

A GREAT SURPRISE.

A great yellow sunflower grew so tall it looked right over the garden wall. "Bless me," cried he, "what a marvelous sight!" Wonderful meadows to left and right. And a hill that reaches up to the sky. And a long, straight road where the folks go by. "Twas lucky for me that I grew so tall as to see the lands that lie over the wall. I hadn't the faintest idea," said he, "How much of a place the world might be!"—Youth's Companion.

DR. DAWSON'S WARD

Dr. Arthur Dawson rose from his easy chair, and welcomed to his comfortably furnished consulting room the well dressed young man whose card his servant had just handed to him. "Always glad to see you, George. I think I can guess what your visit means. You wish to ask me to consent to your engagement to Laura?" George Abbot felt far more nervous than on the well-remembered occasion of making his first speech to a jury, and stammered out, "Y-e-s, sir. But how did you know? Has Laura—" "Laura has said nothing to me. But it is said, you know, that 'lookers-on see most of the game,' and your attentions were such as no honorable man would offer without serious intentions." "Then you consent?" the young man broke in. "If, after you have heard the story I am about to relate to you, you still persist in your request for my ward's hand—" "Your ward?" "Yes, Laura is not my own child. She is my adopted daughter, and I love her as dearly as a twenty-five years ago, I loved her poor, ill-fated mother. But listen to her father's history. "After passing through Guy's, and being duly licensed to kill," said the doctor, "I proceeded to India, having obtained a government appointment in the land of cholera and chutnee. I was there fifteen years and was resident surgeon at Berr-Herr Barracks, in the Neigherry Hills, when I first met Captain Kerr. He was a tall, unmetably handsome man, probably 30 years of age. "The colonel of his regiment was Walter White, whose flag I had been at Winchester. I was a frequent visitor at his bungalow, and one of the many victims to the charms of his lovely daughter. Even now I recall her willowy figure, her merry laugh, her flaxen ringlets, and trustful, violet eyes. But I need not enter upon a description of her; her daughter is her living image. "Laura—her child bears her name—had many suitors, and among them was Rupert Kerr. The captain was generally looked upon as the lucky man; and, by degrees, most of the young lady's admirers withdrew from the unequal contest. "One day a startling rumor passed round the camp. I heard of it as I made my morning round, and, though I pooh-poohed it, it still gained currency. Men said that Captain Kerr had been secretly married, more than a year ago, to a half-caste woman at Bombay, and that she had appeared in camp to claim her rights as his wife. "After the mess, at which Colonel White and the captain were both absent, I was summoned to the Colonel's bungalow. I went across at once, and found that poor Laura was in a high fever. Her father and mother were endeavoring to calm her, but in vain, and ever and anon she would shriek: 'My Rupert, my Rupert—no, you're not my mine! Not mine, oh dear!' and then would follow a burst of tears. I then earned that the sinister rumor was no cantonment gossip, but the plain, unvarnished truth. "On returning to my quarters I was astonished at finding Captain Kerr awaiting me. 'Ha, doctor,' he exclaimed, as he saw me, 'I want you to come over and see my—my wife,' with a curiously hard intonation of the last word. "I resumed my hat, which I had laid aside, and followed him to his bungalow. On my way I asked, 'What are the symptoms?' "Well, she is sleeping, and has been sleeping since noon, and I can't awaken her,' was the answer. "On a couch in the veranda was stretched an exceedingly fat mulatto woman, with brown features and a seriously puckered skin. She was lying on her back and was snoring like a steator. "I grasped her arm and felt her pulse. It beat fast and irregularly. The captain stood at the head of the sofa and leaned over her. Almost at that instant the woman awoke, and poured forth such a voluble string of the most awful language (English and Hindustani) that even I shrank back appalled. "The captain motioned me to the door. 'She's come around, doctor, so there's no necessity for your kind services. I will only ask you not to describe Mrs. Kerr to the mess.' I gave the required pledge and left him. "For some weeks I attended Mrs. Kerr in her apparently cataleptic rances. She came to irregular intervals, and was always marked by similar symptoms. "My other patient, Laura White, had by this time recovered, but was hardly more than the shadow of her old sunny self. Naturally, Kerr was felt sincerely glad when it was announced that he had exchanged into a home regiment and would shortly sail for England.

her father's presence to become my wife. "She burst into tears, and when she had recovered her composure, she answered: 'I feel that I am honored by the affection of a good and noble man, and, though I cannot give you the love I ought, I will try and make you a good and faithful wife. "On the day that our engagement was published, Kerr's wife died. I was present when she passed away in a cataleptic fit, and gave my certificate to that effect. As is usual in hot climates, she was buried within twenty-four hours. "Forty-eight hours later my brief cup of happiness was dashed to the ground. Captain Kerr had left for England, and Laura White had fled with him. They had been married in Bombay, and had sailed for England before the colonel and I reached that port. "I returned to England a few months later, to find that Kerr had never entered upon his duties in his new regiment, but had sent in his papers immediately after his arrival. I sought for news of them, but could learn nothing. "About three years later I read in the papers the announcement of Laura Kerr's death. It had taken place at Cheltenham, to which town I at once proceeded. Here my inquiries led to my ascertaining that she had died in lodgings in High street, and that her husband had taken his departure immediately after the funeral, accompanied by his little daughter. The landlady of the lodgings gave me the address of the medical man who had attended her, and on him I at once called. He courteously answered my inquiries, and informed me that the cause of death was catalepsy. "Catalepsy again! That was indeed singular. But my suspicions were not as yet awakened. There was no trace of Kerr or his child, and I could do nothing. "Another period of three years passed, and I had set up my brass plate here in Birmingham, and had built up a prosperous and remunerative practice. One lovely summer afternoon I received a telegraphic call to an accident case at Dudley. The carriage came and I started. But we had not passed through Handsworth when it became evident that one of the horses was dead lame. I accordingly dismissed the carriage and decided to complete the journey by cab. This was done, and it was nearly nine o'clock when, after partaking of some food, I left my patient's house. "There is always a scarcity of cabs in the outlying parks of the Black country, and I had perforce to make my return by train. At Handsworth I changed onto a cable tram, and mounted to the top of the vehicle to enjoy a cigar in the pleasant night air. "My nearest neighbor on the tram was a tall, thin man, close-shaven and with short iron-grey hair, and apparently fifty years of age, though he might be younger. He had mounted the vehicle at its first stopping place, bearing in his arms a little girl—a winsome maiden of four or five summers, with long silken blonde hair and lovely violet eyes. Surely I had seen those eyes before! I could not see the man's face; it was too dark a night. "Suddenly, from some failure of the brake, our car collided roughly with the preceding one, and was thrown off the lines. The child was jerked violently from her father's knee onto the back of the so-called garden seat in front of us and her face was badly cut, the blood streaming down. "I had never seen such horror and dismay as blazed forth in an instant; the silent, self-contained man snatched up his child's senseless form, sprang to his feet and almost screamed: 'My child is hurt! Run for a doctor; don't lose a moment!' I put my hand on his shoulder, and said quietly, 'I am a medical man,' and as I saw those steely gray eyes, I added, 'Captain Rupert Kerr.' "He turned angrily upon me, and I thought he was about to strike me. Then he remembered his little one, and said: 'Dr. Dawson, I did you a great wrong once. But be merciful and save her child.' "The child was carried downstairs and into a shop close by. I took out my instrument case, lint, etc., and washed, stitched and bandaged the wound in the baby's forehead. Then I asked, 'Where do you live? I will see her safely to bed.' 'Thank you,' was the sullen response, 'my address is my own business,' and he carried his child out, got into a cab with her, and said 'Birmingham' to the driver. There was no means of stopping him, but I had presence of mind enough to jot down that driver's number on my shirt cuff. "The next day I employed a secret inquiry agent to find Rupert Kerr. He had driven to New Street, taken a fresh cab, and doubled back to Handsworth, where he directed the cabman to take him to 17 Roman road. The second cabby had been found through the help of the police at New Street station. "I now did what should have been done before. While the first agent was instructed to find out Kerr's present manner of life, a second detective was sent to Clendennin to inquire into his earlier proceedings. "Kerr was, as I had always known, an inveterate gambler. It was ascertained that he had brought to England with him the greater portion of his first wife's property, and had almost dissipated this, when poor Laura's death put him in possession of her father's savings—for poor Colonel White had died soon after his daughter's elopement, and had bequeathed his possession to her. Moreover, both wives had been heavily insured. From the other detective I learnt that he fol-

lowed no occupation, but frequented betting clubs and hotel bars and seemed to be rather deeply involved. Moreover, it was popularly believed that he would soon marry a lady of supposed wealth, whose acquaintance he had made at a local garden party. Frazz, the inquiry agent, had also ascertained that his daughter Laura had recently been insured for 500 pounds. She had hitherto enjoyed absolutely good health but since the assurance had been completed she had suffered from cataleptic fits. "When this last development of the situation reached me, my smouldering suspicions of the man blazed into flame at once. Remembering that Percival who had been stationed with the cavalry brigade at the cantonment, was then in command at Lichfield, I wired him to come over at once 'on a matter of life and death'—as I really feared it was. "General Percival arrived that night and we sat up till dawn discussing the state of affairs. He had remained in India some years later than I had, and was able to give me a clue. It seems that previous to his marriage with the half-caste woman who was his first wife, Kerr had been on terms of friendship with several Brahmin magnates. "His most usual associate was a man named Saga Nuni—and this same fellow had afterward been convicted of poisoning his brother and had been hanged for the crime. "We at last resolved to seek the advice and assistance of the local police, that little Laura's life might, at least be preserved. A consultation with the chief constable followed, and the doctor who attended little Laura arranged to telephone the news of her next attack. His summons came within a week, and Kerr, alias Wren, was arrested at his daughter's bedside. He made a most frantic resistance, crying out that he, and he alone, could restore the child to consciousness, but was at last removed to the station and searched. A hypodermic syringe, filled with a dark, blood-colored fluid, of unknown properties, and a curiously pungent odor, was found upon him, and a similar syringe was found in the room where little Laura's apparently dead body lay. This contained a sort of vile green matter, quite unknown to European medicine, and smelling like rotten bananas. Two peculiarly shaped vials, marked 'one' and 'two' in Sanscrit characters, and containing decoctions that corresponded to the two syringes, were found in Kerr's bedroom, concealed in an old hat case. "Laura remained unconscious, and at last even my hopes of her recovery faded away, and the corpse of the little one was laid out to await a post-mortem examination. "Swanston, the local practitioner, noticed that there were seven punctures made by the syringe on her left arm and six on her right. On this slender basis, and on Kerr's excited declaration that he could save her, Swanston built up a curious theory. It was that, as the insurance had not been in force six months, and therefore, had not matured, the man had no present intention of slaying his daughter, but was only preparing the way, and he pointed out that this was her seventh attack. He, therefore, argued that an injection of the blood-colored fluid would restore her to life and health. "Accordingly, Swanston and I, accompanied by the police doctor and the inspector, returned to the chamber of death. The injection was made. For a moment there was absolute quiescence, then, by little and little, the signs of returning animation were perceived. Gradually life and warmth of color returned to the wan and pallid corpse; faint pulsation became apparent; the eyelids quivered, and a deep sigh told us that for once the angel of death had yielded up his prey. "As the police could not prove that Kerr had caused the catalepsy the prosecution broke down and he was discharged. He was immediately rearrested, charged with murdering his second wife, and remanded. "An order from the home secretary having been obtained, Mrs. Kerr's body was exhumed. A most awful spectacle was revealed; the unhappy girl—she was only in her first year—had been buried alive! or, rather, the infamy of this horrible invention, this hand-wrought catalepsy, had been exhausted after burial, and—no, I can't dwell upon any more of it. "Kerr showed himself in prison while awaiting his trial. How he procured the drug I know not, but he took arsenic and saved the country the hangman's expenses. He left a sort of confession, scrawled on the fly leaves of the Bible in his cell. He avowed that he intended to take little Laura's supposed body to Cheltenham for burial as soon as the insurance came in force, and he would have resuscitated her on the way. This I believe, for his love for the little maid marked the one soft spot in the demon's heart. "Laura came to my house and has been brought up as my daughter. The brain fever that followed that awful trance swept away all memory of her real father, and I never intend her to be enlightened about him. "Now, George," concluded the doctor, "that you know the stock that Laura Kerr has sprung from, do you still desire to make her your wife?" "George Abbot rose. 'I say what I said before, doctor. A parent's crimes cannot possibly affect a girl's character. I love Laura; Laura loves me, and I would make her my wife if her father had committed every crime in the Newgate calendar.' "The doctor opened the study door and called—'Laura.' In a moment or two a young lady in evening dress, and looking bewilderingly pretty in her confusion, tripped into the room. She had been awaiting the result of George's interview with papa in considerable trepidation of mind. "George has something to tell you," said the doctor, escaping into the hall and shutting them in. "What George said may be surmised from the fact that an unusually 'smart' wedding took place from the Doctor's house some six months later. —Tit-Bits.

SHORT STORIES.

MILLIE'S BOY.

Marthy had heard the gossip. There is always some one to repeat unpleasant news. And the faded cheek of the little sewing woman flushed a dull red at the tidings that she was being talked about in the village where she had grown up. "Dye mean folks are talking about me on account of my friendliness for Joe Wilber?" she asked. "If they are, you tell 'em to go right ahead an' talk. Tell 'em that for me." Her rough little hands trembled over the dress lengths in her lap and Miss Perkins saw her eyes flash with a new dignity as she continued: "It's a pity if a woman of my age can't be trusted to conduct herself in a proper manner." "That's so, Marthy, an', of course, everybody has got respect for you. But this strange young feller, that don't appear to be more'n a boy, comin' along an' keepin' company with you does look curus, an' no mistake." "Keepin' company with me?" Marthy repeated the words and then laughed. A ringing laugh of other days. "Why, Mary Ann Perkins! I'm old enough to be his mother. I should have been his mother. Don't you know who he is?" Miss Perkins lifted a head full of astonishment to reply: "He ain't John Wilber's—" "That's who it is, Mary Ann. I never blamed John for going away from me like the neighbors blamed him. It would have been worse if he hadn't when he found out that—that he didn't care as much for me as he thought he did before Millie came home from school. It would have been wicked if he married me then. "I used to think sometimes that they would write to me. But they never did. Likely they thought I'd be mad. But I never was, and I never heard a word about how they were getting along, didn't know whether they were dead or living, until one day last spring I looked up to see Joe standing in that very door. He was pale and sick looking, and he asked me for a drink of water. I almost fainted, for he seemed the living image of John—as he was when he went away. "I asked him his name and he told me. Told me how his folks had died when he was a little chap, and how he had been drifting around without a home or friends. He didn't know me, but the Lord remembered me, I guess. Anyway, I said a prayer of thankfulness to Him for sending the boy that should have been mine to be. It seemed just what I'd been waiting for all the time. I made him stay, and he is good and loving as my own son could be. "And now that he has got steady work in the factory, he says I must give up sewing and he will take care of me. So you can tell Miss Johnson I don't want to make her dress. Mebbe I am foolish, and perhaps folks have a right to laugh at me for a silly old maid. But you can tell 'em that Joe Wilber is my nephew—more than that, he is the son of the man I loved when I was a young girl, and love yet, now that I am an old woman, and shall love when I meet him in eternity, and tell him that I have tried to be a mother to his and Millie's boy."—Chicago Journal.

AN OLD PHOTOGRAPH.

The train left us at a bare little station, far beyond the town we were going to, and we went back grumbling on our tracks, a dusty, unshady mile, to our boarding house. And then we discovered it to be one we had picked out for our choicest disregard as the train passed by. But we were sorry only until the door opened. The hall was large and cool and sweet, like Mrs. Putney herself, who held our hands and brooded over us with sincere and copious pity for our dusty plight. "My daughter, Alice," she said, presenting a pretty girl who came forward to take us to our room. "My wife, Alice, will be charmed with a name chum," Roger said merrily, and we were all at home together at once, though we had known one another no more than six minutes by the clock. I should have been a cynic, indeed, to expect trouble of any kind to appear, and for three whole days bliss reigned. I did think at times that Alice seemed a trifle sad or preoccupied. She smiled half-heartedly at Roger's jolly laugh, and went about silently for the most part, keeping much by herself. She paid even less attention to Roger than my exacting pride required. As I said, I was not a cynic, and therefore, not prepared for woe, when one day I saw among some treasures Alice was showing me in her room a faded old photograph of Roger in his schoolboy days. There was no chance of mistake. The "R. to A." at the bottom of the card—I could have known it by that alone. I almost caught it by her hands, I was so glad to see it, for I had lost it in our betrothal days and never ceased to grieve about it. But the picture was in Alice's hand and she was looking earnestly and sadly and wistfully at it. I turned away with my heart full. I did not doubt Alice, and did not distrust Roger. I went over every possible circumstance and back helplessly to the one simple fact. Alice had and evidently held as a treasured possession a picture of Roger, and yet appeared not to know him when we met her. All in the dim dawn one morning Alice came out to help the milkman pull the milk out of the well, and, as they moved about, I thought I noticed something familiar about the man.

I couldn't hear what they said, and I was glad, because as it was I didn't have to move, although they were evidently talking intimately. But I did hear a "Good-by Rufus." Rufus? Why, of course. A bucolic sweetheart of my own from the next town, where I had spent some summer vacations with my mother. Poor old Rufus! And I had forgotten the dear good soul entirely! My thoughts ran back to those days, and then and there I remembered that it was at that house I had first missed the picture of Roger. I put two and two together in a moment, and I was in Alice's room before breakfast asking as easily as I could, "Who's that pretty boy you showed me the other day, Alice, in the military jacket?" Alice looked up the picture again and announced with true embarrassment and great feeling: "It's a photograph, that's all. I don't know who it is. Rufus gave it to me because it looked like his brother—I—he cared for me, and he was lost at sea and Rufus is, and he likes me too. Alice must have been surprised for I kissed her in the middle of the little story she was telling, and then I rushed to find Roger, and cried into his collar and said: "It's all right, Roger, darling; she didn't even know you, and you didn't, and I didn't, and I don't care one bit any more forever." Which incoherent story I elaborated to the dear boy's satisfaction later.—Boston Post.

HER FLIRTATION.

"And is that all the news?" saucily demanded Rupertine Clifgate. "Widow Prickett married again—and Alice Brown gone to Colorado—and young Morris built a new house. That isn't much to happen in eight weeks. Dear, dear, how stupid the country is, after New York. "That's all," said Daisy, solemnly. "Except, Oh! I had almost forgotten to mention him—the new minister." "A new minister?" echoed Rupertine. "Oh, I remember—old Mr. Ward did resign, just before I went away. And there's a new minister, eh? What sort of a man is he? Does he wear spectacles and quote the Proverbs of Solomon through his nose?" "Oh, no!" said Daisy, half indignantly. "Why, he's only twenty-five, and has the finest dark eyes and—" "Unmarried?" interrupted Rupertine, breathlessly. "So they say—and perfectly devoted to his books and studies." "Is he?" retorted Miss Rupertine. "Well, then, after all, I shall not be obliged to let my sword of conquest rust in its sheath. I'll teach this young domine that the 'proper study of mankind is man'—or rather woman. We'll go to church tomorrow, Daisy." "Rupertine!" "Well, what are you opening your round blue eyes so wide for? I've got a white Swiss muslin dress trimmed with white ruffles and pink ribbon, which I think will about settle Mr. Mr.—" "Ardham," put in Daisy, demurely. "A very pretty name, too—well it will settle Mr. Ardham's business for him. Oh, I tell you what, Daisy, these young ministers are no more invulnerable than the rest of the world, with their long faces and their solemn ways." Rupertine kept her word and went to church the next day. Mr. Ardham saw her; he could scarcely have helped that, for Dr. Clifgate's pew was in the very front of the middle aisle—and Rupertine smiled secretly to herself to observe the momentary inattention which caused him almost to lose his place in the hymn-book, whose leaves he was turning over. "I'll teach him to put St. Rupertine 'among the list of canonized beings yet,'" said the coquette to herself. Rupertine walked up to the parsonage the next day with Daisy. Old Mrs. Kershaw, who kept house for Mr. Ardham, stared as if a butterfly had flown into a dungeon. "I didn't know you was one of the workers, Miss Tiny," said she. "Oh, well, Mrs. Kershaw," said the beauty, "I'm tired of fashion and frivolity, and I want to work just as Daisy, here, does." And when Mr. Ardham came down to the old Clifgate house one autumn evening Rupertine went down to see him, with a curious thrill at her heart, as though it hungered for something afar off. "Miss Rupertine," frankly began the young minister. "I have long waited to tell you something." "Yes?" Rupertine leaned graciously toward him. "Of course, it is a matter of some importance to me, but whether it will be to you or not—" "Can you doubt that, Mr. Ardham?" she asked, meltingly. "Well, then; I am thinking of being married." "You will tell me to whom?" "That was my intention in coming here tonight, Miss Clifgate, I fear you will think me presumptuous." "Try me and see!" she smiled. "I have no such fears." "It is a relief to hear you say that I have engaged myself to marry your sister, Daisy!" Rupertine started to her feet, every drop of the scarlet blood in her veins seeming to tingle. "Mr. Ardham since when?" "Since before you returned from New York, Miss Rupertine, and I have only just succeeded in inducing her to allow me to tell you." "Daisy! The rogue; the darling little hypocrite!" cried Rupertine, hardly knowing whether to be angry or pleased. But Daisy's arms around her neck changed the burst of words. "You are not angry, dear?"

"Angry," she whispered. "No; but at this time I have been trying to win him for myself, and you know it, Daisy." "Yes, I know it, Rupertine. But a heart that could have been won away from me thus would scarcely have been worth acceptance, so I let you try." "Mr. Ardham," cried Rupertine, in her natural voice once more. "You have chosen well, Daisy is the very one to be a minister's wife." "I think so, too," said Mr. Ardham, in a tone of quiet self-gratulation. And so Miss Rupertine Clifgate's summer flirtation was all love's labor lost. ALL IS FAIR IN LOVE. Ethel Woodget, the Darling Down squatter's daughter, was slightly coquettish, as pretty and spirited girls generally are before they discover their masters. This was until she had reached her seventeenth year. Then she began to grow softer and more sympathetic to those whom she had formerly sent away in such dejection. Jack Lefoy, her father's gentlemanly but reckless manager, she spoke gently to instead of with her former scorn of careless girlhood. She knew he worshipped the ground she walked over, and would let no one else groom, feed or saddle her horse. She honored his respect as she pitied his hopeless affection, but while she said "Poor Jack!" admired his handsome figure and strong, noble face she sighed that he did not come up to her ideal, as her first fancy. But by and by her hero came along. Hon. John Brand was certainly a noble-looking man. Dark, pale-cheeked, thoughtful, exceedingly well-groomed, he was exactly the kind of man, only an inch shorter than Jack Lefoy, who was 6 feet 2 in his stockings. He had a handsome, well-filled-out figure, not yet too fat, white and even teeth, with thin, straight nose, and the most silky of black mustaches and beards. Hon. John Brand bore the reputation of a mighty hunter. He had brought to England trophies of his skill and prowess from India, Africa and the Rocky mountains. Hon. John Brand rode easily and gracefully as he did everything, and as Ethel watched him furtively, she felt satisfied, safe and happy. She was taking him to a stalagmitic cave in the ranges, which was one of the few sights of the district. "We are almost at the gully where the cave is, Mr. Brand, and fifteen miles from civilization." "They have not seemed five, Miss Ethel. Do you often come here?" "No, nor would I now unless I was with a brave man. Because the natives are still sometimes troublesome in these parts." "Indeed!" stammered Hon. John, growing a shade paler, while his lower lip trembled. "Is that why you told me to bring my gun and revolver?" "Yes," answered Ethel, noticing his agitation, and hastening to reassure him. "But don't be at all uneasy about me, I am perfectly safe with you." At this moment the most savage and startling yell rose from every side to them, while a shower of spears sped from unseen hands and rattled against the rocks behind. "Merciful heaven," shrieked Hon. John Brand, as he dropped on his face, and rolled instantly into the cave, in an apparent paroxysm of mortal agony leaving poor Ethel outside. "What is that? Shots in the gully? Aye—some one is coming to the rescue and shooting as he speeds near. The gunpowder smoke drives into the cave and at last leaves her vision clear to what is occurring outside. Here comes poor Jack Lefoy, emptying his revolver to right and left, in heroic style, with the reins in his glittering teeth and his blue eyes blazing. "Ah, safe, little girl!" cried Jack loudly. "I am, but I fear Mr. Brand is killed." "Let's find out, the danger is past," said Jack Lefoy as he strikes a match on his riding pants and holds it up. Hon. John Brand was discerned in the act of getting up. He had heard the magical words, "The danger is past," and recovered his senses quickly. He was likewise unwounded. "Oh," cried Ethel in disgust. "Take me home, Jack Lefoy." The next day Hon. John Brand went forth with his valet to pastures new. Three months after this, Ethel changed her name from Woodget to Lefoy. Her Jack—the real Jack, was able to satisfy Squatter Woodget as to his future prospects, his father being the earl of Mayblossom and himself the eldest son. He never told his wife, however, even when she became Countess Mayblossom, and would thus have forgiven her lord any trick for love's sweet sake, that he had been at school with Hon. John Brand, and therefore, knew his peculiarities. Nor did he tell her that the natives were a friendly tribe whom he had bribed to act this little drama, so that he might win his love.—Buffalo News. THE POLITE WAY. "Yes, Algernon, I will be your wife!" she said simply. The heart of the bronzed soldier beat high with joy. "Then you have not forgotten me?" he exclaimed. "I may have forgotten you, but I hope I haven't forgotten my manners!" she replied, with something of hauteur. Of course, it is always the polite thing to comply with requests.