LORD & LADY

By Florence Marryatt

CHAPTER XXI.

Mr. Brooke hopes to be able to influence Mountcarron to do what is right, or, at all events, to keep him more away from Miss Rusherton. And, in a great measure, he succeeds. The Earl, instinctively, falls into his old habit of asking Jemmie to accompany him wherever he goes—and whether it is a run over to Brighton, or up to town, or out with the harriers, the cousins are generally to be seen together. Miss Rusherton does not like the innovation. She has been accustomed to receive Lord Mountcarron almost every day for the last six months, and now his visits have fallen off to one or two a week, and his excuses are invariably mingled with the name of Mr. Brooke. One afternoon, when his lordship presents himself after five or six days' absence, he finds his usually warm welcome exchanged for the coldest of greetings.

"Hallo!" he exclaims, "what's up now? What's the matter with your ladyship?"

"I should not imagine that the question can have much interest for you, Lord Mountcarron, considering that I might have been dead and buried since we last met."

"But you are not dead and buried, you see, my dear girl, so you can hardly expect me to cry. But I was here on Tuesday."

"Indeed, you were not. You have not been here since last Friday."

"Haven't I? I know I meant to come. But I remember now. That beggar Jem took me off to Henley to see a cart mare, and we didn't get back till dark. Very sorry, 'pon my soul, Agnes; but I'm glad you missed me, anyway."

"I never said I had missed you, my lord. But, if this sort of thing goes on, the day will come when you will miss me."

"Agnes—it's Jem. It's all his fault, you may take my word for it."

"I know it is all his fault," Miss Rusherton replies, with quickened breath. "You have not been the same man since he returned from India."

"Well! I always was fond of Jem, you know, Aggie——"

"More fool you, my lord, for being so."

"Come, come, that's not polite! Why shouldn't I be fond of my own cousin? He's the nearest relation, remember."

"Yes; and your worst friend."

"I don't know that," replies the Earl, thoughtfully.

"Would you call a man your friend who tried to set me against you?" she demands, quickly.

"Jem hasn't done anything of that sort! He hasn't been near you since his return."

"That's all you know about it. You come here so seldom yourself now that a regiment might call in the interval without your being any the wiser. Mr. Brooke was sitting in the same chair you occupy now for a couple of hours last Monday week."

"The deuce he was!" exclaims the Earl, ready, like all men, to be jealous even of the woman he is prepared to resign. "Why, what did he want with you? He always professes not to like you before me!"

Miss Rusherton laughs.

"Perhaps he professes not to like Lady Mountcarron, as well, my lord."

"I don't know what that has to do with it."

"But I do. Anyway, Mr. Brooke honored me with a call last week, and spent the afternoon here."

"Well, I repeat, what did he want? What did he say?"

"He said a great deal, and he insinuated a great deal more. There was a time, you know, my lord (as my pa and ma could tell you), when your cousin's attentions to me were very particular; but, of course, I shouldn't encourage them now. And perhaps it vexed him. Anyway, he got very angry, and had the assurance to accuse me openly of—of——"

"Of what? Speak out, do! What's the good of pretending to be modest before me?"

"Well, of—caring for your lordship more than I ought to do, and then (you must make allowance for his being a little jealous, remember) he declared that if—really, my lord, you must excuse me. I cannot tell you the rest of it."

"If Jem could say it to you, I should think you might repeat it to me. I insist upon hearing it," says the Earl, authoritatively.

"Well," resumes Miss Rusherton, looking very modest, "he said that if you were determined to make a fool of yourself (those were his words, mind) your family were as determined you should pay the price of your folly, and that, come what may, Lady Mountcarron would never give you a divorce."

"He wants you himself, I suppose. He sha'n't have you, though."

"Oh, no, my lord, that's not his object—not now, at all events, for he knows it would be useless even to try. It was on her ladyship's behalf he came here, not mine. Any one could see that. And, naturally, if she wanted an ambassador, she would employ Mr. Brooke. They are such very great friends."

"Of course they are friends—they are cousins."

"Yes. A cousin's love is a very convenient sort of love, isn't it, my lord? I had a cousin once who wanted to marry me, but he wasn't so good-looking as Mr. Brooke."

Mountcarron's face darkens.

"What do you mean to insinuate, Agnes?"

"Insinuate! Nothing. If your lordship doesn't guess it, I am sure no one else [illegible]

"[illegible] between Mr. Brooke and [illegible] Why, is it possible you [illegible] when he [illegible] out? [illegible] I have [illegible]

your relation, not mine. Go and ask him yourself."

"No, madam! I choose to ask you."

"And I choose to refuse to answer. I have gained but little by my marriage with you; but at least I retain the option of keeping my mouth shut."

"Are you aware that your preference for him is known all over Carronby? That your secret assignations and flirtations have been the gossip of the village? That it is common rumor that you prefer him to me, and that, while I have been honoring you with the name and position of my wife, you have been making love to my cousin? Do you hear me, Gladys?"

"Perfectly."

"And what have you to say to it?"

"Nothing."

"You do not deny the charge?"

"I refuse either to admit or deny anything. I do not consider you have the right to call on me to do so. While your relations with that woman Rusherton continue what they are your best safeguard is silence."

"But I refuse to be silent. My intimacy with Miss Rusherton has no concern in the matter. What I do is a very different thing from what you do. You are my wife, and the wife of Caesar must not be suspected."

Gladys laughs.

"While Caesar himself may do as he chooses. Exactly! But you see, the difficulty is that you are not Caesar! If a man wishes his wife to keep blameless he should set her the example of being so."

"Anyway, madam, you will find that, blameless or not, I will stand no trifling from you. Unless you promise to give up this undue intimacy with my cousin I shall be compelled to take the matter into my own hands."

"I will never give my friends up. They may give me up, but I will never desert them."

"You acknowledge, then, that you prefer his so-called friendship to my respect or the position you hold."

"A thousand times over. If you will have the truth, there it is for you."

Lord Mountcarron rises in his anger, and advances toward the sofa threateningly. In her excitement, Gladys rises also, and confronts him.

"Is James Brooke your lover or is he not?"

"I refuse to satisfy you."

Her boldness enraged him. To see this frail girl, who looks as if a puff of summer wind would blow her away, and who is obliged to support herself by leaning against the head of the sofa, defying him with the courage of an Amazon, makes him feel as if he had no power. It rouses his animal instincts. His natural ferocity and brutality rise uppermost, and without considering her condition, or his own superior strength, he strikes her across the breast. Gladys gives a cry, and falls backward, striking her spine against the carved leg of a table in her descent. At that very moment, and in time to see the blow, the door is flung open, and Mr. Brooke stands upon the threshold. He has knocked three or four times, but hearing the contention of voices within, enters without invitation.

Gladys lies on the floor in a dead faint. As he sees it, Jemmie turns on the Earl in a fury, that makes his face pale as that of the avenging angel.

"You cowardly brute! You villain! How dare you strike her in her delicate state of health?"

And the next moment, before his cousin has had time to answer him, he has rushed across the room and raised Gladys in his arms.

"Gladys, Gladys! Good heavens! she has fainted again! Where is Parsons? Gladys, open your eyes! I believe you've killed her with your brutality."

"Drop my wife!" roars the Earl. "How dare you hold her in that way, sir? By George! if you don't drop her, I'll kick you out of the house!"

"I will not drop her," replies the other boldly. "I will hold her against you and the world, until I have placed her in better care than yours, and then you may kick me out of your house, if you can."

"You defy me to my face, do you, both of you?" says Mountcarron. "She has just refused to deny that you are her lover, and now you come and clasp her to your breast before my very eyes."

"Did she refuse to deny it?" says Jemmie, looking down with ineffable tenderness on the white, still face that reposes on his arm. "If so, it is because she cannot utter a falsehood. I am her lover, Mountcarron; but not in the sense you mean. I love her as a brother, and I shall love her so to the end. If your anger must visit some one let it fall on me, for I am the only one to blame in this matter."

"I don't believe you," exclaims the Earl. "I've heard of these brotherly and sisterly attachments before, and I know what they end in. Will you swear you have never thought of her in any other light than a sister?"

"Will you swear, that if I tell the truth, you will never visit my offense upon her head?"

"Not if she is blameless."

"She is blameless, Mountcarron; blameless as the angels. I know that what I am about to tell you will separate me from her—perhaps forever," says Jemmie with a strangled sob; "but for her sake, I will bear it. Well! I loved her, Mountcarron—I loved her even before you married her. Nay, man! you may as well hear me to the end, and I was mad enough to tell her so."

"When?"

"Last Christmas. I would have taken her from you and everybody if she would have come. But she refused me. She preferred to remain with you at Carronby. Can you take a worse revenge on me than that?"

"She refused to listen to you?"

"Have I not told you so? I left my home in consequence because I was wretched, and I knew it was better I should go. When I felt I was cured I came back again. That is the whole history, and, as I said before, I am the only culprit. Whatever you believe you must believe that."

"Cured or not cured," replied the Earl, in a sullen tone, "you cannot enter Carronby House again; this ends everything between us. We are strangers from this moment."

"I knew you would say so, and I am prepared for the consequences of my avowal. If you will call Parsons to her assistance, I will go at once. But be kind to her, Mountcarron. She has a loving heart and a sensitive nature. Only be kind and gentle with her, and she will reward you for the trouble."

"Thanks! I don't want any of your advice about my wife. You can keep it for your own. Hand! Where's that lazy Parsons?" And he walks into the next room to find the maid.

Jemmie bends down hurriedly, and presses a last kiss on Gladys' pale face.

"For your sake, my own darling," he whispers, "for your dear sake. Pray heaven, my pain may bring forth peace for you." In another minute the servant takes possession of her mistress, and the two men walk down the stairs, and into the vast hall together.

"There lies your road," says the Earl, pointing in the direction of Nutley; "and don't cross it again while I live."

Mr. Brooke is too proud to answer him, or to attempt to make better terms. He merely bows his head in acquiescence, and, passing over the threshold, walks quickly away.

(To be continued.)

CHAPTER XXII.

The Earl walks home in a gloomy and suspicious state of mind, gnawing his mustache, and wondering if this thing can possibly be true. In his h[illegible] he scarcely believes it. He does [illegible]ve his wife; but coarse as his nature [illegible], he cannot help admiring this fair, lily-like, high-bred girl, whom he has never detected in a vulgar action, nor heard give vent to a vulgar word. He does not remember in all his married life having sought her confidence nor given her his—nor spoken with her on any subjects higher than those that concern their material lives. And yet he has been cognizant all the time that Gladys is capable of discussing such things, and that Mr. Brooke has discussed them with her. Jemmie has been the one to sing, and read, and talk, and ride with her, and he has been only—her husband! How many men are only husbands to their wives, and leave other men to be their friends, and confidants, and counselors! Prudes—and generally prudes have no husbands—or, having husbands, no friends—will cry out: "A woman should have no confidant but her husband"—yet what if the husband should prove unfit or unworthy of confidence? What if he should be a fool, and unable to advise; or a scoffer, and turn a woman's inmost thoughts and aspirations to scorn? Is she to live her life within the circle of his narrow mind, and starve her soul because he cannot give it food? Perhaps she ought to do it, but if she is a woman in the true sense of the word, and not a talking doll, she never will! You may fetter a body, but you cannot fetter a soul! So few men are the friends of their wives. A spark of admiration, and then the book of love shrivels up and leaves nothing but ashes behind it. That is the history of most marriages. It is the history of Lord and Lady Mountcarron's.

When the Earl reaches Carronby House he walks straight up to his wife's boudoir, and, being admitted, sits down in gloomy silence. Gladys regards his entrance with mild astonishment. She is lying, as usual, on the sofa in a loose wrapper. Her little table with books and work is by her side. Her room is redolent with the scent of violets, cyclamen, hepaticas and primroses, and she looks herself like a broken snowdrop as she rests upon her pillows. Parsons discreetly retires as soon as the Earl enters, and the husband and wife are alone.

For a few moments there is silence between them, and then Gladys begins to suspect there is something wrong. But she is not afraid. Her fearless nature is afraid of nobody, least of all of Mountcarron, who has taught her so thoroughly to despise him. So she is the first to open the conversation, which she does by asking if anything is the matter.

"Matter!" repeats the Earl, who is relieved to have the ice broken for him. "Matter! I should think there was."

"Miss Rusherton not on view?" says Gladys, in a voice of the supremest contempt.

"My business here to-day," replies Mountcarron, "has nothing to do with Miss Rusherton or anybody but yourself. I desire to know, in the first place, what—what's the meaning of this illness of yours?"

"Had you not better put that question to the doctor? He knows more about it than I do."

"No, madam! I wish you to answer it. Who or what have you been pining after to get yourself into this abominable state of health?"

"Some sign of sense in you," she says, coolly.

"I will not be trifled with in this manner. I am in earnest, Lady Mountcarron, and I would have you know it. If you will not answer one question, perhaps you will another. For what reason did my cousin, James Brooke, leave Carronby and go to India?"

At this she flushes, ever so little, not redder than the blossom of pink cyclamen at her bosom, but still sufficiently to be apparent.

"I don't know why you should address such a question to me. Mr. Brooke is your relation, not mine. Go and ask him yourself."

"No, madam! I choose to ask you."

"And I choose to refuse to answer. I have gained but little by my marriage with you; but at least I retain the option of keeping my mouth shut."

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THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

His Position Generally Puts Him on the Road to Riches.

The man who obtains the place of private secretary to Major McKinley may esteem himself lucky. The post is a stepping-stone to wealth and honors. John Hay, who served Mr. Lincoln most valuably in that connection, married a daughter of the Standard Oil trust and now occupies a dwelling much finer than the White House for domiciliary purposes, directly opposite the Executive mansion, across Lafayette square. He is many times a millionaire, in right of his wife. Daniel Lamont is rich in this world's goods and a power in the land, thanks to the private secretaryship as a start. Major Halford was appointed paymaster in the army as a testimonial from President Harrison. It is highly probable that Mr. Cleveland will look out for Mr. Thurber's future in one way or another.

The private secretaryship, even at $5,000 a year, is not in itself a very enviable job. The incumbent is a buffer between the chief magistrate and the people. He must see everybody, who wishes to see the President, and from morning to night his time is occupied by visitors who have something to ask for. Nearly all of them have some particular reason for wanting to see the President personally, and they must be put off without giving offense. Dangerous lunatics even must sometimes be interviewed. During the six months immediately subsequent to the inauguration, cranks will turn up at the Executive mansion at the rate of at least two a day. Most of them will be of the religious variety. Some will be advance agents of the Messiah; others will have inventions to exhibit, and yet others will want to liberate young alligators in the east room or to indulge in freaks even more extraordinary.

Indian Skulls.

About five and forty miles below Portland, on the Oregon side of the Columbia, the broad expanse of water here flows without a ripple, and is deep and as still as death. The bank rises high above the water's level, and stretches away back to the timber line. Just above this point is "Coffin Rock," which was the starting place to "the happy hunting ground" of the various Oregon tribes of Indians, but the very high water of 1862 swept Coffin Rock of all its deposits to the point below. It is a lonely place, without sound, save the call of the cricket in the grass, or the hoot of the screech owl nestled in the adjacent timber. Here the overflowing waters of nearly half a century ago lodged the remains of many tribes, high and dry, literally moving the last resting place of their dead, for no Pacific coast tribe ever buried their dead below the surface of the earth. Some hedged them about with rocks, above the ground, leaving the face upward and exposed. Others put a bark covering over them, while others were suspended from limbs or left in the forks of trees. Time has robbed every form of its substance, and left only the whitened bones and bleached skulls.

Students, dentists and physicians are eager to secure these trophies for articulation. So great is the demand that at least one man has for years followed the hazardous business of gathering these skulls for the market. It is risky, for the few remaining Indians still keep vigil over the remains of their dead, and to be caught in the act would mean a prison in the recesses of the neighboring mountains, followed by a death of slow torture, for no quarter or mercy would be shown the victim. Still, knowing this, Howard Clause, a recluse, nightly risks his life to gather these grinning, whitened skulls, and every now and then a box of large and small skulls is shipped from Portland, Ore., to the various noted seats of medical and dental learning in the East.—San Francisco Call.

Was Coming Doon.

Some years ago there lived in Perth, Scotland, a man of convivial habits, well known by his Christian name Jamie. One dark night an acquaintance found Jamie lying at the foot of an outside stair. "Is that you, Jamie?" asked the acquaintance, in a voice of the greatest astonishment. "Ay, it's me," replied Jamie, in a tone of complete resignation. "Have you fa'en doon the stair?" was the next question. "Ape. I fell doon; but I was coming doon, whether or no."

Electricity.

It is evident that before long electricity will invade many new departments of action, but the proposal to cremate people by its aid seems a little startling. A patent has been taken out in Paris for an electric furnace to that end. After all, why not?

"That acting is simply superb!" "I don't see it." His lack of appreciation was apparent to everyone but the wearer of the Leghorn who sat immediately in front of him.—New York Press.

One of the most pitiful sights in the world is to see an old woman wearing old worn-out finery.

CULTURE OF GRASS.

ORCHARD GRASS THE BEST FOR PARKS AND ORCHARDS.

It Requires a Deep, Finely Pulverized Soil—For a Pasture, Well Drained, Moist Land Is Necessary—Noticeable Art in Agriculture.

Grass.

For parks and orchards, and upon dry soils, orchard grass is one of our most profitable grasses, says the Baltimore American. The soil must be made fertile, deep and mellow. The roots run down a long distance into the ground. It therefore requires a deep, finely pulverized soil. The seed is very light, feeling like chaff, and weighing but fifteen pounds to the bushel. It usually sells for $1.75 to $1.80 per bushel. Two bushels of fresh seed should be sown to the acre, and one peck of clover seed. These seeds should be sown over the solling rye ground early in March, so as to get fully rooted before hot weather. The rye will be fit to cut by the middle of April, and by the 10th of May, being all cut off, the ground should be heavily rolled, and dressed with twenty bushels of lime to the acre. By the middle of July a half crop of excellent grass can be cut, and by the middle of September another crop. Manure the ground in the fall, and if it is wanted for hay, do not pasture the ground. This grass delights in a deep, rich, clay loam; upon poor, thin, sandy or gravelly soils, it would prove a failure. The seeding should be done early in the season, and thirty pounds, or two bushels, of seed should be sown to the acre. For a pasture grass it is very valuable, as, when once set, it will continue to spring up and grow after every grazing. For pasture, sow it on deep, well-drained, moist land. The ground must be heavily dressed with rich, finely rotted manure. Any one carefully following these directions will find that it is a most valuable grass, either for feeding at the barn or for pasture. On poorly prepared, thin soils, using but little seed, it will not give satisfaction. With slipshod methods the grass would prove a failure, and should not be sown.

Barn Ventilation.

If the barn is not ventilated enough to give the cows a sufficiency of oxygen, then all the carbon is not burned up and dead matter—soil—is left in the system, and this fits it to be a fertile place for the tuberculous germs to make a lodgment, and the cows will have tuberculosis just in the order they are predisposed to the disease from weak lungs or any other cause. I have been in quite a number of stables where the commissioners had applied the test—in one they had taken four-fifths of the cows where there was no chance for air to get in, yet the owners told me that the officers never said a word to them about ventilation. The horse and ox seldom have tuberculosis, as they have a chance to get outdoors and fill their lungs with fresh air and get rid of the dead carbon which has been accumulating in the system. I will stake my reputation that many herds tested last year will show the same, or nearly the same, ratio of suspected cases this year, if again subjected to the tuberculin test. Ventilation should be looked after, and when that is done we shall seldom hear much about tuberculosis. Farmers should look well after ventilation and thus avoid disease. Open your ventilators wide, particularly warm nights. Now is the time cattle take the disease.—Agriculturist.

Grinding Corn on the Cob.

The cob possesses some nutrition, though when fed whole it is hard to digest. But if ground fine with the corn on it the mixture makes a feed on which cattle will thrive better than on corn meal not thus distended in bulk. It is well known to stock feeders that the chief difficulty with them is "getting off their feed" if even a slight excess of food is given. In carefully conducted experiments it was found that more corn could be eaten without injury when ground with the cob than if shelled and ground separately. So whether the corn cob contributed to the result directly or did not, there can be no question that at least for fattening stock there is an advantage in grinding them together over that of feeding the corn separately.

To Prevent Milk Fever.

After having a twenty-cow dairy for the past twenty years, and having them come fresh at all times in the year, a writer in the Country Gentleman says he has never had a case of milk fever in summer, and only two in cold weather, and the reason is simply "exercise." He is a strong advocate of exercise for a dairy cow, although he would not give it in the same manner that he would do a trotting horse. While a cow may live and keep fat by being tied by the neck, from fall till spring, as a pig will being confined in a pen, yet this is not the proper thing to do.—Country Gentleman.

Art in Agriculture.

Art in agriculture is coming to be more and more noticeable every day. With the advent of new methods, improved implements and a wider knowledge of the field, the agriculturist is rising higher and higher in the field of useful or ornamental art as the years go by. We may say that sharp competition is no small factor in this progressive movement, says the American Student. Take, for example, the manner in which certain products are prepared for the open market. The improvement in the condition of certain dairy products and fruit on the market in the last few years is truly wonderful. The reason, of course, is that people always buy that article which is put up in the most tasty and attractive style, and are willing to pay a little more for it. With this change comes a more wholesome effect upon the article itself, and disease is much less disseminated through food at the present time than formerly. Greater precautions are taken now than ever before in preventing the spread of contagious diseases in this manner, and, with the increase in the size of the cities and the greater liability to ill health, these precautions cannot be observed too carefully. Thus, the agriculutrist, to be successful, must keep right up to date in his readings and methods.—Wisconsin Farmer.

Hints to Fruit Growers.

Blackberries are a profitable fruit and may be grown with little labor on almost every farm.

Never crowd the orchard. Trees should have room to grow; they need plenty of ground and free sun.

In setting out an orchard confine yourself to a few, well selected varieties of each fruit; as you become experienced you can add new ones.

It pays to set out shade trees around the orchard to protect the trees from storms; they also assist greatly in beautifying the premises.

It is poor policy to depend on a single crop, failure is apt to come, and it is most disastrous to the man who has placed all his hopes on one crop.

Don't imagine that to have a profitable orchard all you have to do is to buy trees, plant them and afterwards allow them to take their own chances.

There are two dangerous extremes in the selection of varieties for the orchard. The one is the liability of selecting too few, and the other too many. You can strike the medium if you observe carefully the success of other people.

Every horticulturist ought by this time to know all about the copper solution for fungus diseases. The usual mixture is six pounds of copper sulphate and four pounds of lime to twenty-two gallons of water. Sprayers are so numerous that it is difficult to name any one that is better than another.

Poultry Notes.

Cleanliness is the best disinfectant.

Exercise is good medicine and cheap.

Dry, warm quarters are a joy to poultry just now.

If you desire strong eggs for early incubation you should mate up your hens at once.

In saving the droppings, mix them with dry earth before they have a chance to freeze.

Clover, by displacing grain, supplies the hens with substances which are lacking in grain, and also bulky food for heating.

Don't forget to keep the grit-box well filled. This is especially important when the ground is frozen hard, or covered with snow.

Boiling of brine, as strong as it can be made, is an effective remedy for white mites. Apply to the roosts and dropping boards with a whitewash brush.

Be always on the watch against draughts in the roosting house. A cold at this time of the year is very apt to run into roup and ruin your flock.

He who would keep poultry successfully in this northern country, must know that the house must be warm and free from draughts; it is the warmth which brings the eggs.

Be sure that the water fountains are not allowed to freeze up. The best thing to do is to turn out the water as soon as all the fowls have had a good drink. They should be watered at least twice a day, if you wish a full egg basket.

What Hats Weigh.

"Do you know the actual weight of a hat?" queried the spruce salesman, as he handed out several "new styles."

"People don't generally. I asked a man that question yesterday and he guessed fourteen ounces on that hat, which weigh exactly four and a half. An ordinary silk hat weighs only seven.

"I looked up the matter recently, and so I know precisely. A 'silker' is almost the heaviest hat made, though hunting hats weigh more for their having an inner lining of great stiffness and strength to save a man if he should be thrown on his head. The hunting top hats weigh ten ounces, and the hunting derbys nine. A winter derby weighs five and a quarter ounces, varying a quarter ounce either way for size, and a summer soft felt three and three-quarter ounces.

"When it comes to women's headgear there are all sorts of weights, though seldom does a woman's hat of any kind run more than seven ounces. It depends on the kind of trimming and fallals. Some ribbons are heavy, and so are some artificial flowers. Jet is heavy, too. The average little bonent weighs two ounces to two and a half, a trimmed 'sailor' three and a half, and a 'Sennett' (the kind that have brims stiffened with glue), four and three-quarters.

"The French 'creations' are heavier, but they are not so weighty as you might suppose. Six and a half to seven ounces means a big hat, and one you would need X rays to see through, if you happened to sit behind it."—New York Herald.

The Silver Lining.

The palsied old man sat by the fire, his head shaking from side to side in the manner peculiar to his complaint.

"It must be awful to be afflicted that way," said the sympathetic young man.

"Oh," said the old gentleman, "I find it right handy in the summer when I want to look at a two-ring circus."

A widower is saved from a second marriage by his daughters as often as the wheat is saved by the snow.

The crown octavo page is 7⅝ by 4⅝ inches.