A CHRISTMAS ADVENTURE.

risk the rest; but my aunt, with whom I had lived ever since I was 12 years old, held different opinions. She said it was my duty by my marriage to go back to the social position which both my grandfathers had enjoyed.

To my mind, the fact that my father's father was the Earl of Dundrum, and that my mother's grandfather was the duke of Allandale, is no proof that they enjoyed themselves in this life, or that the title were of the smallest use or even gratification to them.

Well, when both my parents were gone, leaving me with 1250 a year, I want to live with Aunt Emmeline. It was, of course, very good of my Tunt,

was, of course, very good of my Tunt Exameline to take charge of me. She was not much out of pocket, for she had the use of my income for my education and to provide for my clothes. which did not cost very much, for Aunt Emmeline dressed well herself, and her maid was a clever woman who transformed all my aunt's clothes for

who was lazy, rather dirty, and deceitful to the very last degree; but she had good manners and a perfect accent, and she was cheap. We had great times together, Mademoiselle and I.

Once we nearly got caught. Aunt

Panmeline went away for a three days' visit, and Mademoiselle and I went to a music hall, where I espied a very great friend of Aunt Emmeline's in a

"I say, Mademoiselle," I whispered, "that is Colonel Broughton in that box to the right."

to the right."
"Mon Dieu!" she ejaculated, "but what are we to do? We cannot get past all these people without attracting attention, and if we sit here we shall be undone."

When we came fearfully out with the crowd we saw Colonel Broughton just ahead of us with a lady. Fortunately we were carried in the crowd to one exit, and he and the lady were drifting toward the other, so we rushed along the street and jumped into the first cab we could see. "Grosvenor street," said Mademoiselle, and we were safe.

I never knew till that night that she had a latchkey. "Where did you get it?" I asked.

O, I have had it a long time. find it very useful; and then Peters does not have to trouble to let me in when perhaps he wants to go some-where on his own account." So Madewhere on his own account." So Made-moiselle was on terms with Peters, Aunt Emmeline's highly trusted and respectable butler. I did wonder what Aunt Ememline would say if she knew.

Well, in due course Mademoiselle left as. Aunt Emmeline recommended her to the Duchess of St. Neott's. "Impos-sible to find a more conscientious crea-ture, dear Duchess," she said. "She has been the making of Moyners, and feet accept, exquisite manners, and fect accent, exquisite manners, and knows precisely what to teach a girl of position. Rather expensive, but worth it."

So eventually the duchess engaged Mademoiselle at f120 a year—she had only f40 with us—to complete the education of her only daughter. I have often wondered since whether she had ever taken Lady Constance to the Pavilion; but, on the rare occasions that I afterward saw her, I did not dare to

my life with them. I shall never for-get Aunt Emmeline's tragic face when found out that I had refused old she quite cried, and when a woman as carefully preserved as Aunt Emmeline lets herself cry it is a proof that the has entered deeply into her soul. she moaned.

should have been the envy of every chaperon this season."
"Oh, he is so old," I replied, perhaps

Creech was a good match.

My reply dried her tears instantly. "Old!" she screeched. "And what has that got to do with it? He is as rich as a-as a Jew. He has five country seats and the biggest rubles in the world, and he would have settled thousands a year on you.

"And left me tied up so that I could not marry again," I put in. Poor Aunt Brameline. I touched her on a sore for she had in her day married an elderly peer. From what I have heard I have reason to think that the marriage did not turn out to be all honey and roses. And when Lord Swindon died he left her three thou-sand a year on condition that she did not marry a second time. Poor Aunt I asked. Emmeline!

So after that she did not say much more about old Lord Creech, but I heard her one day telling the Duchess was quite true that I had refused him.

Of course, if he had not himself told it to ever so many people we should never have mentioned it. I am very sorry for Lord Creech's disappoint-ment, but Moyra is too pretty to mar-

ry for mercenary motives."
"Oh, I think marrying for money horrible," said the Duchess, who had herself married at 17 a duke of 22, and could well afford to be generous.

The result of this was that the Duchess took a great deal more notice of men that she would otherwise, and I went up specially in consequence.

Really it was almost a pity that Aun meline was not blessed with half a dozen daughters of her own. She was such a skillful general that her genius was thrown away upon me. When the season was over she set her wits to work to get me off her hands that she might as usual go off to Homburg by herself. "I don't like the atmosphere of Homburg for such a girl as Moyra," she said plaintively to the Duchess one day. I had always understood that the atmosphere of Homburg was one of intensest propriety, but Aunt Em-meline knew what she was doing. "Neither do I like any of those for-

"Neither do I like any of those for-eign free and easy places," said the Duchess. "Let her go down to the cas-tie with us. I shall be delighted to have her, and we shall have a succes-sion of house parties for two months, so that there is not the smallest chance of her being dull."

"It would be delightful for Moyra, said Aunt Emmeline; "but I am afraid, dear Duchess, that it would be rather adding her on you to let her go to you for five or six weeks. I must have a fortnight in the Engadine afterward you

From the first I was intended to make a good marriage. And I take it that no girl can come in for a lot more hard and horrid than to start her social life with the overpowering knowledge that she has got to do well in a matrimonial way.

Personally, I have always felt that I would rather think of my heart and risk the rest; but my aunt, with whom I had lived ever since I was 12 years old, held different opinions. She said

It was during that long visit to the Duchess of St. Neott's, at Caversham Castle, that I first met Major O'Don-Castle, that I first met Major O'Donoghue. He was quartered at the neighboring garrison town and came over on a Saturday-to-Monday visit. And he fell straight over head and ears in love, and I hoped he would turn out to be one of those rich young men that Aunt Emmeline would approve of.

Of course he turned out not to be worth a brass farthing. I knew from the first that it would not do, but the Duchess kept asking him over to the

the first that it would not do, but the Duchess kept asking him over to the castle, and she made so much of him that it was no wonder I got to watch for his coming. So time went on, and day after day he made some excuse for coming, or the Duchess made some excuse for asking him, until I was fairly done for. Just at first I used to wonder what Aunt Emerican would as and what Aunt Emmeline would say, and I did wish that that stupid old Lord Creech had never taken it into his head to ask me to share his coronet.

But Major O'Donoghue never proposed to me. He never said a single word that the most unsentimental person might not have heard; he always spoke of himself rather bitterly as a "poor devil," who could never aspire to the hand of any girl, and I used to feel inclined to breek down and have a real

hand of any girl, and I used to feel inclined to break down and have a real good cry, and then I used to fiirt all I knew to cover my real feelings.

But just two days before Aunt Emmeline was expected at the castle, when I told him that my visit was nearly at an end, he asked if I would take him, poverty and all. He did not put it quite like that, for he said a great deal about his feelings and he asked a good many questions about mine, and then many questions about mine, and then I told him that I really did care for him

with all my heart.

"I know my aunt will say no," I said, leanig my head against his shoulder.

"She expects me to make a wonderful marriage, and she was awfully angry with me for not taking Lord Creech. She will say that I am as great a fool as my mother was, and she will do everything she can to separate us."

erything she can to separate us."

My foreboding proved true. The next day but one Aunt Emmeline arrived. She reached the castle just before dinner time and was very sweet to me and gushing to her dear Duchess.

"Tell me," she said, when we had

"Tell me," she said, when we had reached the charming room appointed for her, "who is here?" "Lord and Lady Cuilingham," I re-

"The Cullinghams. Dear, dowdy things," was my aunt's comment.
"Mr. and Lady Angela Frotingly,"

continued. "Dear, dear!" was her remark. rather wonder at the Duchess. She

so very fast. And who else?"
"Lord Newmarket," said L
"Oh, really." She said no more, but knew that she regarded Lord Newman ket's presence at the castle as a spe cial sign of providence, and Lady Swin-don. Poor Aunt Emmeline! She went down to dinner all ready

for the fray, in one of her smartest frocks and many diamonds. And Lord Newmarket was so frightfully civil to her that she quite, in her mind's eye, saw me already Marchioness of New-market. He paid me a certain amount of attention that evening and I did not

had had a facer. And Aunt Emmeline which she had received.
came up to my room with a reproach- "I don't really know which to accept.

"His name does not matter, Aunt Emmeline," I said, as coolly as I knew how. "What you said is all that you need trouble to remember.

"You need not be rude, Moyra," said my aunt. "I told Major—yes, Major o'Donoghue, that I was shocked at the very idea of a child like you even thinking of marrying. I think I convinced Major O'Donoghue that it would be best for him to put any idea of an "Ye-es," she said in a doubtful way. "You would like best to go to Mrs. be best for him to put any idea of an engagement with you out of his mind. I dare say he is very much in love, and he is handsome enough to have turned your head a little, but you cannot live upon nothing, as he admitted."

But does he live upon nothing now? "Certainly not. But what is enough for a single man, even in a cavalry regiment, is not enough for a marrie ouple. Possibly he may have though that as you live with me and stand to me in the light of a daughter there might be expectations some day from me, but I explained the situation and he has gone away, so that now, my dear child, you must be brave and try to put him out of your head. It will be

market that night. for that as a better man would have

I was just going to bed when there was a tap on the door, and Made-moiselle came in. I have already said that Aunt Emmeline had recommended her to the Duchess. I did not see much of her, for the Duchess was keeping her daughter out of sight, but she often came to my room for a little chat.
"Oh, is that you, Mademoiselle?" 1
said, as she entered and shut the door.

"Yes, ma cherie. Are you alone?"
"Quite alone," I replied, and I sighed
involuntarily, for I was alone in more

renses than one.
"I have something for you," she said,
"I have something her hand in her mysteriously, putting her hand in her pocket. "What would you give for a

pocket. "What would you give for a letter, for instance?"

I almost shricked aloud. "Oh, Made-moiselle, it is from him. Give it to me. Oh, you dear thing, thank you, thank

She gave me the letter and I tore it open with trembling fingers. It was not a very long one, but it was written in Major O'Donoghue's big, bold hand,

"Cavairy Barracks, Danford, Sept. 8.

"My Own Darling: I saw Lady Swindon this afternoon, who completely declined to listen to any idea of an ensagement between us. She laid great stress upon my poverty and upon your inexperience and inability to know your own mind. I am so perfectly convinced that you know your dear mind just as well as I know mine, that I am writing to say straightforwardly that, as I have never species of the stress to the stress to the say straightforwardly that, as I have never species and more than the stress to the stress

well as I know mine, that I am writing to say straightforwardly that, as I have never spoken of money matters to you, I think you ought to know that I have f1,100 a year and have no debts, and that If you feel inclined to wait for me until you are of age or until Lady Swindon agrees to give her consent, I shall wait patiently—well, no perhaps, not very patiently, dearest—but, at all events, I will wait faithfully and devotedly.

"Of course, I know only too well, dearest heart, that f1,100 a year is a wretched income for such a girl as you to marry to, but it seems to me that it would be better to marry on ever so little than to be tied up to a little cad like Newmarket, with three times as many thousands. Do try and let me have a line, darling, to let me know what your decision is, and to put me out of my misery. I cannot write as I feel. I was always an awful ass with a pen. Now and ever, your devoted "DICK."

I was crying before I had got to the

I was crying before I had got to the bottom of the page. I pressed it to my lips and looked at Mademoiselle with

eager inquiry in my eyes.
"Well," she said, "it is good news?"
"O, yes, you dear thing; the very best of news. Tell me, how did you get it?"
"A great man came and asked for m

-the servant of your soldier," she re-plied. "He told me that I was to try to give it to you, as he put it, private."
"Am I to send an answer?" I asked.
"He wanted to wait for one," Mademoiselle answered, "but I told him that I would post one; for he might have to wait all night."

"I was thinking," I said, "of how I could get a letter posted without Aunt Emmeline knowing. You see, Mademoi-selle, Major O'Donoghue wants to marry me and Aunt Emmeline wants me to marry somebody quite different. I've got to do what she tells me till I am And I want to write to him just this once.

"You will write," she said, "and I will carry it to the post. It is not difficult.

'You are a dear thing!" I cried. never half valued you in the old days. See, I will give you this brooch." She thanked me, and I sat down at

She thanked me, and I sat down at once and wrote to my dear Dick.

"My Darling Dick: Of course I will wait years and years, if need be, tho' I don't like waiting any better than you do. My aunt was not angry, only judical and just a little deceitful. She quite gave me to understand, without saying anything, you know, that when you found I had nothing to expect from her you had gracefully retired from the field. Therefore your dear letter was at once a surprise and an utter toy to field. Therefore your dear letter was at once a surprise and an utter joy to me. Good old Mademoiselle brought it to me quite safely, and is waiting for to me quite safely, and is waiting for my reply, which she will post tomorrow. I can't keep her waiting much longer, because some one might come in, and if it happened to be Aunt Emmeline she would certainly ask me what I was writing, when Mademoiselle would get into a fearful scrape. Darling Dick, your letter has made me very, very happy, and I will wait as long as you like. Your own MOYRA.

"P, S.—It has just occurred to me that perhaps Aunt Emmeline did not tell."

perhaps Aunt Emmeline did not tell you that I have a little money of my own. It is only 1250 a year, but, put to your ff.100. I think we could manage very well on it. M.

tainments and danced and flirted with for we were up here the other innumerable men, while my heart was IV. crying out one little homely name-I saw him ride away down the west Dick! Dick! And at last, it drew avenue, and I knew my the way he near Christmas time and Aunt Emme-kept squaring his shoulders that he line had to decide on three invitations

"I am astonished that you never told me a word, never gave me a hint of distant cousin of ours, Lady Emily what has been going on, Moyra," said she. "Major— Major—" and then she looked at me vaguely.
"His name does not matter, Aunt Emmeline," I said, as coolly as I knew days. And Mrs. George Drummond asks me for Christmas week, but she does not include you in the invitation.

"You would like best to go to Mrs. Drummond's," I said positively. "Well, But what am I to do with you?

"Couldn't I go to Mrs. Arthur Bar-ton's? I know her well, and she has two girls of her own. You might suggest it to her and come on there after your time at Mrs. Drummond's is up. "That's a good idea, Moyra," cried and the my aunt, jubilantly. "I will write to knew

Of course Mrs. Barton wrote and said that she was sorry Aunt Emmeline had engaged herself, but that she would be charmed to have me. She added that she would take special care of me, and that if I did not take a maid her girl's maid could do anything I wanted. "So wrench, dear, I know too well my-f what a wrench a thing of that sort line, "But, all the same, I think you a wrench, dear, I know too well myself what a wrench a thing of that sort
is, but it is inevitable."

I said not a word. I hid my face in
my hands and then Aunt Emmeline
kissed me very kindly and left me
alone with my misery.

I flirted my hardest with Lord NewTalket and the same, I think you had better take Margaret with you."

So, seweral days before Christmas, I went off, attended by Margaret, and arrived at the great, old-fashioned manor house where the Bartons lived. It
was not an ancestral place, but had I flirted my hardest with Lord New-market that night. I regularly car-ried on with him, and Lady Ella looked Barton came into his enormous fortune as if she could have eaten me alive. It was several miles from a station, in Not that I cared. I was hard hit and I wanted to hide the wound. Lord largest houses of England. I had been Newmarket, though he was a little, there once before, when Mrs. Barton horsey, ugly snip of a man, did as well had said to me that I must be very careful not to lose myself, but to blaze my way from my bedroom to the hall I got to the manor about 5 o'clock to find afternoon tea in full swing, and the first person I saw when I followed Mrs. Barton into the hall was Major O'Donoghue. How my heart thumped at the sight of him. He was as cool as a cucumber, and came quietly forward saying: "How do you do, Miss Grafton? What a long time sirce we met

"Oh, you have met Miss Grafton be-fore!" cried Mrs. Barton in polite sur-"Yes, we met at Danford Castle," replied.

I shook hands with the rest of the I shook hands with the rest of the people and then I sat down on a settee, very high and with a great deal of carving about it, and Dick waited upon me as if it had been the most usual thing in the world. And then he sat down beside me, and all the others went talking on, attending to their own

much he contrived to tell me in the short hour which followed, and at the short hour which followed, and at the end of it he was carried off to rehearse for some theatricals that were to come off four days later.

"It is really a rehearsal tonight?" he asked, unwillingly.

"Yes, Major O'Donoghue, it is," Lily Barton replied. "I know that you are two-d-perfect and that you have just been introduced to Miss Grafton—oh, well no, but that you would rather stay here and talk to her. But I shall warn her against you and put her on her guard. So come along and do your duty like a man and a soldier."

There was, of course, no getting over this, so he suffered himself to be led

There was, of course, no getting over this, so he suffered himself to be led away. As for me, I went up to my room to see what Margaret was doing by way of arranging my things.

How I did hate those theatricals dur-ing the next two days. They were call-ing for Major O'Donoghue all day long, until he repented of having promised to Join in them.

Join in them.

"You see, my darling," he said, apologetically, on the second morning after my arrival. "I had no idea that we should meet here, and these beastly theatricals must be carried through. I seem never to get a single word with seem never to get a single word with you. Look here, after lunch today go seem never to get a single word with you. Look here, after lunch today go off to your room, and instead of going out, go up to the tp floor and meet me there. Nobody will think of your going up there, and, if you dress for a walk you will keep warm and disarm sus-nicion."

"All right. But what is there on the top floor? "A lot of disused rooms, very dusty and dliapidated." he replied. "But for us they will be shelter. Upon my word, I never thought I could be two days

in the same house with my sweetheart and kiss her so seldom."

Accordingly, after lunch I went to my room, asked Margaret to give me my sealskin coat, my muff and a certain smart red hat in which I fancied myself, and thus attired I went leisureity out and down the corridor and when If yout and down the corridor, and when I got to the end of it I just took the turn up instead of down, and literally flew up the stairs. I found my dear Dick walting at the topmost landing. and, as I gained the top step, he caught me in his arms and covered

my face with kisses.
"Come down to this end, dearest," he said, drawing me away from the staircase to where a tall window let in the light down the wide corridor. There's a huge sofa covered with velvet, on which we can talk as cosily as we

"Won't they hear our voices?" I ask-"Won't they hear our voices?" I asked, though I really did not then care
very much whether they did or not.
"Not they," he said, easily. So we
went toward the window and I found
the old couch just as he had described
it. What a talk we had! Quite an
hour must have gone by before we
thought of anything but ourselves.
"I wonder why they don't keen this

"I wonder why they don't keep this part of the house going." I said at last, in an idle sort of a way.
"It's so very big without it," he re-plied. "One wonders that people could have been such fools as to build

house so big."
"What is there down the passage "I don't know. Let's go and see, Yo must be quite chilled. I know I am." So then we went on a little tour of exploration and enjoyed ourselves in that way. And just as we were going to turn back, Dick happened to put his hand on the wall—we were looking at a huge and very ugly picture that hung there—when the thing began to move and slide back out of sight. "By Jove," he exclaimed, "but this is queer! What a joke to tell the others.

Let us go in and see what other sur prises we can light on."

No sooner said that done. We cross-ed the threshold and found ourselves in

vilion; but, on the rare occasions that I afterward saw her, I did not dare to ask.

And then I came out. I know that I ought to have done my aunt credit and have landed a duke or a baronet at least. But somehow all the dukes and other eligible men who came my way were so unattractive I really never could bring myself to face the rest of my life with them. I shall never for-

as we are here, we may as well see There was plenty to be seen, for w found a complete set of rooms opening from either side of the passage, every one of them lighted from the roof and glazed with thick ground glass.

"It's like a prison," I sald, with a undder. "Let us go back, Dick. It gives me the horrors. He turned back at once. "It is rather gloomy," he admitted; then looked at me. "Why, little woman,

'Yes, I am, rather." We got back to the door, but could find no trace of a handle or any means of opening it. "I believe we are fast,"

He tried and tried again, but there seemed to be no spring; none, at least, that we could find, and at last I said to him: "Knock hard on the door. The

are sure to hear us if you only knock And Dick knocked. "Dearest," he said, "this door is padded. I don't be lieve a sound will pass. We must find some other way of getting out."

But there way of getting out."
But there was no other way of getting out. We were fairly imprisoned,
and the worst of it was that nobody
knew where we were. We tried to knew where we were. We tried to reach the windaws, but they were far too high for him to touch, even though he stood six foot one in his socks. We found that every single piece of furni-ture was fast screwed to the floor and that there was not a single thing with with he could attract attention to our

"It's no use worrying about it," h said at last. "They are sure to start a search for us when we are missed." But so far as any apparent search was made for us, they could never have missed us. The afternoon wore away and the dusk began to "How cold and horrid it is!" I said,

half crying, for I was most miserable and began to conjure up visions of our dying by inches in the living tomb 'It is. It won't be long now," he

said, reassuringly.

But it was. The evening went dismally by, and though Dick shouted until he was hourse, nobody came to our aid. I was now both cold and hungry and very sleepy.
"I begin to feel desperate," I cried.

"Do you think we shall die here, Dick?
"Well, if we do, we shall at least be
together," he replied. voice, "I said, in a small, piteous voice, "I am very fond of you, but it won't be any comfort to me to die with you. I won't pretend it."

Dick burst out laughing.

"And quite right you are. uBt it won't be a case of dying. I can do nothing tonight, because I can't see; but as soon as it is light I'll get out of this somehow or other.

They were brave words, but getting

"I don't suppose they have begun to cook it yet," he replied. "It's only half past 9 o'clock."

Hours went by, but never a soul or a sound came near us except the shriek of a distant railway whistle. Dick made tour after tour of that hateful suite of rooms trying to find out some means of communicating with the house below, such as he said must exist; but if such there was he did not succeed in unearthing it. The dismal day dragged on and dusk began to fall again. Another horrid night went by. day dragged on and dusk began to fall again. Another horrid night went by. I did not sleep much, and I tried to chew a bit of tobacco, but it only made me feel sick. "By Jove!" Dick exclaimed on the second morning when we were getting still more desperate, "I suppose they think we've bolted! And so we have in more snses than one." I couldn't help laughing in spite of

my misery to think how angry Aunt Emmeline would be and how her visit Emmeline would be and how her visit to the Drummonds would be spoiled. Poor Aunt Emmeline! Some day, I thought, when they happen to find us and recognize us by our clothes and things, they will all know how they misjudged us."

"Have you a pencil, Dick?" I asked. "If you have I should like to write something to tell them when they find us."

"Look here" he said with a sudden accession of energy. "I must have another try to get that beast of a door open. There must be a way out, if I can only find it."

He jumped up from the couch which we were sitting and went toward the corridor where the door was. And as luck would have it, no sooner did he get there than he chanced upon the spring and it slowly slid open. all right," he called; "I've got it!"

all right," he called; "I've got it!"

I jumped up and ran toward him, but ere I could reach him my long misery proved too much for me, and everything began to go round and round, and I knew nothing more.

Aunt Emmeline always declared that it was a planned thing, and that Dick knew perfectly well what he was doing when he took me to explore the secret suite at the manor house. Of course, there was no further question secret suite at the manor house. Of course, there was no further question as to our engagement, and we were married just six weeks after Christmas. Perhaps she is not altogether sorry to be rid of the responsibility of chaper-oning a girl who has no eye to the main chance; at all events she did not think it worth while to quarrel with us, and generally comes down for the best balls in any quarters that we happen to be

As for the Bartons, they were at first incredulous about the secret suite, but on the inquiry, found that a tradition was still extant that a former master of the manor had been a dangerous lunation of homicidal tendency, and they then found that the family, who never entered the apartments, had not never entered the apartments, had not thought it necessary to speak of them. The next time that we stayed there they took us upstairs and showed us a light door of iron bars which had been fixed about a yard from the old portrait. "Because," Charlotte Barton explained, "we have been guite near mough to a mistletoe bough tragedy and we don't want to go any nearer."— John Strange Winter in Post-Dispatch

QUAINT FEATURES OF LIFE.

Mrs. Ottillie Homeyer, wife of a Long Island farmer now suing for a le gal separation from her husband, al-leges in her complaint that during the nine years she has been married he has never taken a bath. Nobody will ac-cuse the woman of undue haste in

Bernard Bennett of Jamaica, who has been confined to his bed for four years with paralysis so complete that he is unable to move about, nevertheless able to walk in his sleer This ability has just been discovered by the man's wife, who found him going downstairs. When he was awak-ened after being led to his bed he was

again unable to move. W. L. Lutz, who had been in tall fo some time at Wilkesbarre, Pa., for wifebeating, has grown so fat that he has been released by the judge who sentenced him, who says: the order for his release b wife needed his support and because he was living too high at the expense the county. Look at the records and you will find men who make it a point to be sent up for the winter. They will not work and prefer living on the tax-

A barn in Aroostook, Me., has long gone unshingled because the farmer who owned it was too infirm to climb to the roof, while one of his sons had gone to the war in the Philippines Klondike. The other day, however, the farmer's only daughter came home from the normal school and shingled the barn as well as any man could have done and she didn't once pound her fingers with the hammer, either.

The Toronto Star tells a story of Toronto tenant, whose name is with held, who painted and otherwise im proved the exterior of the house in which he was living, at his own ex-pense. He was quite well pleased with only from month to month. That fact was brought home to him when his landlord arrived for the rent. Looking the place over, the landlord seemed surmised a reduction in the month' rent of a sum to onset the admission pense to which he had gone. Instead, his landlord raised the rent \$2 a month. than the tenant.

Kinsey Feathers is the name of th tollgate keeper on the Frederick turn-pike, one mile below Ellicott City, Md He has been there sixteen years, every day at his post of duty except Fourth of July and Christmas in each year And it is asserted he has never slepin bed in all that time, but manag to catch naps sitting in a chair, ready to come at a moment's notice to collechis toll and let the traveler pass thro' A poor widow who was arrested in Wilkesbarre, Pa., charged with assaulting a constable, won much sympathy in the courtroom when she said

that the officer, in levying on he household goods on a landlord's war They were brave words, but getting out of carving about it, and Dick waited out of that prison was not as easy as upon me as if it had been the most us ual thing in the world. And then he sat down beside me, and all the others went talking on, attending to their own concerns. I can hardly tell you how

Personal and Otherwise

Franklin Syndicate Miller has too

much money to stay caught.
Despite the rudeness of the Boers,
Ladysmith dances quite lively at those
midnight bails.
Jones of Ohio has won fame. Nearly
month after election they are still
talking about him

2 month after election they are suntalking about him.
Political opponents of Joe Chamberlain assert that his monocle does not affect his eye for the main chance.
The appearance of fogs in New York and Boston is interpreted in both localities as a cheering sign of the Angalities as a scheen and the Angalities as a scheen as the Angalities as a scheen and the Angalities and the Angalit

calities as a cheering sign of the An-glo-Saxon alliance.

The removal of the Bell Telephone company's headquarters from Boston to New York was a delicate way of ringing off state regulation by com-

Chicago is obliged to admit that sucheld in other cities. Now Philadelphia and New York are competing for the honor.
President McKinley gives official as-

surance that Uncle Sam's foreign re-lations are quite well. A decrease in foreign money orders at this season may be looked for. Washington correspondents say that Senator Depew encountered a mild frost at the opening of the session. Doubtless his stock of storied antiques

Doubtless his stock of storied antiques had not been unpacked.

Details of a foul crime at Scabsdale give the impression that Scabsdale is a town in the Philippines. Scabsdale is a sore spot in the Empire state.

Questions of state, yellow crimes and mysterious disappearance are shelved for the moment in New York City, while the Knickerbockers wrestle with the problem, "Can a woman who uses powder be a lady?"

Chicago is enjoying itself hougely, notwithstanding the failure of the grand opera season. Two minstrel shows are doing a corking business and an "Uncle Tom's Cabin" show is looking for room to boost artistic temperament by the lakeside.

Attorney General Remley of Iowa has contracted a lawsuit for failing to paste a 50-cent stamp on his official bond. He

contracted a lawsuit for failing to paste a 50-cent stamp on his official bond. He insists that his bond is a government document and cannot be taxed by the government. Here is a legal point capable of being stretched to equal lowa's celebrated calf case.

One of Boston's intellectual glasts,

elevated to the dignity of alderman, turned loose this picturesque gem at a recent sitting: "I bet you that a dozen of those long-haired men who write editorials in the papers, all put togeth-

er, know no more about this proposi-tion than a hog does about Sunday." New Jersey has achieved much fame and revenue by reason of wonderful laws, yet there are several loopholes in the code. A man on trial for allowing his aged mother to lie on the floor three days till she died, without help or medical attention, though suffering from a broken hip, was acquitted on the ground that the state had no law compelling a man to be humane to his mother. Jersey mothers should form a

Out of the Ordinary.

In a suit to recover the price of a bicycle sold on the installment plan an Albany court decided that a bicycle is not a necessity to a girl under age

not a necessity to a girl under age working out as a domestic.

At Johannesburg the telephone system is operated by the Dutch, and one has to pay a year's subscription in advance—about \$75 a month—and no service is furnished after 5 p. m.

Under government control the sale of intoxicating liquors in Russia there has been a noticeable diminution in drunkenness and in those crimes and

drunkenness and in those crimes and nisdemeanors which are caused by in misdemeanors which are caused by in-toxication.

The present consumption of water in New York City is 265,000,000 gallons a day. In Brooklyn it is 95,000,000, in Queens 3,500,000, and in Richmond, acsundry estimates.

a total of 365,000,000 gallons for the whole territory. A recent police order in Chicago prohibits freak advertising on the streets. To one man arrested, dressed as an Irish knight of olden times and bearing a tin shield with an advertisement on it, a police captain said: "Why, that rig would make an automobile balk. It shall not be permitted."

Pugilist Jeffries has a cousin of the same name, who lives on a farm near Celina, O. He, too, is a man of vast strength. He is now 38 years old, and weighs about 180 pounds and recently, while his father was visiting him, hav-ing occasion to move a cow from one stall to another, picked her up and lift-ed her over the dividing partition. She weighed over 1,000 pounds.

In Milwaukee recently nineteen as-pirants for the position of keeper of a city natatorium were required plunge into the tank in their str lothing and swin. It was part of the ivil service examination. James S. Galloway, a millionaire lumber merchant of Hillsdale, Mich., has purchased the whole of Morgan county

n that state for the white pine timber there. He could not cut 100,000,000 feet, but intends to hold most of it awaiting ievelopments.
The collection of books, antiques and objects of art which belonged to Auin this country early next year, are thought to represent an expenditure of amount of half of it will be realized from the sale, though many of the obects have increased in value since heir purchase. The folio Shapespeare, heir purchase. The folio Shapespeare, for which Mr. Daly paid \$8,500, is now said to be worth at least \$2,000 more There are about 10,000 lots in the colection, equally divided between books

and other articles.

What makes some of the Switzerland notels so bad is probably an unsolvable mystery. What makes them so numerous is partially explained by Consul Ridgely's report from Geneva that for this year only and up to October 31 no less than 2,500,000 tourists visited the country, leaving there a total of \$38,000,000. The population of Switzerland is only 2,933,300, so that every citizen had almost one entire tourist to himself, while the percapita wealth of the country, heretofore estimated at \$14, is brought up by this outside money to \$29.45. The group of thirteen elms, planted

in New York over a century ago by Alexander Hamilton, are about to be felled and soon a row of modern houses will stand on the ground once occupied by the grove in front of the old Hamilare the sole remaining vestige. The trees, which now stand in Convent ave-nue, near One Hundred and Forty-first street, were planted by Hamilton commemoration of the union of

commemoration of the union of the thirteen colonies.

In spite of his 78 years, General Daniel E. Sickler, in his day soldier, diplomat and statesman, is looking in fine trim. In response to a suggestion that he might yet be called upon to represent a constituency in Washington, the general shook his head and observed:

"No I've acted in the legislatic sole." "No, I've acted in the legislative role for the last time."