WHEN WE GROW OLD.

we grow old, dear love, and from my eyes light and brilliance of my hot youth dies, all the fairness you are praising

Casts but its wraith o'er lip and cheek While one by one your golden visions I ask you—will you love me faithfully When we grow old?

When time shall turn these sunny

locks to gray,
my trim form all beauty take away, When grace and ease and elegance are

vale we stray. Be my heart's anchor as you are today; Be my true love that shall the closer

cling Through all the changes coming years

may bring; Our faith upheld—count this our lasting gain
That we so live that Love undimmed

When we grow old!

LOVE'S FANCY.

There's Hester—walking beside Major Arnott's chair again! Really, Percy, she's awfully good natured!"

Percy Bevis dropped his eyes to the lower terraces, took off his hat to the woman, nodded to the man, then turned and smilled in Mrs. Vincent's face.

"Hester's a dear girl, aunt; I'm very fond of her; but she has a mania for the Diseased which is almost unwholesome."

His aunt laughed. "That cripple fellow, now, he'd be bound to appeal to her. Her heart is a regular 'Hospital for Incurables.'
"Well, come, now, it's a sad case"—
Mrs. incent spoke indulgently. "Paralysis at thirty-reven; such a bright career! He did great things in India.

"He was an able officer, certainly. But there"—lightly—"malaria's the deuce! You never know what after-math of disease it may leave behind it."

It was at Eastbourne. The band was playing. They talked or listened in turn, pacing up and down.
Said Mrs. Vincent, presently, with a

Said Mrs. Vincent, presently, with a downward nod, which, gentle though it was, set the bird-of-paradise plumes in her bonnet waving bravely:

"When is it to be, Percy? Have you spoken to her yet? Oh, come, now"—her nephew feigning innocence—"there's been some sort of understanding between you for the last eight years. Isn't it time you came to something definite?"

"To be definite." said Mr. Bevis, in

be definite," said Mr. Bevis, in airy, complacent way, "is to be.
It is the incomprehensible that attracts attention and holds it. As a proof of it"—he glanced down, then laughed—"I don't mind confessing that only Hester's inaccessibility has kept

e faithful all these years."
"Faithful?" Mrs. Vincent's upper lip cavilled at the word. Well? It's a good, old-fashioned vir-

Mrs. Vincent's worldly little laugh rang out.
"How the stories of our youth mis-

lead us! The sex of the Bluebeards should have been reversed; it is he who would have gone picking the lock of his wife's incompany. of his wife's incomprehensibilities; having succeeded, of course, she would ave ceased to interest him. Come, come, now, aunt; one, Eve,

has nanded down other traditions. "Eve! Eve is out of date, hopelessly old-fashioned, like our grandmothers. Woman has progressed since Eve's time, handing her babies and weakness over to has husband as the progressed since in the basis of the bas to her husband to nurse. Besides,

Bevis presently, "it's certainly through no excess of sentiment or feeling. She's the embodiment of propriety, of cold, calm impressiveness. She reminds me," he added, with his eyes half closed, "of a frozen lake—"

Vincent glanced about. Her ne-

the chair. Finding a cushion displaced by the restless, impatient head, she patted and smoothed it, apparently ob-livious to any awkwardness in the air arising from his slip. "It is really marked, the way in which

"It is really marked, the way in which we thin women are slighted, Major Arnott," she went on brightly. "Just as if Sesh meant strength—it doesn't it buries it! Now, I am very strong. I have a pasty face, I know; but that arises from a nasty, carping disposition. I'm slight because I grizzle. There—excuse the slang—but I could run the length of that pier in thirty seconds, and, at my time of life, I consider that a very fair record."

She smiled down on him her "kind, cot ing smile," as Bevis called it. Its effect on Arnott, looking up, was rather the reverse.

er the reverse.

And naught is left Love's fires to feed upon, You, whom I chose my king among all men, still men, when we grow cld?

God keep you ever happy by my side! Though age may stem this fevered passion tide, when worn and weary down life's vale we stray.

The relevant of the reverse.

"Strength, speed! What's the use of 'em, pray?" he growled out, savagely.

"Pride of strength is about as foolish as envying the flight of a butterfly. A rough hand makes a dab at it, and the airy flutterings are stopped, the pretty gay wings reduced to a pulpy film, sticking to the hand of a schoolboy."

He laughed, then brought his fist down suddenly on the arm of his invalid chair.

"Look at me, Miss Wolstencroft. I was strong a year ago. . . . I could

"Look at me, Miss Wolstencroft. I was strong a year ago. . . I could run and leap and dance with the best. . . . And now, what am I? A poor shell of a man, lying here like the huik of a disused ship pulled high and dry upon the sands. . No more work for me, no more ambition, no more fun. Only a wreck for the rats to play in, for the birds to come and build among the rotten planks. God! when I think of it! I—who only a year ago was a ! I—who only a year ago was a to lie helpless for the rest of my days most likely, a useless lump, a hopeless incumbrance, gibbering pres-ently, perhaps, over past strength and

bygone valors. . . I'm not a bad chap, Miss Wolstencroft. I've had my flag, it's true, taken my fun when it came slong, bought my experience, like the rest, but I've never done a mean or dirty action in my life; yet here I am, in the prime of life and strength, cut off, disabled—"

cut off, disabled—"
The sea was sparkling in the sunshine. Miss Wolstencroft blinked her eyes, as if the strong light hurt them, before turning them on him.
With an inarticulate murmur—poor

man! it sounded like a curse—he ed his head aside.

ed his head aside.
"I am looking at you, Major Arnott,"
she said brightly.
"Then don't," he groaned, "for it can't be a pleasurable sight."
"I am looking," she went on, as if he had not spoken, and with her head a little on one side, "and trying to measure your shoulders with my incompetent woman's eye. They obscure the view," plaintively; "I wish you'd turn them round."

them round."
The broad back was motionless, how-

age stamp," she continued, critically,
"they're twenty-two across if they're
an inch. Plenty of room for the birds
to nest in, ch. Major Arnott?"
He turned; a deep sigh strangled in

a laugh.
"Don't try to flatter me into tran-quility and nice behavior, Miss Wol-stencroft; I'm not to be cajoled."
Nevertheless, his humor palpably

Nevertheless, his humor palpably lightened.

"And so," he went on presently, "you are confident of your powers?" He looked her over, a doubtful expression on the strong, attractive face. "That's like you! I shall lose my money, but I shall have bought you a lesson in humility. Now, when shall it be, eh?"

She accepted the challenge promptly. "Tonight, by moonlight, when the pier is deserted. As for your money, you shall see."

The smile of victory was on her lips. The words came trippingly, Major Ar-

"Well? It's a good, old-fashloned virtue."

The smile of victory was on her lips. The words came trippingly. Major Arthewords came trippingly.

under pent-house brows.
"I'm fairly hale and active," was the

reply.

"You're younger in thought and mind"—continuing—"than many forward chits of seventeen. When one first meets you, you're reserve chills—even while it interests. But day by they your shyness, indifference, price for day your shyness, indifference, price for what the deuce it may be!) melts and one takes a pleasure in watching your nature unfolding leaf by leaf. like a sunflower turning to and expanding in the sun." (She lowered her chin suddenly) "The leaver one knows you the denly.) "The longer one knows you the younger you become. I could almost swear that I could count the years as you slipped them off—like a butterfly in the chrysalis stage shedding its skin.

over to her husband to nurse. Besides, you forget"—a gleam of malicious humor sparkled in her eyes—"while you have been waiting for dead men's shoes and Hester has been looking round for her vocation. Time has not been standing still with either."

"Good gracious, aunt!"—his tone expressed anxiety—"do I look decrepit? I have all my teeth left, I assure you."

"You are thirty-one," his aunt reminded him; "Hester twenty-nine. Unlike you, she looks her age, an extremely silly thing for a woman of the world to do."

"If Hester looks her age," said Mr.

Bevis presently, "it's certainly through sides.

"You are the kind of old lady," he said, subsiding into graivty, "who is responsible for a deal of mischlef in the world, I'm thinking."

"of a frozen lake—"
"After a twelve-hours' frost—exactly. Don't trust to appearances; the ice
ls very thin."
"Yes, you," mimicking her tone.
Then, voice and face softening, "your heart is so tender, so full of womanly sympathy; and whe none tries to exis very thin."

Mrs. Vincent glanced about. Her nephew was growing interested.

"The 'Danger' board attracts me." In quite another tone, "There's a delightful sort of enjoyment skating over the risky places."

"You'll go through."

"A cold bath is always invigorating."

"You'll go through."

"A cold bath is always invigorating."

"Uum!" Ehe shot a shrewd glance at the obstinate face beside her. "Take care you don't find eddies and undercurrents you little dream of. 'Shithey're playing Chopin. Hester's not in sight. Find me a chair; I want to rest and listen."

On the lower parade Miss Wolsten-croft was walking, her hand on the arm of the paralytic's chair.

"I could do it in half the time." she was assuring him with insistence.

"The answer came in a dry tone: "You measure with a woman's eye, Miss Wolsten-croft, and they are all afflicted with a geometrical squint."

"Ohf"

"The thing's impossible, I tell you." Is hard to hold in sometimes. You look so mae. I'd like to try your broom."

"Would you come?" wistfully. "I haven't ridedn it for years."

"I shouldn't be afraid of mounting its you."

nereless limbs outlined beneath the rug—"and remember only that I'm a man—who loves you."

The aged man trundling the bath chair ambled along with bent back and deaf ears apparently. It was half-past one. The "Front" was well-nigh deserted. Above them, on the upper terrace, a woman's high-pitched older was heard distinctly.

"No, she's still marching that tire-some cripple up and down. Call to her, Percy. The girl's good nature will induce her to forego her lunch."

A complacent olde replied. "What's "You've tortured me, Hester'—the quiet voice came presently out of the shadows—"but I've won the fight. 'Sh dear heart, don't cry! What did yot think of me? I was a man, Hester, before I was a cripple. I couldn't be less than one, even to gain you."

The postman was going on his evening rounds. In his deep suffering and great renunciation, Arnott yet found his ears straining to catch the monotonic stroked the stricken head.

"My poor gir! . . Life may have

A complacent olce repiled. "What's lunch to Hester when there's a new monstrosity to add to the collection? Let's leae them, auntie. They're happer as they are. He's half way through his symptoms and Hester's morbid mind is reeling in the Unhealthy. They moved away. The sentences

They moved away. The sentences came disjointedly.

"You're jealous, Percy"—in Mrs. Vincent's tones. Kind. . . . Kind, because she pities the poor thing. That's "Hester."

Their oices died in the distance. Down below, the man and woman who were left turned their eyes from each other's twitching faces. She motioned to the chairman. He dropped the handles slowly, and seating himself on a distant bench, gazed placidly out to sea. Hester's eyes turned to Arnott's. Shame and suffering were looking out of them, and aboe these things a stern, dogged questioning. She answered it. Under the shelter of the oerhanging terrace she leaned down.

"It isn't true," she whispered, her face transfigured with the passion of pity she denied. "That's not the reason. It's just because I love you—love you, dear." Then bending low, she kissed him on the lips. Their olces died in the distance.

ed him on the lips.

And the bath-chair man sat blinking

Bevis had had his answer, and he didn't like it. (They were back in town now, Bevis and his aunt and Hester.) So Percy's visits ceased, and his aunt was very wroth. Major Arnott and his man were in-

shoulders, an indefinable rebellion-struck her at once, and the pathos of it, the incongruity between the man

and his fate, gripped her by the heart, 'ands is tremblin'.
Her lips stiffened a little. She moistened them, then went and knelt besometimes?"—turn "Never mind," she said, unsteadily, "it -it can't be helped."

But, as his arms went round her, she turned her face to his breast, and the shadows falling round them screened

Letters might bring comfort." "it -it can't be helped."
But, as his arms went round her, she

and shut them in, so that their tears were hidden, even from each other "It is quite hopeless, then?" she whispered, when the fire was growing dimmer.

I may walk

resulting in a year or two, but a successful and broke the looked up presently, and broke into a laugh. "Why don't you say it's God's will, Hester? That it's done for in his chair before the window, heard the bells ring out from the church in the chu some wise purpose, and we must bow to the decrees of Fate? Your tongue's the neighboring square.

not ready with these cut-and-dried condolences.

"Do you know what it means? The end of everything—the 'Finis' to a book concluded in its second chapter.

And we only write once with the pen dipped in our heart's blood; after that we counterfeit the copy with flourishes and red ink. . . Oh, Hester"—his voice was husky now—"hopes."

Some time ago."

It was out! Uneasiness seized him. His master raised his eyes.

A pause, then, "Today's curry was atrocious, Peters. Give Lena another lesson."

His voice, coldly courteous, sent Peters through the door. "And Peters through the door. "And Peters through the door."

tied."

He leaned his forehead on his clenched fists, and sobs shook his frame distance.

Then Hester, kneeling beside him, broke into a bitter cry.

"God isn't just! He isn't just!" she said.

"Hush, dear! You're too good. It's "Hush, dear! You're too good. It's "Hush, dear! You're too good. It's a said.

"Hush, dear! You're too good. It's tened, then looked out.

A smart brougham this! White flowerse filled the carirage lamps, were on the coachman's breast and whip. But the coachman's breast and whip. But the coachman's breast and whip.

"Hush, dear! You're too good.
we who are exacting. We expect Him to stop the earth revolving, because of a little heartache."
Hester was crying. He stroked her roughened hair.
"Dreamers, dreamers both. Two fantastic fools astride a broomstock.
A bump! and we're on earth again, with nothing but loneliness before us all our days."

A bump! and we're on earth again, with nothing but loneliness before us all our days."

We expect the coachman's breast and whip. But the coachman's breast and whip.

mounted, I should held you on tight."

"I believe you would," laughing a trife nervously. "Tou'd finish your race, though you might drop at the post."

"Will you enter one with me?" His eyes were on fire now. "A race with phantoms and nothing at the end of it; a wooden broomstick to carry us, and a helpless cripple astride it to steer you to Tomfoolery Land?"

Hester, shaking with some strong emotion, tried to answer lightly:

"Your broomstick is almost as uncontrollable as my horse, We mustn't soar too high. Perhap's Earth's the saiest place for us poor mortals, after all."

"And no one could ever love you bet-

"The safest, yes! but the sweetest?"

Major Arnott's face was flushed. "Hester"—In a whisper—"dear one, don't you see? I'e mounted the broom, and already. Don't turn away.

Hester. . . Why—"

Midway up to her eyes, where they were creeping coertly, hand and hand-kercihef were arrested suddenly.

"You are crying! Crying! You! Stop it, Hester! Stop it, I tell you, or I shall forget this"—his glance swept down the nereless limbs outlined beneath the rug—"and remember only that I'm a man—who loves you."

"And no one could ever love you better, or take such care of you, as I would. Peters, of course, is kind; ht likes you, and so he tries to understand, but I know! I know everything you think and feel and suffer—yes, and while I suffered with you, I would make you laugh—"

"Because he only likes, and I low you!—that's the difference."

And then she broke down, and lay sobbing in his arms. And Arnott kissed her, without speaking, his wet cheek laid on hers.

"You've tortured me, Hester"—the quiet voice came presently out of the "And no one could ever love you bet-

The postman was going on his evening rounds. In his deep suffering and great renunciation. Arnott was a southerner and wanted a government position.

helpless as you are—"

Her voice broke. She walked over to

Hester." She noded dto the blurred reflection

She noded dto the blurred reflection "I wrote by today's mail resigning the post which has been kept open for me out yender." His voice was very gentle. "Deprived of it, my income would pay Peter's wages and keep me in tobacco. You are a delicate, refined woman, with the instinct to enjoy and revel in the sunshine. . Well, into the sunshine you shall go, if I have to take you by the shoulders and drive you from my side." you from my side."
She made a final effort. "If you drive

She made a final effort. "If you drive me from you, you drive me, most likely into the arms of another man."

"What's that?"

"Mr. Bevis is hopeful of winning what you don't care to keep."

"What? Didn't you know it? Have you never understood?" She spoke recklessly, excitedly, walking up and down. "Why, it's been the one golder prospect dangled before my eyes. Trescape my brilliant future, I practiced for a nurse. My health broke down. I tried—and failed—again. And I wanted so little—I wasn't greedy, after all. Just to earn my own living, to keep my self."

""I am a confederate," he answered proudly.

""Well, sir, I am General Grant.

Can you hide me for a little while, as I am being pursued?"

""How do you know that I won't betray you?" he inquired curiously.

""Because I can trust your face," I replied, and without more ado he seized my horse by the bridle and we went into a deep ravine back of his home, where a moment later he left me, after bidding me to keep perfectly still.

"It was a glorious moonlight night, and I could see every object distinctly. About II o'clock I heard the bushes crackle, and for a moment my heart to earn my own living, to keep my self." so Percy's visits ceased, and his aunt was very wroth.

Major Arnott and his man were installed in "furnished rooms." Bare and unlovely as they were, the time she spent there, the one golden hour stolen from the dreary twenty-four, transformed that "first-floor front" into something like a paradise-for two pairs of eyes, at least. (Perhaps Peters, assigned an attic with a sloping roof, might, of the bumps upon his head, tell quite a different tale; but Peters' opinion was not asked.)

It was this said Peters whom Hester, encountering upon the stairs on evening. Stopped to question.

"You've returned?" she said—rather needlessly, of corse.

He admitted so much, with caution. When she would have questioned him he rushed into a description of the Private Nursing Home, its inmates, and the incidents attendant on their detention in it during the last seven days.

Her face sharpened with anxiety.

"What was the dector's verdic, Peters avoided her eye—and a direct answer.

"What was the dector's verdic, Peters avoided her eye—and a direct answer.

"Men avoid have guestioned him her avoid have questioned him her sweet as the incidents attendant on their detention in it during the last seven days.

Her face sharpened with anxiety.

"What was the dector's verdic, Peters avoided her eye—and a direct answer.

The jump and the said of female beauty in the dead letter office."

The jump and tried to thank him. I want the giory of its track in the giory of its track in the size of the peters whom her stem the size of the said of the peters whom her stem the size of the said of the peters whom her stem the size of the said of the peters of the peters of the peters of the said of the peters of the peters of the said of the peters of the peters of the peters of the peters of the said of the peters of the peters of the said of the peters of the peters

assistance. "Let me find the 'eads, Miss. Yer

"You'll let me come and see you sometimes?"—turning at the door. "You will be lonely. I should be so

"Cold comfort Hester. I should only want-more." There was silence in the room, browas silence in the room, broken only by Hester's sobs.
"God bless you, then," she muttered,
and, sobbing, stumbled out.
"God bless you," repeated Arnott—
but only the shadows heard.

A knock. Peters entered. He carried some deep-red roses. "The-the ceremony must be over sir. They passed

our hopes and dreams tend."

Arnott, left alone, kept his eyes upon they're like a band of little children his book. The minutes pasted, ticked drowning before our eyes, and we must watch 'em sink because our hands are mantelniece. mantispiece. . . . Hand and eyes went wandering. They settled on the

"I could do it in half the time," she was assuring him with insistence.

The answer came in a dry tone: "You measure with a woman's eye, Miss Wolstencroft, and they are all afflicted with a geometrical squint."

"Oh?"

"The thing's impossible, I tell you.

The per is twice the length you estimate. I couldn't run it myself in under."

He stopped, looked blank, gnawed his mustache in a sort of helpless furty, then gave the order to "turn" in peremptory tone.

The man obsyed. Miss Wolstencroft the mean obsyed the shadows lengthened until the bride's white a question. "If and the question. "If and the question. "If and the question." The man obside they lead out—and the room is all out days."

And the shadows lengthened until the bride's white shadow. It fell in the bride's white and until they look do unt and the room. "Wol look do unt and the person the ground out—and the room is flickered, and died out—and the room is flickered, and died out—and the room is flicke

SHORT STORIES.

A STORY OF GRANT.

Most stories and reminiscences

Most stories and reminiscences of General Grant are of the military or political sort. A little tale (and a pretty one) told by Assistant Attorney General James N. Tyner, shows a new side of the great general's character.

"The president was passing through the department of dead letters," said Mr. Tyner, "and jokingly commented on the unattractive appearance of the clerks, and quizzically inquired if I could not raise the standard of female beauty.

"Naturally I regarded the matter as a jest, and replied that I would be glad to do so, and was open to suggestions.
"'Why, employ one handsome woman, and perhaps she will leaven the whole loaf,' he answered, and when I assented he inquired seriously:

"'Would you give a pretty girl an appointment if I sent her to you?"
"'Of course I would,' I replied, never dreaming, however, that he was in

earnest. "But the next day a lovely young "But the next day a lovely young girl came into my office with a note from President Grant, simply asking me to fulfill my promise, without re-ferring, however, to its character. 1 questioned her closely and found her as innocent and unsophisticated as she wanted a government position, and, being backed by the president, I set her at work in the dead letter office.

"While Grant was on his trip around the world I spent a couple of months with him in Paris, and one evening as

with him in Paris, and one evening as we sat talking of the past I asked him if he remembered this young lady.

"'Certainly I do, for I have good cause to remember her.'

"I intimated that I was satisfied there must be a story back of his appointment and he was in one of his rare reminiscent moods he related the following extraordinary experience:

"It was just before the battle of the Wilderness that I mounted my horse and went for a ride. I was full of anx-

Wilderness that I mounted my horse and went for a ride. I was full of anxlety, and in my preoccupation went outside of our lines and found to my

dismay that I was being chased.
"'My horse was a good one and I rode hard until I came to a little halfconcealed cabin, where I dismounted and said to the man who came to the door:
"'"Are you a confederate or a union

man?" am a confederate," he an-

crackle, and for a moment my heart leaped for fear as my host came cau-tiosly up behind me.
""Have you betrayed me?" I in-

road was swept by the fire from the Spanish infantry. In personally transmitting his orders to the battery commander, General MacArthur stood by pearance decidedly patriarchal. the roadside in earnest conversation, apparently oblivious to the fact that the bullets were flying all around him, chipping the leaves from the trees and breaking the bamboo stalks which lined ooth sides of the road. The general's facewas calm and as tranquil in ex-pression as though he was passing the time of day instead of ordering a bat-

tery into action.
"Captain March, do you understand those orders?" said the general. "I do. sir." "Well, go ahead; but you must not lose your guns," was the parting order of General MacArthur, as he turned and mounted his little brown and white pony and rode to the firing line a hundred yards ahead.

When the advance was made on the When the advance was made on the right of the line the troops were compelled to pass burning Spanish blockhouse. 13, and the exploding ammunition was filling the air with whistling shells, which resembled greatly the ping-swiz of a Mauser. As the troops approached the zone covered by the flight of these whistling shells their first impression was that a force of the enemy must have been concealed beyond the blockhouse, and it is an actual fact that one company of infantry dropped into the ditch beside the road and fired two volleys into the burning blockhouse. A number of burning blockhouse. A number of stragglers at each side of the road were

stragglers at each side of the road were hugging the bushes as closely as possible, believing, no doubt, that they were being fired upon by the Spanish nfantry. It was at this stage that General MacArthur came up the road, sitting perfectly upright on hid mudbespattered pony and seemingly unmindful of the shells which filled the air on all sides. Turning to the men huddled by the roadside, he said, "Come on, boys, they'll need you at the front," and that was more than sufficient to start the men past the burning ruins. Through the mud the little pony floundered on, catching the head pony floundered on, catching the head of the column just before reaching the church at El Paco. When the Astor battery reached the

when the Astor battery reached the crossroads in front of El Paco church two shots were fired from their 3-inch guns, and then General MacArthur rode out and sat on his horse in the open roadway in front of the guns. Three hundred feet shead a breastwork was thrown across the road, and on the left side of the road a blockhouse was swarming with infantry on the first and second floors. Through the woods on the right the sharpshooters in the trees were pouring spiteful little chunks of lead, which splashed the mud al laround and went richocheting through the jungle to the left and rear. The American infantry had marched by the right and left flanks and were safely ensoenced behind the church and stone wall, against which the Mausers were tattooing with a disagreeable pang. During all this time Gen. MacArthur sat like a statue in the centre of the crossroads directing the move-

ments of the troops toward the right and left flank. Finally he moved toward the road leading westward in the direction of the bay, and, as he did so, two more 3-inch shells flew down the road toward the fringe of flame which marked the position of the Spanish breastworks. Again, riding in front of the guns, in a voice as calm as though ordering a change of movement at an exhibition, the general said:

"Cease firing, Captain; I am going to storm these works!"

storm these works!"
Turning and measuring the distance with his eye from his position to the line of treches ahead, he drew his horse to the left of the road and in a clear, firm tone said, "What officer will lead a charge down this road?"

It was to these words, spoken without a tremor, when the bullets fairly flew by in clouds, that a response was flew by in clouds, that a response was given by the Astor battery in a pistol charge. When the general was exposed in the center of the crossroads the men, forgetting discipline and their own danger, were shouting at the general, "Look out; you'll be killed!" "Get off the horse!" and similar solicitous expressions, all of which made as little impression upon the General as the Spanish bullets which sung around him like a thousand hornets and failed the mark so bravely exposed to them. There care be no doubt of his miraculous escape from seeming certain death, as a hundred pair of eyes saw him then and a number of times after-

him then and a number of times after-ward seated on the back of that brown and white pony, facing almost certain death, with an expression as calm and collected as though it was only a sham battle with lots of noise and no danger—An Astor Battery Man, in the

MIGHT SMELL HIS BREATH.

"Jove, old man, I haven't seen you for thre years. How are you, any-way?" asked Clipperdown when he ran across Featherbee in the lobby of the Russell house the other day, says

the Detroit Free Press.

"I'm not the man I was when we were at college," was the reply, as the hands clasped. "Been sick?"

"Nope."
"Were you in the army?"
"I should say not."
"Business reverses?" "Not one. "Well, whats' the matter then?"

"Nothing much."
"Yes there is. You look as though some one had been telling you an old

"Nothing of the kind."
"Nothing of the kind."
"Oh, say, speaking of stories. I've got a new one. Brown's mother-in-"Stop right there!" exclaimed Feath-"Clipperdown, there was a time when I looked upon mother-in-law jokes as canards, as delusions, as libels on a worthy class of human beings, but I don't any more."

don't any more. "I've been married since I saw you last.

"So, that's wat's the matter with you, is it?"
"Uh huh!"

pital. At 8:05 o'clock General MacArthur arrived at this convent, having the traversed a narrow mud road for a distance of haif a mile or more, while the tance of haif a mile or more, while the was a very old man, with a stern face

pearance decidedly patriarchal.

"Hullo, fellows, here comes Father
Abraham!" called one soldier to a comrade on the opposite hill, as the old
man rode between them.

"No, he isn't," shouted back the
other: "he's Father Jacoh"

The old parson stopped and shook the finger of scorn at the laughing soldiers. "I am neither Father Abraham nor Father Jacob!" he cried. A knot of soldiers gathered about him. "Well, who are you, then?" persisted his tormentor. "It's no use for you to deny you are out of the Old Testament somewhere."

The old man rose in his stirrups and waved his hand toward the camp in "Yes, I am out of the Old Testa-ment, sure enough," he roared. "I'm Saul, the son of Kish, looking for his

father's asses, and I've found them.'

A RECONDITE PROBLEM. The lawyer was sitting before his desk with one foot on the armrest. A bright appearing fellow entered the office.

"What can I do for you?" asked the

lawyer, removing the rampant foot.
"I just dropped in to get your idea
on a point of definition," began the young man. "You see, it is to settle a "Yes," continued the lawyer; "go on."
"Well," continued the young man,
"when a fellow's wife leaves him, and

there is no divorce he is a grass-wid-ower, isn't he?" "Yes; that's what he is generally called." "Well, then, here's the point," added the youth emphasizing his words by tapping the palm of his left hand with

"Dan Hopper's wife left him, and there was no divorce. Does that make him a grasshopper?"

He dodged just in time to miss com-

ing in contact with the ink well.

The Man with the Freckles on his Nose gianced carelessly over the morning paper which the Man with the Barbed Wire Beard had thoughtfully subscribed for.
"Will you—"
The landlady spoke his name with in-

The landing spoke his name with in-finite sweetness, for she fondly hoped he would pay his board after supper. "—have some oyster stew?" The man with the Freckles on his Nose tilted back his chair in defiance of the laws of etiquette and gravita-

"No, thank you—"
A far-away lok came into his eyes.
"I'm not thirsty."
It is a matter of conjecture whether

it was emotion or stage fright that caused the Man with the Yellow Whiskers to sneese so violently that he upset the sait cellar.