only to bear her vice again.
Its sweet tone noft and low!
It charmed me when I heard it then
A little while ago.
In still I feel it o'er me steal—
It will not let me go.



as she tranded him a letter.

loves a light heart and good company.

But I promised Aurelia. She is,

doubtless, well amused somewhere. Au-

There she was in the doorway.

The old woman scowled at him while

"I am indeed well off, content, but

will come if I am called. I enclose

another sum of money. If you would

roam farther go for another year and

Adversity came upon him in the

next year, adversity and sickness. His

bold and gay friends fell away and he

was near to beggary. But he would

not return until the time was up lest

he not be able to hear from Aurelia

and not be bidden home as he now

desired. He went to and fro over the

county selling nostrums and wonder-

On the day set he came into the ge. A great coach and four block-

ed the street and at his old shop door

he met Aurelia in gorgeous array and

with the scorn of a princess in her

"You see I keep my promises," she said, gayly, "and how goes the world

beautiful, they tell me. I do not be-lieve you know it in those old days. Now here is money and you shall have another year's freedom. Go and be

She mounted into the coach laugh-g gayly and was soon away. Only e ele postmistress was left to cackle him as he stood like a man in a

year west by slowly or

od by Folly's Fire-always the

unce was not content with ad inverse or cottages, but so houses and castles of the

ing what had become of Aurelia.

you, Lawrence?"

of herself."

be read:

## Folly's Fire.

BY ELIZABETH CHERRY WALTZ. The old grandmother was dead and baby, Angela, had followed her, as the loving creature had beckoned to from heaven. The winter had been ; the debts heavy and work scarce. la, with feverish eyes and scarps, had sewed and toiled. Lawe, her husband, was sullen and t at home. His trembling hands shifting glances begged pitifully a change, a relief of mind and

In the spring news came to Aurelia the death of her grandmother's wether, a wealthy bachelor. He had led the grandmother some money, M fell to Aurelia as her heir. When she heard of it she went to m the beach near him. It was a long so since she had sat there-almost a

That money is coming to me, Law-

"I have been counting on what I'd dollars for granny's keep."

"I grudged her nothing," he said "Oh, I know, but you felt the bur-

. I'm going to raise it a little. I ant you to rent the shop and get thout so much bardness. That's et I'm going to do." "Oh, best it's your money!"

I'm going away, too and see how is to be free. You so your way I'll go mine. If you want to come ik, maybe you will find me here g, sewing tailoring, mending;

He glamed up and down the road the relief on his face that did not

"It might do us both a deal o' good to got away," he said, cautiously, "but



ternity. Once more he walked into the hamlet. The cottage looked fami-

liar, its dooryard bright with the gay flowers the traveler admired, the winlows open and white-curtained. Andcould he believe his eyes?-Aurelia in her old print gown, there she was in the doorway! He could not speak from frees of

wife! How long she had gone about ser duty uncomplainingly, while he re-selled! Now that he had seen the

world he knew all that other life eant. But what of Aurelia? A year and a day! It seemed an

emotion. He leaned amnat the great tree in front of the fate and waited for her to come on to him.

"Lecryou have discarded your fine Yay," he said coldly.

She smiled rather sadly. "I left it all at the castle of my

"And now?" "Here is money for your wanderings

again. "I do not want it."

"What will you, then?" "The old life, if-1 can, the old thought, the old work-and the old

love. She smiled brightly. "So you have roamed enough. Well,

It is a good thing to come home after being long away." "And you-where have you been and how long since your return? What of the coach and the splendid gowns?"

He looked at her perplexed. "A short time? How long were you

"They were my godmother's loan for

away ""

"Foolish one! Not at all. Why should I go? I have spun and brewed and baked. I have seen the world from my window and door here. Women are not so varying, Lawrence. I did not care to follow fool's fire-not

"Your place is ready. I fancy you

will rove no more—at least, not soon. Is it not so?"

RECORD OF EARLY BOOKS.

First English Book Was Not Printed in England,

The first book printed in the English language was not printed in England. William Caxton, the English merer, carried on business in Bruges. In 1469, he began to translate into English the "Recueil des Histoires de Troye," "So the times have gone good with and to supply the great demand for copies of the book he set himself to "And gayly," he replied. "I am yet learn the art of printing. The "Rein my youth and can enjoy. The cueil," the first printed English book, towns are full of sport for a man who probably appeared in 1474, and may have been printed either at Cologne or in Bruges. In 1475 Caxton printed another work translated from the French. relia was handsome and can take care Its title was "The Game and the Playe of the Chesse." This was the second printed English book. Caxton left Bruges in 1476 and set up his press in Westminster, England. Such is one account but other authorities hold that the book on chess was printed at Westminster and was the first book printed in England. The Encyclopaedia Britannica says: "At what date Caxton brought his press to England and set it up at Westminster is quite uncertain. It was probably between 1471 and 1477; 1474 is the date of the Game and Playe of Chesse; but the tradition that this be correct." However that may be, it was the second book printed in the English language.-Montreal Herald

> A Remarkable Story. An article in La Science pour Tout, informs us that a Chillan botanist has discovered a plant that coughs when the slightest particle of dust alights on the surface of one of its leaves. Strange as this may seem, it is not at all, for upon sufficient provocation it appears the leaf of this same plant turns red and spasmodic tremors pass over it in sucession, while it gives out a sound precisely like sneezing. The so-called respiration of plants is well known to botanists, but when it comes to coughing, blushing and sneezing it would seem that a special examination should be made both of the plant and

From Standing Grain to Louf, A Great Bend (Kan.) correspondent of the Kansas City Journal writes: standing wheat in the field at no oday, harvested, threshed, ground into flour, baked into bread in large quantities by a bakery and sold around town for 6 o'clock supper was a record-breaker in this county this afternoon, in quickness of conversion of standing wheat in the field to the bread plate. A combined harvester and thresher is doing work in California style near own. Several bushels were taken to the Moses Mill and Elevator company, ground into flour, theuce the flour went to the Moore bakery, was made into bread, baked and offered for sale in quantities.

the botanist reporting the phenomena.

The slowness of the process of tan-ning is inrgely due to the difficulty with which the tannin penetrates into the hide. As the penetration pro-gresses the enter part of the hide be-comes converted into leather and, is thereby made impervious, consequent-ly the rate of penetration decreases. Months of scaking in the tanget are therefore accountry for thick hides. therefore necessary for thick bides

God does not pay weekly, but paye at the end.

He who plants fruit trees must not cent upon the fruit.



# Pictorial Bumor



TERRIBLE PUNISHMENT.

For proving a traitor to the black

fing the beautiful, dark woman was to

"To make the punishment more se-

vere," advised the trusty, "we will leave her on the island without a

crumb of food or a single cooking

"Bah!" hissed the great pirate, "that

Thus we see that even in the old days man recognized woman's weak-

DIFFERENT MEANINGS.

When o'er the lake we used to glide,

When you were but my promised bride, We then pronounced it "row."

But with the wane of the honeymoon,

And it seemed that both of us did soon

WANTED-A PULL

The Artist-"It pays to know a good

The Poet—"Yes, indeed. For instance, if I knew Secretary Long I

would get him to stir up another war

so I could dispose of my left-over war

MOTIONED TOO MUCH.

top the car for me?"

you wanted ter git on?"

waving my umbrella?"

Skinner coming."

Caller-"Why so?"

-Philadelphia Press.

at ye.

Citizen (angrily)-"Why didn't you

Conductor-"How was I ter know

"Didn't you see me swinging my

"Of course. Couldn't any one help seein' ye. The hull street was lookit

arms and jumping up and down and

"Then why didn't you stop?"

"I thought you had the jim-jams."

SOMETHING FOR NOTHING.

Rural Editor-"I dread to see Mrs.

Rural Editor-"Why, she can't bring

in her egg and cabbage subscription

without borrowing the exchange

shears to cut her husband's hair with."

ANYONE CAN TELL.

There came a change somehow;

Begin to pronounce it "row."

many influential people."

In the days of long ago,

is nothing. We will leave her with-

be marooned.

out a looking-glass."

utensil."

LOOK OUT FOR HIM.



Mr. Jones-What do you mean by knocking my ceiling down in that man-

Plumber—Didn't you send me a card to come and fix a gas pipe? Mr. Jones—No, I did not.

Plumber-Excuse me: I'm evidently in the wrong house.

She-I don't see how I can possibly

get along with this paltry allowance

you give me of three hundred a He-But, my dear, that is more than

I pay most of my clerks, and they

She-May be so; but I am sure they are not continually annoyed by vulgar

A GRIM SITUATION.

"I understand that you were very much shocked by the discovery of vice

"No." answered the political reform-

er; "I have suspected the existence of

vice for a long time. What shocked

me was the discovery that an old po-

litical enemy of mine was drawing the

NO CHANGE THERE.

"This is a good year for peaches,"

said the huckster. "If you'll buy 'em

by the basket, ma'am you'll find the

bottom of the basket is as high as

ANOTHER BUNKO.

"Then tell me the secret."

How to Get Rich."

"Are you rich?"

"I am.

yourself."

"I would like to sell you my book

"If you buy one of my books I will."
"Well, here is a dollar. Now tell me
how I can get rich."

"Catch a lot of easy marks like

BEYOND HIS BEACH.

Harry-"Did you hear about thaw tewwible fix I was in?"

Guesio-"No, deah boy." Harry-"Why, you know my shirt

waist buttons down thaw back, and when my bloomin' valet went out and got intoxicated I had to sit up all night."

JERSEY BRAND. Quinn-"Were the mosquitoes big De Fone-"Big? Why, when one en

ered the house it set off the burglar

"No," said Mrs. Hauskeep, "but the

profits."-Washington Star.

price isn't high at all."

ever."-Philadelphia Press.

have whole families to support.

tradesmen the way I am .- Puck.

in your city."

A RATHER BROAD HINT.



Proprietor-You should take something for your appetite. Mr. Slopay-To improve it, you mean? Proprietor-No; to destroy it.

### IN GRASSHOPPERDOM.



Mother Grasshopper-What! You are spitting tobacco again! How often have I told you to stop that vile habit?

It does not take a palmist to

Determine in a minue That he's a lucky man whose hand Has got four aces in it.

### RURAL DELIVERY.



Farmer Judkins-is that any mail fer me ter-day? Postmaster-Yaas, but I can't give it to ye until yer pay yer subscription for thet Farm Paper.

### TOO COMPACT.

Confidently, old man, is there a releton in your closet'?"
"Of source not. We live in a city ast and our closet is too small to sold saything but a close-rolled um-

PILOBING CARD. "A man to see you, sir,"
"Where is his card?"

'hy, that is a tomato can." 'es, sir; the caller is a tramp

Mrs. Dedbete-Why are you so par-ticular about there being a fire escape eading from our spartments? Mr. Dedbete-I simply want to guard against paying the rest.—Oblo State Journal.

Those good old songs we used to love;
Their fate is end, I vow.
They're all cooped up and suffering
In some hand organ now.
—Washington Star.

### MABDENED TO PRIVATION.

Jimson-What makes you think Scribbles would make a good North Pole explorer? Jester-Because being a poet he is hardened to privation.-Ohio State

A DRAW. May—Jack bet Bess that he'd be on-gaged before she was, Pamela—Which won May—Neither. They're engaged to each other,—Fuck.