved their At three o'clock in the morning of gaily rejoined his employer, and sail

Willie's Perplexity.

When Willie came home last night he was more convinced of the uselessness twenty minutes 1,700 lives were lost. of schools than he ever was before. At the time very little was published says the Buffalo Express. Asked the of this disaster owing to inadequate nature of his latest trouble, he ex- news gathering and telegraph facilities. plained that "postpone" had been one and the excitement of events in and my ear." of the words in the spelling lesson of about Washington. the day. The teached had directed the The picture here reproduced is in ly. "but calm yourself. We make 30

Along with others, Willie announced was presented to him by a former comthat he did not know the meaning of rade in the Eighteenth Michigan volunthe word, and so could not use it in a teer infantry, who photographed the sentence. The teacher explained that it Sultana at Helena Ark., only a few meant "delay" or "put off," and, en- hours before the disaster. couraged the youngsters to try. Willie's thoughts were on pleasanter things than school, and his made to or-

my dear. It is grossly unscientific. His Wife-What phrase-"As much alike as two peas?" The Professor-Yes. Examined us-

der the microscope, two peas will present startling differences.-Puck.

Surmounted difficulties not 0017 teach, but bearten us in our straggies.-Sharp.

as he passed through the car; they re- STEAMER SULTANA WAS A DEATH TRAP FOR UNION SOLDIERS.

Contra Martin

STRAMER SULTANA.

are known to be open to criticism the wise woman will overlook the fad More United States soldiers lost their rather than run the risk of substituting lives in the burning of the Sultana than were lost durng the entire Span- drink substitutes for coffee hersel a worse condition of affairs. She will sissippi river packet, toward the close meat, but she will forbear to insis upon the other members of the family

following her example.

men should be permitted to follow this

own tastes. Even where those tasts

He Knew Human Nature.

The typical Irish carman is a person of much sagacity. One night : returned missionary took a car. in a dubious frame of mind. He had been invited to dine with some friends at the house of an acquaintance whose name he had forgotten. He only kner that his host lived on Harcourt street. "What am I to do?" he asked of is driver.

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"Never mind, sor," was the reply. "I'll find him for you."

leans. She left the latter port on April "But you can't. You don't know is

was with us; it might hurt his feel- Macon. Other passengers and the the man, beginning at the top, knoch ings, you know. Hello! here's our sta- crew made a total of 2,200 people on ed at every door and made one is

handkerchiefs from the platform as the April 27, when most of these soldiers "It's all right, sor. It's here." and passengers were sleeping, and "How do you know?" when about seven miles above Mem-

"I asked, sor, 'Does the Riverend phis, Tenn., one of her boilers exploded, Misther Blank live here?' And the setting the steamer on fire, and in maid said, 'No, but he's dining here."

No Extra Charge Made.

"Wow!" yelled the victim. here, barber! You've cut off part of

pupils to write a sentence in which the possession of Sergt. Edwin F. Force, extra charge for correcting facial hier down of the Duluth police department, and ishes. I'll trim the other ear down to a decent size too."-Philadelphis Press.

> Taking Time by the Forelock The Cook-Would you mind giving ne a recommendation, ma'am?

The Mistress-Why, you have only just come.

The Cook-But ye may not want to give me wan when I do be leaving Life.

Had Hope for the Future. Pleasant old gentleman-Hare 703 lived here all your life, my little man? Arthur (aged 6)-Not yet.-Lippis cott's.

When kin apparently get along we they get less credit for peace than for ability to keep their skeleton bldde from the public.

Nothing jars an opera singer in his eating, of course, but grown having to whistle for his salary.

An Unwise Course. Talking of indigestion, poor cooking was found to be the cause of no less than four hundred cases of wife desertion in Chicago last year. That the same is the underlying reason of thousands of cases of drunkenness there can be no possible doubt. Women should reflect very carefully before mposing any food fad on their fam-

lies. The no breakfast idea may or may not be a good one, but it is certainly bad when it is unwillingly idopted. There is no question which s so individual as that which con-

future serns diet. A child may be governed

"Boys postpone their clothes when they go in swimming." Not Alike. The Professor-Don't use that phrase,

der sentence was: