

CHAPTER XL-(Continued.)

"It is curious," said Mrs. L'Estrange, s if to herself. "I never thought Clifford as if to herself. Marsden would tie himself to any woman, unless for a large money bribe. He knows exactly how you are situated, and I think the better of him! He must love you very much."

"He says he does. I believe he does!" said Nora, sitting down on her footstool again and clasping her hands round her thee in a thoughtful pose. "In fact, I am half frightened at the idea of his enring so much about me, though this is weak and I never thought the squire could be so intensely in earnest about anything. I feel somehow to blame, for, Helen, I am not one bit in love with him. I told him so, and he said he knew it."

'My dear child, you do not know whether you are or not! Clifford Marsden is a man who might teach any woman to love him; and why should he not win you? He shows that he is sincerely, disinterestedly attached to you. I must say I am entirely on his side.

"Are you?" said Nora, dreamily. "I suppose so." She sighed. "It is a marriage that would have given

your father the keenest pleasure." Nora was silent. "Did you, then, reject him?" Nora asked Mrs. L'Estrange.

"He would not accept rejection," said Nora, with a grave smile. "He said 1 must hear him; that I must marry him; he seemed rather angry and excited, but we parted good friends. I promised to think of all he had said, and to speak to you, who would be his friend he was sure. am astonished he should care for me so much! He has seen such quantities of charming, beautiful people-but he does! On! Helen. He is wonderfully fond of me! I could hear it in his voice. I am very ungrateful, I wish he was not. I am afraid even if I were to marry him he would be disappointed to find I could not shall I say, Nora?" love him enough. It is-I mean it must so wretched, not to receive as much as one gives."

"My dear, you cannot fail to love him eartily! You are perfectly heart whole, and yours is a kindly nature, not likely to harden itself against the tenderness of a true lover.

"No; perhaps not. I wish I did love him. How happy and light-hearted I should be! Now I am uncertain and miserable. I am so impatient, Helen! I can not rest if I am unhappy. I must get light and freedom, or I should beat myself to pieces against my prison bars! You are ever so much braver and nobler."

"You have never come in contact with a real necessity, Nora. You can not conceive how inexorably submission is forced spon one sometimes." These was a short pause.

"I should be glad, I confess," resumed Mrs. L'Estrange, "to see you well and happily married. You would, I am sure, be always a kind sister to my poor little

with me? MAS ALEXANDER

f the world, had never heard the various reports respecting his wild extravagance, his generally reckless life. Even if she had, she would, like a simple, good woman, have fully believed in the power of a pure attachment to elevate and reform the most determined rake. Besides, though truly and warmfy attached to her stepdaughter, she was keenly alive to the fact that her own precious child was utterly dependent on her half sister. She never doubted that Nora, if left to herself would be both just and generous, but if

Nora married before attaining her majority, Beatrice would be really dependent in some mere stranger, and men are se strange and hard about money matters. Then a husband's power and influence are so great; the poor lonely widow, though blushed for herself, earnestly hoped Nora would not marry until she was 21. If Nora married Marsden, she felt sure he would be kind and generous. He was peculiarly sympathetic. It was this that gave him more than half his attraction. He always conveyed the idea that he was really glad to help any one. His detesta tion of everything uppleasant or painful

gave him an air of kindness that imposed even on himself.

Yes, if Nora would consent, Bea's future was secure, and why should she not? A better, or indeed a happier, marriage could not be found. Why Nora was not already in love with her suitor, Mrs. L'Estrange could not understand, and set it down to one of the inscrutable mysteries of a young undeveloped nature.

Nora, too, was thoughtful, and the evening passed almost in silence; occasionally each spoke a few words, and then fell into a fit of musing. The spell, however, was broken by the entrance of the servant with a note for Mrs. L'Estrange.

The messenger walts. 'm. "I will ring in a minute or two," said

Mrs. L'Estrange, opening the envelope, "It is from Mr. Marsden, Nora," s ahe exclaimed. "He wants to see me alone to-morrow morning."

"Indevd" "I suppose"-suiling-"he wants to se-

cure your vote and interest." "They are his already." A pause. "What

"Whatever you choose,"

"Then I shall ree him."

She rose, went to the writing table, and enned a few lines, and sent them to Marsden's messenger.

"I imagine that Mr. Marsden will not be easily turned from his purpose. And I hope, Nora, you will not too thoughtlessly refuse so sincere and disinterested a lover.

"Oh! I know all that can be urged in his favor," said Nora, rather impatiently; "and he is very nice-only-I think I should like to be Nora L'Estrange some time longer. I have seen so little How could I manage a great establish ment like Evesleigh House? I am half afraid of that awful housekeeper. And the sonire himself likes everything to so perfect-so elegant-he might regret ais own haste in wanting to marry such a half-fledged creature as I am.' "Nora, dear Nora! this humility is

new development! "I know what I am fit for, and I am not humble, but I do not want to attempt what is likely to be too much for me.

"And seem a concelted jackmapes by implying that only a previous attachment should have prevented her failing in love Sweet peace spreads her wings on the

Mrs. L'Estrange smilled.

"I do not think Nora is disposed to fall, in love very readily. Then there was co-one for her to fall in love with." "Some women might fancy Winton." "I do not think Norn dis. Indeed, they

never seenand to take much to each other, estucially of inte.

"Well, Mrs. L'Estrange, you will back me up? I may depend on you?" "You may. How did you and Nors party

"Oh, she was anxious to get rid of me; I could see that, but I told her I would not take her first 'No,' nor her second either! Mrs. L'Estrange, I am determined that Noru shall be my wife."

"Not against her will?"

"No; that would be too ungallant," re turning to his usual light tone; "but with her will." "Take my advice; wait a few days be

fore repeating your offer. Let me tell her you will give her time to think, and, meanwhile, that she must let you come as a friend and kinsman. "Very well. I shall be guided by you.

but I can't stand this uncertainty long. Why does she not like me? for she doesn't."

"It is impossible to say; she is not a ommonplace girl." "Thank you for the implied compli-

ment. "You have caught me up too soon. Will

you write what I have suggested, or shall speak to Nora?" "I will write," he said, and speedily

traced a few lines. "There," ied, handing the note to Mrs. L'Estrange. "I am very grateful for your help, and believe me, if I become your step-son-inlaw, I will care for your interests and those of my little friend, Bea, as if they were my own."

"You are very good." said Mrs. L'Estrange, softly.

"Now," continued Marsden, "what shall we do? It is an awful time in London; 1 almost wish I had not come up. There is shooting, or hunting, or something to be done in the country. Have you been to Windsor? It is a tolerably fine day. Let us go down and lunch there, and walk about after. Just settle it with Nora."

"Very well," said Mrs. L'Estrange, and left the room.

She was some little time absent, during which Marsden walked to and fro, picked up and put down books and papers which iny about, and occasionally looked at the clock. He was impatient, but not uneasy; he did not doubt his nitimate success, and was not altogether displeased with Nora's hesitation. It was the sense of difficulty which was her crowning charm.

He had seen many lovelier and more fascinating women; but none had ever charmed and vanquished him as this unworldly, natural young cousin. What fair round arms she had! What sweet mouth, half sad, half haughty! Would she ever press it fondly to his? What would he not dare, what villainy himself away from every one? And would her extremely. the day ever come when she would be to

ant enough, but nothing remarkable? Well, not for a long time. There would himself into an armchair and took up a seat. book of photographs; it opened at the por- "Oh, Mr. Vansittart, suppose he trait of Mrs. Ruthvan. Was that an evil should be drowned!"

"I think you ought to be content," said

sould bring them together.

the friend.

Perhaps hypnotism will develop to a

point where it can overcome this na-tural disadvantage. Or perhaps man-

kind will get over the brow of the hill so that the way to good will be a down grads.—Chicago News.

(To be continued.)

As to Hypnotism.

No less a personage than Dr. Park-

omen? He hated her; yet, when they had | "Suppose he ?" I paused. The

which he

DELIVERANCE

orient shore; Japan will be kinder-for cash.

"Twixt his legs is the tail which with hejlicose ruar. The dragon was 'customed to lash.

From those wild, woozy words we are rescued at last; Alf, they led us a merciless dance!

And we sigh relief that the ordeni is past And English once more gets a chance.

We left our vernacular's musical flow To struggle with "Ta-Lien-Wan. We affected to know all about "Hni-

Yank-To," And likewise about "Sha-Hwo-Yuan." "Wei-Hei-Wei" was a theme that embit

tered one's dream, But au fait were expressions like these, So we tackled "New Chwang" and we

murmured "Ping Yang" With pathetic assumptions of ease.

But no more are our courses reluctantly bent

Where syllabic monstrosities wait; The sunshine has dawned where 'twa

chill discontent. And we join in thanksgiving to Fate. No longer our wandering intellects go Through the gazetteer's mazy expanse

Mid the dipthongs that grow by the fertile Hoang-Ho. For English once more gets a chance.

-Washington Star.



MET her on the shores of the lake There were real tears in her eyes. "Oh, Mr. Vansittart," she cried. "What shall I do? My husband's out

in a boat, ever so far away, and the wind's rising, and the boatman says that it's awfully dangerous when there's a storm, and-

I tilted my hat forward and scratched my head.

"I don't see what you can do," said I, compassionately. I had sat next her would be not commit, to secure her for three nights at table d'hote, and liked

"Look at those trees! Oh, how it im as other women, graceful and pleas blows! And, see! Great waves!" "The wind is certainly getting up." I

be a spell of heaven first. Here he threw admitted, sitting down on a garden

met early that year in Paris, before he iden was a new one to me. I turned it had seen Nora, he was rather taken with over in my mind. "Well, suppose he passed on. her. Her veiled admiration for himself should?" I said at last, in an inquiring

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Vansiturt!" "I say, I can imagine myself making it the work-the whole preoccupationthe worthy task- of my life thus to restore happiness to one from whom it

seemed to have departed forever." "It would be a splendid thing for a man to do, worldn't it?"

There was a fause. Then she said: "But, Mr. Vansittart, would you-who are so young and so-and so-and so-1 mean, who are to young-be content with a heart that had spent its first most contentedly. love on another, in which the freshness of youthful-"

"I sometimes think," I interrupted, in low, but urgent tones, "that affection of that kind is nobler, better than the rash impulsiveness of an ignorant girl. It would be a sympathetic communion of minds, of souls, Mrs. Lawrence." "Yes, I see. Yes, it would, Mr. Van-

sittart."

"My sympathy for you," I pursued, would soften and inspire my nature. I should be elevated to your level. And, perhaps, at last, when long years had obliterated-

"Well, had blurred, Mr. Vansittart." "Yes, had blurred the pain of memto see to understand-how what once seemed so distressing was really, in spite of its sadness, the necessary condition for the perfect development of two human lives."

For a moment we sat in thought, Then Mrs. Lawrence observed: "Good so often comes out of suffer ing, doesn't it

"It indeed seems to be the way of the world."

"A woman placed as you describe, Mr. Vansittart, would feel, I am sure, so deep, so strong a gratitude for the man who had nobly dedicated his life to her that, as time wore on, she would give to him an affection, different in kind, perhaps, but not inferior in intensity, to that which she had felt for the man who first won her heart.' "That would be the only reward

should hope for," said I. "So that, in the end, I should feel-it would be borne in upon me that this man was real, my true, my only-" At this point Mrs. Lawrence stopped abruptly, for a shadow fell between us, and, on looking up, we saw a stout, elderly man, wearing a blue jersey,

standing just in front of us. "Beg pardon, mum," said he, "but are you the lady what asked Jim Dobbs about the gentleman what's out in the bont?"

"About the-what? Oh, yes, 1 suppose-oh. yes, I am."

"Well, you've no cause to be put out about 'im, mum. He's just rounding curred the ministry was harassed by the point, and he'll be ashore in two minutes' time."

"But Dobbs said it was very dangerous," I protested.

"Dobbs don't know everything, sir, beggin' your pardon. Anyways, the gentleman's safe enough. Glad of it for your sake, mum."

"Thank you-thank you so much. said Mrs. Lawrence.

The elderly man stood looking at me in such a manner that I took sixpence out of my pocket and gave it to him. To be trank, I have seldom grudged a sixpence more. Then the elderly man

ter and to public entertainments, and There was a long silence. Mrs. Law

"We didn't exactly think it." I broke in. "We assumed it by way of ---

"Please, Robble, will you take me into the house?" said Mrs. Lawrence hastily.

Mrs. Lawrence did sit elsewhere at dinner, but Lawrence said to me, as we played tilliards afterward:

"Tell you what, old chap. If a fellow wants his wife to be extra pleasant te him, he can't do better than risk ble life on this beastly lake," and he smiled

It was more penitence, of course But 1 let him alone.

Caught a Shark with a Salmon Rod. Al Cumming had an encounter with a huge shark at Santa Cruz Sunday, says the San Francisco Examiner. Cum ming had engaged a boat and was out for salmon. Suddenly there was a jerk at his line that almost capsized the boat. The fish came to the surface. and his fins showed that he was a big shark.

Cumming toyed with him for a while, and as the shark felt the sharp prong of the hooks forced into his mouth he made a plunge, going down fully 100 feet and reeling out about 500 feet of line. Cumming had only 100 feet more on his reel, and if the shark had accomplished that distance he would have es caped. But he was exhausted and came to the surface again. Then, with the skill of an experienced angler, Cumming played the line carefully, and after great effort got the shark along side of his boat. Both the shark and his captor were winded. The boatman killed the shark with one blow of his boathook.

Mr. Cumming caught the shark with a twelve-ounce salmon rod and a linen salmon line. The fish was more that five feet in length and weighed fully 150 pounds. It is the largest shark ever landed there with a book and line and its capture was due to the perfect knowledge of fishing that Mr. Cumming possesses. The contest lasted just an hour, and exciting as it was for Mr. Cumming it was also as much se for the onlookers. Fully twenty boats were in the vicinity.

Portugal's Democratic King. Senor de Seguira Thadleu, the new minister from Portugal, who has just

presented his credentials to the State

Department, talks interestingly of af-

fairs in his country. "Our legislative

body," said he to an interviewer, "was

dissolved last December and we are to

have an election before it reassembles

in January. Before the dissolution oc-

the obstructive tactics of the minority

The ministry, which is conservative,

stands for monarchial institutions, and

has had a large majority of the house

of deputies to support it. But the tur-

moil of the minority was such the dis-

solution was welcome. The king moves

freely about the public places and

streets. Every day he may be seen on

the boulevards, sometimes on horse

back, sometimes walking or driving. He

goes unattended by military escort or

guards. He mingles with the people.

finds companions among them, and

talks with them. He goes to the thea-

as la mysell, it is

that I may " she stopped. "Certainin not: why should you not?" put in Nona cagerly. "You are young and fair assough to marry some good, delight ful person

"My dear Nora." interrupting in her "What can have suggested so absurd an idea? I was about to touch on a very different topic, but I will not now. Tell me, did Mr. Marsden say he would come again?"

"Yes-no. 1 am not sure what he said. But I think he will most probably."

"Well; we can say no more at present I will go and change my dress. I trust you will be wise, and not reject such a offer for a whim."

"I only want to do what is right," cried Nora, standing up, and letting her clasped hands full to the length of her arms. do wish I loved Clifford, as he deserve me to love him; but-it is very odd-) don't think I like him as well as I did resterday. I used to be quite glad to see him-and now I rather dread his coming. "That is natural enough, Nora. There

vill be a little awkwardness in meeting him at first. I do not quite understand your indifference to so very attractive a man as Clifford Marsden! Tell me-you know I would not intrude on your confidence; I only ask because you are dear to me as my own sister-have you any preference for some one else to steel your enrt?

Why! who has ever made love to me?" cried Nora, indignantly, coloring crimson as she spoke: "and am I the sort of giri to heatow my heart or fancy when neither are sought?

"Pardon me," said Mrs. L'Estrange. smiling. "the heart, even in the strongest minded young ladies, is strangely illogical and unaccountable."

Well, I really am not very silly. Now I have kept you too long, perhaps your is damp, and you know you must ot be imprudent."

"I know it, but I have been under cover

She took up her cloak and was leaving the room, when Nora exclaimed: "How selfish I am! I quite forgot to

Il you I had a few lines from Lady ngton. She mys Mrs. Ruthven is ily ill, with fever, nervous fever, ey are quite uneasy about her." 1 am sorry, very sorry. 1

Had Mrs. Buthven as well as you at I think she looked dreadfully wor-

"Did you, do you think ahe was very meh takes with the squire?" "Oh, I don't imagine she cares seriously r any one, ahe likes the most distin-taked man present," returned Mrs.

mid to so sorry to interfere with must be dreadful to be cut out if really foud of any one."

De not distress yourself on that score; mcy Mr. Maradea's flirtation with Mrs. form was of the very lightbut order. you answer Lady Dorrington's let-

t ence, and begged her to let us the patient was going on." "Estrange was faceinated by the

marriage with Marsdes.

There, don't let us talk about Clifford any tore-at least till you have seen him to norrow."

"Promise me not to refuse him without odt due reflection."

"No. I am too undecided to do that. would still be on his side, for he had a But it rather awful to think that, having vague, uncomfortable impression that said 'yes,' one cannot unsay it.' Mrs. Ruthven would work him evil. Mrs. L/Estrange need scarcely have rec-Here Mrs. L'Estrange returned

mmended Nora to reflect on Marsden's handed a little twisted note. She was haunted by the recoller dier. eagerly opened and read: "You are very tion of his words, his voice, his eyes. It s true that he kept himself well in hand, kind and considerate; I accept your sug gestion." This was simply signed "Nora. and kept back many a passionate expres sion that rushed to his lips. Neverthe Mrs. L'Estrange, smiling. ess, he had impressed Nora very deeply with the conviction that she was very esential to him. It rather weighed her an hour. Nora made no objection." lown with a vague sense of alarm. was she to do with this tremendous gift of ove?-so strong that his voice trembles n spite of his efforts to be steady, when he described it, and his heart throbbe fast and hard when he pressed her hand for a moment against it. Ought she con demn one who was so tenderly attached to her to suffer the pangs of disappoint ment and rejection, because she had

morbid fancy for another who did not care for her? And with the thought came a suggestion that sent thrills of pain quiv ering through her veins. Had the same words and tones and looks been Winton's how differently she would have respond Perliaps, by cultivating gratitude to Mars den, and giving herself up to his efforts to please and win her, she would succeed in loving him; and then she would make him out anew that nobody ever heard of happy and be happy herself. What a so anybody's being hypnotized to make lution of all difficulties that would Perhaps it would be the right thing to do How hard it was to know what was right. Finally, the tears welled up, as thought with regretful compassion of the strong emotion Marsden had displayedsurely such affection constituted a claim upon any kindly heart. Yet she ardently wished he had not taken such a fancy to her. So, after struggling with contra dictory thoughts for half the night, she fell asleep toward morning, with a halfuttered prayer to be directed aright upon

her lips Mrs. L'Estrange received Marsden cordially and cheerfully. She did not doubt for a moment that Nora, having recovered pull the load uphill and it fails. There her first startled surprise at his unexpectare no doubt plenty of persons, espeed proposal, would marry him willingly, as it was natural she should; and she was cially ladies, who go about weaving subtle hypnotic charms around men anxious he should see how very heartily for the noble purpose of leading them she was on his side. aright, just as the bad people whom "I feel sure I have a friend in you

were almost his first words, after he had shaken hands with her warmly, "we were always allies since your first appearance af Brookdale.

"Yes, Mr. Marsden, you were slways eleome to my husband and to me." "Nora has told you of the start I gave

"Nora has told you of the start I gave her," interrupted Marsden, who was ab-sorbed in his own projects. "I feel I have been too abrupt. In about, having been pretty far gone about her nearly ever since we met last spring. I fancied she must see it, and to be candid, her blindness greets that she may be preocrupied b

Toy ought to ask her, Mr. Marsden."

flattered and amused him. He ever thought of appropriating her wealth in exchange for his name . Now? Pah, how "And we've only been married a he wished she would die and take herself. year!"

ent of his world, where she was not want-"Yes, yes," said I thoughtfully 'Your love is still fresh?" The telegram that morning was about as bad as it could be; perhaps luck "As fresh as the day when-

"Your romance has not worn off, the day of disallusion has not come. Your

husband's memory would be the sweetest of consolation to you." "But, Mr. Vansit---'

"There would be no alloy in your rec ollections. You are young, your life would not be spoiled, but it would be, as it were, hallowed by sweet and not too poignant regrets. In the course

"I am-and our expedition to-day ?" "We will be ready to accompany you in of time the violence of grief would wear off." She sat down on the bench beside

The meeting, under such trying circum | stances, was less awkward than Nora exme and dug the end of her parasol into She could not help admiring the path. Marsden's tact and cool self-possession

"You would feel," I pursued, "that sa If anything, he was more attentive to Mrs. ! cred as those memories were-precious L'Estrange than to herself. The weather as they were-you would not be satiswas fine, the conversation light and anified in giving your whole life to them. mated. Marsden spoke of Mrs. Ruthven with much good feeling, and the day was And, at last, it may be that another far more agreeable than Nora anticipated. would come whonor did Marsden leave them without mak-

"Oh, I can hardly imagine that, Mr. ing some plans for the morrow which Vanshtart."

"Try," said 1, encouragingly. "One who, though not perhaps the equal in all respects of him you had lost, could yet shelter you from the world-"

"I should want some one, shouldn't hurst has taken the trouble to point 19 "And give you an honest, enduring,

anwayering affection." him do something good. Hypnotism. "It wouldn't be the same thing," said the doctor thinks from the evidence, is she

always exerted to promote evil and for | "Depend upon it." I returned, earthat reason he is inclined to condemin nestly, " it would be in some ways bet-For he-your second husbandter.

The fact commented on by the docto might well be one who could appreciate has often been spoken of, but it really the depths of your nature, who would constitutes no fault of hypnotism. It be serious when you wereis simply the fault of human nature. "Instead of always making jokes? Man gravitates toward the bad. When

Ye-es, Mr. Vansittart." hypnotism is exerted in the same direc-"Serious, and yet able to enter into ion with this natural gravitation it is your lighter moods-always good-temeffective. When it is exerted in the op-posite direction it is simply trying to pered-

"He would be a wonderful husband. then!" "Generous, nay, lavish in giving you

whatever-"Fancy!" "You wished for; unsparing in his forts to please you-

we hear of through the police reports What, after marriage?" go about hypnotizing for ill. But the good hypnotists work at a tremendous

disadvantage. It is upgrade for them and downgrade for the bad hypnotists.

As between a Svengalic friend trying to hypnotize a man to stay out and play poker and a wife trying to hypnotise aim to come home the odds are with

well, perhaps, in time, Mr. Vansittart,

rence had made quite a little pit in the gravel walk. Once he looked at me, and, finding me regarding her (rather gloomfly, I believe), hastily turned away again with a blush. At last the silence became intolerable-almost improper, in fact.

"What were we talking about when that man interrupted us?" asked Mrs. Lawrence with a desperate assumption of ease.

It is a rule of mine to give a plain answer to a plain question.

"We were talking," said I, " of what would have happened if Dobbs had known everything." And, having thus said. I suddenly began to haugh.

Women are strange creatures. Mrs. Lawrence leaped up from her seat and stood over me. Her eyes flashed with indignation, and she positively brandished her parasol at me.

"You horrid, horrid boy!" she cried. "My dear Mrs. Lawrence-" 1 proteted.

"You have made me talk as if I---" "It was a mere hypothesis," I pleaded.

"As if-I! Anyhow, if my husband were drowned a thousand times over I'd never speak to you.'

"So you say now," said I, composedly. "But you know you were quite taken with the prospect a little while ago."

"Mr. Vansittart, you're wicked! How can I go and tell my poor, dear Robbie?

"I don't insist on your telling him, said I, in a conciliatory tone.

"Perhaps you think I don't care for him?" she cried, defiantly.

"The hypothesis was that you did," said L "That's what made it so interesting."

"I shall sit somewhere else at dinner .o-night," Mrs. Lawrence announced haughtlly.

"If you go on like this," I observed, warningly, "I shall end by being--"You can be just what you like."

"By being glad," I concluded. "Glad! Glad of what?" "Glad," said I, "that I see your hus-

band walking toward us in perfect health.'

As I spoke he came within speaking distance.

"Hullo. Georgie!" he cried to his wife 'Here I am-had a bit of a blow,

Mrs. Lawrence ran a few steps to ward him. 1 took the liberty of follow-

"Vansittart been looking after you?" asked Lawrence with a smile.

"Oh, my darling Robbie," cried Mrs Lawrence, "I've been imagining all sorts of things about you." "Foolish child!" said he, fondly, "Did you think I was going to drowned?"

there is an entire absence of that clusiveness which is popularly supposed to be characteristic of royalty. He is fond of athletics, is a perfect horseman, a capable yachtsman, and enjoys tennis."-Buffalo Express.

Dictionary of Discontent.

Science, dear Lady Betty, has diminished hope, knowledge destroyed our illusions and experience has deprived us of interest. Here, then, is the authorized dictionary of discontent: What is creation? A failure. What is life? A bore. What is man? A fraud. What is woman? Both a fraud and # bore.

What is beauty? A deception. What is love? A disease. What is marriage? A mistake, What is a wife? A trial. What is a child? A vuisance. What is the devil? A fable. What is good? Hypocrisy. What is evil? Detection. What is wisdom? Selfishness. What is happiness? A delusion, What is friendship? Humbug. What is generosity? Imbecility. What is money? Everything. And what is everything? Nothing-Labouchere.

Disliked Innocent Amusement.

Mme. De Longueville, a beauty of Louis XIV.'s time, was tired to death of being in Normandy, where her husband was. Those who were about her said: "Mon Dieu, madame, you are eaten up with ennui. Will you not take some amusement? There are dogs and a beautiful forest, Will you hunt?" "No," she replied. "I don't like hunting." "Will you work?" "No; I don't like work." "Will you take a walk or play at some game?" "No; I like neither the one nor the other." "What will you do, then?" they asked. "What can I do?" she replied. "I hate innocent pleasures."

An Even Divide.

The champion stingy man of the seaon has been unearthed at Downs, Kan. At a dinner the other day a lady asked her husband to pass the toothpicks. He picked one out of the holder, broke it in half, handed one piece to her and used the other himself, remarking that economy was necessary these hard times.

Future Yachts Will Be Steel.

Mr. Charles H. Cramp says the yacht of the future will be of steel, and that its motive power will be electricity. He has an order for a yacht bigger and faster than the 1,000-ton Giralda, the fastest yacht afloat, and says that this order will be filled.

"Devoted absolutely to you. Why, t's a lovely picture." "Yes, it does sound nice," she conthough seded, digging with the parasol. "Could not such a one," I continued, leaning toward her, "by affectionate ing. and constant efforts, in the course of time heal the wound caused by your ruel calamity?" 'I don't know. Yes-I suppose so

te might." "He would," said I, positively, up imagine mysif-

at in more