

# THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

## CHAPTER XXIX.

Mrs. Thorngate caught at the girl's hand and would have spoken, but Audrey swiftly loosened her hold, gave her one smile, and then was gone, leaving only the fragrant scent of her garments and the divine elements of peace and gratitude behind her.

Quickly as she walked, Audrey was some time before she reached Craiglands. She turned to the stables first, and gave orders that her small brougham should be prepared at once. Then she quietly entered the house and went to her own room. Eliza was there, arranging her simple dinner toilet. Audrey told her she was going out again at once.

"Tell Miss Thwait not to be alarmed; I shall be home in an hour," she said.

Her sight was blurred and misty, as she opened her jewel case and took out a packet of notes—bank notes forwarded to her by Mr. Sampson duly according to Jack's written orders, and never touched. Audrey secured the notes in an envelope, put them into her muff and, leaving her room, went very quietly down the way she had come, just as Jean, her cheeks flushed with some exceeding and great joy, ran once more into Audrey's chamber to find her and bid her come down as soon as possible.

Eliza repeated the message she had been given, and Jean's face fell, while something of alarm came into her expression.

"Can she know, and have gone away to escape—?" Her murmur was unfinished, for as she came out of the room an eager hand caught hers and an almost choked voice muttered:

"Well, does she know—my darling?"

"Audrey has gone out again, Lord Iverne. Her maid says she has this instant gone out. I—I don't understand."

Jack's hand dropped from his hold.

"I do," he said, with a bitterness passing all words. "She has heard of my sudden arrival, and she has gone away to avoid me. Will she never forgive me?"

"Oh, this is nonsense! You are nervous," Jean was beginning, when Jack broke in fiercely:

"But she shall not go. She is my wife, bound to me by her own words and vow. I have wronged her, but I have repented, heaven knows! She shall hear me! I will follow. She cannot have gone far. Forgive me, Miss Thwait, if I am rude or unkind, but my case is desperate. How do we know she is not running away again? No! I must not stay here prating; I must follow her, and I will!" He turned away, but looked back, imploringly. "Keep my mother in ignorance till—I tell you hear from me."

Jean had no time to utter protest or remark, for he was gone. Down the stairs, three at a time, as he used to race in his boyish days, Jack rushed, his bronzed, handsome face pale with agitation, longing, and apprehension, and as he came to the entrance he caught a gleam of carriage lamps disappearing in the distance.

"Which way did her ladyship go?" he asked Martin, curiously.

"I heard her say to the edge of the Dinglewood grounds, my lord, and then to wait for her there."

Martin looked troubled; he did not know what to make of all that had happened of late.

Jack pushed his hat over his eyes, and without another word strode out into the snow and darkness. His brain was reeling; he scarcely knew what thoughts filled his mind, save that beyond, in the distance, was Audrey, his lovely girl-wife, whom for a brief time he had doubted, but who now shone forth with even stronger rays as a jewel above price. And she would not see him! She shunned him! She would not forgive.

The brougham rolled slowly on; the man stole rapidly behind it. At last they reached a spot Mrs. Thorngate had described to Audrey as Rochfort's hiding place. Audrey stopped the carriage and got out.

Jack's heart throbbed with love and agitation as he caught a glimpse of her lovely face beneath the light of a lamp. She was speaking to the coachman, but he could not hear what she said. Then she turned and walked into the grounds. Jack quickened his steps and followed her; a sense of uneasiness came upon him. What was she doing here? She reached a path Mrs. Thorngate had spoken of. Here she stopped. Jack stood still also. He was about a dozen yards from her, but he had drawn into the shade, and could not be seen.

## CHAPTER XXX.

Audrey waited a moment. Now that she had come, she felt slightly nervous; but it was only for an instant. Away in the dim light she saw a man's form; she raised her voice.

"Mr. Rochfort!" she called in her clear, silvery tones, and at the sound Jack started, and cold beads of perspiration burst out on his brow. In his agony a groan had all but escaped him, but he clinched his hands and forced it back. Once again rang out the sweet, clear voice, calling the name that was the most detestable to her miserable husband's ears.

There was a pause, then a form drew nearer, and Jack's aching eyes discovered the slender, graceful figure of Beverley Rochfort.

"Who is there?" Beverley called, sharply; then he drew a step nearer. "Lady Iverne, can I believe my eyes, is it really you? To what good fairy do I owe this great happiness, this unexpected delight?"

Audrey shivered. She began to speak hurriedly.

"Mr. Rochfort," she said, and against herself her voice would quiver, "this afternoon I was with your aunt, Mrs. Thorngate. I found her in great distress of mind about you. It pained me to see one who is my true friend suffering so much. I urged her to let me help her, and at last she gave way, and told me all that was on her mind—how you are in trouble, and how she finds it impossible to help you."

"Impossible?" Beverley's voice sounded like a knife, it was so sharp and hard.

"Dr. Thorngate has forbidden your aunt to assist you in the very smallest degree," Audrey added, feeling she longed for some one she knew to be near her. "Otherwise Mrs. Thorngate would have been here with the money you require; that you know better than I can tell you."

"But as it is, she sends her ladyship, the beautiful Marchioness of Iverne, to make her excuses," broke in Beverley, bitterly. "Your ladyship is too kind. My aunt will be a happier woman when she reads of my death in the papers, for I warn you sooner than suffer the degradation and horror of prison life. I will kill myself! And this is Christian charity!"

"You are most unjust to Mrs. Thorngate," Audrey answered, as calmly as she could. "If you had seen her as I have seen her this afternoon you would not dare to speak like this."

"You are a generous friend, Lady Iverne; but, you see, the thought of my aunt's great mental distress does not altogether help me just now."

Audrey drew out the envelope from her muff.

"But these bank notes may," she said, with a contempt in her voice Jack had never heard before. Beverley grasped the envelope. In an instant he had torn it open and held them close to his eyes to scan them in the dim light.

"One, two, three, four, five—yes, five hundred! I am saved!" His hands closed over the notes. "Saved! Yes, and by you—your, the woman I love with all my soul; you—"

Jack half started forward, but he was not quicker than Audrey in her movement of horror. With a gesture of contempt and pride she struck aside his outstretched hand.

"Do you think I bring you this money to save you?" she asked in hurried tones; "you, the worst, the greatest enemy I have in the world! No, no; I have done what I have done for love and pity for one whose heart is breaking through you, whose whole life has been one sacrifice for you, who—"

Beverley interrupted her with his soft, low laugh. Her contempt lashed him into a state of fury.

"And does Lady Iverne think that the world will look upon her actions in the same light as she does? What will be said when it is known that you, a young, lovely woman, came here alone at nightfall to provide me with money to escape a prison cell, eh?"

"I do not fear the world, Mr. Rochfort. I have done what I have done for the motives I have given. Let what will be said; my conscience is clear. I have no more to say," she said, haughtily; but Beverley moved forward and stood in her path.

"And do you think I am going to part with you like this, after all these weary, horrible months? Say what you like to the world, Audrey, act what part you will, but I know the truth. You have come here to-night to save me, not because of my Aunt Agatha, but because you love me, and—"

Jack's heart was beating so furiously it almost choked him; but he did not interfere yet. He felt that Audrey would defend herself. He waited breathlessly for her answer. It came swiftly.

"And you call yourself a man? You, who insult a defenseless woman, who work against a woman in a mean, underhand way that would shame the lowest of earthly creatures! Love you! You! Why, if there were not another living soul in the world, if my very life depended on it, I would still give the same reply. Love you! I hate, despise, condemn you! I have no wish to see you or hear you speak again. When I remember all you have done to my happiness, I—I could almost curse you! Love you!"—how bitter and strong the girl's voice was—"when my very soul is full of love for one whose shoes you are not worthy to touch, one who is a man of honor, upright and pure as the sun. There is no place for any one but my husband in my heart—the husband whom you have worked to rob me of—and you and Sheila Fraser! Don't speak to me again! Don't touch me! I am not the simple, foolish girl I was; I am a woman with a woman's heart, a woman's pride, a woman's love; and my misery, which you have caused, is sometimes greater than I can bear. Let me pass, Beverley Rochfort! Go into the world and say what evil you like of me; I am content if I am only free from you, and I pray heaven I may never meet you again!"

Beverley broke in swiftly. His voice was soft but dangerous.

"Your words sting, but they do not spoil your lips; those lovely lips, which are mine by right! Let you pass! No, Audrey, I will do nothing of the sort! We are here alone, and we do not part until I have clasped your proud heart to mine, and taken from your lips the kisses I claim. Poor, foolish, fluttering child, what use to struggle? You are in my power now, and—"

Audrey staggered; her lips tried to open, but no sound came. The next minute she was clasped in somebody's arms.

"Jack! Is it really you, Jack?" she murmured.

Jack's lips assured her that it was no myth. How he kissed her—eyes, hair, brow, cheek, lips—as though he would never tire. Then a glance at that form lying on the ground recalled him to the present.

"Come," he said, gently, "come, my darling! My pretty, brave, noble, good little wife!"

As in a dream Audrey felt herself led away to where the carriage lamps gleamed.

Jack lifted her in and shut the door.

"I will be back in a moment," as said, his voice deep with passionate love.

"Take care; oh, take care!" Audrey murmured, and he gave her a smile of reassurance before he turned away.

"The car has gone!" he said in tones of the heartiest contempt when he re-

turned. "Not a trace of him anywhere. Drive straight home, Donald," he said to the man, and then, as they were shut in alone, he simply uttered, Audrey into his arms and held her in silence to his heart.

"Home and happiness!" he said, at last. "Dear little wife, am I forgiven?"

"Oh, hush!" Audrey's hand went up to his lips. "It is I who should ask that, my darling, I—"

"We will ask nothing, seek for nothing, now we are alone and together again."

And then his arms clung close about the slender, graceful form; his lips were pressed to the delicate, flower-like face, and to both these young, troubled hearts peace and joy came, with their golden fingers, to heal all the wounds that remained from the bitterness of the past.

(The End.)

## GOLDEN DAYS IN THE STRIP.

It Was When the Cherokee Got Pay for Their Lands.

The Cherokee nation literally "rolled in money" when the \$6,500,000 received from the sale of the Cherokee strip was disbursed among the tribal citizens in 1894, says the Kansas City Star. The per capita share was \$265.70. The payment was made usually with two \$100 bills, one \$50, one \$10, one \$5 and 70 cents in silver. The money was disbursed by "Zeke" Starr, treasurer, and Henry Effort, assistant treasurer of the nation. Most of the Indians were in debt, and creditors swarmed in towns where the payments were made. T. A. Latta, who attended these payments, in recalling incidents lately said:

"Much has been told of the dishonesty of the Indian, but in this payment there were many examples of integrity. At Tahlequah a full-blood woman, perhaps 60 years old, a widow, drew for eleven participants in the fund. She had traded with many of the merchants who sat at the tables between which she had passed. After the money had been counted out to her she swept the entire amount into her apron and, holding a corner in each hand, she passed from trader to trader, pausing before each until each had taken a sufficient amount to balance her indebtedness. Not once did she count the change or investigate the account. She was honest, and conscious of her own integrity, did not question the honesty of another. This was only one case. There were scores like it, and, though not pleasant to relate, the confidence thus placed was sometimes betrayed. There are cases where the greedy creditor took a handful and gave back no change."

"A mixed blood of some astuteness came to settle his account with a trader. In looking over his account he discovered the charge of a side saddle amounting to \$15. He had not made such a purchase and had the bill remedied without trouble, the wily old trader merely telling his bookkeeper to place the item to John Doe's account. The bookkeeper himself is authority for the statement that in this way that self-same saddle was collected for eighteen times."

In Claremore bankers were in attendance from Coffeyville, seeking deposits for their banks. One store in the town had a safe of modern dimensions and security and this store was headquarters for bankers and collectors alike. The merchant himself had a mere bagatelle of some \$120,000 on the payment. After supper the counting room was filled with collectors and bankers. A parlor table was called in to use and money as high as one's chin was stacked on every available inch. It was the minute for verifying the memorandum of the day. On one particular evening there was on this table at one time close to half a million dollars in crisp new treasury notes. Laps full of money? There were wagonloads of it. It was no uncommon thing to change a hundred-bill for a 5-cent sale. And the scarcity of change was responsible for the custom of charging 25 cents for changing a bill of that denomination.

## Heartless.

"Boss," said the fat beggar, "ain't had no food for more'n twenty-four hours."

"Well, well," remarked Kidder. "Dat's de truth, boss, an' when I tink how well fixed I wuz once it makes a lump come in me 'roat dat—"

"Why don't you swallow the lump? That might help some."—Catholic Standard and Times.

## Crowd or No Crowd.

"I would like to engage in some business that isn't overcrowded," remarked the very young man.

"If you do," rejoined the wise one, "you'll probably find there isn't anything in the business to attract a crowd."

## Fifty Years Hence.

Stern Mother—So you wish to marry my son, do you?

Young Woman—Yes, ma'am.

Stern Mother—Are you able to support him in that condition of idleness to which he has always been accustomed?

## A Negative Blessing at Least.

"Has your wealth brought you happiness?" asked the philosopher.

"Perhaps not," answered Mr. Dustin Stax; "but it has at least stood between me and a lot of annoyances."—Washington Star.

## Hopeless Case.

Edyth—What makes you think Jack isn't going to give you a birthday present?

Mayme—Because to-morrow will be my birthday, and he still has his watch.

## It Was Made Up.

"My face is my fortune, sir," she said.

"Aren't you afraid of being arrested for counterfeiting?" he queried.

# RELIGIOUS

## A Century Since Morrison.

A hundred years ago the son of an English lastmaker set forth from England by way of America to make his home in China.

"What can you do alone in that great nation?" asked the captain of the ship on which he sailed.

"Nothing alone," was his reply, "but with God I can do all things."

Before he died he stood before kings; and in this centennial year of his beginnings China rises up to honor his memory.

Robert Morrison was born at Morpeth in Northumberland Jan. 5, 1782. Apprenticed to his father as a maker of lasts, he spent his spare time in study, working with his book open before him, and reading far into the night. Uniting with the Scotch church at the age of 15, he manifested an earnest desire to make his life of use in helping men, and soon determined to enter the ministry. While pursuing his studies to this end, he determined to go to China. Not without some estimate of the difficulty, nor yet without such preparation as was possible did he undertake this work. For two years he studied Chinese under a native teacher in England; and several hours a day he spent in the British Museum copying Chinese manuscripts.

He was ordained, and sailed for China Jan. 31, 1807; but the Chinese being hostile to the English on account of the opium trade, he made the journey by way of New York. James Madison, afterward President, was then Secretary of State, and gave him letters to the American consul at Canton which were of great advantage to him.

To tell of his trials would make a long story. He was hindered by poor health, by Chinese hatred of England, by lack of support, by direct opposition, by obstacles that were all but insuperable. That he was able to do anything was little less than a miracle.

Arriving in Canton Sept. 7, he made his first home in the basement of an American factory, but later, finding it unwholesome, secured more sanitary quarters. Just as he was established, a Chinese law was passed making it illegal to print Christian books or preach the gospel. A man of less resourceful purpose would have returned home. But he secured employment as translator for the East India Company, and held his position to the day of his death, a period of twenty-five years, giving his business hours to the work for which he was paid, and meantime compiling a dictionary and translating the Gospels, and waiting for the time, sure to come, when his work would have an open door.

Suffering from incessant study and overwork, and compelled at times to stop and rest, he nevertheless achieved the purpose of his labor; and in 1810 he printed the first portion of the Bible, a translation of the book of Acts, which he followed two years later with the Gospel of Luke. In another two years the whole of the New Testament was ready. And such was the influence of Morrison by this time with his employers that the East India Company advanced large sums of money then and later, and furnished him with a press and a printer; so that even the hindrance that compelled him to enter commercial life became a help.

In 1821, with the aid of Dr. Milne, he published the entire Bible, the Old Testament forming, in the Chinese character, twenty-one volumes. And the Chinese dictionary, published not long afterward, cost seventy-five thousand dollars, which was advanced by the East India Company.

Mr. Morrison returned to England to receive the highest honors that the universities could bestow. Learned societies elected him to membership. Great statesmen showed him honor. King George IV. gave him eager audience. The world learned his name and honored it.

What had this man done, alone with God in that great nation? He had won the respect of the people among whom he labored, broken down deep prejudices and become their friend. He had secured the confidence of great business interests, and enlisted their support in large spiritual concerns. He had paved the way for a coming civilization, and had given to a nation the Word of God.—Youth's Companion.

## The Double Blessing.

The truly Christian life takes as its motto: "As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men." It finds, it contrives to make such opportunities, and, in helping others, the follower of Christ is helped himself. For Christian service is twice blessed; any deed of love you render will not only benefit him you seek to aid, but it will prove a blessing to yourself. You will not be thinking of recompense, but Jesus will see to it that if you give even a cup of cold water in His name to a thirsty soul, it shall not be left without reward.—C. A. Salmond.

## Our Best for God.

It is not wise for a man to waste too much time comparing his several performances. There will naturally be some better than others; but the inferior work is not always a proof of carelessness, or even a sign of deterioration, but simply one of the many incidents common to our earth and our humanity.

The Lord of Life, whose verdict

alone is final, never fails to consider the circumstances; and in the great judgment it may appear that some magnificent deeds fell short of being the best; and some very inferior performances were in deed and truth the very best possible to the agent at the time. Let us not fret if the day finds our strength weaker or our hand less skillful, but simply try each day in the fear of God to do the best we can with the strength and the tools that the day has brought, only careful of this, that we never offer our God or our race in different or half-hearted work.

## Blessings All.

O Thou whose bounty fills my cup  
With every blessing meet,  
I give Thee thanks for every drop—  
The bitter and the sweet.

I praise Thee for the desert road,  
And for the river side;  
For all Thy goodness hath bestowed,  
And all Thy grace denied.

I thank Thee for both smile and frown,  
And for the gain and loss;  
I praise Thee for the future crown,  
And Thee for the present cross.

I thank Thee for the wing of love,  
Which stirred my worldly nest,  
And for the stormy clouds that drove  
The flutterer to Thy breast.

I bless Thee for the glad increase,  
And for the waning joy,  
And for this strange, this settled peace,  
Which nothing can destroy.

J. Creighton.

## The Trust that Brings Peace.

It is said of Abraham that "he believed in the Lord, and He counted it to him for righteousness." The Hebrew word for believed is very strong. It means that Abraham reposed on God's Word of promise as a child nestles in a mother's arms. That is what faith in God should always be—a lying down in God's bosom, resting in Him in deep confidence. Have we sorrows? He will give us strength for the overcoming of all. Trusting in Him, we have peace—true peace.—Rev. J. M. Snowdon.

## His Day of Rest.

A dear sweet Sabbath, Lord, with Thee;  
The fretting care, the tiring toil,  
We lay aside and hide away  
Among the folds of yesterday.  
The future, full of untried plans,  
We leave in Thy safe guiding hands.  
Our happiness, our hopes and fears,  
Our sorrows and our unshed tears,  
Are all with Thee—and so we rest  
Content and blest.

—Mrs. C. S. Bruyere.

## HE WAS NOT SUPERSTITIOUS.

But When He Dreamed a Murder  
Twice He Became Demoralized.

Looking for a man, who has not at least a grain or two of superstition in his make-up is like looking for a needle in a haystack, was given as the opinion of a man who declared that this peculiar element was present in a more or less degree with every person in existence. He made this remark in a small company which was enjoying a discussion of uncalled-for fears, occult agencies, and all that sort of thing.

He based his assertion upon an incident that, he said, happened only a week or so ago. "I was visiting an old friend in a near-by city at the time the occurrence of which I speak came to my notice," he said. "My friend is a very level-headed sort of an individual, but sometimes rather irascible, and, in the course of his career, made some bitter enemies. His chief boast has always been that there is nothing superstitious about him. He would rather walk under a ladder on a sidewalk than go around it. If he spilled salt on the tablecloth he would laugh to scorn any one who would suggest throwing a pinch of it over his left shoulder, and would rather begin a new enterprise on Friday than on any other day of the week, just to show people that he is not superstitious."

"Early in the morning of the second day I was at his house I was awakened by a loud knocking at my door, and when I opened it was surprised to find my friend there. He was pale and haggard, and looked as if something terrible had happened. Of course, I asked for an explanation, and he gave it to me."

"I have not had a wink of sleep for three hours," he said, "and all on account of two dreams that I saw in succession. I dreamed that I had an altercation with a business rival with whom I must say I am not on good terms, and that I struck him a blow which killed him. The horror of the thing awakened me, and when I dropped off to sleep again I again had the same awful dream."

"In addition, he assured me that he did not dare to close his eyes again for fear of its repetition a third time, and if that happened he knew he would do something desperate. Perhaps, he said, he might commit murder."

"I tried to laugh all this away and reminded him that to have an idea of that sort was the rankest kind of superstition, something that he had always ridiculed; but I couldn't reason with him, and I kept him company until the breakfast bell rang."

"I tell of this fact," the gentleman said to the company, "in support of my belief that there is no man who has not some superstition about him, and it crops out in various ways, as it did in the case I have just related."—Washington Post.

Struck Oil.  
"Although it may be wicked," remarked Aladdin, as he rubbed the lamp, "I still feel as if I had struck oil."

And immediately the genii appeared.—Toledo Blade.

Falling in love doesn't lower an egotist's opinion of himself.

## SHARKS ARE HARMLESS.

Still No One Cares to Make Personal Investigation.

In "Questions and Answers" it was said that "there can be no doubt whatever of the existence of sharks that will attack men in the water," and, referring to the offer of Hermann Oelrichs, some twenty years ago, of \$500 reward to any person who could cite an authentic case of a man being bitten by a shark north of Cape Hatteras, it was said that "Mr. Oelrichs received data of thousands of cases which happened in seas not included in the limits he set."

I well remember Mr. Oelrichs's statement and offer, as I supported him in the discussion which followed in your columns, and I still do, for in more than fifty years' sea service—not yet ended—in both men-o'-war and merchantmen, and in the waters of almost every part of the world and those where sharks most do congregate, I have yet to learn of an authentic case of a shark attacking a human being, and I have yet to meet a man—whom I consider worthy of belief—who has ever witnessed or had knowledge—beyond a question of doubt—of a person being injured by a shark, says a writer in the New York Sun.

I have seen the waters alive with human beings and sharks, neither interfering with the other, though frequently in contact, and in waters infested with sharks of every type, breed and construction. I have known sailors frequently, alone and at all hours of the night, to swim long distances from their vessels to the shore, returning by the same means in safety, gloriously drunk and surrounded by sharks.

Every sailor and every lubber as well can cite apparently authentic cases of men being devoured by sharks. I've heard them from farmers, but sifted down their amount simply to: "I heard of a man who knew a man who saw a man," etc.

The statement that Seaman Dunlap of the United States gunboat Elcano, while using his forefinger as a boat plug, had it bitten off "close to the garboard strake," may be relegated to the stories that may be "told to the marines." Sailors, before taking stock in it, will demand that the thickness of that garboard strake and the original length of that forefinger be specified and well authenticated. They will then figure on about how much finger the shark got. In the statement as it stands there are a few discrepancies and a dearth of details.

But with all this, permit me to add that I am and always have been afraid of sharks, and have had what I felt to be at the time several close calls and narrow escapes from them—whether imaginary or not. I didn't stop to ascertain. Nor shall I in any future similar instance. Notwithstanding my experience with the shark, I have no abiding personal faith in him and do not assert either that he will or will not attack a human being in the water, merely that I have never known him to do so, nor have I met a man who did, and, like many others, I would like to have the fact established.

## Kindly Soul of Lincoln.

"The first time I saw Abraham Lincoln was in 1852, just fifty-five years ago," said former Governor William Pitt Kellogg of Louisiana recently. "I had just been admitted to the bar and was in Springfield, the capital of Illinois. I was young and perhaps rather timid and for that reason I remember particularly Mr. Lincoln's kindness to me."

"He had large black eyes that looked out on you from deep sockets and seemed to peer down into your soul. Though his cheeks were rather sunken and he had a hungry look, his face was lighted with inspiration; you felt in his presence that he was a man far above the ordinary."

"I sat there at the table that morning in the court and Mr. Lincoln, who was then known as one of the greatest lawyers of Illinois, leaned over and picked up a book just in front of me. As he did so he bowed in a kindly way without saying a word. To this day I have never forgotten that bow and the expression on his face."

"Four years later in the convention in which the Republican party was born I sat next to him as a delegate. He represented Sangamon County and made that great speech in which he said: 'You can fool all the people some of the time and some of the people all the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time.'"

"He had the most winning way in getting votes I ever saw. Two years later, in 1858, he was a candidate for the United States Senate against Douglas and made speeches from the same platform on which I spoke. I was a candidate for the Legislature on his ticket and he advocated my election. In 1890 I was a presidential elector on the Lincoln ticket in Illinois."

"Only this morning I received a copy of a paper containing the state ticket of that year and found that I was the only man whose name was on that ticket who is yet alive. Those were wonderful days and they produced wonderful men, but Lincoln was the greatest of them all. He was the greatest man that I have known in the fifty-five years that I have been in public life."—Washington Post.

## The Ruling Passion.

Professor (about to commit suicide)—I am tired of life. I will drown myself and then it will be ended. However, I must wait a while, as I have been perspiring and it might give me a chill.—Lo Scacciafasciari.