

AIKEN'S DE

MRS. MARY J. HOLMES

Author of "Dear Dora," "The English Orphan," "Honor on the Hills," "Less Rivers," "Meadowbrook," "Impost and Searcher," "Cecilia Maudsley," etc.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

"Ah, good morning, you are Jessie's governess, I presume," she said, bowing distinctly, and pretending not to notice the hand which Maddy involuntarily extended toward her. "Jessie speaks well of you, and I am very glad to see you. You have had a pleasant time, I trust?" Her voice was so cold and her manner so distant that Maddy's eyes for an instant filled with tears, but she answered civilly that she had been very happy, and everybody was very kind. It was harder work to put down Maddy Clyde than Agnes had expected. Summoning all her courage, Agnes began:

"Excuse me, Miss Clyde, but your own good sense, of which I am sure you have an abundance, must tell you that now Mr. Remington and myself are at home, your intercourse with our family must be rather limited. Mind, I am finding no fault with you. It is all quite right; she continued, as she looked at Maddy's face, "The past is right, but in future it will be a little different. I am willing to accord to a governess all the privileges possible. They are human as well as myself, but society makes a difference. Don't you know it does?"

"Yes, no—I don't know. Oh, pray tell me what I am to do," Maddy gasped, her face as white as ashes, and her eyes wearing as yet only a scared, uncertain look.

"You are not, of course, to go to Mr. Remington. It is my matter, and does not concern him. What I wish is this: You are to come to the parlor only when invited, and are not to intrude upon us at any time, particularly when company is here, such as—well, such as Dr. Holbrook, if you please. As you cannot be with Jessie all the while, you will, when your hours as governess are over, sit in your own room, or the school room, or walk in the back yard, just as the higher servants do. In following these directions you will, I think, give entire satisfaction."

When Mrs. Agnes had finished this, Maddy began to understand her position, and into her white face the hot blood poured indignantly. Wholly inexperienced, she had never dreamed that to go to work was not worthy to sit at the same table with her employer, that she must never enter the parlors unbidden, or to intrude herself in any way. But the angry words trembling on her tongue were repressed as she remembered her grandfather's teachings, and with bow as haughty as any aristocrat could assume, she made, and a look on her face which could not easily be forgotten, she left the room, and in a kind of stunned bewilderment sought the garden.

Once alone, the torrent burst forth, and burying her face in the soft grass, she wept bitterly, never hearing the coming near, and not at first heeding the voice which asked what was the matter. Guy Remington, too, had come out into the garden, accidentally wandering that way, and so stumbling upon the little figure crying in the grass. He knew it was Maddy, and greatly surprised to find her thus, asked what was the matter. Then, as she did not hear him, he laid his hand gently upon her shoulder, compelling her to look up. In all her imaginings of Guy, she had never associated him with the man who had so puzzled and confused her, and now she did not for a time suspect the truth. She only thought him a guest at Aikenside; someone come with Guy, and her degradation seemed greater than before. She was not surprised when he called her by name; of course he remembered her, just as she did him; but she did wonder a little what Mrs. Agnes would say, could she know how kindly he spoke to her, lifting her from the grass and leading her to a rustic seat at no great distance from them.

"Now, tell me why you are crying so?" he said, brushing from her silk apron the spot of dirt which had settled upon it. "Are you homesick?" he continued, and Maddy burst out again.

"Oh, sir, I was so happy here till they came home, Mrs. Remington and Mr. Guy. I never thought it was a disgrace to be a governess; never heard it was so considered, or that I was not good enough to eat with them, till she told me this. Oh, dear, dear!" and choked with tears Maddy stopped a moment to take breath.

She did not look up at the young man beside her, and it was well she did not, for the dark expression of his face would have frightened her. Half guessing the truth, and impatient to hear more, he said to her:

"Do go on," so sternly that she started, and replied:

"She told me now they had come home it would be different, that only when invited must I come to the parlor, or anywhere, but must stay in the servants' part, and eat with Mrs. Noah and Sarah. It just as soon do that. I am no better than they, only—the way she told me made me feel so mean, as if I was not anybody, when I am, and here Maddy's pride began to rise. "I'm just as good as she, if grandpa is poor, and I won't stay here to be treated like this by her and Mr. Guy. I liked him so much, too, because he was kind to grandpa and to me when I was sick. Yes, I did like him so."

"And how is it now?" Guy asked, wondering who in the world she thought he was. "How is it now?"

"I s'pose it's wicked to feel such things on Sunday, but, somehow, what she said keeps making me so sad that I know I hate her, and I guess I hate Mr. Guy!"

This was Maddy's answer, spoken deliberately, while she looked up at the young man, who, with a conical expression about his mouth, replied:

"I am Mr. Guy."

"You, you! Oh, I can't bear it! I will die!" and Maddy sprang up as quickly as if feeling an electric shock. But Mr. Guy's arm was interposed to stop her, and Guy's arm held her back, while he asked her where she was going.

"Anywhere out of sight where you can never see me again," Maddy sobbed vehemently. "It is bad enough to have you think me a fool, as you must; but now, oh, what do you think of me?"

"Nothing but to assure you, Guy said, with holding her wrist to keep her there. "I supposed you knew who I was, but as you did not, I forgive you for hating me so cordially. If you thought I sanctioned what Mrs. Remington has said to you, you had cause to dislike me, but, Miss Clyde, I do not, and this is the first intimation I have had that you were to be treated other than as a lady. I am married to Aikenside, not Mrs. Agnes, who shall be made to understand it."

"Oh, please don't quarrel about me. Let me go home, and then all will be well," Maddy cried, feeling, at that moment, more averse to leaving Aikenside than she

could have thought it possible.

"We shall not quarrel, but I shall have my way; meanwhile go to your room and stay there until told that I have sent for you."

They went to the house together, but separated in the hall; Maddy replying to her room, while Guy sought Mrs. Agnes. The moment she saw his face she prepared for the biting sarcasms and bitter reproaches heaped upon her by one who, when roused, was a perfect hurricane.

Maybe she had forgotten what she was when his father married her, he said, but he had not, and he remembered well the wonder expressed by many that his father should stoop to marry a poor school teacher. "Yes, that's what you were, madam, much as you despise Maddy Clyde for being a governess; you were once yourself, and before that time mercy knows what you were—a hired mercenary—your present airs would seem to warrant as much."

Guy was in a sad passion by this time, and failed to note the effect his last words had on Agnes, who turned livid with rage and terror, but smothering her wrath, said beseechingly:

"Pray, Guy, do not be angry; I know I am foolish about some things, and proud people who 'come up,' as you say, always are, I guess. I know that marrying your father made me what I am, but everybody does not know it, and it is not necessary they should. I don't remember exactly what I did say to this Clyde girl, but I thought it would be pleasant for you, pleasanter for us all, not to have her always around; it seems she has slipped at the table when Dr. Holbrook was here to tea, and even you can't think that quite right."

"I don't know why," and at mention of Dr. Holbrook Guy's temper burst out again. "Agnes, you can't deceive me; I know the secret of your abominable treatment of Maddy is jealousy."

"Guy—jealous, I jealous of that child?" And Agnes' voice was expressive of the utmost consternation.

"Yes, jealous of that child; you think that because the doctor has been kind to her, perhaps he wants her some time for his wife. I hope he does; I mean to help it on; I'll tell him to have her, and if he don't I'll marry her myself!" and Guy paced up and down the parlor, chafing and fuming like a young lion.

Agnes was conquered and quite as much bewildered as Maddy had been; she heard only in part how Maddy Clyde was henceforth to be treated.

"Yes, yes," she gasped at last, as Guy talked on, "stop now for mercy's sake, and I'll do anything, only not this morning, my head aches so I cannot go to the breakfast table; I must be excused," and holding her temples, which were throbbing with pain induced by strong excitement, Agnes hurried to her own room.

The breakfast bell had rung twice while Guy was holding that interview with Agnes, and at last Mrs. Noah came up herself to learn the cause of the delay; standing in the hall, she heard a part of what was being said in the parlor. Standing back to let Agnes pass, she waited a moment, and then, as if she had just come up, presented herself before Guy, asking if he were ready for breakfast.

"Yes, call Miss Clyde; tell her I sent for her," was Guy's answer, and forthwith Mrs. Noah retired to Maddy's room, finding her still sobbing bitterly.

"I cannot go down," she said; "my face is all stains, and it's so dreadful, happening on Sunday, too. What would grandpa say?"

"You can wash off the stains. Come," Mrs. Noah asked, pointing water into the bowl, and bidding Maddy hurry, "as Mr. Guy was waiting breakfast for her."

"But I am not to eat with them," Maddy began, when Mrs. Noah stopped her, by explaining how Guy ruled that house, and Agnes had been completely routed. This did not quiet Maddy particularly, and she heartily resented as she descended to the parlor, where Guy was still waiting up and down.

"Come, Miss Clyde, Jessie is nearly famished," he said pleasantly, as Maddy appeared, and without the slightest reference to what had passed, he drew Maddy's arm within his own, and giving a hand to Jessie, who had just come in, he went to the breakfast room, where Maddy was told to preside.

Guy watched her closely without seeming to do so, mentally deciding that she was neither vulgar nor awkward. On the contrary, he thought her very pretty, and very graceful for one so unaccustomed to society. Nothing was said of Agnes, who kept her room the entire day, and did not join the family until evening, when Guy sat upon the piazza with Jessie in his lap, while Maddy was not very far away. At first there was such constraint between Agnes and Maddy, but with Guy to manage, it soon wore away, and Agnes felt herself exceedingly amiable when she reflected how gracious she had been to her rival.

But Maddy could not so soon forget. All through the day the conviction had been settling upon her that she could not stay at Aikenside, and so on the following morning, just after breakfast was over, she summoned courage to ask Mr. Guy if she might talk with him. Leading her to the library, he waited for her to commence. She could not bear to leave a bad impression on his mind, so the first words she said to him were:

"Mr. Remington, I can't stay here after all that has happened. If it would not be pleasant for me or Mrs. Agnes, as I am going home, but I want you to forget what I said about hating you yesterday. I did not then know who you were. I don't hate you. I like you, and I want you to like me."

She did not look at him, for her eyelids were cast down, and her lashes were wet with tears she could scarcely keep from shedding. Guy had never known much of Maddy's age, and there was something extremely fascinating in the artless simplicity of this half child, half woman, sitting there before him, and asking him so demurely to like her.

"I am much obliged for your liking me," he said, a little mischievously. "You must not be so sure of your own reason as to do surely have you recall the incidents of our first interview. Maddy—Miss Clyde—I have come to the conclusion that I knew less than you did, and I beg your pardon for annoying you so terribly."

Then, briefly, Guy explained to her how it all happened, blaming himself far more than he did the doctor, who, he said, had repented bitterly.

"Had you died, Miss Clyde, when you were so sick, I half believe he would have felt it his duty to die also. He likes you

very much; more indeed than any patient I ever knew him to have," and Guy's eyes glanced curiously at Maddy, as witness the effect his words might have upon her. But Maddy merely answered:

"Yes, I think he does like me, and I know I like him."

Mentally chiding himself for trying to find in Maddy's head an idea which evidently never was there, he began to speak of her proposition to leave, saying he should not suffer it, Jessie used her and she must stay. She was not to and the disagreeable things Mrs. Remington had said. Then, as he saw signs of yielding in Maddy's face, he continued:

"How would you like to turn scholar for a short time each day, I being your teacher? Time often hangs heavily upon my hands, and I fancy the novelty of the thing would suit me. I have books. I will appoint your lessons and the hour for recitation."

Guy's face was scarlet by the time he had finished speaking, for suddenly he remembered to have heard or read of a similar instance which resulted in the marriage of the teacher and pupil; besides that, it would subject him to so much remark, when it was known that he, the fashionable and fastidious Guy, was teaching a pretty, attractive girl like Maddy Clyde, and he sincerely hoped she would decline. But Maddy had no such intention. With her beautiful eyes full of tears, which shone like diamonds, as she lifted them to Guy's face, she said:

"Oh, I thank you so much. You could not make me happier, and I'll try so hard to learn. They don't teach such things at the district school; and when there was a high school in Honedale I could not go, for it was three dollars a quarter. Uncle Joseph needed help, and so I stayed at home. When may I begin?"

"As soon as I am rested from my journey, or sooner, if you like; and now tell me, please, who is this Uncle Joseph of whom you speak?"

"Uncle Joseph is grandma's youngest brother," Maddy answered, "and he has been in the asylum for years. As long as his little property lasted, his bills were paid, but now they keep him from charity, only grandpa helps all he can, and buys some little nice things which he wants so badly, and sometimes cries for, they say. I picked berries all last summer, and sold them to buy him a thin coat and pants. We should have more to spend than we do, if it were not for Uncle Joseph," and Maddy's face wore a thoughtful expression as she recalled all the shifts and turns she'd seen made at home that the poor man might be more comfortable.

(To be continued.)

TRACK OF THE STORM.

Eighty-one years ago on the 25th of August occurred the terrific storm and landslide in the Crawford Notch which swept into the Willey family out of existence. Every one who has been over the railroad which runs along the steep mountainside has looked down the deep valley to the little white house which marks the scene of the catastrophe, but the scars of that night's work are covered now, and the green slopes suggest no tragedy. It takes the written words of one who was actually involved in the stress of the storm to impress upon the mind of to-day the reality of that long-past horror. The New Hampshire Historical Society has published an account of the storm, written by one who battled with it.

The 25th of August witnessed the most remarkable flood of rain ever known in the vicinity. Our camp was on the side of Mount Washington. For several days showers had been frequent, but on that morning, about 5, the rain descended in torrents.

Climbing a gnarled oak a few rods from the camp, during a temporary suspension of the storm, I could see the trees and shrubbery bent in every direction and the bare rocks smoking, as it were, from the violence of the tempest. The very summit of the mountain seemed to shake.

It became impossible to keep up dired, and at 4 in the afternoon we left the camp. After great exertions we arrived at Crawford's a little before 9. It was the most dreadful rainstorm I ever witnessed. The very earth seemed to shake under my feet. At midnight the tempest suddenly ceased. In the morning we could see the great devastation. Entire crops were ruined, buildings were carried away, trees were down, and great excavations torn in the ground.

Long slides were noticed on the mountain sides. One had the appearance of having passed over the camp we had just left. We went down the Notch, and there our most vivid words could not paint the scene more awful than was the reality. Enormous masses of granite were torn from their foundations, crags had fallen, and thousands of trees were down.

A traveler, Barker, brought the news of the Willey tragedy. He was passing down the road and noticed the house. The doors being open, he entered, but could find no one. The coverings of the beds were thrown off, and the apparel of the family was lying about. He did not know their fate, but he could guess. He came on to Crawford's and told what he feared.

A search was immediately instituted, and the bodies of the unfortunate family discovered. If they had remained in the house they would have escaped. The avalanche separated just before it reached the dwelling, passed on each side of it, and came together again, leaving that the only untouched spot.

Two Months' Absence.

"But my poor man," said the kind housewife, who had given the tramp some stationery and a stamp to write to friends in the East, "why do you state 'If not delivered return after six days to writer'? Surely it won't take sixty days for the letter to journey to New York?"

The tramp smiled.

"No, lady," he confided, "if you won't take sixty days to get to New York but it will be sixty days before I will be able to receive it. You see, mums, I expect to pass two months in de work-house."

The Fussy Bachelor.

"Women," growled the fussy old bachelor, "remind me of eggs."

"Must be handled with care—is that the answer?" queried the very young man.

"No," rejoined the f. o. b., "one can never tell their age by their looks."

PAPERS BY THE PEOPLE

CHINA'S DOOR MUST BE KEPT OPEN.

By Secretary Taft.

Our merchants are being roused to the importance of the Chinese trade, and they would view with deep concern any and all political obstacles to its maintenance and expansion. This feeling is likely to find expression in the action of the American government.

American manufacturers to-day do not take the trouble to pack their goods properly or send them out in the sizes desired by the Chinese, but this stiff-necked lack of business sense is disappearing slowly, and our merchants are becoming aroused to the importance of his trade, which has grown without government encouragement and which has a great future.

There is no reason to complain of this governmental indifference. The United States and the other powers favor the open door, and if they are wise they will encourage the empire to take long steps in administrative and governmental reform, the development of the resources of China, and the improvement of the welfare of the people.

To do this will add to China's strength and position as a self-respecting government and aid her in preparing to resist possible foreign aggression in the seeking of undue and exclusive proprietary privileges. Thus no foreign aid will be required to enforce the open door and the policy of equal opportunity for all.

EVERY MAN IS FOR RENT.

By John A. Howland.

Never before in the history of the United States as a nation has it been more difficult to find recruits of first grade for those lines of human endeavor where the love of doing and the recompense of a simple, earnest life are stimulus and reward in one for such a life.

"What is there in it?" has become the one question of the young man beginning the world, and that young man asking the question expects the answer to be in dollars. No other answer than that which carries the dollar sign with it is considered. Efforts which are not worth the dollar measure are efforts not worth expending. Somebody made a million dollars in a certain line of work—that is worth while! Some one else has a salary of \$100,000 a year to show for his progress—what are the chances there? To him there is no chance in life that is not measured by the possibilities of money above the necessities of simple living.

Andrew Carnegie is an example of the world's master of millions. Carnegie will not allow the mention of death in his presence if he can escape it. You young men who have fixed your hopes in life for the accumulation of a million dollars—have you any idea of how many millions this man Carnegie might give you in exchange for your youth merely?

What can it mean when the master of men and millions in his old age will not suffer a reference to death in his presence? Simply that in his old age he is confessing to the fruitfulness of his past life. It is a confession of his failure in finding those things in life which should have ripened him, mellowed him and given

the old man that old man's retrospect of a life well spent, such as has allowed thousands the death made beautiful by Bryant: "Like one that wraps the drapery of his couch about him and lies down to pleasant dreams."

WARNING AGAINST FEDERALISM.

By Alton B. Parker.

The States and the people undertook by the constitution to fix the boundaries of each of the great departments of government, beyond which neither could pass. Upon the executive no legislative or judicial power was conferred, but he was charged to "take care that the laws be faithfully executed" and to "protect and defend the constitution of the United States." By what process of reasoning the executive has reached the conclusion that for the various departments of the federal government to seize power not granted by the States and the people is "to protect and defend the constitution" I know not.

With equal frankness those of us who have widely different views, who love the constitution and revere not alone the memory but the wisdom of its framers, who believe that the powers are wisely distributed between the States and the federal government, and deem that all past history proves it—should speak.

Many of the people have not found time to study the history and the genesis of the constitution. If, then, there were no immediate danger of an effective seizure of powers, we should, to protect the future, meet the assault of the new federalists with an equal vigor. They are steadily at work teaching and preaching the doctrines of their sect.

So those opposed to their views should sacrifice any party feeling and interest and enter the lists as open champions of our constitutional system in its integrity. The time to do it is now. Some other year—aya, even next year—may be too late.

THE UNEQUAL AMERICAN PAY ROLL.

By Secretary Cortelyou.

Victories of commerce call for high courage—courage to plan broadly for the future, courage to stick to a plan steadfastly to the end. Pluck and persistence are the inspiring attributes of American manhood, and they are typified in the American merchant.

No road is too hard for the American business man to travel, no obstacle great enough to stop him so long as he sees ahead something to be done. Back of him, sharing in his successes and not envying him his just rewards, stand the thousands of employees—the great army of American wage-earners, the best paid body of men and women in the world.

We have much to show the world as evidence of America's material greatness, but I venture to say there is nothing in that respect that we should regard with as much pride as the American pay roll. It has no equal anywhere. In a large sense it has made the American home, the American school and the American savings bank the envy of the world, tempting thousands to our shores every day, to share our prosperity and our contentment.

CIRCUS LESSONS.

Discipline is one of the spokes in the circus system wheel, says a writer in the Cosmopolitan. In the modern circus no swearing is allowed, as women and children may hear it. Cards, dice and drink are prohibited. This is no the conception which the public holds concerning circus people, but strength and steady nerves are needed for circus feats, and dissipation of any kind would soon leave the performers without a profession.

When a big American circus was abroad the German Emperor came one night incognito and watched them unroll the flat cars. Their system so impressed him that he had some of the officers of the German army see it and adopt some of their methods.

In landing the circus outfit the first man there is the "layer-out." He generally decides in about ten minutes where his tents are to be placed. As the building of the white city proceeds, everything seems to be in confusion, a tangled mass. Men are running every way; wagons seem to be dumping their loads promiscuously; but every wagon is lettered or numbered, so is every box or trunk, and all have their proper places. This great jumble of wagons, groaning and creaking in the soft turf and men shouting and singing is all working as one great whole to an end.

But although they all work together, each man is taught to think for himself, and when a man-shower ability, he is soon noticed. One instance of this was afforded by a young man who was studying medicine in the winter, and thought a season in the fresh air would harden him for his next winter's work. The only job he could get was as a canvas man. But he was able to think for himself, and promotion soon came.

The circus child is not taught by blows, but by kindness and patience. And the circus management insists that every child shall go to school in winter.

Why Scotland's Soil is Thin.

An English golfer on a Scottish links hit the turf ten times for every one that he struck the ball. His caddy ventured on a sarcastic remonstrance. "Ha' peety on auld Scotland, sir," said he. "She's suffered over enough at the hands o' yer countrymen in the past that ye sud treat her as saith the day. 'Tir the ba', man, an' let the grun' alone."

"Confound Scotland!" shouted the exasperated golfer, flinging down his club in a rage. "It's just what Dr. Johnson described it—stone, water and a little earth!"

"Sae the docther said that, did he?" inquired the caddy.

"He did, and he was a very wise man, let me tell you," snapped the Englishman.

"I believe ye," retorted the caddy. "Sae doot the docther was a vera wise man, for there is muckle o' stane an' water in Scotland—or mountains an' lochs that ye see as far as the sea, an' it's a sair truth that the soil is no vera deep. Ye see, there's sic a handle o' English bodies comes tae Scotland tae play gawf."—Glasgow Times.

If there is enough love in that kind matter of a letter, the orthography doesn't matter much.

ARCTIC POLE HUNTER TO USE POLAR BEARS.

Capt. Ronid Amundsen, greatest of Arctic mariners, gained renown by sailing a sloop through the Northwest passage from the North Atlantic to the North Pacific Ocean and locating the magnetic North Pole while on his way.

In 1910, the captain says, he is going to undertake a trip to the geographical North Pole. Other explorers, he says, have failed because they have not given time enough to the task. He will devote six years to it.

The captain tells a picturesque story about using trained polar bears to pull the sledges when he goes to the pole. He says:

"I am having some polar bears trained by Carl Hagenbeck, the animal trainer. These bears, when properly trained, are as tractable as oxen and can pull sledges well. They are at home in the cold of the arctic and can be easily cared for and fed with seal meat. When near enough to the pole it is my intention to use these bears to make a dash. There will be six of them and they will haul three sledges."

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DO YOU KNOW YOUR GROCER?

He Respects the Woman Who Is Hard to Please.

Under the title, "Do You Know Your Grocer?" the editor of Woman's Home Companion makes this comment:

"There are a few of the intimate details of his business life which our obliging grocer does not wish you to know. And that is why he sends a solicitor to your kitchen door every morning, why he assures you that your children will be served as honestly and promptly as yourself, and why he is highly elated when you put in a telephone and join his list of telephone customers."

The telephone and the order clerk or solicitor have probably done more to kill the housewife's instinct in women and further the ends of carelessness or unscrupulous grocers than any other labor-saving household institution of the century. Even the most competent of housekeepers can always find one thing more to do at home, and when the solicitor takes such a friendly interest in her needs and what her family likes, or the telephone can be used without changing from the house frock to a street suit, she is very prone to drop the habit of marketing. A New York grocer established one year in a new and prosperous residence district thus summed up his trade:

"We must make special appeal for the telephone and solicited trade, because our store and staff of clerks is not large enough to accommodate cus-

tomers if they called every day to market. Two-thirds of our trade is secured either by telephone or by soliciting, and the women never come to the store except when they happen to be passing on some other errand, or when there is some mistake in the bill. Yet it takes half our clerks to wait on the remaining one third of the trade—women who come here every day, and who waste our time picking over goods, changing their minds, waiting for change, deciding between this brand and that."

"Then you do not care for the woman who want to see what she buys for her family to eat?"

"The man had a saving sense of humor, and replied:

"I can't say that we really care for her—but I don't mind adding that we respect her!"

The Limit.

Riggs—You don't seem to be paying as much attention to Miss Giggleton as you did and she's such a popular lady, too. What's the matter?

Griggs—I got enough. I didn't mind her popularity so much, but I'll be hanged if I'll stand for mimeograph love letters with my name filled in from any female on earth!—Toledo Blade.

Does dentists go to heaven, Willie?

"Sure. They let 'em in so's they kin put gold crowns on the angels."—Denver Post.

Why should a tax collector have a high opinion of human nature?

FLASHES OF FUN

"Cheer up! There is a silver lining to every cloud!" "Well, what good is that? I haven't got an airship."—Pick-Me-Up.

Howell—You seem to think that I will lose if I make the investment. Powell—My boy, it is just like investing a note for a friend.—Brooklyn Life.

Friend—So that is your little boy? He looks very intelligent. Proud Mama—Just as I was at his age. My daughter, now, is more like her father.—New Orleans.

"Younging is going to marry the widow Henpeck." "Why, she's twice as old as he is." "Oh, well, he'll age fast enough after the wedding."—Town and Country.

"That fisherman is always talking about the whoppers he caught." "He doesn't catch them," answered Miss Cayenne. "He only tells them."—Washington Star.

Boarder—You divide a chicken with mathematical accuracy. Mrs. Washington—Dividing it is easy enough. I wish I could multiply it.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Mamma," said Jamie, mysteriously, "did I ever have a little brother that fell into the well?" "No," said mamma. "Why?" "Why, when I looked down in the well I saw a little boy something like me."

"Miss Pechis," said Mr. Timmid, at the other end of the sofa, "if I were to throw you a kiss I wonder what you'd say." "Well," replied Miss Pechis, "I'd say you were the laziest man I ever saw."—Philadelphia Press.

Tom—But perhaps she doesn't love you. Jack—Oh, yes, she does! Tom—How do you know? Jack—When I told her that I had no money to get married on she offered to borrow some from her father.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"Dear me, John, this is dreadful with hot weather on us and no money to go anywhere. Haven't you any country relations you can wear up?" "That's the trouble. I've scared all I've got already."—Baltimore American.

"Yes," said the young man, pensively, "the dog I once had saved my life." "Tell me about it," said the young woman, with eager interest. "I sold him for \$4," said the young man, "when I was nearly starving."—Tit-Bits.

"What made Brown marry that widow?" "Did you ever drop a penny in a weighing machine and then find the thing won't work?" "Yes." "That's the reason." "What do you mean?" "Couldn't get a weigh."—Denver Post.

Wife (during the quarrel)—I don't believe you ever did a charitable act in your life. Husband—I did one, at least, that I have lived to regret. Wife—Indeed! What was it, pray? Husband—I saved you from dying an old maid.—Illustrated Bits.

Friend—I am afraid your husband has a very bad cold; he's continually sneezing. It's quite painful to hear him. Why don't you ask a doctor to see him? Matron—Well, I'm waiting just a few days because it amuses baby so to see his father sneeze.—Tit-Bits.

"You may not remember me, Miss Summers," he said, "but I was engaged to you once." "Indeed?" the summer girl replied coldly, "you have quite a memory for faces." "No," he replied, glancing at her fair hand, "but I have for the rings I buy."—Philadelphia Press.

"But," protested the space writer, "perhaps you could use this article if I were to bolt it down?" "Nothing doing," rejoined the man behind the blue pencil. "If you were to take a gallon of water and bolt it down to a pint, it would still be water."—Chicago Daily News.

"Well, anyhow," said Cassidy, "the new mill is fitted up fine. Sure, everything is in its right place." "Not at all," replied Casey, "whin I went through there th' other day I see a lot o' red buckets marked 'For Fire Oil,' an', fair, there was wather in them!"—Philadelphia Press.

Friend—One of your clerks tells me you raised his salary and told him to get married, under penalty of discharge. Business Man—Yes; I do that to all my clerks when they get old enough to marry. I don't want any of your independent, conceited men about my place.—Tit-Bits.

Landlady (to new boarder who is rather stout). I am glad to hear that one of my former boarders recommended you to my house. Stout Boarder—Yes, he spoke very highly of it. After telling him that I had tried all kinds of antifat without success he advised a short stay here.—Ally Sloper.

Missus—Nora, I told you to give that man with the hand organ a quarter to go down to the next block and grind his machine in front of Mr. Uppert's house—and he's out here on the sidewalk again! Nora—Yis, mum. He says th' liddy in the next block gave 'im half a dollar to come back here, mum.—Chicago Tribune.

Literary Chickens.

An Indiana novelist with a love for the simple life moved to a farm, says a writer in Lippincott's Magazine, and began raising chickens. When he had some hatched out, he soon noticed that they were languishing in their coops and apparently about to die. He consulted a neighbor.

"What do you feed them?" asked the neighbor.

"Feed them?" exclaimed the novelist. "Why, I don't feed them anything!"

"Then how do you suppose they are going to live?"

"I presumed," replied the novelist, with dignity, "that the old hens had milk enough for them now."

How He Got In.

"How did you get into this country?" asked a reporter of a Chinaman. "Was it through the open door?"

"No," through a chink," replied the Mongolian tersely.—Judge.

If at the age of 30 a girl hasn't met her ideal man she tries to idealize some man she has met.