

OUR STORY TELLER



CHEATER CHEATED

WHAT is now related took place in "the good old times," when the farmer knew but little or nothing of banks of deposit and their advantages, but relied mostly upon the honesty of his city acquaintances or of the host of his urban inn.

Therefore, when one nice day the farmer of the lower village drove to the city with a well-filled bag to make some extensive purchases at the annual fair he was not a little vexed to discover that the inn, "The Sun," wherein the usually stopped, was filled from top to bottom with guests to the fair. He need only wait a few days, explained the host, and there would be plenty of rooms vacant, but till then Mr. Farmer would have to apply to some other tavern. Perhaps a few houses further on, just around the corner of the next street, in "The Green Tree," there might be room for him. That would be quite near, too, etc., etc.

Mr. Farmer hesitated for a moment. He was not acquainted with the proprietor of "The Green Tree," but the host of "The Sun" often kept heavy sums for him, and readily handed them over whenever demanded. It would be a good idea to deposit the 1,000 florins brought along for purchases with the landlord of "The Sun," meditated the farmer, but there was too much of the suspicious peasant nature in him to confide his money to anybody lodging outside the abode wherein he himself was domiciled. Accordingly he promised the landlord of "The Sun" to inquire again within a few days and said good-by.

In "The Green Tree" there was indeed some rooms vacant, and when the farmer had consumed his kneed and sauerkraut he inquired for the host and begged a few moments' private conversation with him. The landlord conducted the farmer, who appeared quite well-to-do, into his private room to listen to his guest's request.

"I brought 1,000 florins with me to make some purchases," began the farmer, "but I am afraid some one in the crowd may steal them from me. Will you please keep them safe for me? That's what I always did in 'The Sun.'"

"Very well," replied the host; "just hand them to me."

"But I don't want anybody to know," continued the farmer, "that I brought so much money with me."

"Why, certainly not," exclaimed the other laughingly. "There are nowadays so many rogues who think they must steal right away when they imagine there is anything of value. You just rest easy about it."

Mr. Farmer counted out his 1,000 florins on the table, the landlord locked them up, both men shook hands and the entire transaction was completed.

Feeling relieved, the farmer mingled light-hearted with the crowding populace. After a searching examination he found next day several articles which he concluded to purchase, and returned to his stopping place to fetch some of his deposit.

But just as he was about to depart and consternation when the landlord of "The Green Tree" declared in a brusque manner that there must be some mistake; he hadn't received one farthing, much less 1,000 florins.

In vain the stupefied peasant reminded him of the day, hour and other details of the transaction. The landlord, forsooth, turned tables, played the role of the injured martyr, and at last shouted at the top of his voice that the farmer should produce his receipts or bring forth his witnesses. Anybody and everybody could come and demand 1,000 florins from him. Very probably the farmer had given his money to somebody else for safe keeping. But he, the proprietor of "The Green Tree," was an honest man, and so forth.

And the wily tavern keeper talked that much and he swore so high and solemnly that he knew positively nothing at all of the money that the bewildered rustic at last totally stupefied, tottered out of the inn.

Just by lucky chance he encountered an old acquaintance on the street, and to him he related his misfortune.

"There is but one remedy, if there is any," declared his friend; "that is, go to Mr. Foxy and ask his advice. If he doesn't know what to do, then you'll never see your 1,000 florins again."

Mr. Foxy was a veteran lawyer, who was near and far highly esteemed on account of his shrewdness, and at the same time generally liked for his joviality and good will.

Next morning bright and early saw the farmer at the lawyer's office. He was ushered in and explained his case. When he had finished Mr. Foxy asked: "Have you got another 1,000 florins?"

"I think I could raise them," answered the farmer.

"Well, then, get them. And when they are in your pocket take the same friend with you who advised you to consult me. Go together to the host of 'The Green Tree.' Tell him you made a mistake; everything was all right, he should kindly excuse you, and as a token that there should be no ill-feelings between you, beg him to keep those other 1,000 florins for you in safety. But you must under all conditions prevail upon him to accept the money. Do you verily?"

Though the farmer muttered a weak-sounding affirmative, he really understood but one sentence—that he had to collect another 1,000 florins and deliver them into the hands of the scoundrel who stole his first; only with one difference, that this time he would bring his friend along with him to witness the transfer. But, firmly confiding in the lawyer's wisdom, who "ought to know what he wanted," he promised strict obedience.

"After the keeper of 'The Green Tree' has accepted and received the money," finished the lawyer, dismissing his client, "you return instantly to this office. Good-by."

Shaking his hand, the farmer hastened to collect the 1,000 florins required. As soon as they were in his possession he looked up his friend and both visited "The Green Tree." Mine host was not a little taken back when he listened to the humble apology of the farmer, but he peremptorily declined the acceptance of any money. Still the farmer excused himself in such meek and dejected manner, pleaded and begged so persistently, that at last the inn keeper yielded and promised to keep the money in safety. As soon as the deposit was made the peasant returned to Mr. Foxy's office to get further orders.

"Did he take the money?" was the first inquiry the lawyer made.

"Of course he took it," replied the farmer. "If I only had it back again."

"Don't trouble yourself. You'll get it back, and what is still better, you'll get it right away. Now, you return to 'The Green Tree' and demand your 1,000 florins, but don't tell a word about it to anybody, not even to your friend. As soon as you have the money bring it and yourself back to this office, and don't lose a moment."

Mr. Farmer did as requested, went to the innkeeper, claimed his 1,000 florins, which he received this time without any parley or delay, and betook himself immediately to Mr. Foxy, eager to discover the finishing stroke of the attorney's strategy.

"Does anybody know that you got this money?" asked the lawyer.

"No, nobody; not even my friend."

"And the innkeeper was alone when he handed you the money?"

"Yes, entirely alone."

"Well, you have now your first 1,000 florins," exclaimed Mr. Foxy, laughing. "Now you'll take your friend with you to 'The Green Tree' and claim the second."

A new and brilliant light appeared to the smiling farmer. He fetched his friend, and with him called on the proprietor of "The Green Tree." When he demanded the 1,000 florins which he had deposited in presence of his friend the crafty innkeeper made a wry face and muttered several uncomplimentary remarks into his beard. But perceiving himself outwitted he did not hesitate very long, unlocked the drawer and counted out the cash.

Mr. Foxy pocketed a generous fee and enlarged his reputation. The landlord of "The Green Tree," who was ridiculed by everybody, disappeared a few months afterward and was never heard of again.

But the farmer ever since that memorable transaction demands a certified receipt when he deposits any money.—*Utica Globe.*

Dr. Talmage's Lecture in England.
A gentleman who listened to Dr. Talmage several times when he made his remarkable and remunerative tour in England, states that the lectures were delivered verbatim, the emphasis was always upon the same word and the gesture in the same place, and after hearing the lecture two or three times even the semicontinental wink could be foretold with the precision with which one would preannounce the motions of an automaton.

Born with Teeth.
There is a superstition in France that children born with teeth will be brilliantly clever. It probably arises from the fact that Henri IV. and Louis XIV., kings who left the greatest mark upon French history, and Mirabeau, the great orator, were all born with one tooth.

How a nice old-fashioned woman does love to see children eat!

A NEW STYLE OF MARCHING.

Capt. Raoul's System for Attaining High Speed with Little Exertion.

Capt. Raoul of the French artillery, says the *Petit Parisien*, began five years ago a special study of the military march. He concerned himself especially with the question whether the method of marching adopted generally by the armies of the civilized world answers the needs of war well. He wished to devise a system that should permit certain young troops to acquire a resistance to fatigue and a speed unknown in the European armies. Very robust young soldiers are occasionally found to acquire by training great speed, but they are exceptions to the rule, and in reaching the object aimed at they are often greatly fatigued. After much study, Capt. Raoul thinks he has found a solution of the question in the method instinctively used by peasants in their rapid walking.

"I am able," says Capt. Raoul, "to take the first corner between the ages of 20 and 60 years, and teach him to run so long as his legs will appear him, without his feeling the least inconvenience in the matter of respiration."

It is found that men without the least training are able to make by his system more than six miles at the first trial. By the ordinary system of running such a man could not, without pain, cover a tenth of that distance.

Capt. Raoul's method is to maintain the body straight, to hold the head high and well free of the shoulders, to expand the chest without special effort, and to hold the elbows a little behind the haunches. The runner begins gently, with steps of about 13 1/2 inches, lifting the feet only just high enough to clear the irregularities of the track, the hands strongly bent, the upper part of the body inclined forward as much as possible, so that the man must run in order to maintain his equilibrium. In fact, the man is kept chasing his own center of gravity, which tends to fall in advance of him.

In the training exercises the soldier begins by running the first kilometre (about 1,084 yards) in 10 minutes, the second in 9 minutes 30 seconds, and so on with increasing speed. After several weeks the soldier makes from the third kilometre a speed of 6 minutes, or even 5 minutes 45 seconds. After the experiment had been tried upon several regiments some years ago, a soldier made rather more than twelve and three-tenths miles in a trifle less than two hours. As the muscles employed in this feat were not those especially in demand in the ordinary method of marching, the soldier was able at once to take up the march in the usual step with as good spirit as when he left the barracks.

Capt. Raoul recommends that after a little training the soldier run the first kilometre in 7 minutes 15 seconds, the second in 6 minutes 5 seconds, the third in 5 minutes 45 seconds, and from the sixth on each kilometre in 5 minutes 30 seconds. He recommends that this last speed be not exceeded.

Beauties of the Underground World.

It has often happened that in the course of excavations in search of minerals, the workmen have come upon some singular hollows or openings in the rock, caused by convulsions of the earth or earthquakes, or caverns through which torrents have flowed in former ages and have left them for nature to ornament in the most beautiful and fantastic manner.

You will understand how the natural caverns are formed that you may have seen on the sea coast; the moving waters, carrying with them gravel and sand, enter the cracks and crevices in the rocks, and increase their size by wearing away portions of the rock until caverns are formed. Some of them are of immense size, and the extent of many is unknown.

Many caverns are lined with beautiful crystals, called calcareous spar, or substances containing much lime, and generally colored by the impurities of the water that has dropped on them. Sometimes these crystals are of pure white, and have, when the cave is lighted up, a richness and transparency that can scarcely be imagined. Others have the appearance of stone, moss and shells, in every variety of color.

Caverns of enormous extent occur in Iceland; that of Gurtshellir being forty feet in height, fifty in breadth, and nearly a mile in length. It is situated in the lava that has flowed from a volcano. Beautiful black stalactites hang from the spacious vault, and the sides are covered with glazed stripes, a thick covering of ice, clear as crystal, coating the floor. One spot in particular is mentioned by a traveler, as surpassing anything that can be described when seen by torchlight. The roof and sides of the cave were decorated with the most superb icicles, crystallized in every possible form, many of which rivaled in delicacy the clearest froth or foam, while from the icy floor arose pillars of the same substance, in all the curious and fantastic shapes that can be imagined. A more brilliant scene, perhaps, never presented itself to the human eye.

A Taste for Flogging.

A Cincinnati, known as John Bye-Bye, was found in the woods near Covington, Ky., undergoing a severe thrashing on his naked back at the hands of some boys armed with thorny switches. He exonerated the boys of all blame, saying that he had hired them to flog him. God had told him, he said, that as often as he could stand it he must submit to fifty-lash floggings to expiate the sins that his father had committed in flogging his slaves. Some years ago he was sent to the workhouse for having himself strapped to a door and flogged.

A man parts with his ambitions as easily and naturally as he parts with his hair.



CHAPTER XIII. (Continued.)

"I am no sensitive young girl, Lady Dorrington," she said at length, with a kind of slow bitterness, "to shrink from expressing my feelings, and I think you will admit that your brother has deceived me, basely, treacherously. He had no doubt found it convenient to lead his creditors to believe that he was on the point of marriage with a rich widow, and so gain time for the settlement of his affairs. For this he did not hesitate to make me an object of remark to all the company at his house when I was his guest."

"I am not surprised at anything you say," cried Lady Dorrington, greatly distressed and even alarmed at the suppressed, concentrated fury which she perceived under Mrs. Ruthven's carefully preserved self-control. "I am infinitely ashamed of Clifford; but, indeed, he is in every way incapable of making the use you suggest of his position with you. He is the merest slave of his whims and fancies. He was, I know, greatly taken with you; and then all that horrid business of the robbery kept you apart, and he fell in with Nora—and oh! it is all beyond my comprehension! It makes me perfectly ill when I think of Clifford's unutterable folly. I had, indeed, hoped to call you my sister."

"I think you are honest, and alive to the advantages that marriage with me offers. I shall always consider you my friend. As to your brother, I have made up my mind how to act. He will find I am not to be trifled with; but I must gather a little more strength before I can deal with the matter."

"Surely, my dear Mrs. Ruthven, no legal redress could possibly atone for the wrong done," said Lady Dorrington, in uncertain accents, very different from her usual decided tone, so appalled was she by the prospect of the commonplace vulgarity of an action in court.

"Are you afraid of a breach of promise trial?" was her guest's counter-question, accompanied by a mocking, contemptuous laugh. "That would be a very weak and inefficient payment of the debt I owe Mr. Marston—but I will not allow myself to speak more on the subject. It must be most painful to you; it is too much for me. I can write no more to-day. May I trust to your kindness to send for Sir Harry Portman? And will you be so good as to ask Virginia to bring me my medicine? I must rest and be quite quiet now."

Lady Dorrington felt herself dismissed. If she had gone to Mrs. Ruthven in an anxious, angry frame of mind, she left her with a sense of danger and trouble intensified tenfold. The change in Mrs. Ruthven's manner from its ordinary caressing softness to the abrupt decision of one who knew her power and would use it, seemed to take the ground of superior position and higher breeding from under the elder woman's feet. Mrs. Ruthven was, indeed, not to be trifled with. The vagueness of her threats made Lady Dorrington still more uneasy. Did she know of any crooked corners in Clifford's conduct which would brand him with disgrace, were they known and blazoned abroad? If so, how merciless she would be. "I wish I never had had anything to do with her," thought Lady Dorrington, as she sat down in the refuge of her own morning room.

"It is useless to try and help Clifford. He is hopeless. But I think I must send him a line of warning. I am really afraid of that woman. I shall never care to be with her again. She was naturally angry, and I do not wonder at it; but there was a murderous look in her eyes. I do believe she has a large share of Eastern blood! How unprincipled it was of Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora to attract Clifford! They are quite aware that I am most anxious he should marry Mrs. Ruthven; yet they set themselves against me; and I have been so fond of Nora, and so kind to her too."

Here her reflections became chaotic. Though of the strong-minded order of women, Lady Dorrington had both family pride and family affection in abundance. The idea of open scandal or disgrace attacking her brother was intolerable, and her anxiety to shield him was not one whit lessened by her indignation and wrath with his inconsiderate folly!

Clifford Marston meantime sped Londonward, well content with the result of his visit. He had put matters in train; there was no room now for Lady Dorrington to say that he had kept her in the dark about so important a matter as his marriage, and she would no doubt impart the knowledge to Mrs. Ruthven. They would have ample opportunity to abuse him together, and by the time they all met again the worst would have blown over.

He arrived in town late and resolved not to disturb Nora and Mrs. L'Estrange at that hour. Next morning would do. He had a deep, though unacknowledged, conviction that he must be careful and cautious in his conduct to Nora.

Yet, in spite of his love, there were moments when a kind of lurid revelation flashed across him that, if he could not succeed in warming her coldness into something akin to his own fire, the day might come when he would hate her with a deadly hatred, ay, and revenge himself cruelly on her, if she persisted in her maddening indifference. He could scarce endure the torture it gave him, when she shrunk from the caresses with which he would fain have loaded her, and his longing for the reciprocity of natural, unforced tenderness, was painfully intense.

However, absence always made him more hopeful. He had not seen Nora for three days, and who could tell what change that interval might have wrought in the incomprehensible heart of a young girl?

The post brought him a large number of letters, most of which needed notice, and before Marston had finished the briefest replies he was informed that a gentleman wished to see him. This proved to be a clerk from the office of Messrs. Cookson & Dunn, his solicitors, who was the bearer of a letter announcing that a fresh tenant for Evesleigh had offered better terms, and it was desirable that the question should be discussed without loss of time.

Finally it was just midday before Marston could present himself at 8—street. Nora was looking, he thought, well, and very handsome. She had more color than usual, and her manner was less tranquilly composed. She seemed disturbed by his presence, and was red and white alternately. But her welcoming smile was as sweet as ever, and Marston tasted some moments of intoxicating delight fancying that the icy indifference he so much dreaded was at last melting away before the passionate ardor of his advances.

"I am glad to see you looking better, Nora," he said, taking his accustomed place beside her work table. Work was his great resource—such a blessed occupation for eyes and hands.

"Yes," remarked Mrs. L'Estrange. "I assure you I was quite nervous about her the night before last; she had a sore throat and looked ghastly; she is much brighter to-day."

"And Lady Dorrington?" asked Nora. "How is she? And did you—did you tell her?" coloring crimson.

"I did," said Marston, smiling. "Murder will out!"

"Was she very angry?" persisted Nora, eagerly. "I am sure she is displeased."

"She wishes you had more money; that's all, I think."

"There is a great deal more, I imagine, Clifford; she is angry with me. I know what her plans were, and it makes me uncomfortable to feel that I have been the cause of their defeat. I am really fond of Lady Dorrington."

"And you naturally object to be converted into an instrument of torture?" said Marston, lightly. "She is mistaken, however; she would never have succeeded in marrying me to her mind, even if I had not met a certain witch of a kinswoman. Why, Nora, you must not look dismayed. When you have been Isabel's sister-in-law for a year or two she will think me the luckiest fellow going, especially when she sees the reformation you will work in."

"I share Nora's feeling that your only near relative's objection to your marriage is peculiarly unfortunate; perhaps it might be as well to postpone—"

"Gr—eat heavens! No!" interrupted Marston, energetically. "You know I have agreed to put off the wedding till after the 15th of February, and that is an age—nearly two months off."

"Barely enough time to make due preparations," said Mrs. L'Estrange, laughing.

"Preparations! Why, very few are necessary. Nora and I are old friends, and don't want to astonish each other with snery," urged Marston.

Nora laughed and tried to rouse herself. "I am very fond of pretty things. I assure you," she said.

"And is there any reason that the power of choice or purchase should leave you when Nora L'Estrange becomes Nora Marston?"

"And Mrs. Ruthven is really getting better?" asked Mrs. L'Estrange.

"Really and truly this time—recovering sufficiently to dabble in business, which her soul loves. I was amazed this morning by a summons from my lawyer, which delayed my appearance here, and on reaching the office I found it was an offer from Mrs. Ruthven to rent Evesleigh for five years at a higher rent than any yet proposed. Fortunately I had not absolutely come to terms with the man who has been nibbling at it for some time, so I determined to give the fair widow the preference."

"It is curious her wishing to live at Evesleigh, when she wanted to fly from it after that dreadful robbery," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "I suppose these jewels will never be found, nor the robber."

"Not after this lapse of time, I fancy," returned Marston, lightly. "I should think the thief is tolerably safe."

"I forgot to tell you that Mr. Winton passed through town while you were away," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "He seems disposed to return to India before his holiday is half over. He has gone down to see his uncle, Giles Winton, before he goes."

"Ah! Mark Winton is a capital fellow, in spite of his solemnity. You did not make yourself agreeable enough to him, Mrs. L'Estrange, or he would not be in such a hurry to run away," and Marston threw an expressive glance at Nora as he spoke, which sent an icy, painful dart through her heart. What had not this fatal impression of Marston's cost her? "That is the uncle who brought him up with his own son, is it not?" continued Marston.

"Yes," said Mrs. L'Estrange. "The son is dead," she sighed.

"I did not know that. Then Winton is the old man's heir?"

"I believe so," Mrs. L'Estrange rose and closed her writing-book. "You will, I am sure, excuse me, as I promised—"

"Pray do not apologise," cried Marston, gleefully.

"Is it not very fine to-day?" exclaimed Nora. "Do you know, Clifford, I should enjoy a drive so much."

"Would you? Well, I will go and find a conveyance, and a tolerable pair of horses; you shall drive to your heart's content."

"And you, Helen?"

"My dear, you know I am engaged," and with a smile and nod of the head Mrs. L'Estrange left them together.

"And you are glad to see me back, Nora, as glad as the last time I returned?" said Marston, taking her hand and kissing it repeatedly.

"Yes! Oh, yes! only I feel nervous, uneasy, not a bit like myself. I am distressed about Lady Dorrington. I scarcely can say what I fear. But I feel I want air and motion."

"Very well, we shall have a nice drive. I shall be back in about three-quarters of an hour. You will be ready?"

"Quite ready!" Still Marston lingered. "Look at me, Nora," he said, softly. "You have not given me a kiss to-day."

"Do not ask me," exclaimed Nora. "I cannot, not now." She half turned from him, but held out her hand.

He kissed it again, murmuring: "As you will darling!" and went away not displeased; he fancied she must be waking from the unconsciousness that chilled him.

ed her life, and the torturing doubt as to what was best and right to do. She was the source of sorrow to the man she loved most truly, she was deceiving the lover whom she sincerely liked, and Winton out of the way, might have loved. Then, although she had been mistaken as regarded Mark Winton's feelings, it did not follow that her ideas respecting Mrs. L'Estrange were also wrong; perhaps in his disappointment Winton might turn to her. If so, Nora felt she ought to be pleased, but she was not by any means pleased with the idea; on the contrary, it was very bitter. Then what was the right course to take with Marston? Poor fellow, he was so fond of her. How could she break with him, and break his heart? And suppose she had the hardihood to tell Marston the truth, how would it sound to say, "Despairing of Mark Winton, I promised to be your wife; now I find he is willing to take me, I wish to break my word to you." Such was the simple fact. No! She never, never could make such an avowal. It were best she should bear the penalty of her own weakness in having too readily yielded to persuasion, to her overzealous desire to throw off the pain and shame of curing for a man who preferred another. Besides, what would Winton himself think if, after telling him she was to marry Marston, she declared herself free? Probably that she was a heartless jilt!

No, there was but one way for her to walk in; she must lock up her secret and her sufferings in her own heart; leave Winton to conquer his fancy for herself, which a strong, sensible man, as he was, no doubt soon would; forget him quickly if possible; marry Marston and love him, or seem to love him, and do everything for him in the spirit of affection till love came. Oh! would it come? And if it did, would she not be a traitor to her true, first love? Destiny was too potent for her; she could only conquer by bearing her fate!

Meantime, Lady Dorrington made no sign. The society papers announced that Mrs. Ruthven had sufficiently recovered to remove to Torquay, where she had taken Lord G— a beautiful villa, and added a hint that "as we asserted some time since, there was no truth in the report that she was about to contract an alliance with a certain squire of high degree in the Midlands, whose brilliant success as a sportsman, yachtsman and man of the world, could not insure that other and greater success which, no doubt, was dearest to him of all."

Mrs. L'Estrange and Nora both watched with uneasiness for some token of amity from Lady Dorrington, and the seeming estrangement of his only sister greatly increased Nora's reluctance to become Marston's wife.

Nothing, however, can put the drag on time's chariot wheels; the days went swiftly yet heavily, Nora was surprised how few opportunities she found for being alone with Mrs. L'Estrange. She longed to ascertain what ties had existed between Mark Winton and her stepmother. Yet she never had a chance for leading up to that subject. It was one respecting which she could not ask a simple, straight-forward question, and she never was long enough alone with Mrs. L'Estrange to approach the topic with masked batteries.

Marston was constantly with them, always charming, obliging, sympathetic; and it needed all Nora's tact and ingenuity to avoid the frequent tete-a-tete interviews he was perpetually contriving to escape his caresses, from which she shrank with a sort of dread she was herself ashamed of.

Sometimes she could not conceal this shrinking from him, and it filled him with an angry despair, that called forth her deepest remorse, and obliged her to atone so amply, that Marston was once more joyous and hopeful.

"If you knew all you have cost me!" he would sometimes cry, "all I have risked for you, you would not cut me to the soul, with this accursed cold prudery! Not that I would hesitate to pay any price that would make you mine; but I sometimes doubt you have any heart to give."

Then Nora would tremble, and assure him how dear his happiness was to her, and take his hand in hers, and stroke it with gentle kindness, and Marston would become reasonable once more.

For Bea, this was a heavenly interval of treats and toys, and at the harvest of the panorama. Indeed, as at the harvest of the sugar-cane, all came in for a share of sunshine and good things, and at times Nora wondered at her own insensibility and ingratitude.

(To be continued.)

Terror of the Steam Cars.
The traveling female who rushes into confidence, is no sooner seated by you in the train than she begins to give you a full and detailed account of herself, her family, husband, children, servants, physician, minister, and milliner. She is also much given to collaring the conductor and asking him a string of questions in a breath. She is a great trial. Her first attack begins something like this:

"Please put up this window. No, never mind; I am afraid I will take cold. Yes, I guess you might as well put it up. Well, I declare, I did not think it was so cold; please put it down. Would you mind changing seats with me? It makes me sick to ride backward. I am going out to Ohio to see my sister Maria. She is married and has twins and a trifling husband. One of the twins is named for me and the other, well, I declare, if I haven't clean forgot who that other twin is named for. Let me see, it begins with M. It is not Madge, or Maud, or Miriam, or Maria, or Margaret. Why, it is Maria, I do believe. Of course, it is Maria. That is the mother's name, and maybe she is named for her mother. It's a horrid name, and I hate it. Oh, I recollect now; it is not Maria at all. It is Susan. How stupid of me not to remember the dear little thing's name. Well, as I was saying, I am going out to Ohio. Do you know how far Ohio is from here? It is near the Ohio River, I think. Zanesville or some other name like that is the place where I got off. I shall be so glad when I get home. Wonder what they are all doing at home. I am crazy to get back, and I have been worrying all day for fear Joe, he is my husband, will take off his flannels just as soon as my back is turned, and— Here you make a bolt and get the conductor to give you another seat.—Washington Post.

Goodness has slowly proved itself in the world—is every day proving itself—a light breaking day in darkness.