Men who reap on the fruitful plain Men who reap on the fruitful plain
Skirting the town.
Lift their eyes to the shifting vane
As the sun goes down;
Slowly the farmer's loaded wain
Climbs the slope in the failing lights
Bold is the voice that pipes for rain;
Bob White! Bob White!
Btill from the hillside pipes for rain;
Bob White!

Lo, a burst at the darkened pane,
Angry and loud;
Waters murmur and winds complain
To the rolling cloud;
Housed at the farm, the carel - s swain,
Weaving snares while the first burns by
Tunes his lips to the old refrain:
Bob White! Bolf White!
Oh, the sound of the blithe refrain
Bob White!
-St. Nicholas.

A Happy Quarrel

"What do you think, John? The Brandon Cottage is let."

Miss Nicola Whyte came in from the village, all in a quiver of newly-acquired information. It was always she who brought in any stray bit of news or gossip. John never seemed to hear anything. As Miss Nicola sagely observed, 'he always I ved with his nose in a book."

"What does it matter to me," said Miss Nicola, "what they did in the days of King Rameses or Julius Cosar. I'm a great deal more interested in what is going on to day at Harlingbam or Lillie Bridge."

She was a trim, neatly dressed person of middle age, with beady, black eyes, short black curls that danced and trembled with every movement that she made, and a great fancy for wearing pink or blue ribbons -a sort of assertion, perhaps, that she was not yet past the age of bright colors and girlish costumes. To day she carried a little market basket in her hand. She had been busing sweetbreads and asparagus for dinner.

Mr. Whyte looked up from his desk. He had an extensive correspondence with Continental philologists, and was preparing to send out a batch of letters by the next mail. "The Brandon Cottage," said he.

rubbing his hand over the forehead that, in spite of hs five-and-forty years, was still fair and smooth. "Oh, I am sorry!'

"So am I." sa'd Nicola. "Nobody knows how much I've enjoyed the strawberries out of the garden, and the roses from the great portico bush.' "I wasn't thinking of that," said ber brother.

"You never do think of anything practical," retorted Nicola, parenthe-

"But it's the quiet of the thing that I shall miss," sighed John, examining the point of his fountain pen. "Of course it's a family with nine small condition as the least."

"You're wrong there," observed his sister. 'It's a gentleman with one daughter—a gentleman who came here for his health. I saw an old woman cleaning the front steps, as I came by and a white rabbit jumping about the lawn."

"Good for the rose-trees and shrubs!" drily remarked Mr. Whyte.

"I shall speak to them, and beg them to keep the horrid little nu sance on their own side of the fence," said Nicola. "I can't have my young plumtrees and sweet-scented shrubs all nibbled bare. They've got a parrot, too; it screams awfully." Well, let it scream. It can't scream

londer than Mrs. Jennings's baby did when they lived there," said Mr.

"Humph!" said Nicola. "I rather think you'll find it can. I'm so sorry

the house is let."

"So am I," said her brother. "However, there's no use in going half-way to meet one's troubles—so, if you please, Nicola, I will proceed with my letter."

Gothie cottage, embowered with elms and braided about with glossy trails of est and discussion between Mr. Delacroix and h s daughter Corinue.

said Corinne, "I've seen the neighbors-a'single gentleman and h s sister. She looks dreadfully prim and dried up, but he's quite hand-some, and they have such a superb Irish setter!"
"Yes?" said Mr. Delaero x.

He was an amateur artist in a small way, and his present absorbing occupation was the arrangement of canvases, lav figures, and portfolios in the room he had selected for a studio.

"But the dog barks every time Pa-

quita talks; and poor Paquita is fright-ened out of her senses," said the girl.
"Paquita must get used to it."
"I hope he won't worry dear ittle Bunny! sighed Corinne.
"Bunny must keep on his own side

the fonce," absently observed Mr.

piquant little head, brimming over with dark curls. She had soft, limpld eves, shadowed with long lashes; a straight, express ve nose, and the sweetest of cherry mouths, which, be-tween laughing, talking, and solilo-quising, was seldom shut long enough to trace its perfect Cupid-bow of sear-

"I wish we hadn't any neighbors!"

"My dear child," solemnly remon-traced her father, "do you expect to ve on a desert island?"

Corinne laughed.
"I don't mind for myself," said she; at its Bunny—and Paquita—and the readful white and tan dog. I'm sure, etween them all, we shall get into ome scrape!"

Corinne's prophecy came true. They ad lived scarcely two weeks in the rendon Cottage when maiters came to

to the Whyte garden.

Nero, in chasing her from his rightful domains, pulled a mouthful of grey-and-green feathers out of her

Bunny girdled the cho'ce new rose tree which had just been set out in the centre of Mr. Whyte's lawn, and made a meal off the tall, white deutzia

Miss Whyte's maid presented her 'mistress' compliments, and they couldn't stand that nuisance of a rabbit anylonger."

Old Selina came back with 'Mr.

Delacroix's respects, and nobody in the house could sleep for that dog's perpetual barking at night."

'I had intended to call," said John
Whyte; 'but as this unlooked-for coolness has arisen, it is perhaps better to

keep my distance."
"I'm told that Mr. Whyte is a very cultivated person,' said Mr. Del-acroix; 'but this petty quarrelling is unworthy of a gentleman or a ser-

vant. One day Mr. Whyte found Nicola drowned in tears. The rabbit had lunched off her pet Brazilian tree, and torn up all the Japanese lily-buds in

the border. 'This won't do," said John. He was a soft-hearted man, and the sight of Nicola's tears spurred him on to sudden vengeance.

"Get me my revolver! I'll shoot the vermin! "He's out there by the cedar tree,"

she whispered, through her sobs.
"You needn't be afraid; there's nobody in range."

A single shot and the white object
collapsed and fell over into a cluster
of sweet-briar bushes.

Mr. Whyte laid down the revolver, and wiped his forehead.

"I'm sorry for it already," said he.
"The creature was a pet after all. But
we have been driven to it—literally

Just then there was a rustle in the hedge, and Nero sprang over, his mouth garnished with a stray feather or so from Paquita! "There!" said Mr. Whyte,

brute has been trespassing again. He must bave broken his chain. The shricking of that luckless parrot infuriates him beyond everything."
"I'm very sorry," faltered Nicola.
"But what can we do?"

"We must do something." said the brother, seizing Nero's disjointed chain, and walking grandly off toward the kennel.

"Now," he thought, "I'm more sorry than ever that I shot the rabbit." He was crossing the lawn next day, with some choice geranium slips in his hand, when he heard a smothered sound as of sobbing, in the little treilised arbor on the other side of the

His heart smote him with a sudden remorse. He flung down the geraniums, went around by the gate, and presented himself before poor little Corinne Delacroix, who sat, bitterly lamenting, on the step of the summer

She started guiltily at his approach, and rose to her feet.

"My dear young lady," said he, what is the matter? Is it anything in which I can help you?"
Still Corinne wept on.

"I-I owe you an apology," added Whyte. "I regret from the bottom of my heart that I allowed myself to be carried away so far as to perform such If I could replace him-"

"But you can't!" sobbed Corinne. · Oh, please—please for give me! I don't know what possessed me to put strychnine into a piece of meat at the foot of the garden. But I did, and he has been poisoned!"

"Poisoned!" gasped Mr. Whyte. "No." wept Corinne, with a gesture

of impatence. 'The dog!" 'Do you mean my Irish setter?" "Yes.

"But he isn't poisoned!" cried Mr. Whyte. "He has disappeared," asserted Cor-

inne. "I have sent him away. I did not choose that so trifling a thing as a dog | least, the mex cans are right. should rise up dissension between ne glibors.

Corinne dropped her tear-drenched oocket-handkerchief; her face grew radiant beneath its bright drops.

· Oh, I am so glad!" said she. am not quite such a guilty wretch as I fancied myself. But I did put the funcied poisoned meat there. In intention 1 am as guilty as ever. And I shall not tion. be quite, quite happy until you say that

you forgive me. "I assure you. Miss Delacroix-" began Mr. Whyte, thinking how best he could confess to the horrible fact of being Bunny's deliberate murderer, when there was a gleam of white through the leaves, and Bunny himself jumped upon his mistress' lap, from a nook among the foliage.

"I am going to send Bunny away, said Corinne, "to me cousin in Brighton, Who wants a white rabbit dreadfully. And Paquita has already been shipped to Boulogne by express. pa says we must not keep pets at the expense of our neighbors' peace of mind. And, by the way, we were much obliged to you-papa and I-for shooting that hateful old white cat that was always chas ng Bunny and wanting to eat Paquita up! We saw you ot her. It was that that made me feel so conscience stricken about the

"Hem-hom!" coughed Mr. Whyte "I am glad-that is, I really didn't

"And won't you come in and see papa?" prettily pleaded Corinne. 'He's quite an invalid, you know, and he would so enjoy the society of

neighbor!"

Mr. Whyte consented No one could have said "No" to Corinne.

And when he went home he had promised to have Nero brought back, provided fluony should not be exited from the Brandon cottage.

Miss Nicola called, too.

She was delighted with Mr. Delacroix and his daughter. The more they saw of each other the better they were mutually pleased.

"Corinne has a rare nature!" said Mr. Whyte, enthusiastically.

(r. Whyte, enthusiastically. "Yes, indeed!" said his sister. "And

and ring, carried her investigations in- it is enough to break one's heart to hear of all that Mr. Delacroix has gone through.

At the year's end, the neighbors looked oddly at each other. "Wonders never will cease!" said old

Mrs. Jones. "I wouldn't have believed it!" said Mrs. Jenkins. "To think a man of Whyte's age

should get engaged to a girl in her teens!' said Mrs. Jones.
"But, after all," said Mrs. Jenkins, "it isn't half so strange as that Miss

Nicola Whyte, at her years, should marry a widower like her father."
"And it's sort o puzzling." remarked the deacon, "what kind o' relations they'll be to each other."
"Still," said Mrs. Jenkins, "if they're suited, we're no call to interfere."

"That's very true!" observed Mrs Jones, with a chuckle.

Burmese Crocodiles. The crocodiles inhabiting the lower parts of the Burmese rivers are of a very large size, some of them attaining to nineteen feet in length, writes a San Francisco (hronicle correspondent discover the difference between the eastern crocodile and the Louisiana and Florida alligator or cayman; that old cheery heartiness. there is none, in fact, except in name. It is evident he has not seen any at close quarters, for there is much difference between the several varieties. There are actually twelve species of the crocodile, eight true, one gavial and three alligators; these have a specific, not a general difference. Those I saw in the Ganges have long, narrow muzzles, and are called gavials. They are peculiar to that river, being found nowhere else. I have met with the saurian tribe in Egypt. West Africa, India, Burmah, South America, Jamaica and the southern states, and have found that all differ in some particular. The Bermese name for them is 'Meejoung." There is a town on the west bank of the Irawaddy called Hinthada, where I resided for some months. During the year prevous, I was informed by the head man of this place, over 100 persons were killed by these ferocious reptiles. There is a ford over the river at this place, and the crocodiles had an inconvenient habit of lying in wait for those persons crossing the ford, seizing and carying them off. Not being fond of their food in a fresh condition, they hide their victims in the mud at the bottom of the river until the flesh has gained by keeping a sufficiently gamey flavor to be relished by them. Dogs are a favorite food of theirs, as a crocodile will often land and run after a canine to try and capture him for his larder. As the reptile can only run fast in a straight line, being to unwieldy to turn quickly, the dog generally contrives to elude his pursuer and makes his escape. I killed several crocodiles during my stay in Hinthads, and had their hides prepared and tanned, and utilized them for boots and shoes. Being impervious to wet. I found them most serviceable during the wet monsoons. I used to get a Burman to paddle me about in a dugout until I caught sight of a "meejoung" lying on a sandbank basking in the sun, when I took careful sim at their vulnerable part, their belly, where the scales are thin, and a conical bullet will enter with ease. couple of these leaden pills fired into portion of a "meejoung's anatomy will make him feel very sick indeed and he will soon give up the ghost, On approaching a dead crocodile the heavy and penetrating odor of musk is most nauseating, and it was a long time before I became accustomed to

General Mejia and the Texans.

The Mexican journals are still somewhat excited, not to say exasperated, over a little incident that occured at the recent dedication of the new Capitol at Austin, and in this instance, at

Among the guests who were invited o attend the ceremonies was President Diaz, of Mexico. The invitation was cordially accepted, and Genera Mejia, a very prominent officer, was authorized to represent President Diaz. The splendid Mexican band, which is even superior to Gilmore's, was also sent to Austin to assist in the dedica-

day do but in a most offensive manner attack the Mexicans. General Mejia, with n a few feet of the eloquent ora to: listened with unmoved face while his countrymen were being denounced as "bordes of bandits," etc., etc.

General Mejia, who by the way, thoroughly conversant with the English language, intended to make a ongratulatory speech, but very properly, under the circumstances, desisted from doing so. Either the "bloods shirt" feature should have been omitted from the programme or else President Diaz should have not been invited to send a representative. What makes the matter worse is the undeniable fact that of late the admin stration of President Diaz has acted in an honorable and straightforward manner is punishing, with even too great severity, Mexican officials who have violated

American territory. Under these c roumstances there is no excuse for taunting General Mejia with the Mexican defeat at San Jacin-In diplomacy and real politeness the Mexicans are our superiors, and no such finz pre would have been made by their public men if any represcutative America : had been low tod to attend a public demonstration at the City of Maxico - Trace Softings.

He Reproved Her Well.

It is not always boys who are ungrateful. It is sometimes the daughter's unkindness that is sharper than the serpent's tooth. A pretty miss or the train pettishly said to her mother: "Come on; you're always behind."

A venerable gentleman passing stooped and said: "Never behind when you were sick, was she?" - Christia a diffe-



CHAPTER VII .- (CONTINUED.) "Have I told you how I came to fall? hymn my father taught us. I will rock You see, I thought I saw a sail off on the water, and I forgot what I was about

and lent forward too far. Perhaps I was right, and ye'll all get away to liberty as well as me. Ye'd better light a fire on the cliff at night if you make out the sail. Poor little Ellie, don't cry so. Tom's dreadful sorry to leave ye all so lonesome here, but we mustn't rebel

ag'in the Lord, you know." Immediately he ran off into a rambling, incoherent talk, that showed his mind was away in the little hamlet of his native town. He laughed once, from Mandalay. A writer who states and spoke his sister's name in a quick, he has visited India, says he cannot glad way, like one who has come to a happy meeting. Only once more he spoke-this time with something of his and her quiet, regular breathing told

"That's comforting," said he. Mr. Vernon, how glad I am ye've come to love the Bible better'n them rhyming and folded arms at the foot of the cliff. books. Read that again, please, sir, if ye can see for the dark."

"He thinks we are at our evening reading," whispered the awed, scarcely-

breathing Walter. Mr. Vernon looked piteously at the ashy face, and filmed, unseeing eye, and then conquering his emotion repeated solemnly the psalm "The Lord is my Shepherd." The words seemed to reach the dying ears, for a contented smile played round the pallid lips. Closer and closer drew the sorrowing group. The glassy eye was fixed now; the limbs no longer quivered; only a faint throbbing at the throat told of life. In a few moments that had ceased too. In shuddering horror Walter and Eleanor flung themselves in Mr. Vernon's arms. Folding them closely in his arms he groaned:

"God have mercy upon us-we three are left alone."

The scene that followed is too harrowing to be pictured. Anywhere, at any time, death is sad and awful enough, but there on that lonely island the strongest and stoutest taken from their little number-no tongue can describe the terrible loneliness,

wretched gloom that followed. They made his grave beyond the spring, beneath the Hibiscus tree, and never was mound more tenderly smoothed or sorrowfully bedewed with tears than the lonely island grave of Tom Harris. It was not until the seeond disma'l day after his death that the suggestion of Tom's came to Mr. Vernon's mind. The sail he had seenwhat had become of it? Was it still in

view? Walter had been Tom's pupil in those athletic exercises that become a sailor's second nature, and was, moreover, natteered at once to ascend the flagstaff, although his cheek blanched and his eye studiously avoided the spot where poor Tom had fallen. Eleanor was nearly frantic at the proposal, but his father, after a few earnest words of caution, consented that he should make the attempt. It was now three days since the accident, and there had been no breeze on shore, and they had cherished the forlorn hope that if a vessel had actually been near them she could not yet have drifted from sight. Walter's face was gloomy enough as he descended. There was a faint speck on the water as far as he could see, but he

did not believe it was a ship. Mr. Vernon suddenly startled to a consciousness of the insecurity of his own life, had become morbidly anxious to leave the island. Without Tom's cheery, self-reliant nature to sustain him, he felt incapable of protecting the youthful beings Providence had left in his charge. Moreover, he had long been aware of an inward malady slowly but certainly eating away his strength. For himself he asked nothing better than a grave beside his faithful companion. For the children's sake the life on the lonesome island seemed intolerable.

"It will do no harm," said he promptly; "let us kindle a fire on the cliff every night for a week or more."

With dismal alacrity Walter and Eleanor gathered the dry underbrush at hand, and the reef is dangerous. I and moss, and reared the pile on their pretty white coral throne and as soon as dusk arrived, with eyes that burned them from the sunken rocks. At such feverishly enough to have kindled the a time as this Eleanor will not shrink pyre, Mr. Vernon plied the tinder and to be left alone to tend faithfully the flint, and in a few moments the ruddy beam shot up, flashing a yellow path far off into the sea, and a rosy glow against the carkened sky. Those three anxious, terribly earnest faces and striking forms stood out distinctly and wildly in the flaring light. Even in the midst of his own harrowing suspense Walter's artist eye took in the grand sublimity of the scene, and made a mental memoranda that was thereafter to live in undying colors. The tears were silently streaming over Eleanor's check; Walter turned and drew her fondly to It was not the time new to think of formal prudence or to refuse the sympathy so much needed.

"Oh. Walter, we are fearfully in earnest now. It seems as if we must all perish if no ship is near. Tom's death has made our island life intolerable. Think how horrible it will be to be the last one!" And, shuddering, she clung convulsively to his arm. He stroked softly the trembling

hands. "You are exhausted with grief and

Come to the house and hear me sing the you in my arms, my poor frightened darling, till sleep shall come; and then my father shall sleep in Tom's room, so you need not feel lonely, while I shall keep the fire blazing brightly all night. so long. Will you try and sleep, Ellie?'

He drew her gently down the cliff into the pretty parlor that was called her room, and as he had said, took her in his arms, and sat down in the rockingchair he himself had made for her, and in his clear, sweet voice began a low hymn. His soothing tones stilled the tumult in Eleanor's heart; the sobs ceased, the tears no longer trickled down her cheek, and presently the weary, swollen eyelids closed softly, him she slept. Laying her carefully upon the couch, Walter went back to his father, who stood with bowed head

"Have you any hope, father?" he asked calmly.

"Yes, my son, the hope that depends upon prayer. Heaven knows how I have poured out my soul in petition that help may come to you. Joyfully, gladly would I propose that the price of your safety might be my own worthless life. I am content if the ship will come to take your two fresh young hearts to human companionship, though I myself may never set foot upon the land of my

birth. I have so much hope, Walter.' "You talk so lightly of your life it grieves me deeply. What it has been I know not; you have never told me, but that it is now our greatest consolation and joy, I feel more deeply than words can say.'

"Some time, Walter, you shall know

all. Perhaps it is selfish in me that I would hide the past till the last moment. It wil not be long before you will understand everything. Go in now, and leave me to tend the fire." "No, indeed," was Walter's decisive reply. "I am young and strong, fit for

restless and nervous; when she wakens you can best comfort her." The last suggestion overruled his de termination, and Mr. Vernon went back

night watches. Besides, Eleanor is

to the house What eager eyes scanned the empty horizon when morning broke over the sea! What dispirited faces gathered round the breakfast table! What list-

less melancholy pervaded the whole Without a word of explanation, just before nightfall, Walter went to work and gathered a fresh pile of brushwood. Mr. Vernon's head was bowed upon his hands, and he did not notice the movement; but Eleanor followed sadly, and

rock, said mournfully: "It is like our hopes, our lives, Wal-

ter." Walter's lips quivered. He would not show the weakness to her, but leaping lightly upon the rock began to arrange the wood. Heedlessly his eye fell upon the distant sea, and lo! a wild transport dashed off his black look of despair; an eager light irradiated his

eagle eve. "Saved! saved!" shouted he, reeling into the arms of the astonished Eleanor, weeping like a girl.

She thought him crazed and shrank back in terror. Recovering himself, he cried earnestly:

"The ship is there-she is coming. Oh, Ellie, we are saved!"

When Eleanor at length comprehended his meaning, she bounded forward to the rock, and satisfied that it was indeed a large ship-masts, hull and all plainly visible-she flew like a frantic creature to Mr. Vernon, and flinging her arms around his neck, sobbed herself in a transport of delight. Walter had grown more calm, and hastened to state the joyful intelligence clearly. Mr. Vernon took their hands and solemnly lifted his eyes upward. Never came prayer more thrillingly from the innermost soul than rose on

the twilight air from that lonely island. "Now, then, we must work, Walter," said his father quietly. "Night is close think you and I can get poor Tom's cance out into smooth water and warn beacon light. Our preservers must not suffer for obeying our signal of dis-

Walter was already on his way to the heach. The experience of the last few days had swept away all trace of boyishness. With the firm, elastic tread of confident manhood he dashed down to the best. A sigh went out to the memory of him whose hand had last secured the rope of bark, but the eagle eye was fixed steadfastly on the outer sea-and this was time for action and not for lamentation. His father, with something of youth's vigor, leaped to his side, carrying a bunch of the knots they had long ago prepared for evening illumination, the flame of one among them streaming up sickly and pale in

the waning daylight. What wild, exultant hopes, what sad, bitter memories stirred those two tumultuous hearts-who shall say? But the oars were plied in silence, and silently, too, when a fresh breeze sprang up, was the little sail raised, and before the dusky wings brooding above them pervous with excitement, Ellie. Things folded the white sails of their hope

station close beside the treacherous reef, and with their little torch flaring brightly over the gray ridges of leaping water, moored their tiny lighthouse as securely as possible, and waiting, gazed not at the burning stars above, but far over the sea to the flickering gleam where the unknown ship hung out her signal lamp, or back to the cliff where Eleanor tended faithfully the rosy bon-

Eleanor was lonely and intensely agitated, but no thrill of fear mingled with her sensations. Vigilantly and steadily she kept the blaze bright throughout the night, now straining her ear to catch a fancied hallo, now turning sadly in the direction of that newmade grave, whose cold, unconscious occupant could hear never more the glad huzza of rescue for which he hoped

CHAPTER VIII.



TITH the first welcome glimpse of daylight to her weary eyes came a sound that brought her heart fluttering to her throat-a cheery shout mingled with the measured dash of oars, Eleanor threw down her torch, and

sweeping back the cloud of damp curls that fell heavily over her face as she ran, she flew down the path to the little cove where the boat was kept, which was the natural inlet, since no other was free from surf or convenient for landing. A strange boat, packed closely with men, was aiming steadily for the shore. Her eager eye ran rapidly over the company to find Walter and his father. They were there in the stern, in earnest conversation with a tall officer in the lieutenant's uniform of Her Majesty's service. Eleanor stood on shore, half shy, half dignified, the early morning light playing softly around her graceful figure, the light breeze dallying with her robe of native clotn, and stirring a golden sunshine of their own among her

"A romantic picture, truly," said Lieutenant Harry Ingalls, looking admiringly upon the beautiful girl, half child, half woman, poised there upon the rock as lightly as a bird, fit ideal of the tropic loveliness of the whole scene. 'By my sword, one might believe yonder was another Aphrodite freshly risen from the foam. It were worth treble the voyage the 'Hornet' has made to rescue and return so fair a flower to England's generous heart. In truth, young sir, I have done pitying you for this long exile. In faith, I should ask nothing better myself with so fair a companion."

He turned his gay blue eye to Walter merrily, but a frown was on the latter's forehead, and his looks were bent gloomily upon the water, and it was his father who answered quietly, just a little reprovingly:

"We have endeavored to do our duty faithfully toward one so gentle and good, especially never to forget amidst the unavoidable familiarity of circumstances the probable high birth and eleurally active and agile. He volun- pointing to the charred, blackened vated position of the young lady. The same respect and delicacy, I trust, will be observed by all others, until she is safely under the protection of her own relatives."

> The young officer colored a little, and replied frankly:

> "You need have no fear of me, my good sir. I trust a British sailor knows what is due to his own character, as well as what is required by a beautiful woman in need of his protection. Our queen herself could not be more honorably dealt with than will this young lady on board our ship. Come, boys, bend to it steadily-a long pull a stron pull, and a pull all together," he added,

turning his eyes away from the shore. (TO BE CONTINUED !

HOW IT STARTED.

Another Case of "How Those Girls De Love One Another."

Pinkey-How lovely! I see you have one of those splendid new Nonesuch Ethel-Yes, isn't it a dear? What

Pinkey-Oh, I ride a Scorchem. Ethel-They're magnificent. Pinkey-Yes, so light and durable, Ethel-How much does your wheel

make do you ride?

Pinkey-Twenty-two pounds. Ethel-Twenty-two pounds? Why, mien only weighs twenty-one,

Pinkey-But then yours, you know, is not so durable. Ethel-The Nonesuch not durable? Why, that is admitted by everyone.

Pinkey-Nonesuch! A friend of mine bought one and it went to pieces in a month Ethel-I don't believe it.

Pinkey - What? You don't believe Ethel-No, I don't. One Nonesuch

will outlast a dozen Scorchems. They're the worst looking rattle trups I ever laid eyes on. Pinkey (furiously)-You're a horrid,

contemptible thing, and I hope you'll never speak to me again! Ethel (complacently)-Don't worry, I wouldn't compromise myself by speaking to anyone who rode a Scorch-

"There's a rumor in the congregation," said the deacon, "that you went slumming when you were in Albany." "It is a cruel slander," replied the parson. "I merely attended one meeting of a legislative investigating commit-

8 Hard Times at Monte Carlo. Heavy players are scarce at Monte took more cheerful by-and-bye. from sight, they had gained the desired Carle and profits are decreasing.

tee."-Truth.