



MRS. HENRY O. HAVEMEYER, JR., SOCIETY BEAUTY.

Mrs. Havemeyer was a Miss Charlotta Whiting, a belle of the metropolis, noted for her wealth, beauty and social position. It was about six years ago that she married Henry O. Havemeyer, Jr., third son of the late Theodore A. Havemeyer and favorite nephew of Henry O. Havemeyer, the sugar trust king, for whom she was named.

## Tramp Talks by An Educated Hobo

The Story That Was Told of a Saturday Night—Trouble With the Hired Man.

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ONE Saturday afternoon as I was plodding along the highway," said the tramp, after he had been coaxed to tell a story. "I came along to a farmhouse, with the farmer standing at the gate. I was passing by with a nod to him, when he called out for me to stop and added:

"Say, do you happen to know anything about a mowing machine?"

"I've seen a few in my time," I replied. "What is the matter with yours?"

"That's what I want to find out. The thing has got tangled up some way and won't work, and I'm in a stew about it. Come over into the field and take a look at it."

"I'm something of a mechanic, and I hadn't looked twice at the mower before I saw what was out of kilter.



"I BLOCKED AND SWUNG MY RIGHT."

In five minutes I had fixed it and it was singing away. The farmer told me to go to the house and get a bite to eat and wait till he came up from the hayfield. While waiting I split up a lot of wood, put a hinge on the wood shed door and repaired the well curb, and when the farmer and his two hired men came up to supper I heard the good housewife saying:

"Obediah, if this feller is a tramp he's the smartest one that's ever been along this road. He's done enough work to pay for staying over Sunday. If you can get him to talking tonight I'll bet he'll tell something interesting."

"I had on a fairly good suit of clothes and had had a shave the day before, and I was invited to sit down with the family to the evening meal. An hour later, when the milking had been done, everybody took seats on the side veranda, and I knew what was coming. Several hints were thrown out, and then the farmer said:

"Stranger, I'm wondering a little bit why you took to tramping. Perhaps you won't object to telling us."

"On the veranda were the farmer and his wife, two hired men and an old maid named Fanny. One of the hired men was in love with Fanny, and the fact that she had spoken to me three or four times had aroused his jealousy. When Miss Fanny, who was the farmer's sister, had smiled at me and said she was sure that I had something of interest to tell, and when the hired man had frowned at her and looked daggers at me, I began:

"I do not care to give you my name. Suffice it to say that my people were wealthy and of high social standing, and that I was an only child. When my college education was completed I went abroad, and it was while returning on the steamer that I fell in love with all the ardor of a young man of twenty-three. The young lady in the case was the daughter of a Boston merchant. She was twenty, and in looks and character she was all that one could ask for in her sex. It was a case of love at first sight with us both, and before the steamer reached New York we were betrothed."

"What the devil is that," asked the hired man, who wanted to butt in with something mean.

"It means that they were engaged to be married, you dolt!" blurted the farmer, while Miss Fanny looked at the fellow reprovingly.

"After a week," I resumed, "I went to Boston to tell Lulu's father that I loved her and wished his consent to a speedy marriage. He raised no objections. On the contrary, he hinted that he would feel honored by having me for a son-in-law. My people were willing, and for a month I was in the seventh heaven of happiness. Then a little circumstance changed the current of two lives. My father was the inventor of that breakfast food known as Barley Snaps. Her father was the inventor of that breakfast food known as Barley Drops. Each claimed that he had struck the biggest thing on earth. Each brought forward testimonials, slurred at the other, and the result was a bitter quarrel, and I was warned that Lulu could never, never marry the son of a liar. My father announced that no son of his should ever marry the daughter of a fraud, and I fell from happiness to black despair. It was the same with Lulu. I was forbidden an interview with her, but she answered a letter I bribed a servant to deliver. She said she would be true to me to the hour of her death!"

"Humph!" grunted the jealous minded man as he swung around on me.

"Jim Williams, what are you grint-

ing like a hog for?" demanded the farmer, as he rose up.

"Because he has no sentiment," observed Miss Fanny.

"If he grunts again he can take himself off," added the wife. "Stranger, go ahead with your story. I haven't been so excited since our wood shed took fire."

"Two weeks passed, kind friends—two of the longest weeks since time began. Then I received a brief note from Lulu, who had bribed a tin peddler to deliver it. She stated that she had told her father that Barley Snaps were far superior to Barley Drops as a breakfast food and that she would marry me or die an old maid. Her father's reply was a box on the ear. As she wrote me the note she was on the point of leaving the house. She was going she knew not where, but somewhere. She bade me to find her and make her my own."

"And she didn't tell you where she could be found?" asked Miss Fanny.

"Alas, no! I waited a week for another note, but none came. Then I set out in search for her."

"And you couldn't find her?"

"I have not found her to this day."

"But where could she have gone? Where have you looked for her?"

"Where have I not looked for the Lulu of my heart? I answered, as I wiped a tear from my eye. "Where she went no man has ever been able to tell me. I have looked the world over during those last ten years, but not a trace of her have I found."

"She probably drowned herself in the vinegar bar'l," chuckled the jealous hired man.

"The farmer jumped for him, but the fellow leaped over the veranda rail and disappeared in the darkness. The farmer returned to his chair and said:

"By gum, girls, but that's quite a story. I knew this feller was no common tramp when I saw him coming up the road."

"It's a story to sadden the heart," added the wife.

"It is, indeed," announced the old maid. "It appeals to romance, pity and all the more beautiful sentiments in the human breast. Lulu wanders o'er the face of the earth and hourly hopes to meet you, and yet you never meet!"

"That is the case, miss, but I know that wherever she is she has not lost faith in me. She knows I am searching for her. She knows that if heaven spares me long enough I shall find her and clasp her in my arms."

"James, is there no way you can help him?" asked the wife of her husband.

"I'd be darned glad to, stranger, but I don't see how I can," he replied to me. "I'll keep watch of the road as much as I can, and if Lulu comes along I'll tell her you were here and asking for her, and I am sure ma will give her something to eat."

"And she will find a sympathetic friend in me," added the old maid.

"I sighed, rose up and wandered down to the gate. There I met the jealous hired man. Without saying a word he blocked off and made a swipe at me. I blocked and swung my right and knocked him into a bed of catnip. Next morning when he got up with a black eye he explained that he had run against the cherry tree. I was an honored guest over Sunday, and when Monday came I resumed my search for the lost Lulu."

M. QUAD.

His idea of it.

"While" exclaimed his mother reprovingly as he buried a piece of toasted bread across the table.

"Oh, that's all right!" replied the boy. "We're preparing this is a banquet."

"What's that got to do with it?" she demanded.

"Why, I'm giving a toast," he answered.—Chicago Post.

Entirely a Mistake.

Charley Camera—I only came in to take one of your cows.

Old Grumps—Oh, you did, did you? Well, just let me ketch you doin' it. Go on the farm, you cattle thief! You city fellers talk as if cows was free an' didn't cost anything.—New York World.

Washing Day.



Voice From Upstairs—Mary, I hope you are getting on with the washing. Mary—Oh, yes, mum. I'm just filling the copper, mum.—Father.

A Rondeau of Vacation.

The wicked fies where none pursue To pastures green and waters new. In other words, the very rich. On whom it is the style to pitch. Seek cool and rest where men are few.

In private yacht with well trained crew, In mountains high above the blue— To every far and costly niche The wicked fies.

Less rich and hence less 'wicked, too. We scrip to buy two weeks of 'view. For fourteen sleepless nights we twitch, And ceaselessly his fans we switch, For each night comes with cool and dew The wicked fies! —Cecilia A. Lohseaux in Lippincott's Magazine.



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