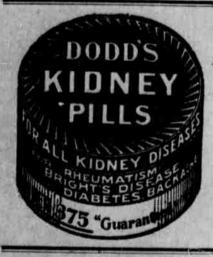
THE MUSSULMANS.

They Are Not Easily Disturbed While Saying Their Prayers,

When saying his prayers the true iman is not easily disturbed. lans Doering, in his account of his travels in Chinese Turkestan, writes : "It is an interesting sight to see a Mussulman perform his devotions. Through the piece of glass in my paper window, I saw the interpreter prend his carpet in front of his house just opposite the one in which I was living. His wife and child sat quite close to him talking loudly with some visitors, but this did not in the least fisturb the old man at his devotions.

"In spite of the noise the melodious chanting of the Koran was quie audible. The worshiper kotowed several times and cried 'Allah, Allah, Allah !' then for awhile stood reverentially clasping his hands crosswise upon his breast, after which he joined in the conversation.

"His wife then went through the same performance, doing exactly the same as her husband. This they do every morning and evening whether there are friends with them or not."



Some Things to Remember. The fact that a parrot is green is no sure sign that he is not a bird of ripe experience.

The great drawback about yellow journalism is not that it is yellow, but in Stapleton before, Mr. Conrad?" "What for, then?" that it is read.

There is nothing so wonderful but that it might be more so. Niagara, for Instance, would be far more marvelous if the water flowed the other way.

Many a man is modesty itself until his children are born. It is then he begins to put on heirs.

It may be true that money talks, but it is so frequently tight that its conversation is hardly worth repeating.

If you will come in and take a look inside. There is nothing that so destroys I may be busy, for work has accumulated one's pride of ownership as the early during my absence, but Joshua will show morning call from the tax collector. ----John Kendrick Bangs, in "Success Mag-

On His Dignity.

The chief of the gang of burglars was dividing the swag. "You played sick while the rest of us

were doing the work on that last job. Bill," he said. "All you did was to locate the plant. Here's what you get for that." Bill counted the small wad and handed

Keep it, cap," he said. "I'll be antis-

orable mention."

"Indeed, sir." "Yes; but I an

quently called into requisition, in admin stering and settling satates."

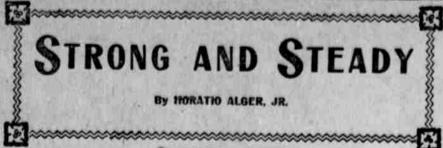
CHAPTER V.

had no objection to the walk.

"Thank you, sir.'

my father.'

tor of your father's estate?"



CHAPTER IV .- (Continued.) "My father was unfortunate enough to Walter raised his eyes and saw Joshua. get involved in a speculation, by which he whose small, mean features, closely resemlost heavily. I can't tell how his affairs bling his father's, expressed considerable stand until they are settled. I may be

surjosity. Walter secretly doubted wheth-er he should like him; but this doubt he "Do you me "Do you mean that?" asked Joshua. kept to himself. Mr. Drummond opened stopping abruptly and facing his companthe outer door, and led the way in.

"This is my wife, Mrs. Drummond," he "I generally mean what I say," said said, as she approached, and kindly wel-Walter, rather stiffy. Joshua's answer was a low whistle of comed the young stranger.

"I think I shall like her," thought Walamazement. ter, suffering his glance to rest for a mo-"Whew !" he said. "That's the biggest ment on her mild, placid features ; "she joke I've heard of lately ;" and he followis evidently quits superior to her hused up this remark by a burst of merri-

band." ment. "Joshua, come here and welcome Mr. Conrad," said his father.

Joshua came forward awkwardly and Joshua's conduct. held out his hand with the stiffness of

pump handle. "Howdy do?" he said. "Just come?" "Yes," said Walter, accepting the hand, and shaking it slightly.

"Are you tired with your journey, Mr. Conrad?' asked Mrs. Drummond. "Peryou're worth a hundred thousand dollars." haps you would like to be shown to your said Joshua. room

"Well, he is mistaken, that's all. Walter went upstairs, preceded by Mr. don't see how he is taken in." Drummond, who insisted on carrying his carpetbag, for his trunk would not aring you as if you was a prince of the rive till the next day, having been forblood. That's the reason he told the warded by express. At five o'clock they old woman to get up such a nice supper. sat down to supper. He expected to get you to take him for a "I hope, Mr. Conrad." said Jacob, "you

will be able to relish our humble repast." "Humble again !" thought Walter. He when he finds out how he's been taken in? was about to say that everything looked Giving you the best room, too! Are you very nice, when Joshua said :

"If you call this humble, I don't know left?" what you'd say to the suppers we com-

"Probably not much. I am sorry to think that your father made such a mismonly have," Mr. Drummond, who desired, for this take, I will take care to undeceive him." day, at least, to keep up appearances, "What! You're not going to tell him, frowned with veration.

are you?" "Joshua," he said, "I desire that you "Certainiy. I meant to do so; but I will act in a more gentlemanly way or did not suppose he invited me just because

"What for, then?" "Being my father's cousin and nearest relation, it didn't seem very strange that "No, sir; never." 'No, sir; never. 'It is not a large place, but it is grow-ing; the people are plain, but they have kind hearts. I hope you may like the town after a while. If you feel inclined he should have invited me on that account."

"The old man's pretty shrewd," said to walk, Joshua will go out with you af-Joshua, rather admiringly. "He knows which way his bread is buttered. He tor supper, and show you the mill dam, the church, and the school house. He will don't lay himself out for any poor rela-tions, not if he knows it. Don't you tell also point out the store-it is only across the way-where, in my humble way, I try him about it till to-morrow." to earn a living I shall be very giad

"Why not?" "Because, if you do, we'll have a mean breakfast as usual. I just want him to think you're rich a little while longer, so

we can have something decent for once." "I don't feel willing to deceive your "May I ask, Mr. Conrad-excuse my father any longer. I have not willingly intruding the question-who is left execudeceived him at all. I would rather he knew at once."

"Mr. Shaw, the lawyer in our village. "To-morrow will be soon enough." "At any rate, I shall tell him to-mor He is an excellent man, very honest and row then. But I've got tired walking. apright. He was an intimate friend of Suppose we go back."

"I am glad to hear you say so. So They went back together. Mr. Drummany lawyers, you know, are tricky. We mond was in the store, but Mrs. Drumhave no lawyer here," pursued Mr. Drummond was at home. "You didn't go far," she said. "But "You will perhaps be surprised to hear it, but my humble services are fre-

suppose you were tired, Mr. Conrad." "A little," answeerd Walter. "I wonder," thought our hero, "whether she will change as soon as she finds out

w he felt that

uave ge

find out how my father's affairs are going to turn out."

This proposal stands Mr. Drummond favorably. He judged that Walter would prove a valuable assistant when he was roken in, for it was easy to see that he had energy. Besides, it was desirable to keep him near until it was decided whether Mr. Conrad's affairs were really in as bad a state as his son represented. Even if a few thousand dollars were left, Mr. Drummond would like the handling of that sum. Then, again, no one knew better than Mr. Drummond that Walter's board would cost him very little; for, of course, he would at once return to his usual frugal fare.

"Very well," he said ; "you can go into the store on those terms. As you say, you've got your own living to earn, and

the sooner you begin the better." Walter had not said this, but he agreed with Mr. Drummond. It may be thought strange that our hero should have been willing to enter the employment of such a mean man; but he thought it wisest to remain in the neighborhood until he could learn something definite about his father's affairs. He prepared to go to work at once, partly because he didn't wish to be Walter looked at him with surprise. He dependent, partly because he foresaw that certainly did not know what to make of he should be happier if employed.

When Mr. Drummond and Walter came out of the parlor, Joshua was sitting in

"I don't see any joke about it," he said. "I don't complain of being poor, for I the next room, and looked up eagerly to think I can earn my own living; but it see how his father bore the communica-doesn't strike me as a thing to laugh at." the was disappointed when he saw doesn't strike me as a thing to laugh at." the was disappointed when he saw "I was laughing to think how the old man is taken in. It's rich! He thinks usual. "Conrad has been telling me," said Mr.

Drummond, "that his father lost a good dcal of money by speculation, and it is doubtful whether he has left any prop "He's been doing the polite, and treaterty."

"I am very sorry," said Mrs. Drummond; and Walter saw and appreciated her look of sympathy.

"As he will probably have to work for a living, he has asked for a place in my store," pursued Mr. Drummond, "and I miardian, and then he'd have the handling of your money. Won't he be mad have agreed to take him on trial. Conrod, you may get your hat and come over at once. sure that none of the property will be

Joshua whistled in sheer amazement The affair had by no means terminated at he anticipated.

(To be continued.)

WOMEN WHO LIVED AS MEN.

Instances in Which the Deception Was Kept Up for Years.

Dr. James Barry, who lies buried in Eensal Green cemetery, was a wonderful instance of successful concealment of sex, says Tit-Bits. At an early age she fell in love with an army surgeon, to follow whose fortunes she assumed the dress of the opposite sex and entered the army as hospital assistant, She displayed such ability that she rose until she was given the post of inspector general of the army medical depertment.

Slight of form and of dark complex. ion, her general bearing and conversation displayed an almost feminine refinement. A favorite with the men on account of her humanity, her quarrelsome temper by no means endeared her cared about or would ever seek to to the officers, and served her in such bad stead that once she was obliged to fight a duel, from which adventure she how she means to get it. fortunately emerged scratchless. She died in 1865, at the age of 70.

and a pension for life.

severe punishment, however, was com-

muted to a year's imprisonment.

whence Sophie emerged to disappear

into obscurity, for of her subsequent ca-

second wooer said she was the sun,

moon and stars to him, but she bade

"To me," said the third, "you are a

young woman of agreeable manners,

with eyes that might be a little bluer,

with a nose that is a wee bit puggy

and with a few freckles and an annoy-

ing habit of blurting out your

She married the third wooer. Being

pressed for an explanation of her con-

"My goodness! I think I was sens

ble. I married the only one that had

courage enough to tell me of my faults

before marriage, instead of walting to

throw them up to me afterward."-

Obvious

ay, doll look starved?

"Do you tip the waiter where you

reer history is silent.

him be on his way.

thoughts."

Life.

dine?

FOUL

duct, she said :

A female soldier who in 1739 was man whoburied at Chelsea hospital with mili-"Yes, I know, dearest." tary honors was Christian Davies, bet-

"Yes," said Helen, "you know what ter known as Mother Ross. She serv-I mean-if you like any one, and you ed for twelve years in the Earl of see they like you, but they aren't actu-

A PRETTY GOOD WORLD. AFTER ALL.

Men gather in groups to compare and complain; The masters decide that the outlook is drear; The tollers fret over the little they gain,

- For the services which they keep rendering here; The weather is seldom the kind we desire,
- We long for the fragrance of springtime in fall;

And we seldom achieve things to which we aspire, -But-

It's a pretty good world, after all,

In earliest childhood our troubles begin, And we never elude them, however we try:

And virtue so often is beaten by sin.

And truth is so seldom as cheap as a lie; So few of us ever have unalloyed gladness, The honey so often is tinctured with gall :

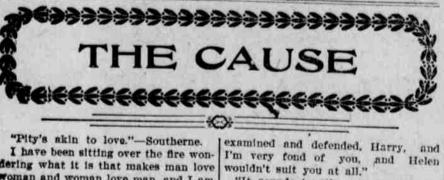
So much of the day must be darkened by sadness -But-

It's a pretty good world, after all.

The thorn has its blossoms, the wind and the rain Leave freshness and cleanliness; after the sighs And the tasks of the day comes the gentle refrain Of the song that She sings and the light in her eyes, And the night with its stars which have gained a new glory, The scent of the rose on the vine-covered wall, The moment of moments, the whispered old story

-And-It's a pretty good world, after all,

-S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



woman and woman love man, and I am "It sounds benstly conceited to say vondering about a particular case. Helen Brandscombe is good-looking,

frightened me. It isn't the mothers and Sir Henry Mornington is a big. clean, good-natured dear, full of chivwho make the marriages nowadays, by Jove, it's usually the girls themselves." alry and tenderness; but he does not "She says you told her that you love Helen. They are eminently suitthought women did not assert themod in many ways, and yet there is just selves enough." something, a sort of I'm-as-good-as-you-

"Did I? Well, I didn't mean her. and-better air about Helen that jars anyway." on Harry; but there is no shadow of "Are you a Suffragette, my dear doubt that she loves him. Alas! why

Harry ?" do so many women show their love "Good Lord! no, of course notopenly. There are many that do not,

why, I saw them making one of their but Helen is not one of them. Morerows the other day, and I felt sick, over, she has theories of how to make positively sick, at the way they were men fall in love, and theories on love, going on. I was with Jack, you know ; like systems at Monte Carlo, begin in it was Thursday last, I think."

joy and end in disaster. I remembered the occasion, for my Helen has been airing her theories to husband had come home and told me me this very afternoon. We were havabout it. ing tea at my club when she propound-

"Do you want to be saved, Harry?" ed her views on man and on love. She He looked gratefully and yet diffimade no secret, either, of her desire dently across at me. to attract Sir Harry. The old-fashion-"It sounds so caddish to say yes."

ed girl who protested that the "Dick" "I've got a plan," I said, ignoring she adored was the very last man she this natural nice feeling on his part. "What is It?" marry, has given way to the girl who "Never you mind," I replied, "but

tells you openly what she wants and just go and order the brougham, there's a dear, for I'm going out to have tea with Helen." "There is only one way to treat the

. "If you think it would really please

him," said Helen. "At least it would show him the kind



HELEN BETWEEN TWO POLICEMEN.

"Don't lose yours," I suggested, gen-

"Nonsense, when have I ever lost my

head? know he loves me, and he only

wants me to do something heroic for

"I thought it was the man who had

"My dear," she replied, "men heroes

are obsolete. It is we women who do

. . . .

GREAT SUFFRAGETTE RAID.

ARREST OF TEN WOMEN.

lice began to lose their heads."

truthfulness.

him to say so."

to do something herole."

everything brave nowadays."

Helen had openiy _ cut down. Harry.

It is a strange world, and men are the strangest creatures in it. Not two months later, Harry and Helen were engaged to be married. Perhaps it was the shame he knew she felt, or the new diffidence in Helen's manner, or perhaps the knowledge that it had been a sacrifice she had made to try to win his love, and men forgive, even glorify, anything that is done for themselves; but, whatever the reason, Harry-the hunted and uneasy, Harry the cousin who, chivalrous as he always was, had risen in rebellion at "being married," was now the most adoring of lovers; while Helen, chastened by the cruel horrors of a fireless and powderless prison, has acquired the sort of gentle diffidence that ever raises in man the protective angel, while her suffering had aroused the pity that not only is akin to love but really turns to love; while I, the intriguer, whose plans were so successful only on account of their utter failure, am left still wondering about that greatest of all sex questions, "What is it that attracts man to woman, and woman to man?"-Black and White,

FLYING LIKE BIRDS.

farman and Delagrange Doing Remarkable Things in the Air. Parisians now have the opportunity of enjoying daily a spectacle such as can be witnessed by the inhabitants of no other city in the world, says the New York Times. Henry Farman and Leon Delagrange, on their twin fiving machines, are out every morning and afternoon when the weather permits, sometimes for hours at a time, flying around and about the great maneuver grounds at Issy with as much ease and anything, Norma, but really she-she skill as pigeons in a farmyard. It is a matter of almost dally occurrence for them to fly two or three miles with-

out coming to earth. The sight of these two great machines in the air at the same time, hurtling along at the speed of an express train, has not yet ceased to thrill. Along one side of the maneuver grounds runs a line of the "fortifications," making an ideal grandstand. On a sunny afternoon the visitor will find assembled here tourists from all parts of the world-English, Americans, Germans, Japanese, Chinese and even swarthy nabobs from mid-Africa -all showing the same intense interest and ready to cheer any unusual feature

It is interesting to notice that both aeronauts are making daily progress in the art of flying. Farman, especially, seems to be perfectly at home in his machine, turning sharp corners with it and changing its elevation with the utmost dexterity.

All attention is now being concentrated on the question of the motor, especially the cooling process. The motors on both machines are of the watercooled type, and this has been a constant source of inconvenience. In fact, the only thing that has limited the flights thus far, apparently, has been the necessity to stop for more water. Had this not been necessary there is no doubt at all that flights of ten or



nd dealer's name and top ton of "20-Mule-Team" om por In simps and we will mail illus-pockies, diving many uses for "Borax Memo, Perm and Dairy." also this stigs, 18 by 16 inches, on cloth ar working. FREE.

tilio Coast Boras Co., Chie

Quick Reflex Action.

cked and Grieved Parent-Tommy here did you get those beautiful little sotted eggs? You have been robbing

be bird's nest, yeu wicked boy! Formy—I'm goin' to set the old hen 'm, mamma, and raise some pretty litbirds, so you can put some more of em on your hat .-- Chicago Tribune.

Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Child-sething, softens the gums, reduces in-setting, allays pain, cures wind collo.

We all know people whose particular occupation seems to be to squeez the sour out of everything. They never thing sweet. Everything is bitter to the

They cannot enjoy a friend because of his faults. His mistakes and weakson loom up so large that they cannot appreciate the good in him. They cannot see the man God intended, perfect and immortal; they see only the ed, diseased, crippled, handicapped man who, in their opinion, will never come to any good.

Nor do they see the world that God made. The beauty that looks out of the landscape, from the trees that rustle in the wind, that is wrapped in the flower, is lost to them. They only see the floods, the fire, the earthquakes, the lightnings, the wrecks which destroy. They are blind to beauty. It is all covered up in the ugly, the forbidding. They do not hear the infinite harmon les that entrance the ear that is in tune with the infinite. This is all lost them in the discord of their thoughts .- Success Magazine.

The Oother Way.

There was a hopeful gleam in the eyes of the young man with a slightly retreating chin as he approached the father of his lady-love.

Will you give your daughter to me marriage, sir?" he asked in as firm as tone as he could master.

"I'm afraid you are not well enough sequalized with her, young man," re riced the father,

"Why, I've seen her twice a week for riy a year," said the astonished

"That may all be," said the parent, out if you knew much about her charne to your daughter in marriage?

she would not. She seemed very different man you can trust. Mrs. Drummond, I. think Mr. Conrad will have another piece from her husband and her son, and Walter was inclined to like her better. of pie." Joshun went out again soon, not

Supper was over at length, and Walter, by invitation, went out to walk with Toshua. ing much taste for staying at home; and,

as Walter retired early, he did not see either him or his father again till the next morning at breakfass, "I must go back to the store," said Mr. Walter did not anticipate a very pleas Drummond the next morning, when breakant walk with Joshua. The little he had

I am n

fast was over. "Joshua will look after seen of that young man did not preposacas him in his favor. However, having you, Mr. Conrad. I hope you will be able to pass the time pleasantly." "If you can spare me five minutes, Mr. Drummond, I should like to speak to you no other way of spending his time, he

"That's the old man's store just across in private," said Walter. the street," said Joshua, as they emerged "Certainly. I can spare five or from the house ainutes, or more, Mr. Courad. Won't "Your father's?"

"Of course. Don't you see the name on the sign?" Walter did see it, but never having been accustomed to speak of his own father as "the old man," he was not on walk into the parlor? Mr. Drummond was far from anticipating the nature of Walter's communication. Indeed, he cherished a hope that our hero was about to ask his assistance ite sure he apprchended Joshua's meanin settling up the estate-a request with

which, it is needless to say, he would 'You were an only child, weren't you? gladly have complied.

"Yes," said Walter, soberly. "So am I," said Joshus; adding, con "I don't suppose you know how situated-I mean in relation to my father's estate. It is not certain that my fathplacently, "Between you and I, the old man has laid up quite a mug sum. Of er left anything," said Walter, thinking It best to reveal everything at once. "What !" exclaimed Mr. Drummor

course, It'll all come to me some day." "I am glad to hear it," said Walter, wondering that Joshua should have made such a communication to a comparative his lower jaw falling, and looking very blank. stranger.

"My father made some investments re "To hear the old man talk," pursue cently that turned out badly." "But he was worth a very large prop us, "you'd think he was awful poor.

He's stingy enough about everything in erty-it can't all be lost." "I am afraid there will be very little the house. There isn't a family in town that don't live better than we do." left, if anything. He lost heavily by some mining stock, which he bought at a high

"I thought we had a very good supper," mid Walter, who experienced not a little figure, and which ran down to almos othing. disgust at Joshua's charges against his father. "There's the house left, at any rate."

"That was because you were with us. The old man laid himself out for the oc-"My father borrowed its value, I under stand ; I am afraid that must go, too." easion. It's the first decent supper I've Now, at length, it flashed upon Mr. Drummond how he had been taken in. He eaten at home since the Sewing Circle met at our house three years ago." thought of the attentions he had lavish Though these communications did no upon Walter, of the extra expense he had raise Joshua in the estimation of Walter, ncurred, and all, as it appeared, for the latter could not help thinking that boy likely to prove penniless. He might there was probably some foundation for even expect to live upon him. Thear what was said, and the prejudice against

thoughts, which rapidly succeeded each other, mortified and made him angry. Mr. Drummond, for which he had blamed himself as without cause, began to find "Why didn't you tell me this before oung man?" he demanded with asperity. some extenuation.

"When I talk to the old man about his His change of tone and manner showed stinting me so," continued Joshua, "he Walter that Joshua was entirely right in tells me to go to work and earn some his estimate of his father's motives, and money." he in turn became indignant.

"Why don't you do it?"

"When did you expect me to tell you "He wants me to go into his store, but Mr. Drummond?" he said, quickly. he wouldn't pay me anything. He offered only arrived yesterday afternoon, and me a dollar and a half a week ; but I tell you this morning. I would have told wasn't going to work ten or twelve hours you last night, if you had been in the a day for no such sum. If I could get a light, easy place in the city say at ten "Why didn't you tell me when I was

dollars a week, I'd go. There ain't any chance in Stapleton for a young man of Willoughby ?" "I had other thinks to think of," so Walter, shortly. "The thought of my

"I've thought sometimes," said Walter, "that I should like to get a place in the father's death and of my loss shut out everything else." city; but I suppose I couldn't get enough at first to pay my board."

"Well, what are you going to do?" ask-ed Mr. Drummond in a hard tone. "You get a place" exclaimed Joshua, astonishment. "I thought you was "I shall have to earn my own living." said Walter. "I am well and strong, and

going to college." "Father intended I should; but hi am not afraid." "That is a good plan," said Mr. Drum-nond, who knew Walter so little as to death will probably change my plans. is expensive passing through college; cannot afford it." fear that he wanted to become dependent upon him. "When I was of your age I

"Oh, that's all humbug. You're talking had my own living to earn. What do you like the old man. Why, you're rich. The old man told me that your father left a hundred thousand dollars. You're the only son; you told me so yourself." propose to do?" "Have you a vacancy for me in store? Joshua told me you wished him to

go in' "Your father is mistaken." "You couldn't carn much, for you don't know anything of the business." "I should not expect to. I am perfect-ly willing to work for my board until 1 What, waan't your father rich?" asked us, opening his small ayes in amase

's regiment, being present at the ally in love, but they battle of Donawert, where she receiv "I know," I said again, and Helen ed a musket ball in her hip, and at the

laughed as she took her teacup. engagement of Ramillies, where she "There's one comfort about a woman was so badly wounded as to require friend-she understands the things you

the attendance of a surgeon, by whom can't say." her sex was discovered. Some while "You don't say, you mean," I corafter this she returned home and rerected.

ceived from the queen a bounty of £50 "Of course, he is not like other men." "No," I agreed, "they never are."

To avoid a distasteful marriage So "And he can't bear the old-fashloned phie Sobine Apitzsch, who was born in sort of girl who is afraid of a mouse, Lunzenau, in Saxony, in 1692, took to and can't ride anything worthy of the wearing man's clothes. After several name of horse, who gets hysterical exciting adventures she came across an over nothing-"

armorer, one Karl Marlitz, whose name, "I never saw a hysterical horse," I having by some means got possession said.

of his papers, she for a while assum-"Don't be silly, Norma-and he likes ed. One day, however, on being de women with views, in fact, he says tected blowing the horn-a privilege women don't assert themselves enough.' "Are you a Suffragette, my dear reserved in those days for such only Helen ?" as were of noble birth-she was

"Well, I am and I'm not," she an brought before a magistrate, a certain swered, glibly, "you see, I believe in Herr Volkman, who for some reason women getting all they can." only known to himself, thought he rec-

"Votes, etc., husbands, or anything ognized in the handsome stranger the else that is going in fact." crown prince of Saxony. Shrewd

"Yes," she laughed, "anything they enough to take advantage of this miswant, and I don't see why women take, Sophle Apitzsch accepted not only shouldn't have votes if they like : an invitation to the magistrate's house, though I personally should think it a but all the costly presents that were frightful bore, for one would be sure showered upon her by that misguided to have to go and vote the very day

there was something else on, some spe-For some considerable time all went cial matinee, or a sale, or something well both with Sophle and her deluded really important." host, in whose brain the most ambitiou

"I see," I said, "you are not prepared designs for his daughter Joanna were to inconvenience yourself - you fast taking shape. But such a gross wouldn't, for instance, go to prison for fraud was bound sooner or later to be the Cause." found out. And found out it was,

when Sophie Apitzsch, brought before the authorities to answer for her fraud. could make but a lame excuse, and was sentenced to be whipped publicly out of the country-in other words, to be conveyed from town to town until the frontier was reached, and flogged publong to continue, licly in the market place of each. This

tragette.'

noise, and added to the reasons for her arrest, Poor Helen! Minus her facepowder, and a fire in her room, with no bath, or only the tepld bath of co-"I doubt if his position in Parliaerclon, Helen being searched, her hair

"Then it's quite time he got marmixed as I am about prison regularied," said Helen, with much irrele-

gloomy, come, unburden your soulmorning. Helen who, braver than Helwhat is it that is troubling you?" en of Troy, herself had posed as a he-

-may I smoke? Thanks-well, you We drove home by a back way, and know, you're my favorite cousin, and we lowered her side of the blind in the

"Yes," I agreed, "and you're worried added, alas! to Helen's good looks. I had paid her fine, and I saw her

"I've seen people, hunted before," I ed for a week.

"Has she said anything?" he asked, hunted, I thought, but that, perhaps,

ty to my sex. cousin, Sir Harry, went forward to "I'm a fatuous ass to have asked the greet her, she turned, not obviously but

dexterously round, and became absorb-"Not at all; you're here to be cross- ed in a fat old lady who was sitting will blow a horn in his procession.

fifteen or even twenty miles already would have been accomplished.

The Doctor's Apology.

One of the most distinguished surgeons in New Jersey made the amende honorable recently. He is very gruff and quick of speech, but at heart entirely kind and considerate.

Dr. X. was trying to get somebody on the 'phone; the telephone girl's answers did not please him. He spoke to her sharply; she answered curtly. "Oh, keep your shirt on," cried the exasperated doctor, and he hung up the receiver.

Naturally the girl complained very bitterly to the manager of that "central," who went to the doctor, his friend, and told him he really should apologize to the young lady.

of girl you are," I said, with evasive "So I will," said Dr. X., and he god the girl on the 'phone.

"And, of course, I could slip into a "I am told I hurt your feelings, axi, and come home directly the po-Miss."

"So you did; you were brutal." "What did I say to you?"

"You told me to keep my shirt on." "Well, well; did I say that? Never mind. 'Take it off, if you choose," and the doctor hung up the receiver.

Feeding the Stock.

The victim of the following story, told in Mrs. Henry W. Cole's "A Lady's Tour Around Monte Rosa," was possessed of a keen sense of humor. Otherwise his dignity might have been ruffled by the unconscious revelation which came to his ears.

I took up my daily paper, and read In the course of Mrs. Cole's travels she met the Rev. Robert Montgomery, the poet, who told her an incident of his early career in the pulpit. When he was first admitted to holy orders he was appointed curate in a rural Scotch district, and lodged in the house of a small tenant farmer.

joke, and Helen, who had only gone to Notwithstanding his office of clergythe meeting to pose as a heroine, and man, the family did not appear to hold their boarder in high veneration, for evidently been taken seriously, by the one day he heard the woman servant police, at least, and her angry explanacall out to her mistress:

"Missis, shall I feed the pigs first, or gie the mon his dinner?"

Saw Her Chance.

"No man shall ever kiss me except my future husband," said the girl as she was about to leave the gate.

"Suppose I agree to be your future-" "Why, then, I'll kiss you," she said agerly. And she did.

Her mother was informed that he had proposed, and the old lady called on him the next day to arrange matters, and before he knew it he was eternally booked. It was a very mean advantage, but a bird in the hand is worth two on the garden gate.

Seeing His Face.

Patience-As I came by Mrs. Redd's door I overheard her say to her husband, "Oh, darling, I'm so glad to see your face again !" Has he been away long?

Patrice-No; they both have been out in their automobile, and I suppose he had just taken off his auto mask! -Yonkers Statesman.

Every man who takes a part in your procession expects that some day you

"Go to prison?" echoed Helen, in a this heading: "Miss Brown, Miss horrified voice, "my dear Norma, what Nora Harrington, Miss Helen Brandsa mad idea! Why, if I went to prison combe"-I looked aghast at a picture of I shouldn't get a hot bath or a fire in Helen, disfigured by the cruelty of daimy room-or my face powder, or my curling tongs, or-or anything," she obviously struggling between two burly finished up, the catalogue being too "No," I said, "and yet, supposing I told you Sir Henry was an ardent Suf- then "slip away in a taxi-cab," had Helen's jaw dropped. "Is he?" "I have heard so." tions had only been drowned in the "I don't believe it," said Helen, de

cidedly, "and if he is, it's his business to get us the vote, so that we don't Now, there was a certain girl, and have to go to prison." she had three wooers. The first wooer said she was the whole world to him, ment is strong enough," I said. but she frowned upon his suit. The cut, with an arrow on her clothes; no,

> tions, I did not think the police would vance. cently go that length. What was to be done? Helen must

"My dear Harry, you're looking very be bailed out now at once, this very "Well, my dear Norma, the fact is rome and become a martyr.

my best pal-" brougham, for a night in gaol had not

about Helen Brandscombe." "By Jove, how did you guess?" nome where she went to bed, and stay-

said, gently, "and if you aren't care-And then I gave a little party, and ful you'll very soon be run to earth." Helen came. She still looked pale and

anxiously. may have been only my fancy-but it "Not a word," I replied, out of loyal was no fancy on my part when, as my

question."

ly newspaper photography. Helen !-policemen. This had gone beyond a