

ANOTHER VILE PLOT.

No sooner had Groundwig departed on his mission of crime than Manning set himself to prosecuting plans for his marriage and bridal tour with re-

newed activity.

His first thought was to persuade Mary to name an earlier day for the nuptials, and to this end he assigned as a reason a despatch from some foreign mercantile house, offering him a splendid position with a large salary, provided he could report for duty at a certain day, naming a time that would require his departure within two or

three days.

He concluded he could not give Mary such a reason for consenting to change the day fixed for the wedding without danger of exciting ner suspicions that all was not right, so he would trust Groundwig.

Mary and several of her intimate friends suggested that the wedding should be at 6 o'clock in the evening, that it should be made a gala day as far as possible, and that the invitations should be general, and the ceremony

It was arranged that the beautiful lawn in front of the house should be the place, and the Episcopal clergyman in charge of the church at the County Seat should be invited to solemnize the marriage.

Mary and her assistants at once began making preparations for the great event. The wedding trosseau was se-lected, and nimble fingers fashioned and fitted the bride's gown. It was white silk, without trimmings or deco rations or ornaments of any kind. Arrayed in white, she was the prettiest, nd in white she looked the more the

It was one of the loveliest days in

In and around the Nordrum home-In and around the Nordrum home-stead from early morn all was confusion, and everybody about the premises was on the stir, crowding and pushing and trying to help do something. Mary had retired to her chamber, and, assisted by her dressing maid, proceeded to arrange

This pleasing and exciting task completed, and the compliments of the bride's maids lavishly bestowed upon her, she asked to be left alone until time to proceed to the altar.

During the days the prospective bride and her friends had been making these preparations, Manning had by no means been idle. With him they were days of excitement, fear, doubt, and rejoicing, and almost the last moments were moments of inexpressible anxiety, overwhelming him with apprehensions of the greatest possible evil.

He first learned of Louis' arrival in New York by the receipt, as operator, of the two messages Louis had sent his mother and Mary. These dispatches were quickly destroyed.

Then Groundwig had conveyed to him the glad tidings of Louis' conviction of grand larceny and the five years' sentence to hard labor in the penitentiary.

Such glorious news almost made his heart burst with joy. Five years as-Nordrum's love without fear or danger of his great crime being discovered, Groundwig would no doubt hasten back to receive in person the promised re-ward. The money would be ready for him, and never would money be more cheerfully paid to him who earned it. Things were surely running smoothly

now, thought Charles Manning. Had he the arranging of them, they could not have been more to his liking. The morning came. With the going down of the sun all his plans would be consummated.

His successor had been named to take charge of the telegraph office, and his employers were complimenting Manning on so closely attending to business as to insist on remaining at his post until the last moment.

He did not intend to let go any of his resources until they were all ex-hausted, or until there could be no occasion for using them. Running over in his mind in a half dreaming man-ner, the thrilling events of the past year, he was aroused by the click, click, click, of the instrument before

The name of Silas Groundwig comes clicking over the wire. The operator

starts as though shot. What person in New York is telegraphing Groundwig?

Even the message itself does not an swer the question. Nor does Manning care who the sender is. The dispatch teelf is of the most startling character. It comes like the lightning from a cloudless sky. It may be the climax of the whole revolting scheme.

Not a word of it is put on paper, but every syllable is burried into Manning's

"Governor pardoned that fellow on the tenth, and he went West on the express the same night." Manning's brain worked fast and

A hasty glance at the time table, a A hasty glance at the time taken uick scanning of the column of figures, and it was clear to see that unless and it was resented or was made to and it was clear to see that unless comething happened or was made to happen, and that too, at once, Patterson would reach Sandy Lake a full hour before the time fixed for the marriage cere nony to take place.

Now, then, where was Groundwig! His services were needed now as they were never needed before. The morning express was due in a few minutes,

evidence of his excessive nervous excitement, which would have exhausted that power, and prostrated even a stronger man, had not the prize been the hand of Mary Nordrum,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Havoc of a Woman's Glance.

She was a piquent little octoroon, She was a piquent little octoroon, with a pretty face and stylish attire. As she started from the curb at a busy junction near the Brooklyn City Hall she gave a pert glance at a well-dressed colored man who happened to only passenger that angeled. Awars pered conference was held between 'Hall she gave a pert glance at a welthe two, and while talking Manning dressed colored man who happened to halt beside her, and he turne" to cross the street, too. The girl rethe opposite curb just as the reached the middle of the street as she turned to walk on she gavother roguish glance and a toss head and hurried out of sight man's attention was attracted to the girl and he falled to note a swift y approaching trolley car until it nearly ran him down; then he made a will leap which would have done credit to a circus clown, and landed on the curb on his bands and knees.

ing ever the wire to make him yell

Gronndwig," exultingly exclaimed

met with an accident, and will be

Groundwig, I have won on every

be her siave. Yea, I will die for her. If necessary, I will die to keep her

from marrying another. But enough of this. Meet me here in an hour and

I will have the money for you that I

farm for the deed; he brings the pur

chase price with him. Go, now, and come at the hour named."

The trade was completed, the money

paid, and Manning, jumping into his buggy, drove to the Nordnum place.

where he met Mary who appeared somewhat depressed but in the excite-ment he paid little attention to it, and

telling her the sale of his farm had

been consummated, that all the preparations had been made for the bridal

tour, that the south-bound train was

reported on time, he hurried back to

meet his engagement with Groundwig.

of the station. Groundwig, disguised

cited.

and hideous, was there impatient and

The new operator was now in charge

He handed his faithful accomptice a

roll of banknotes in full satisfaction of

all services rendered, and as he

though telling an item of ordinary

news that the road was just ordered

clear of all trains for a special.

Manning, excitedly and confessedly

How far is the line to be cleared.

'Neither, a locomotive and tender. 'When does it start?"

Not another word was said. Groundwig had been an attentive

istener to every word. He understood

More villainy for him.

More labor of love to appease his own hate. Both men stepped out upon the platform. "Clear the track to Sandy Lake," rung in Manning's ears

like a funeral dirge at a weeding. The most onimous words of all that had

cassed over the wires since this bold

conspiracy was set on foot.

A special for Louis Patterson and at

that moment it must be whirling west ward at its greatest possible speed.

Manning, be foiled and cheated of the

hand of her he loved better than life?

then, for the most desperate means to

brains to working quick-quicker than ever before! That is Louis Patterson's

hand you a nackage of giant powder.

sharp curve, the freight will be slow-

ing up there, so you will have no trouble in getting off, bore a hole jump aboard—blow the bridge to—"

direction until the special had passed.

When all was ready he set fire to the fuse, and almost before the smoke had

leared away the locomotive rounded

the curve, slowed up, and stopped within a few feet of the wrecked bridge.

deed was seen to plunge into the for-

est and disappear.

The engine was run back to the sta

tion, the alarm given, and, under the lead of the superintendent, a posse well

armed, and several men mounted on

horseback, started in pursuit of the would-be murderer.

The desperado was soon surrounded, and, as he drew a revolver to intimi-

iate his pursuers and resist arrest.

half a dozen guns were leveled at his head, and sliss Groundwig, with all his deep, black crimes on his soul gave up the ghost.

The moment Groundwig had boarded

felt he could trust Groundwig to do that work, and do it effectually. From his standpoint he had fought against fearful odds, had contended against a batallion of fates, and at last was vic-

torious.
All day long startling incidents had followed one after the other with painful rapidity, and now was come the trying event of all. He at once arranged his toilet with excellent taste and the utmost care, and when completed to his pleasure, he looked every inch the happiest of bride-grooms.

His wonderful will-power had enabled him to conceal all outward

The chase was a short one.

The miscreant who had done

meet the most desperate case.

There is still one more chance. Now

"Groundwig, for God's sake get your

A freight or passenger?"

"This moment - three thirty."

"To this station."

well what it all meant.

Never:

the operator remarked as

There comes the purchaser of my

think she has been decevied.

Who says now that fortune

A heavy two-horse team was coming in the other direction: the driver's attention was attracted from his horses to the antics of the man and one of them slipped and went down on its knees. A few yards behind the team was a trolley road switch, and the switchman's attention being diverted to the stumbling team, he neglected to turn the switch, and allowed a car that should have turned off there to run several yards on the wrong track. Another car, following, ran over the switch, others behind it were halted, and at least four cars in all had to back to allow the first car to take the switch. Then, as the second car of the string started to back rather suddenly it barely escaped collision with a car running into the switch from the branch, and, narrowest shave of all, came within a hand's breath of running down an elderly man who was crossing the street, and who became confused by the shouting and the irregular movements of the cars. And all this the havoc of a woman's eyes - New York | sey. Manning came in hurried and ex-

Esthetics as to Meats. Late advices from Europe bring the intelligence that Oscar Wilde does not approve of butcher shops. "They are opposed to all asthetic principles," says he. "They should be kept hid underground and the meat should be photographed, so that when customers wish to buy they can ask for pictures of the best chops and steaks and choose therefrom without offending their eyes and noses." This is certainly an ingenious suggestion, and we have no doubt that our leading butchers will act upon it. Aside from the esthetics of it the new way of marketing will do much for the art of photographing. Instead of going a long way to the meat market Saturday forenoon the woman will simply telephone Friday night for "proofs of the lest spareribs," or will inquire if "the negatives of those sausages we had last winter" are still preserved. Further stimulus will be given to experiments in photography by persons who dote on sweet-breads, kidneys, tripe, and liver. For, by At this last hour should he. Charles persuading calves, sheep, and pigs to swallow small cameras, and then taking electric fla-h light views of their insides, butchers can furnish photographs of those viands months ahead of the season. The experiment is well worth trying. -Buffalo Courier.

Geographical Joke.

special. Yes, I know, and I know you know aiready what I am going to pro-The Japanese are a very polite peo ple, but they sometimes like to play a loke, in a roundabout, Oriental That special will make a mile a way, apon the men of the West. In minute. In the store-room you will find an auger, a saw and a hatchet, the days of the Second Empire Baron Gros was sent to Japan to demand Put them in one of those bags. I will the opening of certain ports to French commerce. Among the rest 'Number 4 has orders to run to Hadley, twelve miles, and side-track for he named to the Japanese ministers a special that's her whistle, quick now, certain city. not a second to spare; go to Clarks Mills, a mile this side of Hadley, you know the bridge at the end of that

The Japanese functionaries smiled so broadly when he preferred the request that the French Ambassador asked them to tell him what gave them so much amusement; but instead of answering, the Japanese minister said:

nd the train and Groundwig were on "We will open the port in ouestion, their way to Hadley. Groundwig was faithful to the last. my lord, if France, in her turn, will He did his work well. He had a full hour in which to do his job. He first cut the wires in two differopen a certain port to us." Wnat port is that?" asked the

Frenchman. ent places. The bridge was on the bottom, quite a high elevation of land on one side, and thick woods on the other, so there was no danger of being discovered in his nefarious work. "The port of Liverpool." "But, your excellencies," laughing, 'Liverpool is not a French port, but

an English one." He would not be interrupted by trains, for none could move in either "Yes?" answered the Japanese.

"And the port you named to us to not in Japan, but in Corea!" The French Ambassador was compelied to admit that the joke was

upon him. - Youth's Companion.

A Hotel "Hoodoo."

A short, heavy-set man entered the Holland House recently and wrote his name on the register. As he another?" dropped the pen he closed the register with a bang. "Don't do that," exclaimed our of

the clerks, hurriedly opening as register again. "Why not? Too much noise?"

asked the guest. "No. It kills business," said the clerk. "I am not superstitious, but marriage?" it is well known that a shut register

the train. Manning feit that the last not say the same thing." obstacle in the pathway to the hand of his betrothed had been over come. He done?" asked the guest. "What cures the evil once it is Keep the register upside down for

two hours," said the clerk. "I will make hast; or I shall lose the down wager that not a regester in one of express train, for the vell. the big hotels is closed four times a year, unless it is done by the guests deposed from his place in the battered before the clerks can prevent it." little village cart, and Miss Milly

Clerks at the Fifth Avenue. Hoffman, Crunswick, and Buckingham and whipping the pony briskly up Hotels corroborated their brother of drove away as fast as she could. the Holland House. - New York Sun.

"What did Dadby say when he for the up train. There may be some heard that it was triplets?" "He one I know on it." said: "This is too, too, much." "I beg your pardon," said a pleas-

A DRESSMAKER'S DILEMMA.

Who tries to do her duty and would never disobey.

A plain commandment gives in the Foriptures onto non.

For I read my Bible every night from half-past nine to ten.

Now Uncle Jtm who preaches in the chapel

the does, samons, out I hamby brought
He took the shortes, eximined them and cried
in triumph: Yes.
I ferred as inuch, your evyle in gowns inagens
in in but to wurse.
Until a last you've brought yourself beneath
the prophet a curve?

I know he nated fashions, but I hambly brought

Hooked in blank summeroes; at my uncle; was me mad?
What could be find so awful in a simple shoulder pau?
This year, since in him willed that ladies shoulders should be high,
We had to pail the site ses; Paris to biams,
not I.

He to k my Bible from the shelf before my won-And found hepthriceuth chapter of Ezekid's prophecies.
And 'lead,' said he, 'the eightecuth verse Thus said the Lord God Woe To the warm that sew pinows to all armholes' Is it so?'

The words were there as clear as day. "And now," said Uncle Jim.

"Just choose between the prophet's curre and fashion" latest widm;
"Tis you Eteckle had in min'l, to you the Lord going to be married to a very if your dresses from this time snother pad you man -- Doctor Darrow from

And after half an hour felt no wiser than

I found him in his study, and in listening to my

A SECOND-HAND GIRL.

"Fh?" said Mrs. Moore.

"Why, the ceilin' came down plump in the north chamber last night," explained l'etsey, standing in the doorway, with the mop in one hand and a pail of water in the other. "Looks exactly as if there'd been an avalanche o' lime dust there. Guess it was the rain done it. I've knowed that rull was leaky this good while An' it's my dooty to tell ye, ma'am, the back staircase ain't safe to use no longer. There's one step gone and the balusters loose. And cook says ample?" she's that nervous she can't stay in the house, with the loose bricks tumbling down the kitchen chimney every time the wind raises a bit."

Mrs. Moore sighed. She was a handsome, high-featured woman with dark eyes and a shabby-genteel silk wrapper worn at the elbows

"Ne er mind, Betsey," said she. 'It'll be all right, once Miss Ethel is married. Doctor Darrow is a man of wealth. He will rebuild the old Moore homestead for us."

"Well," muttered Betsey, "it's a good thing the weddin's coming soon, or there wouldn't be no house left to

At the same moment a pretty young gypsy of sixteen was rushing frantically into one of the great, sparsely furnished bedrooms with a pasteboard box in her hand.

Overhead plump little plaster Cupids swung garlands of flowers from the cracked and discolored cornices; a faded rug supplied the place of carpet, and the merry sunshine played hide-and-seek with the worn places in the yellow damask curtains, and a beautiful young girl sat at a rheumatic writing-desk, with her chin supported in her hands and her sea blue eyes fixed dreamily on

space. "Ethel! Ethel! Here's another box come by express!" screamed the young sister, breathless with rapture. It must be the veil! Do open it and look! Do. Ethel, please. Oh, I never saw a wedding veil before in all my life, and I do so want to see what it's like."

Ethel Moore looked up. "You can open it," said she, with-

out change of posture. Well, I declare," said Milly, "any one would think I was the bride!

Well, here goes! Oh, oh! isn't it beautiful?" Ethel leaned forward a little and

scrutinized the delicate folds of lace mor closely. "Yes," she said indifferently, "it's

pretty enough. But it's the wrong pattern; it doesn't match the flounces and the jabot." "Only three days now, and the wrong pattern of lace! What are people thinking of?" "Oh, let it stay!" listlessly uttered

Ethel. "What differenc: does it eyebrow?" make whether it is one pattern or "What difference" Millicent looked

hard at her sister. 'Oh, Ethel, Ethel! I'm so sorry Cousin Jim is coming to the wedding!" Ethel Moore colored an intense

scarlet. "Sorry-sorry that our own cousin

is to le here on the occasion of my "N-no," hesitated Millicent," not

means a poor business. You cannot that. But it sets you to thinkingfind a notel clerk in town who will Is he so ery handsome, Eth i? he handsomer than Dr' Darrow? You're such a tunny girl, or you would ha e thotographs of both of them. But there comes the pony, and I must

Mike, the errand boy, was promptly jumped in, took the box in her lap,

"Just in time for the express!" she cried. "And now I may as well wait

ant, deeptoned voice, "but can you rroth. But mamma is to have the tell me the way to Moore's Cliff?"

Milly turned, and saw a han some Why, I am Millicent Moore, and I'm I won't take it"

going straight there: I-think-you must be-Jim" "That is my name," he answered

of courses she looked gravely at him. He could almost read the sudden changes of thought in her b.ue, solemn eyes and varying color.

"Please get into the cart!" said "I suppose I must take you to the Cli :, as there's no depot wagon here. But," touching the phiegmatic pony with her wnip-lash, "I'm

almost sorry tou e come. "Sorry? Why, little Milly! And I thought we were to be such friends," he cried.

"I tnink perhaps I'd better tell you all about it." said she, speaking as if she had not heard his words. "No one knows it all but me and Ethe'. Ethel won't be pleased, but-tnt-Ch. Jim, hadn't you better go away Jim is to be the groom. Oh, what without seeing her?"

"Go away without seeing her! And

"On," faltered Miliy, letting the reins drop, "she's so unhappy! She's going to be married to a very rich New Thus eaving ne departed, and I tured the mat- and all that money that papa invested in the Grand Tochoomey Bank s gone, and Moore's Cliff is all falltefore;
At least I thought I'd venture forth, to ease my troubled mind.

And ask our learned rooter, who is always very three days and three nights, and so Ethel said 'Yes' But oh, she is so miserable. And if you come back, Jim, the old love will burn up again I thought he laughed a little, though I could not see his face.

And then he opened car nin books and certain foot notes read,

The authorized translation is not quite correct he said.

The said.

Jim. the old love will burn up again in her heart, for she does love you, Jim—she told me so. She has loved you ever since that time you exchanged rings at Saratoga; and she changed rings at Saratoga; and she

has got the little blue ring still. And she hates the very idea of marrying Doctor Darrow-only-only mamma has made her feel that it was "Another room is gone," said Ret- her duty. Oh, don't look so stern and white at me, Jim-dear Jim! It's a dreadful thing to have to tell you, but I think you ought to know. Please, please don't ever let mamma or Ethel know that I said this to you. But if you could make them believe you were engaged to somebody else," said Milly, with a sudden flush of forgotten that you are engaged to none dyeing her cheek, "then I think me? Ethel might learn to be happy with the New York man." "Engaged to somebody else, ch?"

to whom? To yourself, for ex-

"Yes. Why not" said Milly, with the utmost gravity. 'Merely as a business matter, you know. We'll call it me-only you must go away, Jim, and not see her again."

'Stop the horse," he said, quietly. "Wait until I can lift my valise out, and good-by, my little flancee."

"You are really going?" rapturously exclaimed Milly, clapping her small gauntleted hands. 'Oh, Jim, how eyes of yours, I have come to a di ergood of you-how noble! I almost think I love you now. And remem- yourself to me as a mere matter of ber, this is for Ethel's sake."

"For Ethel's sake?" repeated her time in real earnest?" companion, and he smiled and nod- And the end of Milly's carefully ded. "I shall reach the station by studied speech s was,this cross- ut through the woods," said, "in time for the next down

train, and-" in the clatter of a tinware wagon at Luce n, read the marriage notice, that just then jolted along, inciting the Moore pony to mad emulation. and, before Milly could check his enthusiasm, she was nearly at the tum- sweetheart."

ble-down gates of the old mansion it-Ethel herself was in the tangled rose garden, gathering white and cream colored and royal roses-Ethel, more flushed and lovely than any princess; and beside her, under full radiance of the June sunshine,

strolled a tall, handsome young man, carrying the basket and the scissors. "Miliy, come here." cried Ethel, springing brightly forward. "Here's your Cous n Jim!' The girl stared blankly at him over

the wheel of the village cart. "No," said she, "he's an impostor.

He's not my cousin. The real Cousin Jim rode half way up with me and lumped off at Beach Corners. "But, nevertheless," said the Span-

ish-faced young fellow, mildly, 'I am Jim Elliott, and I am your cousin. Ask Ethel, here, if it irn't the truth."

He looked down into Ethel's blue. sparkling eyes; he drew her slim, white hand under his arm. with a sort of tender proprietorship that startled poor Millicent

"If you are Consin Jim," said she, slowly, 'who was the handsome man with the gray suit and the dark blue eyes, and the little scar over his left

"Is the child dreaming?" said Ethel, with a sweet burst of laugh-"She talks as if she had seen Doctor James Darrow himself."

Milly never stopp d to greet this handsome, unwelcome kinsman of hers; she rush d frantically to her own room, and burying her tace in the pillows of her bed, burst into tears. "Oh, what have I done" sobb d. "What have I done? And

all for no use!" The n xt day there came a letter to Ethel Moore

She frowned a little as she recognized the handwriting of her affianced husband-then she broke it open and

read the contents. "Jim." she murmured to the young man who lounged in the cushioned

window seat. "Well, my Queen?"

"It isn't necessary for us to elope now. "I—I almost believe I love James Darrow after all. A man that can be as chivalrous as that-" She laughed, and then burst out sobbing as she flung the letter to

Cousin Jim. 'Oh, he is so good -so good!" she THE faitered. "He gives me back my asylum.

settlement just the same to rebuild Moore's Cliff with, and there is a man, with a light varise in his hand. thousand a year for me as long as I "To Moore's Chiff?" she repeated. live On, Jim, I don't d serve it live On, Jim, I don't d serve it-

"Yes you will." said business-like Jim-"you will take all you can get We can't live on air, you know, darbr ghtly. "And you are little Milly, ling, and my income is rather slim as He's a good old duffer-" yeL

"Old." half angrily interrupted Ethel. "No older than yourself! But what does this mean-about the ring? He sa s I am to give it to Millicent for he seif. She will know what it means. Well, if this isn't the strangest riddle?"

Miliy looked defiantly at her sister when the message was delivered to

"But I won't take the ring," she said, half hysterically, resisting Ethel's effort to slip the superb dia-

mond solitaire on ner finger. "You must." said Ethel. "Jim's turquoise is a deal more precious to me than this great gem. The wedding is to come off just the same, but are diamonds to me? I am so very,

very happy." "And this is all you care for Doctor Darrow's noble generosity." said Milly, with scarlet cheek and quick coming breath. "No, 1 won't wear the ring. I'll keep it, and-and sometimes look at it. (h, what a fool I was! And why d d I sav all those things? There's only one thing that remains to me-I must go to work and learn to be a great painter as soon as possible, so that I can pay back the money which mamma and

Ethel are using so mercilessly.' It was just a year afterward, and Millicent Moore was sitting on the ruined stone terrace feeding her pet peacock Le Roy with kernels of cora. Her open sketch book lay beside her, the sweet summer wind was ruffling her curls, when LeRoy uttered a discordant sound and flew away,

startled by the presence of a stranger. Milly sprang up.
"Doctor Darrow!" she exclaimed. "Call me Jim, as you did the first day," he said. "Little Milly, you don't know what you saved me from when you mistook me for the cousin whom you had never seen. Don't shrink away so, Milly. Have you

Through all the previous year Milly had been rehearsing this very scene to herself. She had planned said this unknown confidant. "But the exact phraseology in which she would express our appreciation, her polite indifference. He should never know that she liked him. She would let him see that she r garded the whole thing as a joke, and yet now that the time had come, she was struck dumb, and sat blushing and

silent like any school girl. "Milly," he said gently, "Don't shrink away from me. A year ago I believed that life had no more charm or me: but thinking of those blue ent conclusion. Dearest, you engaged Will you do it again-this

I.Ves " So there was a Mrs. Darrow in the Moore family, after all, and when The close of the sentence was lost Ethel Elliott, in a shabby pension

she exclaimed scornfully. "Well, I ne er thought Millicent would take up with a second-hand

Mr. Elliott made no reply: he was gloomily surveying a pile of unreceipted bills.

"Do you 'hear, Jim?" asked bis wife sharply. "Millicent is married, and to my old beau." "Yes, I hear," he answered ab-

stractedly. Well, why don't you say something about it:" 'I've only one thing to say,"

snarled the Spanish faced hero "any idiot who gets married does a very stupid thing. Five hundred francs milliner's bill—a hundred francs board. Good heavens! what is going to become of us?" "I thought you loved me, Jim I'm

sure Doctor Darrow did." "Th n I wish you had married him," said Elliott, deliberately. Way riy Magazine.

A Hundred Dollars a Dozen. A Polish resident of the western

part of the city is firmly convinced that it is better to have a dozen chickens stolen than not to find a pocketbook with \$100 in it. This Polish civizen had been out of employment for several months, and his means of support for his family gradually dwindled until the chic one were about all he had left. and then one night somebody stole the chickens. It seemed as if he had had about all he could endure before but this was the last straw. He gized disconsolately into the coop. Something unusual lay on the ground in front of him. His eye brightened and he sprang forward and picked it up. It was a po ket ook. and with trembling hands be tore it open. Money! Money galore! Five,

after the pocketbook -South Bend (Ind.) Tribune.

ten twenty, fifty, a hundred dollars

And, strange to say, the man who stole the chickens has not been back

No It Seemed. The following conversation is re-ported by Good News. The city in which it occured is not named. Unhappily it might be one of several.

"Where have you been?" said Dick.
"Down town with papa," answered
Henry. "We went into the Street Cleaning Department"

"What's that?" "It's a place where they tell per ple why the streets are not cleaned.