Bive and crimson and white it shines, Over the steel-tipped, ordered lines. The colors before us fly; But more than the flag is passing by.

Bes fights and land fights, grim and great, Fought to make and to save the state; Weary marches, and sinking ships; Cheers of victory on dying lips;

Days of plenty and days of peace: March of a strong land's swift increase; Equal justice, right and law, Stately honor and reverend awe;

Sign of a nation, great and strong To ward her people from foreign wrong; Pride and glory and honor, all Live in the colors to stand or fall.

Along the street there comes A blare of bugles, a ruffle of drums, And loyal hearts are beating high; Hats off! The flag is passing by!
—Youth's Companion.

AN ARTISTIC ENDING.

HE sun shope under her hat and made her shade her eyes with her hand, as she looked up at me, standing by the edge of the river.

"Now, Mr. Conway," she said, "are you quite sure you can manage a

"I'll promise you a new frock, Miss Della, if I upset you," said I, gallantly. "Don't be rash," she laughed; "perbaps I'll think a new frock well worth

a wetting."

"I said-if I upset you," I replied; "if you upset yourself, I cry off the bar-

"I'm sure you'll never be so mean as to argue the cause of the damage," said Delia; "anyway, I'll risk it."

"I feel a little afraid." she said, as I gave her my hand to help her aboard. I am inclined to think, however, that her hesitation was not altogether due to nervousness, but was a little influenced by the fact that she has the pretties, little feet in the world and was wearing the very daintiest of brown shoes, which showed to the best advantage, as she stood in timid uncertainty, one foot on shore and one poised over the canoe. I confess the attitude was fascinating to me, more especially as it necessitated a very distinct pressure of my steadying hand.

I was the more convinced that the timidity was affected when she eventually settled herself among the cushkons in the bow of the canoe, for all the world as if to the manner born, Indeed, as I stepped warily in the center of the craft I am sure I was really the more nervous of the two, but then I could judge of my shortcomings as a canocist far better than she.

'Now, then," I said, "are you quite sure you are comfortable?"

She gave a last smooth to the folds of res of her white blouse, and lay make an offer of mar back against the red cushions with a sigh of content.

"Yes," said she, sweetly; "I am

ready. I let go the tuft of grass to which I had been clinging, pushed off gently with my paddle, and we were fairly

afloat. The sunshine sparkled on the water the leaves of the trees waved ever so softly in the breeze, the bright colored dragon files darted hither and thither, while along the bank the bees flew languidly from flower to flower, as if they only kept themselves awake by incessant buzzing.

"Isu't it delightful?" murmured De-

"It is, indeed," I assented, but would have done so more truthfully if the bow of the canoe had not displayed so great a reluctance to keep straight up the

The splash of the water from the paddle was wonderfully soothing, and my fair companion closed her eyes. Directly she did so, politeness no longer debarred me from gazing my fill at her

I booked admiringly, taking menta stock of her charms. How softly her dark eyelashes swept her cheek-how coquettishly curved her mouth-how dainty the suspicion of a dimple elther side her lips-how delicately turned her chin-how becoming the red cushion to her wealth of black hair-yes, undoubtdly her nose was retrousse, but a fig for your stately Greek beauties! there is a fascination in the crash into the bank went the bow of the cance, and the subject of my reverie opened ber

for the life of me I cannot ste es noe and think of something else at the same time. By the greatest good

luck we were not upoet.
"I am most awfully sorry," I stam-

nered.
"I was nearly asleep," she said.
"I can't think what happened; it was freadfully careions of ma."
"O, it really decen't matter," she re

ch a collision should not Della, however, made t

"What is?" I inquired.

"Why, that the course of two love sever runs smooth." "O, but it does sometimes really."

suppose the love isn't really true then," said she. "Nowadays, books ar plays nearly always end unhappily."

"O, well," said I, philosophically, "there are two sorts of love; there is a passionate love, full of presentiment, which makes a man morbid and melan choly, and forces him a thousand times to curse the fate that brings it to him. but this sort of love is too lofty for a workaday world, and the only artistic ending is a tragic one."

I am afraid I bored Delia now and again by holding forth in this way, but she only gave the politest possible yawn, as she said, "And what about the

"The other," I went on, taking care to watch the course of the cance, "is a tender pastoral love, which makes a man cheerful and take rosy views of life, causing him to thank beaven every day that such a love has fallen te his lot, and the artistic ending is wedding bells and domestic happiness."

"Dear me, Mr. Conway," said Delia, smiling, "you seem to know a great deal about it."

Delia has the sweetest gray brown eyes, and it is an extraordinary pleasure to look into them longer than is actually necessary while listening to, or making, a remark; only, speaking of artistic endings made me feel quite certain there was a more artistic ending to such a look than mutually to drop our

I was just thinking about this and how very graceful some girls look in a canoe, when, like a fool, I let my paddle catch in a weed. I endeavored as gently as possible to extricate it, but the weed proved obstinate. Delia grew

nervous and sat up in the canoe. "O, please be careful, Mr. Conway."

I pulled a trifle harder, but to no purpose. Then I lost patience. I gave the paddle a sharp jerk, the weed gave way all too suddenly. Delia gave a little scream, and I clutched wildly at the side of the canoe in a vain attempt to keep my balance. . . . It was all over in a moment, and when I say all. include Della, myself, and the canon. Fortunately, we were close to the bank land as best I could.

"Really, Miss Delia," I said, feeling floating paddle, "I'll never forgive my-self for this; I wish you were a man increase your salary, or make you and could swear at me."

"What an awful fright I must look," hair from ber face.

I murmured of "Venus rising from the sea," but indistinctly, suddenly doubting the propriety of the allusion.

"Don't forget your bargain, Mr. Conway," said she, shaking the water from her bedraggled skirt; "will you order the frock or shall I and send you in the

I know it was not a very suitable ocher brown skirt, gave a little pat to the casion to do anything so serious was a very prosale way of putting it, but, upon my word, I couldn't help it.

"I wish you would give me the right to pay your bille," I said. Della blushed and then she laughe

"I don't think I mind if I do,"

We were both very wet and both very muddy, but I looked into those aforementioned brown eyes, and this time she didn't turn away, for I discovered the more artistic ending-I put my arm round her waist and kissed her .- Ma-

MUCH-COVETED SPOT.

Clipperton Island, in the Pacific, Has Many Claimants.

rsons even know of the exist ence of Clipperton Island, and probably not one in a hundred could point out its position on a map. Yet it is one of the most coveted portions of this earth's surface, and its ownership is disputed by Mexico, France, the United States and England. Clipperton Island itself is a mere speck in the Pacific Ocean. about four miles in circumference, and with but two palm trees on its barren surface. It is a coral island, or atol, very difficult of access, lying about 800 miles west of the Mexican coast.

If this has been all the existence Clipperton Island would, in all probability, have remained unknown. it is the home of millions of seab and tens of thousands of tons of guano are to be found on its surface. The rious claims to its posse dormant for a long time and have not disturbed the harmony of nations. But now this is all changed. An Eng-

lish guano company appeared on the scene and commenced operations. From all quarters at once claims to the rightful possession of Clipperton be to come in and the company found it in a somewhat embarrassing per It was willing and anxious to ; royalty on the guano removed, but the question was to whom should it be paid Mexico appeared to have the greatest right, but this was disputed by the United States. No sooper were the ciaims of Uncle Sam disproved than an-other claimant put in an appearance. Prance protests against the action of Mexico and insists that the island

ational tangle would be for ent handful of inhabitants to



CHAPTER XXII .- (Continued.) Evelyn looked up, and heaved a long eath as she drew near the house. Huring on with noiseless footstep, and withsacred sorrow, she stood upon the threshof the cottage door, and said softly, it in a voice of the deepest concern: "Captain Philip! Captain Philip! What the matter?"

The overseer, whose thoughts had been njecture, started to his feet as he heard words, and stared at the vision in his corway. Then remembrance poured nck upon him, and he realized who it was who had come like an angel to cheer is darkness, and glowed scarlet with

ne recognition.
"Miss Rayne!" be exclaimed; "what has rought you here? Do you require me? Von't you walk in?"

Evelyn always had a strong sense of he ridiculous ready to be roused in her.
"Do you think I may walk in?" she nswered, "without the whole parish scantalizing me to-morrow, Captain Philip? Vell, I'll risk it, if only to learn what nade me find you thus. Don't tell me you are in trouble, too, for the air resks with it," and she sank down upon a chair h a despondent attitude as she spoke

If the air reeks with it," he said gent "I cannot expect to miss my share, but am sorry you caught me in a discontent-d mood, Miss Rayne. You may be sure sought that I was quite alone."

And I had no intention of disturbing rour privacy, believe me. But why are rou discontented, Captain Philip? Is it enything to do with Mount Eden?" she isked anxiously.
"Indeed, it has nothing to do with

Mount Eden; and yet, is I sat here this vening, I was thinking whether I should not be wiser to ask you to look for an other overseer. She turned pale in a moment.

"Another overseer? Then you wish to enve us to to-Her voice faltered. She could not pro

"Indeed, and indeed, I do not," he re olied earnestly; "I love Mount Eden, and Fortunately, we were close to the bank everything connected with it—in fact, I fliction as you would have done, Evelyn, and the water was shallow. I scrambove it all so much, it tears my heart to bled ashore and helped Delia on to dry think of parting, and yet, Miss me, all unworthy of you as I am. But I think of parting, and yet, Miss

Rayne-"I understand you," she said: have had the offer of a better positionunutterably foolish, as I caught the a position more titted to your abilities painter of the canoe and rescued the and education; but if there is snything

more comfortable, or—"
"Do not mention it, Miss Rayne, Your kind heart is leading you astray. I have said poor Delia, putting back her wet had no such offer as you refer to. I want no more money than I receive.

am quite comfortable and happy here-Then why do you want to leave us?"
"Because because there is such a thing as being too happy in a situation of becoming so much at home that it is death to tear one's self away, and if the end comes, what then?" he said, in a low

Evelyn was gazing up at him as he

And with that she lowered her face in

er hands, and burst into tears.
"If I dared coulide in you," she whis ered, "you don't know how gladly I would share the burden which is becomlistracted with doubt and suspec listracted with doub! and suspense. I cannot sleep for fear and anxiety, and I feel so completely and utterly alone. In all the wide world I don't know one creature to whom I form the center of ex stence.

"Yes, there is one, Evelys, for whom you are the end and aim of everything, and that is myself," cried Captain Philip "Oh, forgive me if I am too presumptuous in saying this; but use me as you will, for I shall be your servant only to the last day of my life."

"You-you-" gasped Evelyn, with a face of crimson; "you care for me like this, Captain Philip?"

"I care for you like that-just like that I would be content to die if I might only see you happy and at rest without mecontent to live, even without hope, if my dying would cause you any pain."
"You love me like-like that?" she re-

iterated, as if the idea were too astonishing for her to grasp.

"Yes, I love you, Evelyn; and if to say it is to part us forever, I must say it just this once. I have loved you from the first day we met. But don't imagine I have cherished any wild hopes concerning you. I know my love is hopeiess."
"But how do you know it?" she inter-rupted him, with a tender smile.

Captain Philip sprang back as if he had

"It is not possible," se exclaimed, "that you have conceived any interest in me? Speak, Evelyn, in mercy. Do not keep me in this miserable suspense." She clasped her hands tighter, and drew

him nearer to her chair.
"Don't go," she whispered. "Stay on and take care of Mount Eden and of me."

CHAPTER XXIII.

He sank on his knees beside her, and threw his arms about her waist, and gazed in her glowing face for a few mo-ments in silence, and then he said, in an agitated voice:

are journelf so worthy of all trust—how can you say those sweet words to me, of whom you know nothing, except that I have been an honest and faithful faithful

steward?"
"And is that nothing?" "A great deal for Mount Eden, perhaps, but nothing, Evelyn, for your husband. I hold the position of your inferior—of one of the people. I may have risen from the

of the people. I may have recently of the people. I may have recently gutter. How can you tell?"

"Bince you have ricen, that is all that concerns me. I think people make far too much fuse about the difference of birth and station. Besides, I am of no birth myself. My family were all morchante. That is only one grade above tradesment

"and Mount Eden and I are one. what made you leave the sea?"
"It had always been an uncongenial life

to me, although I prospered in it. And then certain news concerning my family reached me from England, and I determined to return home and test the truth of it, and one thing grew from another, till I resolved to settle on land again, and applied for the vacant situation on Mount Eden. Do you remember the day I came down from London to see you, Evelyn, and the conversation we held in the library?"

"Quite well. I thought you very nice though rather brusque, and I made you stay to dinner. And in the evening we rode over the estate together, and—"

"I fell in love with you."
"Not so soon as that, surely." "Quite as soon as that, I think, thought you the most practical, sensible, clear-headed woman I had ever met in

my life . She then told him all that the reader already knows down to the moment when she discovered that the forged checks had been stolen from her marquetrie cabinet, "Stolen! Is it possible!"

"I know," she continued, "that they were in my possession when Will and his wife came to live at Mount Eden, for I had been looking at them but a few days before, and my keys are always put away in my wardrobe. My cousin must have abstracted those keys and rifled the cabinet. Then he considered himself safe. Don't you see, Captain Philip, that all these rumors he has spread about Mount Eden refer to himself? He is the claimant who is about to spring up and dispute my legal ownership of my property."

"I'll soon put a stop to that," cried Captain Philip, with clenched teeth; "I'll see if the brute dares to insult you again, And this, Evelyn, is the man you loved!

"This is the man I thought I loved, Captain Philip; but as soon as I met him again my liking faded like a dream. It was my belief in him that I loved-not Will Caryll. He is not worth the love of any honest woman. How I wish my poor Agnes had never met him."

think you will agree with me that your cousin must at once leave Mount Eden. After what has happened, he should not be suffered to pollute your presence for

another day."
"But I'm afraid he will refuse to go He spoke this afternoon as if he had every right to remain—as if he dared me

"We will soon see about that. Evelyn, will you trust this matter to your future Will you let me act for you and bring this insolent pretender to his bearings'

"Yes, Captain Philip, I put it all into your hands. Do as you think best. Only remember how dear Agnes is to me, and that, for the sake of the past, I have no wish to revenge myself upon her hus-

"I will respect your wishes to the smallspoke, with eyes of entrenty.

"If that is all," she exclaimed, "don't secreey with regard to what you have leave me, for heaven's sake, for I am so told me. But William Caryll can only be effectually convinced of the impr of his pretensions through a legal opinion, therefore you must let me confide the ase to a solicitor. Shall it be yours or

"Have "on a solicitor?" she asked in "I have. One who knows me well, an

has been such a friend to me for years that I shall lose no time in introducing him to you. I will run up to town and see him the first thing in the morningthat is, if I can be spared," "No. you cannot be spared," she said

affectionately. answered:

You cannot think how my blood boils to think of the outrage to which your feelings have been subjected, nor bow I long to chastise the offender. But you oved him once, Evelyn, and so we deal as leniently with him as we can." "We can afford to do it," she said, "

cause we are so happy." "Are you happy? ever knew the meaning of the word until this evening. But it is growing late. It is past nine o'clock, Captain Philip; you

"Not until you call me something better than Captain Philip," he answered, as they passed out into the night, and stood in the shadow of the cottage caves to-

He was holding her in his arms, and the turned her bead and laid her soft

cheek against bis own. "Love, let me go," she whispered, and then he loosed his held rejuctantly, and watched her figure flitting through the semi-darkness till it was lost to view.

CHAPTER XXIV.

When Jasper Lyle saw his Cousin Evelyn fly from his wife's carees and his own presence, he smiled with inward sat-isfaction, and thought that the game was

He spent the remainder of the evening in his wife's room, telling her how he should after this, and build up that, and improve the other, when the estate came into his hands, and especially how the very first thing he should do would be to

very first thing he should do would be to kick the overseer out of the place.

"I hate that brute Philip," he said, "and have done so from the beginning. I believe he has what they call in Italy 'the evil eye.' He always looks as if he suspected one of being a thief, or a murderer, or something. I can't understand what makes live think so much of the cad. She trusts everything in his hands as if it were his own. She can't have got up a firtation with her overseer, eh, Agnes? What a lark if she had! It would greatly simplify matters for us, though, for there want a mra if she had! It would greatly implify matters for us, though, for there would be no question then of either of them staying at Mount Eden. Don't you agree with me, don't?

But poor little tired-out Agnee was past greating with anybody. She had wopt till for ages were inflamed, and her head ched, and was still catching her breath, as the law on her willows.

and wife felt rather sheepish as they descended to the breakfast-table the following morning. Agnes (who had never met Evelyn yet without a hearty embrace hardly knew whether she dared approach her, and was agreeably surprised when her friend came forward and saluted her just as usual, and spoke in a cheerful voice, as if nothing had happened between them. She was a little cool to Jasper, it is true, but still it was nothing remarkable; and as the meal proceeded, both the Lyles re-garded her with furtive amazement, for Evelyn was not only cheerful—she was positively radiant—although, with her native good-heartedness, her spirits were occasionally toned down by the thought of the disappointment in store for her com-panions. For Captain Philip had assured her that her position was safe, and she knew he would not have said so without

good cause.
"Will you drive this morning, Agnes?" she inquired, as they rose from table "Yes-if you are going," replied Agnes,

"I am not going to-day, my dear, bu that need make no difference to you. I have important matters to arrange and think over, and I wish to be alone. Will you go?

Agues longed to tell her what was in ber neart, and to implore her forgiveness for what had occurred; but, with all Evelyn's courtesy, there was the slightest infusion of formality that made the words die upon Mrs. Lyle's tongue, while she stammered

out an affirmative instead.
"And for myself, Miss Rayne, I suppose I had better beat up the stackers at the Lower Farm?" said Jasper, with an assumption of being completely at his ease.
"As you please, Mr. Lyle," replied Eve-

lyn, gravely, and then she turned to Agnes. "I suppose I had better tell you that there will be a couple of gentlemen to dinner this evening, as you may like to make little difference in your toilet." The travelers were very punctual. She had sent the carriage to meet them at St.

Mary Ottery, and before she had been down three minutes, they were in the room beside her, Captain Philip grasping her hands with a pressure that said, "You are mine!-you are mine!" while he strove coherently to introduce the white-haired stranger who accompanied him as his "best friend, Mr. Greville!" Mr. Greville regarded his blushing hostess with greater earnestness than is usually accorded on a first introduction, and it made ber blush

"Forgive me, my dear young lady," he said, as be observed her embarrassment, "if I gaze at your features with more interest than is consistent with our slight acquaintanceship. But I have heard so much and so often of Miss Rayne of Mount Eden, from this boy here," his hand on Philip's shoulder, "that I fee as if I already were your friend. Will you be vexed if I say that he has told me everything, and that I have come down prepared to offer you both my heartiest

ongratulations?"
"Thank you," she said softly; "we feel But here the conversation was inter rupted by the entrance of Mr. and Mrs. Lyle, further introductions were gone through, Jasper scowled when he saw that the overseer was to be one of the dinner guests and his manner towards that gentleman was hardly civil, but Captain Philip took no notice of it. They were dining in a room in which Vernon and Captain Philip had once set with Evelyn, and which held a number of portraits of

yer seemed very inquisitive upon the sub-ject, and would have the history of each separate picture in turn. "A fine, handsome boy, evidently," he an affliction to his parents, and yet, had he survived, you wouldn't be sitting at the head of the table at this moment. Miss Rayne, and dispensing your hospitalities in such a graceful manner. I wonder what you would say if the door were to open at this moment and Cousin Hugh

her dead Cousin Hugh. The little law

walk in to claim his own?" At this question Jasper Lyle smiled as castically, as much as to say, "Her forti tude may be put to a similar test before long;" and Captain Philip gazed eagerly in Evelyn's face, as though he would read there if she valued her property

"What should I say, Mr. Greville?" she answered, smiling; "I should welcome him back with all the warmth of which I am capable, for the rake of his dear. father, who was so good to me. I have often said (baven't I. Captain Philip?)

that I should never to surprised to see Cousin Hugh turn up again."

"You have, indeed; and I have often replied that I couldn't imagine how a le woman could entertain such an

"I would have you prepare yourself for shock," said Mr. Greville. "I am an old and intimate friend of the Caryll family. I knew your late uncle and his wife well, and stood godfather to their only son, and I have received credible information, Miss Rayne, that your Country Hugh is actually alive, and about to lay a claim to his father's property."
"I don't believe it!" exclaimed Jasper

Lyle, springing to his feet with an oath
"You may not believe my statement,
sir," said Mr. Greville, turning to him, "but that doesn't excuse your want of manners at the dinner-table; besides, the matter concerns Miss Rayne, and not yourself. My dear young lady, forgive me for breaking the news to you so lamely, but your Cousin Hugh has really returned to England, and to prove my words there he sits by your side at the present moment, in the person of your everseer, Captain Philip."

Evelys turned suddenly to Philip, who was gazing at her with all his eyes. She could not speak. The revulsion of fee was too great for her. But she grew as crimson as she had been white before, and on Hugh!" at last she murmured

"Tes, darling, your Cousta Hugh. You won't love me the less for that, will you,

"But how-when-I causet understand."

"Let me explain for him," said M Greville. "When Hugh was picked up a ter that accident at Callao by a Spanic vessel he did not care to let his fath

he'd come down first and have a lo about him; and after that I heard more of his pretensions, nor would be let me mention his name. And so Mount Eden will not change hands after all," exclaimed Mr. Greville gleefully. "A charming arrangement, Mr. Lyle, is it

"Oh, charming, charming!" replied Jasper Lyle, who was glaring with dismay at the sudden disappearance of all his prospects: "nothing could be more so, and, from what I hear and see, I conclude I am to congratulate Miss Rayne on her engagement to her cousin?

"Exactly so," said Hugh Caryll; "but Miss Rayne had already engaged herself to marry her overseer, Captain Philip." Oh, Evelyn, Evelyn, can you forgive me?" sobbed Agnes, on the other side. am so glad for you, darling, and so miser-

able for myself." Evelyn turned at once to fold the weeping girl in her arms, "My own dear sister," she whispered, "there is nothing to forgive. They were not your own words. I felt that as soon

as they were uttered; and when you cease to believe them, they cease to pain me."
"Hugh," she said that evening, as they sat together, holding sweet converse in her private room, "there is only one drop of bitter in my cup to-night, and that the prospect of parting with Agnes. If she gones with Will to Italy, shall I ever

see her again?" "I don't see why you shouldn't, my darling, just as often as you please. Italy is not at the other end of the world, neither shall we be tied to one spot. What another? Greville and I have been talking the matter over to-day, Evelyn, and what I propose is, that we should settle five hundred a year on Mrs. Lyle, to revert to her husband at her death if he survives her. This income will be sumcient to keep them very comfortably in the land of his adoption; and honestly, Evelyn, I believe they will be happier in Italy than in England. Will is a lazy, indolent fellow, who will prefer to lounge his life away, and after a while, when this unpleasantness has blown over, I

dare say we shall all be able to meet on friendly terms." "Oh, Hugh, how good you are. Not one

slights he has put upon you as you do. "My dearest, you forget he is my cousin as well as yours, and it is our duty to do comething for him. There is one comfort his wife loves him whatever he is, and so they can neither of them be quite un-

bappy. Evelyn moved a little closer to her lover. "No; not while they have love," she murniured. "Love is the greatest happiness in all the world."

"In all the world,' he repeated, as he pressed her closely to his heart.

(The end.)

Three Lives Saved. Two Parisian gendarmes were walkng along the banks of the Canal d'Oureq one day a few weeks ago, saya the Gazette Anesdotique, when they came across a beautiful Russian deerhound, evidently astray. On his collar was nothing except what was evidently his name-"Dimitri."

Tying a stout cord to his neck, the pocemen led him along with them, meaning to take him to the pound. Destiny eemed to be luring him to his death. for unless he were claimed within a week or two, be would surely be asphysiated according to law.

Suddenly the trio arrived at the Qual de la Marne, where a large crowd had water and was drowning, while its mother was running up and down, crying in agony:

"Oh, save my child! Who will save my child!"

Finally a man named Emil Nolle jumped into the stream and swam out to the boy. Encumbered with his clothing, he was seized in a frantic grass by the struggling child, and both were disappearing, to the horror of the spectators, when like a finsh of light "Dimitri" sprang into the canal. He had bitten his rope through.

In two minutes the drowning pair were at the side of the canal, where willing hands drew them from the water. In the excitement of the work of resuscitation, the bystanders forgot the dog. When at last they looked around for him, he had disappeared. His captors never saw him again, and there were three lives saved

Game Consumed in Paris. Paris consumes yearly more than 5, 000,000 head of game, according to the Daily Messenger of Paris. This includes 270,000 hares, 1,975,000 larks, 472,000 partridges, 12,000 deer, 224,000

quail, 175,000 thrushes and blackbirds.

85,000 pheasants, 28,000 woodcocks, 11_

000 snipe and 5,600 crake. No notice is

here taken of game that is amuggled Paiette-Well, old man, how's busi-

ness with you? Prosperity struck you DeAuber-Well, I should may so. I've just received a commission from old Millyuns, who wants his daughter painted badly.

Palette-Wants her painted badly, oh? I comgratulate you, old fellow. You're the very man for a job like this Slow, but Sure.

"Doctor," said the young wife, "I are uneasy about my husband; I'm sure he is working himself into an carry grave. Can't you suggest something that will prevent his rapid decline? "You might try getting him elected to the vice-presidency," reptied the doctor; "he would then have four years

in which to gradually decline before sinking into the depths of oblivion." How He Get Even, "I'm very corry, Mr. Early," said Min Elder, "but I can be nothing more to

"Oh, never mind," interrupted Mr. Harly; "It is unsiess to say more. I have two grandmethers already."

Considering the great number of lokes you hear, it is surprising that you hear so few good ones. rage fish-bene is on