le heard a mighty warning shout, He tried to clear the track, A run, a leap, a whirl about, Just missed a horseless had

He hears a yell and starts to fice, But stops and calmly walts;

A whoop, a fall, he failed to see
The kid on roller skates.

SHORT STORIES.

HE LOVED HIS WIFE.

We had been married about six months when Miranda advised me that our Aunt Sarah was coming.

I said "Yes, dear," and tried to look pleasant.

I had expected this for some time, and in a way prepared for the ordeal. "You will be glad to see her, won't

rou, Curtis?" "Yes."

"No, you won't." "Yes. I will-really."

You don't like her.' "I am sure, dear, that she is all that

one could expect her to be." There is no accounting for the ways

and doings of womankind. That was the nicest thing I could think of saying, but Minranda jumped up with one M her flashlight glances of indignation and left the room. I found her in the garden. Over the

aills to the north hung a few fleecy souds. The sun blazed fiercely out of squatorial skies. In the beneficent shade of the maples our fowls and sousehold pets lay tranquil and pa-

Miranda was kneeling beside the pansy bed, engaged in weeding and stirring the soil.

There is nothing more conciliatory than a prayerful attitude. I also knelt and began to weed.

We weeded on in silence. The cat suggest a peace conference.

Aggravator, the dog that has never rot lost a race when another canine has intimated a desire for hostilities stretched his lazy form and also moved oward the center of industry.

Our chanticleer perched himself on a awhorse with great caution and formality and nine times declared he had sever met his peer.

Finally the clock struck four. Then Miranda arose and walked a few steps AWRY.

Directly she came back and passing her fingers through my hair, took a arm hold and began the conversation. "You don't mind her coming, do you,

"I think you might take my word for

You remember the advantage she had aken I said: "No."

Later in the day, when she was putting away the tea dishes, I wrote out

"I am glad that Aunt Sarah is coming. Her presence will add to the sum for her having come. My wife will be appler and what more can I want? If will be a good thing for the comnity at large, for do not all great minds proclaim that the welfare of the state depends upon the happiness of

I was going to write more, but she looked over my shoulder, took the paper away, said I was a goose and kept me busy an hour and a half watering rose bushes.

The sunset that evening was won

A blue cloud sailed into a sea of rimson and around its edge wore a rolden frings.

Up from this the skies variated un sumbered shades of marvellous hues. Presently we stood, watching night steal about us and our home. We turned into the path through the orchard with clasped hands.

Aunt Sarah-or ten of her-no man should be alone!-Chicago Democrat.

It is evening. The hot and pitiless August sun waich all day has poured its sultry rays with utmost violence on the smothered city of New York hidden its face in the curtains of

young girl, with a pale yet beautiful face and large sorrowful eyes, has entered the park unseen, and is crouched in a secluded corner, her face buried

Once more the truth comes before her crushing force. Once more she sees her betrothed lover, Raiph Chapin company with a beautiful an, of whom gossips say, he ed, and does she not know that he

'.They say she is an heiress and ha -" but her reveries is inupon the pavement and As she turns to look, two carriages dash by, each drawn

signed "Raiph Chapman."

Constance trembles visibly as she hands a perfumed note to a servant a few moments later addressed to Mr. Raiph Chapman and containing an invitation of welcome for that evening.

That night, arrayed in a gown of purest white muslin, with red roses in her belt and in her hair, Constance looked charming as she rose to receive her lover and her cousin.

A formal introduction followed, and as Constance raised her eyes to meet those of Miss Bertrand her cheeks grew pale and then flushed alternately as she recognized the beautiful woman whom she had seen Ralph with several times. Recovering her natural grace and composure. Constance welcomed her quests, and the time passed so quickly and pleasantly that they did not notice the arrival of a carriage until a servant entered to inform Miss Bertrand that her barouche was at the door.

Miss Bertrand explained that she was kitchen and think and think. to attend the opera that evening with one of Ralph's friends, and soon took her leave, promising to call again soon. Once more aione with her love, Constance poured out her recent troubles troubles to. to Raiph, who comforted his darling by telling her she was the only one he could ever love.

"Wasn't it foolish of me to grieve over so small a thing?"she asked,looking up lovingly into his race.

"No, darling," he answered; "it only shows how much you really love me."-Condensed from Boston Post.

AFTER TEN YEARS

Here was I. after long years, on the lawn at Ascot, rubbing shoulders with beauty and fashion; a prosperous, successful man, back again in England.

I was penniless when I left my own ago to seek my fortune at the Cape. I had a rough, hard life at first, but it was free and wild and healthy; and then I had my luck and became rich, and am now, I suppose, an envied man, grose and came with a peaceful purr to for I am young still and as sound as a bell.

> Ten years absence from home marks der the woods, the quiet hamlet still glanced up. It was Harold Deming. sleeps as of yore; but there is a new town on the land once farmed by my dear old father, and some modern graves in the churchyard record, it down beside her she chose the former. seems to me, the death of a whole generation of friends.

The rew hearty handshakes and voices, served only to accentuate the made my old village home desolate. been for years, without news of Alice- ing. except that she left Brigdon not many weeks after I did and went to Lon-

at first sight.

And then came the break-up of my find her. wrong horse for much more than I was worth, and ruined my father and myself and the love that might have been. Before I left the country I sought Alice, but she would have nothing to say to me except to upbraid me for my father's grief and my own folly.

But when I got to the Cape I wrote letter after letter to Alice, for there had been a kindness even in her reproaches. I sent them through my Aunt Deborah, whom I thought I could trust. To these Alice did not reply, and it was not until years afterward that I discovered that my sunt had withheld my letters from her.

I saw Cyllene win the cup, and the went under the chestnuts at the back of the stand, where the ladles were romenading to the strains of the Royal Artillery band.

Near the gates, beneath the hododendrone, which, though ablaze with purple bloom, seemed neutral in hue through the radiance of the ladies who clustered about the base of the plants, my eye was arrested by a face as healthy and as pure as a lily, wonderfully fair, and perhaps with something of a lily's languor, but little interested in the galety of the picture of which it made a part.

She was quite near to me, and of a beauty so striking that I was compelled to drink. to gaze upon her weary face and to look into her mild, gentle eyes.

Suddenly my heart came into my mouth. A great thrill of excitement dased me utterly. Did I sob? I cannot tell; nor what I did, for before me was -Alice! my Alice!

But when the sudden seizure which ntarily eclipsed my senses had ed, she had risen from her chair and was staring into this sunburnt face of mine. In her curious intent I read during these moments of ecstasy the gradual vanishing of astonishment, the slow dawn of recognition, and the thrill of tearful joy and happiness which suffused every feature of he eauty when she saw me and knew e after long years.

Did she love me? Was she free There was no need for me to ask w-I saw. Love lit up her face and old me all. She, too, had endured the ears of heart-emptiness that had been

Our hearts, void so long, are full. Alice is pledged to me. My Alice my year for evermore!

MAININE WATTING.

is visiting his parents. The note is forsaken as the few birds' nests swinging in the leafless boughs. She had been an orphan for two long weeks, and life

seemed very empty to her. "I will not be quite alone," she had thought, when the news of her father's death had been broken to her, "I will have Harold Deming." But the funeral had passed and Madge had been in the house two dreary weeks, and yet Harold Deming, her most devoted suitor, had not called or even sent a message

Madee could not understand it, and after trying a fortnight she had packed her clothes and come to stay with her one aunt in the country.

Life was dreary at Aunt Ellen's farm. although the young folks were in nearly every evening. The winter passed, and Madge grew white and thin. Sleighing parties and sewing bees were very common, but Madge did not seem to care for any of them. She would sit by the big log fire in the old-fashioned

She tried to forget that Harold had forsaken her. She tried to forget all about him, but she could not, and all this while she had no one to tell her Channing's face.

tain now that it was a great deal. Spring came, with all its buds and

fresh life. "Now the roses will bloom in her cheeks," Aunt Ellen thought. cheeks, and she looked so fair that her Uncle Ellis said she was as pretty as a "pictur."

The Jube roses were blooming all dressed modestly in a soft white dress, went with a book to the large rosecovered arbor to read. Her golden hair was tucked up into a loose knot at little village near Doncaster ten years the back of her head, and was fastened with a pretty white rose, while wore another rose at her throat.

Her eyes were resting vacantly or the first page of the book and she did not notice a tall, handsome man standing down at the garden gate.

Evidently he saw her, for he opened the gate and crossed the old-fashioned many changes. How altered my little garden to the arbor. As the dark form village! The old church still nestles un- loomed up in the little entrance, Madge

Madge's heart stood still. Now that he was here she did not know whether to be angry or pleased, but when he sat "What do you mean, sir?" she said, vainly trying to be composed.

"Only that I'm glad, oh, so glad, that cart-moving greetings, the few loved I've found my little sunbeam," he answered(as he drew her down beside sorrow I felt at the changes that had him again. "I have a long, long story to tell," he said, and Madge thought And I came away sadder than I had hers would be longer, but she said noth-

He told her how he had been thrown from his horse the very day her father died. His skull had been fractured and Alice! In her name is contained the he had been out of his head for weeks one true love story of my life. She and weeks, and when he began to gain came from the West of England to be his health he had a relapse. He told governess at the rectory a very few her that when he was better he had months before I went to the Cape. I written notes to Madge and had rehad fallen in love with her literally ceived no answer, and when he was well enough he had started himself to

was dusk before they had finished. Aunt Ellen came to call Madge to supper and was startled at the sound of a strange voice.

"This is my friend, Mr. Deming, Aunt Ellen," Madge said to her frightened aunt, "And your nephew, Aunt Ellen," Harold answered as he offered an arm to both ladies to escort them to sup-

There were two happy hearts in old Ortonville that night, and Madge felt well paid for her patient waiting.

ALL SORTS OF "PROPOSITIONS." "When a new word is introduced into tht language," remarked a constitutional grumbler, "It is generally badly needed, but there is one recent addition that exasperates me all over. I refer to the up-to-date application of the word 'proposition.' It is no longer used in the sense of a proposal or an offer, but it is applied to everything under the sun, from a clergyman to a cocktall, and from a herseless carriage to a can of embaimed beef. There never was a word in the English language so hard-worked and so badly abused, and the way it is dragged in by the heels to eke out the scanty vocab ulary of every conversational chump one meets is enough to drive a fellow

"The otherday a friend of mine (I mean he was a friend then; I have since took him off my list. He took me out to look at his new cottage, and as we stood at the front gate feasting our eyes on the premises, he said, enthusiastically: "Well, old man, what do you think of that for a domestic proposition? What he really intended o do was to ask my opinion of the ottage as a nice, cosy, homelike habitation, but couched in that barbarous argot, the inquiry made me mad, and said things. He took it good-naturdly. 'Well, upon my word,' he remarked after I blew off steam, 'you're

pretty queer proposition yourself. That is the reason why we don't peak now. Every day of my life I hear chaps talking about mining propositions, and theatrical propositions and Cuban propositions, and easy propitions, and tough propositions, and eaven only knows how many other kinds of propositions, never meaning a proposition at all, but invariably the thing itself, and I am sick and tired of word. What makes it extra offensive is a certain indefinite wingtipping, poke-you-in-the-ribs sugges were in the council I'd pass an or-

DOCTOR EDNA.

The whole world, or rather his world bright morning penniless and alone sighed again. His father died and from every quarter a ruined but an honest man

But the question of Dr. Edna Stapleon as to what he had been doing with himself while she was abroad did not mbarrass him in the least.

"I? Oh the siren we call Fate has not sung a very pleasant song for me that afternoon when Irma reclined on lately, but I really believe the lesson her divan and sighed the sighs of love she has compelled me to learn has despised. She wanted to cry, but pride been beneficial to me. I hope so, at forbade her; pride and possibility of least."

"That is well." she replied. "You moment. have not given me time to congratulate you, but you must allow me to now. Why was not your wife at Mrs. Staunton's last night?"

An amused expression came to Dr.

"Oh." she said, "did you think I She had not known before how much didn't know. We always got the home any preliminaries rattled out this disshe had cared for him, but she was cer- papers while we were abroad, and I closure: saw the announcement of your marriage over a year ago, wasn't it? I re-silly, Mme. Irma, for this is a very foolmember just what we all said when Madge did get a very little color in her ning caught at last!" and Edith said 'Who caught him?' and I said-"

"Yes," said Channing, leaning forward "what did you say?"

over the farm when one day Madge, addition to asking for some more won't laugh at me, but I'm so misercream for my coffee-we were at Ber- able." Here she began to sob. "It was lin that year, and they never gave me as much cream as I liked-I said that like a stranger when he was leaving the man who had married Bessle Ar- and-and he called me Miss Thompson nold had excellent taste. Although I not Jennie any more, anddid not know her intimately, I had met what a sweet face she had."

scious," he thought

her, for she has a heart and soul in can." perfect harmony with the face you call

That afternoon Edna received a telecram. It read:

"You are wanted professionally at St. John. Dr. Channing seriously hurt. Shot accidentally. Come on next train. "FRED HASWELL."

"Hello, Edna; you here? You didn't think this morning you would be sent for to patch me up, did you?" Channing's voice was very weak from loss of blood and the intense pain he was bearing. "Come around here, and tell me if I must either die or lose my

Edna's face was as white as the one examination. "I thing, Dr. Channing," she said at last, "that with skillful nursing you will get well and will not lose your arm, either."

voman says?" he asked.

'Yes, that is why I sent for her." "In that case we are not needed any longer," and the two gentlemen of pills and potions took their departure, Edna looked at her watch and reached for the hat and jacket she had taken off.

Channing's eyes had not left her face. What are you going to do?" he asked. Telegraph for your wife and a trained nurse.

"You'll do nothing of the kind. haven't got any wife, and never will have unless you marry me, and Fred Haswell can send for the nurse-you are going to stay here. How am I to know I won't die the minute you are out of my sight?" It was a rare tonic to the wounded

man to see the flush of joy struggling with the look of surprise on her face. "But. Frank, I saw-" "You saw that a man named Frank Channing married some woman whose

name was not Edna Stagleton, but thank God I was not the man." "And you said something on the train this morning about your wife." "I meant my wife that was to be

for. Edns. you are going to marry me just as sure as I live." And she did .- Condensed from man's Home companion.

Could Skate on His Head.

"The recent death of Romanloff, the Russian skater and the old-time champion, reminds me," said an old resident to the Washington Star, "of the fact that he gave exhibitions of his skating in this city over thirty-five years ago. He was not only a fast skater, but he was especially skillful in all kinds of fancy and trick skating, surpassing in his grotesque skating any of the roller skaters seen on the stage. The particular exhibition which I remember. and at which I was present, took place on the ice which had formed in the foundation of the Luther Memoria church on Fourteenth street.

"Romanioff gave his exhibition to some of his friends, who had been invited to see him by Mr. Bodisco, the Russian minister at Washington was the only skater I ever say who could skate on his head. He had a fur cap on his head on which a skat was attached. He would turn a handpring from his feet and land on his ad, and skate away upside down He also did a trick with skates on his hands and feet in which he represented a beer skating on all fours. The foun dation of the church afforded a skating do his work, the audience standing or the foundation walls.

A FORTUNE TELLER.

Irms, the queen of fortune, as hewhat had come to young Dr. swn advertisements called her, was a Channing in the last three year. Rear picture of beauty disconsolate as she ed in luxury, he found himself one reclined on her divan and sighed and

Joe Dalton had fallen in love with of the globe, it seemed to young Chan- her. He was twenty-eight, very handning, creditors came forth, but he paid some and of engaging presence and out to the last dollar, the last cent and manner. He and Mary Wallock, other ame through as one of his friends put wise known as Irms, the queen of for tune, were ideally mated. Each was physically spiendid; each lived by ti. exercise of keen wits. Their morality was on a level; she was a clever fortunteller and he an adroit confidence man He had been absent about a week or being called upon professionaly at any

There was a knock on the door and a slight, pale, tall blonde of hurried, neryous manner walked in. She was about twenty and good looking despite her paller and was fashionably dressed. In obedience to the queenly motion of Irma's hand she took a seat, and without

"I don't know but you'll think me ish thing, maybe, but maybe it ain't we read it. Cousin Harry said, 'Chan- anyway, I'm afraid Joe don't care for me like he used to, and I want to know -you'll think I'm a goose now-how to get him back. Ain't there some powders or charms or something? Oh, dear, "Well, we were at breakfast, and in me, I hope you won't be offended and mean of me just to call him Mr. Dalton,

When the crying fit was over Irms her several times and remembered said: "I don't need to read the cards for you. I see your tover. He is at Channing's face fell a bit. "If she this moment in the company of a darkher. There is but one way for you to

did not look quite so cool and uncon- featured lady and as making love to "Thank you. I am glad you know get him back, and that is to make him my wife even so slightly, and hope you jealous. Allow him to see you accept will know her better some day. Only attentions from anybody else. Go as those who know her well understand far in that direction as you prudently

Irma was lazily glancing over the mornign papers when her eye fell on · the marriage notices.

She started, trembled and the paper almost dropped from her hands. With a little cry she raised it near her face and rwead-read twice over-the follow ng:

"Dalton-Thompson. Yesterday, at the Church of the Nativity, Joseph Dalton and Miss Jennie Thompson, by the rector Rev. Louis Hansbury." Irma fainted.

When she recovered consciousness she was lying on the divan. Her negre serving woman, looking greatly frightened, was holding smelling salts to her nose, and-yes, there was Joe Dalton on the pillow as she made the necessary giving directions to the servants and saying something about going to ra

"So you are better now, dear Irma, Dr. Griswold changed his position, said Joe, stooping over her and speaku going to abide by what this ing with all the tenderness of a lover. loving words to me?" she asked. "Your place is beside Mrs. Dalton. Go home to

her. Leave this house this instant, sir. "I must say I can't understand what all this is about," cried Dalton in astonishment. "What is it, Irma? Tell me what has angered you?"

She tossed the newspaper on the table, pointed with trembling finger at the marriage notice and then walked to the door as if to leave the room. She wanted a good cry, but could not cry there in his presence.

"Why, Irms dear, that's Cousin Joe's wedding. What of it?"

There was a ring of sincerity in the question that no one could mistake. She paused, undecided. "And you will introduce me to Mr.

and Mrs. Dalton?" "To Mr. Dalton, yes; but you need no introduction to Mrs. Dalton. She told us all about it at the wedding, as a very good joke on Joe. Both are thank-

ing you for bringing them together

after their quarrel." "I thought," she said, "when that young woman come to see me that you were her lover and I gave her that ad vice in order to make you break with her. You had been absent a week and was easily made jealous."

"Yes; do you think-well, you are the greatest fortune teller!" he cried with a hearty laugh. "But don't pout now don't be cross. Here's a chance for you to redeem your repute as a seeress 1 made a heap of money last week. want you to look into the future now and name the day of our wedding."-She did and it was a true prophecy. Chicago News

No one made any remark upon the temerity of the ladies who invited Ambrose Bierce to deliver a lecture before the members of the club. Bierce was so taken aback by the unexpectedness of the request that, to his surprise, h found himself weakly accepting th bid, and then humbly consulting his callers concerning the topic upon which they might desire him to speak.

The president, a dignified and very conservative lady, in reply to a novel suggestion of the lecturer elect, replied somewhat loftily that they were not a club of new women.

"I am convinced of that," answere Mr. Bierce in a bland and deferential tone, which almost, if not quite, concealed his cynicism. "Shall I say you are a club of old women?"

"You so home late, iBily; is you wife cleaning house?" "No: she to cleaning house she doesn't let me some home at all."-Chicago Record.

HOW PEOPLE LAUGH.

Since the days of Adam, who is said to have invented laughter when he awoke and saw Eve by his side, no two people have laughed alike. The laugh is as distinct as the voice. Women laugh different from men, children from women; indeed, even the laugh of a full-bearded man is different from that which he laughs when he has shaved.

The Abbe Damascent thought he had discovered in the various enunciations of laughter a sure guide to the temperaments of the laughers. Thus he said: "Ha! Ha! Ha" belonged to a choleric person; "He! He! He!" to a phlegmatic one, and "Ho! Ho! Ho!" to the sanguine. And it is a scientific fact that while men commonly laugh in A and O, women usualy laugh in E and I.

Those who practice laughing to any extent have been divided wittily into dimplers-and to know how charming they can be, one has only to go back to Charles Reade's "Simpleton with a Dimple" - -smilers, grinners, horselaughers and sneerers. This is to lay down a science of laughing, for which there might have been need had our generals in the late water taken up the idea of old Bulow, who proposed to form troops, in the face of the enemy, in line of battle, and order them to advance with their arms at a shoulder and salute the foe with ringing bursts

of laughter. "Be sure," said Bulow, "that your opponents, surprised and dismayed at this astonishing salute, would turn

about and run off." Perhaps this scheme would not work now, while the present long range artillery is used; but, as a matter of fact it is related that the Mameiuses once turned tail from an assault upon the French in Egypt on hearing the roar of laughter with which Napoleon's veterans greeted the command: "Form n squares, asses and men of science

In the centre." Great men often have functed it a part of greatness to refrain from hilarity. Philip IV. of Spain is said to have laughed only once in his life. That was when his bride, Anne of Austria, wept at hearing that the queens of Spain had no feet. She took with German literalness an old piece of Spanish courtesy. As she was journeying toward Spain some German nuns met her, and desired to present some stockings of their own knitting. The worthy princess was about to accept the gift when a Spanish grandee of her suite interfered with the remark that it would be against etiquette, as the Queens of Spain were not supposed to have any use for stockings, whereat the princess began to weep, understanding, poor woman, that on her arrival in i .in her feet would be cut

Lord Chesterfield said: "Nobody has seen me laugh since I have come to my reason," and Congreve makes his Lord Froth in the "Double Dealer" says: "When I laugh I always laugh alone." Young people and fools laugh easily, says an old proverb, which of-

ten has proven true. Nevertheless, the singer Robert gave sons in laughter in Paris and in London in 1806, and, so far at least as filling his own purse went, with sucess. He held that men and women ould not laugh "decently and systemarically" without proper training, and said that a person who could laugh only in one tone seemed to him like one who could say only out and non; but that a trained laughter could et-

press many things. It is a curious fact that it is only among the French and among the ancients that we read of people laughing themselves to death. We, in our days, must have either more jokes or a duller appreciation of wit. Zeuxis is said to have died of laughing at a painting of an old woman, his own handiwork. Philemon expired laughing at a denkey who ate so contentedly the philosopher's figs that with his last articulate breath he sent out his last glass of wine to the beast, who drank it with equal enjoyment, and thus proved himself, it would seem, not such a donkey after all.

It remains true, however, that laughter is good for the health. "Laugh and grow fat" is the old proverb. Sydenham maintained that the arrival of a clown in a village was as wholesome as that of twenty donkeys laden with druga. Tiseot, the famous rFench physician, cured consumption and liver complaints by causing his patients to laugh, and Erasmus, through immoderate laughter at the rude Latin of Hutten's "Letters of Obscure Men." broke an internal abscess which had

When a man smiles, and much more when he laughs, it adds something to his fragment of life," said Sterne, who wished laughter enumerated in the ma-teria medica, holding it as a curative of the same kind as coughing and sneezing and perhaps vomities, only sneezing and perhaps vomiting, or much pleasanter than any of these

Policeman Albert W. Owens, of the Flatbush Station, Brooklyn Borough, was strolling up Erasmus street when a big Newfoundland dog with an antipathy for policemen jumped core the fence of No. 64 and savare's "tacked him. Before the brute was driven off the policeman's hand was badly lacer-

Owens did not wait to ask questions but hurried to a physician's office and had the wound cauterized, then he went back to look up the dog and settle

went back to look up the dog and accounts.

"Where's that dog what bit me?" asked the officer, holding up his bandaged hand in proof of the accusation.

"He's dead," said the owner.

"Dead" said Owens, incredulously.

"What did he die of?"

"I'm sure I don't know. He died about ten minutes after you went away. Perhaps the bite killed him.' said the owner, wiping his eyes and sobbing bitterly.

Policeman Owens returned to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the station house, but he has been doing to the heart of the heart of