He 1st I't Return to England Because

ambo's Carcass Is Here. Annual trainers are a queer lot as a rule, and show-managers have to put up with many vagaries from them. They form strong attachments for the r big and sometimes ungainly pets; attachments such as one would hardly expect to exist between a human being and a wild beast. A case in point recently came under the notice of Mr. James L. Hutchison, of the Barnum show, which serves well to illustrate what seems to be one of the chief traits in an animal-trainers character. When the Barnum people bought Jumbo in England they brought over to this country with him Matthew Scott, who for some twenty years had been the trainer and keeper of the huge, homely but good-natured beast. Scott was Jumbo's guardian and constant companion during the pachyderm's brief but brilliant career in this country, When Jumbo met his death as a result of too much monkeying with a railroad train up in Canada, Scott was "all broke up," to use the verancular. He was a restless, dissatisfied, pretty well broken-up individual while the skin of his elephantine bedfellow was being stuffed and his skeleton cleaned and mounted for exhibition purposes. When the remains of Jumbo were added to the Barnum aggregation Scott was put on exhibition with them. He seemed to have recovered some of h s happiness then, and never tired of telling of the peaceful disposition, the kindly nature, and the altogether commendable habits of his late chum.

When the Barnum show closed its season last October Mr. Hutchinson told Scott that he would have uo further use for him, and advised him to go back to England and accept the position at the London zoological garden that was waiting for him. Scott said he would do so. On Oct. 23 in Lynchburg, Va., Mr. Hutchinson paid Scott the nearly \$2.000 which had accumulated in his hands as the old trainer's wages. Scott also received money to pay his passage back to Europe, in accordance with his agreement with the Barnum people. He bade everyone good-bye, left the show, and started for | hide her annoyance. this city in time to take the steamer he had selected for Liverpool. That was the last that was seen or heard of him by the proprietors of the Barnum show

until last week.

Mr. Hutchinson went up to the Bridgeport winter quarters then to see how things were progressing for the removal of the show's truck to this city. He was astonished shortly after leaving his train to meet Scott.

"Hallo, Scott, what are you doing nere: Thought you were in England with your friends? Glad to see you, any way." Thus spoke the cheery

Scott stumbled in his words considerably and explained that he'd made lots of friends in this country, rather liked it, and thought he'd stay here for a while for rest as he had a good pile of money for him. He appeared to be a trifle ashamed of something, as if caught in a disreputable sort of proceeding. Mr. Hutchinson left him and went to the big barns and sheds of the company. But he could not forget Scott.

"Seen anything of Jumbo Scott around here lately?" he inquired casually of the people in the office. No, they hadn't. He determed to pursue his inquiries further, and solve the mystery of this man Scott's being in Bridgeport. So he went down to the elephant house. Yes, they had seen Scott; seen him frequently; almost daily in fact. Mr. Hutchinson followed the clew quietly and successfully, and then it turned out that nearly every day since the show had been in winter quarters Scott had prowled about the barn, chatted with the elephant men, and invariably wound up his call by a visit to the spot where the stuffed Jumbo and chained skeleton are stored. After a short, and so far as is known, silent communion with his dead friend, Scott would leave the place sat sfied and go to his humble lodgings in Bridgeport. If the deceased Jumbo travels this season Scott will want to, even if he isn't on the salary list.-New York Times.

He Wud Know Him.

"Would you recognize him?" asked the keeper of the morgue to a man who had called to identify the remains of a person who had been found floating in the river.

"Faith, and I wud."

"And could you indentify his body to a certainty?'

"Indade I could."

"Well, sir, come in and look around?" With that Pat moved hurridly around, first going to the extreme left of the building.

"Why do you go way over in that part of the building first?" asked the

morgue keeper. "Faith, an' I dunno, 'cept it be that

I wod find him there.' I don't believe you would know him if you would see his body, said the keeper, who had begun to believe that it was nothing more than morbid euriosity that had brought Pat to the

morgue. "Know him-dade, an' I wud, for sure. Wasn't he left-handed?"-Pretzell's Weekly.

Kind Friends.

Friend-"I have brought you a few

slices of ham." Poor Neighbor-"Ah! How kind you

are." "Don't mention it. It is really a pleasure for me to show you any little

"Well, I appreciate your kindness.

can assure you of that." "As I said before, I am only too glad to be able to accommodate you. given us. By the way, if you discover any symptoms of trichina in your fam ly, after you have tried the ham you will let us know please. We are not going to eat of it until we hear from you."-Texus Siftings.

WOMAN IS THE HIGHEST

Somewhere I have heard this adage, And I think it is a true one It takes much to make a lady, It takes more to make a woman." Ladies with their studied graces, Ladies with their snow-white hands, Delicate and clear-cut faces,

Ladies high and ladies grand, Clothed in velvet, robed in laces, Much too fine for common touch, Crowned and decked with pearls and rubler Not true woman, overmuch Shallow, vain and superficial;

There are thousands simply human Worthy of the name of lady, Scarcely worth the name of woman.

Not for them the grand creations a glorious womanhood; Not for them the high ideals Only soul hath understood; Not for them the lofty mountains Rising o'er life's desert waste; They have caten Dead Sea Apples, Let them pall upon their taste. Woman mounting slowly upward,

Pure and steadfast, modest, sweet As the violets, which are blooming In some shaded, cool retreat; Woman reaching out strong tendrils, Earnest in the walks of life, Treading in the path of duty Through temptation, care and strife; Woman in the garb of patience

Wearing crown of motherhood; Woman delving, sculpturing, earving, Making still this adage true one: "It takes much to make a lady. It takes more to make a woman.

Standing where the tried have stood.

Breaking bread for questioning spirits

Let the fires of fate burn higher, Well, who cares? On downy bed Sleeps the lady, but the woman Walks the earth with stronger tread, Vital are the latent forces Which are tried, the pearls lie deep, And they win who stem the courses And who climb the mountain steep, Write upon the heart this adage, For we know it is a true one: "It takes much to make a lady,

It takes more to make a woman." Emma P. Brown, in Woman's Journal

His Second Wife.

"I must say, Mildred, that everybody -I mean all your friends-were perfeetly astonished at your marrying John Vernon," said Miss Lay, as she tossed her gloves on the little table before her, and settled herself comfortably in her chair.

"All my friends. So that includes you, of course," said Mildred, with a little nervous laugh that was meant to

"Well," and Miss Try looked thoughtfully up at the ceiling, then down again, "I confess I was astonished! In the first place your husband is verging on forty, an age quite unsuited to your youth and beauty," with a little complimentry nod toward Mildred, which the latter affected not to see opinion of widowers in general not to

"One is privileged to change one's opinion, I suppose," interrupted Mildred, quickly and defiantly.

"Of course!" said Miss Lay, not at all abashed at Mildred's look and tone. "But the question is how you managed to uproot your strong prejudice."

"I don't think it absolutely necessary for me to relate how the wonderful change came about," said Mildred, impatiently, and with a look of sudden anger in her eyes.

Now, Milly, there is no need of getting angry. You know I've always felt privileged to say what I pleased without fear of offending you," and Miss Lay elevated her pretty eyebrows and regarded Mildred with a look of amusement. "Knowing your disposition so well, I can't help wondering at your choice. Not that I find anything objectionable in the character of Mr. Vernon," she added, hastily, seeing that Mildred was on the point of speakng, "but it must be mortifying, to say the least, to a girl of your proud, sensilive nature, to have the virtues of Mrs. Vernon Number One continually dinned into his ears, for, of course, now that she's dead and gone she had no faults, poor woman," and the corners of Miss Lay's rosy mouth came down with a sudden comical jerk that, under any other circumstances, would have provoked a laugh from Mildred.

"If it were any one else but you, Lizzie, I wouldn't listen to such nonsense!" exclaimed Mildred, with a look of lofty seorn, "but knowing your frivplous nature so well, I can readily excuse vou.'

"Knowing my good nature so well," corrected Miss Lay, with a laugh. "Now confess that your husband is forever sounding the praises of Mrs. Vernon Number One."

"Forever is a long word, and I shall confess nothing of the kind, because it is not true," said Mildred, smothering a strong desire to box Miss Lady's ears.

'I'll wager anything he's called you 'Helen' a dozen times since you were married," said Miss Lay, with provoking persistence.

"Indeed, he has not, and if he should, I wouldn't mind it in the least," said Mildred, telling a deliberate falsehood with a placid face.

"And that picture," remarked Miss Lay, indicating with a sweep of her hand the portrait on the opposite wall, of a fair-haired, blue-eyed woman, "I don't see how you can have it always before you. Let me see, what is that verse about, "black eyes and blue?" Oh I have it now:

The black eye may say: Come and worship my ray, By adoring perhaps you may move me."
But the blue eye half hid, Says from under its lid,

"I love and am yours if you'll love me." "Why not have your picture underneath by way of contrast and label it

"Mrs. John Vernon Number Two?" "It was my own request that the picture should not be removed," said Mildred, utterly ignoring the last question, while the sudden ominus sparkle in her dark eves warned Miss

Lay that she was venturing too far.y "Don't mind my nonsense, Milly. You know I was never serious in my slices are cut from a ham that was life, and I really couldn't resist the dear?" temptation to tease you a little this morning. I am sure I meant no offense. Now, Mildred, please don't assume that high and mighty air with me, it never did have the least effect. Well' seeing that Mildred still looked where you have seeing that Mildred still looked said Mildred, averting her tear-stained should use trouble ourselves to blind the world to the bitter truth? Sooner to be angry at what I shall very likely to be angry at what I shall very likely to be angry at what I shall very likely the world to the bitter truth? Sooner to be angry at what I shall very likely the world to the bitter truth? Sooner the world to the bitter truth? I home? if two or three hours of aimless iounging in the club rooms could be have to endure every day of my life, now that we are at home where you have so much to remind you of one Congressman. The truth was he was getting tired and restless over this cold silence and the world to the bitter truth? Sooner to be angry at what I shall very likely to be a

annoyed, "just attribute my remarks to jealousy, sheer jealousy. The fact is," rising and drawing on her gloves "we all envy you. I wore my sweetest smile for John Vernon in vain for more than a year, and Belle Hunter gave up the only chance she had to go abroad, thinking that he would surely ask her to marry him, but he didn't. Well, I must be going. I suppose it is quite useless to ask you to come and see me soon, for now that you've got home you'll be too utterly happy to care for the society of your old friends."

"I shall never be too busy nor too happy to see my old friends," said Mildred warmly, though her face still wore a troubled look, "Tell me, Lizzie," she added, suddenly, do all my old friends predict that I shall not be happy?"

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Miss Lay. "Didn't I say we were all full of envy and jealousy? You are not really vexed with me, are you, Milly? You still count me as your best friend?"

"Until you prove an enemy," said Mildred, lightly, not answering the first question.

Miss Lay was a little vain, a little shallow, and vet not bad at heart, and when she parted with Mildred that morning she had not the smallest idea of the sting her thoughtless words had left behind.

Alone, Mildred asked herself for the first time in her life how it was possible that she had ever tolerated the young girl who had just left. In her present state of mind it seemed preposterous that she should have entertained even the slightest feeling of friendship for such a creature. She remembered with a feeling of self-contempt that un-til now she had looked upon Lizzie Lay as her warmest and truest friend. "Yet why should I worry over the senseless chatter of a silly, frivolous girl?" she asked herself, as she went back to her pretty room, and taking a book, sat down by the window to read, and the first thing her eyes fell upon was the word's "From John to Helen," written in her husband's bold hand on the fly-

"Her book!" she said, feeling a sudden pang of jealous pain for which she could hardly have accounted, and almost unanimously she laid the book

They had been school-mates, Mildred Lawson and Lizzie Lay; had spent their common vacation together, either at Mildred's home, or in the pretty little western town where Lizzie resided. It was at the latter's home that Mildred had formed the acquaintance of John Vernon, and after a short courtship consented to become his wife. It was a matter of much surprise to Mildred's friends when it became a settled fact that she was to marry Mr. Vernon. "then you are his second choice, and I Knowing her strong aversion to widhave too often heard you express your owers, and her rather eccentric notions upon the subject of marriage, it is not strange that many wondered at her choice, though it is quite probable that envy was at the bottom of much of the gossip. For years mothers had schemed and planned, and daughters had worn their sweetest smiles, in order to captivate John Vernon, but he had been proof against all until he met Mildred Lawson. Then those who had concluded that he would never marry again were obliged to acknowledge that, however faithful he had seemed to be to the memory of his dead wife, he was certainly deeply in love with Mildred.

Mildred had been a wife four months -quite long enough to begin to realize that marriage meant something more than a beautiful home over which no shadow would ever fail, and a husband who would always be blind to her faults; and perhaps she would have realized it sooner had it not been that immediately after her marriage she had been hurried into a vortex of gaiety, visiting and sight-seeing, which left her no time for reflection. So she had continued to view life, married life at least, through rose-colored spectacles, until Miss Lay's visit, two days after the home-coming. Then it seemed that her eyes were suddenly opened to the fact, that, as John Vernon's wife, she would be constantly reminded in a hundred different ways, that not only was she her husband's second choice, but that she occupied the second place in his

heart. "I should have thought of all this before I consented to marry him," she told herself bitterly, her eyes wandering, in spite of herself, to the portrait on the wall. "And yet he might have spared me the pain of finding something every day to remind me of her," she added, with childish unreasonableness, forgetting that only a little while ago she had protested that it was her wish that nothing should be changed about the house. "John should not have married such a foolish, jealoushearted girl," she mused, with a sudden revulsion of feeling, as she drummed dismally on the window-pane, against which a heavy rain had commenced to patter. The day was dark and gloomy, quite in keeping with her dismal thoughts, though only this morning she had called herself the happiest woman in the world! How true it is that the veriest trifles make up the sum of human happiness or woe! Because of a few careless words, spoken in half jest, Mildred wandered aimlessly from room to room, torturing herself with a hundred perplexing questions, until brain and heart alike ached, and she was at last forced to lie down and sob herself to sleep.

She woke with a suddent start when the door opened two hours later and

her husband came in. "Have you a headache Helen?" he asked, with much concern, coming over to the sofa and seating himself besule

For the first time in her life his wife repulsed him coldly.

"My name is Mildred, please remember!" she said, curtly, sitting up quite straight, while the sudden rush of hot blood to her face as suddently receded, leaving her as pale as death.

said, trying to draw her face down to his shoulder. "Are you angry with me, change of polite greetings, these cold the shoulder."

face, and withdrawing from his arms-Vernon signed, then bit his lip fierce-

y, to keep back an angre retort. "Mildred," he said, after a gloomy silence, "if they annoy you, I will have these things removed," and he glanced at the picture on the wall, and then at the books and bric-a-brac scattered around the room. 'You remember, it was because you requested it that I allowed them to remain."

"I thought it would please you to have them, and -and -I-I -imagined I wouldn't care," stammered Mildred, on the verge of tears again.

"But you find that you do care; is not so?" Vernon asked. gently. Then without waiting for an answer, he said "It pains me to see you unhappy, so soon after our coming home. Has anything happened to vex you to-day, darling? "If you only wouldn't forget and cal.

me Helen," sobbed Mildred. "I will be more careful in future," promised Vernon, as he took her in his arms and kissed away her tears.

"I know I am a silly, jeolous creature, John," and Mildred's arms were around his neck, and her hot check laid close to his, "but I do want to think that you never loved anyone as von love me!" "You know I love you fondly and

truly, above all other women," said her usband, drawing her to his heart." "That is not answering my question properly," said Mildred, her jealous

neart prompting her to claim a stronger statement. "Then what is it you do wish me to say?" asked Vernon a little impatient y, it must be confessed, for he was

both surprised and annoyed at this sud

den and unlooked for display of jeal-"You should say that I am the only woman you ever really loved." said foolish Mildred, as if any man ever reached the age of forty without hav-

ing a love affair of some sort. "It would be wrong for me to make such an assertion, since it would be telling you an untruth," said Vernon, gravely. "Mildred, do you want me to say that I didn't love Helen?" he asked, in a low, pained voice,

Mildred was stubbornly silent. "Because, if you do you are not the ensible woman I have believed you to be, he said, his dark, handsome face growing vale and stern.

"One can love but once. There can be no second love!" said Mildred, hot-If this is your belief, you should have

remembered it when I asked you to marry me," said Vernon, coldly, pacing the floor. A spirit of pervirsity prompted Mil dred to say: "It would have saved me much pain

and perhaps a lifetime of regret had J remembered it." "Mildred," and Vernon stopped ir his rappid walk and took her hands in ose clasp, "you can't mean what you have just said! Say you were not

in earnest unless you want to make me miserable! "You can't be more reiserable than I am!" said Mildred, with a little sob. "I have been the happiest man in the world for four months-until to-day,'

said Vernon, quickly. "I suppose the home-coming has given you unpleasant thoughts," said Mildred, who was in a perfect pass on

of unreasonable jealousy and anger. "You have giver me unpleasant thoughts," retorted Vernon, losing patience, and speaking in a quick, angry voice. "Mildred ans ver me truly, are

you sorry you married me?" "I am's mply what it is to be a second

wife!" said Mildred, bitterly. "You are angry and unreasonable just now," said Vernon, quitely, though he had grown white to his lins. "When you are calmer, perhaps, you will take a more sensible view of the matter," and dropping her hand, he abruptly

juitted the room. When they met at dinner both were moody and reserved, yet frigidly polite, hough be ond a few commonplace re marks no words were exchanged.

The meal over, without a glance at er husband's face, Mildred retired to ier room, while Vernon, making no effort to follow her, I t a eigar and left

the house. Days and weeks passed thus, Mildred oo angry and stubborn to confess herself in the wrong. Vernon too proud to intrude where he believed he would e unwelcome. Either purposely or through neglect, the p cture and books were not removed, and Mildred without consulting her husband, quietly took possession of a room in the south wing of the house, and made no further allusions to her wrongs whether fanci-

ed or real. Vernon spent the evenings in the oom his wife had vacated, and it was small comfort to Mildred to know that f he was alone he was constantly surcounded with mementoes of his lost Helen. "Even her picture is dearer to him than I can ever hope to be!" she cold herself, bitterly, when on crossing the hall, one evening, she saw her husband standing before the portrait, his

face wearing a strange, absent look. Vernon was too deeply hurt at his wife's coldness to notice that she was daily growing thinner, and that her eyes were constantly dim with unshed cars. Pride, anger, and bitter resentment were raging in his heart, and he stubbornly refused to believe that Milared was longing for a reconciliaton. With the obstinacy of one who believes himself deeply injured, he determined that Mildred should be the one to break down the barrier her own hand had

In these long days and weeks Milfred was fast learning the sad truth that each added hour of coldness and silence was drifting them further apart, and she shuddered at the thought of what the end might be. "Our marriage was a wretched mistake!" she said to herself, one night, when Vernon with a careless kiss and "good night," had gone out, and she realized that another long, lonely evening was ter night, when they want and miss me so at home? I will not bear it another day?" she added, passionately, a sudden determination coming too her, born of her anger and loneliness. Throwing aside the book she had been pretending to read, she donned cloak and hat, and, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, hurriedly left the

have condescended to pay me a visit? Surely you d du't walk and it raining and almost dark?" and Miss Lay hastened to remove M ldred's wet cloak. "Why, Milly!" with a glance at the white, set face, "have you been crying! Is anything wrong?" and her face that, over with smiles, instantly grew sober.

Mildred sank into a chair before the cosy fire while Miss Lay established herself on a low stool. "Have you had bad news from

home?" she continued, as Mildred held her hands in the warmth of the fire without speaking. "No; it's about John. We quarreled, and-and, oh, Lizzie, I am so unhan-

py!" and, laying her head in Miss Lay's erable story. Lay. "I don't wonder that John was

"So you think I was wholly to blame?" said Mildred, with flashing and went in, then with a little nervous eyes; "and after saying what you did about marrying a widower, too,' "I understand now; it was my foolish words that caused all the trouble.

My silly tongue is forever getting me into a scrape," said Miss Lay, in a tone of genuine regret. hadn't said a word," exclaimed Mil- of affairs. He recalled with a feeling

would have found out what a terrible harshly and coldly, when a few kind mistake I have made!' "stuff and nonsense!" cried Miss Lav. with a sniff, "I have always thought he said aloud, picking up the glove and

"I suppose I have no right to complain, as I was not forced into this marriage, but I certainly expected some of pleased surprise. "I thought you sympathy from you," said Mildred, in | had gone out and-and-I ran over to an injured tone. "As it seems quite useless to explain matters I will not was raining so hard," she added, as trouble you further," and she rose as if | she removed her damp cloak and came

"Sit down, you unreasonable child, and tell me what you want me to do." said Miss Lay, drawing her stool nearer the fire. "I am sorry you're so unhappy, though I don't see that you have any cause to be so wretched and heart-broken. You have it in your power to be the happiest woman in town," she continued as Mildred, with a heavy sigh, resumed her seat.

Certainly Miss Lay was displaying more forethought and wisdom than one more," said Vernon, earnestly, as h€ would have expected from so shallow drew her closer to his breast. "I'm and frivolous a creature,

"What can I do for you Mildred?" she asked, after a little silence. "You can let me stay with you till morning," said Mildred, with suddeneagerness. "I-I-am-going home

to-morrow," her voice faltering a little. "I couldn't bear to stay another night in that house!" "Mildred, you are not in earnest?"

and Miss Lav's blue eyes opened wide with astonishment. earnest," returned Mildred, quickly, stern-"where there is no perfect trust her voice grow ng firm again. "I see no reason why I should stay here and be miserable when they want me so at happy if you keep bringing up d sagreehome, the boys especially. Jack writes that father mopes all day, and Tom has little pout. "It is my rature to be

broken his arm, and things are getting | jealous." topsy turvy, and ----"A pure fabrication of Jack's," inyour beautiful home and a hasband that | worships the very ground that you walk on; don't shake your head in that scornful way, for it's true -to go back to those horrid troublesome boys! Well, I only wish John Vernon had asked me

to marry him! Mildred laughed in spite of herself at the owl-like gravity of Miss Lay's look and tone.

"That's better, and goes to prove that you're not half as wretched as you imagine. Now, Mildred, the right way to manage a man is to make him beleve he's the only man in the world worth looking at." "Is that all?" asked Mildred, dryly. "Then I'm afraid I'll never learn how

a little curl of the lip. "See here, Mildred, you know you're in the wrong, and it's your business to set matters right again," said Miss Lay, beginning to lose patience and to realize that she had a rather difficult better than you do, if he is your husband, and I know just how sensitive he is, and how easily you have made him believe that he is too old and quiet for you, and that he has tired you with his simple, commonplace ways. I know, too, that he's just miserable over this little-what shall I call it?-misunder-

to manage a man," said Mildred, with

standing." "Do you really think he is?" asked Mildred, unbending a little. "I am certain he is. How can he be

anything else? "Now, Mildred, go some, like a good girl and make your peace with him. Mildred burst into tears, and taking her silence as a good sign, Miss Lay

hastened to follow up her advantage. "I'll send you home in the carriage." she said, as she helped Mildred on with her clock and hat. Tell John von felt lonely and ran over to spend an hour or two with me," she added, as she

dissed Mildred good-by. "Lizz e, I believe I was mad a little while ago," whispered Mildred. "You have saved me from a life-time of misery and regret! And you will keep my secret?" she added, pleadingly.

A pressure of the hand was her only answer, and looking back Mildred saw that the blue eyes were full of tears. At half past eight o'clock, contrary of ratlings, much to her apparent grief. "I'm sorry I blundered," Vernon is!" she exclaimed aloud, "this ex-Could it have been the memory of Milcaresses that mean nothing! Why dred's sad, wistful face that spoiled his should we trouble ourselves to blind evening's pleasure and hurried him advertised. This shows that the season is

restraint, for which, according to his idea of right and, he was not to blame, yet he longed to make his peace with Mildred, longed to take her in his arms and k ss away, her tears, and assure her over and over again how dear she was to him and how much he missed the sweet companionship that had been theirs until this cloud came between them. To-night, for the first time since their estrangement, his heart softened "Is Mr. Vernon out of town that you at the memory of her pale, weary face. "I have been a brute and a fool!" he said to himself. "I should have remembered that 'she was young and thoughtless, and that her sudden outburst of jealousy was a proof that she cared for me, perhaps, more than I deserve. I wonder if I made a mistake at sight of Mildred had dimpled all in asking such a childish creature to marry me? No doubt she would have been happier as the wife of a younger

Closing the door of his room softly, he crossed the hall and looked into his wife's room. A fire burned cheerfully in the grate; an open book lay on the table, and a pair of dainty, embroidered slippers had been thrown carelessly by the fire. On the open book lay a little glove with the faint perfume of violets lap. Mildred sobbed out the whole mis- still clinging to it. How vividly everything suggetsed the presence of his "You foolish child!" exclaimed Miss young wife, and yet the room was vacant!

A sudden, vague foreboding seizec him, as he pushed the door oper laugh he sat down before the fire. "How foolish I am, she has only gone out for an hour or two. It is quite

comfortable here; I will wait awhile." He fell to thinking and the more he reasoned, the stronger was his conviction that he had been much, if not wholly, "It would have been the same if you to blame for the present wretched state dred, passionately. "Sooner or later I of self-reproach that he had spoken words might have set matters straight. "Yet she must know that I love her," you a sensible girl, Mildred, but I con-fess that you are acting very foolishly up suddenly, he saw Mildred standing

in the open door.
"John!" and she came a step forward, her eyes shining, her voice full Lizzie's a little while. I had no idea it nearer to the fire. "Lizzie sent me home in the carriage," with a quick blush and a furtive glance at her hus-

"Mildred," and Vernon now drew her down to his knee, "don't you think it about time you were devoting some of your spare evenings to me?"

"And don't you think about time you were quitting that horrid club?" asked M ldred, hiding her face on his shoulder. "After to-night it shall know me no afraid you are too young to understand a crusty old fellow like me," he added, with a sigh.

"Nonsense, I am almost twenty!" said Mildred, with a happy laugh. "And I am forty," said Vernon, "a

cross and crabbed --- " "The dearest and best old fellow in the world!" interrupted Mildred with a fond kiss.

"After to-night you are never to doubt me again," said Vernon. "Be-"But I am in earnest, very much in cause"-his voice growing a little there can be no happness. "I don't see how we are going to be

"And mine," said Vernon smothering a strong desire to laugh. "I exterrupted Miss Lay, "just wraten to peet to knock the first man down that fill up space. And you want to leave dares to pay you an open compliment." "And I expect to be a martyr in the

future," said Mildred, with an air of happy resignation. Miss Lay continues a frequent visitor at Mildred's home, and notwithstanding the reputation she bears of being a vain, shallow creature, a gossip, and mischiefmaker, she has convinced Mildred, at least, that she knows how to

Although Vernon, having always regarded Miss Lay as a woman most devoid of brains and with very little heart, wonders sometimes at his wife's choice of a friend, he sa s nothing, because he believes that Mildred has the happy faculty of drawing out Miss Lay's good qualities, and because in his fond foolish eyes, his wife is that creature of the imagination-a perfect woman!-ADE-LAIDE D. ROLLSTON, in The Current.

A Feline Adopts a Litter of Rats.

Joseph Messenger, a well-known farmer, who enjoys a reputation for ask before her. "I know John Vernon | truthfulness, credits the following story told of his eat, which is famous in the neighborhood where he resides for her record as a successful ratter and mouser: A few days ago, as Messenger entered his barn, he saw a big rat jump out of a barrel and scamper away. The farmer looked in the barrel and saw six young rats which where unable to get out. He went and brought his famous rat-killing cat and put her in the barrel, as the quickest way of ridding the premises of the six incipient

To his great surprise she did not make short shrift of them, but on the contrary took the rat family under her protection and treated them with as much consideration and affection as though they had been a litter of her

The news of this remarkable whim on the part of the Messenger rat-destroyer soon spread to the neighbors, and they flocked to the barn to see the curious spectacle. The constant appearance of stangers at the barrel evidently alarmed the cat for the safety of her proteges, for she began to carry them in her mouth, as she might her kittens, to a place of greater exclusion and safety. At this point the farmer drew the line, and slaughtered the cat's family

-Altoona (Penn.) Times. In Boston "early June peas" are already