CHAPTER XIX. stood in the depot, waiting the signal to whittle-shingle, must be nailed, "or somestart, and just before the final "all body would break in." Next the windows, aboard" was sounded a handsome equipage drove slowly up, and from it alighted Mr. Lincoln, bearing in his arms his scissors, combs and keys; and, lastly, the daughter, whose head rested wearily up- old clock must be stopped, for Rose was on his shoulder. Accompanying him not accustomed to its striking, and it were his wife, Jenny and a gray-graired man, the family physician. Together they entered the rear car, and instantly there was a hasty turning of heads, a shaking of curis and low whispers, as each noticed and commented upon the un- that livin' in the city so, she'd got used earthly beauty of Rose, who in her father's arms lay as if wholly exhausted with

the effort she had made. apparently so low, hushed all selfish feel- and would have. As they were leaving ings, and a gay bridal party who had the house Mrs. Howland brought out her taken possession of the ladies' saloon im- black leathern wallet, and, forcing two away from the soher, homely little child. mediately came forward, offering it to ten-dollar bills into Jenny's hand, whis- who begged so pitcously "to go with Mr. Lincoln, who readily accepted it, and pered, "Take it to pay for them things. Ella" where there was room and to spare. laying Rose upon the long settee, he made | Your pa has need enough for his money, her as comfortable as possible with the and this is some I've earned along knitnumerous pillows and cushions he had ting and sciling butter. At first I thought incidents of her sister's death, and brought with him. As the creaking en- I would get a new chamber carpet, but | thought of the noble little Frank, who gine moved slowly out of Boston Rose the old one answers my turn very well, often went hungry and cold that his asked that the window might be raised, so take it and buy Rose everything she mother and sisters might be warm and and, leaning upon her elbow, she looked wants." out upon her native city, which she was leaving forever.

Toward nightfall of the next day they reached Glenwood, and Rose, more faedge, now that she was so determined to the flood?" get well, was lifted from the carriage and carried into the house. Mrs. Howland hastened forward to receive her, and for once Rose forgot to notice whether the cut of her cap was of this year's sat in her own room, gloomy and de-

fashion or last. "I am weary," she said. "Lay me been well, and besides that Ella's engage-where I can rest." And with the grand-ment with Henry Lincoln filled her heart mother leading the way, the father car- with dark forebodings, for rumor said ried his child to the chamber prepared that he was unprincipled and dissipatfor her with so much care.

"It's worse than I thought 'twas," said Mrs. Howland, returning to the parlor who insisted that "he was no worse than below, where her daughter had thrown other young men-most of them drank Sarah?' Mary asked at last; and Mrs. ma'am. I'm around studyin' condiherself with a sigh upon the chintz-cover- occasionally, and Henry did nothing ed lounge. "It's a deal worse than I more!" thought 'twas. Hasn't she catched cold, or been exposed some way?"

"Not in the least," returned Mrs. Lincoln, twirling the golden stopper of her knew he'd be a drunkard, adding, "But Fletchers were rather peculiar in their smelling bottle. "The foundation of her he won't be. He loves me better than dispositions, and were probably jealous the whole faculty ought to be indicted for

Jenny's clear, truthful eyes turned toward her mother, who frowned darkly, and continued: "She was as well as any one until she went there, and I consider it my duty tao warn all parents against sending their daughters to a place where neither health, manners nor anything else is attended to except religion and house-

ish habit of occasionally setting her moth- ment." said Mrs. Campbell, and Ella have prayed and wept that she might are now taking mud baths. er right on some points, and she could replied: not forbear saying that Dr. Kleber

tending Mrs. Russell's party. "Dr. Kleber doesn't know any more ness, and so are you. I guess you'd better go upstairs at once, and see if Rose | are together they look so funny that I aldoesn't want something."

"Just listen; don't you hear that horrid; her plain sewing. croaking?"

Jenny laughed aloud, for she knew Rose had heard "that horrid croaking" more than a hundred times in Chicopee, but in Glenwood everything must necessarily assume a goblin form and sound. Seating herself upon the foot of the bed, she said: "Why, that's the frogs. I love to hear them dearly. It makes me feel both and and happy, just as the crickets do that sing under the hearth in our old home at Chicopee."

Jenny's whole heart was in the country and she could not so well sympathize with her nervous, sensitive sister, who shrank from country sights and country sounds. Accidentally spying some tall locust branches swinging in the evening breeze before the east window, she again spoke to Jenny, telling her to look and see if the tree leaned against the house, "for if it does," said she, "and creaks, I shan't sleep a wink to-night,"

After assuring her that the tree was all right, Jenny added: "I love to hear the wind howl through these old trees, and were it not for you, I should wish it might blow so that I could lay awake and

When it grew darker and the stars began to come out, Jenny was told "to close the shutters,'

'Now, Rose," said she, "you are making half of this, for you know as well as I that grandma's house hasn't got any shutters.'

"Oh! mercy, no more it hasn't, What shall I do?" said Rose, half crying with vexation. "That coarse muslin stuff is worse than nothing, and everybody'll be looking in to see me.'

"They'll have to climb to the top of the trees, then," said Jenny, "for the ground descends in every direction, and the road. too, is so far away. Besides that, who is there that wants to see you?"

Rose didn't know. She was sure there was somebody, and when Mrs. Howland came up with one of the nicest little suppers on a small tea tray, how she was shocked to find the window covered with her best blankets, which had been packed

away in the closet adjoining. Rose was afraid somebody would look in and see her," said Jenny, as she read her grandmother's astonishment in her

"Look in and see her!" repeated Mrs. Howland. "I've undressed without curtains these forty years, and I'll be bound nobody ever peeked at me. But come,' she added, "set up and see if you can't eat a mouthful or so. Here's some broiled chicken, a slice of toast, some current jelly that I made myself, and the swimminest cup of black tea you ever see,

It'll eenamost bear up an egg." "Sweetened with brown sugar, ain't it?" said Rose, sipping a little of the tea. In great distress the good old lady re

but some folks loved brown just as well. 'Ugh! Take it away," said Rose. "It eat another mite;" but, in spite of her belief, the food rapidly disappeared, while she alternately made fun of the little silver spoons, her grandmother's bridal gift, and found fault because the jelly the old blue earthen teacup, tied over lows; with a piece of paper!

Until a late hour that night did Rose keep the whole household on the alert, your sister Elia, and have now no child an aged parent out of want. New me swing in is around in the back cases out of ten, if the dinner isn't all carried into the furnaces without the doing the thousand useless things which saving yourself, who, if you behave well, | York Press.

her nervous fancy prompted. First the The morning train bound for Albany front door, usually secured with a bit of which in the rising wind began to rattle, must be made fast with divers knives,

> would keep her awake. "Dear me!" said the tired old grandmother, when at about midnight she repaired to her own cozy little bedroom. "how fidgety she is. I should of s'posed

In a day or so Mr. Lincoln and Jenny went back to Boston, bearing with them The sight of her, so young, so fair and a long list of articles which Rose must

> All this time the thankless girl upstairs | with its weight of sorrow. was fretting and muttering about her

CHAPTER XX. On the same day when Rose Lincoln left Boston for Glenwood Mrs. Campbell pressed. For several days she had not been well, and besides that Ella's engageed, and before giving her consent Mrs. Campbell had labored long with Ella,

On this afternoon she had again conversed with Ella, who angrily declared then Aunt Morris wrote to her nele, makthat she would marry him even if she ing inquiries concerning her. I think the sickness was laid at Mount Holyoke, and all the world, and I shall help him to re-

> "I don't believe your sister would marwas becoming much attached to Mary. pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I to her, and that he assured me was whoiled, I know not whether she is dead or ly on my account.

"She isn't pleased with your engage-

"Well, what of that? It's nothing to her, and I didn't mean she should know it, but Jenny, like a little tattler, must needs tell her, and so she has read me s about it than I do," returned her mother, two hours' sermon on the subject. She "He's always minding other folks' busi- acted so queer, too, I didn't know what to thing of her, and when she and Henry most believe she wants him herself, but Jenny obeyed, and as she entered her she can't have him-no, she can't have sister's chamber, Rose lifted her head him," and secure in the belief that she languidly from her pillow, and pointing to was the first and only object of Henry's a window, which had been opened that affection, Ella danced out of the room to she might breathe more freely, said, attend to the seamstress who was doing

self, but she had so often heard it described by the aunt who adopted her that now it came vividly before her mind, with its dark stone walls, its spacious grounds, creeping roses. Something about it, too, reminded her of what Ella had once said she awoke she wondered that she had never questioned the child more concerning her parents. She was just lying back again upon her pillow when there was a ard's soft voice asked permission to come

"Yes, do," said Mrs. Campbell. "Perhaps you can charm away my headache, which is dreadful,' "I'll try," answered Mary. "Shall I read to you?"

"If you please; but first give me my salts. You'll find them there in that drawer.

Mary obeyed, but started as she openthat the tears instantly came to her eyes. "What is it?" asked Mrs. Campbell, and Mary replied:

"This picture-so much like brother Franky. May I look at it?" "Certainly," said Mrs. Campbell. "That

is a picture of my sister." For a long time Mary gazed at the tering carls, and soft brown eyes, looked turning to Mrs. Campbell, she said, "You must have loved her very much. What was her name?"

"Ella Temple," was Mrs. Campbell's eply, and Mary instantly exclaimed: 'Why, that was my mother's name.' "Your mother, Mary! your mother?" said Mrs. Campbell, starting up from her pillow. "But no; it cannot be. Your

mother is lying in Chicopec, and Ella, my sister, died in England.' Every particle of color had left Mary's face, and her eyes, now black as midnight, stared wildly at Mrs. Campbell, The sad story, which her mother had once told her, came back to her mind, bringing with it the thought which had

so agitated her companion. "Yes," she continued, without noticing what Mrs. Campbell had said, "my mothsisters, one her own, and the other a half-sister-Sarah Fletcher and Jane Temple-both of whom came to America

many years ago." "Tell me more-tell me all you know," whispered Mrs. Campbell, grasping Mary's hand; "and how it came about plied that she was out of white sugar, that I thought she was dead-my sister." Upon this point Mary could throw no light, but of all that she had heard from makes me sick, and I don't believe I can her mother she told, and then Mrs. Campbell, pointing to her writing desk, said:

"Bring it to me. I must read that letter again. Mary obeyed, and taking out a muchsoiled, blotted letter, Mrs. Campbell askwas not put in porcelain jars instead of ed her to read it aloud. It was as fol-

"Daughter Jane-I now take this oppor-

will be my only heir. Sometimes I wish you were here, for it's lonesome living alone, but I suppose you're better off where you are. Do you know anything of that girl Sarah? Her cross-grained uncle has never written the a word since he left England. If I live three years longer I shall come to America, and un-

til that time, adieu. Your father, "HENRY TEMPLE." "How short and cold!" was Mary's first exclamation, for her impressions of her grandfather were not very agreeable. "It is like all his letters," answered Mrs. Campbell. "But it was cruel to make me think Ella was dead, for how ise could I suppose he had lost her?" Then, as the conviction came over her that Mary was indeed the child of her own sister, she wound her arms about her neck, and kissing her lips, murmured, sooner, you should not have been so cruelly deserted, and little Allie should never have died in the almshouse, But you'll never leave me now, for all that I have is yours-yours and Elia's."

The thought of Ella touched a new chord, and Mrs. Campbell's tears were andrendered less bitter by the knowledge to, one of her sister's orphan children.

"I know now, why, from the first, I clear, large eyes are so much like my own ost darling's, and even you, Mary-Here Mrs. Campbell paused, for proud as she now was of Mary, there had been a time when the baughty lady turned All this came up in sad review before just like it. Philadelphia Record. Mrs. Campbell, and as she recalled the fed, she felt that her heart would burst

"Oh," said she, "to die so near grandmother's stinginess in not having a my only sister, and I never know itbetter carpet "than the old, faded thing, never go near her. I with all my wealth, tigued than she was willing to acknowl- which looked as if manufactured before as much hers as mine-and she dying of

Wiping the hot tears from her own eyes, Mary strove to comfort her aunt by telling how affectionately her mother had always remembered her. on the night of her death," said she, "she spoke of you, and bade me, if I ever found you, love you for her sake." "Will you, do you love me?" asked Mrs. Campbell.

Mary's warm kiss upon her cheek, and the loving clasp of her arms around her on coming for aunt's neck, was a sufficient answer.

Campbell replied: "Nothing definite, From father we first heard that she was in New York, and of our family, for the letter was long unanswered, and when at last Sarah's nucle bring up his children." wrote, he said, that 'independent of old ry him," continued Mrs. Campbell, who Temple's aid she had received a good for a good reason, too," returned Ella, intending soon to follow her. He neither pettishly jerking her long curls. "But I gave the name of her husband nor the can't see why you should bring her up, place to which they were going, and as Press, for he has never been more than polite all our subsequent letters were unansweralive; but often when I think how alone come back; for though I never saw her The Gobbler (the last of his flock)-(To be continued.)

HOW A SAILOR'S PAY GOES.

Jack Tar Usually Squan ters His Wages,

Sometimes by I roxy. What do the jack tars in the vavy do er make a memorandum with a hat pin with all their money? has often been on a cake of soap when she had no asked, although most people have an paper handy."-Chicago Record-Herswered the question to their own satis- ald. faction beforehand by deciding that they spent it the first chance they got. After she was gone Mrs. Campbell fell Many of the younger or newer ones do asleep, and for the first time in many a get rid of their cash at the first opporlong year dreamed of her old home in tunity, but then they spend it them-England. She did not remember it her- selves and get their money's worth, or what they think or are made to believe is their money's worth. Those who are really warm in their following sel losn terraced gardens, running vines and take all their wages from the paymas ter. They let him keep it during the cruise and draw 4 per cent interest on of her mother's early home, and when it until the cruise is over. Then, of course, some spend it all before they go back to the ship. They have a good time all in a lump and are satisfied to gentle rap at the door, and Mary How- wait for extravagant days again until another cruise is over. These are the men who have no one except themselves to care for. While on the man of war they need not go short of anything and yet not use their money. Moreover, they will probably attend to their duties better and have a much finer time when the cruise is at an end.

Those who have wives or familles or relatives to care for usually send their ed the drawer, for there, on the top, lay money home regularly and faithfully. a small, old-fashioned miniature of a fair Often, however, their confidence is old to learn? young child, so nearly resembling Franky meanly abused. Married make Father-When he gets too old to marup this class. They send their wives ry, my son.-Puck. comfortable incomes and that is all these wives care for them for. These are the wives who married simply for what there was in marriage in a money way, with the additional advantage or convenience of not having a husband sweet, childish face, which, with its clus- around much. Unluckily for women of to her so much like Franky. At last, tain wives. Only chief petty officers of What's the matter? this class, not all jack tars cun mainfirst-rate petty officers can afford the luxury of marriage, and even they have to watch out pretty keenly not to

impair the due to their better haives. Many of these better halves are adventuresses pure and simple, who me, make it a business to get acquainted with naval men, make an impression. -Philadelphia Press. get married and then take the money sent to them and do what they pleasemarry someone else at another navy yard belonging to another ship sometimes, and keep track of the cruises of the vessels.

The older men seem to fall most easily before the adventuress. And when they discover their mistake and er was Ella Temple, and she had two have obtained divorces and are free any shoes to fit her." again usually get back into the same boat.

who has not seen him for years who is -Philadelphia Bulletin. just as good and true and saving as woman ever was. She takes care of "Harold, how do you like my new baby while he is away and almost dies foliage bat?" for joy when she can meet him at the "Harriet, you must hear the truth; end of a cruise. Sailors, too, in many you look like a plant stand."-Detroit cases are just as true to their wives. Free Press, although sometimes with them only two months in three years. Then, again, others slave simply that a son or a daughter, a brother or a sister, may get an education and will not have to work as hard as they do, or are mocks are for company and for ornatunity of informing you that I've lost sailors so they can earn enough to keep ment; the old rope thing the folks let knows that he will find fault, in nine since it can be run into the tanks and yard."

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

An Expensive Luxury. "Yes," said the reformed man to an impecunious friend, "why don't you give up some of your expensive luxuries? Now, for instance, look at me. I gave up smoking about a year ago. I "My child-Mary. Oh, had I known this decided I could do without it. Last month I made a calculation as to how wuch I had saved up to date, and it amounted to a considerable sum. I then opened an account in one of the many New York savings banks,

"Could you lend me \$10 " broke in that she had cared for, and been a mother the other impetuously. "I'll pay you back-

"And the bank failed yesterday. Erfelt so drawn toward Ella, and why her you haven't such a thing as a cigar about you, have you?"-Judge.

Behint Her Back.

Nell-Do you think that is all her own hair? Belle-No: part of it is her sister's. At least I saw her sister buying some

Bound to Kick. Sharpson-You made \$13,000 clear last year, and yet you're complaining one can play. of your hard luck! Phlatz-Well, blame it, look at that

"13?"-Chicago Tribune. The Secret Divulge L. He-But you've known her all your life; how old is she? She-I'll tell you, but it's a secret,

mind. She is just at the age when one doesn't look it :- Life. His Exalted Mission.

Woman of the House-You've been here half a dozen times and got nothing. You ought to have learned something by this time. What do you keep

Tuffold Knutt (with impressive dig-"Do you know aught of my Aunt nity)-I ain't no common tramp, tions.-Chicago Tribune.

> He Raise ! Them. "That's Gilders. He's made a big

"Yes, and there was a time when he had to depend on my brother Jack to

"Nonsense! When did that happen?" "Often. The kids used to run in preteducation; adding further that she had ty frequent to their father's office, "I don't believe she would either, and married and gone West, and that he was which was in the buildin' where Jack was elevator man."-Philadelphia

> Nothing New. The Hog (with paper)-Well! well! I am, without a relative in the world, I Wonders never cease! Human beings

that I remember, she was my mother's It isn't at all uncommon for human bechild, and I should love her for that." | ings to make hogs of themselves .-Emergency Ability

"Women have no originality-no inventive genius." "Nonsense; I've seen my stenograph-



Miss Oldley-It is too bad that it takes two for a wedding!-Meggendorfer Blaetter.

His Pa Explains. Bobby-Pa, when does a man get too

Of a Certain Kind. "Skewjaw is quite a recluse, isn't

"O, yes-considered subjectively. He plays the clarinet."-Chicago Tribune.

Lost in the Crowd. Tess (meeting Jess on the street)-

can't think just what it is. Tess-It wasn't your-Jess-O! I know now. It was that

Jess-I've just lost something, and I

little Mr. Snipp, who was walking with Tess-Then it was nothing, after all.

Why He Consented. "Keeter says his wife is doing her own cooking now." "That accounts for it. He finally let me write him up a life insurance policy

this morning."-Philadelphia Press. Only Time They Are. "Miss Passay says she can never get

"Oh, pshaw! She just says they don't because she likes to go to the shoe Still, many a woman is a sailor's wife store and see a young man at her feet." May Millinery.

"I never see you lounging in the hammocks, Mr. Subbs." "No; these gay, front-porch ham-

A Family Exposure.

Slow Tatker, Perhaps. He-I know I'm late, dear. You see, I was detained a couple of hours by an Why old friend who just got back to town after a long absence. I had to tell him

all I knew. She (snappishly)-I don't see why per at a table in the annex turned to that should have kept you so long .-Philadelphia Press.

Well Recommended. Mistress-You say you are well recommended?

Maid-Indeed, ma'am, I have thirtynine excellent references. Mistress-And you have been in do-

mestic service. Maid-Two years, ma'am.-Glasgow

Averting a Sarcasm. "You seem very self-satisfied to-day." said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes," answered Willie Wishington,

"but don't let that influence. Everybody says I've got dreadfully poor taste."-Washington Star.

"That Miss Fortysummers is subject | for a killing. to fainting fits.'

So Sudden.

glass of soda water the other day, but et. I have two." when I got to the word 'join' she keel-Journal.

Automatic Exertion. Polly-What is it you like so much about croquet, Dolly? Dolly-Oh, it is such a lonely, restful game; the stupider one feels the better



"Late again, Jane! You are always behind time. It's no use talking to you. I shall have to get another girl." "I wish you would, mum, There'd be plenty of work for the two of us!"-

Surprised. "I want you to come around and take a look at that horse you sold me the

A Chance for Troub'e.

other day."

"Throwing an old shoe after a bride and groom means that all ill-feeling is thus thrown away.' "Yes, but suppose the old shoe should

happen to hit the bride." Under Control. The Count-Your daughter, madam, says she es pafectly willing to have me. The Mother-Yes. She is very dutiful.

Consoling. Penelope-I'll just ruin my complexon going in bathing so much. Perdita-I wouldn't care. No one will notice it.

Hopeful. have enough to get married on? She-Surely. Why, Jack, we don't need a million. A couple of hundred thousand will do to start on.

Exasperating Amiability. "Amiable people are often so exasperating." "Yes; I wonder if that is what makes them feel so amiable,

Not Without Excitement. "You are not addicted to any kind of | Indolent Aquatic Fowl Are Found on athletics, are you?" "Athletics? Gracious, man, I carn a good living for a family of seven." Carried It Too Far.

"Nothing that is produced in this country is ever quite good enough for form of life to be found anywhere on Mrs. Willoughby," declared Miss the globe. It was an aquatic fowl, Frocks. "Everything must be import-with a big, clumsy-looking beak, in "That's true," added Miss Kittish.

"She even carried her prejudice against

domestic goods so far as to marry an

imported husband." Search for Knowledge, Jinks-Hello! Well, I swan! Studying a book of etiquette, eh?

Old Gruff-Yep. Jinks-Want to learn how to treat folks politely, eh? Old Gruff-Naw. Want to find out whether folks are treating me politely. -New York Weekly.

Criticism. Uncle Josh-Didn't the President warn Congress ag'in' bein' extrava- of water fowl. Whenever a shag begant? Uncle Silas-Yes; but he oughtn't to hen will take a place immediately behave let 'em know there was so much

money in the Treasury.-Puck. The Rabbit Fired the Gun. "Brer Rabbit" has been outdone in real life, and a West Virginia rabbit family has a hero. The incident oc-

curred in this wise, according to the Chicago Tribune: Peter Frees and his son Louis went out rabbit-hunting in the woods near sleepy efforts. I have, on one occa-Parkersburg, West Virginia, Their dog soon chased a cottontall into a pile of brush, and Louis rushed up to get fish. It is certainly a singular display

rabbit. Finally bunny ran out in an unex- hen stands behind him to steal the fish pected place, straight over the gun, out of his mouth."-New Orleans which was cocked. His hind foot Times-Democrat. struck the trigger, sending the charge of shot into Louis' leg, and some of it into the dog. The boy yelled, the dog howled, and in the midst of the excite-

A Figure of Speech. gry enough to eat a horse his wife claimed for it are ease of handling.

exactly right. Somerville Journal,

ment bunny got away.

Bail Out a Crook.

"By Jove! Arrested for swindling," and the man who was reading his pa-I'd have gone ball for him. I saw him do a thing once that showed he had a Boots and Shoes, big heart and the instincts of a gentleman. I was on the way to the High- Hardware. land Park races last summer, and just ahead of me sat two gayly dressed women, and next to them a gray-haired, kindly faced old woman. The and it was evident the old woman was in the way of reasonable prices.

getting excited. "She turned to me and said if she GEO. T. PRATHER. thought she could double her money on that horse she would try it. It would enable her to pay her rent, and she had received notice. To my right sat this 'swindler,' showily dressed and out

" 'Sure thing,' he replied, before I got "Is she?"
"I started to ask her to join me in a do the betting for you. Take this tick-

"I wanted to interfere, but he looked ed right over in my arms."-Ohio State as though he meant to be good to her, so I contented myself with a resolution to keep my eye on him. He put her money on the favorite, and the favorite lost. I followed him back to the stand, where the old woman was in tears and straightened their faces, and then

seized the older one's hand. " 'Here, grandma,' he laughed; 'I was too smart to put your money on that skate. Your stuff backed the winner. four to one,' and he slipped two crisp new tens to her, and told me that was the happiest lie he ever got off. You bet I'd have bailed him."-Detroit Free Press.

GOT THE DESIRED BABY FOOD. Father of a Starving Youngster Shows

He Is a Diplomat. "What shall we do for the baby?" was often asked in a certain West Side Fertilizers & Agricultural Implements. household recently. And certainly the baby needed something. It was pale and puny, and seemed half-starved. THE REGULATOR LINE. The child was at the intermediary age when its natural food was insufficient, and still it was too young for beefsteak and potatoes.

"The child must have some baby food," said the mother.

"Yes," said the father, "he could have it if I were rich. It would cost \$3 a week at least to supply him with baby Leaves Oak Street Dock, Portland, food, and I get only \$10 a week." "But, are you going to let him starve?" she returned.

"No, I will manage some way to get

It," he said. "If you will press my suit. Leaves Dalles 7 A. M. and 3 P. M. "Good heavens, is that animal still dear, I will try to get some food to morrow. "What has the suit to do with H?"

> she asked. "You will see," he said. So next day the father of the starving young one went down town. He wore of the big drug stores he looked to be worth at least \$5,000 a year. To a clerk he said:

"I called to see about baby foods. Our child is in need of some auxiliary nourishment, but I do not know what to told the second girl that you probably might furnish us with some samples of the various kinds of foods you carry in stock. If you can do that we will try them and then I can order a supply of He-Do you suppose we will ever the kind that best agrees with the child."

"Certainly," said the clerk, and a package containing samples of seven kinds of baby food was forthcoming. The quantity was sufficient to last a month. When the supply is exhausted he will go to another drug store and tell the clerk what the cook told the second girl.-Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE LAZIEST CREATURES.

Shores of Western Lakes.

"During the recent trip through the lower western section of the country,' said a young man who had recently returned to New Orleans, "I believe I dis covered the laziest and most stupid with a big, clumsy-looking beak, in form something like the dodo, now extinct. I have spent some time in watching this fowl, which is found in some of the shallow lakes, and the chief point of interest to me was the startling stupidity displayed. They call them shags, I believe, out west. They generally squat on stumps or logs in the lake and watch for the smaller fish that play around the surface of the water. They are fairly clever in catching what they want, and they throw out their bills with considerable precision when they dig for game, and they never get to eat what they catch until they have fed at least one and maybe more than one member of another kind gins to catch fish a long-legged water hind him. When the shag lands the fish the water hen simply reaches over OCEAN AND RIVER SCHEDULE and gets it. Without any show of resentment and without turning around the shag will continue its watch for fish and this is kept up until the water hen has finished its meal, and then, if no other enterprising member of the same tribe comes along, the shag is permitted to enjoy the product of its own sion, seen one shag feed as many as three water hens before eating a single him out. He put his gun on the ground, of stupidity, and after baving watched and taking up a long pole, began to the performance a number of times I punsh in the brush-pile to dislodge the am convinced that the shag is actually too dull to even know that the water

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