Please give me your hand, gentle Annie,"
With a smile on his lips, and his face vgry
While straightway you walk without danger

It was after Mrs. Jeffries, still a young and pretty woman, was dressed for dinner, and sitting at the window with her embroidery, that she saw a messenger boy crawl up the street, stop to throw a stone at another boy, and finally rung her door bell.

A moment after this Bella, the "upstairs girl," brought her a note. It was from her friend, Edwina Jones, familiarly Ned, who had come from after to pay her a visit, and being timorous, had decided to wait at the depot until she came to meet her. There

orous, had decided to wait at the depotentil she came to meet her. There was no time to lose. Mrs. Jeffries gave a few directions to her cook, and hurried away.

Half an hour after she had gone Mr. Jeffries returned home and let himself is with his latch key, wondering that his wife did not come to meet him.

Mr. Jeffries had been a very jealous man before he married. He confessed it. He would not permit any one to pay the lenst attention to his Emma Jane. Even cousins of the first degree made him suffer pangs of grief unknown when they called of Sunday afternoons, and an uncle, who was unusually young for that relationship, while as yet unknown, had driven him to the most serious thoughts of snicide, for Emma Jane had kissed him in the front hall.

"Do you really think, Jefferson Jef-

for tama and assect aim in the front half.

Do you really think, Jefferson Jeffries, that I can endure such conduct?" his Enuma Jane had remarked. "Is it possible that any one can put up with being followed around like that, and stared at like that? Do you think I will?" and then she had given him back his ring, and he had ground it under foot.

However, he bought her another in a month or so, and they made it up and married; and Mr. Jeffries, warned by the past, had behaved himself very well, indeed, and he had never yet been jealous of his wife, when one afternoon in August he came home early to dinner and found her "gone out."

Bella, did she say where she was

"Bella did she say where she was going?" asked Mr. Jeffries.
"No. sir." said Bella. "She gave out the things for dessert and went out in a hurry loike, in her best things, just after she got a note loike, brought by a loy dressed like a tallygraph."
"Ah!" said Mr. Joffries. "I trust her mother is not iil. It really seems as though something must have happened."

as he read his cheek grew pale, for these were the words:

DRAILEST EMMA JANE-Meet me in the New Fork side of Twenty-shied street ferry. Hong to see you after our long parties. New.

"Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; "Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; "Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; "Ned!" ejaculated Mr. Jeffries; beind his fists. He could have howled with rage, but for the proprieties which we generally observe in our greatest agonies. This was the end of it all then; Emma Jane had gone to meet her old beau. Old or new, who could tell? A lover, any-how. He tried to be calm; but he could not believe himself mistaken. He knew her brothers and cousins well. Thay were Peter, Paul. William, Elias, Samuel and James. Even her father, who would not have signed his first name, was Adoniram. There was no way out of it.

"No end but one." thought Mr. Jeffries, as he sought for the pistol generally kept on hand for possible burglars. "I must follow them, find them, shoot him first, her next and myself last. No one shall know why; but the trait-

whose lights are always shining and whose lights are always shining and moving say on go by his windows. The peniter of the king over his stocking. The car was stopped, and policemen carried Mr. Jeffries into a drug store. The penitent Joblings was in custody, having voluntarily delivered himself over haps a dangerous size, but Jeffries remained unconscious. Joblings accompanied him to his home in a cab, and having told the tale in a court of justice, was permitted to go free on his own bail. And just as Jefferson Jefries opened his cycs his knums Janearrived at her door in a cab with a trunk fastened on behind marked "E." and a young lady within in a colored cloth traveling suit.

The residuate of the was married about tou years ago and on each Christian of a young lady within in a colored cloth traveling suit.

The residuate of the was married about tou years ago and on each Christians or the proposed his cycle is a control field.

the poor wife, as Bella told the tale.

'Oh, let me go to him?"

Away she rushed up the stairs to the bedroom above and bent over her hushand's pillow.

'Jeffy, dear!" she sobbed; but, to her consternation, Jefferson opened his eyes, looked at her, and 2nd:

'Leave me, woman!"

'It isn't a woman. It is your own Emmy," sighed Mrs. Jeffries.

'Take her away!" said Jefferson.

'Is he defirious, doctor?" asked poor Emma Jaue, trembling.

'No, madam," replied that gentleman gravely.

'Then what does this mean?" asked the poor woman.

'Madam," said the doctor, the most solemn of his profession, which is saying much, "madam, I have no desire to pry into your domestic difficulties? I never had any. Oh, dear, dear Jeffy, speak to your Emmy," sobbed Mrs. Jeffries.

But her Jefferson only replied by saying in deep chest notes:

'Crocodile! Take her away. The sight of her is madness. Will no one rid me of her presence?"

'Oh, Mr. Joblings, tell me what he means!"

"Beg pardon, madam, I must re-

sight of her is madness. Will no one rid me of her presence?"

"Oh. Mr. Joblings, tell me what he menns!"

"Beg pardon, madam, I must request you to retire," answered Mr. Joblings, all his nature apparently turned to gall. "You alone know the meaning of those awful words."

Poor Emma Jame. She rushed down stairs when the door of her own room had actually been closed upon her, and told her incoherent story to her friend. "I've seen him jealous before," she said, "but not like this. What can it mean?"

"What did you do? Whom is he jealous of?" asked the other woman. "Oh. Ned, I don't know," soubbed Emma Jane.

And Edwina Jones concluded very naturally that Emma had been flirting terribly with several individuals.

Thus, wronged by all, even her girlhood's friend, Mrs. Jeffries abandoned herself to despair.

A bullet in the calf seldom kills, and as it was extracted promptly, the wound healed and Jefferson Jeffress began to recover, but he still refused to see his wife; and on the first day of his convalescence he summoned his inwer and sent him to Emma Jane empowered to effect a separation.

"This letter is my reason," he said, with a dreadful groan, thrusting the crumpled note into his hand. "I was on my way to shoot the fellow when Johlings managed to shoot me. She shall keep the house if she likes, but I never wish to see her again."

With this message the lawyer sought the unhappy lady, and in the presence of Edwina Jones interviewed her.

"One comfort at least I shall get from this," said Mrs. Jeffries, with dignity. "I shall know my crime."

"Mr. Jeffries opines that this will explain," said the hawer, presenting her with the crumpled letter, which with its signature suggested very dreadful things indeed.

Emma Jane took it in her hand, looked at it, and then hamled it to her friend.

"My letter!" cried Edwina, dumbfounded.

The puzzled lawyer elevated his eyebrows.

"I am called 'Ned' at home," said

"My letter?" cried Edwina, dumbfounded.

The puzzled lawyer elevated his eyebrows.

"I am called 'Ned' at home," said
Miss Jones. 'Surely Mr. Jeffries
knew that. Oh, Emma Jane, how I
have wronged you in my heart."

Explanations followed.

The lawyer choking down his laughter, returned to Mr. Jeffries' apartment and gave them to that gentleman
with dramatic effect. Never had he
more trouble in preserving the grave
dignity proper to his position, when
Jefferson Jeffries. clasping his hands
together, ejaculated:

"Edwina Jones! Of course I knew.
But I forgot her very existence. How
I have wronged my wite! Wretch
that I am, can she ever forgive me?"

"Never! Emma Jane decided. 'You
have disgraced me before your friends,
before strangers, cast suspicion on me
and insulted me by word and deed. I
demand a separation."

Then she went home to her parents,
and Jefferson Jeffries was left alone to

demand a separation."

Then she went home to her parents, and Jefferson Jeffries was telt alone to reflect on his ridiculous conduct. He was obliged to explain to the doctors, to Joblings, to everybody, and he suffered agonies of sname. He longed for his Emma, whom he loved more than ever, and he writhed under the reproaches of her mother and father and the menaces of her big brothers. When he was able he used to go alone at midnight and stare up at his wife's window, and by day hant her steps unseen when she went out walking. At last he followed her to church one. Sunday. She was alone in her pew. He extered and sat down beside her. When the hymn was given out he offered her his hymn book. Over it their heads met.

"Oh, Jefferson, how could you?" she whispered; but that evening she went back home again. She felt that Mr. Jeffries had had his lesson, and would profit by it for the rest of his existence. Ned says they are the happiest couple she knows.

back home again. She felt that Mr. Jeffries and had his lesson, and would profit by it for the rest of his existence. No one shall know why the the traitress will know myer his too a corner, the word out of the door. A Twenty-third street car was passing; he jumped into it and retired into a corner, folding his arms.

"Farel" cried the driver. Mr. Jeffries mechanically deposited something in the box, and sank into his seat and a black study again. A volley of shocking reproaches from the driver roused him. He found the passengers glaring at him.

"Tve had this trick played on me before," cried the driver through the door. "You're a nice one, air 'you, at your age, to put a coat button into the box?"

Mr. Jeffries roceived the remark without an answer and repaired his error by putting a quarter into the same the driver.

"Ach, yes!" responded an old Herre the driver. "Ach, yes!" responded an old Herre his button.

Shortly after a guarter into the same the driver to him? He rode, the object of much comment.

Shortly after a friend entered the war. He was a man of jovial disposition, and, as he said, fond of his foundation, and, as he said, fond of his is mbrella. Shortly after a friend entered the war. He was a hard one; the condition and, as he said, fond of his foundation, and, as he said, fond of his foundation, and, as he said, fond of his foundation, and as he said, fond of his is mbrella. The "punch" was a hard one; the would have while. Accidentally Mr. Jeffries gave a groan, started up and fell forward and perpetrated his joke.

The "punch" was a hard one; the would have while. Accidentally Mr. Jeffries and a funcy of the driver than a explosion. If any one had tried to fire the pistol in that manner he would have while. Accidentally Mr. Jeffries are as, on the felfries remained unconscious. Joblings accome the word in the passengers who have a country have been any one of th

WIT AND HUMOR.

Kind words never die; unkind word A billiardist uses chalk on his fine lady uses it on her enticle.-bricans Picayune.

She—"You were at college, were yound?" He—"Yes." She—"A. B.:
He—"No. G. B."—Harvard Lampoor
There are three things that beat
draw for poles—early a small low you drum for noise—one is a small boy an the other two are drumsticks.—Elmir

A good many of our so called awells' young men have nothing about them to merit that title but their heads.—St. Joseph News.

about them to merit that title but their heads.—St. Joseph News.

Help a man out of a hole once and he may forget you when he is out, but he will not fail to call on you the next time he falls in.—Atchison Globe.

Victim—'Doctor, I'm troubled with cold feet. What do you suppose causes them?" Doctor—'Cold weather. One dollar, please!'—Buffalo Express.

Tenor—'Miss Soprano, who sang in church this morning, has a very clear voice. Is it natural?" Basso—'No; 'its a choired."—Harvard Lampoon.

"I thought you told me your father was a retired merchant?" 'So he is. When the Sheriff took possession he had to retire."—Indianapolis Journal. De Mascus—'Is it true that Jaily is off on a blow out?" St. Agedore—'Partly true, yes. He's dead." 'How?" 'Blew out the gas."—St. Joseph News.

Tom—'Come what may, I shall never marry a woman who isn't my superior intellectually." Jack—'I wish I could get a wife as easy as you can."—Yankee Blade.

First Yale Man—'Harvard has just secured a fossil ten thousand years old." Second Yale Man—'Which professorship has it been appointed to?"—Brooklya Life.

Cochran—'I suppose your name on this umbrella indicates that it belougs to you?' Gilroy—'Which, the name or the umbrella?" Cochran—'The name, of course."—Puck.

Miss Angy New—'Miss Oldun told me that she was afraid of the dark."

the umbrella?" Cochran—'The name, of course."—Puck.

Miss Angy New—'Miss Oldun told me that she was afraid of the dark." Miss Vera Cutting—'That's strange. I should think she would be more afraid of the light."—Puck.

Tommie—'Papa, why do they call very rich men millionaires?" Papa—'That refers to the number of poor relatives who rise up to contest their wills!"—N. F. Heraid.

There is only one sudden death among women to every eight among men. But then it's only a minority of women who use the telephone constantly.—St. Joseph News.

A flying-machine is being exhibited in Chicago. Up to date there has been no sort of use in keeping the 'T' standing at the beginning of its name.—Shoe and Leather Reporter.

In Darkest New York: "Why do they always take a prisoner's money from him before locking him in a cell at the pelice station?" "So as to prevent him buying his way out."—Puck.

"What became of that Samuels girl that Potterby was flirting with last summer?" 'You mean the gir' that Potterby thought he was flirting with. She married him."—Indianapolis Journal.

"How pleasant that lady looks! She

"How pleasant that lady looks! She seems perfectly happy." "Yes; she must either have found pure religion in her own heart or the seeds of sin in the heart of one of her neighbors." "Boston Transcript.

"Why, you poor malarial mortal, you! I thought you told me your average health was good?" "So I did. I run to chills one day and fever the next. The average is normal." "Munscy's Weekly.

Instructor (to class in horology)—
"What are the essential characteristics
of a good repeater?" Mike (first-born
of an Alderman)— Ability to vote
every half hour while the polls are
open and get out of the State before
the ballots are counted."—Jewelers'
Wecklu.

ing her."—Puck.

"Y-a-a-a," said Snipely: "I find that I am quite the rage, you know. I have any numban of demands foh my autographs," "No doubt," replied Shotkins. "I myself hope to accommodate two gentlemen who have waited some time for my signature to checks."—
Wartington Post.

Small Students

you said you would. Hungry Higgins But I lied, madam; I lied. And I sincerely hope this will be a warning to you not to trust in fickle-hearted man again.—Indianapolis Journal.

"I gather," said the Boston lady, "from the conversation of my nephew, that firemen are in the habit of using rubber bose at their labors." "Yos."
"That, I presume, is so that they won's get their feet wet." "And the Boston lady returned to her book with an air of entire satisfaction over having solved a difficult problem." Washington Post.

Amount and you would. Hongy Higging sincerely hope this will be a variety and the content in finite-interest in the property of the work of the finite-interest in any organization of the property of the content in the sign of the complete services of the service states of the service

barely covered with a little moist gravel.

The Immortal Lincoln.

One of the most notoworthy features of current literature is found in the niterations for support. What trade or profession would you recommend?"
Wise Father—"First-class cooks make \$5.000 a year." Modern Girl—"I don't like cooking. "It's too feminine."—N.

Y. Weekly.

"What did Miss Leftover do when she awoke and found the burglar in her room—scream?" Not much. She transfixed him with her coid gray eye, pointed to the door, and hissed: "Leave me?" "What did the burglar do?" "He explained that he had no notion of taking her."—Pack.

"Y-a-a-s," said Snipely: "I find that I am quite the rage, you know. I have any numbah of demands foh my autographs." "No doubt," replied Shotkins. "I myself hope to accommodate two gentlemen who have waited some time for my signature to checks."—Washington Post.

Small Student—"Pa. what's a provered when the does not since the content of th

Warkington Post.

Small Student—'Pa, what's a proverb?" Pa—'Something that contains a great deal of truth in a small space, Like 'Barking dogs never bite." Small Student—'Is it true that barking dogs never bite?" Pa—'Uni—folks regard it as true until brought face to face with a barking dog; then they have their doubts."—Good News.

Housekeeper—Now you've had your dinner, I suppose you will rake up their doubts."—Good News.

Housekeeper—Now you've had your dinner, I suppose you will rake up those leaves. Hengyt Higgins—Who?

No, Indeed. Housekeeper—But

A PET 'CATOR'S MISHAP. Amnaing Answers of Witnesses When Un. As a Writer and Speaker He Was Always der Examination in Court.

He Gots Lost for Six Months in a Sewer Pipe.

A PET 'GATOR'S MISHAP.

He Gets Lest tow Tut, Munthen's SueverType.

Some six mouths ago a prominent edition of Coals bethought to himself that he waited a small alligator to take the party and the waited as a small alligator to the party of the part

The Emperor Napoleon's Dog.

It was dark, and down a retired street in Paris a man rode alone on horseback, says the Foult's Companion. Suddenly the man stopped as if frightened. Then a man arose from the pavement in the middle of the street and jumped to one side with a cry. The rider was angry, and exclaimed: "Are you drunk, man, that you lie about in the middle of a dark street to get vourself run over?"

"You might better lend a poor fellow a band than scold to that way," exclaimed the other. "I had 300 francs in gold in this bag, carrying it to pay a bill for my master, and the bag has broken and it is all lost over the street. If you have some matches they will do me more good than your curses."

"It's no easy task to find lost money on a night like this," said the ridet, dismounting. "I have no matches, but perhaps I can help you. Have you any of the pieces left?"

"Only one," replied the unfortunate fellow, with a sob.

"Give it to me." said the other.

The poor man hesitated, but the stranger repeated the words in a tone of authority, and the less coin.

Plays the Plano at 96.

It is not impossible to find ladies of not more than 50 years old who let their planos stay unopened because they say they are too old and their fingers are too stiff to play any more. But people who pass along a Winthrop street house, it is reported, often hear music from a plano fingered by Mrs. Matilda Sewall, who, though 96 years old, plays with the skill and energy of a girl.—Kennebec Journal.

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The poor man hesitated, but the stranger repeated the words in a tone of authority, and the last coin was handed to him.

The stranger whistled and a great Spanish mastiff stood beside him. He held the coin to the dog's nose, and leaning to the rough pavement said:

Find them." down their loads in the middle of the villager. Then one of its imen unpacked the astronomical and other instruments, and the explorer set about making observations for position and aittude. The strangest sight the native state of the strangest sta



