CHAPTER XIII.

"You shall hear from me early in the you forgotten Sarto, the chauffeur?" orning," the mock Prince del Pino had "You Sarto?" Annette half whisperold Mrs. Waring when he left her at her ed the word. "Sarto—and the Prince del house; and then, turning his motor in Pino!"

the direction of his hotel, he gave himself

Her up to the business of the moment, making the most of the brief time left to him.

It was half-past ten when he stood outide of a house in S street and consulted

Half-past ten. Very late for a visit, Through the bowed shutters and open ten!" indows came the sound of one of Chopin's waltzes, played by a girl's slightly amateur fingers on a piano that was not of the best. But on that night of witch- angel in heaven. ery, in the silent lighted streets, the air floated out with a certain graceful state- ment that he looked into Mrs. Waring's

Curbing his impatience, Sarto waited until the last note of the phrase was played, regardless of the flight of time, and then, mounting the steps, rang the bell.

There was a little hesitation before a light tread came along the hall and the door epened.
"I had almost given up Your High-ness," said Annette Bancroft.

Her visitor stood, hat in hand, looking up at her. "I am all apologies for the lateness of

the hour," he began in a low voice. "But I have been dining at Chevy Chase and was detained longer than I thought. I shall only stay a moment."

The girl led the way, without speaking,

Into the drawing room, where two candles were burning, revealing the open piano eaped with music. Behind it the winstood open, letting in the light from the street.

"Roses!" ejaculated the mock prince. He daintly sniffed at a bowiful standing on the center table. "Papa Gontier," he murmured, lifting the heavy heads. "He has good taste in flowers—the English-

Annette made a faint acquiescence. She had seated herself on the plano stool, a ghost-like little figure in the half light. Turning away from the table, Sarto moved towards the plano.

"Ah, I had forgotten that!" he said, speaking sotto-voce. "M. Buist remains after I am gone. He has the best of it!" "After you have gone!" echoed An-

She stood motionless, staring with parted lips and widened eyes into the face of the man who bent over the piano, his dark, mobile features so near hers.

"Yes," he said, speaking in very quiet tones, to which his curiously expressive voice lent a certain pathos. "It is to say good-by I am come to-night. Before orning I will have left Washington. I

shall never see you again."

The last words rang with an irrepressible melancholy that sent a shiver through his listener. Turning, forgetful of the all-revealing lights in the street below, she looked up into his face, her own white with the shock of his wordsher eyes wide with the secret of her heart.

"Annette!" cried Ludovic Sarto.
Love is a great mystery! • • It winding passages of never suspect its presence until suddenly e day we see it for the first time mir-

At some time—when the chauffeur could not tell—some Midas touch had turned the gratitude, the friendship felt for this girl into the gold of his

And in this instant of miracles the nan's whole being, his double nature. oven the dark side which had achieved its inister triumph one short hour ago, seemed touched by that same Divine alchemy the base metal in him transformed and

life of ours when the froth is on the wine ments of dazzling, diamond-like brilments as sweet as the first

aste of a nectarine and as evanescent. Even as Ludovic Sarto and Annette sancroft gazed into each other's eyes, the ment passed by, never to return. The next a terrible realization came into the man's heart. "Wait a moment!"

he said hoarsely. "I-I have something Turning sharply away, he took a few

turns up and down the room, grappling with the ordeal that was suddenly upon For the girl must be told the truth

now! It was inevitable! Alas! the discovery of her secret demanded the reveal-It was a strange psychle fact that to

Sarto now, in spite of his slippery, diverse nature, no other course occurred. The man who loved Annette Bancroftand was loved in return-could no longer mask behind the Prince del Pino.

Ludovic must come forth and bear his responsibilities. The law of self-preservawhich he had only acknowledged so had given way to another, diviner, the first time in his life the mercurial chauffeur bent his head to the law

Turning suddenly, he looked at the girl Annette was leaning forward, facing

m, a faint nervous smile on her lips, her eyes full of a dawning, shy expect Watching her, his wonderfully keenlmost feminine-perceptions dissecting

the girl's soul, Sarto saw, with shudder ing, sickening horror and self-disgust, al that the girl in her innocent romantie soul was imagining. A fairy tale no less foolish enough !- with a prince for its hero and for its heroine-

inward recoil, that it fell to him to shatthis pretty little castle in the airwith its occupants.

Standing before her, he spoke formally 'Miss Bancroft, tell me, how long have we known each other-you and I?"

Annette raised her eyes to his, and did color tinged her pale cheeks. "Two weeks," she said, without the faintest hint of coquetry or hesitation.

"It was just two weeks ago to-night that we met on board the Majestic." 'No!" Sarto shook his head. "You have known me longer than that. Look

He drew nearer, with sudden deter-duation. "Where have you seen me be-

t the girl only gazed at him with asod, half-frightened eyes.

whom did you say I reminded you? Have

Her irrepressible imagination was at

work again. With a half groan Sarto turned away. "No more fairy tales, child!" he said roughly. "The book is closed now! The man you have known is not the Prince del Pino." His voice vibrated, "Only and yet-they were awake in the house! an impostor-a miserable impostor. Lis-He hesitated, standing with his back to the window, a silhouette of a man, looking at the girl between her two candles as a lost soul might look at an

Then he told his story, from the mo-

trunk to the present. Perhaps never in the course of his checkered engeer had the chauffeur, pastmaster as he was in the science of the tongue, acquitted himself so ill. By a skillful suppression of a fact here, the strengthening of an episode there-in fact, a little judicious light and shadethe tale might have made a very creditable autobiography, in which Ludovic Sarto, the hero, would have shone forth in an adventurous, seductive-possibly an

To a lover all things are possible, permissible. But for the time being Sarto was not a lover.

-light.

He stood as it were in his confessional. speaking to a hidden ear, dissecting his conduct with the scrupulous exactness of the penitent. And the pale girl sitting between the two candles was to him a distant vision in a dim church, silent, inspiring, uplifting! Only at the last, the man looked out through the sinner's eyes, with a faint satisfaction in his own sin, an irresistible pride in his own performance.

"I must say I played the part well!" Sarto boasted. "My acting was successful as far as it went. I dare say there are a score here who would say a good

A wail crept into his voice. "Ah, the irony of fate! While they are applauding the Prince del Pino out there in the audience, the poor mountebank must crawl off to hide himself and his broken heart. But I forgot"-with a jarring laugh-"chauffeurs-people of a certain lass are not permitted to have hearts!"

He stood, poor Sarto, very human and very much in love, his face working, his heart rebelling at the bitterness of his cup, the injustice that deprived him of the fruits of his own triumphs-the enloyment of his own happiness. And there was silence in the little

oom, while from the street outside came the smooth roll of wheels and a man's tenor in the distance singing the air from Pagliacci, bird-like atoms of sound threading the roar of the city. At last Annette spoke. "What have

you done with the diamonds?" she asked The man before her caught his breath. 'Ah, the diamonds! I had forgotten

about them." For an instant he stared at the girl been thinking of himself as the chauffeur. Surely that was low enough! But now, with a heavy, irretrievable sense of doom. he saw in her eyes whence he had fallen which she had placed the Prince del Pino. down to the thief-the robber of Mrs. Waring's diamonds. What a descent! And in the fall-love, that brittle, delicate thing, lay shattered, broken into fragments.

Sarto was suddenly face to face with judge, young, austere, implacable, it whose clear tones there sounded an echo of some distant Puritan ancestor; in whose glance he saw himself condemned. "The diamonds," he repeated with an effort, "go to Mrs. Waring to-morrow. with a note of-of explanation. I shall

see to it-the first thing in the morning." He spoke with the submissive impersonal air of a servant, his eyes on the ground, and for a moment Annette listened silently.

"What are you doing here then?" she asked suddenly. "Don't you know that if Count Souravieff is after you, he may be here at any moment?" Her voice rose sharply. "You will be caught, impris-

sparkle in his keen eyes which had no een there before. Slight as it was, that note of anxiety had not escaped him Though in fragments, still there was lovfor him in the girl's heart.

"Oh, I am safe enough indeed!" he an swered confidently. "My motor, in which I led them a chase, is standing in fron of a pharmacie in F street at this mo ment. For myself, I left my hotel an hour ago and took my valise with its con tents to"-he hesitated-"well, never mind where. When one leads a doubl life, Miss Bancroft, one finds it conven ent sometimes to live in two places, And then I came on here. Yes, it is quite safe; but it is well that you remind me that I must go."

"What will become of you?" asked the girl, almost in a whisper. She still sat, her face turned away, etering fixedly at the opposite wall.

Sarto moved toward the door. "What will become of me?" he echoed, with his old fatalistic shrug of the shoul-"Who knows?" His voice dropped. "I have sinned, and I must do pennance, make expiation. There is much

ahead of me." He opened the door abruptly and stood nesitating. "Will you not look at me before I go, and pity, forgive, forget?" For the first time Annette met his glance. She had been listening to the

eather-coated chauffeur, shrinking from the thief; now, raising her head, she saw. standing in the doorway, a curiously at tractive figure, looking at her with wist ful eyes. The man, after all, whom she

Half unconsciously, she leaned toward him with a desolate little cry.
"Pity, forgive, yes!" she repeated Yes. But forget? Ob. I cannot! I will not give you up!"

Rising to her feet, she stood, her hands clasped tightly, her lips parted, gazing at him with the soul itself shining in her eyes. But Sarto did not move. He stood ooking at her standing between her candles, the sculpted image of a saint carved in stone, and a very wistful look came into his face.

"There is a lighted shrine in my heart, he said, speaking as if to himself, "and the flame can never go out. The candle will be burning there always through the long, lonely pilgrimage and at the end

"I will be waiting," said Annette very

For a long instant their eyes met. Here were full of tears, but into the man's there came a far-off, ineffable look as of one who sees visious and dreams dreams. "Some day the pilerim will come back

to you." be said. And, with love burning triumphantly at the candles of his shrine, Sarto went out into the night.

At 10 o'clock the next morning, while Mrs. Waring was sitting up in bed and sipping her chocolate, her maid brought her a flat, square, bewrapped parcel, just arrived by a messenger boy.

Giving a glance at the address, written n a delicate, foreign-looking hand, Gussue tore open the wrappings with excited fingers, pulled out the orthodox cottonwool so suggestive of a jeweler, and rerealed a chamois glove-case!

Pinned to it was a card on which was ngraved, "Il Principe Roderigo del Pino," and underneath, in pencil, "Better known as Ludovic Sarto, Mrs. Waring's exchauffeur, begs to send her the enclosed jewels, as a slight return for the many kind favors which have rendered his memorable Washington sojourn so agreeably

About a week after Mrs. Waring's very sudden departure for England, Town Tit-

Rits had the following paragraph: "Prince Roderigo del Pino-so the pa pers have it-only arrived in New York yesterday on the Scotia, and is to give Newport's summer colony a glimpse of his

titles and millions te-morrow. "Can It be possible that there are two Roderigo del Pinos? If not, may we ask the identity of the mysterious Italian nobleman, who disported himself in Washington two weeks ago in the train of that noted society leader, Mrs. R --- d W-ng, whose rumored engagement to the Earl -y, we understand, is an undoubt-

(The End.)

********* WOMAN LAWYER'S CHANCE. *******************************

as philosophically as do men lawyers. back to the old church, clambered in at "And now," he said after a short This is the story, as one of the hun- a little vestry window carelessly un- pause, "let us have one last talk. You tells It:

In the early days of my legal stu- chamber of the winds. dentship I was in a Wisconsin town spending my vacation, and Judge X, the great man of the place, an old The old folks had little difficulty in cheated my father years ago and tofriend of my father's, gave me the bringing him something to cat and night I will have my revenge. You will life there are no such men. privilege of his library.

Like many other private law libraries in small places I have visited, this was unsurpassed in number of volumes and value by any I have ever known about in New York, where space is so depend on outside help for his refer-

In a smaller town you must own the judge owned his, and I browsed with wonder and delight about among the shelves, which filled three good-sized cooms, and I realized for the first time what the law really meant, and how tremendous an undertaking it was for a young woman like myself to seek to make any headway in it.

These, however, were only refleclong, by the way. My insistent thought was one of horror at the dirt and disorder that reigned supreme. The dust was inch-thick over everything. It occurred to me that I could kill two birds with one stone. I would clean and catalogue the volumes at the same time that I was gaining insight for my future work, and thus do the judge a good turn for his kindness to

I set to work, and finally, after finshing up the outer rooms, I invaded the sauctum, where the old judge had gone on day after day without taking the slightest notice of me and my dusting. When he did become aware that something so unprecedented was taking

place, he nearly had a stroke. To think that I, an insignificant fly on the dictionary of wisdom, had dared to disturb the accumulation of sacred dust! Even his old-time courtesy was for a while sadly shaken.

Finally be gasped out a question as to whether I did not respect the superstitions of the profession I was studying to enter, one of which was the bide-bound rule that no volume should have its place changed or its face nehes deep.

I shook my head, and in answer aroudly displayed the completed cataogue, where code volumes and common law had their respective positions. Finally the humor of the situation

ame to his relief, and he said: "Well, I have often wanted to know what women were going to do when they entered the legal field, and now I know. They will dust the books."

A clergyman had conducted services n a theatre in New York. "One of my theatre auditors," he said, "was a Scot from Peebles. This Scot told me that he sight of a clergyman in a theatre remissied him of an experience he once had in Loudon. He went to a melo-drama at Drury Lake. A man in front of him looked familiar. To his surprise he recognized in this man his minister at Pecbles. He leaned for ward and laid his hand on the minister's black coat, 'Oh, Dr. Saunders McIntosh,' he whispered, 'what wad he people in the auid kirk say if I ell't them I saw ye here?' 'Deed, they wadna believe ye,' Dr. McIntosh answered quickly, 'and ye needna tell

Couldn't Stand That.

"In what way?"

crop!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Get Off Easy. Biggs-I think marriage is a lottery. Jiggs-Well, you're lucky if you only

Persian newspapers are reproduced from handwriting by lithography, ne types being used.

THE LETTERS I HAVE NOT SENT.

I have written them, keen, and sarcastic, and long, With righteously wrathful intent, Not a stroke undeserved nor a censure too strong;

I have written them, challenging, eager to fight, All bot with merited fre:

And some of them chanced to be kept over night And malled, the next day-in the fire.

Ah, blessed the letters that happily go On errands of kindliness bent: But much of my peace and my fortune I owe To the letters I never have sent. -Christian Endeavor World.

And some, alas, some of them went!

In the Days of the Press Gang

press gang, under Lieut. Fairbrother, adventure. had been scouring all that part of the He put down his sack in front of the quality of a rather lubberly lot of As he undld a few of the larger bandthe first rumor of the press gang's ap- low guttural and inarticulate sounds, long-tongued busybodies being roused. floor. Then he set the terrified lad, If there is any hint of a moral at- So Kit shouldered his stick and his still bound hand and foot, with his made? It is that weak one called ached to the New York Sun story be- bundle, bade an affectionate good-bye back against a huge beam which formow it is that to establish clearly their to the old folks and trudged off in the ed part of the bells, and stood back to legal and judicial equality women law- direction of the nearest seaboard. But contemplate with grim satisfaction the yers must learn to regard untidiness at dead of night he crept stealthily results of his work.

> drink and they told him the news of never leave here alive." the little town and the country sidedull, personal, commonplace gossip mostly for a man who had seen something of the world, and had run the the only child of Sir Godfrey Hawkesparalysis, when he was a child, had slightly distorted his features and deprived him of his powers of speech. On this account his father was extraordinary solicitous of his welfare, and this anxiety was to a certain extent shared by all those who came in touch with the Hawkesbury family. There was, therefore, widespread alarm and anxlety at the disappearance of the unfor-

tunate youth. cat of this little world, and though he knew the dumb young squire well enough, the incident was not very important. It was of more moment to him just them that the ringers would be in the loft that evening and for an hour or more the belfry would be a

clatter. Fortunately for him there was a means of mitigating the annoyance to time," the man resumed. "When you some extent. The bell chamber was are gone Sir Godfrey will not last long, the uppermost part of the church tower and then by every proof of law the esand was in fact a somewhat smaller tate will be mine. But it would mar story rising from the center of the all if the murderer were discovered or stouter part of the tower below. There even suspected. So I have brought you was a narrow stone platform round here. Suspicion may, perhaps fall upon the outside of the bell chamber, and the old sexton, or upon one of the old this was protected by a rather deep embell ringers or upon anyone-I care battled parapet. Kit Cowley had sev- not whom. I wish, indeed, I could eral times broken the monotony of his have made it fall more closely upon tried very hard to flirt with me before. close confinement by creeping out upon some victim. But it is enough-I have the platform and scanning the wide caught you, and got you here." and beautiful prospect of a fertile landscape, while he breathed the cool crisp nincal laugh. There was no fear, no air of that lofty cyrie, which reminded remorse, no hesitation in his manner.

landscape, Kit slipped through the door the young squire's throat in exultant which opened on the parapet and glee. his back against the parapet. When chamber. At the first sound of the ris ceased, the peaceful hush which suc- he was unarmed. ceeded it seemed doubly soothing.

As he rubbed his eyes he thought he followed by loud cries for help, rang heard some faint unusual sound. He through the bell chamber. The dumb took little heed of it at first, for he lad had suddenly regained his voice thought that he was still half dream- by a last gigantic effort in this moment ing. But he heard it again, the un- of tense excitement. mistakable sound of some one moving | Kit and the highwayman stood In the bell chamber, and in a moment aghast, and for the first time the latter he was intensely alert. What was it? lost his composure. His face turned His first thought was that the press deadly pale and like a hunted animal gang had hunted him out. But down brought to bay and attacked on every below all was quiet. There was not a side, he swept a furtive glance behind sign of uprear or commotion. He crept him, and in his effort to ward off the stealthity and silently as a cat back to sudden attack the highwayman tripped the door of the bell chamber and peered and fell sprawling on the nearest bell. through a chink of the old and III fitting woodwork. There was a dark his chest, and gripping at his throat. lantern set on the floor by the side of By one strenuous effort he got the "John writes from college," said the the open trap door giving access from man's left arm doubled across his chest old man, "that I've lowered his digthe ringers' loft. The light of the lan- and under his own knee and both his tern flluminated all the remoter side hands were free to pin the villain's of the bell chamber, and though the neck against the floor. "By payin' for his education with nearer side was in shadow, there was the money from last year's watermelon sufficient reflected light to show him brought Kit's foot against the rim of that there was no one in the cham-

was booted and spurred, and well be than ever he squeezed his victim's con- tion: "Everybody knows me."

In the bell-chamber of Keldon par- | spattered with mud, in short, a typical ish church Kit Cowley lay in hiding. A highwayman fresh from a midnight

lence of the sea, would have improved creature tightly doubled up and bound. he had no liking for the press and at ged, since he was able to utter some pearance he had sought a hiding place. Which might have betrayed his pres-His aged father was the sexton of the ence; but now in the grim isolation of place, if only Kit could be smuggled the highwayman stripped it away at years to perfect their talents. into it without the suspicions of a few one hasty snatch and cast it on the

a time among the great bells in that of the Hawkesburys. But I know andday? other, and Hawkesbury Park, and all no one had any suspicion of the fact. and your father are gone. Sir Godfrey

He stayed a moment to enjoy the anguish which was plainly visible on the young lad's face, which twitched be thrown naked and penalless among hideously in his vain efforts to speak, a body of men "with the bark on," gauntlet of storm and sword. The last Kit puzzled his brain to know what he people of Keldon was the mysterious The little town was wrapped in its need. disappearance of young Hawkesbury, slumbers and ere he could rouse it and obtain help, there was ample time for books yourself or go without. The bury of Hawkesbury Park. He was a the highwayman to commit his foul goes about it in the right way. rather small and delicate lad, about 13 deed and effect his ecape. Should Kit or 14 years of age and chiefly remark- attack him? He was unfortunately able for the fact that an attack of quite unarmed and a mere stripling by



IN AN INSTANT HE WAS ON HIS CHEST. the side of this powerful man; in whose veritable pandemonium of clang and belt there were both pistol and dag-

"I have planned my revenge a long

He laughed hideously, a mocking, ma-His hands itched for their work, and he As the shade of evening dimmed the sprang forward eagerly, and gripped

closed it carefully behind him. He crept Kit Cowley felt the strength of on all fours to an angle of the plat- mad fury as he burst open the door of form and there sat himself down, with the window, and sprang into the beli the ringing commenced he stopped his ing latch the highwayman released his ears as well as he could, and tried to grip and turned towards the intruder. be indifferent to the din, which seemed His first expression was one of blank to make the old tower fairly pulsate, surprise, which gave place to one of But in spite of all his efforts the noise demontacal joy when he had taken the wearied him, and when at last it measure of his antagonist and seen that

Suddenly a shrill, piercing shrick,

In an instant Kit was kneeling on

A movement of the highwayman's leg the bell. Tightening his grip he felt with his foot for the swinging tongue of the But even while he was making these bell and gave it a vigorous kick. The observations the head of a man ap- bell uttered two scnorous notes, which peared through the trap door and a tall sounded singularly weird to Kit. As and well built but supple figure climbed the sounds died away, he heard cries slowly up from below, bearing a large of excitement and alarm in the streets sack upon its shoulders. The man's below and presently the creaking of face was masked. He wore a slouched the watchman's rattle. It was but a dollars. hat, a riding coat buttoned back, and matter now of a few minutes. Tighter

vulsive throat, until he felt his fingers throb with the pulsations of his blood. Not till he heard footsteps on the steps leading to the bell chamber did he relax his hold, and even then he kept his fingers where they were ready to grip once more if the struggle should be renewed.

But the strong man was broken and helpless now, and when at last the startled townsmen clambered into the bell chamber the light of their lanterns fell upon the livid features of a dead man.

A few days later when the inquest had been made into the manner and circumstances of his death, they buried him as quietly as the occasion would permit in the family vaults of the Hawkeshurys. Kit received much commendation for his sturdy valor, but the one thing which gave him the greatest satisfaction was to see the young squire of Hawkesbury alive and well, and to hear him tell with his own voice the incidents of that terrible midnight hour in the bell chamber of the Keldon church.-Philadelphia Telegraph.

INDEPENDENCE

Writer Shows that No Man Is Free

from All Obligation. Many a man says "Thank God I am independent," writes Charles Battell country for nearly a week and the cap- the lantern, opened wide its mouth and Loomis in Smith's Magazine, and all ture of a young fellow like Kit, who gradually rolled it inside out, disclos- the time he is breathing God's air with had just returned from his first exper- ing to Kit's horrified glance a human lungs the Creator lent him; he is eating food that another man grew for him; he is going across the continent pressed men. But Kit had seen enough ages, and the figure straightened itself on railroads that represent an output of the sea, though he was a stout out, Kit recognized the young squire of imaginative force and creative enough fellow in his way. At any rate of Hawkesburg. He was tightly gag- energy of which he would have been absolutely incapable. He is, perhaps, being served at home by servants who are underpaid, and at night a mere couple of dollars gains for him the perchurch and knew every nook and cran- the belfry, where there was none to formance of theatrical or musical ny of it. There was no better hiding hear, there was no need for a gag, and artists; men who have labored for And he calls himself independent Of

what, pray, is his staff of independence

If that, indeed, is all he has, take away his money and whither would his independence go?

What adequate return could be make for the various benefits and mercies be dred women lawyers in New York City fastened and took up his residence for and Sir Godfrey they say are the last must necessarily receive from day to Of course I have built up a man of

He had been there several days and that goes with it will be his, when you straw-and greenbacks-one who puts everything on a money basis; one who has not talents of his own, and in real Maybe not, but I have met a good many who prided themselves on their

would be unable to render any equivaprecious that a lawyer must perforce incident which had excited the good should do. Should be shout for help? lent for the food and clothes they would On the other hand, no man is so poor but that he can be independent if he

independence, and who, if they were to

Ignore the money value of things. Don't feel that what has no money value has no value.

WHY THE PUTTY FACED WOMEN?

Western Girl in New York Says the Flirtations Men Are to Blame. "What's the matter with the women?" asked a western girl when she came to New York, according to a Gotham correspondent of the Cincinstreet or in a car or shopping, every New York woman wears a regular put- ton Herald. ty face. I think it's all put on and

disgusting." pleaded guilty to her personal ownership of a putty face. "I know now why the New York women look that way," said she. "It's on account of the New York men. I don't think that every man in New York is habitually looking for a chance to flirt, but I do believe that nine out of ten of them

"When I first came here I saw lots of things that interested me, and I some man saw it at the same time, and our eyes met, why, I smiled in response to his smile. Bless you, I've done it all my life, and no one ever

"But here I no more dare smile on the street than I dare stand on my head. I keep my eyes cast down, and my thoughts to myself. I never look at a man, and if I catch one looking at me, I pay no attention to him. I don't class myself as more than pretty-yes, I admit that I am pretty-and vet I never go out on the street that I don't have from one to a dozen chances to of order."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. flirt. It isn't any wonder that New York women draw their faces into expressionless masks. They have to."

Fought Under Six Fings.

A remarkable person has just died at Budapest in the person of Gen. Stephen Turr, one of the bravest revolutionary generals that ever lived. He commenced his military career as a lieutenant in the Austrian army. Then he fought for the Hungarian revolutionary government, helped to quell a German revolution and joined Garibaldi in his great struggle. On the outbreak of the Crimean war he served as a volunteer in Omar Pasha's army against Russia. and finally received a commission in the British transport service. It was while buying horses for the British army at Budapest in 1855 that the general was seized by the Austrians as a deserter and sentenced to death. But both the British and French governments made such emphatic protests against this sentence that it was commuted to banishment. Finally, the old soldler settled down in Paris.

'What's the matter?" asked the policeman of the tramp. "Haven't you any place to go?"

"Any place ter go!" was the temptuous reply. "I've got the whole United States before me. I've got so and the meteors are always on opposite many places ter go dat it's worryin' me dizzy makin' up me mind which way

There is now some hope of the human race. It is said that physicians will not open a kulfe for less than fifty

Nearly every man accepts this fic-

Teacher-What is a suffragette? Wilfrid-A female sufferer.

Terrier Don't you have any dogwatch on this craft? Tabby-No. This s a cat-beat. Teacher-What lesson do we learn

from the busy bee? Tommy Tuffnut-Not to get stung. Young Hunter-It's strange that 1

can't hit anything. His Guide-I guess it's because I'm behind a tree, Mother Allee, it is bedtime. All the

little chickens have gone to bed. Alice -Yes, mamma, and so has the hen. "A man learns to do by doing," remarked the moral zer. "Yes," rejoined

the demoralizer, "and also by being done."- Chicago Daily News. Customer-What is the price of the duck? Little Girl-Please, mum, it's three shillings. But mother says, if you grumble, it's two-and-six!-Punch.

Office Boy-Say, the boss oughtn't to

out a window in there? Carpenter-Why not? Office Boy-'Cause, now you can see he's in when he ain't in.-Scott Wherever does Eastly get the idea that his jokes are funny? Mott-Oh, he tells them to young wom-

en with pretty teeth.-Boston Tran-The Inquirer-But what is it you nen have struck for? The Striker-Well. I'm blest if I know, guy'ner, but

we ain't goin' back till we've got it -The Sketch "Ah, Elsie, it is fine to be married to an oncer-such a beautiful uniform,

and so many decorations!" "Yes, and, besides that, he'll have a band at his uneral."-Wahre Jacob. "You say there is nearly always mething broke about your automobile?" "Yes," answered Mr. Chuggins,

nervously. "What is it, as a rule?" "Me."-Washington Star. "You don't mean to say that you are going back to horses?" "Temporarily. I have moved to a new country place, and I thought I should like to become acquainted with the scenery."-Life.

She-I'm going to give you back our

ngagement ring-I love another. He

-Give me his name and address. She -Do you want to kill him? He-No, I want to sell him the ring .- Pick-Me-Reporter-Now, what was the worst money panie you ever saw? Great Financier-Last week, when a ten-cent

piece rolled to the floor of a street car

and five women claimed it!-The X Ray. Emily (playing "house")-Now, I'll be mamma and you'll be papa, and little Ben and Bessle will be our babies. Willie (after a moment anxiously)-Ain't it about time to whip the chil-

"Did your friend make a hit at the nati Times. "I never saw such tired, literary club?" "I guess he did. He blase, you-can't-interest-me faces in my pronounced 'Les Miserables' in a brandlife. Why, whether they're on the new way, and then alluded to it as Victor Herbert's masterplece."-Washing-

Tired Traveler (to barber)-Spending the night in a sleeping-car doesn't Last week the same young woman improve one's beauty, does it? Barber-I don't know what you looked like when you started, but I guess you're right.—Harper's Bazar.

> Daughter-This piano is really my very own, isn't it, pa? Pa-Yes, my dear. Daughter-And when I marry I can take it with me, can I? Pa-Certainly, my child. But don't tell any one: it might spoil your chances .-- Penny Pictorial.

ship stunt," said the sad-eyed passenger. "And did you land the prize?" queried the hardware drummer. "Well, I never looked at it in that light," replied he of the sad eyes, "but I married the girl."-Chicago Daily News. Lady in touring car beckons to pedestrian. "Will you kindly do me a small favor, sir?" "Certainly, madam."

"Then please stand out in the middle

of the highway and let me see how

quickly I can stop my car without hit-

"I had half the young men in town

for rivals when I was doing a court-

ting you. I'm afraid this brake is out "You didn't seem to enjoy your dinner." "No." answered Mr. Cumrox. "I confess I was wondering about how much I ought to give the waiter. You see, if you give a waiter too little he snubs you and if you give him too much he knows you are a stranger in the place and scorns you anyhow."-Wash-

ington Star. We passed, in the course of an hour, two dead cows and more than fifty dead chickens. A strong smell of gasoline pervaded the atmosphere, and there were wheel tracks in the dirt. Sherlock Holmes became greatly interested. "Watson," exclaimed be, after deep thought, "there has been an automobile along here!"-Louisville Courier-Jour-

The Mysterious Gegenschien.

There is visible in the night sky, unler favorable circumstances, a faint light, rounded in outline and situated always exactly opposite to the place of the sun. It is called the "gegenschien" and is one of the most inexplicable objects known to astronomers. According to a scientist, it may be a sort of cometary or meteoric satellite attending the earth. He supposes it to be composed of a cloud of meteors, situated about 1,000,000 miles from the earth and revolving around it in a period of just one year, so that the sun sides of the earth. He estimates that the size of this ghostly satellite may be nearly the same as that of the planet Jupiter-viz., about 86,000 miles in di-

She-What is a fluke? He-A flyxe is what the other side scores on. Kansas City Times.