

By John M. Stahl.

## ATTITUDE OF THE FARMERS.

While not complaining and while freely and gladly acknowledging their great prosperity. lue in large measure to the development of manufacture, transportation and trade, farmers nevertheless believe that the margin be tween the price paid to them and the price paid by the consumers of their products is altogether too great and that this margin has contributed much to aggregations of wealth that are dangerous; hence farmers would not try to increase by large their profits by compelling the consumers. of farm products to pay more, but rather by lessening the opportunity of an increase by unfair means of the wealth of those already too rich.

Farmers recognize that the value of their lands and the profits of their business are largely due to the markets created by manufacturer and the transportation provided by railways. But the farmer distinguishes between the manufacture, transportation and sale of articles and the work of corporations and individuals that put their attorneys and willing servants into State Legislatures and the National Congress, in executive offices and even on the bench, not for the public good, but to secure advantages that are unfair in themselves and in their results dangerous to the masses. Speaking largely, the remedy we would propose for economic injustice would not be of the nature of special laws or efforts in the way of arbitrary hindrances to honest trade or arbitrary seizure of the holdings of any class and a distribution to any injured class, but rather we would depend on the awakening of such a national conscience and spirit as will compel just laws and secure to every class its full rights in open competition with all.

### MEN AND WOMEN BOOMERANG TARGETS.

By Elia Wheeler Wilcox.



How idly we use the phrase, "Cast thy bread upon the waters; for thou shalt find it after many days." But no truer words ever were inspired by the divine sources of all truth. Whether your bread is sweet or sour, wholesome or polsonous, it shall return to you "after many days." Thought is a boomerang. It sometimes is long in proving itself to be of this reacting nature; but the greater the delay the stronger will be its force when the backward swing begins.

Unless we find something every day to be happy over, we never shall be able to enjoy fully any blessing which may come to us. Continuel discontent shapes the mind for unhappiness, and no amount of good luck can twist It back into harmonious proportions. The man who never has learned the lession of contentment and happiness in some degree in his hard days never will find it in his easy ones. When he undertakes to enjoy travel, society or home, he will find the only demon of unrest is with himhis relentless boomerang.

There is the disloyal thought, which many people, both men and women, suffer from. They blame fate instead of their own minds for their bruises. The disloyal friend or the faithless lover, sets currents in action which inevitably must bring disaster in time. I do not mean the

finest train of artil-

lery that had ever

been seen in Amer-

ica, it was confi-

friend who outgrows the other, the lover who finds it impossible to continue loving. Those and experiences sometimes occur with the most loyal! But I refer to those who repay trust with trickery, confidence with decelt, yet who cry out against cruel destiny when they are forced to suffer from the same qualities in others.

## WOMEN'S EXTRAVAGANCE OFTEN MEN'S FAULT. By Helen Oldfield.

Nothing can be more foolish than for a young couple to start married life with a grand splurge, spending the few hundreds or so in the bank in unnecessary extravagances which will do them no practical service when the money is gone. Even where there is a solid reserve fund available it is ill advised to draw upon it heavily, or even to abstain from adding to it, if possible, at the outset of matrimony. When once the initial expenses of the wedding and house furnishing are over, the cost of living ought to be, and usually is, less for a time than it will be thereafter. Everything is new, and with ordinary care there should be no outlay in replacing or repairing for some time to come.

Whatever a man's income, be it large or small, his wife has a moral right to a certain portion of it, upon which she can depend, and this should be given to her regularly, without her being compelled to ask for it. It is a humiliating position for any one to be left without a dollar to pay an expressman; nay, worse, not to have the small amount due on a letter delivered at the door! The average man dislikes exceedingly to be continually asked for small amounts of money, but he rarely appreciates how galling it is to his wife's pride, her self-respect, to be obliged to make such requests. Let every man be honest enough, and loving enough, to give his wife a fair idea of his financial position, and trust her to conduct herself accordingly, nor leave her in ignorance when serious trouble is threatening to ingulf her as well as him.

## SNOBBISHNESS AND "THE ELECT."

By Juliet V. Strauss.

disgusting and intolerable as the intellectual snob. If he were really bright he would know things and among them he would know what real "smartness" is and that people who have it never go blathering around about "the elect." They just

JULIET V. STRAUSS. ed a little clique of their own-the elect! I get disgusted with these smart people who can find only a few appreciative friends, who call the people around them "these people" and assume an air of bored superiority.

rade in the "elect" business: "It is just we, us and company." Both of them tittered at this and looked (as only females can look) at another little girl who wasn't "in" we, us and company,

drowned in the Passale River the

ping turtles, says the New York

## TEACH ME THE TRUTH.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though it put to flight My cherished dreams and fondest fancy's play. Give me to know the darkness from the light, The Night from Day.

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my heart may break, In casting out the falsehood for the true. Help me to take my shattered life and make Its actions new,

Teach me the truth, Lord, though my feet may fear The rocky path that opens out to me, Rough it may be, but let the way be clear That leads to thee.

Teach me the truth, Lord, when false creeds decay, When man-made dogmas vanish with the night, Then, Lord, on they my darkened soul shall stay, Thou Living Light.

-Friends' Intelligencer.

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After Many Years.

D o I look nice, auntie?" The the carriage rolled to the door as the mantel clock chimed two.

full length mirror, her pretty There were words of parting, then head twisted to one side to survey mul- light steps on the stairs, and Elsie came in, not as usual, full of bright life, Ralph !" titudinous flounces of white tulle over pale blue slik, constituting the elaboranimation, but with an earnestness of ate evening dress covering her slender, purpose quite unusual to her. "Did you have a pleasant evening graceful figure. Clusters of blue flowers with snowy leaves caught the dress dear?" Miss Della asked, "Yes-no-I don't know. Are you at the puffed overskirt, formed a bouquet de corsage, and were twisted in very tired?" The last words were all of the dis-

the profusion of golden curis. "You look very nice, my dear."

to give on account of her emotion. Miss Della Merriman had taken a long survey of the exquisite face be-"No, dear! Why Elsie, love, what is fore she spoke, and was satisfied with it," For she was looking troubled. the appearance of her young and laye-"I have a message for you, auntie." ly protege. "For me?" "Very nice," she repeated. "Hortense "From a stranger who was at Mrs.

has fitted you perfectly, and the dress Walton's-Mr. Carrington-Ralph Caris most becoming. Now, if you will rington." get my jewel case you may wear my

pearls." "Thanks !" cried Elsie, carefully liftcome. ing the heavy casket, and putting it on

"Auntle," the girl cried, terrified, a table beside Miss Merriman, "I am don't look so-don't." sorry you have such a cold! This will "The message?" Miss Merriman be a splendid party, I know. Ah, aunwhispered.

tie," she continued, opening a small "He told me to tell you that the man box in the jewel-case. "I never saw who killed Harry Garman was Charles Raiston, the cashier of the Hope Bank,

this !" who had confessed his guilt. He said, She held up, as she spoke, a slender chain, from which depended a gold Tell Miss Merriman that to-morrow I

will see her.' Auntie," Elsie continued, with urgent entreaty, "what does it mean? was not Harry Garman my father?"

"Yes, child. It means," Miss Merriman said solemnly, "that the cross that for twenty years has lain on my life has lifted to-night. You shall know all, Elsie, at once. I will not send you to a sleepless bed, child, with your heart so troubled. But give me a few moments to think of your tidings, and tell me how this message came to be entrusted to you."

"Mrs. Walton came to me late in the evening, and asked permission to introduce Mr. Carrington. I noticed a stranger, who looked at me very earnestly.'

"A tall, handsome man, with curling brown hair, and pleasant features, mails to reach their victims, but there wearing a full beard of waving golden is one abuse which has not yet been

and never know the shadow upon your

life until you were a woman." Elsie was sobbing quietly, after lift-ing to her lips the gentle hand that had given her all she had ever experienced of life's blessings. There was a long silence after Miss Merriman ceased speaking, and the

gray dawn was creeping in at the windows when, softly kissing ber, Aunt Della told Elsie to go to rest. But for herself there was no rest. Feverishly, with an agitation altogeth-

er unlike her usual quiet, she walted the coming of her lover who had fled from his unjust sentence twenty years before, but who was free now, and his innocence known. The day was young, and Elsie was sleeping still, when he came.

Della was waiting for him in the drawing-room. There was no affectation of youth in her silver-gray silk. and the square of black lace upon her soft hair; but, instead of a brooch there fell upon the knot of ribbon at her throat the pearl locket Ralph had given his betrothed. She stood up to greet the stern-faced man who advanced to meet her, trying to find traces of her lover. Not until he smiled tenderly did she recognize him.

Then, her own eyes dim with tears, she said softly :

"You are more than welcome. I am rejoiced the cloud is lifted from your

And he, holding the trembling hand fast in his strong ones, answered :

"I have found you at last. I began to fear you were dead, Delia. My little love, my darling !"

"Ralph," she said, the bright blush rising to her faded checks, "you for connected answer the girl seemed able get we are gray-haired, elderly people !"

"I forget everything but that you are here, that the hope that has seemed a dream of madness for twenty years is realized. I have been in California, Della, all these years, amassing wealth. under another name, working for gold to drown thought. I have led a busy Della Merriman rose to her feet, she life, but there has not been one hour tried to speak, but the words would not when I have not pictured such happiness as this. You are mine, Della? You will not send me from you? You will be my wife?" "If you wish it." she said softly, her

own faithful heart thrilling under the sincerity of his tone, "I have never ceased to love you or to pray for you. Ralph."

Society speculated upon the brief courtship, for there was a quiet wedding within a month, but nobody knew of the painful past save Elsie, the cherished child still of Ralph Carrington and his wife .-- Waverley,

# FRAUDS IN LETTER BOXES.

Postal Officials Seek to Protect the Public from Swindlers.

"The reason why postmasters in large cities exercise care in the renting of letter boxes to patrons," sald a postoffice official to a Star reporter, "is because, unless the applicants are known or identified to the postmasters, they might rent boxes to persons engaged in fraudulent occupations. "The postoffice department has accomplished great reforms within recent years toward the stamping out

of fraudulent concerns who use the

## LOVE'S REINCLES

Dear heart, did we meet long and And walk and talk together than't I think that it must have been en, If so, I wonder where or when. Oft when you blash or smile for me, When your eyes droop pefore my game, For one swift breath I seem to see Bome dim, sweet scene from other days.

A gleam of gold on a stray tress Of hair on which the sun has sh A loving touch, a soft caress,

Or in your voice some minor tone Brings back to me, like the sweet chi Of silver bells on summer air, The memory of a by-gone time Of life and loving otherwhere.

I know that I have loved you, dear, E'er since I first began to be, My heart had minsed you many a year, When, at the last, you came to me, And then I knew that I had met The one I sought, and by your side I atay with nothing to regret, Because my soul is satisfied.

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The Moonshiner. \*\*\*\*\*

T HE general opinion preveiling in the village and mountains that Dan Kirkwood was a notorious moonshiner, and got his money from

the proceeds of some carefully hidden distillery, where his abundant crops of corn were converted into illicit v.hisky, while universal, bad no positive ground to go on, except that Dan was undoubtedly a rich man, and no one knew how he got his money.

So rumor had it that not only was Dan captain and ringleader of a band of moonshiners, but that in his earlydays before he came to the mountains swinging along the high road one day, whistling a marching tune, that he had served his term in the penitentiary as well as the army, for breaking into a bank or burglarizing some rich man's residence. The latter tale was started by Bill Jones, a shifty eyed, lanky fellow, owner of a prosperous country store in the village, whose ranco

STRANCE JUBILATION IN HIS STERN FACE.

against Dan was due to a summary dismissal from Dan's farmhouse when his visits to see Mirlam, Dan's haadsome young daughter, a slip of a girl of 15, were resented by her father with flery indignation. Dalton Fenwick fell/into the pleasing habit of loltering away the morn-ing hours with Miriam on the well shaded porch, while her elderly companion, Mrs. Carter, looked after culinary matters, ever dear to her heart; or in the afternoons of those bright summer days they would stroll through the forest, sit on a rock at the foot of Glen/ Birnie's falls and discuss matters, ethical, social and others, to the sound of the rush of the waters; or they would drive to some distant ham. let lying in the heart of a lonely valley. coming back at nightfall when the last glory of day had fallen behind the undulating ranges and faint mists veiled the peaks. There must have been some very special cause which absorbed and occupi Dan Kirkwood those days. His horse would be saddled and brought to the door, and after a hasty breakfast he would ride off, over the same trail through the woods, coming back late in the afternoon, jaded, but with a strange jubilation in his stern face, although he said nothing as to the cause of it, or the reason for his continued absences. That he rode far was evident from the tired walk and drooping neck of his sorrel when he got back, nor did her visit his mill or farm, the young man in charge of both coming nightly to make his report. Miriam was surprised, then vaguely uneasy, but was too proudly devoted to her father to have any doubts concerning him or his occupation, nor would she ask any questions, as he did not volunteer to explain. "We are going on a grand expedition to-morrow, dad. I wish you were not so busy and could go with us," Miriam said, placing a loving hand on her father's shoulder, "I wish I could, girlie. Where are you going? I suppose Dalton will be along?" "Oh, yes. We intend to picnic in Black Cave. Dear old Carter has gotten up a famous lunch basket. We will drive there in the four-seated trap, and Joe will come along to look after the horses." Black Cave, half way up Black Mountain, is a singular and rather startling place to visit. It runs back from the sharp declivity of a precipitous cliff, which is heavily timbered, and the entrance, small and narrow, is so hemmed in by shrubs and bushes it is only discernible to those who know it, while the towering granite boulder into which the cave runs is overgrown with a century-old forest growth of hemlock and pines. The drive back would have been glorious only Miriam complained of a headache, and the horses being nettles some and the road rough. Dalton's close attention was required to avoid any mishap It was growing toward dusk, but Dan Kirkwood had not returned. Bill Jones slouched up the walk to the porch steps. "Not home yet? I thought not. Well. I'm sorry to bring you bad news, but you've got to hear it sooner or in

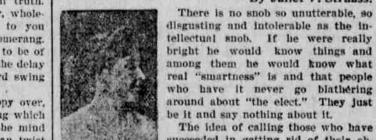


Well, if they can't race nor be used in any other way what possible value could they have? Cut off betting and

as referee in a fight between two snap-

"YOU ARE MORE THAN WELCOME."

World. Vreeland, who was in a canoe, locket, upon whose surface gleamed one pearl of great beauty, pure and watched the bout for a minute or two



be it and say nothing about it.

The idea of calling those who have succeeded in getting rid of their ob-

ligations to their neighbors, and form-

I remember of hearing a little girl say once to a com-

They Resented Man's Interfering in a Personal Quarrel. Milton J. Vreeland, a farmer living see what your big-priced racing horse near Pine Brook, N. J., was nearly

other day as the result of his acting

and then decided that it was time for

one in each hand, and swung them into

the canoe-one in the bow, the other

in the stern of the frail craft. But

being unable to get at each other they

The farmer had found it an easy

matter to catch hold of the turtles'

to keep on an even keel. He caught

up the paddle and with this managed

to beat off his assailants for a while.

farmer a blow in the back just below

attacked the self-appointed referee.

the combatants to break away.



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dently expected by the British miaistry and the British army that he would experience no difficulty in subjugating the continental ariny. But General Phil-

A LITTLE LESSON IN PATRIOTISM.

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goyne started from Canada with S0,000

splendidly equipped soldiers and the

When in June, 1777, General Bur-

PHILIP SCHUYLER. ip Schuyler had been busy in felling the trees, obstructing the fords and breaking down the bridges in the country through which Burgoyne must come. By the time Burgoyne reached Fort Edward, he was compelled to forage for food. The New England militia cut him off from Canada.

At the battle of Bennington the Americans under Stark bad defeated him. Now nothing was left to him but hard fighting. The genius of General Schuyler had bemmed in the British. Just as victory for the Americans was in sight General Schuyler was superseded by General Gates. To Gates went the credit of the splendid victory of Saratoga, Oct. 17, 1777.

It might have been expected that General Schuyler, whose retirement had been due to a mistake, rather a blunder, on the part of the authorities in charge, should feel the personal chagrin so keenly that he would have no more to do with the cause for which pressed his pleasure at its flourishing he had fought, but where his services were unappreciated. On the contrary, he devoted his best efforts to it and was finaly rewarded with the vindication and the honor he deserved.

GOOD ONLY TO RUN RACES.

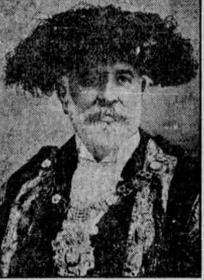
Thoroughbred Horse Would Be Valneless if There Were No Betting.

James Coyle got a party of sporting men and race borse owners to guessing a few nights ago. They were discussing the thoroughbred and incidentally politics and betting. Mr. Coyle advanced some original views as to what gives the thoroughbred race horse its value. He set them all guessing by the statement that if betting on racetracks was suddenly prohibited the race horse would have no value whatever.

"Yon believe that betting has not all to do with values of the race horse," he said. "Why, if the right to bet on a race was cat off-that is, if there was no betting allowed-there are horses in all parts of the country, worth from \$30,000 upward, that would not be worth 30 cents. You needn't look so surprised," he continued. "What do the people go to racetracks for? Is it to see the races? They can't see anything but a finish in most of them. What crowds the race course at blg events? Do you believe it is all love is scraped off and the process is refor the horses? More than half of those in attendance do not even see the finish. They are there to lay down a bet.

year. "Now, if they cannot bet will they From the viewpoint of a sensible attend the races? And if they do not attend what will become of the race person imitation is the most disgust tracks? If there is no racing what will ing form of flattery. be the value of your high-priced run- | Two-thirds of the so-called society

ning horse? He cannot be used for "400" are ciphers.



will bring."--Cincinnati Enquirer.

LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR.

#### SIR WILLIAM TRELOAR.

Sir William P. Treloar, whose inauguration as Lord Mayor of London was marked by a pageant symbolic of the seven centuries of the city's growth, is much interested in charity work. It is canoe and towed man and turtles amazement, was not Elsie Garman's expected that his administration will ashore.

start some excellent movements to relieve the condition of the poor. King Edward sent his customary donation to the little cripples' Christmas fund, which Sir William founded, and excondition.

## CLEANING THE FUNNEL

10

peated. Thus it is that Uncle Sam's

amounts to a very large sum every



the belt. It clung to the place on the trousers where it had snapped and Vreeland found he could not swim. He says himself he would have gone

Mr. Cleveland Scored Five.

he decided he would have peaches.

dered a basket The dinner was a great success. In

discussing it next day Judge Lamar Whitney. Where did you get them?" "In New York," Mr. Whitney said. 'A man there found them for me." "Peaches in February are certainly

a great treat," continued Lamar. "If it is a fair question, how much did they cost?" "They cost forty-eight dollars s dozen," said Whitney.

"And did President Cleveland ent any of them? He is so fond of fruit." "Did he eat any of them?" exploded Whitney. "I thought he rather crowded the mourners. He ate five !"-Saturday Evening Post.

Scoring on the Preacher. The Minister-There is nothing can The picture shows an operation which equal the dullness of that razor you

goes on quite frequently on board ship, are using. especially in the navy, where it is con-The Barber-Well, I guess you would sidered the proper thing to keep the see your mistake if you should try to men employed as much as possible. As shave yourself with one of your serscon as the exposed surfaces of a vesmons.-Philadelphia Record. sel are covered properly with paint it

Great Press of Business Father-Do you know, sir, that I actbill for white lead and linseed oil nally saw you embrace my daughter? Suitor-I beg your pardon, sir. The truth is, I was so frightfully busy at

the time that I failed to notice you. 1 friend. sincerely hope you will forgive me .--Le Sourire,

There is something wrong with small boy who keeps his face clean.

'Oh, how lovely !" Elsie cried, clasping the chain around her slender He paddled up to them, reached

ish hair.' over the side, caught them by the tails, throat. "May I wear it?" Miss Merriman was moved, as the must be 45." locket was held up before her. Some "When he was introduced to me, he strong memory stirred her usually pla-

don me,' he said, 'if I am too curlous; s'on. They wanted to fight on, and grew troubled, and her lips quivered. "Would you rather I took it off?" but your name and that trinket are Elsie asked gently. connected with so much in my life that

not some one give it to you-a lady?" tails when they were in the water, but the carriage. Do not keep Mrs. Jameit was impossible now with the cance son waiting." "I wish you were going," Elsie said, him the locket was yours. Then he led

as Miss Merriman wrapped a warm me on, little by little, until I told him opera cloak over the delicate dress. "I my whole life. He said he had been but at last the canoe capsized. As it never feel half so happy at a party if here two months seeking for you. He did so one of the turties dealt the you are at home." one poor and solitary. Then I inform-"Thank you, dear. Now run along."

So Elsie, already forgetting the locket and troubled face, kissed her socalled aunt warmly and flitted away. For Miss Della Merriman, who had to the bottom but for Frank Jacobus, inherited thirty thousand pounds from who turned a bend in the river in a a second cousin, greatly to her own

aunt. Nineteen years before she had closed the eyes of the girl's dead moth-The late William C. Whitney wanted er, lifted a week-old babe to her own to do something out of the ordinary bosom, and taken her home. Not to when he gave his first cabinet dinner such luxuries as now surrounded heras a member of President Cleveland's not to ball dresses, pearls and gayetyenbinet. He scoured the markets of but to a small room in a lodging house Washington for delicacles. For fruit, Here for twelve long years she had denied berself every luxury of life, many

It was the middle of February, and comforts, to provide food for the child, there were no peaches in Washington. to clothe her comfortably, and to send He found a man in New York who said her to school. She was but a girl herhe could get some, and Whitney or- self, scarcely twenty in those days, earning her bread by making artificial

sued me with unwelcome attentions. flowers, and working early and late to keep the room tidy, cook the simple said : "Those peaches were fine, Mr. food and do the necessary sewing when she was not working at her trade.

But when wealth came suddenly and unexpectedly, flooding Elsie's life with fered at night, your father shot through sunshine, Miss Delia altered little from the heart, and Ralph Carrington disher former self. True, she had leisure covered in the vault trying to revive time, could open her kind hands in blm. He was arrested and tried. He

charity where before she had only told a story no one credited, that given her warm, tender sympathy ; but Charles Ralston had sent him from his as she had been in poverty, quiet, gen- house to the bank for papers, after tle, and even sad, so in prosperity the keeping him busy there over the books same calm gravity rested on lip and all the evening. But Raiston swore

brow, the same deep sadness lurked in that he had not been at home that the soft brown orbs. Though but forty, her hair was some-

what streaked with gray, and premature age was the fruit of a tollful life and he had not sent his clerk to the and sorrowful heart. Yet she was lovely still, and goodness ever beamed sentenced. He escaped ! Elsie, I had from her sad, pitying glance.

saved fifty pounds for my wedding gar-After Elsie had left her she put aside ments. I went to see him in prison, the jewel-case, and sat musing before and, knowing he was innocent, I gave the fire. She had made it one of her him the money to bribe the keeper of duties to her adopted child to accom- his cell. The man took it, and Ralph was free. I have never known if he

pany her, after introduction to society. to all scenes of gayety. But a severe lived or died until to-night. cold had rendered exposure to the night air an imprudence on this, the taken ill. Before her marriage she had evening of Mrs. Walton's large party ; worked for the same establishment and Elsie had joined the family of a where I was employed, and I knew her

riman's heart as she sat over the fire never rose from her bed, though she

"After he was gone, your mother was

well. The shock of her husband's Memory was very busy in Delta Merdeath was too severe for her, and she

during Elsie's absence-so bury, that lived three months. When she died, she started as if from a dream when I promised you should be my charge, so few whippings?

d. mainly for lack of suitabl "No, a tall, grave man, with stern legislation, and that is the private letfeatures, smoothly shaven, with gray- ter box.

"Postmasters are required to cause

"True! true! I had forgotten. He the applicant for a box in the city postoffice to certify over his signature that the box shall not be used for the prothe turties did not accept this deci- eid features, for the soft brown eyes touched the locket upon my neck. Par. motion of any fraudulent purpose or in pursuance of an illegal business. They also require him to furnish his address, business in which he is en-"No, dear, you may wear it. Put in I venture to ask you something con- gaged, if any, as boxes are often rentthe solitaire pearl ear-rings. I hear cerning them. The locket first, Did ed to persons not engaged in business and to women whose correspondence His looks were so eager, that 1 told is large, and to give a reference. It has not been found that this rule is oppressive or obnoxious to any person who does not desire to use the box for an improper purpose, but it has been did not look for a wealthy woman, but found that it shuts out a great many persons who wished a box for illegitied him how poor we had been; and mate purposes.

"The private letter box should be about your cousin, and how you had abolished and the attention of congress lavished every good thing on me. And ought to be called to its abuse in large then, auntie, he whispered half to himcities. It is often impossible to locate self that I had no claim on you. What persons engaged in conducting fraududid he mean? Are you not my aunt?" lent and unlawful correspondence "No, dear, there is no tie of blood through the mails. For a small sum between us. Your claim is the claim these individuals can rent a box in of love; for you have been the one some store, usually a cigar or stationcomfort, the one sunshine, of my lonely ery store, through which to receive letlife. Twenty years ago, Elsie, Ralph ters addressed to them, instead of hav-Carrington gave me the locket you ing them addressed and delivered to have upon your neck, a gift of betroththeir places of residence from the city al, for we loved each other truly, and were engaged to be married. I was a postoffice."-Washington Star.

poor girl, making artificial flowers for Last King of an Ancient Line. bread-an orphan, too. He was assist-The Sultan of Brunel is 83 years of ant cashier of the Hope Bank, where age-at least so he told me. And while our father was night watchman, and he stoops as he walks, he makes the harles Ralston was the head cashier. appearance rather of a temporary in-Ralston was in love with me, and purvalid than of an old man. He seemed pleased when I told him that he might "One day, to rid himself of his impass for 60; and indeed he might, for portunities, I told him I had promised his face is singularly free from wrinto marry Ralph. He left me in a rage. kles. His expression of benevolence Only one week later the bank was ensuggests the late Leo XIII .-- his smile is engaging, albeit tinged with sad-

His house was ruling when the Roman empire had hardly ceased to crumble. His ancestors gave the law to a vast eastern empire when Europe was but a patchwork of barbarous chiefs. and when, after centuries, Spanish and Portuguese found their way to the Spice Islands they laid propitiating evening, and proved it; that the keys gifts at the feet of the Borneo Sultan of the vault safe, found hanging in the as vassals, humbly begging the right key-hole, were stolen from his desk.

to live within his dominions. Brunel is still the metropolls of na bank. So Ralph was convicted and tive Borneo-indeed, the name Borneo is but a corruption of Brunel-yet few mans show the existence of this empire.

> "The finest bit of scenery in your country, I understand," said the visitor from London, "is on the P. D. Q. rall-

"Who told you that?" demanded the New-Yorker.

tion myself from a little guidebook found in my botel, don't y' know."-Philadelphia Press

Isn't it surprising that jokers ge

-Harper's Magazine. Authoritative.

road."

"No one: I gathered the informa

