MARY, THE LAMB BT AL. had a little lamb, h mint-sauce on the side; en Mary saw the meat trust's bill shocked her so she cried.

Mary had a little veal-A cutlet, nicely brolled. Her papa, to pay for that yeal, All morning sorely tolled.

Mary had a little steak-A porterhouse, quite small, And when the bell came in she sighed "No dress for me next fall."

Mary had a little ronst-As juicy as could be-And Mary's papa simply went Right into bankruptey.

Mary isn't eating meat: 1000 She has a better plan; She vows it's lady-like to be A vegetarian. -Nesbit, in the Baltimore Amercan.

Out of a Drunkard's Violin.

BY CHARLES EUGENE BANKS.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.) OE Osborn sat near the door of the

dingy coach of a way freight that ran on a "branch" through a sec-C

tion of a western state between the county seat and a city on the main that way to the end." line He was a small delease looking "Well, then, the end ought to come lad of 16,, but with a pair of big brown eyes that were worth going miles to

Apparently the boy was alone in the car, and drawing from a green balze bag he carried a worn and battered violin, he tuned the instrument over and over, stopping now and then to pluck softly at the strings with his thumb. Then he took up the bow and began to play. It was rather sad work he made of the old country dance tune, for low was not a master of the instru for Joe was not a master of the instrument, and the notes came lamely under his awkward fingers. But his eyes shone brighter with the effort, and the bow was soon going rapidly over the strings in time to his beating foot, while he bent to his task oblivious to

his surroundings. A man who had been dozing in a seat at the other end of the car sat up sud-denly, shook himself, beat nervously on the back of the seat, and then turned and looked sharply at the boy. Whenever the player struck a false note, which he did frequently enough, the man shivered from head to foot, and screwed up his face as though he ware hear minimal structure. being rubbed with nettles. At last he got up and paced back and forth along the isle, restraining himself with apparent effort. Finally, he strode down the isle until he stood directly over the boy, his eyes flashing and his cheeks puffed with anger.

"Give me the feedle. Quick, or I shall go mad," he cried.

boy looked up, and, frightened The at the vehemence of the stranger, meekly handed up the instrument. The man took it, threw it hurriedly to his chin, and struck the bow with a flour-ish across the strings. Back and forth with lightning speed swept the bow, up and down the neck of the violin slid and wound and beat the long, slender fingers till the car was filled with

a million silvery notes that were like dew drops in trembling harmony. The boy sat open-mouthed, hushed with wonderment, worshiping what he could not understand but what his soul recognized as sublime.

At last the music ceased and the the instrument to the owner, and with was a continued echo of wierd, sobbing

seen that the rider was more bent than usual, that, in fact, he was all but ly-ing on the neck of his horse and sway-ing from side to side, seeming every moment in danger of falling to the ground.

"Drunk agin," growled the black-"Never knowed him to keep smith. from liquor mo'n three weeks to a time. He's been soher now since hay-

in', and we might hev' expected it." "Look out there!" cried Farmer Holmes, starting suddenly forward, "He's going to fall." Before anyone could reach him, and despite the efforts of the old horse to

keep its rider balanced, Bill plunged headlong to the ground and lay pros-trate, holding his precious fiddle like an infant in his arms. The old horse stood like a statue, as he had often stood for hours, waiting the awakening of his master from a drunken sleep.

"It's just horrid, that's what it is!" cried a tall, blue-eyed girl with hay colored hair and a pinched crabapple face. "Why couldn't he wait till to-

morrow to get drunk. Now our fun is spoiled because of his miserable selfish-"I don't believe he can help it," re-

plied Mary Holmes, with some warmth 'Mother says she read somewhere that men like him were not to be blamed for drinking. It's in their blood, and unless they can be cured they will go or

mighty sudden," interrupted a third. "But that is all stuff and nonsense. He "But that is all stuff and nonsense. He likes whisky. That's all there is of it. He ought to go drownd himself. I would before I'd come to a place like this in such a condition."

"And we depending on him for whole evenin's pleasure, too," chimed

in a fourth. "Hello, who's that talking to father? cried a young farmer peering out into the moonlight. Looks like a city chap. Guess I'll go and ask him if he can't play the fiddle for us." "I would, Mr. Smarty!" sneered the

girl with the hay-colored hair. "Hi, there, boys!" roared the black-

smith, as if in response to the young man's suggestion. "Git your partners an' form on. Here's a feller as has agreed to play till Bill wakes up. Tune her up. stranger. I'll dew the callin' mys

He brought the instrument from the sleeping man and gave it into the hands of the stranger. The young man touch-ed the strings while the couples hasti-ly formed for the dance. Then the first bars of a familiar tune floated out upon the night air. What music to dance by! One after another came the airs that old Bill had made familiar, but there was a new quality in them, new to those simple people, a quality that somehow lifted them up and softened and refined them. Before the first set was done a burly farmer had brought a cushion and put it under Bill's head. A few more bars and he took off his coat and put it awkwardly over the sleeping man. The caller lowered his voice, and the dancers moved with a grace and lightness foreign to them.

Had ever such music been heard before? Sure this man held an enchanted bow. Between the dances, while the people

were resting, the young man stepped out into the moonlight, and, striking his bow across the strings, began a wild Hungarian rhapsody. The music came in a flood that swept over the crowd. frightening them with its vehemence its sublimity. A hundred voices seemed crying out in passionate appeal. Harman, now quiet and smilling, returned mony crowded harmony until the grove

SOL SMITH RUSSELL.

The curtain's down! Farewell, old friend The orchestra's last strains are dying: The long engagement's at an end. And they that lately smiled are sighing

Upon the board another bill Is posted o'er your name: the flowers They wore who laughed are withered-still

The pleasing memory is ours.

We may not call you back to bow Responsive to our approbation, And we that miss your smile must now Be listed as "The Poor Relation."

The properties are put away That served you as you sang of "Sally" Ah. may you have gone on to play Forever in some "Peaceful Valley." S. E. KISER, in the Record-Herald.

The Devil's Demise.

BY SNOWDEN KING.

The next morning when Macmanar (Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.) awoke he was in his own room. The fire in the grate was burning cheerily, NO hours ago Otis Macmanara had received the disappointment of his life-a woman's "no!" He

had been tramping the streets of ing away the snow as fast as it had

confusion, but what impressed Mac-manara most and what he could hardly

take his eyes from was a table in the center of the room on which was piled, as generously as pebbles on the beach.

every known gem. Diamonds, rubles, opals and pearls threw a shade over their smaller sisters and tried hard to

outshine each other in their fascinating

missions, but I shall do my best to en-tertain you, and shall be more sorry than I can say if I fail," and the Devil

While he was speaking he placed a diamond scarfpin and opal ring on the

table. They immediately began to sparkle a challenge to their neighbors. What a familiar look they had to Mac-

manare! The Devil drew a chair close to the couch, picked up a guitar, and the

last thing Macmanara remembered was

hearing a rich tenor voice singing a popular melody.

courteously to his guest.

"My angels are out tonight on other

glow and glitter.

bowe

Louisville ever since, smoking a num-ber of cigars and wondering what he should do with the rest of his life. "What a dream!" Macmanara thought, as he sprang out of bed. His Common sense kept whispering that Grace Langdon was not the only woman in the world, and that he, Macmanara, was young, handsome, and wealthy, but where they had dripped the melted snow. He went through his pockets and his face fell. Yesterday he had heart was beating to another tune, his drawn \$2,000 from the bank, vowing in his heart to go as far from Louisville and he knew it would keep to that same tune until life was put away. As the gas and electric lights began his heart to go as far from Louisville as the money would take him. This morning there would take him. This

their rivalry, common sense gained the supremacy so far as to cause the young man to buy a book and tell himself be morning there was not a dollar in his pocket-not even the little pearl-handled knife he had carried for years. When he went down to breakfast his aunt, who was also his housekeeper, would go home and try to read it. He had just come out of a book store and looked beyond him after saying good was turning the storm collar of his coat up against the driving snow, when morning, evidently expecting to greet some one else

a voice very low and very clear, and also very close said: "It is warm in my "How mistaken one can be, Otis," she said. "I expected you to bring com-pany down to breakfast this morning. home. "Did you speak to me?" Macmanara when I heard you come home last for asked of a gray shadow leaning against night I was sure some one was with a Imp-post.

'I said it is warm in my home." "Maybe there was, and maybe there Macmanara laughed. "There is noth-ing so very novel in that fact, my good wasn't. What would you say, annt, if I were to tell you I don't know?" fellow; there are millions of homes "If you were anyone else but Otis Macmanara I would say you were drunk, but as you are Otis I shall say you are poking fun at your old aunt." night as warm as the tropics, in spite of the weather outside-my own, for instance, to which I am going now

"Are you going?" It was not the question only; the voice held a soft, en-When the papers were brought in Macmanara glanced over the headlines hanting cadence that fascinated Macof the Courier-Journal, as was his custom, and the following fastened his "Well, yes, I am sure I shall start for

home as soon as my car turns the corner.

manara

and

go with me."

tell me the name of my would-be host?" eagerly for the answer which came

without hesitation. "I am the Devil." "This is interesting. I have had numerous indirect invitations to visit you, Mr. Devil, and a number of my friends have predicted that my final resting would be with you, but I never expected you to step up in the flesh and invite me, and the fact is, I never in all my life felt so much like going to you as do tonight."

At that moment a carriage stopped outside the curbing, and the coachman came down to examine the harness. The carriage door opened and one of the may go to his grave unnamed."

occupants asked the cause of the delay. white beneath the g Only 2 manara was leaving the instant it lay there-the next it was reposing in Macmanara's cost pocket. The name daintily written in one corner of the handkerchief was "Gracia." "Good night, Mr. Devil-I really must are not drowned, with my handkerchief in your pocket? I was going to the opera," the little lady explained, "and be going. If you will take my advice you will go back to that very warm home of yours and stay there until spring, for, as one who knows his world, the coachman stopped to see what it can tell you the weather here is going was. My escort opened the carriage to be very much worse before long." door for the same purpose, when I saw The gray shadow stepped out into the ful glare of the flickering light, reveal-ing a handsome young man dressed in you pounced upon it kept me happy for and I thought the Devil was as old as Macmanara thought of the ring as he "Feel," he said. hat. In striking contrast to a fair, almost womanish complexion and a blond of hades, when in her heart she means They were there, and a thrill crept cares and give him the pleasure of pro-down Macmanara's spine as he touched posing over again," she answered, lown Macmanara's spine as he touched them. He had jested with the man, behappily.

TIME A PLENTY.

Lots of time and lots of things. Though it's said that Time has wings, There is always time to find Ways of being sweet and kind; There is always time to share There is always time to share Smiles and goodness everywhere; Time to send the frowns away, Time a genile word to say. Time for helpfulness, and time To assist the weak to climb; Time to give a little flowar, Time to friendship any hour; But there is no time to spare For unkindness anywhere. --Frank Walcott Hutt.

A Surplus Maggie BY CAROLYN WELLS.

(Copyright, 1901, by Authors' Syndicate.) "A million surplus Maggies Are willing to bear the yoke." RUDYARD KIPLING.

Y ATHARINE PALMER was a tactful young woman, and conse-**I** quently often deceived her friends and acquaintances, but she never deceived herself.

And so when it occurred to her that she was in love with Tom Radcliffe, she frankly admitted it to her calm and well-regulated heart. And then a strange thing happened. This heart, which for many years had been tract-able and mild, suddenly rose in rebellion, and refused to beat evenly and quietly as of yore. Instead of this, it fluttered like a giddy young thing at the most casual mention of Radeliffe's name, and in his actual presence it

throbbed with joy or became heavy with woe, according to the young man's demeanor.

Katherine observed all this, and with her usual ready acceptance of a situa-tion, began to consider what could be lone about it.

Her mind was a little hampered by the fact that her heart would persist in its riotings, and would interrupt her logical trains of thought, now with glad memories or anticipations, and again with snatches of song or bits of sentimental verse. But the interruptions were warmly welcomed and thoroughly enjoyed. and Miss Palmer, after due reflection, concluded that her life ro-mance had dawned at last, and that, neglecting all else if necessary, she must give it her undivided attention. Her philosophic attitude was due entirely to her methodical and systematic mind. mind, and in no way marred the ro-mantic beauty of her love. On the con-

trary, it strengthened her conviction that no woman had ever been or would ever be capable of such intensity of loving as herself.

She thought compassionately of the shallow affections of her butterfly acquaintances, and knew that as her mentality was on a superior plane so her powers of intelligent loving were proportionately greater. She even thought patronizingly of historic lovers, sniffing at Cleopatra's attachment to An-thony, and pitying the puny nove of the

Brownings. All her life she had been absolutely beartwhole. never taking more than a passing interest in any man; and now without provocation and without reason, in true orthodox fashion, she had flung all her great store of love at the feet of a man apparently no different from all other men.

Of course he seemed different to her. Idealized and glorified, everything he said or did seemed the highest perfection of human speech or action.

And when it occurred to her that, so far as she knew, her love was unre-quited, the thought gave her no shock

her? Don't think I'm absurd, but real-ly, you know, you're so wonderfully sympathetic and clover, couldn't you just make her know somehow that though I'm not a brilliant man in a soclety way. yet I have a big, honest, loyal heart, with a wonderful capacity for loving, and I could make the woman I love very happy. Can't you tell her that, and don't you think it would attract her?"

'Yes," said Katherine, "I can tell her that, and I do think it would attract her.'

"Oh, thank you so much. You always seem to understand so perfectly. Any other woman would have said: Why don't you speak for yourself, John?' or something like that. But you see that it isn't bashfulness on my part—only— Alice is such a little butterfly girl, I fear my eager love making-and I can't seem to tame it-would frighten her. While your delicate approaches would convince her of my adoration in a way that might make it acceptable to her. "It is a delicate mission," said Kath-erine. "but I will fulfill it to the best

of my judgment and ability; I can tell her very truthfully of your honest, generous heart and noble manliness, and I think she will recognize your worth and he quite prepared to receive your ad-vances. And I hope she will make you

very happy." Radcliffe went away in a glow of thankfulness toward his kind friend, and Katherine went upstairs to her room.

STYLISH SPRING COSTUMES

HANDSOME RECEPTION GOWN.

The New Long-Shoulder Effect.

The waist of this handsome reception gown of buff veiling is made with the fashionable drooping or long-shoulder effect and has a tucked yoke, framed with a scolloped berthe handsomely embroidered with Corticelli silk. sleeves are tucked, springing out into



large puffs strapped with embroidered bands. The skirt is tucked in clusters and shows strap garniture in addition to narrow velvet ribbon, which also appears on the round yoke.

Each week seems to reveal some new feature in the cotton dress fabrics, one of which is grass cloth in white, with a stripe of close weave. Then there are

INCONGBUOUS TO BE SURE.

Colored Man With Irish Name Spoke

German Fluently.

"Being in need of a new clerk who

What is his name?" I asked. "Patrick Delahanty,' was the reply.

"And I am as equally certain you will o with me." "Since you are so sure of it will you Ill me the name of my would-be host?" Macmanara listened somewhat "grate of the dead man's pockets." "That's the Devil!" and with the ex-

clamation Macmanara rushed for his hat and overcoat, leaving his startled aunt to think he had gone insane.

"Yes," the morgue keeper replied to Macmanara's eager questions, "the poor fellow was brought here at an early hour this morning. This handkerchief was the only thing about him that may lead to his identity, and that has only one chance in a thousand. If his sweetheart reads the morning papers-and of course the handkerchief is his sweet-

"AT THE MORGUE.

heart's-she will be here in a short while, and, if she doesn't read them, he Macmanara examined the features of

Macmanara caught sight of the face the dead man closely. It was his Devil that had caused both his joy nd his of the night before, minus the black the dead man closely. It was his Devil sorrow. When the carriage moved, a hair, in place of which there was a delicate lace handkerchief gleamed closely-cropped blond head. As Macmost ran over Grace Langdon, who caught his arm and cried out: "Oh, Otis, it is really you, and you something got wrong with the horses as we were leaving Chestnut street, and a stylish suit of gray. "I am disappointed." and Macmanara whistled. "Why, you are a young man ways bringing me bad luck." the world. A young man with a blond had last seen it flash by the side of his mustache and no horns! If you want scarfpin on a table with thousands of to masquerade as the Devil—why don't you make up for the part?" wife-to-be of his adventure with the The self-confessed Devil doffed his Devil. He asked instead: "Gracie, why is it a woman will tell a man no, make him feel all the misery mustache, his hair was black as night. Macmanara's hands glided slowly over the bowed head in search of the horns. The bowed head in search of the horns.

many friendly nods and winks prepared to leave the car. And on the small hand bag he carried Joe spelled out the word "Remenyl."

That night Joe sat in the window o his room under the rafters of the old farmhouse hugging to his heart the violin that he knew held a world of glorious music, praying for the time when he should have the magic to call it forth. When that time should come how proud she would be of him; she, the black-eved, rosy-cheeked farmer's daughter, whose every word he cherished, whose every glance to him was like a burst of sunlight out of Heaven.

And now began such devoted prac-tice that the family rebelled, and Farmer Holmes was finally forced to forbid Joe to "scrape that tarnation fiddle" in the house. So the boy went forth into the fields, where, hour after hour. he wandered slowly about trying in vain to wake the music that he knew was hidden in the little shell, to coan it to come forth and transform the world.

Mary Holmes came upon him one day while he was striking madly at the strings in a vain search for those elusive chords, and she laughed out-right at what she called his foolishright at what she called his foolish-ness. This was more than Joe could stand, and he cried out, pitifully: "You don't know-you didn't hear that man Remenyl as I did, or you would understand."

The girl caught her head in her plump brown arms and looked at Joe in a way that sent the hot blood into his cheeks. He stood for a moment irresolute, and then, snatching up his instrument, hurried away through the grove. "Joe! Joe!" She called with a sud-

den pain at her heart. "Come back, Joe, I didn't mean to hurt you."

He turned at the spring brook, a wistful look in his big brown eyes. "I'll never come back till I've learned

how to make the music that is here. He touched the violin gently. "You 'You He touched the violin gently. 100 won't laugh at me then, maybe; you won't think it foolishness. Good-by." He ran lightly over the stepping stones of the brook and disappeared in the shadows.

It was the festival of the Harvest Home, and all the country people for miles around had gathered to celebrate miles around had gathered to celebrate it. During the day there had been a barbecus and the people feasted. This was followed by games in which the young men were pitted against each other in trials of strength, floetness and desterity. The moon was now up, and the dance which was to close the men and maidens stood about in little groups impatient for the appearance of groups impatient for the appearance of Bill Sraft, the country fiddler, whose rythmatic melodies had set to going the fret of the people for two genera-tions. At last his old gray horse was

seen coming slowly down the lane. "Here comes the music; better be gittin' your gals!" roared the black-mith, with a voice like his own bel-IOWE.

The horse turned from the beaten highway and came up the winding road toward the thump of trees wherein the pany was assem led. It was now

as from afar, the tender strains of "Home, Sweet Home." The people stood with flushed cheeks, breathless. lest they should miss the tremor of one divine note.

Then the musician laid the violin aside, and, making his way to Mary Holmes, said, softly

"Do you still think it foolishness?" "Oh, Joe!" she cried, turning to look ip into his face with eyes that shone like stars.

"It has been all for you, Mary. Tell me, have I worked in vain?" For answer, she put out both her hands. He caught them in his own and

drew her gently into the shadow.

AMUSING EXCUSES FAR PUPILS

Jase Kicked by a Cow and Henry I Treated to a Funeral Trip.

Evening Wisconsin: Teachers who require written excuses for tardiness

from parents of pupils sometimes receive very amusing notes. Here are a few specimens from a number received "Dear Sir, please exsome time ago: cuse James for lateness. I kneaded him after breakfast." A second note reads: 'Please forgive Billy for being tardy. was mending his coat." The third excuse goes more into detalls: "Mister sir, my Jason had to be late today. It is his bizness to milk our cow. She licked Jase in the back today when he

wasn't looking or thinking of actin'; so he thot his back was broke but it ain't. But it is black and blue and the pane kept him late. We would git rid of that cow if we could. This the fourth time she kicked Jase, but never kicked him late before. So excuse him for me."

konstitushun is delikit, and if she is ab sent any more you can knew that it is on account of unabodabel sickness or something else." A boy absent for half a day laid the following explanation on his master's desk: "Dear sir, please excuse Henry. He went to grandpapa's funeral with me this forenoon. I have been promising him for several weeks that he might if he was good, and he

has been very good, so I kept my word."

Her Foreign Purchase.

New York Times: To a resident of Long Island a lesson was given last week, in the growing mercantile impor-tance of the United States, much to her own discomfiture and greatly to the amusement of her family and friends. Returning from a European trip, she proudly displayed to her daughter a dozen arm shields she had bought in Dublin.

"Look at the serviceable articles they turn out over there," she exclaimed. Her daughter examined the shield prightness that he had to close his eyes. The Devil picked him up and carried him into a richly furnished room and put him down on a couch piled with cushions. There were ribbons, laces, satins and silks, in chairs, on tables. closely, and then laughing heartily, pointed to the trademark of a manufac-turing company, just four blocks dis-tant from the house where her mother

had lived for 30 years.

lieving him to be a crank, but now, for some reason, he did not understand, he was startled.

side of the cliff opened to them and gave forth a light so dassling in its

overywhere in elegant profusion and

Duluth News-Tribune: A married You are convinced, and will go with lady living out at Lakeside has been

me?" Always soft and low, yet very clear, the Devil's voice was a melody. having the greatest difficulty of late in inducing her husband to remember to Macmanara looked up. A pair of clear blue eyes, behind which there seemed to burn a flame—eyes unlike any he had ever seen before, looked straight into his own. The Devil had possession of his man in a moment. order certain things for the household while down town. Every day there was something forgotten and the meals were growing more scanty as a result. A few days ago she handed her hus-band a letter as he made a run for his but even with his sense enthralled Mac-manara shuddered as he asked: "I must car, saying that it was not to opened

die first?" "No," the Devil answered, emphati-cally, "I want you to go with me and see and feel the beauty, comfort and happiness in my home and then come back to the world in the flesh and tell how basely I have been maligned." Hust as he finished his function that "I am forced to tell you something that I know will trouble you, but have thought of it for some time. I feel that it is my duty to do so. My mother has been taken into the secret and she, too, Taken declares that it is best that you

While the Devil was speaking they were moving straight toward the river. and when they reached it he unlocked a skiff and invited his guest to step in.

As the boat went scudding down the was taking an upright position when river Macmanara wondered where the he turned over the page and read: Devil had learned his stroke. The Falls

noon

The request was complied with. An hour ago he was the most miserable

The mineral products of Canada durman on earth, now he was perfectly happy; there was nothing left for him to wish for. ing the year 1901, according to the preliminary statement of the geological survey, was valued at \$69,407,081, of which \$42,834,000 was metallic and \$26,o wish for. The boat was drifting now, and at place where the rocks shelved over the 282,000 nonmetallic. The growth is Japan has given a Frankfurt man an order for five machines for printing and bank it stopped suddenly. The Devil whistled, waited a moment, then whistled three times in rapid succession. It perforating postage stamps. emed to Macmanara that the whole

> Ex-Captain Putnam Bradlee Strong and Maye Yohe, the divorced wife of Lord Francis Hope, were passengers on the steamer Kaiser in Maria Theresea, which arrived Monday from Mediterrancan ports. Their names appeared on the list as Herr Strong and Frau Strong.

In all probability his heart was as new fine lawns with open work stripes vet unawakened, but that was only a lawns with narrow lace insertions nuestion of time. uestion of time.

Most beautiful are the embroidered Her love was of the kind that only batistes which come in handsome all-over designs as well as in robes, either occurs once in a thousand years, and when it dawned upon him in all its glory his heart would respond exulting-ly and with an equal passion. white or beige color.

Not that Katherine Palmer had any intention of finging herself at Tom Radcliffe's head. That would not be reuired. A love such as she felt for him would exert its irresistible but subtle influence without any effort on her part. And so the world was transforme

Washington Star: "I had an amus-ing experience, the other day, which her. A new dignity and sweetness might be seen in her manner, and her convinced me that one cannot always soul was filled with a great and un-speakable happiness. that manifested itself in day dreams and night dreams depend upon names and appearances, said a bureau chief in one of the government deartments. which showed glimpses of an enchanted fairyland.

spoke German. I requested that one be supplied me, stating that I preferred a The young man himself seemed to be doing his part. He called occasionally. clerk of German extraction, as the work I had for him to do required a good knowledge of that language. The He sent invitations and flowers with as much frequency as was in keeping with following day the messenger entered my room and informed me that the the stage of their acquaintance. Katherine had no desire to let his friendship give way to dawning love while she ennew clerk was in the antercom. loyed to the full each new proof of his increasing interest.

"Why, I want a German, not an Itishman,' I said. She was certain that love would come at last. For as she knew her own passion was unchangeable and everlasting, she felt sure that Radoliffe's heart "Well, sir.' the messenger answered, with a peculiar expression, 'that was would respond with an affection equally the name he gave me.' "I told the messenger to show the new clerk in. Imagine my amazeeep and true. And of late he had begun to show an especial desire for her com-panionship. He called oftener. He ment when in walked a man whose He color and features were emphatically African. He smiled and waited for me sked her advice on personal matters, and seemed, in a way, to depend on her opinion of him for his opinion of to recover my breath and speech. "'Is your true name Patrick Delahan-

One evening their talk had been of a gossipy nature, and among others they had discussed Alice Bond, a pretty young girl of sprightly manners and a comewhat daring wit.

Several times after quitting the sub-ject, Radcliffe referred again to Alice Bond, until, in a spirit of idle coquetry, Katherine said, playfully: "I believe you are in love with Alice

"How discerning you are," said Rad-

cliffe, eagerly. "Do you know, some-times I think you're uncanny. You see right through a fellow so. And yet you're so sweet and sympatheic, I don't mind your knowing a bit-it's a pleasure to confide in you. Yes, since you've discovered my secret, I confess that I am in love with Alice Bond, and I feel sure you'll agree with me that she is really a superior girl. Of course, I know everyone thinks she's a giddy lltyou. the noble character that lies beneath all her light-hearted chatter?" "Yes," said Katherine, bravely, think she must have more depth of character than she usually shown."

"She has, indeed. I knew you'd ap-"She has, indeed. I knew you'd np-preciate her. You have such insight and intuition and all those things. But -I feel sure she'll never care for me. I'm so grave and old-fogy. But oh, if "You must have plenty of fun with she only knew how I love her! And I'd be so patient with her queer little whims and so tolerant of her vagaries. Couldn't you-you're so tactful, you know-couldn't you just hint this to

"'And you speak German, with an Irish name in the bargain.?' " Perfectly.' "'In what part of the South were you born and raised?" "'I was not born and raised in the South at all, sir.' " 'Whereabouts?' "'In Weehawken, N. J., on the heights opposite New York.'

"'You are certainly a mixture of in-congruities,' I exclaimed; 'please ex-pain more fully.'

"'There's no doubt about that, sir."

servants for several generations for a Northern family of wealth of Irish extraction. who lived in Weehawken, where there is a large German popula-We took as our own family name of the family to whom we were attach-ed, both by service and regard. This explains the incongruity of a colored man having such a decidedly irish pat-ronymic as my own. I picked up the German language while serving with a

"'Well, sir,' he said, 'my people were

ty?' I asked.

'Yes, sir.'

"'But you are colored.'

tion. tle rattlepate, but you can see, can't as is also the custom in the South, that

should know. I cannot keep this to my-

City quickly faded from view-a mere speck in the distance. Macmanara had taken many a row on the Ohio, both as boy and man, but never any like this.

until the afternoon. He remembered it just as he finished his luncheon that

Jarring His Memory.

Bond.

self any longer." Hubble's face grew ashen and his hair

"We have not a pound of butter in the house. Send me some this after-