CHAPTER XXX.

Jane's resolution to avenge the murder of Jacob Lynn was by no means a fleeting impulse. The difficulties that seemed to present themselves even at first sight in no wise daunted her, nor was she afraid of the discovery that might be the outcome of her researches, for nothing could be more cruel than the suspense that was torturing her, no certainty more hateful than the suspicion which at present she was obliged to feel. By an instinct stronger than any evidence of actual fact she was persuaded that he had died because of her; and none other than Stephen Prinsep knowing the persecution she had endured at his hands, it seemed only too clear to herein lay the motive for the crime, and that he had been the murderer she could not doubt.

That he had sinned for her sake counted nothing in his favor; it seemed instead to add to the blackness of the crime by making her in a way a participator in it. Had it not been so she might have felt less bound to disinter the truth.

From first to last it had been her own fault—hers only; or so it seemed now. She had meant all for the best, but she thought with bitterness that had she been well-intentioned, things might have turned out better. Her father's words recurred to her that the consequence remained when the actual fault was dead or forgotten, and the aphorism seemed the wiser that she herself had proved it true.

Having decided that it was her duty to bring the murderer to justice, however it might pain herself—and she knew that it would be less painful to suffer in his stead than betray Stephen Prinsep—she lost no time in putting her resolve into execution.

Her first move was to visit the spot where Jacob Lynn had been found dead; and having managed to evade her mother's companionship, she set out alone. But on arrival she found a small group of people assembled there, curiously examining the ground, for the interest excited by the murder had been widespread.

She passed on quickly, and a few minutes' walk brought her on to the parade-ground. Hesitating for a moment whether to return later, or to relinquish her purpose for that day, her glance happened to fall upon the end house of the married men's barracks, and she remembered that the woman who lived there had been ill, and she had meant for some time to go and see her.

Crossing the parade ground, the thought struck her that if Jacob Lynn was accompanied on the afternoon he was murdered, the inmates of that end house would be the most likely to know of it. It was perhaps a fortunate coincidence that had brought her here.

The woman was at home, and well enough to be pleased to see a visitor. She was lying back in a straw easy-chair on the veranda, and, seeing Jane approaching, tried to rise.

"Don't get up, Mrs. Phillips. You are not able to [illegible]. I am sure, I did not expect you [illegible] to be out of bed."

"I have been sitting out of doors for the last week. I was sitting here the very day Lynn was [illegible]. It gave me such a shock that I was thrown back more than [illegible]. It couldn't been for him I should have been killed by this time—not that it was his fault, poor fellow."

Jane had flushed at the unexpected mention of the very name she was anxious to introduce. But she was too confused to take advantage of it. However, Mrs. Phillips required no encouragement to continue a conversation, and went on briskly:

"They would have had me up at the inquest, no doubt, but I was that upset I couldn't have answered a question they asked me. And, besides, what I knew there were others knew as well as I."

"You mean," asked Jane, nervously, for her role of amateur detective was eminently distasteful to her, "you mean you only saw him pass alone?"

"That's all. I saw the khidmatgar pass—the man who found him, you know. I saw no one else go by that afternoon, except—I had forgotten that—somebody passed in gray clothes. I couldn't see who he was, but he must have struck across toward the hospital, for his name didn't come out at the inquest."

"Very likely. The two roads branch off at once. You did not happen to see who it was?"

"No; I never thought of it till now. I just saw that he was a gentleman, in gray suit. And after all it didn't matter, as he had nothing to do with it?"

"No, of course not," agreed Jane, rising. "I am very glad you are better, Mrs. Phillips. My mother will be glad, too. She has been talking about coming to see you ever since she first heard you were ill."

Returning by the way she had come, this time there was no one passing along by the short cut, and she stood in the deserted compound, wondering what good she had done by coming there. If there had been anything to lead to a discovery, it would have been found before this. But evidence seemed to crop up without her volition. Moving her foot restlessly against the broken stump of a tree an outstanding twig broke, and, as it fell away, she saw something wedged in between the roots. She stooped and loosened it. It was a mother-of-pearl button attached to a piece of smooth gray cloth, and so it might have been torn from a gentleman's short gaiter.

Colonel Prinsep wore such short gaiters she knew; but then so many others in the regiment wore them, too, that unless she could actually fit the piece she had in her hand into the part from which it had been torn, nothing could be proved.

That, of course, was impossible, and besides, all her discoveries were useless. She had distressed herself to no purpose, and the end was as far away as ever.

With the button tightly clasped in her hand, she walked slowly home, thinking over what she already guessed, and what still remained to be conjectured. She remembered stories she had read of fathers who had sacrificed their own sons to a sense of justice, and wives who had given up their husbands, forgetting their love for the sinner in their loathing for the sins that had been committed; but she was no heroine, and she felt relieved that nothing more could be required of her, having done her utmost and failed. The mystery of Jacob Lynn's death might remain a mystery to all time.

For several days after this she remained inactive. Too troubled to dare to give herself leisure to think, she spent most of her time in reading; and by a curious coincidence, in one of the books with which she had chosen to distract her thoughts was an account of a woman tracing out the details of a crime and eventually discovering the murderer. By means of a disguise she had entered a house that was otherwise effectually closed against her, and so possessed herself of the necessary proofs. Armed with these, the rest had been easy; no further obstacles prevented her from gratifying the revenge which had urged her on.

Jane let the book fall into her lap. It floated vaguely across her mind that, if so much had been already done by a woman, surely she might have done more. It was from no ignoble motive she wished to bring the murderer to justice, but from a feeling of duty stronger than her inclination. It was while undecided, still doubtful of her own powers, and whether it would be right to use them so, that Major Larron called.

He came ostensibly to bring her a number of the regimental paper. The —th Hussars had always formerly had a publication of the sort, but latterly from various causes it had fallen into disuse, and its revival was only resolved upon a month before. This was the first number.

"A boy was just coming out of the printing-room with a bundle of them as I passed; I thought you would like to see one," he explained, in excuse for his somewhat early visit.

"You are always very kind in thinking of me," she answered, soberly.

"That is because I cannot help myself than from any encouragement I receive."

Jane's short upper lip, usually so mobile and tremulously sweet, settled itself into an expression of obstinate determination. His friendship, always patent, yet never demonstratively so, she valued highly, but she had no intention of drifting into any closer relations. To avoid meeting his gaze she began cutting the leaves of the paper he had given into her hands.

"Don't misunderstand me," he went on, with a grave impressiveness in harmony with his dark, earnest eyes. "I don't require encouragement or thanks. I only want you to trust in me, and believe that in no other position could I be happier or prouder than I am now—as your slave."

"I thought the days of slavery were over"—trying to smile.

"Compulsory slavery, no doubt; but it is of my own free will I would render the labor of my hands and brain; and I would not be emancipated if I could."

She did not reply. Looking up cautiously to see the effect of his words, he saw that she was frowning, more as though vexed than confused by what he had said. He had spoken deliberately, and not from impulse as it had appeared, thinking that it was time to press his suit upon her attention.

Everything comes to him who waits; but it was possible to wait too long, too patiently. Patience might be mistaken for weakness of purpose or want of spirit, faults not easily forgiven by a woman. So he had thought; but discovering his mistake, he hastened to rectify it. No woman wooed in such a humor as that Jane's restless frown portended was ever won, even though so skilled a diplomatist as himself should be the wooer.

"I am boring you; I can see it," he said, laughing pleasantly. "Men in love are always prone to discuss their own feelings to the exclusion of other subjects of livelier interest; but I won't transgress again, I promise. Have you heard that Miss Knollys has again refused to be Mrs. Grey?"

"Is that the last piece of station gossip?"—laughing, too.

"The very last. He is his own betrayer this time. I fancy even his persistence is becoming exhausted; he was almost rude in his abruptness to the Colonel at mess last night."

"Why?"

"He has taken it into his head that it is his rivalry he has to fear; and"—slowly—"I am not sure that he is not right. No woman, unless she cares more for a more favored lover, could be indifferent to such untiring devotion. What do you think, Miss Knox?"

"I have not sufficiently considered the subject for my opinion to be of any value, I am afraid," she answered, coldly.

A minute later the indifference she had assumed vanished from her face, and an expression of horror and contempt took its place as her eyes fell upon something on the open page.

"Oh, how could he—how could he!" she cried, vehemently, and rising hastily, as though to put away a frightful thought, she went over to the window at the farther end of the room.

The paper had fluttered to the ground, and Barry Larron, picking it up immediately, let his glance travel swiftly over the exposed page. Only one item of any possible interest was among the mass of regimental matter; and even that at first sight seemed incapable of having caused such evident agitation.

"Colonel Prinsep, with his usual generosity and thoughtful perception of a feeling now general that some monument should be erected to the memory of Trooper Lynn, has expressed his intention of providing a cross bearing the date and circumstance of his death, and testifying to the universal regret felt by the regiment at his mysterious and untimely end."

Turning sharply, Jane saw that Major Larron held the paper in his hand, and perceived that he had already read the paragraph which had excited her indignation.

"Is it true?" she asked, clasping her hands impressively, forgetting that she was making clear her suspicions, in the uncontrollable repulsion she felt at the thought that the murderer should be the one to raise a memorial over his own victim.

Like a lightning flash, as she spoke, the case revealed itself to Major Larron, and for an instant he was horrified, having no room in his mind for anything save the one thought that Stephen Prinsep, his Colonel, was considered capable of the dastardly crime of having intentionally or otherwise killed a trooper in the regiment. He was about to hotly refute the imputation when a second thought struck him, that perhaps this might be turned to his advantage, and he restrained himself.

"Why should it not be true? What could be more natural than that the Colonel should present a monument as there is no regimental subscription?" he added, guardedly.

He folded up the paper and laid it quietly on one side. In his own mind he decided that he had behaved generously in the matter in not having by word or glance done anything to strengthen her belief in the Colonel's guilt. That he should put himself out of the way to defend him was not to be expected. Yet he hoped that she would not introduce the subject again, for he felt himself unable even to simulate credulity. Indeed, a feeling of camaraderie which he himself would have stigmatized as a weakness, and on this account hesitated to acknowledge, made him absolutely angry with her for supposing such a thing. Not until he had left the house did the thought strike him that there might have been some method in the madness.

(To be continued.)

OAK FORESTS OF AMERICA.

Rapid Disappearance of Woods that Were Once the Nation's Pride.

The magnificent oak forests north of the Ohio river, in the central part of the Northern States, have largely disappeared. Within the last few years there has been an increasing demand for oak in spite of business depression, more especially for such timber as goes into house finishing, including plain and quarter-sawed oak and white oak. The duration of the Wisconsin red oak supply is now pretty plainly indicated, and in the meantime remnants of Indiana, Ohio, Michigan and southern Illinois oak will have disappeared, except in small farm holdings, and the great bulk of the supply will thereafter come from south of the Ohio. Of course there is oak in all the Southern states, but the alluvial bottom lands must furnish the great bulk of the timber, and as Kentucky and Tennessee and West Virginia are partly denuded, the main supply will soon be derived from the lower Mississippi and its tributaries. If the finest area of oak timber in the world, namely, that north of the Ohio river, has been stripped while the country's population and industries were comparatively small, how long will the remaining supply last when the needs are measured by our future population and industrial development? Walnut is gone; cherry, birch and maple will not last many years, and therefore the demand for oak will be much greater and will rapidly increase. It must be remembered, too, that oak lands are good for agriculture after the timber is cut, and for this reason the denudation will go on with greater rapidity than on the lands less valuable for tillage. When the tide of emigration sets strongly toward the alluvial areas of the lower Mississippi and its tributaries the hardwood forests will melt rapidly away before the attacks of the farmer. It is for this reason that large holdings of southern oak and other hardwoods are now being secured in the South. After a few years opportunities for such investments on a large scale will be gone forever.

Death of a Vagabond.

Together they limped into the little shelter for animals in East One Hundred and Second street. It was hard to tell which was the more ragged and disreputable, the dog or the tramp. In their respect the tramp had the best of it. He limped with only two legs, and his companion was lame in three.

They stood there in the little office side by side, both looking at the man who sat behind the desk, making entries in a book.

"Say, mister," said the tramp, "what can you do for me frien' here?"

"What is the matter with him?"

"If you can discover anything that ain't the trouble with 'im you're an artist. Me frien's suffering with premature baldness, one eye's gone, and he got locomotor atacks. He ain't no Beau Brummel, mister, but he's the squarest pard I ever traveled with, and if you can fix him up we'll pay ye some day."

"If yer can't," and almost unconsciously the tramp lowered his voice, "I want yer to send 'im over the bay by the smoothest road yer got."

The superintendent examined the dog gently, and then told the wanderer that there was no hope. The weary little cur had outlived his usefulness and was better dead.

Without a word the tramp handed the frayed rope to the superintendent, and when the official led the poor dog into the room from which no canine traveler ever returns, he followed.

"Good-by, pard," he said, reaching out his hand. His friend solemnly raised his one sound paw, and they shook hands silently and reverently, as old friends do who are about to part for a long time.

Then the tramp walked alone out into the street.—New York Press.

Wrong Kind of Boys in Nebraska.

Young man, you are spending too much money foolishly. By and by you will wake up when the mercury is hovering in the region of 12 degrees below zero and wonder what turn can be made to get an overcoat without paying spot cash. Save your money, and stop your foolishness.—Nebraska State Journal.

THE FAMILY STORY

...THE POOR DUCHESS...

It was really very hard on the poor Duchess, especially after all the toil and labor she had ungrudgingly expended on her unattractive progeny. Her lot had always been hard enough ever since she had been a duchess; even before her wedding cake had grown stale she had been coping with difficulties, brutal difficulties which it required all her strength of mind to face, and now, when a good share of those difficulties were laid to rest with her husband, the late Duke, in the family vault at Longlands; now, when she had just managed to retrieve the shattered [illegible] fortunes by bringing off the engagement of her ugly, dissipated son, the present Duke, to Claudina Putnam, the richest American heiress of the season, now for this blow to fall upon her, it was really too bad. The only balm to her anguish was that it had fallen in Longlands, in the wilds of Yorkshire, and that the whole thing might be hushed up and hustled into oblivion without anyone being the wiser. She had gone to Longlands to recruit after her superhuman expenditure of energy during the London season; her only guest was Claudia Putnam, her son's fiancee, with whom she was busy planning alterations and renovations for the new regime.

But the moment was robbed of all its savor by the horrible catastrophe; this—what else could she call it?—this driveling idiocy of the least plain and most hopeful of her six ungainly daughters. She would have kept the hateful story to herself if she could, but her heart was too full for silence; besides, Claudia had her fair share of Yankee shrewdness—she might suggest a brilliant solution of the problem—so, as they sat over a cup of tea in her boudoir, the Duchess opened her new trouble to her future daughter-in-law.

"I'm afraid, Claudia, dear," she began, "that we are going to have serious trouble with Henrietta." Claudia was very fond of the Duchess, so she tried to look sympathetic, though with Lady Henrietta, who was wrapped up in parish work, who wore impossible clothes, and did her hair grotesquely, she had no sympathy whatever.

"Dear me!" she replied. "I'm sorry to hear it; I hope she's not sick."

"Sick!" repeated the Duchess. "I wish she were, or anything half so sensible. The fact is, she has been and got herself entangled in a most unbecoming love affair."

Miss Putnam opened her blue eyes very wide, and set down her teacup with a jerk. "My!" she exclaimed; "and who on earth has been making love to Henrietta?"

The Duchess lowered her voice. "My dear," she said, impressively, "it is Mr. Gibson, the curate. She vows she will marry him. Isn't it awful?"

"Rather awful for the curate," thought Claudia to herself. Aloud she said: "Have I ever met Mr. Gibson?"

"Certainly not, my dear; we do not invite him here. He is not a gentleman."

"Then where did Henrietta meet him?"

"Oh, in the cottages and at the school. You see, she likes parish work, and I encourage her; it sets such a good example, and we've always had a married curate before. However, when Mr. Gibson came I never thought of chaperoning her, because, you see, he isn't a gentleman."

"But, I suppose, Henrietta thinks he will make her a suitable husband?"

"My dear," cried the Duchess, "she can't possibly think so. Why, his father keeps a saddler's shop! He hasn't been to the university. Oh, it's altogether dreadful! And she's as obstinate as a mule about it."

She broke off as the door opened to admit a young man in a shooting suit. He was a plain, insignificant-looking personage, with an air of extreme self-approval.

"I've just been telling Claudia about this stupid affair of Henrietta," went on the Duchess.

"And what does Claudia think about it?" asked the plain young man, who was Claudia's accepted lover and who deposited his long limbs on the sofa beside her and tried to bestow a furtive caress on the hand nearest to him.

"I guess I'm pretty well taken by surprise," said Miss Putnam, drawing her hand out of her lover's reach.

"So'm I," said the Duke, placidly. "I'm dashed if I can imagine what he sees in Henrietta. She ain't pretty; t'other way about, rather; she's got no money, and she's years older than he is. I'm dashed if I'd marry a woman like Henrietta, even if I was a saddler's son. I'm dashed if I could even feel spoony on her."

Miss Putnam looked at him. She was going to marry a man very like Henrietta, and she did not feel very spoony on him; she had accepted him for sundry reasons, love being by no means the first or foremost.

"He must be an awfully susceptible chap," went on his grace, "to lose his heart to a girl like Henrietta. And he's so obstinate, too, about it; seems as if he really cared about her. I thought, perhaps, it was mostly ambition—her title, and that sort of thing, you know—and I've offered him all my influence in the way of a leg-up to preferment, but he won't hear of it. Funny thing, ain't it? Now, if it had been a girl like you, Claudia——"

"Duchess," cried Miss Putnam, suddenly interrupting her lover, "I have an inspiration. You just send Henrietta away. She can go to Jericho, or anywhere else, for a month or so, and when she comes back the engagement will be broken off. I'll manage it, you bet."

She wouldn't answer any questions. She said she thought she understood the exact lie of the land. They might leave it all to her. So to her it was left, and the next day Henrietta was packed off to a married cousin in South Wales.

The following day, at Lady Henrietta's customary hour, Miss Putnam walked into the village school-room. She wore a dainty blue cambric frock, which fitted her as no frock in all Henrietta's lifetime had ever fitted her. The little boys and girls opened their eyes wide to look at her, so did the schoolmistress, who was hearing the whole school in its church catechism.

"Good morning," said Miss Putnam, sweetly. "I'm staying at the Towers. I have come in Lady Henrietta's place this morning. She has gone away for a few weeks, and she would like you all to know it."

She looked round the room as she said it, and finally fixed her eyes on the curate's frank, simple face.

"I hope," he began, hesitatingly, "that Lady Henrietta is not ill. This absence is so un—unforeseen."

"Guess not," said Miss Putnam. "She isn't ill, she never was better in her life; but the Duchess thinks a change will do her a world of good."

"Her grace is very cruel," murmured the curate.

"I beg your pardon?" said Claudia, blandly.

"I was about to say," resumed the curate, turning to the expectant children, "that as her ladyship is unable to come this morning you will be deprived of the interesting object lesson she generally gives you. I'm sure you will all be very sorry."

"Oh, they shan't miss their object lesson," said Claudia, still more blandly. "I've promised Lady Henrietta to give it to them for her."

The curate had been in the habit of staying for Lady Henrietta's object lesson—to keep order for her, he would have said, had the Duchess questioned him. So he stayed to keep order for Claudia, which was quite superfluous, for if her manner of administering instruction was not of a nature to keep the attention of restless children there were her fascinating gown and her pretty trinkets, not to speak of the charm of her face, to hold her audience spellbound. And when the lesson was over he had got into the way of walking with her ladyship along the school lane and through the park. He escorted Miss Putnam to-day, because he wanted to ask how long his liege lady's banishment was to last.

"I don't know," was Miss Putnam's reply; "I suppose she won't come back till the Duchess chooses."

"The children will miss her sadly," moaned the curate.

"Guess we must make it up to them," said Claudia graciously; "I've promised Henrietta to stand as much in the gap as possible."

He gave her a grateful look.

"When shall I come and give another object lesson," she went on; "to-morrow?"

"Oh, no," said the curate; "to-morrow's geography day. Her ladyship always gives a geography lesson on Thursday."

So Claudia put on another bewitching frock, varied her trinkets, and did her best with a geography lesson on Thursday, which was mainly devoted to a flattering but inaccurate description of the United States. On Friday she wrestled with sums, and by degrees she learned the whole school routine. She also visited, under Mr. Gibson's escort, one or two of Henrietta's old women, who, he thought, would feel themselves neglected in her absence.

Her fiance laughed at her. "I see what you're up to," he said; "of course, it's a clever move, but it's rather rough on a susceptible ass like Gibson."

"Why do you call him an ass?" asked Miss Putnam, sharply; "because his father is a saddler?"

"It's a splendid opportunity for you to make yourself popular in the parish, dear," said the Duchess. "Of course, when you are mistress here you will like to be popular among the people."

"I suppose I shall," said Claudia, musingly.

But in spite of her incipient popularity she would not have the marriage hurried on; she was equally deaf to the Duke's impatience and the Duchess' hints.

"There are such heaps of things to do and to think of before anything can be fixed," she said, vaguely, when her fiance urged the matter upon her.

"Well, get on with the heap of things, then," he retorted, "and don't trifle away so much time at that confounded school."

And Lady Henrietta was still in banishment in South Wales.

Finally, Miss Putnam's stay at Longlands came to a rather unsatisfactory end, for she went away to London leaving the wedding day unfixed and the hangings of the new drawing-room unchosen.

The day after her departure there were two letters for the Duchess—one from the curate, the other from Miss Putnam. She opened the former first, because she felt more curious as to its contents.

"Madam," it ran, "although your grace did not seriously entertain my proposal for the hand of Henrietta, I feel myself in honor bound to let you know that my eyes have been opened to the folly and unsuitability of the marriage for which I would fain have had your sanction. I have written to Lady Henrietta, explaining, as far as I can, the folly of our past, and begging her to forgive me if she be in any way a sufferer by my mistake. I am leaving Longlands at once, therefore the embarrassment of any further meeting will be avoided. Yours, faithfully W. Gibson."

The Duchess heaved a sigh of intense relief. This was Claudia's doing. Claudia was a right down clever girl. She had certainly spent a great deal of valuable time in treading in Henrietta's footsteps, but she had disenchanted Mr. Gibson and lifted a horrible incubus off the family shoulders. She was really far too good for that stupid, muddle-headed son of hers; still, she (the Duchess) supposed that a title was an infinite attraction to a born democrat, so things were, after all, not so very uneven. Then she took up Claudia's letter. "Dear child," she murmured as she broke the seal.

"My dear Duchess," she read, and with each succeeding line her dismayed astonishment increased; "I'm glad I came to stay at Longlands before I took the irrevocable step to the altar. I don't want to say anything nasty or mean, but, really, I never did care about the Duke. I only accepted him because I thought you'd make up your mind to have me for a daughter-in-law. I should have made him perfectly miserable if I had married him. Mr. Gibson finds, too, that he made a great mistake in thinking he cared for Henrietta. He explained it all to me, and I am quite satisfied. He and I are going to be married before Advent. I shan't mind having a saddler for a father-in-law. Yours, always, Claudia Putnam."

The Duchess threw the letter across the table to her son. "Read that, Southdown," she said. "We've got Henrietta out of her scrape most splendidly."

It really was too hard on the poor Duchess.—St. Paul's.

Pasteur and the Shepherd Boy.

The recent death of Louis Pasteur, and the extraordinary honors paid to his memory by both the Government and the people of France, recall the story of the shepherd boy, Jean Baptiste Jupille, whose statue stands in front of the Pasteur Institute. Jupille was bitten by a rabid dog in July, 1885. At that time Pasteur's discovery of a means of curing, or preventing, hydrophobia by a system of inoculation was a new thing, and young Jupille was one of the first patients to whom it was applied. He recovered, and was afterward employed as an attendant in the hospital established by Pasteur, and has remained there ever since.

His statue was erected not merely as a memento of his cure by the new method, but also because there was a heroic element in his adventure with the dog. Jupille himself told the story in a modest manner to those who, out of curiosity, sought him just after Pasteur's death.

It was a holiday in the little village of Villers-Farlay in the Jura Mountains, where young Jupille lived, and the children had wandered out into the surrounding fields. Suddenly a mad dog made its appearance in a group who were playing near the spot where Jupille was watching his flock. The little ones fled crying, with the rabid animal at their heels.

Jupille saw their peril, and having luckily a piece of whipcord in his hand, sprang upon the dog. Disregarding the wounds which its teeth inflicted he succeeded in binding the beast fast, and then with one of his wooden shoes he beat out its brains. His hands were terribly lacerated, and the nails were torn from his thumbs—but he had saved the children.

The news of Pasteur's discovery had fortunately reached the ears of the Mayor of the Commune, and he instantly telegraphed to the great savant in Paris. Pasteur had the boy sent to the capital, inoculated him with the antirabic virus he had invented, and saved him as he had saved the children.

Jupille, who is now about 26 years of age, was one of the sincerest mourners at the funeral of his benefactor.

His name will always be remembered in connection with one of the greatest physiological discoveries of modern times.

Followed the Usual Course.

"Is they any way I kin git a receipt for this here letter?" asked the thin-haired man with the crocheted tie.

"You can get it registered for eight cents extra," answered the delivery clerk. "If the letter is one of importance and its delivery is of particular consequence, registration is advisable."

"Oh, the letter ain't of no particular importance—at least not eight cents' worth, I don't think. I merely allowed mebbe I could git some kind of a receipt to show I had mailed it to give the old woman. I guess I'll save the eightpence an' put up with bein' called a ole liar, as usual."

To the Poorhouse at 106.

A negro at the age of 106, together with his aged wife, was sent to the poorhouse a few days ago at Williamstown, Mass. Forty years ago he ran away as a slave from the South and up to the time of his removal lived in the same old cabin. The negro's name is Parsons. He has a hard growth, a sort of horn, on the top of his head, and is famed for breaking with his head a grindstone which he mistook for a cheese.

A Midday Nap.

For the healthy a nap in the afternoon is not necessary, and the brain will not demand it. If a man finds himself napping at that time either he has eaten too much at his midday meal or his cerebral circulation is feeble.

No white man is as "big feeling" as the negro who belongs to a minstrel show, and appears in the street parade.