

Between Two Fires

By ANTHONY HOPE

"A wise man will make more opportunities than he finds." —Francis Bacon.

CHAPTER IV.—(Continued.)

The old lady and the young one lived together in great apparent comfort; for they probably got through more money than any one the town, and there always seemed to be plenty more where that came from. The Signorina was now about 23 years of age, and of remarkably prepossessing appearance. She became almost at once a leading figure in society; her parlor was the leading meeting place of all parties and most sets; she received many gracious attentions from the Golden House. She was also frequently the hostess of members of the opposition, and of no one more often than her leader, Colonel George McGregor, a gentleman of Scotch extraction, but not pronouncedly national characteristics, who had attained a high position in the land of his adoption; for not only did he lead the opposition in politics, but he was also second in command of the army. He entered the chamber as one of the President's ministers; for the latter had reserved to himself power to nominate five members, but at the time of which I write the Colonel had deserted his former chief, and, secure in his popularity with the forces, defied the man by whose help he had risen. Naturally the President desired him, a feeling I cordially shared. But his excellency's disapproval did not prevent the Signorina receiving McGregor with great cordiality, though here again with no more than his position seemed to demand.

I have as much curiosity as my neighbors, and I was proportionately gratified when the doors of "Mon Repos" as the Signorina called her residence, were opened to me. My curiosity, I must confess, was not unmixt with feeling; for I was a young man of hearty, though events had thrown sobering responsibilities upon me, and the sight of the Signorina in her charming dress was calculated to inspire a thrill even in the soul of a bank manager. She was certainly very beautiful—a tall, fair girl, with straight features and laughing eyes. I shall not attempt more description, because all such descriptions sound commonplace, and the Signorina was, even by the admission of her enemies, at least very far from commonplace. It must suffice to say that, like Father O'Flynn, she "had such a way with her" that all of us men in Auroreland, old and young, rich and poor, were at her feet, or ready to be there on the least encouragement. She was, to my thinking, the very genius of health, beauty and gaiety; and she put the crown of glory on her charms by being openly and frankly solicited and valuing the admiration she received.

It may be supposed, then, that I thought my money very well invested when it procured me an invitation to "Mon Repos," where the lady of the house was in the habit of allowing a genteel amount of card playing among her male friends. She never played herself, but stood and looked on with much interest. On occasion she would tempt fortune by the hand of a chosen deputy, as when she could be prettier or more artistic than her behavior. She was just eager enough for a girl untraced to the excitement and fond of untraced, just indifferent enough to show that her gain was merely a pastime, and that the play of the money or its loss a matter of no moment. Ah, Signorina, you were a great artist!

At "Mon Repos" I soon became an habitual, and I was fain to think, a welcome guest. Mrs. Carrington, who entertained a deep distrust of the manners of Auroreland, was good enough to consider me eminently respectable, while the Signorina was graciousness itself. It was even admitted to the select circle at the dinner party, which, as a rule, preceded her Wednesday evening reception. The Colonel was not to my pleasure, an equally invited guest, and the President himself would often honor the party with his presence, an honor we found rather expensive, for his lack at all games of skill or chance was extraordinary.

"I have always trusted fortune," he would say, "and to me she is not unfriendly." "Who would be so bold as to say she is?" "I would," I said, "if your excellency were pleased to trust her?" The Signorina would respond, with a glance of almost fond admiration.

This sort of thing did not please McGregor. He made no concealment of the fact that he claimed the foremost place among the Signorina's admirers, either declining to make way even for the President. The latter took his boorishness very quietly and I could not avoid the conclusion that the President held, or thought he held, the trumps. I was, naturally, intensely jealous of both these great men, and, although I had no cause to complain of my treatment, I could not resist some resentment at the idea that I was, after all, an outsider and not allowed a part in the real drama that was going on. My happiness was further damped by the fact that luck ran against me very rapidly. I saw my bonus dwindling very rapidly, and I suppose I may as well be frank, and confess that my bonus, to speak strictly, vanished within six months after I first set foot in "Mon Repos," and I found it necessary to make that temporary use of the "interest fund," which the President had indicated. My uneasiness of heart was punctuated, paid, and, with youthful confidence, I made little doubt that luck would turn before long.

CHAPTER V.

Time passed on, all leading an apparently merry and untroubled life. In public affairs the temper was very different. The scarcity of money was intense, and serious murmuring had arisen when the President "squandered" his ready money in paying interest, leaving his civil servants and soldiers unpaid. This was the topic of much discussion in the press at the time when I went up one March evening to the Signorina's. I had been detained at the bank, and found the gaiety in full swing when I came in. The Signorina sat by herself on a lounge by the veranda window. I went up to her and made my bow.

"You appear so but little of your time, Mr. Martin," she said.

"Ah, but you have all my thoughts," I replied, for she was looking charming.

"I don't care so much about your thoughts," she said, then, after a pause, she went on, "It's very hot here, come into the library."

It almost looked as though she had been waiting for me, and I followed in high delight into the long, narrow glass house. High green plants hid us from the view of those inside, and we only heard distinctly his excellency's voice, saying with much gentleness to the Colonel, "Well, you must be lucky in love, Colonel," from which I concluded that the Colonel was not in the vein at cards.

The Signorina smiled slightly as she heard; then she plucked a white rose,

turned round, and stood facing me, slightly flushed as though with some inner excitement.

"I am afraid those who gentlemen do not love one another," she said.

"Hardly," I assented.

"And you do you love them—or either of them?"

"I love only one person in Auroreland," I replied, as ardently as I dared, "and that Signorina is her name, glancing up at me with unfeigned amusement and pleasure. I think I have mentioned that she didn't object to honest admiration."

"Is it possible you mean me?" she said, making me a little coy.

"I only think so because most of the Whittingham ladies would not satisfy your fastidious taste."

"No lady in the world could satisfy me except one," I answered, thinking she took it a little too lightly.

"Ah, so you say," she said. "And yet I don't suppose you would do anything for me, Mr. Martin."

"It would be my greatest happiness," I cried.

"I should like the owner, too," I ventured to remark.

"The rose is prettier than the other," she said; "and, at any rate, one thing at a time, Mr. Martin! Do you pay your servants all their wages in advance?"

My practice was so much to the contrary that I really couldn't deny the force of her reasoning. She held out the rose. I seized it and held it close to my lips, thereby squashing it considerably. Then she said abruptly:

"Are you a Constitutionalist or a Liberal, Mr. Martin?"

I must explain that, in the usual race for the former title, the President's party had been first at the post, and the Colonel's gang (as I privately termed it) had to put up with the alternative designation. Neither name bore any relation to facts.

"Are we going to talk politics?" said I, reproachfully.

"Yes, a little. Tell me,"

"Which are you, Signorina?" I asked.

I really wanted to know; so did a great many people. She thought for a moment, and then said:

"I have a great regard for the President. He has been most kind to me. On the other hand, I cannot disguise from myself that some of his measures are not wise."

I said I had never been able to disguise it from myself.

"The Colonel, of course, is of the same opinion," she continued. "About the debt, for instance, I believe your bank is interested in it?"

"Oh, yes, to a considerable extent."

"Ah, you are," she asked, softly.

"Oh, I am not a capitalist; no money of mine has gone into the debt."

"No money of yours, no. But aren't you interested in it?" she persisted.

"This was rather odd. Could she know anything about the debt nearer to me, and saying a hand lightly on my arm, said reproachfully:

"Do you love people, and yet not trust them, Mr. Martin?"

This was exactly my state of feeling toward the Signorina, but I could not say so. I was wondering how far I should go in wise to trust her, and that depended largely on how far his excellency had seen fit to trust her with my secrets. I said finally:

"Without disclosing our private secrets, Signorina, I may admit that if anything went wrong with the debt, my employer's opinion of my discretion would be severely shaken."

"Of your discretion," she said laughing.

"Thank you, Mr. Martin. And you would wish that not to happen?"

"I would take a good deal of pains to prevent its happening."

"About the debt?"

"I was about to make a passionate reply when we heard the President's voice saying:

"And where is our hostess? I should like to thank her before I go."

"Martin," whispered the Signorina, "we must go back. You will be true to me, Mr. Martin?"

"Call me Jack," said I, idiotically.

"Then you will be true, O Jack?" she said, stifling a laugh.

"Till death," said I, hoping it would not be necessary.

She gave me her hand, which I kissed with fervor, and we returned to the parlor, to find all standing about in the presence, waiting to make their bows till the President had gone through that ceremony. I was curious to hear if anything passed between him and the Signorina, but I was pounced upon by Donna Antonia, the daughter of the minister of finance, who happened to be present as a guest of the Signorina for the night. She was a handsome young lady, a Spanish brunette of the approved pattern, but with manners formed at a New York boarding school, where she had undergone a training that had tempered without destroying her native gentility. She had distinguished me very favorably, and I was vain enough to suppose she honored me by some jealousy of my penchant for the Signorina.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the conservatory," she said, maliciously.

"We were talking business, Donna Antonia," I replied.

"Ah, business! I hear nothing but business. There is papa gone down to the country and burying himself alive to work out some great scheme of business."

"Oh, what scheme is that?" I asked.

"About the debt? Something about that horrible debt. But I was told not to say anything about it!"

The debt was becoming a bore. The whole air was full of it. I hastily paid Donna Antonia a few incoherent compliments, and took my leave. As I was putting on my coat Colonel McGregor joined me and, with more friendliness than he usually showed me, accompanied me down the avenue toward the Piazza. After some indifferent remarks, he began:

"Martin, you and I have separate interests in some matters, but I think we have the same in others."

I knew at once what he meant; it was that debt again! I remained silent, and he continued:

"About the debt? For instance, you are interested in the debt?"

"Somewhat," said I. "A banker generally is interested in a debt."

"I thought so," said the Colonel. "A time may come when we can act together."

er. Meanwhile, keep your eye on the debt. Good night."

We parted at the door of his chambers in the Piazza, and I went on to my lodgings. I got into bed, rather puzzled and very uneasy.

CHAPTER VI.

The flight of time brought no alleviation to the troubles of Auroreland. If an individual hard-up is a pathetic sight, a nation hard-up is an alarming spectacle; and Auroreland was very hard-up. I suppose somebody had some money. But the government had none; in consequence the government employes had none, the officials had none, the President had none, and finally, I had none. The bank had a little of other people's, of course—but I was quite prepared for a "run" on us any day, and had cabled to the directors to procure somebody in cash, for our notes were at a discount humiliating to contemplate. A political strife ran high. I dropped into the House of Assembly one afternoon toward the end of May, and, looking down from the gallery, I saw the Colonel in the full tide of wrathful declamation. He was denouncing the miserable Don Antonio when the army was to be paid. The latter sat covering under his scorn, and would, I verily believe, have bolted out of the House had he not been nailed to his seat by the cold eyes of the President, who was looking at me with unfeigned amusement and pleasure. I think I have mentioned that she didn't object to honest admiration."

"Is it possible you mean me?" she said, making me a little coy.

"I only think so because most of the Whittingham ladies would not satisfy your fastidious taste."

"No lady in the world could satisfy me except one," I answered, thinking she took it a little too lightly.

"Ah, so you say," she said. "And yet I don't suppose you would do anything for me, Mr. Martin."

"It would be my greatest happiness," I cried.

"I should like the owner, too," I ventured to remark.

"The rose is prettier than the other," she said; "and, at any rate, one thing at a time, Mr. Martin! Do you pay your servants all their wages in advance?"

My practice was so much to the contrary that I really couldn't deny the force of her reasoning. She held out the rose. I seized it and held it close to my lips, thereby squashing it considerably. Then she said abruptly:

"Are you a Constitutionalist or a Liberal, Mr. Martin?"

I must explain that, in the usual race for the former title, the President's party had been first at the post, and the Colonel's gang (as I privately termed it) had to put up with the alternative designation. Neither name bore any relation to facts.

"Are we going to talk politics?" said I, reproachfully.

"Yes, a little. Tell me,"

"Which are you, Signorina?" I asked.

I really wanted to know; so did a great many people. She thought for a moment, and then said:

"I have a great regard for the President. He has been most kind to me. On the other hand, I cannot disguise from myself that some of his measures are not wise."

I said I had never been able to disguise it from myself.

"The Colonel, of course, is of the same opinion," she continued. "About the debt, for instance, I believe your bank is interested in it?"

"Oh, yes, to a considerable extent."

"Ah, you are," she asked, softly.

"Oh, I am not a capitalist; no money of mine has gone into the debt."

"No money of yours, no. But aren't you interested in it?" she persisted.

"This was rather odd. Could she know anything about the debt nearer to me, and saying a hand lightly on my arm, said reproachfully:

"Do you love people, and yet not trust them, Mr. Martin?"

This was exactly my state of feeling toward the Signorina, but I could not say so. I was wondering how far I should go in wise to trust her, and that depended largely on how far his excellency had seen fit to trust her with my secrets. I said finally:

"Without disclosing our private secrets, Signorina, I may admit that if anything went wrong with the debt, my employer's opinion of my discretion would be severely shaken."

"Of your discretion," she said laughing.

"Thank you, Mr. Martin. And you would wish that not to happen?"

"I would take a good deal of pains to prevent its happening."

"About the debt?"

"I was about to make a passionate reply when we heard the President's voice saying:

"And where is our hostess? I should like to thank her before I go."

"Martin," whispered the Signorina, "we must go back. You will be true to me, Mr. Martin?"

"Call me Jack," said I, idiotically.

"Then you will be true, O Jack?" she said, stifling a laugh.

"Till death," said I, hoping it would not be necessary.

She gave me her hand, which I kissed with fervor, and we returned to the parlor, to find all standing about in the presence, waiting to make their bows till the President had gone through that ceremony. I was curious to hear if anything passed between him and the Signorina, but I was pounced upon by Donna Antonia, the daughter of the minister of finance, who happened to be present as a guest of the Signorina for the night. She was a handsome young lady, a Spanish brunette of the approved pattern, but with manners formed at a New York boarding school, where she had undergone a training that had tempered without destroying her native gentility. She had distinguished me very favorably, and I was vain enough to suppose she honored me by some jealousy of my penchant for the Signorina.

"I hope you have enjoyed yourself in the conservatory," she said, maliciously.

"We were talking business, Donna Antonia," I replied.

"Ah, business! I hear nothing but business. There is papa gone down to the country and burying himself alive to work out some great scheme of business."

"Oh, what scheme is that?" I asked.

"About the debt? Something about that horrible debt. But I was told not to say anything about it!"

TOYS FOR LITTLE REFUGEES.

How Children Were Cared For by Peaseo Relief Committee.

In a corner of the basement of the Congregational Church, away from the busy whirring of sewing machines and the bustling crowd seeking aid, is a long table piled with dolls, gaily colored picture books and toys of every description, says the Sacramento Union.

The little toy department during the strenuous days of the relief committee at the church accomplished wonders in a pleasing and quiet manner.

Nearly every woman applying for relief at the church was accompanied by children, and the task of quieting the little ones during the outfitting of the parents was a hard one. In one instance, the only available distraction for one healthy-lunged youngster was a package of safety pins. The little fellow managed to amuse himself temporarily, but his persistence in trying to master a couple of pins brought the maternal wrath on his head, and his future as an announcer is an undoubted fact.

The Rev. Mary M. Bowen, with Miss Sarah M. Jones, were the originators of the plan to furnish the children with toys to amuse them while the parents were being supplied. Miss Jones announced to the pupils of the Fremont primary school that she was desirous of procuring toys and books, and explained the use they would be put to. The school children responded generously, and in a couple of days the toy department was in full swing.

Many touching little incidents were noted by the women in charge of the toy bureau. They tell of one little girl who fairly gasped with joy when brought to the table and told to take her pick of the articles. She naturally wanted a doll, but her choice between a blonde and brunette was puzzling to those who are older. Sometimes it is decided on a handsomely dressed, black curly haired one, and hugged the doll tightly to her bosom. One of the women asked her what name she would call the doll. The little one replied, "Well, my other little name was Laura, but she was burned to death in the great fire. I guess Jesus will name my new doll Laura's sister."

The large array of toys spread out on the table was a source of much worryment on the part of the youngsters when told to choose what they wished. The choice between a Noah's ark and a mechanical automobile brought one little fellow to the verge of hysterics. He wanted both, but could be happy with neither, and the women seeing his predicament, filled his arms with the two toys, and away he scampered, screaming shrilly for his mother to see his treasures.

In After Years.

Her Husband—I met a man to-day who envies me, and I envy him.

His Wife—Who is he?

Her Husband—Smawler—the chap who used to be sweet on you before we were married.

His Wife—I suppose he envies you because you married me.

Her Husband—Yes; and I envy him because he didn't marry you.

Do You Blame Him?

He—They used to sing of a bicycle built for two, but—

She—But what?

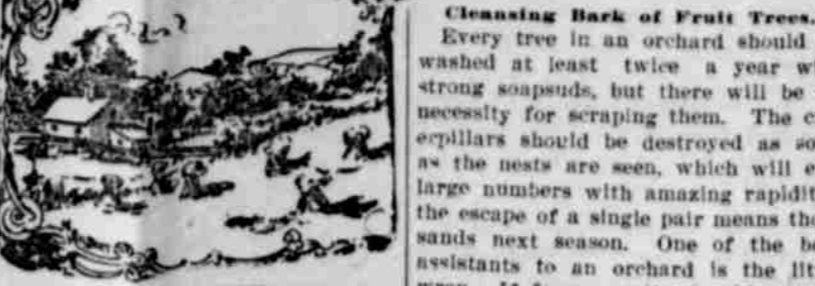
He—Give me a sofa built apparently for one—every time.

Do They?

Why do people bite lead pencils? Inquired the seeker after truth.

To get a literary taste, of course, replied Mr. Conner.

AGRICULTURAL



Cleaning Bark of Fruit Trees.

Every tree in an orchard should be washed at least twice a year with strong soap, but there will be no necessity for scraping them. The caterpillars should be destroyed as soon as the nests are seen, which will soon be the case, and as it increases the escape of a single pair means thousands next season. One of the best assistants to an orchard is the little wren. If farmers will give him proper protection by constructing boxes with entrance so small that no bird but a wren can enter, the sparrow will be unable to drive it away. As the wren is a large and busy creature, it destroys a large number of insects in a very short time, and, as it increases rapidly under favorable circumstances, quite a large number of them may be secured and induced to remain in the orchard, if proper facilities are afforded for their protection and accommodation.

Locusts in Africa.

In Argentina, as in Africa and Asia, the locust is a name of dread, though not to anything like the same extent, and in South America there has arisen a hope of combatting the destroyer which may prove of enormous value in regions more liable to devastation. Large numbers of locusts were found dead and microscopic examination showed that they had been destroyed by a natural enemy—a species of fly which ate into the body of the locust, and there deposited its larvae which developed into a life prodigiously multiplied. Experiments are now being made to test whether this fly can thrive in the incubating places of the locust. The Argentine agricultural department is breeding the flies for this purpose, though under effective control.

Hens Don't Like New Homes.

Fowls are very fond of their homes and dislike being moved to new locations. If eggs are the object it is most important that birds should not be moved from pen to pen, as it will delay egg production and also diminish the supply. Pullets for early laying should, if possible, be brought up within sight of their future laying run or pen. On the contrary, if it is wished to delay the laying of a pullet, and to encourage growth for prize purposes, her home must be changed often. A sitting or broody hen may be interferred with by removing her to a new scene and humane ways of checking her maternal instincts than that of half-drowning her, shutting her up in darkness or resorting to other cruel methods.

To Kill Sassafras Roots.

Says one writer: Sassafras is one of the worst pests that some farmers have to contend with. It may be grubbed year after year and every root taken out that can be, and still there will be roots left that will sprout up. Such conclusions are expensive, but save an immense amount of time, as well as food, so poultry keepers should use them whenever possible.—Indianapolis News.

Shutter for Barn Windows.

Sliding windows in a barn, such as are frequently used for throwing manure through, are hardly ever quite tight, and much cold air is often allowed to rush in upon the animals inside. The American Agriculturist suggests the use of this shutter, which is made of matched boards and hinged at the top so that it can be let down at night to keep out cold air. The shutter is set at an angle so that its own weight will keep it closely shut; or it may be latched flat against the casing and be tightly closed by a hook.

Points on Raising Geese.

Have one gander to four geese, no more. Give them a good run. Do not try to save their nests, but let them set where they lay. Take first eggs and set under hens, as a goose will sometimes lay thirty to forty eggs in the season. Goslings should not be allowed to run in water or "all wet grass," but should have a tall wet grass run, dried and moistened with milk. Feed bread made with green, cooked dry potatoes or cooked cornmeal. Do not feed them too much at first, and mix some grit and sand with their feeds.

House Remedies.

The fowls should be placed in a dry, warm and well ventilated house, and have plenty of fresh water and scalded bran or other light food. Charcoal and of new yeast each three parts, of pulverized two parts, of four one and one-half as much pulverized cayenne as flour. Water enough to mix well, and roll into balls or pills the size of a walnut, give one three times a day.

Pumpkins for Lambs.

Pumpkins are good feed for lambs in the fall, especially when they are troubled with paper skin, caused by worms in the intestines. They will eat them if they are sliced or cut and sprinkled with salt, but it is better to provide flat-bottomed troughs with compartments, each being large enough to receive the half of a pumpkin cut in such fashion as to have the pieces lie flat with the inside uppermost.

Canadian Wheat Crops.

The official Canadian spring wheat crop report forwarded by Consul J. H. Worman of Three Rivers shows the wheat acreage increased by 500,000 over last year's record. This raises Manitoba over the 3,000,000 mark for that cereals alone. The land sown to wheat is 1,155,961 acres, an increase of 124,722, while the barley acreage has nearly reached 500,000, being, in fact, 474,242. The total increase in the grain acreage over last year is 615,829. The other crops also show an increased acreage.

Economizing Green Food.

When green food is scarce or difficult to obtain it pays to plan some way so it will not be wasted. The following description is of a feeding box that works well. Cut two pieces for the ends, each twenty-four inches long, getting proper curve by the holder of pass. Make the back of the holder of four inches wide and twenty-four inches long and nail one end (fig. 2) in place binding it over the end, using small strips of leather to hold it shut. Cover the holder with coarse mesh wire netting and hang it in a convenient place high enough so the fowls cannot rest on it, yet so they can feed from it readily. Use hangers of wood, tin or leather as indicated in the cut at figure 6. This little feeding box will enable the fowls to pick at the green stuff, whether it is clover, grass or chopped cabbage, without any danger of soiling or wasting it. Such contrivances are inexpensive, but save an immense amount of time, as well as food, so poultry keepers should use them whenever possible.—Indianapolis News.

Economical Feeding Box.

Fig. 1. Fig. 2. Fig. 3. Fig. 4. Fig. 5. Fig. 6.

HOW UNCLE SAM TEACHES HIS YOUNG SOLDIERS.

America's military training academy at West Point; it is one of the most complete institutions of its kind and furnishes the cadet with a thorough practical and theoretical knowledge of his duties before he is actually launched on his career as an officer. This great academy—the upkeep of which costs the United States government no less than about \$500,000 per annum—furnishes rather over 500 per centum of America's officers. Intending competitors must be between the ages of 17 and 22 and they must be at least 5 feet 3 inches in height. They appear before an examination board which meets in May, and should they succeed in passing both physical and mental tests they are allowed to enter the military academy on June 12 for a four-years course. The tests of the prolonged probation are so severe that often not more than 50 per cent finally pass out. Each cadet receives yearly, roughly, about \$650, out of which he has to pay for his messing and uniform. The life is Spartan-like in its simplicity and in the severity of its punishments. The cadets are granted no allowance or pocket money, and the use of intoxicating drinks is strictly prohibited—so much so, that should any spirituous liquor be found in a cadet's quarters he is liable to be dismissed from the service; the use of tobacco is likewise forbidden.



CADETS GOING TO DINNER.

There are also very stringent rules as to the treatment of the Junior cadets in connection with what is known as "ragging," any cadet being considered guilty of ragging, even in the mildest form, laying himself open to summary dismissal from the military academy.

Cadets are even forbidden to buy any newspaper or periodical without the express permission of the superintendent, and so each cadet has to clean his own uniform and keep his room tidy.

As has been already stated, the life is a truly Spartan one, very little leave or half-holiday on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and no study from Dec. 4 to Jan. 2; a longer vacation running to a few weeks is given to the cadet at the end of his second year. Work begins daily at 6 a. m. and continues with slight intermission till 9 p. m., each cadet being prepared to the fullest extent to take his place in almost any branch of the service.

There are not only yearly and half-yearly examinations, but monthly and weekly ones; in fact, the cadet is under such close observation that he receives marks for the ordinary daily work. One novel feature of the training at West Point is that particular importance is attached to the system of delivering lectures in a simple and concise manner. Each cadet is made to work out a problem on a blackboard and then to explain it aloud to his companions. In conclusion it may be said that no expense is spared in any way whatsoever to enable the West Point cadet to compare favorably with the embryo officers of any other country.

It must not be forgotten, however, that to pass successfully through West Point is not the only way of entering the United States army. There are two other means by which it is possible to accomplish this end: (1) by direct commission; (2) through the ranks. A civilian is eligible for a direct commission but under 27 years of age and unmarried; the nomination is usually obtained by political influence, but the candidate has nevertheless to undergo a most searching examination. In the case of a private soldier desiring to compete for a commission he must have two years' service, he has to appear before a military board and if successful is again examined, the examination being extremely difficult.—London Sphere.

THE FEMININE METHOD.

How They Puzzle One Another by Their Polite Attention.

"There comes that bowl again!" ejaculated Mrs. Pryor, in a tone of despair. A moment later she was at the door listening affably while her friend from across the street told her she couldn't resist bringing over a bowl of those strawberries—they are so unusually large!"

"What about the bowl, Jean?" queried the bachelor brother, who persists in trying to help.

"Enough about it!" groaned his sister, as soon as the neighbor was safely out of her hearing. "On my birthday—three months ago, mind you—Mrs. Fox brought over that bowl filled with some of her delicious home-made candy, and to save me I couldn't tell whether she was presenting me with the bowl or just the candy. It's a dainty little dish, you see, and I didn't want to assume that it was meant for me unless it was, so it was pretty embarrassing until a few days afterward I hit on the idea of sending her some of my strawberry sunshine in the same bowl. I thought if she hadn't intended to give it to me, she would just keep it after that."

GUARD MOUNT—CADETS IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM.

who didn't like him employed it to express their derision. He obtained the title by reason of having at one time, when the people of his state were hungry, a large quantity of that nourishing food shipped from Boston to Kansas. Whenever he profited in a pecuniary way by that act, of course I don't know, but he, at least, gathered in a host of friends.

"I first heard of the sobriquet when I was one of the assistant doorkeepers of the Senate. My station was to the left of the chamber, facing the secretary's office. One day, when the Senate was in session, a big, breezy westerner came up to me, and said: 'Will you kindly send my card to Old Beans.'"

"Well, that confused me, and I was obliged to stamp that I didn't know 'Beans.' Then the stranger explained when 'Old Beans' appeared he fairly fell into his friend's arms, and when that gentleman told him that I was ignorant of the name the Kansan knew him by, I was told why they so designated him."—Washington Post.

Our experience has been that when a man approaches us and says: "A funny thing happened yesterday," and then proceeds to relate it, the incident is not funny.

Treat your parents with great tenderness and respect: You owe them something because you were not born a czar.