

## WHO WON THE WAGER?

"Yes, I am a confirmed old bachelor. Queer, you say? You would not think so if you had seen women in as many different shapes as I have. I have been in the company of a society young lady, when really I would have left her, with pleasure, and be boiled or frozen, or even eaten by cannibals, rather than remain in her flippant society. I have heard women more than scolding their husbands for the mere fragile trifle of being late for a meal, or for having remained at his club later than the usual ten o'clock. I have been bored by so-called literary women until my ears have ached. I have sat in silent ecstasy with a bashful young lady until I have felt like screaming aloud to exercise my vocal organs. Have I never had a mother? Well; I'm not like Topsy, I ken. I suppose that I did have a mother long ago—but so long ago that I have ceased to remember her. She died when I was two months old, so no wonder that I cannot recall her features. The aunt who took her place and acted master to me was a regular old Tartar—raw boned, red headed, bleary eyed, and cross. Women! I hate them. Did I never see a pretty, piquant girl face with yellow hair curling over her white forehead, and big, blue eyes upraised full of wonder, at a man who would dare to say that he hated her sex? No, I have never seen such a paragon. Have I never seen a coquette who expects to have men fall in love with her, as much as she expects the sun to shine? Yes, I have met such ladies, and so-called charms. Have I never met a sensible young lady, who could talk of the latest news, and interest one? On yes—but I have failed to be interested. I tell you, man, I hate them all! I have no ideal. I abhor the whole set off, whimpering women!"

Harold Clemens looked at his sinister friend in amazement. He sees a tall, straight, grandly proportioned man, stretched at full length on the grass. His hat shades his dark eyes from the sun, but his brown, handsome face is fully exposed.

Truly this woman hater is a favorite of the gods, if beauty is considered the criterion. But the expression is a discontented one and the eyes seem full of longing. Harold Clemens and Ralph True are spending their vacation by wandering over Italy together. Both are rich Americans and college chums.

"Ralph, I'll make a wager with you!" and Harry springs to his feet in his excitement.

"Well?" lazily.

"I have a sister whom I know you cannot resist. She is a charming coquette. I will give you just three weeks from the time you meet her, until you fall in love with her, or vice versa—it's all the same."

"Fact?"

"She is so lovely. No man can resist her."

"No man? I will be an exception. I take your wager. Five hundred dollars down to one hundred that I win."

"Granted. Come down to Hazeldene on Christmas and I know that you will leave an engaged man."

Hazeldene on the Hudson—a home as pretty as its name. The winter snows are falling and the deep waters of the blue Hudson are frozen, enticing skaters to glide on its smoothness. Hazeldene sparkles in the wintry sunshine, a grandly built, modern mansion of white stone. The rooms within are bright with roaring fires and the laughter of a gay party, gathered around the open fire-place in the ample entrance hall.

One figure is the center of the group. One merry voice is heard above the din. One merry piquant face is ever turning toward the door, as if in expectation of an arrival.

"So, he is coming to-day?" Geraldene Clemens says, turning her glorious dark eyes upon her brother, lounging upon a rug before the fire. "Oh, I can scarcely wait. The great, overgrown baby. Thinks no one is so good as he. I'll soon teach him that I am of some importance, too. Oh, what fun it will be!"

"Be merciful, Geraldene," cries one manly voice after another.

"Zounds! I pity the man!" murmurs some one.

Geraldene tosses her brown ringlet-head.

"Harry, remember that two hundred and fifty dollars of that wager belongs to me!"

"Gerry," a soft voice whispers at the beauty's elbow, "don't do it." Let the poor man be happy in his ideas. Don't make his heart ache for fun, Gerry. Don't do it, sister, it's wicked."

Geraldene laughs.

A small, childish creature it is, who is thus pleading. A fair-haired, blue-eyed, delicate girl, as unlike her brilliant sister, as water is unlike wine.

The face of the elder sister, softens. "Daisy," she says, "I won't hurt him. He has boasted so long that he hates us all, it will do him good to be caught once. Don't worry little girl. We'll have our fun, and only Mr. True will be the wiser. Oh, I long to see him! The great, boasting, woman hater of the period!"

"Whom you can see by using your eyes," a quiet voice observes at her elbow.

She has entered so quietly, that Geraldene, in her excitement, did not hear him.

She turns to him now, and her laughing eyes do not fall beneath his lackadaisical gaze.

Daisy's blue eyes fill with surprised tears.

"Well, the old adage, that listeners hear no good of themselves, holds

true in your case," Gerry's saucy voice cries.

Ralph True laughs.

"Miss Geraldene, how delighted am I that I could grant your desire at the right moment."

"Mr. True is truly kind. Come to the fire. You are surely cold."

"No—your warm reception has refreshed me already."

"Is she at a loss what to say? All listen eagerly. She straightens her slight figure and looks at him soberly.

"Pleased with a rattle and tickled with a straw. I see that we will have no trouble entertaining you, True."

"Why?"

"Show this lad to his room, John,"—to the servant who has answered her ring—"Come down stairs tonight with a hundred questions and I promise to answer every one. For the present—adieu." And Ralph True leaves the room, his face puzzled, his brow clouded.

"Gerry, I'm afraid it's all up with you now," Harry observes, dolefully.

"Nonsense, man! Can't you see that he is interested already?"

The next day dawns bright and clear and cold. Gerry informs them at breakfast that a skating party is to be formed directly after that meal. All those not prepared with skates will be supplied, she says.

Ralph True turns to her. "I do not skate. Will I stay at home?"

"No indeed! Poor little boy. I will teach you how."

Daisy looks pity from her eyes, and Ralph thinks how rarely pretty those same eyes are.

"You do," Gerry says, "come!"

And they all rise from the table. An hour later a merry group is on the river. Ralph is awkwardly trying to stand on his skates while his eyes follow a little figure, skating alone, some distance beyond the others.

"Watch your feet! Look out!" Gerry is expostulating, when, with a cry, her awkward pupil dashes over the ice as only an experienced skater can, to where a little figure is struggling in the water. Gerry forgets her vexation in her fright for her sister.

"Oh, Daisy, darling! Save her! save her!" she cries. Ralph True has succeeded in catching a long braid of fair hair, but as willing hands draw her from the water, he loses his hold and disappears in the dark water. Some one dives for him and saves him, but the merry party of the morning returns to Hazeldene with two unconscious burdens. Ralph is none the worse for his ducking the next morning, but Daisy does not come down until evening, when even then she looks pale and languid.

Ralph gazes at her as he turns Geraldene's music, and catching her eye he wonders why she blushes so prettily and why she always turns away so quickly.

"Chess?" Gerry rattles on, "do you play it, True? Let us form a set. You and I, and Mr. Sage, and—and!"

"Daisy," Ralph supplies. The party is soon formed, but some how, Gerry can never tell how, Daisy is Ralph's partner, while her lot is cast with that of Mr. Sage. She looks at Daisy's drooping face rather angrily, and when the game ends declaring Ralph and Daisy victors, she rises with a small grimace and goes over to her mother at the other side of the room.

"Poor Gerry," Daisy says, compassionately. "I think that you must be a wonderful player, Mr. True. Gerry always wins at any game she ever tries."

"Does she?" Ralph quizzes, "It will do her good to get left sometimes. Come out, Miss Daisy, and see the Hudson by moonlight. Do you feel able?"

When they return sets are forming for a dance.

"Come," Gerry's clear voice cries, "I want you, True."

Ralph crosses to her side. "You dance?"

"No, I do not."

"How can I to know but what you are deceiving me like you did yesterday?"

"Take my word for it."

"Won't you dance this set with me?"

"I'll walk through it."

"We'll-I-I," doubtfully.

Never was Gerry so provoked. Never was Ralph so delighted. They managed to get through, somehow, and when the music ceases, Ralph passes with a laugh.

"Do you like to dance with me, Miss Gerry?"

"No!" she cries. "Go away! I hate you!"

He walks away to a little figure almost lost in a great chair by the open grate.

"Will you dance the next with me?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Did you see how very awkwardly I step?"

"Yes. But I'm not afraid."

Geraldene looks after them in amazement as they float past her.

"Sold again," she murmurs. "What in the world am I to do with such a man?"

The days fled by. If a person could have judged as to the success of the wager by the fact that Ralph and Geraldene were often together, then, indeed, Harry is in a fair way to win. Each excursion planned; each game played, each tableau; each theatrical; these two are partners. The fact that quiet Daisy is often with them, too, does not seem to count. Harry is puzzled. And Gerry, has to confess that she has met a man who does not make love to her after a one week's acquaintance. The friends who are in the secret look on with interest, not knowing who will win that most unfortunate wager. They are planning a masquerade ball.

Each guest is to keep his own counsel and not let a person know what character he intends to personate. Such mystery, such locked doors, such secrets, as reign for a week before the eventful evening arrives, is wonderful to relate. At last time brings around the evening. The house guests have all managed to glide into the rooms with an outsider, so that all identity is lost, and they mingle together as one unknown whole.

Geraldene's shrill voice would have betrayed her, even if one long tress of hair had not escaped from its confinement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

finement and hung almost to her feet. She is Venus, goddess of love, and never has she appeared so beautiful. She looks in vain for Ralph True's tall figure to betray him. She cannot decide whether that tall soldier, or yonder Romeo, or the cavalier by her side, is he. She sees Romeo bending over a small Juliet all in blue, and she wonders if Daisy knows who her Romeo is.

"Juliet," Romeo is whispering, "follow me. I want you."

Daisy rises and follows his lead. Does she know him? The little lady keeps her own counsel, if she does. They stand on the terrace. The stars sparkle overhead; the frozen Hudson gleams in the distance.

"Daisy, I overheard you telling Gerry of your costume, and I dressed to match you. Daisy, do you know me? I love you. Will you be my wife?"

And Daisy, without a thought of her conquest or of Gerry's anger, looks up at her tall Romeo answers both questions with a happy "Yes, Ralph."

How surprised they all were when the announcement is made at the breakfast table the next morning. Silence falls at first, and then with one accord they all roar with laughter. "Who has won the wager, old boy?" Harry asks. "Of course I meant Gerry. I never even thought of Dot there, as captivating a great woman-hater like you were in the old college days. But she is my sister just the same."

"Granted," Ralph replies, promptly, "but I said that I could resist your coquette sister's charms, and I did."

"I'll tell you," Gerry cries, her piquant face all smiles, "put the five hundred dollars and the one hundred dollars in one, and present it to the bride on her wedding morn."

And that was the way they decided who won the wager.—Yankee Blade.

## Told in a Dream.

"I made a fool of myself," said Julian Blair, bitterly. "Here I am, a young lawyer, without practice in a little country town, and with no hope of bettering my condition. Instead of waiting for something to turn up I have had the audacity to fall in love with the wealthiest heiress in the place, and to-night I forever disgraced myself by asking her to marry me. To-morrow I am to see her father. There can be but one result. Mr. Howard is a millionaire. He will ask me about my property and prospects. Well, I have about \$5 in my pocket, and I owe \$500. The old gentleman will regard me as a fortune-hunter and request me to discontinue my visits. Yet, the Lord knows I love Alice, and I would devote my life to her."

Blair looked around the office and took a survey of his scanty possessions. A few articles of furniture, and perhaps a hundred law books—this was all. He sat alone until the town clock struck the hour of midnight, and then retired to his chamber adjoining his office, and made an attempt to sleep off his trouble.

In the course of the night a strange thing occurred. Just how it happened he did not understand, but he had a late visitor, who introduced himself as a lawyer from London.

"Mr. Blair," he said, "I will not detain you with any preliminaries. You are the heir to the estate of John Blair, one of your uncles who ran away from home when a mere boy and settled in Liverpool. Your uncle was remarkably lucky. He found friends, went into business and in course of time made a fortune. He died a month ago and left you \$500,000."

Julian proceeded to ask for further information, but the London lawyer pleasantly remarked that good news would keep.

"I must leave in half an hour for New York," he said, "but you may expect me back in a week or so, and then the necessary arrangements will be completed for placing you in possession of your inheritance."

With this the strange visitor vanished, and Julian Blair, as he raised himself on his elbow and looked about the room, asked himself whether he was awake or dreaming.

A sudden drowsiness came over him, and when he again opened his eyes it was morning.

"Was it a dream?" he cried, as he dressed himself. "No, it is impossible. There is the chair the man sat in. I remember his features distinctly, and every word he said, and even the tones of his voice. Thank God! It was no vision; it was a reality."

Julian found, after making his toilet, that he was still a little feverish, with a strange fullness in his head, but that a glance at the mirror showed that he was looking unusually well.

One thing startled him not a little in the course of the morning. After a brief interview with one of the bankers of the town, he walked out on the street with \$500 in his pocket.

A sudden doubt struck him as he reached the sidewalk. Had he made a mistake in telling the banker of his good fortune? If the whole thing was only a dream, as he sometimes suspected, he had done a very bad thing. "Pshaw!" he said to himself, "I am sick and nervous. How can it be a dream?"

By degrees his confidence was restored, and later in the day, when he saw Mr. Howard in his manner, well calculated to impress the millionaire. He told the story of his legacy, and the rich man took him by the hand and told him that no man in the world would suit him better as a son-in-law.

A week passed away delightfully. Blair found himself the lion of the town, but he spent most of his leisure time with his affianced.

One morning the young lawyer arose, cool and clear headed, without a trace of fever. He looked back upon the events of the past week in amazement. He no longer had any belief in a visit of the man from London. It was a dream and nothing else.

"I am in a disgraceful fix!" he groaned. "I have borrowed money under false pretences. Nothing will ever convince people that I am not a swindler."

But just then a card was placed in Julian's hand. It bore the address of Henry Morley, solicitor, Middle Temple, London, and as the owner of the card was ushered into the office the young lawyer looked at him in blank surprise.

"My young friend," said the visitor, rather pompously, "it is a genuine pleasure to be the bearer of good tidings. I have been two weeks in the country looking you up. Your uncle, John Blair, died recently in Liverpool, where he left a large estate, and there is a cool \$500,000 for you."

"Is it another dream?" whispered Julian.

"I don't understand," said the Englishman, somewhat mystified. "This is no dream; it is business."

"You have never called on me before, have you?" asked Julian.

"Certainly not," replied the visitor. "I have just found you, and it was no easy matter, I can tell you."

"All this is very hard for me to believe," replied Julian, and it will take time to convince me of its reality.

"Well, money ought to be tangible enough," said the lawyer. "If you feel like drawing for a few thousand now I'll arrange it for you."

Julian, warned by the tricks his imagination had played him, lost no time in obtaining his legacy and converting it into substantial investments.

When this was done he led sweet Alice Howard to the altar.

There will be divided among superannuated preachers and widows and orphans of preachers, of the Methodist Episcopal church next year, \$100,000 out of the profits of the Methodist Book Concern. The Book Concern will be a century old in 1889.

## Unique Railroad.

A young lady who had just returned from a far southern tour was narrating her experiences away down in Dixie to an American reporter. The funniest thing that happened upon the whole trip, she said, "was while traveling through Alabama. We had just passed a little town in the heart of the cotton district when my attention was called to one end of the coach, where I noticed several passengers standing around a boy about 12 years old. He was yelling vociferously, with his hand poked into one eye. A lady whom I took to be his mother was doing all in her power to quiet him. Between yells he managed to explain the cause of his mishap. He said that he was looking out of the window when a boy, who was standing near the track in a field, as the train was passing, picked up a rock and threw it at him. The stone struck the window pane, shattering it, and a piece of glass cut a long and painful gash under the young tourist's eye. In a few minutes every passenger in the coach was offering some suggestion and interfering with those who were trying to bind up the wound. The conductor came upon the scene about this time. Upon learning the situation he immediately stopped the train and began backing it to the place where the deed was done. As the train had been going at a rapid rate it was several miles from the scene of the action. The lad who threw the stone was standing near the track with his hands in his pockets, doubtless wondering why the train was coming back, but when the cars stopped within a few feet of him he must have guessed the reason, for he immediately grasped his hat in his hand and started like a race horse across the muddy fields. In a few minutes all the male passengers on the train were in hot pursuit, and all the females were at the window watching the chase. Over fences and across fields the little boy and his pursuers ran. Finally a hill hid the race from our view. For nearly half an hour we waited in suspense the result of the chase. The first man to make his appearance was a drummer, who explained that after chasing the young miscreant about a mile, they came to a broad, shallow creek; without hesitation, but the passengers, not desirous of getting wet, decided to discontinue the pursuit. It was the most ridiculous thing I ever witnessed. Just imagine about thirty or forty great big grown men running after a 12-year-old boy just as hard as they could tear. Another half hour was spent in waiting for the scattered passengers to get back to the train, and finally, we resumed our journey on south."—Nashville American.

## Sixteenth Century Mirrors.

From the Ohio Valley Manufacturer.

It is only since the early part of the sixteenth century that mirrors have become articles of household furniture and decoration. Previous to that time—from the twelfth to the end of the fifteenth century—pocket-mirrors or small hand-mirrors carried at the girdle were indispensable adjuncts to ladies' toilets. The pocket-mirror consisted of small circular plaques of polished metal fixed in a shallow circular box, covered