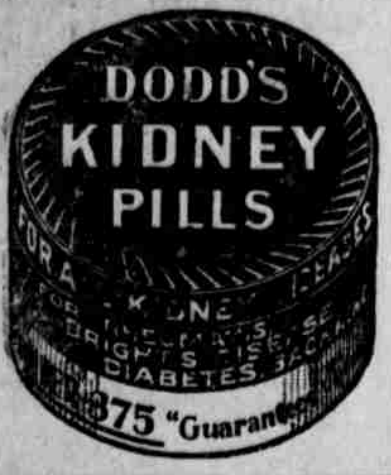


True Politeness.
"Silent Smith," said a broker, "was a good, kind man, but a busy one; a loss to me and time waster."
"He used to fish occasionally at Shawnee," said a Shakespearean on a jacket in the city, "and he had to visit him in his New York office."
"Well, Josh, how'd Silent Smith use 'em?" they asked the farmer at the general store on his return.
"Fellers," said the old man warmly, "Silent Smith is the politest cuss I ever see. I hadn't been settin' 'chattin' with him more'n a quarter of an hour fore he had told me six times, be goin' 'nighly, to come in an' see him ag'in."—New York Tribune.



Instructive Little Tale.
There were two brothers, George and William.
William was the good boy. He was studious, methodical, and economical. He went into business, and by hard work and much self-denial at last acquired a moderate competency.
George was a gay, careless, easy-going fellow, who never applied himself seriously to anything, but enjoyed life as he went along.
One day, however, when he had nothing else to do, he invented a mouse trap. It was a simple little affair, but operated on a new principle, and was different from any other trap in use.
He showed it to his brother William.
"Bill," he said, "if you will lend me money enough to patent this thing and put it on the market I'll divide all the profits equally with you."
"Nix," answered William, glancing carelessly at the trap. "There's nothing in it."
Thus repulsed, George went to a shrewd capitalist, who at once invested \$5,000 in his invention.
And lost every cent of it.
William was right.—Chicago Tribune.

The Only Drawback.
First Girl—You know the older one grows the greater, I think, is a woman's capacity to fall in love.
Second Girl—But the fewer the men.—Detroit Free Press.

Mr. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children
It is the best remedy for all the ailments of children, such as colic, whooping cough, croup, and all the ailments of the throat and lungs. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the stomach and bowels. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the head and eyes. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the chest and lungs. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the skin and hair. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the nerves and system. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the body and soul. It is a sure cure for all the ailments of the world and the flesh.—Advertisement.

Know Not the Difference.
It happened when I was guidin' a party of New York sports, and one of 'em a young feller, was crazy to kill a panther, so we thought we'd fix things up an' give him some fun. A couple of the boys set the rig planned an' when night came we were all ready, with two candles set out in the woods and the blood of a deer makin' a good trail beyond where they stood.
After supper everybody was sittin' around the fire talkin' panther and the young feller was pretty keen about gettin' his car in. All of a sudden, just behind the camp, something let out a yowling, squilin' scream that made every man jump clean off the ground. Then somebody yelled, "Git a gun! Git a gun!" and another one yelled: "Look at his eyes! I kin see his eyes."
Well, sir, then the dogs started up an' the sport let blaze at the candles. Of course they went out, because a man was all ready and pulled the string when he fired. Things were pretty well stirred up, I kin tell you.
"Let them dogs loose! Let them dogs loose!" the young feller kept yellin' an' when we did an' they found the trail you ought to have seen them sports. They had it an' wanted to go right after the panther that minute. Here Rubie tittered and gave a concluding cough.
He never knew the difference, an' I'll bet he thinks he wounded that panther this day. He, he!—Forest and Stream.

A Good Exercise.
Mother—I'm ashamed to think you can't do better in school. Why can't you lead your class?
Willie—Say, ma, you told me you didn't want me ever to be concealed, an' I notice when a boy leads the class he always gets concealed.—Philadelphia Press.

SOAKED IN COFFEE
Until Too Sift to Read Over.
"When I drank coffee I often had sick headaches, nervousness and biliousness much of the time, but when I went to visit a friend I got in the habit of drinking Postum."
"I gave up coffee entirely and the result has been that I have been entirely relieved of all my stomach and nervous trouble."
"My mother was just the same way. We all drink Postum now and, without coffee in the house for two years, we are all well."
"A neighbor of mine, a great coffee drinker, was troubled with pain in her side for years and was in a invalid. She was not able to do her work and could not even mend clothes or do anything at all where she would have to bend forward. If she tried to do a little hard work she would get such pains that she would have to lie down for the rest of the day."
"At last I persuaded her to stop drinking coffee and try Postum Food Coffee and she did so and has used Postum ever since; the result has been that she can now do her work, can sit for a whole day and mend and can sew on the machine, and she never feels the least bit of pain in her side; in fact, she has got well, and it shows coffee was the cause of the whole trouble."
"I could also tell you about several other neighbors who have been cured by quitting coffee and using Postum in its place." "There's a Reason." Look at Postum for the famous little book, "The Road to Wellville."

THE CHARITY GIRL

By EFFIE A. ROWLANDS

CHAPTER XVI.—(Continued.)
The Duke of Harborough was making an almost regal procession with his new daughter-in-law. He had come up just as Audrey was clasping her mother's hand, and when he caught sight of the girl's face he smiled.
"Jack, my boy, you're in luck," he cried, and then nothing would do but Audrey must walk away with him and be introduced all round.
"The girl is a lady from head to foot, and what a face! Charity girl, indeed! Where's Gladys, I wonder?" and then the wicked old man chuckled to himself as he meditated a plan to annoy Lady Daleswater.
"So with Audrey, laughing heartily at his sallies, he walked straight up to his daughter, whose cold eyes were resting with distinct approval on the slender, white-robed figure.
"Gladys, my dear, here is some one you must know. This young lady has quite taken my heart by storm! I don't believe she will leave a whole one when she goes away."
"That is easily understood," remarked Lady Daleswater, graciously giving Audrey sincere admiration, "but you have not told me this young lady's name, papa."
"No! Haven't I? Dear me! Well, you really ought not to need an introduction, since she is your new sister, Jack's wife. Come along, my dear. I want to take you up to that old woman over there; she is not beautiful, but she is clever, and that is a great thing."
Sheila Fraser had not been with Lady Daleswater when the duke brought up his son's wife, but she knew in a moment that her rival had come on to the field, and she could scarcely contain her bitter hatred and jealousy, as she heard nothing but admiration expressed for Audrey all the way round.
She was carefully attended by her cavalier, the Honorable Lancelot Twist, brother to the Earl of Daleswater, who was as strongly inclined in favor of obtaining her fortune as his sister-in-law could desire. He was a mean little man, very like the earl in appearance, but Sheila did not care about this; she only remembered his rank, and was glad to have some one to attend her so closely, if only to show the world that she was not breaking her heart for Lord John Glendurwood. Miss Fraser walked straight up to the lovely girl.
"I am very glad to see you," she said, with great warmth and extending her delicately gloved hand. "You have not quite forgotten me, Lady John, I hope?"
"Oh, no, I have not forgotten you, Miss Fraser," she said, simply, and then she added no more, for to say she was glad to see Sheila would have been to utter an untruth, and Audrey was not versed sufficiently in the world's ways to speak falsely.
CHAPTER XVII.
Jack had explained very gently to Audrey that there was a quarrel going on between his mother and his sister.
"It is all about some nonsense, darling," he had said, "but mother is quite right to hold her own. Gladys has a wretched temper. I—I am afraid you must not expect her to be too kind to you."
"That is why she looked so coldly at me when my father took me up to introduce me to her?"
"Be ready for me at five, darling. I shall take you for a drive then. What are you going to do all day while I am down looking at these horse swish Sinclair?"
"I am going shopping with mother, but I will be ready and waiting for you by five."
What long, happy, sunny days those were. It seemed to Audrey as though the hours were not half long enough to cram in all the delights that came following one another so quickly.
"If only Miss Irons and the matrons could see me now. How funny it all is!" Constance's brood contracted slightly.
"There is no reason why she should not be, Audrey."
"Is she really going to marry that horrid little man, mother?"
"Who is the horrid little man?" inquired Jack's voice at the door. "Don't go, Constance, dear," Jack continued, kissing her affectionately, and then sitting down beside his wife and gathering her bodily into his arms.
"This is the children's hour, so I think I had better take my departure," smiled Mrs. Fraser. "Audrey, if you are going to this ball to-night, have an hour's rest. No, Jack, there is no occasion to come down with me."
"Didn't she look lovely?" he exclaimed, as they went down the stairs. "Everybody is raving about her, my little darling! Oh, Con, dear, what have I done that I should be so blessed!"
"Take care of her, Jack. He good to her always!" The words broke from the mother's lips suddenly.
"Do you not trust me?" he asked, reproachfully, and then he looked at her gently. "Do you know, you are very pale and worn, Mrs. Fraser? What have you been doing to yourself? I think I must have a long chat with you, madam."
Constance Fraser put her hand on the young man's arm.
"Jack, dear Jack, don't you know what my dear lady means?" she said, so low as almost to be inaudible.
"Nothing very serious, I am sure," he answered quickly, though he felt a sudden pang at his heart.
"It is not for her, my dear," she whispered, very softly; "her life is so happy, do not let me be the first to cast a shadow on it; time enough when—"
"When years hence you shall still be alive, and heaven grant, strong and well. Constance, why do you talk like this, dear?"
"Jack, my friend! As you have been that, my true, good, staunch, faithful friend! My son, the fat has come forth; my days are numbered. This scene will be my last. I—I will say no more. Let us go now."
Jack Glendurwood's face worked for a moment; he had yielded to a strong impulse which led him to look into his mother's words of sorrow, irreversibility, binding promises of everlasting, never-forgotten love for the sake of her father's face. His expression found her lips, checked him. He led her gently to her

she felt her heart beat lightly again.
"I am delighted to hear that Willie Fullerton is on board; I am sure you will like him," Jack wrote. "He is quite the nicest young man of my acquaintance. Tell him for me that I expect him to do me a good turn, and look well after my dear, sweet little wife. He will make an excellent cavalier, and be delighted beyond measure to attend so lovely a lady. Look for me at the end of the week. Then, and always, your devoted husband."
"JACK."
She confided to her new friend the message her Jack had sent, and was greatly pleased at Willie's delight.
"And now I hope you will begin to look upon me as a friend, Lady John? I am sure you will if Glendurwood does," he said eagerly.
Sheila was almost gleeful over this "flirtation," as she insisted on calling it. "I always knew she was a bold thing," she declared to Beverley in an aside; "but I never thought she was so bad as this. She is carrying on most shamefully with Willie Fullerton."
There was a strained expression in Beverley's smile. He, too, was watching the boy and girl away at the far end of the deck.
"And she will not even speak one word to me!" he thought to himself, the hot tide of jealousy running like fire in his veins.
The day progressed. The dance was to begin about 9 o'clock. Just about dinner hour Willie Fullerton came to Audrey.
"I am in despair, Lady John," he said, really quite mournfully. "I shall not be able to call on you for our promised dance. I am compelled to run ashore. My mother has sent for me on important business. She is an invalid, poor old dear, and I must go."
"Of course you must," said Audrey, "but I shall miss you very much indeed, Mr. Fullerton. I don't think I shall dance tonight."
Lady Daleswater's face was declared to be enchanting. The fairy lights, the delicious music, the select company, nothing was wanting in any one's estimation but Audrey's. She was very dull and very lonely.
"Go and dance, my dear," advised Mrs. Hungerford, shortly. But to the great disappointment of most of the men present, Lady John Glendurwood persistently refused to join the dancers.
"Posing!" sneered Mrs. Fairfax to Sheila. "The girl is as big a coquette as she is a hump!"
Lady Daleswater did not pay too much attention to her sister-in-law. For the first time in her arrogant career, the countess was suffering from jealousy.
Why should this girl, this nobody, with all sorts of probable disagreeable hangings to her childhood, why should she be queen of the situation, while she, Gladys, Countess of Daleswater, was put on one side and forgotten?
(To be continued.)

GREAT SAVING TO FARMERS.
Valuable Discoveries Made at the
Patent Agricultural College.
How much Professor Bolley of the North Dakota Agricultural College is accomplishing for the farmer of the world through his patient and thorough investigations in plant life is not easy to estimate. A single one of his discoveries—that of the formaldehyde treatment for smut—has already been worth many millions of dollars to the agriculturists of the United States and the entire world.
Thirteen years ago he found that this hitherto unconquerable enemy of the grain grower could be effectually prevented by bathing seed in a simple and inexpensive chemical solution made by dissolving one pound of formaldehyde, 40 per cent strength, in forty-five gallons of water and using three-fourths of a gallon of this solution to a bushel of wheat, oats or barley and one-half gallon to a bushel of flax.
For many years he could not persuade a single farmer to adopt his plan. They looked upon him as a scientific dreamer, an impracticable experimenter, and laughed at his theories. It was in 1898 that the farmers first began to regard Professor Bolley and his ideas seriously. Then a few of the more progressive and wealthy ones, who owned large tracts of land and felt that they could afford to experiment, decided to test his prescription for wheat smut. This was the first time the treatment had been tried on an extensive scale by practical agriculturists.—World To-day.

Smashes Bagnage Safety.
"If you are a traveler who has suffered the pangs of seeing your precious baggage tossed hither and yon before finally finding a resting place in the hold of a vessel, then you have prayed for a system whereby luggage could be swung from the wagons at the docks to the hold of the vessel." So says the writer of an amusingly interesting article in the Technical World Magazine.
"Maybe you are owner of a freight vessel or a liner carrying a full-tilt cargo. Ah, then you have spent sleepless nights figuring how some of those precious hours spent in loading and unloading your vessel could be cut down. You have longed for a machine which would handle a mixed cargo with expedition and safety. Or you may be manager of a large warehouse. Your problem then has been for years how to get your goods from door to door of your storage house without being obliged to handle it at every floor. Whichever of this trio you are, or whether you belong to the merchants who import or export, the quick and careful handling of your goods is the all-important matter and it has never been quite satisfactorily adjusted."
The writer then goes on to describe a new invention for safe handling of all sorts of freight that is now in use on many large wharves, and his description is worth reading if only for the comfort one may derive from contemplation of a future when the smashing of baggage will be no more. According to the writer, that blessed future is not far away.
"For This Reason—"
Nervous Amateur Lecturer (who has just received a message from his lantern man that the oxygen for the lime-light will last only five minutes longer) —"Not a word, ladies and gentlemen, I must conclude, as my gas is giving out. Harper's Weekly.

Worse than the Japanese.
"My dear, what is the brown perill?"
"I guess it's the awful taste I had in my mouth after that reception we gave Johnnie Chauncy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

MEDITATIONS OF LITTLE TEDDIE.
I wish 'at I was bigger, so when I go out to play
With older boys they wouldn't try to order me away;
An' then they wouldn't always make me set up on the fence,
When they are playin' circus, an' be the audy-ence.
I'd like to git into the ring, an' play I was the clown,
Or else the baroback rider, who goes jumpin' up an' down.
Or I'd like to be ringmaster—wouldn't that be jist immense!
But ev'ry time they make me play 'at I'm the audy-ence!
When I git bigger, some day I'm a-goin' to have a ring
An' be the lity tumber, an' clown, an' ev'rything.
An' then the little boys'll have to set up on the fence
An' clap their hands when I perform—an' be the audy-ence!
—Cleveland Leader.

Two Partnerships

A shadow fell across the page of the ledger. The gray haired man looked up. A young woman was glancing down at him.
"Why, dearie!"
"Why, daddy?"
"What are you doing down here dearie?"
"Come to see you, daddy."
He shook his head at her.
"Isn't the Appleton reception this afternoon?"
"Yes. Mother and Isabel were getting ready and I ran away. I don't think I'm going to care for receptions any more, daddy."
"Pooh, pooh. You've got the blues, my dear. Everything will be all right again in a day or two. You're a little pale, my dear. I noticed it this morning. Perhaps you ought to see the doctor."
"No, daddy. There's nothing the matter with me. It isn't nice for you to say so." She faintly smiled. "Perhaps you think it's a bad symptom for me to want to see you?"
"It's a very delightful symptom, my dear. At the same time it is one that always arouses my suspicions. What is it you want, dearie?"
"I really and truly wanted to see you, daddy. You understand me better than any one else does."
"Don't tell your mother that, my dear."
She laid her slender hand on his shoulder.
"Daddy," she slowly said, "I want to go to work. I want something to do." He stared at her.
"That's a very revolutionary idea, my dear. And what do you think you can do?"
"I don't know, daddy. I think I could learn to do something. Just a few days ago I met a girl who was in my class at school years ago, and she told me she had a fine place in the City hall. She said her uncle had a pull and he got it for her. Haven't you a pull, daddy?"
"Not in the City hall. But come, my dear, let us be sensible. There is no necessity for you to earn any money. If you secured a situation you would be depriving some really needy girl of the wages. Besides, your mother would never consent to it."
A frown crossed the girl's fair face.
"I know that, daddy, but I think the time is coming when I am going to emancipate myself. I don't care for the salary—I want something to do—I want to be useful. Can't you let me help you here?"
And she put her arm lovingly about his neck.
"No cajoleries, pet. It would never do to have you around here. You'd distract my attention continually. Come, now, you must be reasonable." He patted her hand softly.
"Daddy, dear, you are looking old."
"Can't help that, pet."
"And tired."
"People who work hard must pay the penalty."
"And it's all for me."
"I couldn't be better engaged than when working for my girls. You are all a credit to me."
"It doesn't seem quite fair, daddy."
"You don't hear me complain, do you, pet?"
"Never, daddy. You let us have all we want. And—and you let mamma rule you in everything."
He didn't take offense. He only smiled.
"It's the easier way, my dear."
"There was a little pause."
"And do you manage here all alone, daddy?"
"I'm the whole thing, my dear."
"And it's such a big place."
"Yes, it's growing too big for me. I should have a pair of younger shoulders here to lay part of the burden on." He looked at his watch. "Two o'clock. Bless my soul, is it as late as that!" He looked up and caught the girl's glance. "See here, Lydia, are you still thinking of that young Lyford?"
Her eyes suddenly filled with tears. She turned abruptly and walked to the window and stood there looking out into the courtyard.
The girl had been looking after her. She had closed her ledger and softly watched for a little while, her fingers trembling on the canvas cover. Presently she arose.
"Back in a minute, my dear," he said and left the room.
He was gone five minutes. When he returned he was smiling.
"Come here, Lydia," he said. She turned and came to him.
"Well, daddy."
He smiled up at her.
"We'll say no more about John Lyford, my dear. Your mother disapproves of him and—well, she thinks she knows best." He paused and patted her hand again. "You and I are a good deal alike, your mother says—although I'm afraid that isn't intended as a compliment to you, and we are going to become a good deal better acquainted. You shall come down here every day, if you like and bother me just as much as you like. Is that a bargain?"



AS HE PASSED BY THE BENCH THE GIRL LOOKED UP.
suburban car leaves Edgeton park in four minutes."
They walked fast until they came in sight of the car. Then they broke into a run. The car was moving, but the conductor saw them and stopped it and they clambered aboard.
"Whew!" breathed the gray haired man, "I'm beginning to find I have lungs."
They took a vacant seat near the door and the girl suddenly laughed delightedly.
"This is awfully nice, daddy," she said. "Do you know I feel like looking over my shoulder to see if we are not pursued."
"There is only one person who thinks enough of us to follow our trail—and she's getting farther away from us at every turn of these wheels. I wonder what your mother is doing now?"
The girl laughed again.
"She says, 'Shall I play, partner?' And they both laughed.
"Better than bridge, isn't it, pet?"
"Ever so much better, daddy."
The gray haired man casually glanced about the car and a slight frown crossed his face. He seemed to expect to see someone he knew.
The car had a closed compartment at one end for the smokers, and the gray haired man glanced toward it.
"I think I'll go forward, my dear, and see the conductor about the stop."
"But he'll be back here in a moment, daddy."
"Yes, I know," he said, and hurried up the aisle.
He was gone five minutes or more, and his face wore a cheerful expression when he returned.
"It's all right," he said; "the car stops at Alamo park—that's the new suburban resort, you know. I thought we'd like to see it. There's so much of nature still left there, they say, and an unusually fine beach."
"That will be ever so nice, daddy." She looked around at him with a bright smile.
They were speeding down a steep incline and the girl watched the bright landscape at it whirled by.
Suddenly there was a blinding flash from the front end of the car, followed by a wild cry of alarm, and the forward compartment was filled with gray smoke.
The car bounded ahead as if beyond control. Then its wild swerving ceased, its speed slackened, and it crossed a long trestle safely and, rounding the sharp curve beyond, to a standstill.
The gray haired man arose and went forward. He was gone for some time. When he returned the car was again in motion.
"It's all right, my dear. The current got loose in some way and knocked down the motorman and bumped his head so hard that he was rendered unconscious. Then the car ran away and there is no telling where it would have stopped—at the bottom of the ravine, no doubt—if a young fellow on the front seat hadn't jumped forward and taken the

motorman's place. He didn't get hold of things a second too soon. And luckily he knew just what to do. He tells me he was educated for an electrical engineer. He's going to run the car as far as Alamo park, where he gets off, and the company will have a man there to take his place."
"Why, he's quite a hero, daddy. I'd like to see him."
"He's a Johnny-on-the-spot all right," said the gray haired man. "Perhaps I can point him out to you."
The idea seemed to please him so much that he laughed aloud.
The car ran along without further incident and pretty soon it drew up at the ornamental little station that bore the words "Alamo Park."
There the father and daughter alighted and crossed the station platform.
"Where is the hero, daddy? I didn't see him."
"He's a bashful fellow, no doubt. We may see him later. Come along."
And they passed along the smooth highway, with its border of bending trees, and presently came in sight of the blue waters of the lake.
Presently the girl looked back.
"Daddy," she said, "I think there's a man following us."
"Following us! Who?"
"That man on the road back there. See, he's hiding behind that clump of bushes. It is only a little ways to the lake. Suppose we run."
So they ran hand in hand and soon reached a bench that overlooked the lake. Here they sank down quite breathless.
"Look around, daddy. Do you see the man?"
"Why, bless my soul, there he is now! Here, you—what do you mean by following us? Come nearer, I want to talk to you."
Thus encouraged the good looking young man who was loitering some distance in the rear, quickly came forward. As he paused by the bench the girl looked up. Then she drew a quick breath and laid her hand on her father's arm. Her face flushed.
"Why, daddy," she whispered, "it's John—It's Mr. Lyford!"
The gray haired man stared at the newcomer. And the stare was accompanied by a covert wink.
"Why, motorman," he cried, "how are you?" And he put out his hand. "This is the hero you wanted to see, my dear."
The newcomer seemed quite as confused as the girl, whose flush had spread and deepened.
"Why, daddy," she whispered, "can't you see, it's John Lyford!"
"There is a singular resemblance between them," said the gray haired man with a critical look. "I notice it now that you point it out." And he winked again at the young man.
"But, sit down, motorman. There's plenty of room on the bench. This is my daughter, Lydia—you may call her Lydia if you like."
The young man came nearer. He looked at the girl.
"How do you do, Lydia?"
"I am quite well, thank you, John." He took the vacant place beside her.
"See here, my dear," protested the father, "you seem to be jumping at conclusions. How could John Lyford possibly know that we would be here this afternoon?"
"You sent word to him, dear daddy. Oh, I'm sure you did. Don't deny it."
"Jumping at conclusions again," he laughed. "Well, if I did drop him a hint it wasn't entirely because you—in short, I wanted to see him on business. You understand that, don't you, motorman?"
"I understand that I'm very much bewildered," said the young man, "and that the day suddenly seems brighter, and the sky bluer, and—"
"Hold on, motorman," cried Lydia's father. "That will never do. I can't be expected to talk business to a poet. Come let us look this matter squarely between the eyes. You're fond of Lydia, John Lyford, and Lydia thinks she is fond of you. Am I right so far?" They nodded energetically.
"Good. Lydia's mother has ideas that are quite her own. One of these ideas is that John Lyford's social standing isn't quite what it should be to make him an acceptable society son-in-law. Personally, as I have taken pains to discover, John Lyford is unobjectionable. You're all right, John. Now, Lydia's father, quite a worthy old gentleman, and extremely well meaning, here Lydia contrived to put her very cheek against his shoulder, 'steps in, and being a foxy schemer—in addition to his other good qualities—suddenly recognizes and heads a dark and deep conspiracy."
Lydia clapped her hands.
"Go on, daddy, dear. You're much better than a play. Isn't he, John?"
"Thank you, my pet," said her father. "I'm glad to receive this tardy recognition of my histrionic abilities. But, to proceed, John Lyford, you are my rival in business, aren't you?"
"In a small way," the young man smilingly replied.
"I know all about the comparative dimensions of the two concerns," said Lydia's father. "And I'm a little afraid of you."
"Mr. Marsh!"
"Wait. I think it would be much safer for us to form an alliance. What do you say to uniting your business with mine and forming a quarter interest in the consolidated concern?"
"You are altogether too generous, Mr. Marsh. I accept of course."
"Then that's settled. And the other partnership is equally assured? Oh, you needn't say anything. Circumstantial evidence is all that's needed. Then I take it that there's nothing else to settle."
"Except mother," said the girl, softly.
The old man slightly sighed.
"Your mother is really a very sensible woman, my child. She will never refuse her daughter to a partner in the old and prosperous house of Sterling Marsh & Co."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Preserved Meat in Disfavor.
On board a British battleship of the Mediterranean fleet a tin of preserved meat was recently hoisted on a beam and covered with labels, "Rats," "Dogs," "A Chinese Compound."