# THE CHARITY GIRL By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XXIV.

The Glendurwood carriage was stand-ing where Jack had ordered it to remain when he arrived. Jack had thrown himself back in his corner and had folded his arms across his breast; Audrey sat bolt upright, her two cold little hands clinched tight together, her teeth set so that the sobs that rose to her throat should not escape her lips.

Who shall attempt to describe the state of those two hearts, both wounded to the very quick, both heavy with that deep sorrow that comes when one has deceived where one loves best?

"Why did they take me to him? Why was I married to him? I would sooner have died than have listened to what those women said to-night, and know that he has never, never loved me," said Audrey to herself, passionately.

"And so my happiness is over," ran Jack's troubled thoughts. "Well, it has not lasted long. Fool-fool that I have been, to believe that any woman could be the angel I have pictured her to be. and that she should love him-him, above all other men! I feel as though his very life's blood will not give me satis-

They reached the gates of Cralglands at last; a few minutes' drive through the well-kept avenue, and then the door. Jack got out, and then forcing himself by an almost superhuman effort to appear natural before the servants, turned to assist her. Audrey put her cold hand in his as she stepped out of the brougham. How little did either of them think that they would not clasp, or even touch, hands again for many a weary day.

The fragrance and warmth of her bedroom seemed to choke Audrey. Hastily flinging off her domino, she passed to the and pushed it open, and then stood by it, the sound of her own heart beating in her ears like a sledge hammer.

moments. If he had come to her then she would have done that which would bave put matters straight at once, for the speak out to ask him why he had deceived her, why he had married her? The hot blood rushed to her cheeks again and again, as she recalled the remarks those two women had made, and realized how cruelly the world judged her already.

Five, ten, fifteen, twenty minutes went by, and Audrey still stood waiting for e sound of her husband's footsteps on the stairs and the passage outside.

Her happiness was ended; Jack no longer loved her—indeed, had never loved She was his wife, that was true, and it must be her lot to bear with the difficulties as with the joys that fell to her as his wife.

"Still," the child thought sorrowfully to herself, "he has acted wrongly; he has been cruel to Sheila, to himself, to me. I am glad he did not come in just now. yes, glad, for it shows that he is tired of deceit and hpyocrisy, and-and I cannot bear to think that the nature I thought so honest should only prove false. What was it that those women said? "The worst day's work Jack Glendurwood did when he married me. People should be to make your home at Minster. I should to make your home at Minster. I should like to think Miss Thwait was with you. Her lips quivered, but her face flamed with proud color. "The worst day's my lawyers. I intend to start at once I am the one who has brought that to bim. I-I who would lay down my life for him. Why did I ever meet him? Why shall be absent, perhaps, two years, and did I ever leave home? Why did not I leave it in your hands to judge whether beaven let me die before all this sorrow came upon him through me? Jack! My darling! My darling!"

Her hot, tearless eyes stared into th fire, as if to seek some solution of this painful problem there. In her loving generosity Audrey made all excuses for husband now. She no longer blamed; he was still to her the dearest creature on earth; and yet so great was the agony at thought of his deceit that, had he held out his arms to her and called her tenderly by name, she would have turned from him and stood aloof.

CHAPTER XXV.

Jean Thwait was lying in a delicious doze, half waking, half sleeping, on the morning following the Dinglewood masked ball, when a sharp tap at the door, followed by Audrey's rapid entrance, arous ed her completely.

"What is it, darling? Something has happened?" she cried, hurriedly, "Jean, can you pack up a few things

and come with me at once?" Andrep. spoke faintly, her face was deathly white, she shook in every limb; then before Jean could answer, she went on swiftly, "My mother wery ill. She has telegraphed for me. Perhaps even now I may be too late; she may be dead. I have ordered the carriage to be here in an hour, can

"Yes," replied Jean, briefly. It needed no words to tell her that more was the matter than this telegram from Germany. Audrey had never spoken like this to her before, had never looked as she looked now.

Audrey made no inquiries about Jack, although she knew she must acquaint him with her journey before she started. Jean found plenty to do in the time allotted to her, but she was wonderfully quick, and was in her hat and coat when she went to the door to open it in answer to a sharp summons. It was Jack, also fully attired in outdoor costume, with a railway rug over his arm.

Good morning, Miss Thwait," he said. "Please forgive me for this unceremonious intrusion, but I wanted to speak to you before I leave." 'Are you not going with us?" she ask

It was Jack's turn to show astonish-

"Where are you going?" he asked hunk

Jean in three words, explained what

had happened, and then she knew something was very wrong, indeed, by the ex-

"Poor Constance!" she heard him mut-ter under his breath; then he gave a quick sigh. "I hope things may not b so bad, Miss Thwait. It is quite impos sible for me to get to Cronstadt yet."

"Does Audrey know you are not going with us?" "I have not seen her this morning." was

the answer, given with much evident Jean clasped her hands suddenly. Then her worst fears were realized, and some

thing more had, indeed, happened; some thing, too, very terrible, to work such a

change as this, "Lord John," she said, involuntarily "you must please forgive me, but is your business so important that you are compelled to attend to it rather than accompany your wife on such a journey as Jean said, softly.

"Miss Thwait," he said as well as he could speak, "the business I am going on touches that which is dearer to me than life my honor! I am sure that you at least would not wish me to neglect any thing with which that is concerned."

"I will answer for Audrey as for my self," Jean said, hurriedly, "if your honor is concerned, Lord John, no other reason is needed; but is there nothing I can do?" "Give this letter to Audrey, Miss Thwait," his voice quivered as he spoke his wife's name. "It is a sacred trust, one that I would not give to every one; but I know you are her friend, you will comprehend and sympathize with what I

"Stny, Lord John : you must hear me!" Jenn's gray eyes were full of tears. "I love Audrey better than anything on earth. I do not ask to know the reason, but I see, alas! only too well, that some thing has arisen between her and you. ask you now, and it is my love for her that urges the question, will you not see her yourself before you start on this journey?-will you not smooth away the quarrel? She is in trouble-will you not take her to your arms?"

"It is impossible," he said quickly, but with such determination in his voice as made Jean shudder, and sent a thrill of exquisite torture through Audrey's aching heart, as she, at that moment, opened the door in time to catch Jean's last words and her husband's reply.

By and by, when they were speeding to Dover, Jean and Willie Fullerton-who. when he found Jack did not join them. inslated on going—in a corner talking carnestly, Audrey drew out her husband's letter

"Audrey-In future, after the events of last night, it will be impossible for us to live together. This, I take it, will be as much your wish as mine. To continu to live as we have been doing would be Would Jack come? She waited several a mockery of marriage, a disgrace to our race, a dishonor to our name. This, then, is what I propose to do. There shall be no divorce; the pride and honor of the agony in her breast was urging her to Harborough family protest against such a course. After all, you are very young a mere child; you may have erred through ignorance, but be that so or not, from henceforth you can never be my wife in aught but name. My wife must be above uspicion pure, sweet, true not a girl who, before scarcely six months of her marriage have gone, encourages a man for whom she openly expresses horror and

"As for Beverley Rechfort, before many ours are over-unless he be a cur, which take him to be he will have answered to me for his own part in this affair. Audrey, I am trying to write kindly; I am trying to remember your youth and the many disadvantages that have been yours since the first, and you-if you have justice and honesty in your heartyou will recognize that I am not treating you harshly. Your future is my care This morning I have made my will. I leave you all the money I possess, together with Minster, in Blankshire the property my father has just settled upon Whether I live or die, I wish you my lawyers. I intend to start at once work for Jack," she repeated slowly, "and on a tour of the world, giving the condition of my health as a reason for thus relinquishing my parliamentary career. I t the end of that time your conduct has seen such as to permit me to occupy the same house as yourself, and appear fore the world in my proper position as

"JOHN GLENDURWOOD." When Dover was reached a telegram

"For Lady John Glendurwood," the waiter said, inquiringly. "Is that right, madame?"

"Quite right." Jean hesitated only a moment, and tore it open. She gave a little sound of sor-

row as she read. It was from Marshall -poor, faithful Marshall—and ran thus "Mrs. Fraser died this morning. Her last wish was that you should not trave here, but that she should be carried home and buried in England. I, therefore, beg your ladyship to obey this wish. I have telegraphed for my poor mistress' lawyers. "SUSAN MARSHALL."

Poor little Audrey! Robbed already of the mother she had longed for so much, loved so dearly, and possessed so short a

CHAPTER XXVI.

There was nothing to do. Audrey fell into a sickness that threatened serious consequences. Jean sent at once for Lore Glendurwood and Fullerton, and he came in hot haste from a vain search for Beverley Rochfort. There was nothing to be done but wait. Audrey had fallen into a stuper. Her dear mother was buried without the presence of her beloved child. For three days and nights Jean sat heside Audrey's bed, watching and dreading for the moment when that fair, frail face should grow even whiter, the faint, low breathing even fainter. Three long, weary days these were; but if she found them terrible, how much more so did the one who had nothing to do put to pace to and fro in the wet, leafless garden, his hungry eyes fixed always on the low, square window which hid his darling from his view? The doctors forbade Jack Glendurwood from entering his wife's sick room. He had crept in for a few monents the night he arrived-no argument or threat could keep him out; and as he had bent over the girl's silent form, calling to her in his agony to speak to him, had opened her eyes, and at sight of him she had given one little scream, and then had relapsed into unconsciousness, in which condition she had remained for three days and nights. When reason returned Audrey was better, and Jean sought out Jack and told the good news.

"And may I see her-when?" he asked eagerly. "When may I see her? My darling! My darling!" "The doctor will tell you. Perhaps to

As Jean sat by Andrey's bedside that evening, resting back wearify in the chair, now that all extreme anxiety was gone, small, sweet voice came from the pillow, and she was alert at once.

"Jean," she said, after a little pause, -Ja-is my husband here?" "Yes, darling; he has been here nearly all the time. Do you want to see him? "No, no, no! I will not see him, Jean. If you love me, send him away! I shall go mad if he is here! Promise! Prom-

ise! You must; you shall?" "It shall be as you wish, my dearest," "You can trust me?" "Yes trust you always," she mur gende Blatter.

mured, and in a few seconds she was

Constance Fraser had been brought over to England and laid beside her mothr in an old-fashloned country churchyard. It had been a simple funeral enough, though flowers had come from far and near. High and low, rich and or, one and all, had a sorrowful thought or the sweet, gentle woman, who had cited a better sojourn on earth.

Shells was left to herself and her no very agreeable reflections. The masked ball had cost her an enormous sum. Lady baleswater had never offered to take her away with her; she had absolutely no tion of what had happened to Jack and Audrey. Beverley Rochfort never made the least sign, and to crown all, Murray, the whilem mald at Craiglands, and her into her own hands and bolted one night with all the available jewelry and lace she could lay her hands upon.

Enraged beyond all expression at the oss of her property. Shella at once put the matter into the hands of the police, and, in fact, was far more interested in this affair than she was at the death of

her stepmother. But a more disagreeable condition of things than this awaited Sheila when the report of Audrey's disappearance spread to Mountberry. She was fairly frightened; ignorant of what might really happen, she conjured up all sorts of evil that would be visited upon her when the whole truth was given to the world, as it most probably would be. She eagerly searched for Rochfort, to force him to exonerate her from blame in the mischief they had brought about, but like a coward was hiding from its consequences.

Then one day she had a frantic visit from Alice Fairfax, who was in great and terrible fear lest something would hap-pen to her. She had seen Willie Fullerton, who had boldly stated that it was Lord John's intention to sift out the whole gossip that had been spread about his wife, and clear away much that h could not understand.

"And if so, we shall be ruined, Sheila," sobbed Alice Fairfax: "but, anyhow, shall tell the truth, and say you asked

"You dare to turn on me!" Shell flashed, forlously, white with anger, and then she would have proceeded to ther ebullitions of wrath had not the door of her room been opened at this moment and Mr. Fullerton announced by the waiter. A glance at the two flushed faces would have satisfied Willie as to their guilt, if he had not, at that me ment, reposing in his pocket, a complete confession signed by Murray, whom Daw son, the detective, had easily found-this had been done at Jean's suggestion-and who, discovering that her chance of brilliant career on Sheila's jewels was briefly cut short, eased her conscience and her spite by disclosing the whole plot.

Willie's interview with Sheila was short and to the point; and when he left the room he carried with him her signature and a few words at the bottom of Murray's confession testifying that all the maid had written was true

(To be continued.)

HE REBUFFED THE COLLECTOR Scared Him So that He Forgot t

"Quick! See that fellow?" exclaimed the bill collector to a Kansas City Star man. "That burly-looking guy coming A GLIMPSE OF SHERMAN, out of the barber shop. He's a cross between a coyote and a grizzly bear; good at getting away, you know, and a bad man when he's cornered. He men do that keep then semony allve. Sherman had fought in, and about solutines a sort of miscellaneous business Frequently it is some small act of dier life, stories some of which were in east bottoms. I know him well- kindliness, some pleasant speech or in the history book; but most of them very well. His name's Spregg.

"He got us in for a small amount minds of those who knew them. So in man told some stories about Mr. Linand the boss told me to try my luck. Illinois there is a young man who So I mooched out there for several thinks of General Sherman not as "Old days and had long heart-to-heart talks with a diminutive office boy, but the uous campaigns, but as a kindly, boss of the dump never came near. The rough-bearded old gentleman, who carkid said he was out collecting his bad ried him over miles of road on his lap bills.

"Well, for the first few days," con tinued the collector, "I didn't mind my slum work in the east bottoms, but county in which the boy lived was to when you keep a thing up forever, and dedicate a soldlers' monument on Mestill nothing in sight, it is quite vexing, morial day. General Sherman and you know. The office boy informed me that Mr. Spregg wasn't having much luck with his collections. Encourage ng, wasn't it?

"But perseverance always counts, you snow, and I finally caught my man, I misfortunes, it rained all the day be was pretty sore by this time, and deided to unload on him. The office kid ing in the garden, and so on Memorial pened the boss' door and gave me a day the boy had to get down on hands centle push. My victim was squatted and knees and pull weeds under on a cracker box, mumbling up a colmn of figures-his had bills, I guest. His back looked me in the face one of those square, mean-looking backs.

"Oh, I was going to say a lot of He knew it was useless. It would hings, but I didn't get the chance, for take him two hours, and when he got just then Mr. Spregg reached in his there he would find everything over lesk and pulled out a horse pistol, and and the general gone and there was then he hitched around on his box and glared at me. He didn't point the pisof at me-he just monkeyed with the rigger.

"Are you the fool collector from Brown & Cor be inquired, cusually. "Er-could you please direct me to leim's park?" was all I said."

Fully Qualified.

"So you're after the job, eh?" said pass, but stopped beside him. he milkman who had advertised for a

Yes, sir," replied the young man, Well, what experience have you Why, I've pumped the organ down

our church fur years."-Philadelphia the seat. Absent Minded.

Stranger (with sultense) - Can you dvise me, sir, as to the nearest route the leading hotel? The Native Straight ahead three

orks. Two dollars, please, Stranger-Eh! Native-Beg pardon. Force of habit. My card. I'm Dr. Pellet.—Cleveland would get there. Do you suppose I

No Graft In It.

Plain Dealer.

ed to the horse, and the other, stroking "See here," said the lieutenant of pohis beard, said: lice, "that countryman claims he told you of his experience with a bunko man, but you paid no attention to him." "Dat's all right," replied the cop. "He the other. For some reason they both didn't interest me none. He admitted chuckled. de bunko man had took de last cent he had."-Philadelphia Press.

Convenient. "So you have three pairs of glasses

professor?"

"Yes one pair to read with, another for near-sightedness, and a third pair to look for the other two with !"-File+++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++++

Opinions of Great Papers on Important Subjects. \*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*

TRAST TEASING.



YOUNG was drowned herself near Wilington, by the other day because she could not state the playful taunts of her associates that a trivial personal matter. she had been to stop, but they persisted. Shoen threatened to end her life if the pecentian continued, and still they tensed her. Then she and her threat into execution, teased nor. and now the young Page who engaged in their pasand now the same are was engaged in their time of annoyance are problemed with regret.

me of almoyar carries a impressive lesson, applicable This tragely to great numbers of page who do not realize the sento great much of others. Of a subtle crueities none is more altiveness of than the lenstent reference to a subject about hat is painful to anothe Yet this form of torment is that is painted in constantly, Parents tease their children indulged in the may see triffing to them, but are about things in the little folks. They cause great suffering of mile by thus incessantly "poking fun" at the youngsten shom they are supposed to the state of the cherish and guard free pain. The expression is often cherish and given the expression is often beard; "Oh, it is good for her. She is too sensitive. heard: One to get use to being criticised and tensed while she is young." It this very treatment is calwhile she render the did more keenly susceptible to mental torture than being it may not be doubted that many a child's tage is warped by injudicious jocularity on the part of its eldera - Washington Star.

THE STOR EXCHANGE.



ANY person think of the New York Stock Exchange as seat of commercial iniquity, and have been encouraged in this view by magazine stides picturesque and expert in phrasing, but not so accurate as they ought to be.

When something unusual, like the recent decline of stocks, calls attention to "the market," we realize how little thought most of us give to it day by day. It seems remote from the interests of the man of small means. But the central stock-market is a solid and important institution, and the conditions which it indicates at the end of seh day's trading are almost sure signs of the state of the country's production and

It is true that a great many of the transactions on the stock exchange are mere gambling, and represent nothing more than the turning of money from one man's pocket into another's; it is also true that even in legitimate trading there is a fever and hysteria which perverts not only commercial values, but life values.

Nevertheless, most of the chicanery and madness of stock transactions flourishes not in the central market, nor in the offices of those who guide it, but in the suburbs of the business, in offices not related to the exchange or to any reputable banking house,-

Real stock transactions bear a definite relation to the business of the country, and after due allowance is made for the artificial manipulations, so difficult to

Teenmach," the soldier, victor is

in order that at the end he might real-

It was in the early eighties. The

Governor Oglesby were to be the two

From where the boy lived it was

miles to the county seat. He had to

walk the distance. But worst of all

fore, when he should have been work-

brolling sun, across row after row of

young vegetables, so that he did not

Only an hour, and six miles to go

no use in anything, anyway. Tears

rolled down his cheeks now and then,

Every little while a buggy or car-

riage passed him going in his direc-

tion, but all of them were full, and

there was no one to give him a lift.

But at last, when he was certain that

he could never get there, a buggy

which came up from behind did not

"Hello, bub!" said a kindly voice.

eyes. Two gray and quizzical old faces

peered at him out of a muddy buggy.

Two pleasant old gentlemen were on

"Climb in, then," said the man near-

est him, and as the boy, not believing

man reached out and lifted him in, and

"I was a going to the monument."

said the boy, "but I didn't think I

will? In time to see General Sher-

The old man who was driving cluck-

"Why-yes, I guess you will

I reckon he'll get there. Eh, Dicky

"Why-why, yes, I recked so," said

"Want to see the general, shy" said

"You see, be lives right

Dia

the old man who held him. "Don't

"No, sir, not so much." said the be

here in this state, and he didn't march

through Georgia, or have songs about

care about the governor, chy

"Why, no, so he didn't

his ears, put a foot on the step, the

"Where you going?" he asked

sented him on his lap.

"Y-y-yes, sir-I'm trying to."

The boy looked up through

"Going far?"

the boy.

man?"

truthfully.

him, or anything."

and he felt like a much abused boy.

get away from home until 1 o'clock.

speakers of the occasion,

ly see his boyish hero, the soldier.

Dick?" asked the boy's old gentleman

cheering.

tleman did the same,

had brought him.

1882.

him, and then he saw them mount the

He had, indeed, arrived in time to

see the general," for it was General

Sherman and Governor Oglesby who

MOST EXPENSIVE OF HATS.

One Owned in Pittsburg.

is a Mexican sombrero on exhibition

in the national museum, Washington,

It cost \$1,500 in gold and was present-

ed to Gen. Grant while in Mexico in

Samuel Sherard of Pittsburg, Pa.

probably has the costlicst hat owned by

any private individual. It cost \$1,100

and is made of spun glass. It was

made by an old Alsatian at Pittsburg.

He invented a process for spinning and

weaving glass, and the hat has consid-

erable elasticity, being as hard to break

Mr. Sherard has owned this unique

headplece for ten years and occasion-

ally wears it because in a good-natured

moment he promised the inventor to do

While William H. Seward was Secre-

tary of State in Lincoln's cabinet some

of his South American admirers sent

him a Panama hat which cost \$1,000.

It was exhibited in a New York show

Panama hats used to be frequently

sold as high as \$500 aptece, one New

that price in a single day in the sum-

mer of 1867, but they are no longer

Panama hats are not made in Pan-

because that city was formerly the

The finest bats come from Payta and

Guayaquil, Peru, and are made of the

fiber of the pits or pineapple plant.

This fiber is soft and pliable as silk.

and some of the hats are made so fine

that they can be folded up and put in

A Sole Theory.

"Because his first word is his last."

shoemaker is the most paradoxi-

greatest market for these goods.

window for a year or more.

on the market.

the vest pocket.

"Why so?"

cal of human beings."

-Raltimore American.

as an ordinary Panama,

The most expensive hat in the world

Sombrero Presented to Grant

platform with the committee.

and told more stories about him.

practice on the market as a whole, we find the exchange a sound register of the state of the country. The same things that all human beings fear, crop failure, war, strikes, depress the market. That is why men were afraid, when the market "broke; not so much because they care for the stocks, as that they feared the signs of the end of prosperity. Fortunately the market recovered, and there was no panic. But for a few days all intelligent persons watched the market with respect and attention.-Youth's Companion.

### BOYS AND THE STREET.



HE Illinois Senate has passed a bill which will have the effect, if it becomes law, of requiring boys between 14 and 16 to be lawfully employed during school hours or to be in school. Some latitude will probably be allowed to the interpretation of the word

"employed," so that it may cover useful work at home or under the direction of the boy's parents as well as work for hire. The intent is to keep off the streets the boys who are not in school.

The street is not the place for a boy under 16. Habits of idleness unfit the boy for serious work and give him a distaste for it. No phase of the criminal history of the city is more disquieting than the increase in the number of adolescent criminals during recent years. This increase is due, more than anything else, to the failure ofparents to see to it that their boys are kept under discipline after they have reached the age of 14. The gang that meets near the corner saloon is not good company for the boy who expects to make a success of life. . . . Boys who will be men can be made or rulned by the habits luto which they fall before the age of 16. Idleness during two of the most important of the formative years is likely to lead to incompetence and failure if nothing more serious. It is better for a boy to enter upon life as fully equipped for the struggle as possible. To some boys two years more of school would be an invaluable help. To others an earlier start in business or a trade would be more important. But to no one in average bealth can two years of the lessons of the street be anything but hurtful.-Chicago Tribune.

### PLAY A NECESSITY OF LIFE.



HE gospei of play will, we are confident, win for itself a bearing as the gospel of wholesomeness and a fuller life. It will go far to create a better race of manly beings, a better social state and throw a new light on the plety of grimness and "other worldilness." What we have said has been applied

mainly to city life, to the overpacked and unnatural crowd; but it is applicable in a modified form to country fife. The people who live among the trees and brooks do get, in spite of themselves, a certain relaxation, yet they need what they do not get-the useless sport, the utter relief for a portion of each day from "trying to make ends meet."- New York Independent.

SHAKSPEARE QUOTED BIBLE.

again. This seemed to amuse them very much. They chuckled about it Present Generation Knows Man More Things than Men of Old. a while, and then the old gentleman "Yes," said Rev. John Snyder, author who held the boy began to tell him of "As Ye Sow," "we know many things better than our ancestors knew them. We know more about microbes and scientific benevolence and expert sanitation. But they knew more about the manly courtesy, which remains in the were new to the boy. Then the other Bible. It was a part of their very in tellectual and spiritual fiber.

"Do you realize," continued Mr. Sny-."Did you know him?" demanded the der, "how much of the Bible there is in Shakspeare's plays? A great English bishop declares that these plays Six miles was a long way to walk contain nearly 600 biblical quotations but it was a short way to ride, and it and references. Which do you think of seemed as if they had hardly started all the Shakspeare characters quotes when the boy heard a tremendous the Bible most frequently? You would shouting and cheering, and there was

probably never guess. the crowd, all lined up along the road, "Nobody but that delightful old reprobate, Sir John Falstaff. When the Cheering whom? He felt a motion old sinner is on his deathbed Dame back of him, and turned, and saw his Quickly, you will remember, says he old gentleman take off his hat and 'babbled of green fields.' Mr. Richardsmile and bow; and the other old genson, the celebrated Shakspeare reader, says he was probably attempting to re-They drove up to the square and set peat the twenty-fbird psalm.

him down, and every one stared at "But how many people even people of education and intellectual cultureunderstand the biblical allusions of Shakspeare to-day? A few years ago a college president presented to one of his classes (young men from all the different conditions of American life) a collection of nineteen biblical allasions taken from the works of Tennyson. The young men were asked to explain the allusions. The mistakes they made were simply ridiculously astounding. They reminded you of the man who thanked the preacher for telling the congregation the facts concerning Sodom and Gomorrah. He said he had always seen the names associated, but he supposed they were man and wife.

That scarcely seems an exaggeration. R. Melville Baker says he was read ng a play to an intelligent actor one One line contained a reference to Ananias, 'Who's he?' asked the actor Mr. Baker smiled and said: 'Don't you know Ananias? 'Never beard of him,' said the actor, 'and I guess if I never heard of him the audience never did. I'd cut that line out."-Boston Globe,

# Changing His Colors.

Jacob A. Rlis tells of a little boy who earned his living by blacking boots. Every Sunday he attended a mission school. This school, through its wellmeaning teachers, decided to have a Christmas tree. The gifts for the pupils were provided for them by the teachers and some patrons of the York merchant selling three hats at school.

Jimmy, the bootblack, was there Christmas eve, but was much disappointed when his present proved to be copy of Browning's poems. He foldama, but this name was given them ed it carefully in the paper in which he received it, and took it home. The next Sunday the superintenden

of the mission school announced that any child who was disappointed with his or her gift could exchange it. Jimmy marched holdly to the front with him.

"What have you there, Jimmy " "Browning, sir." "And what do you want in hange?" "Blacking, sir."

The little side dishes at a restaurant the time?" asked the Recorder. afford considerable amusement to farm-

CATS ARE FOND OF FISHING.

Naturalist Says Many Are Disciple of Isaak Walton.

"Cats," said a naturalist, "are very fond of fishing. I have personally known three feline fishers. One was a mere acquaintance and used to fish in a trout stream. The other two were adornments of a country house in which lived and during the summer months used to fish to a near-by lake every evening.

They would crouch on the shore and suddenly jump into an advancing wavelet, very frequently bringing out a small fish. When they had kittens I have sometimes seen them bring up to the house three fish in the space of an

hour. "I know of a cat, whose home was close to a stream, that was a regular and accomplished fisher. She was a half Persian. Her daughter belongs to friends of mine, nd I have myself seen this latter watching the goldfish in the children's aquarium, which at that time was open at the top and on a broad

window seat. "Puss put in one paw and stirred the water violently, then sat down to watch with apparent satisfaction the terror of the fish, which she could not on that occasion reach. Once the family found she had caught one and killed a second, so the aquarium was afterward

always covered by wire or net. One of this cat's kittens belonged to me, and during her short life of under a year was very dependent on human companionship. She came up to my bedroom frequently the first thing in the morning and always took great interest in my wash basin, from which she would fish out the sponge or sonp. and liked to have her paw in the water."

## "Nerves" National Allment.

Neurasthenia is a long word and a haughty one; it covers a multitude of sins and follies. No other disease known to man is so characteristically national as nerves. It has become a joke, a bore, a reproach, but it remains

The symptoms of the malady are widespread and wonderfully varied. Mr. Harriman's famous "Wow, wow, wow" is as clear a pathological mark as the President's incessant activity or Mr. Rockefeller's baldness and golf habit or Tom Lawson's advertising mania. Very few of our great men, in fact, fall to betray some signs of the national disease.

But the collective phase of nerves, the neurasthenic condition of the community, is more interesting than any individual case. Large masses of apparently healthy citizens manifest an evident hysteria over some trivial or disgusting topic of news.

Another form of the community attack of the nerves is the craze such as the bridge mania through which we are now passing. The same lesson could be found in the current drama, in the thirst for elemental plays or in popular fiction.

The book advertisements of a Saturday newspaper are enough to convict the publishers and writers of neurasthenia if not the readers of their wares, The shricks and the screams are all symptoms.

The one cure is fresh air and less of the cause, whatever it may be-less drink or money making or ambition or love of flith. The neurasthenic is rarely incurable; he is often a brilliant person temporarily unbalanced. If he avoid the rest cure. And the public, if it takes a brace, may avoid a kind of national rest cure, which is depressing and costly.-Saturday Evening

# Black Bear and Her Cubs.

The black bear has her cubs, from one to three, in her den during the months of March and April, and it is an interesting thing to know that she has the power to give birth to her young at least two weeks before the proper time if driven from her den. She will return to her cubs if let alone.

In the den she cares for her young until the snows of the north country have sufficiently melted to permit of her ge, ing about, when she "hits the trail" again. She eats nothing during the five months that she hibernates. except that from time to time she will lap the leicle which is made by the freezing of her breath on her paws.

She ventures forth as soon as the snow has sufficiently melted to permit of her getting about and for several days will eat nothing but hemiock bark and cer-

tain roots, which act as a physic, When in her normal state of health again she is ravenously hungry and will diligently fish the brooks and streams in search of a dinner of tront. will hunt up the curcusses of deer or moose which have been overcome by the severity of the winter or will prey upon porcuplues by quickly putting her paw under the stomach and rolling the porcupine on its back, then with a slap tear out the entrails and escape the quills.-Field and Stream.

A kindly faced woman showed great nterest in going through the New-York Home for Blind Men. Seeing one sightless man busily caning a chair, she said sympathetically; "I don't see how you men do that

work at all." "That's the way with us, madame,"

said the worker, cheerfully, "We don't see how we do it ourselves." To another blind man she said: "Do you close your eyes when you

sleep?" "Oh no madame; we have a watch man that goes around and closes 'em for all of us at 10 o'clock."

In the Recorder's Court in Atlanta a najority of the persons tried are negroes, and the bulk of their erring is in drinking too much. Not long since a shiftiess looking negro was arraigned for habitual drunkenness. The principal witness against him was his wife. She was on the witness stand, with Recorder Broyles applying his incisive scalpel.

"Does your husband stay drunk all I lan't got any job."

"No, suh, not all de time. Sometimes