

By Order of the Czar

A Story of Russian Power

By MARCUS EASTLAKE

CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued)

"Well," says Yerack, at length, "thou art good enough to show in a caravan at the fair of Nishi-Novgorod. Thou art a big man, brother, and what with the long gown and high cap of the priest, thou lookest gigantic."

He takes me by the arm and twists me about, viewing me from all sides, and his countenance grows even more grave.

"The priestly garb is a mistake," he mutters, "it adds to the height, which is already conspicuous enough. All eyes will dwell on thee. Not that thou art easy and composed they may stare their fill. Thy own mother might stare at thee until she grew blind, she would never know thee to be her son!"

"That she would not!" endorses Kalatch.

Now Yerack leads the troika into the middle of the road and unyokes the advance horse, which he ties with a halter to the back of the cart.

"It looks not usual for a troika to be drawing a cart of this kind," he explains. "Thus it will appear as if the beast were being led for sale. Now we shall do. We are traders journeying to the fair at Vilna, and thou art a priest who has honored us by accepting a lift. We proceed leisurely, for we have no haste; the fair only begins to-morrow. At the same time, brother, so imposing is thy appearance, that thou lookest out of place in a cart with trading Cosacks, and therefore at Borlitch we had better part company and thou wilt proceed with the post."

"But, my good friend, this will cost money, and I am without a copeck!" I cry.

"I have enough and to spare!"

"Yerack, how can I take so much from thee?" I exclaim, deeply moved by the Cosack's generosity. "Thy devotion I can never repay, but the money thou art laying out on me I may some day be able to refund. Give me some address to which I may send it. Surely in time I shall work for the means to pay my just debts."

"Hah! Keep thy mind easy and make not a mountain of a mole hill! What are a few roubles to me? I have neither kith nor kin, and what shall I do with superfluity? Let me put a trifle of it to a good use. I have taken a fancy to thee, my son. I beg thee, let a lonely man have his whim!"

Yerack's voice shakes a little as he speaks. His face is averted. What can I reply to this? Nothing. My trembling lips refuse to form even a word of thanks. Silently I wring my benefactor's hand.

It is still very, very early when we reach the town, yet before we arrive at the inn where Yerack halts we have encountered many people, but all of the lowest orders. I have had to respond to many greetings, and am made thoroughly uncomfortable by the obvious sensation I create. I feel relieved to enter the dark fore-place of the inn, with its small, dirty windows, and I hear Yerack give vent to a sigh which I know is of relief.

The innkeeper comes yawning to meet us, from an inner room, putting up his blouse. He stops with one arm above his head as he sees Yerack, and his brows go up. They are evidently old friends, these two.

"Yes, it is myself, Thoma Fedorevitch," says Yerack, grinning from ear to ear. "And I want to drop a word in thy ear, little father." With this he takes the man apart and whispers to him, during which the listener glances repeatedly in my direction, his small eyes beginning to twinkle, and his mouth widening to a grin. Sometimes he puts a question.

At length the confabulation comes to an end, and the innkeeper, after signing to us, leads the way through a passage, and opens the door of a small, dingy room at the back of the building. We enter, and he leaves us, shutting the door.

"Thoma Fedorevitch is a safe man," observes Yerack, knowingly. "That kind of man is always safe so long as you grease his palm. Thoma and I have had our little transactions together."

The landlord returns bearing a tray with breakfast. The repast consists of raw salt herring, preserved mushrooms, and white bread.

"Ah, I am as hungry as a hawk!" says Yerack, taking up a herring by the tail to hold it over his mouth and crunch it up.

I take the opportunity to ask for writing materials, and if it is to be had, a stamp, as it is still too early for the postoffice to be open.

"Certainly, Holy Father," responds the landlord, with a twinkle in his beady eye. "I can furnish your Holiness with all."

Another burst of laughter from the Cosacks, while the speaker crosses his hands on his breast and bows low before me ere he goes. He brings me the paper in his dirty finger and thumb. It is greased and soiled, the pen splutters and the ink is of the consistency and color of mud, but they suffice me to write these lines:

"On receiving this, lose not an hour in procuring thy passport, but travel day and night. I hope to precede thee, and will await the arrival of all trains from Konigsberg. Should I be deterred, seek our brother, Conrad Rosen, Stein Strasse, No. 79, who will advise and assist thee. If possible, send warning, indirectly, to Ivan and Pavel. All is known and searching inquiries will be made. I am safe and with friends. Thine until death.—Y."

I read over what I have written. It is sufficiently explicit and I have no fear but that Marushka will obey my instructions to the letter, if she can!

As I am folding and addressing it, Yerack comes behind me and looks over my shoulder.

"Humph!" he grunts. "A woman; I thought as much."

I turn on him wrathfully, with an angry retort leaping to my lips, which, however, I check, remembering how much I owe to this brave fellow. I even summon up a smile.

"Yes, a woman, then old mysogynist, who yet art the son of a mother. And

such a woman! Brave and true, Yerack, but for whom I should not be in the land of the living, for I owe my life to her as I owe it also to thee!"

"Well, well, if that be so. I grant thee, there are—there may be different sorts. Though, for my part, I have known but the one—the cat-like sort, sleek and fawning and false, stroking you with velvet paws in which sharp claws are hidden wherewith to tear you unaware. I like not the feline tribe."

Having spoken, he protrudes his upper lip, making his bristly mustache stand out. He looks very fierce and bitter, and though I answer nothing, I think, "Assuredly thou hast had some cruel experience, my friend."

In a few moments, however, his face reassumes its habitual expression of complacency, and he says to me, "Now, my son, get thee something to eat and let us to business."

He places food before me; standing by and watching, with over-satisfaction, while I make it disappear.

"Thou hast done well," he observes, when I have eaten my fill and pushed the plate from me.

CHAPTER XV.

Yerack draws a chair to the table, close to my elbow, and with slow deliberation, and an expression of supreme satisfaction, takes from his tunic a large, bloated-looking pocketbook, out of which he abstracts a folded paper.

"Now, Nikor Andreivitch Tcheravin," he says, mouthing his words with an unctuous intonation. "In reply to your appeal for permission of leave of absence on the plea of ill health, I have the pleasure to hand over to you from the Archimandrite of your diocese this paper, which you will perceive, entitles you to a month's sojourn abroad."

I take the paper he holds toward me, and unfold it. Sure enough, there is the ecclesiastical seal, the wavering signature of the aged church dignitary, and on scanning it I find that here indeed is a formal leave of absence to: "My ailing son, the Reverend and Holy Father Nikor Andreivitch Tcheravin, extending over a period of one month, to enable him, by medical advice, to drink the waters of Kissingen." I suppose I look my amazement, for Yerack, watching me, begins to grin. Kalatch, who has come up behind my chair, spells it out slowly and exclaims:

"Tell us about it. How hast thou procured it?"

"Yes; how? Who is Nikor Andreivitch?" I manage to stammer.

This seems too much for Yerack. He throws himself back and indulges in one of his mighty roars.

"He knows not his own name!" he echoes. "Ah, Nikor Andreivitch! my poor Kikori; it is indeed time something was done for thy health."

Ere I have time for further question, he produces a familiar looking little greenback, the sight of which makes my heart jump; and this time, without any previous speech, he puts it into my hand. It proves to be a passport made out in the name of this same Nikor Andreivitch, traveling to Germany. I read the description of myself as I now appear, in a sort of stupefaction. I cannot take in my good fortune all at once.

Age—thirty. Height—above average. Eyes—brown. Hair and beard—brown and curled. Complexion—fair and fresh colored. Nose—aquiline. Grasping the precious talisman, and realizing what it means to me, my excitement becomes so great that I can no longer sit still. I rise precipitately and fall to pacing the floor, while I vainly struggle for speech. Joy and gratitude strike me dumb, and like a woman the tears rush to my eyes and flow down my cheeks.

At length I go up to Yerack, and placing my hands on each of his shoulders, I look down into his broad, jovial face. There comes a strange stir in it, but in an instant he jumps to his feet and laughs boisterously.

"Ha, ha, ha! Come, friend Nikor, if thou wouldst catch the evening express in Vilna, thou must bestir thyself."

Meanwhile I have sufficiently mastered my emotion to say:

"Yerack, my friend—my noble friend! Thou wouldst escape my thanks. And the gratitude of my life long is all I may give thee. Generous Yerack; she, too—how she will bless thee for what thou hast done for us! Would that she were here to thank thee in her sweet, gracious way!"

"Let be, let be. Thou canst not imagine how I have enjoyed this escapade. To have tricked thee so cleverly! Ah, only to have seen the face of that warden this morning when he entered the cell! Ho, ho! That skinny little prefect. How small he would look when they told him of the tragedy! How he would fume and stamp! Oh, it is splendid, splendid!"

"But I want to know how thou camest by the documents, and in so short a time, too?" interrupts Kalatch, impatiently.

Yerack gives a contemptuous snort. "What a fuss thou makest about so small a matter!" he responds. "One would think thou hadst been born and bred a thousand miles from Russia, and knew naught of the customs of the country. Roubles—roubles—roubles! What is there in Russia that cannot be bought with Russian roubles? I rustle a handful of dirty rouble notes, and without a word of persuasion a government clerk writes out the passport to my dictation. A Holy Father prepares the other document from one he has in his possession and hands it to me with a 'Bless thee, my son!' And never a remonstrance save when I pressed a little token of my gratitude into his palm."

"Thou must have spent a fortune over me, Yerack," I say remorsefully. The weight of so many obligations oppresses me.

"And if thou hadst knocked the life out of me that time, as I deserved, what use would my money have been to me then? Moreover, I assure thee, that I speak truth when I say I have more than I need. Trust Yerack for looking after himself. He knows how far he can go.

And now here is for thy journey, and I have done with thee."

He takes a thick packet of notes from his pocketbook, and without counting gives them to me. Though I am obliged to be still farther his debtor to the amount of my journey, I shun to take advantage of such reckless liberality. I begin to count the notes, resolved to accept what I stand in absolute need of and no more. They seem to be all twenty-five rouble notes. I separate four from the bulk.

"These will more than suffice," I say, holding the remainder toward him. "It is well for thee, my friend, that thy head is firmly fastened on thy shoulders, or thou wouldst certainly give it away."

I try to smile at him as I speak, but my trembling lips render the attempt a failure.

His reply is to snatch all the notes from me with comical fierceness, roll them up, and stuff them into the inside pocket of my kaftan.

"Enough of this fooling!" he exclaims. "Not another word will I hear on so paltry a subject. What is more to the purpose, let us settle what is to be done next. It will be best that we part here. Thou wilt go on foot into the town—"

Thou wilt go on foot into the town—straight up the street, taking the first turn to the right, and in the market is both the postoffice and the posting station. Arrived at Vilna, drive direct to the railway station. With moderate driving thou wilt be there in time to catch the evening express. And let me remind thee who thou art. Forget not thy priestly dignity. Keep also a bold front, for thou art secure. The passport will assuredly be enough, but hesitate not to show the leave of absence. The two together will at once put to flight the least shadow of doubt. There is just the fact of thy having no luggage that might arouse suspicion. Here, too, thou canst easily hoodwink them. Thou wilt describe it—to the luggage van for the purpose of identifying it—excite thyself, get into a towering rage because it is not there; threaten to lodge a complaint against the railway servants for their neglect in not putting it in the train when it is addressed and properly labeled; make a great stir, and give special orders as to the forwarding of it without loss of time."

"I promise thee to use my utmost ability, brother," I respond. "Nor am I a novice. I have had some acting to do in my time."

"Another thing I would mention," resumes the Cosack. "I fain would hear of thy safe arrival. One line will be enough—'Arrived safe!' All well," what thou wilt. Only address it not to me, I am too well known for a scamp; moreover, I am under surveillance of the police. He chuckles, shutting up his left eye. "Let me see," he continues, with sudden gravity. "From Vilna we proceed to Minsk, on our way to the East. Arrived at the Province of the Don, where I am a native, we will pause until I have disposed of certain properties. Our final destination will be the Kirghiz Steppes. There we will pitch our tent. They will scarcely follow us there. Send, therefore, thy communication to Minsk. I can always induce some sleek government clerk to call for it at the postoffice and fetch it to me."

Hereupon he takes up the pen, and with great solemnity, forming each letter with his lips the while, he writes on one of the sheets of paper. It is a slow and laborious task. I receive the paper and read: "dimriti petrovitch herzen Minsk post restante."

Yerack sticks out his lips and watches me, whilst I read it.

"Thou canst make it out? Yes?" he inquires.

"With perfect ease. It is very distinct."

"Now embrace me, my son, and go thy way."

We kiss each other on both cheeks and he releases me. The same ceremony is gone through with Kalatch. I thank him for the service he has rendered me, to which he will not listen.

"I was glad of a reason for pitching up the accursed job," he says. "I could not have stood it much longer."

The Cosacks accompany me to the outer door. I shake hands with both in silence, fervently pressing the hand of Yerack, and hurry away into the town.

Thanks to Yerack's pass and letter, I am able to continue my journey without molestation. I pass the frontier in safety, and, at last I am out of Russia, a free man.

(To be continued.)

A Raw Recruit.

Major General Henry C. Corbin, who is to succeed General Taft in the Philippines, was reared on a farm in Ohio, and takes a great interest in recruits, particularly if they be from his own State.

"They are amusing and pathetic, the raw recruits from the farms and villages of the West," said General Corbin recently. "And they make, in the end, the best soldiers in the world."

"But at first they are too ingenious, too boyish, too naive. For instance: 'An Ohio lad was doing his first sentry duty. To and fro he paced. The landscape was fertile and lonely and quiet, and the young recruit, as he regarded the green fields, fell into a reverie. His pleasant inland home rose up before him. He thought of his father and mother, his school days, his sweetheart."

In the midst of his dream the major passed, and the youth forgot to salute."

"Don't you know who I am, sir?" he said in a terrible voice.

"No," said the recruit, softly, and, thinking it was a friend from home—some friend of his family—he asked in a gentle voice:

"Do you know me?"

On the Inside.

"No," said Farmer Cornsotter to the summer boarder, "I don't believe all I see in the newspapers."

"Why not?"

"Well, you see, I've advertised all the comforts of home a few times myself."—Washington Star.

Necessary Adjunct.

Passenger (on ocean liner of the future)—Will you please direct me to my stateroom? It's No. 727.

Clerk—It's about half a mile aft. Take trolley car on starboard promenade.

WOMEN WEAR POISON RINGS.

Jewelry of Days When Murder Was Fashionable the Fad.

Society women have a brand new fad, and even the most blasé of the "500" can't deny that the smart matrons have started an interesting novelty, says the New York World. The newest sensation among the ultra-smart set is the poison ring.

Not that the swell matrons are contemplating any "Lucrezia Borgia" act, nor are they followers in the footsteps of the Medici, but the poison ring is a real affair just the same.

The fad was started by Mrs. Granville Kane.

The rings first appeared at a dance, and immediately Mrs. William Peirson Hamilton, who is known for her love of quaint and oriental jewelry, became a follower of the fad.

Mrs. Hamilton's love of quaint designs in jewelry became known most prominently at the time of her marriage, when as Juliet Morgan, daughter of J. Pierpont Morgan, she received a handsome bracelet, an ancient Italian design from an Italian nobleman.

The bracelet was sent in a book and was discovered by the customs officers, and J. Pierpont Morgan paid \$475 duty in order to avoid its seizure and the publicity of an auction sale.

The other beautiful society matrons who are wearing the poison rings on their fair fingers are Mrs. Arthur E. Grannis and Mrs. Henry Trevor.

Mrs. Trevor's ring is historical and said to have belonged to a member of the house of Richelieu. The ring is of exquisite workmanship and is set with a sapphire hedged with alternating diamonds and topazes.

Now, in spite of the fact that these interesting rings are causing the more conservative of society to raise their eyebrows, there is a little secret about them that robs them of part of their romance. They do not contain a single drop of poison.

The little chamber that used to contain the deadly poison which brought swift and sudden death on desired occasions in those days of hidden murder and secret plotting, now holds only a tiny bit of rich and powerful smelling salts.

Mrs. Trevor's ring is made so that pressure on a spring in one side of the hoop distills a microscopic drop of liquid through one of the surrounding stones. This is necessarily hollow, but the aperture is so small as to be imperceptible except on the closest examination.

The rings, which have given society something to talk about, are extremely rare, for all are relics of ancient houses and have been procured for their new owners only after careful search. Modern rings are made in this form, and the new society fad indicates that up to date jewelers will henceforth offer rings that dispense sweet perfume and smelling salts, but the old historic rings, with their clustering memories of sudden death, are the ones the women of the "500" covet for their bejeweled fingers.

TOURISTS PESTS IN ROME.

Tip-Seekers, Beggars and Venders Fleece the Foreigners.

One hears a great deal about the "Association to Facilitate the Movement of Foreigners" in Italy, but of the good accomplished by these well-meaning persons, says the London Pall Mall Gazette, one hears much less.

There is no doubt that there is a crying evil in the peninsula, which to some people overbalances her undoubted attractions—that of the continual necessity to pay out money in small sums if you wish any peace.

Take, for instance, the trip from Naples to Sorrento and Capri. When you return you are shorn of perhaps 3 lire, not more, but the giving of that 3 lire has been such a weariness to the flesh that you feel that you have given thousands. First you fall into the hands of the boatman to go on board; getting down to Capri there are fresh payments and on visiting the grotto there are further disbursements, with innumerable tips to odd people and beggars, while illustrated post cards and coral venders make life a burden.

And this is only one example of what the press aptly calls the "hunt of the foreigners." It is argued that this would be avoided if the tourist paid something more for his round ticket and had not to disburse these small sums.

The Swiss and Germans are no less anxious to make money out of travelers, but so marvelous is their organization that the victim is to some extent unaware of the fact and pays cheerfully whatever is asked. This being so, it is proposed to invite the above-mentioned society to move in the subject and see if they cannot justify their existence.

Statistics show that the number of beggars along the beaten track of travelers has very much decreased and that those who do exist are much less importunate and although the "Society for Foreigners" claims the credit, it is more due to the "Association Against Begging" and still more to the chiefs of police.

No Wonder They Lose.

"Is them the Senators?" asked the low-browed and square-jawed individual who surveyed the scene from the gallery at the opening of Congress.

"Yes," answered the friend.

"Well," was the response after some critical examination, "it ain't no wonder every other club in the league beats 'em."—Washington Post.

Idiot.

A girl had a hat of chenille, With ornaments made of cut stills, And she wore on her back

An elegant sack, And of course it was made out of sils.

—Chicago Chronicle.

A Little Lesson In Patriotism

"Let our object be our country, our whole country, and nothing but our country."—Daniel Webster.

Gen. Winfield Scott has become so well known as a very old man, probably on account of his portrait having been taken when

he had reached an advanced age, and that most of us seem to forget that it was in youth rather than in his old age that he performed those services for his country which distinguished him above his fellow-soldiers.

Scott was still a young man when in the war of 1812 he directed at Queens-town, on the Niagara River, a series of engagements in which were blended, according to one historian, the most perfect plan of arrangements, the most undaunted courage, the most disastrous defeat and the most triumphant success.

The battle of Lundy's Lane brought Scott into action again. Although he was wounded early in the engagement, he fought on, gallantly charging the enemy as they advanced.

War after war followed in the career of the soldier until finally the Mexican war brought to him his greatest glory. It was one of the most picturesque campaigns of history, daring in conception and execution.

Despite his years, Gen. Scott served in the Civil War until he was no longer able to bear the hardships of the camp and the field. Few men can show such a long record of service for their country as can he. He served from 1812 until November, 1861.

His entire life was devoted to the cause and the welfare of the United States. In defense against foreign invaders, in advances into the enemy's country, in protection of the frontiers, in the struggle to preserve the Union, Winfield Scott was ever ready to do all in his power for the sake of the country he loved.—Chicago Journal.

View Looking Directly Down Into the Great Seething Core.

The illustration gives a view of the crater of Vesuvius looking directly into its seething core. Its recent eruption brings this great volcano into the public view again and recalls the fact that since the overwhelming of Pompeii, A. D. 79, there have been sixty tremendous convulsions of the natural

monster. These upheavals have taken place with remarkable regularity, at intervals averaging thirty years. In spite of the well understood habit of the peak to cause widespread destruction on these tumultuous occasions, there is such a fascination about the region that during the periods of quiet many persons are attracted to the base of the mountain, and others, still more venturesome, build houses upon the sides of the smoking wonder.

City Without Taxes.

In the Black Forest of Germany is the little city of Freudenstadt, with about seven thousand inhabitants, a busy industrial place with iron and chemical works of some importance.

Small as it is, Freudenstadt is a full-fledged city, with a mayor, aldermen, half a dozen policemen and a fire engine. The public business is conducted on an economical basis, and the total expenses do not exceed twenty-four thousand dollars in a year.

Freudenstadt has the distinction of being the only city in Germany, and perhaps in the world, which does not tax the citizens a shilling for municipal expenses. The yearly net revenue from the public property covers all the expenditure.

This property consists of about six thousand acres of fine forest, which, being managed under the best forestry methods, is a permanent source of income. One or more trees are planted for every one that is cut down. No tree is cut till it can yield the maximum profit.

After deducting all the expenses of the industry the annual profit to the acre is about five dollars.

Salvation With Food.

Fourteen-year-old Emma, who had come home from her first day's schooling in elementary physiology, was questioned by her parents as to what she had learned.

"Papa," she complained, "I don't think I like physiology."

"Why not, my dear?"

"Well, teacher was explaining digestion to us to-day, and she said we had to mix salvation with every mouthful of food."—Harper's Weekly.

Some men believe in long engagements, but the average girl is willing to take chances on any kind.

JUDICIAL DECISIONS



A member who has been wrongfully expelled from an unincorporated benefit society is held, in *Laffitt vs. St. Joseph's T. A. & B. Soc. (Conn.)*, 65 L. R. A. 92, to be entitled to abandon all claims to reinstatement, and resort to an action for damages for the injury inflicted upon him by the expulsion.

An attorney is held, in *Dorr vs. Camden (W. Va.)*, 65 L. R. A. 348, to have no right to withhold from his client information acquired by him to the exercise of such attorneyship, and use the same to extort an increased compensation from his client, or coerce him into a contract he would not have entered into upon full information.

That a witness called to prove handwriting was not acquainted with the writing of the one who is alleged to have written the signature in controversy until four years after its date is held, in *Ratliff vs. Ratliff (N. C.)*, 63 L. R. A. 963, not to be sufficient to make him incompetent to testify. A note to this case reviews all the other authorities on competency of witnesses to handwriting.

The obligation of a married woman, not a free trader, to pay for goods which form part of a stock in trade with which she is carrying on business, which may, in equity, be enforced against her separate estate, is held, in *MacDonald vs. Teft-Weller Co. (C. C. App. 5th C.)*, 65 L. R. A. 106, to be a "debt," within the meaning of the clause of the bankruptcy act relating to involuntary bankruptcy proceedings.

The right to a writ of quo warranto to prevent a railroad company from making unlawful charges for services rendered is denied, in *State, Crow, vs. Atchison, T. & S. F. R. Co. (Mo.)*, 63 L. R. A. 761, where the Legislature has made ample provision for the regulation of such charges. The right of quo warranto against corporations for making illegal charges in the course of authorized business is considered in a note to this case.

An agreement by a resident of one county, in response to a telephone call from a person residing in another county, that he would honor a draft for the amount in case the latter should advance money to a third person, is held, in *Bank of Yolo vs. Sperry Flour Company (California)*, 65 L. R. A. 90, to be made in the former, within the meaning of a constitutional provision that actions on contracts may be brought in the county where they are made.

An assignee of a gas lease, which, to avoid accounting to its assignor for his share of the profits of a well to which he is entitled under the contract of assignment, fraudulently commingles the product of the well with the product of other wells without keeping any account or preserving any record of the amount of gas produced by it, is held, in *Stone vs. Marshall Oil Co. (Pa.)*, 65 L. R. A. 218, to be obliged to account for the proportionate part called for by the contract, of the whole amount of gas produced and sold by it, under the principle which is applied in case of the fraudulent confusion of goods.

Men with Long Hair.

Matthew of Westminster tells us that in 1127 Henry I. ordered all the soldiers of England to cut their hair a proper length and not wear it like women. This custom of wearing hair like women rose, according to William of Malmesbury, in the reign of William the red king. Young men, he says, then endeavored to rival women in delicacy of person, to mimic their gait, to walk with loose gesture and half naked.

Anselm in 1102 enacted that clerks who had long hair should be compelled to have it cropped so as to show part of the ears and the eyes. William of Malmesbury does not mention the edict of Henry I., but he relates that in 1128 a certain knight who prided himself on the luxury of his tresses, having dreamed that he was strangled by them, cut them off immediately on waking.

This example, he adds, spread throughout England, and almost all military men allowed their hair to be cropped a proper length. But, alas, this decency did not continue long, for scarcely a year expired ere all who thought themselves courtly lapsed into their former folly, and those who had no natural curls put on false ones.—London Standard.

Possession.

He used to send me books and flowers And candy. And every day He would write me how the weary hours Dragged when he was kept away.

He used to ring me up to tell What he forgot the night before. He swore that he adored me—well, I believed it all and more.

At breakfast now it's his paper—see? He stays downtown the livelong day. Sometimes at dinner he talks to me. I didn't think it would be this way. —New Orleans Picayune.

A Crusher.

Violinist (proudly)—The instrument I shall use at your house