

BLUE, OR CRIMSON?

From Harper's Bazar.

It was a momentous question, far more so than the reader, glancing at the title of this story, imagines. The young lady standing by the window in street costume, gazing at the blooming squares in the little garden below, was no nearer deciding it than she had been three days ago; yet it must be settled that afternoon, and the hands of the clock were pointing ten minutes to five. "Blue, or crimson?"—the words began to adjust themselves with annoying pertinacity to the monotonous ticking of the mantel—"blue, or crimson? Yale, or Harvard?" and then this further affix, containing the kernel of the difficulty, "R. Ibe, or Mars-ton? Rolfe, or Mars-ton?"

Which should it be? The clock dropped preliminaries and struck to the telling clause with persistency so aggravating that the young lady knitted her pretty brows and finally stopped her ears. She must think—she must think. Here were only fifteen minutes in which to balance for perhaps the thousandth time, the merits of two rival and declared suitors for her hand, represented by the colors of the rival colleges. Which should it be?

How it was that, though neither of these suitors had yet been accepted, each believed himself favored, and expected his supposed lady-love to wear his colors that evening, is a mystery which only an accomplished coquette could explain. This particular coquette did penance for much previous flirtation during the mauvais quart d'heure at the window, trying to make up her mind whether to purchase blue or crimson ribbon for Elinor Vance's party.

She had put off purchasing either as long as possible, and had had immense trouble to prevent being presented with both. But for this unfortunate party, which had given each admirer an excuse to request a proof of favor, she need not have decided quite yet whether to accept Roger Marston, whose dark eyes and charming manners had turned the heads of half the girls in her "set," who was handsome, aristocratic, and—oh, most potent word—rich, or Walter Rolfe, the "little lover" of her childhood, her playmate and teacher at once, her loyal champion always, and the hero of her earliest day-dreams.

"Why, Lou, what in the world are you standing there for with your fingers in your ears? So you're going out?"—with a disappointed accent.

"Yes, m. Why?"

"Oh, I've just got a note from your Aunt Maria. She's sick, and nothing'll do but I must go up there this evening. And I thought perhaps you'd make the biscuit for supper. I can't trust Inga, you know." Inga was the Swedish "help," majestic, snow fair, picturesque, serene, and as yet innocent of the least details of cooking. "Can't you be back in half an hour? It don't take long to make a cream-tart biscuit."

"Yes, m., with a despairing glance at the clock, "I'll try."

One would not have said she was trying very hard, noting her deliberate pace when once on the street. She could have wished the walk to town twice as long. How provokingly things happened! The "help" only fit to look at, and Aunt Maria sick-to-day of all the three hundred and sixty-five in the year! Oh dear! dear! Should it be blue or crimson?

Of course it ought to be blue. Walter and she seemed to belong to each other—always. She had stanchly believed him, till lately, the cleverest, best and handsomest boy in the world. He might be—yes, she was afraid he was—a little common place, but he was as much a part of her past as her brother Jeremy, and seemed as much a part of her future. To eliminate Walter—

But then what girl she knew would think of refusing Roger Marston? He belonged to one of the Boston families; he had five times Kolie's property; he was handsomer too—at least the girls thought he was; he sang; he painted; and poor Rolfe was apt to yawn over "enthusiasms." Surely no one else would hesitate between the two, and yet—

Here she was at a store door, and the clocks were pointing fifteen minutes past five. She passed that door, and the next, and the next; then turned back resolutely. What was the use of wavering? It should be crimson.

"I declare, Miss Lou!" This greeting was given by an irreproachable gentleman on foot, who was patrolling the center of the store. "I cannot believe my eyes! For two weeks you have passed without a glance at my windows, and now, when I'm in the depths of despair, in you walk as if nothing had happened."

"You see, Mr. Batchelder," was the saucy response, "I couldn't endure the separation any longer. And how fortunate I am to find you at liberty to attend me!"

"What! You're going to ignore the claims of friendship, or love, or purchase some sordid trifle or other?"

"Ribbon! Ah! yes, yes; now I see. Why couldn't you have spared my feelings and gone to Mr. Ellard's? He would have sold you a ribbon without a pang, while I— At the very thought I feel quite sanguinary."

He had selected, while speaking, a roll of crimson, and was dexterously looping it as he held it before his

customer, who surveyed it and him with astonishment not unmixed with anger. It has passed to a proverb that nothing should be taken for granted where a woman is concerned.

Miss Jennings remarked coolly, as she turned to the case: "Perhaps some other color would make you feel less sanguinary. This straw color, for instance."

"Ha, ha!"—still holding up the crimson. "You see, I'm like Joey Bugstock, sly, devilish sly."

"Indeed?"

"Almost as sharp as a Harvard Senior, I assure you."

"You have an excellent opinion of yourself."

"Well, I'm no Solomon, Miss Lou—no Solomon. But then it doesn't require the wisdom of Solomon to know that you want a crimson ribbon. Any Yankee could tell that."

"Yes?"

"Only see what a lovely hue! Your color, exactly. Brunettes should wear something rich and bright."

Miss Jennings returned thanks for the advice, and allowed the giver to show her every crimson ribbon in the case. Finally, she said meditatively, "I suppose six yards will be enough."

"Oh, quite, quite; yes, yes."

"I will take it."

"And I'll guarantee the effect over white will be charming."

"I will take six yards of—"

"And here's a narrower width of the same shade, if you want it. The storekeeper had let fall his handful of bright satin, and was measuring off deftly. "Four—five—six. Six yards?"—lifting the scissors.

"Six yards—of this blue," the young lady concluded.

"Eh! Mr. Batchelder dropped the scissors and stared over his spectacles. The purchaser had hard work to repress a smile at the discomfiture of the voluble salesman, who uttered not another word till he handed the change over the counter. He had rallied then sufficiently to remark,

"I am not to blame on me, Mr. Batchelder. It would have taken the wisdom of Solomon to know that I wanted a blue ribbon, and you're only a Yankee. No wonder you made a mistake. Good afternoon."

Miss Jennings' satisfaction did not last long. No sooner was she on the street again than she repented having bought the wrong color just for spite. Had she not determined on crimson? And now here was the decision reversed by a gossiping storekeeper. Now that she had the blue it quite lost its value in her eyes.

"And why not?"—this bright thought entered her mind when she was about half-way home—"why not buy the crimson ribbon, too?" With both colors ready, choice could be made at the last minute.

Immensely relieved at this respite she hastened back to the village, made her second purchase at another store, and reached home, very hot and tired, at exactly a quarter of six. She tossed her hat, parasol, and parcels down on the hall table, and hurried into the kitchen. Appropriating one of the Swede's calico aprons, she set that serene domestic at work making up a hot fire.

"Butter these pans, Inga," she directed as she flew from closet to table, "and cut up some cake."

"And turn out some of that grape jam, and put ice on the butter."

"Yes." The bulk of Inga's conversation consisted of this monosyllable.

The Swede never hurried. Her young mistress, perspiring and dispirited, found this deliberation irritating. Her temper was presently further disturbed. The door between the hall and kitchen was thrown open, and her ten-year-old brother Bob entered boisterously, followed by his dog.

"Ain't supper ready? Say, Inga, get snip something to eat."

Jeremy, just entering the front door.

"Supper! Good heavens! She rushed into the kitchen. The fire was roaring wildly, and the Swede was seated by the window admiring the prospect. With an ejaculation of dismay she threw open the oven. There were the biscuits, blackened and crisped. She turned upon the phlegmatic Inga. "Didn't you know enough to shut the draughts?"

"Yes," was the placid response. "You should never have such a fire when you are cooking anything."

"Yes. You say make hot. Burn so, Yes."

"Oh, well, but— There! I suppose there's no use talking. Just cut up some cold bread."

Jeremy, being the best-natured fellow in the world, said not a word about the loss of biscuit and the infliction of boiled tea. Lou was too much heated and too much out of temper to eat her supper.

It was not until the meal was nearly finished that Bob appeared. He took his place at the table without a word and with an injured look.

"Well, did you get it?"

Bob shook his head. His mouth was full of jam.

"Didn't get it? Why not?"

"I wasn't my fault. Mr. Batchelder'd gone to supper and the clerks didn't know what color."

"Why, I told you blue."

"No, you didn't either. You said like what you got this afternoon."

"I tell you I said blue," indignantly. "And after you've eaten supper you can go back and get it."

"Huh! I can, can I? Don't the stores shut up at six Wednesday?"

"No, not all." Jeremy interposed, seeing signs of storm in his sister's face. "One or two are always open."

"He wants to sneak out of getting the ribbon. I declare—pushing away her chair, and taking refuge in the window recess to hide a few fears of vexation—"small boys are just unmitigated nuisances! Of course he'll go back."

"How about big boys?" Jeremy inquired, following his sister.

"Oh, big ones—like you—are very nice indeed."

"Thanks. I must be nice since you allow me to escort you to-night and turn your back on the comet and the fixed star." These were the nicknames Jeremy had bestowed on his sister's two chief admirers. "Was it because you couldn't go with both, and so wouldn't go with either? Eh?"

"It was because I wanted to go with you. And you're very—"

"No, I'm not. I'm your humble servant. You know it's the first time you have wanted to go with me since you put on long dresses. I was a little surprised, that's all. And I'm afraid Mr. Marston may lie in wait to assassinate, and that Walter may send a challenge round."

"Don't be nonsensical, Jeremy."

"Well, let me say one thing soberly, then; I'm glad it's blue, and not crimson, that Bob is going after. Very glad."

His sister flushed, thinking of the crimson in her pocket. But at that moment came a crash from the direction of the kitchen that drove everything else out of her head. Arriving on the scene, she found fragments of crockery and a deluge of milk on the floor. The Swede was surveying the ruin with arms akimbo.

"I had spilled it," she remarked in explanation.

Unluckily her mistress' temper was also "upside." She proceeded to give Inga a scolding, which made no more impression upon the recipient than it did on the wood-box she was filling. Seeing this, Lou desisted as abruptly as she had begun, turned her back on the offender, and went back to the dining-room just in time to see a figure dash down the garden path and out the gate. It was Bob!

He was thus decamping, having stuffed his pockets with eatables. No second walk to town for him!

What was to be done? There was no use in pursuing; no use in getting angry. Everything seemed against blue; for that reason, if for no other, my heroine made up her mind to have it even if she had to go for it herself. There was not time enough for that, however, and she did not like to ask Jeremy, who was enjoying a cigar on the piazza before dressing. But there was Inga; she could go.

The Swede was not perceptibly astonished at her mistress' sudden change of tone when she came back to ask her to leave the dishes and go on an errand. She made the unfolding rejoinder, "Yes," and was ready in two minutes. Thinking to be quite sure this time, Lou wrote what she wanted on a slip of paper. The Swede departed, holding this in one hand and the money and the door key in the other. Having seen her on her way, Lou was at liberty to commence her toilet. It was already past seven, and dark because of impending storm. There was ominous muttering of thunder, going through the process of dressing mechanically and hastily, my heroine in half an hour stood before the mirror fully arrayed. Now indeed the time for decision had come. Inga would be back soon, and there would be plenty of time to knot up the blue ribbon she wished to wear it. Or, she might begin now on the crimson lying on the bureau. Which should it be?

How foolish! How like the traditional donkey between two stacks of hay! She laughed, then noticed with vexation that her eyes were heavy and her cheeks as white as her dress.

"This will never do," she soliloquized. "I shall have to try the crimson to light myself up. I'll make the knots anyway."

Late surely favored crimson. She was a long time about arranging the bows, but Inga had not returned when they were finished. So, just to see the effect, she pinned them in place on bread and hair and belt, and then stood looking at herself with pardonable pride in her own beauty. What was she thinking, as she gazed at her reflection with that light in her eyes and that flush on her cheeks? She saw herself in fancy, Roger Marston's envious and congratulatory glance. She saw his eager, dark, triumphant face; and then she turned away and put up

her hands to shut out another vision, a vision that caused the flush to fade and the gaze to waver. Only a pair of blue eyes that suddenly deepened to look from the mirror's depths, first in wonder, then in pain, reproach, despair, and finally—yes, finally in scorn, scorn of the girl who was about to make the most brilliant match of the season.

The gate fell together. Inga was at last coming, and the noise of voices told that she had brought with her her "man" Carl, who usually spent his evenings in the Jennings kitchen. Lou hastily unpinned the crimson bows and threw them on the table. Her cheeks seemed to have borrowed the ribbon's vivid color as she answered the Swede's tap at the door and eagerly extended her hand for the little parcel the latter tendered. "I'm so very much obliged, Inga."

"Yes."

"No matter about change. Keep it for your trouble."

"Yes."

Lou had opened the package. Suddenly, with an exclamation, she retreated to the gas jet to examine what she held more closely.

"Why—why, this ribbon—this ribbon is—yes, it is—it's green! Even the stolid Swede recoiled a little before the indignant glance that accompanied the next remark. "How could you make such a mistake?"

Inga forgot her conventional response and stammered, "He haf say blue—"

She got no further in her speech. Her young mistress—this case is worthy of record as being the only time Inga was ever astonished in her life—the young mistress threw the ribbon into the middle of the hall, slammed the door in her face and locked it. Then, careless of the lace frounces she was ruining and quite indifferent to the fact that the hands of the clock were getting around to eight, she threw herself on the bed and gave way to a perfect tempest of passionate tears.

She cried until she was completely exhausted. And when Jeremy—thinking that patience had ceased to be a virtue—came up and tapped at the door, she was quite unrepresentable and had to answer through the key-hole, as it were. She said now and then a telltale falter in her voice that she had a dreadful headache, and that, though she was very, very sorry to disappoint him, she couldn't go.

Jeremy was puzzled. The steadiness of his sister's voice, and the sight of the crumpled ribbon, which he took to be a blue one, on the floor, led him to guess that something was wrong; but in appearing good faith he recommended tea, camphor, ammonia, &c., and proposed to call up Inga.

His sister peremptorily retorted this. "I shall just go to bed," she declared through the door, "and you mustn't lose any more time. You can make my excuses to—any one who inquires."

"Oh, hang excuses! There, I didn't mean that; but you know I hate parties. I won't go at all. I shall be a deal more comfortable at home."

Jeremy meant what he said. Lou protested, entreated, insisted, quite in vain. He preferred a cigar and a novel to any kind of a "frount," and was so frankly relieved at the prospect of a "easy" evening at home that the point was abandoned. As that the point was abandoned, he could think of no remedy that he could think of was looked upon with favor. Jeremy divested himself of his finery, went down stairs, established himself in an easy-chair in the sitting-room, and strayed into the regions of romance.

Meanwhile Lou, whose headache was no fiction, sat in the dark by her chamber window, resting her throbbing temples on her arms crossed on the sill. It was still oppressively hot. The scent of pinks and mignonette came up from the little garden, mingled with the faint odor of Jeremy's cigar.

She could occasionally hear the murmur of voices in the kitchen. Happy Inga, who had only one lover! Oh, let lovers and the future take care of themselves! Miss Jennings was tired to death of the problem that had vexed her all day. What was the use of thinking about it? Both young men would go away the next day, and would not return for a week at least; so there was further respite. The heavy eyelids drooped. Worn out with worry and crying, my heroine drifted from actual to imaginary troubles, and dreamed that a crowd of maskers all in crimson were dancing around her, led by one in blue, who threw his arms over their shoulders, and disclosed the face and figure of Memphis.

Toward this masker ran Carl, Inga's "man." He was dressed in green. He approached her, leading the demon, who grinned horribly, while the crimson maskers pressed close with hoots and jeers. Carl seized her as she strove to escape, and Memphis phelegrasped her hand. A voice like Mr. Batchelder's said, triumphantly, "She wanted blue; now let her have it." A response from Inga seemed to follow, "Yes, she haf say blue." Then bells began to ring, and the dreamer suddenly sat up.

It was the door bell that had driven her nightmare away. Some one was speaking on the piazza below. "Perhaps it might be—"

"I beg pardon for this intrusion, Mr. Jennings. I—I had hoped to meet your sister at the dance to-night. As she was not there, and as I cannot come to-morrow, I ventured to commit this breach of etiquette. May I see her for a moment or two?"

Jeremy was heard explaining the cause of absence, and regretting that his sister was too ill to see any one that evening. Lou drew back from the window with the sudden sense of disappointment. It was Roger Marston who had spoken.

"But come in and have a cigar," proposed good-natured Jeremy, who usually found "the comet's" style rather overpowering, but noticing a certain anxiety and perturbation in the latter's manner to-night, felt inclined to be cordial.

"Thanks, no. I have promised to return to the Vance. Excuse me, but—you are quite sure I cannot see Miss Jennings?"

Jeremy remembered that his sister had particularly desired not to be disturbed, was very sorry, but was quite sure. He really was sorry, see-

ing the trouble in the petitioner's face, although he had many a time wished for the "comet's" discomfiture.

"Will you tell her, then, for me, how much I regret her illness, and give her these roses, which I had hoped to present to her in person?"

"Oh, these roses?" Jeremy soliloquized, as he turned back into the sitting-room with a magnificent cluster of roses in his hand. "I'd have sworn she favored Marston, and yet she sent Bob for a blue ribbon. And now she's thrown the blue ribbon away. Well, it's too much of a riddle for me. Asleep, sis?" he inquired in cautious tones at his sister's door.

"No."

"Feeling better?"

"Not yet."

Here are some splendid Jacques roses with the "comet's" compliments. Will you have them now?"

"Not to-night. Just get Inga to put them in water, please."

"Not encouraging," Jeremy reflected. He left the roses in the kitchen and returned to his book. But scarcely had he read three chapters more before another ring at the bell interrupted. "Why, Walter, old fellow," was his hearty greeting, "have you stolen away from the revels?"

"You too?" he had almost said. "Come to see why I wasn't there—eh?"

"You know well enough why I can't, Jeremy. Is Lou—"

"Lou, providentially—for me—had a bad headache. Come in."

"No—unless— Is she well enough for me to see her?"

"I'm afraid not. She just told me she didn't feel any better. What confounded coquettes women are! Jeremy added to himself as he delivered these unwelcome tidings a second time. "I wish—I declare I wish I had gone to the party!"

"I am sorry—sorry she is ill, too. You know I must be off early to-morrow, and to-night is my only chance of—"

He broke off there. Honest Jeremy was sincerely troubled. The crumpled blue ribbon on the floor above could mean nothing else than that the game was up for Walter.

"Have a cigar," he proposed, offering what comfort he could.

"No. Just give her these violets, will you, and tell her—ah!"

Jeremy had taken the flowers, inwardly anathematizing his sister as a "heartless little flirt." Seeing Walter's face suddenly grow radiant with hope and delight as he uttered the above exclamation, he turned to discover the cause. There stood his sister, still wearing the tumbled lace dress, with disheveled curls and red eyes, it is true, but with an expression on her face, as she held out her hand to Walter, that as Jeremy afterward said, "told the whole story."

Monsieur De Trop could not repress a long low whistle of amazement as he walked off with the violets still in his hand. So it was blue, after all. He carried the violets into the kitchen, again astonishing Carl and Inga, who both rose to receive him.

"More flowers to put in water."

"Yes."

"And more happy couples," Jeremy said to himself as he went out the back door and took refuge in the shrubbery, where for an hour he smoked and moralized on life's chances.

Next morning his sister did not appear at breakfast, but he found her shortly after in the kitchen, where she had gone to secure the violets. Those unfortunate blossoms had been thrust heads down into a pail of water. The roses had received the same treatment, but they were left to her fate, and the owner ran away from Jeremy's congratulations. The latter rescued the Jacques, and a day later they fell to pieces on his mantle; but the violets were hoarded as Lou's dearest possession long after scent and color had passed away.

She Wanted to Fail.

"Please, sir, I would like to fail." The speaker was a woman who had entered a Sussex county lawyer's office. A few moments' conversation showed that she and her husband had several thousand dollars over their liabilities, and that the "failure" was simply the woman's scheme to cheat a few creditors. She went to another lawyer, and in a few weeks the "failure" was announced and, and it appeared that the husband's father was the principal creditor. As a matter of fact, the money had come from the father, but it had been a free gift, though in order to make the failure appear all right the man and wife had confessed judgment to the father for the amount given. The failure was a complete success; but just as it was being closed out the father died, without a will. His property was equally divided among his heirs, but the judgments confessed in the fraudulent failure stood against the parties, and, though they protested and scolded, nothing could be done. They had to pay the judgment, and the failure was a genuine one after all.—Newark Sunday Call.

A London Mystery.

Whitechapel has a murder mystery which transcends anything known in the annals of the horrible. It is Poe's "Murder of the Rue Morgue" and "Mystery of Marie Roget" rolled into one real story.

It is nothing less than a midnight murderer, whose step is noiseless, whose strike is deadly, and whose cunning is so great that he leaves no trace whatever of his work and no clue to his identity. He has just slaughtered his third victim and all the women in Whitechapel are terrified, while the stupidest detectives in the civilized world stand aghast and say they have no clew.

When the murder of Mary Ann Nichols, who was cut into ribbons was investigated, it became evident that the murder was the work of the same hand that committed the two preceding ones. All three were moneyless women of the lowest class. All were killed in the street between one and three o'clock in the morning, and all were mutilated in the same fiendish and peculiar way. The coincidence was great as to strike even the detectives, and they are now looking for the one man whom they believed to be guilty of all three crimes.

The man is called "Leather Apron," and nobody knows him by any other name. He is a character half way between Dickens's "Quip" and Poe's "Baboon." He is short and stumpy and thick set. He has small, wicked black eyes and is half crazy. He is always hanging about the deep shadows that fill the intricate network of the courts, passages and alleysways in Whitechapel. He does not walk, but always moves on a sharp, queer run and never makes any noise with his feet. In addition to the three women he is believed to have murdered he has scared a hundred more of them nearly to death. Every street-walker in Whitechapel has her own story to tell of him. He lives by robbing them late at night, and has kicked, cuffed or knocked down a score of them in the last two years.

His usual lodging place is a fourpenny lodging-house in a poverty-stricken thieves' alley off Brick Lane. He has lived there now, however, and nobody knows where he is. He is suspected to have committed the three murders of the fact that he has frequently drawn a knife on women, accompanied by the same threats which have been carried out on the dead women.

The story of Mrs. Colwall, who heard the screams of the woman as she was being murdered, is to the effect that she was clearly running away from somebody who was murdering her, and yet she could hear no other footsteps. The blood stains on the sidewalk indicated the same thing—that the murderer, whoever he was, was noiseless in his pursuit, and this quality points directly to "Leather Apron." He is a slipper maker by trade and gets his nickname from the fact that he always wears a leather apron and is never seen without it. One peculiar feature of the case is that none of the police or detectives appear to know him, he having always kept out of their sight, and they are now gleaming information concerning him from women he has assailed.

She Sat Down On Air.

Heppburn Johns, the delightful "Topical Talker" of the Pittsburgh Dispatch, is abroad just now. In his latest breezy letter, dated from Winchester England, was the following: "At a little parsonage the other day, whither I had gone to play tennis and drink tea—and am sorry that there was too much water for tennis, and it rained all day, and too little water in the tea—by chance I met a very agreeable and I hope representative woman of noble birth. She also came to the parsonage for tennis and tea, lured by an hour or two of sunshine in the afternoon. There was nothing about her to tell you she was an earl's daughter, and there is not the least need to say more of her.

But her hostess and mine, the rector's wife, is a worshipper of the haute noblesse. The Bible and "Burke's Peerage" are about on a par on her table. It is said, I know, that she tried to induce her husband, the rector, to pray by name for the earl and when he refused made a great to do about it. She will go without food for a week to get a title at her table.

So you see it was but to be expected that she would lavish a good deal of her attention upon her ladyship, the rector's daughter. As a matter of fact, she laid on the adulation so thick that Lady—grew rather tired of it, and rather mischievously turned the conversation to America, and remarked that she thought a nation which got along with so few titles and tomfoolery must and deserved to be happy."

Well, then, an ambitious abnormal meal, served at the usual hour for dinner, was served at last. Her ladyship and the other guests, some twenty in number, were seated, and the hostess was about to take her seat when she stopped and stood still for a moment to be sure that all was properly located. That slight pause was disastrous. While she was reviewing the scene a servant, nervous, no doubt, approached for some inflexible person pulled back her mistress' chair.

The next moment the hostess sat down on air!

It was the most painful thing I've seen in a long while. A stout and very angry person cannot seat herself on the floor without losing in some sort her dignity, and spectators who can keep their composure when such an accident occurs would be hard to find. And unfortunately Lady—was of all of us the most over-easy. She laughed all through tea, and was laughing still when I saw her get into her dog cart and drive away down the gravel path.

Not Such Fun as He Thought.

From the Buffalo Express.

She was young and pretty, and as she sat beside the window of the Central depot where the cool breeze fanned her brow, no wonder she attracted the attention of one of those travelers who deem it the chief end of traveling to make a mask! He worshiped her from a distance, and smiled upon her from afar, but, growing bolder as his advances were seemingly not resented, he finally drew near and ventured a remark as a feeler. The liberty was not resented and he ventured another, which elicited a courteous reply. He was getting along famously, so he thought, and was blissfully ignorant of the amused glances cast in his direction by a man who was entertaining a lady by showing the little ones the sights of the station. Finally, when matters had proceeded far enough, and the gallant tourist was beginning to say tender things to his new-found acquaintance, the lady's father walked over and placing the infant in his lap said: "My dear young man, while you are entertaining the baby's mamma, suppose you tend the baby also, while I go out and get a drink?"

Happily Remitted.

A gentleman in Gloucester Mass., picked up one-half of a \$5 bill. It had been torn exactly in the middle. He was told it was good for one-half its original value—\$2.50. Going to a bank, he received his information. Afterward he took it to Boston, but was told at the sub-treasury that the half bill was worth \$5 if he could positively prove that the other half had been destroyed; otherwise it was worth nothing. The