# MERLE'S CRUSADE

BY ROSA NAUCHETTE CAREY. or of "Barbara Heathcole's Trial,"
"Queenie's Whim," "The Search
for Bastl Lyndhurst."

CHAPTER IL -AN UNPREACHED SERMON. Such as odd thing happened a few min-es afterward. I was sitting quite quietly in my corner, turning over in my mind all the arguments with which I had a-called Aunt Agatha that Sunday aftericelight in contrast to the whiteness of woutside, when the door bell rang, most the next moment Uncle Keith came into the room.

I suppose he must have overlooked me cottage, entirely, for he went up to Aunt Agatha A few offended

all the way home, and what a pleasant sight my wife's face would be after my long walk through the snow and—" Het

sentence to bring in the tea, and yet that sentence of Uncle Keith's touched me

creature, and I always though a great pity that she was engaged to a journey-silenced by masculine cunning. "What man boot maker, who aspired to be a an advantage to these little creatures to preacher. I never could approve of Reu-hear English pure and undefiled from hear Locke, though Aunt Agatha spoke their cradles, and to be trained to habits well of him; he was such a weak, pale of refinement and good manners by merefaced young man; and I think a man, to by instinctively following the example bebe one, ought to have some spirit in fore their eyes. Children are such copy-him, and not possess only the womanish ists, one shudders to think of these im-

of seeing our little handmaid's dimples person. come into view.

"I do not approve of sites passes, myself," I remarked, a little severely.
"Indeed, miss," replied Patience, inno"Unlady-like to be a servant," another
"Unlady-like to be a servant," another tray. "Reuben always tells me that the imaginary objection on Uncle Keith's apostles were street preachers, and Renben is as clear as Gospel in what he says." you, who read your Bible and go to But here the drawing-room bell broke off church? And yet I remember a certain Patience's argument, and left me some passage. "Whosoever will be chief among what worsted. I went to church by myself that evening, and I am ashamed to hallowed the very idea of service ever say I heard very little of the sermon. I since.

"Yes, Uncle Keith."

"Do you mean to tell me seriously that you have really made up your mind to ake this step?" "Oh, I am quite serious, I assure you."

"Your aunt's objections and mine do not count for much, then?"

What a silly child you are, and yet you think yourself a woman?" "but I must do as I think right in this matter. I hope to prove to you and everyone else that there is nothing derogatory in the work I mean to undertake. It is not what I would se, perhaps, but everything else is closed to me:" thinking sorrowfully of my life-long misfortune, as I always called it, and my repressed longings for hospital

Perhaps if you waited something else might turn up." But I shook my head at "I have waited too long already, Uncle

Keith; idleness soon becomes a habit."
"Then if you have made up your mind, It is useless to try and alter it," returned Uncle Keith, in a slightly ironical tone: and he actually took up the volume he was reading in a way that showed he had distnissed the subject. I was never more Ne'onished in my life; never had Uncle Keith so completely baffled me. I had spent the whole time during which

onght to have been listening to the sermon in recapitulating the heads of my arguments in favor of this very scheme; would show Uncle Keith how clearly logically I could work out the sub-

I had thought out quite an admirable little essay on feminine work in the nine-teenth century by the time Mr. Wright had finished his discourse. I meant to have cited the Challoners as an example, ot Agatha had stayed in the neighborad often paid visits at Longment

nd Glen Cottage. The eldest Miss Challoner-Nan, I think y called her—was just preparing for own wedding, and Aunt Agatha often id me what a beautiful girl she was what a fine, intelligent creature the deleter Phillis seemed. She was enad sister Fillis seemed. She was the deal of to a young clergyman at Hadleigh, there had been some talk of a double ling, only Nan's father-ju-law, Mr. ne, of Longmead, had been rather as the notion, so Phillis' was to be speed until the autumn.

All the neighborhood of Oldfield had

been ringing with the strange exploits of these young ladies. One little fact had leaked out after another; it was said their ousin, Sir Henry Challoner, of Gilsbank, had betrayed the secret, though he always vowed his wife had a hand, or rather a tougue, in the businessebut any-how, there was a fine nine-days' gossip

over the ma fer, scenied that some time previously Mrs. Challoner and her three daughters had sustained severe losses, and the three girls, instead of losing courage, had put their shoulders to the wheel, and had act-ually set up as dressmakers at Hadleigh, carrying on their business in a most masterly fashion, until the unexpected return of their relative. Sir Harry Challoner, from Australia, with plenty of money at his disposal, broke up the dress-making business, and re-instated them at Glen

"Sweetheart," he said, taking her hand, and I should hardly have recognized his voice, "I have been thinking about you all the way home, and what ance, it had become the fashion to praise them. Aunt Agatha had often quoted them to me, saying she had never met long walk through the snow and—" But here Aunt Agatha must have given him a warning look, for he stopped rather abruptly and said, "Hir-rumph" twice over, and Aunt Agatha blushed just as though have added my crowning argument.

she were a girl.

I could not help laughing a little to myto say in favor of my theory The love of self as I went out of the room to tell Pa- little children was very strong with me. I had often been pained as I walked through the streets at seeing tired chilsomehow. Were middle aged people capa-ble of that sort of love? Did youth linger some coarse, uneducated nurse. It had so long in them? I had imagined those always seemed rather a pitiful idea to me so long in them? I had imagined those two such a staid, matter-of-fact couple; they had come together so late in life that one never dreamed of any possible romance in such a courtship, and yet he could call Aunt Agatha "sweetheart" in a voice that was not the least drawling.

At that moment one would not have called her position or rank hinder her constant him so plain and insignificant with that supervision, why need she relegate her kind look on his face. I suppose he keeps maternal duties to uneducated women? kind look on his face. I suppose he keeps that look for Aunt Agatha, for I remember she once told me that she had never world who would gladly undertake such world who would gladly undertake such een such a good face as Uncle Keith's, "not handsome, Merie of so thoroughly good."

Patience was toastin the ber bright little kitchs and watched her. I was partial limagined myself saying in answer to some

partial Imagined myself saying in answer to some looking objection on Uncle Keith's part, never dreaming that all this eloquence would be hear English pure and undefiled from virtues.
"How is Reuben, Patience?" I asked, by their natural guardians to take their pressionable little beings being permitted somewhat amiably, just for the pleasure earliest lessons from some uneducated

Women are crying out for work, Un-"Reuben's but poorly, miss," replied cle Keith." I continued, carrying my war-Patience, as she buttered another smoking muffin, the last of the pile. "He was preaching at Whitechapel the other night, and caught a cold and sore throat; his mother says he will not be at chapel tonight."

They are invading telegraph offices, and

you let him be your servant,' which has

knew Aunt Agatha would be taking advantage of my long absence to retail what she termed my preposterous scheme to Uncle Keith, and that I should have the benefit of his opinion on my return, and this thought made me restless.

I was not wrong in my surmise. Aunt Agatha looked a little pale and subdued, agelt, but for others. I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the stable pale and subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agelt, but for others, I wan to open the subdued, agel as though she had been shedding a few eyes of my generation, and, like the Chal-tears over my delinquencies, but Uncle loners, to lead a new crusade against the Cyrus Field—paid to Edison at his Keith was simply inscrutable; when he mighty sham of conventionality. Under those, his face could present a perfect blank.

"Hir-rumph, my dear, what is this index of the stand me, Under your aunt tells me, that you are going to ambulator with the twins, or carry the out of his work-room, where he was Prince's Gate to-morrow morning to offer baby into the park before the eyes of your busy, and shook hands with Mr. Field. your services as nurse in a gentleman's aristocratic acquaintance; that would be unnecessary and foolish; you may leave that part to the under-nurse, who brings your meals and scours your nurseries; I simply say to them, 'II you have no capacity for teaching, if Nature has mafitted you for other work, and you are too proud and conscientions to live a dragging, de-pendent life under the root of some over-"I should be sorry to go against your wishes or Aunt Agatha's," I returned, trying to keep cool; but his manner, as usual, aggravated me; it said so plainly, and clothe an infant, or to watch over burdened relative, take the charge of some peath your womanhood to feed and wash and clothe an infant, or to watch over weak toddling creatures. Your work may be humble, but you will grow to love it, and if no one else will put the theory to the test, I, Meric Fenton, will do so, though I must take the plunge unaided and alone,"

But all these feeling observations were locked up in my own inner consciousness, for during the remainder of the evening Uncle Keith simply ignored the subject and read his book with a pretense of being perfectly absorbed in it, though I am certain that his eyes twinkled mischievously whenever he looked in my direction, as though he were quite aware of my flood

of repressed oratory.

I determined to have it out with Aunt Agatha, so I followed her into her room, and asked her in a pecvish voice what she meant by saying Uncle Keith would be so angry with me, as he had not raised a single objection; and, of course, as silmaiden was an acquaintance of the ence meant consent, I should most cerproprietor, and always bought her No. tainly keep my appointment at Prince's

"Tell me all about it from the very beginning." I returned, eagerly. "Patience has made such a nice fire, because she said she was afraid you had a cold, and I can just sit by it and brush out my hair while

after all there is not much to tell," ob-

"Oh, yes; he said, 'Poor little thing,' in the kindest possib way, 'and quite right

Well?" rather impatiently.

"He listened very attentively until I read him out the advertisement, but that seemed to upset him, for he burst out laughing, and I thought he would never stop. I was half crying by that time, for you had worried me to death all the afternoon, Merie, but nothing I could say would make him grave for a long time. He said once, What could have put such a thing into her head" and then he laughed again as though the idea amused him. and then he rubbed his hands and muttered, 'What an original child it is; there is no deficiency of brain power, as far as I can see; who would have dreamed of such

Then I may flatter myself that Uncle Keith approves of my scheme?" I observed, stiffly, for I was much offended at the idea

of his laugh. "Oh, dear, no!" returned Aunt Agatha, in an alarmed voice, "he expressed his disapproval very strongly; he said it was all very weil in theory, and that, on the whole, he agreed with you that the nursery was undoubtedly a lady-like sphere, but he was far from sure that your scheme would be practical. He foresaw all kinds of difficulties, and that he did not con-sider you at all the person for such a posi-

Why did not Uncle Keith say all this

to me himself?" I demanded.
"Because he said it would only be sowing the wind to raise the whirlwind. In an argument be declares women always have the best of it, because they can talk the fastest, and never will own they are beaten; to raise objections would only be to strengthen you more in your purpose.

I think," finished Aunt Agatha, in ber softest voice, "that he hoped your plan would die a natural death, for he recom mended me to withdraw all opposition."

Oh, the cunning of these men! I would watching Rarus with as much interest not have believed all this of Uncle Keith. as Dave did. When the horse was re-I was far too angry to talk any more to Aunt Agatha, I only commanded my voice sufficiently to say that I fully intended to climb on his forward legs and kiss him, keep my appointment the next day; and as she only looked at me very sadly and and nothing, I had no excuse for lingering any longer, so I took up my candle-

stick and marched into my own room.

It felt cold and desolate, and as 1 sat down by the toilet table, such sad eyes looked into mine from the depths of the and whenever I led Rarus out to show

My want of beauty never troubled me; it has always been my private conviction that we ought to be thankful if we are tolerably pleasant in other people's eyes; beauty is too rare a gift to be often reproduced. If people thought results in the second sulky was used. tolerably pleasant in other people's eyes; beauty is too rare a gift to be often reproduced. If people thought me nice-looking I was more than content; perhaps it was surprising that, with such good-looking parents, I was just ordinary and nothing else. "But never mind, Merle, you have a good figure and talking eyes," as Aunt Agatha once said to me. "I was much plainer at your age, my dear, but my plainness never prevented me from having a bappy life and a good husband."

"Well, perhaps I should like a happy life, too, but as for the husband—never dream of that, my good girl; remember your miserable deficiency in this enelightened age. No man in his senses would condone that; put such thoughts resolute-

condone that: but such thoughts resolutely away, and think only of your work in

(To be continued.)

## Edison and the "Paupers."

At that instant something popped into his head appropos of the experiment evening, would light his pipe and solvening. he was at work on. He never gives an idea time to escape him. Without a word of excuse to the four magnates he turned on his beel and hurried into his den again. They waited and waited, and by and by, tired out with delay, wended their way down-stairs. Shortly afterward Edison came out and asked: "Where did those paupers goP

Down-stairs." "Did they walk?"

"That's right. I don't want 'em to wear the oil off my elevator." Then he stood around for an hour and swapped stories with the men in the shop. He is the greatest man living for stories, and it is a tradition among his employes that they can tell the same story every day for a week and he'll never tire of it, nor in fact show any sign of having heard it before.

## A Live Lewiston Girl.

Sae was as gentle of eye as a soft gazelle, that she was, for this didn't happen this week, although it is by no means ancient history. It was in a shoe store in Lewiston, and the gentle maiden was an acquaintance of the 28 there when she encased her dainty feet in anything brand new. "Here's "To tell you the truth, Merle, I did not quite understand your uncle myself; I expected a very different reception of my news."

something that will fit you," said the jocular proprietor, passing out a pair of wool boots fitted with a pair of lumbers rubbers. "I'll make you a present of them if you will something that will fit you," said the down to the Post Office and back."
"Wait a minute," said she, and in a
"minute" she was arrayed in wool
boots and lumberman's rubbers. was afraid you had a cold, and I can ist sit by it and brush out my hair while talk."
"But I am tired and sleepy, child, and is if they feared the light," wrote the than ten minutes, red-cheeked and laughing. "There," said she, as she passed up the boots. Do them up, or companion, and how, in spite of this serious obstacle, you were determined to work and be independent."

"Well, and did he say nothing to all that?" I asked, for I knew in what a feeling manner Aunt Agatha would have de-line wool boots from his thoughtful daughter in Lewiston.

"I told him everything, Merie; how your one little defect hindered you, poor him in the minutes, red-cheeked and laughing. "There," said she, as she passed up the boots. Do them up, lis jaw dropped as far as it could had a ten-pound weight been attached to it. The judge paid no attention to him, but the shoe dealer was as good as his word, and "dad" marvelled at a pair of nice wool boots from his thoughtful daughter in Lewiston. poet 200 years ago, but he didn't refer to the Lewiston young lady who did this feat on foot, or he never would

RARUS AND JIMMY.

rkable Friendship Hetween the Fa-

No sketch of Rarus would be complete without some mention of his re-markable friendship for a dog. When horse was in California a fireman gave to Splan a wiry-haired Scotch terrier pup, which was then two months old, and weighed, when full grown, only two pounds. Splan in turn over the control of t turn gave Jimmy, as the pup was called, to Dave, the groom of Rarus, with the caution not to let the horse hurt him, for on several occasions Rarus had bitten dogs that ventured into his stall. But to this terrier, which is described as possessing almost human intelligence, the trotter took a great faney, which the dog fully re-turned. They became fast and inseparable friends.

"Not only," said Mr. Splan, "were they extremely fond of each other, but they showed their affection as plainly as did ever a man for a woman. never took any pains to teach the dog anything about the horse. Everything the dog knew came to him by his own patience. From the time I took him to the stable a pup until I sold Rarus they were never separated an hour. We once left the dog in the stall while we took the horse to the blacksmith shop. and when we came back we found that he had made havoe with everything there was in there trying to get out, while the horse, during the entire journey, was uneasy, restlesss and in general acted as badly as the dog did.

"Dave remarked that he thought we had better keep the horse and dog to-gether after that. When Rarus went to the track for exercise or to trot a race, the dog would follow Dave around and sit by the gate at his side, watching Rarus with as much interest two boys. If the horse lay down Jimmy would climb on his back, and in that way soon learned to ride him, mirror, that a curious self-pitying feeling made me prop my chin on my hands and exchange looks of silent sympathy with my image.

him to the public Jimmy invariably knew what it meant, and it enhanced the value of the performance by the manner in which he could get on the horse's back. On these occasions the

his life by his wife's grave. He came in the early morning and after remov-ing any microscopic weed that might nave showed itself since the previous emnly contemplate the stones in his vicinity. He went regularly to his meals, and as regularly noon nap on the grass by the grave-side. Shortly before his last visit to the cherished spot he requested me to decipher for him the dates upon several of the gravestones; and versed about many whom we had known in life and who had passed away. I remarked that the churchyard was a very pretty place and his face lighted up as he rejoined: "Ah, mester. I have always thought that I should like to be buried here, for," looking around, "you see, there's such a splendid view from here." This was uttered in good faith and the old man seemed convinced that neither coffin lid nor churchyard clods would obstruct his view. Perhaps they don't! In a few brief weeks he came to his favorite haunt to stay. "Poor old William," the flowers on your grave have run wild long ago and no one seems to remember you as they pass by .-- Cham-bers' Journal.

Made Him Move On. Judge Emery tells a story partly at his own expense and partly at the expense of a special policeman, says the Minneapolis Tribune. It was at the time of a street car strike, when people were arrested for refusing to "move on." The judge was walking up Nicollet avenue when the excitement was at its heat. When near the Nicollet had sought shelter there. S House he met one or two acquaintances and stopped to talk with the "Move on," said a "special," coming

"All right," said the judge. "Come in here," said he to his companions, as he stepped into a doorway.

That did not suit the special, and he "fired" them out. Finding the place decidedly uncomfortable, the judge left the neighborhood. The next day the special was in court to testify



THE SEA-SERPENT AGAIN. A sea-serpent, 103 feet long, covered with silvery, shining scales, and having embryo wings on its shoulders, was seen to coil itself up in slippery folds on the coast of Florida last month. Three reliable persons saw this creature distinctly. After rolling and twisting its bulky form around on the beach for a few minutes, it slipped off into the water and disappeared in the east, followed by a path of foam which could be seen for an hour afterwards.

Reader, the above is a "yarn." If people would believe the following truthful statement as readily as they swallow sea serpent stories, it would be the means of saving thousands of lives. The statement which we desire to make in the most emphatic manner, is, that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, if taken in time and given a fair trial, will actually cure consumption of the lungs, which is really scrofulous discase of the lungs, which is really scrofulous discase of the lungs. If this wonderful medicine don't do all we recommend, when taken as directed, we will cheerfully and promptly return all money paid for it. Can any offer be more generous or fair! No other medicines and fatal malady—Consumption, to warrant its

## \$500 OFFERED for an incurab the proprietors of DR. SAGE'S CATARRM REMEDY

the proprietors of DR. CAGE'S CATARRIN REMEDY.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRIN.—Headache, obstruction of nose, discharges falling into throat, sometimes profuse, watery, and acrid, at others, thick, tenacious, mucous, purulent, bloody and putrid; eyes weak, ringing in ears, deafness, difficulty of clearing throat, expectoration of offensive matter; breath offensive; smell and taste impaired, and general debility. Only a few of these symptoms likely to be present at once. Thousands of cases result in consumption, and end in the grave.

By its mild, soothing, antiseptic, cleansing, and healing properties, Dr. Sage's Remedy cures the worst cases. This infallible remedy does not, like the poisonous irritating snuffs, "creams" and strong caustic solutions with which the public have long been humbugged, simply palliate for a short time, or drive the disease to the lungs, as there is danger of doing in the use of such nostrums, but if produces perfect and permanent cures of the worst cases of Chronic Catarrha, as thousands can testify. "Cold in the Head" is cured with a few applications. Catarrhal Headache is relieved and cured as if by magic. By druggists, 50 cents.

Women of the American Frontier.

Many an interesting story can be told of the women who have lived in their lonely homes out of what used to there was a bull-terrier in charge, and one day when for some real or noted affront, the small dog attacked in the old geographies as the great American desert. I was recently told the experience of a Miss Church, near Callahan, on the Denver, Texas and Fort Worth railroad in this state, writes will Ferrill in the Kansas Church, and distress pulled lack on the langer and distress, pulled back on the half of the claim, or which she had lived and At Orange you can hear numberless stall and would have made short work built a rude cabin. She had a cow, a stories of Edison, says the Electric Age. of the bull terrier had he not been rehorse, pigs, chickens, etc. All these women keep a good saddle horse. They may want to go to the country store, the postoffice, or if sick could star for Asleep in a Churchyard.

An old man who sleeps by the road
the postoflice, or if sick could star for the nearest neighbor before too ill to ride. Her nearest neighbor was three there was a hot contest as to who side vonder, and upon whose tomb are or more miles away. At first she was nervous about being so far away by

She would nail down her window at night. She would then take a board the length of her room, and placing one end against the door, propped the other end against the opposite wall. She would then lie down to pleasant slumber and happy dreams with an ax at easy reach. It is possible she had a pistol in the cabin, for the most of the women living alone on their lands keep such weapons for handy use if the same should be needed. But after becoming used to the place and seeing that no one molested the women of the frontier. the locking of her door was sufficient She spent one night, though, of awful horror. A terrible snow storm was sweeping over the great plains and she felt her little cabin rocking to and

Hastily lighting the lamp and dressing she peered out through the window into the darkness of the howling teppest. She was first startled by eyes of a cow up near the window pane. She then made the discovery that a herd of cattle had erowded around her cabin for shelter. The herd grew larger and larger until the cabin swaved not by the howling winds. but by the pressure of cattle. She walked up and down the floor through the long hours of the night fearing every moment that the storm-driven cattle would turn her cabin over.

I hear a similar story from Miss located on Emily Brown, who had ranch. At one time she taught school in the Leadville public schools. She is now chaperoning some New York girls in Europe. She felt her cabin rocking in a storm and supposed that had sought shelter there. She tried to scare them away, but the poor, shiver-ing brutes refused to go. Miss Brown then took out her pistol and, raising a window, began firing it into the air and the cattle fled.

Woman realizes that by all the ecouomy she can use she can not save enough from a salary to keep her in her old age and she is becoming more of a speculator. We see it manifested in the west. All honor to the women of the American frontier, for their courage and kindly home influence have blazed the way for civilization wherein man of himself was weak and belpless.

German chemists have discovered in the cocoanut a fatty substitute for but-ter, and it is being produced in large quantities at Mannheim. One factory judge," said the special, as he went out-sids and drew a sigh of relief.

### His Other Self Appeared.

She was a great woman's rights woman. She attended meetings and corresponded with Belva Lockwood and was in communication with all the great women's organizations. The society of which she was a prominent member invited a "way up" speaker to lecture on the subject. He was, of course, entirely in sympathy with it. He came. He was a good looking man, and the first thing that happened was that the society became sentiment-ally interested as individuals. He preached the fullest kind of doctrine of should win him. A man of such broad ideas must make a spendid husband. She finally got him. Those who got left beame more rabid against men than before. She was happy for awhile, when she suddenly remembered the society and felt that she ought to go to one of their meetings. With a gladsome smile she suggested it to her hus-

"No," said he, "that was all very well before we were married; but you can't go to any more of those hen con-

"But, my dear, if we don't go how about your lectures?"

O, I'm different now." "You are, are you? Well, if I don't go, you don't; that's all, I haven't listened to your arguments on the equality of the sexes for nothing." So they went. But the society didn't want any more lectures at \$50 apiece. Now she's a sptrit medium and he works the cabinet trick.—San Fran-

Dude and Conductor.

I stumbled over an old-fashioned bair trunk as I jumped on the front platform of a crowded horse car in Morrisania the other afternoon, says the N. Y. Siar. A spruce-looking young dude was using it as a foot-rest, and when the conductor came out to collect fares he told the young man that he wanted an extra fare for carrying the trunk.

T've paid my fare, and that's all you get from me," said the dude. "All right," snarled the conductor; "then off it goes," and a moment later he had bundled it off into the roadway. A couple of blocks further on the conductor, who had been glowering at the dude all the way, said. 'I told you I'd throw it off, and I did; see."

"What's that to me?" said the young fellow quietly. "It isn't my trunk?"

While the conductor was ranning back after the trunk the dude stepped off the car, and, with the remark such a looking thing," disappeared in the gathering gloom.

Jute Twine.

Hitherto only hemp twine has been employed by the British postoffice in making up bags and parcels, but experiments with jute cord having proved successful it has been decided to exsuccessful it has been decided to extend the use of jute throughout the country. The hemp twine costs from 6 1-2 pence to 1 shilling per pound, whereas the jute is being purchased at 3 1-2 pence, and it is computed by the change the government will save about £10,000 annually.