By AMY BRAZIER, \*

whispers softly.

something."

to tell me. Barbara?"

"Before you cared for me," George

The lovers do not look at the chrys-

other's eyes, for they have entered a

CHAPTER III.

Mrs. Saville is standing in her own

room dressed for dinner. Her dress

is ruby velvet, very long, and a small

lace cap rests on her white hair. On

the hearthrug stands Barbara, in a

simple white frock, a primrose sash

"Aunt Julia, I want to tell you

Barbara turns rather white, but

look comes over her face, and her pale

"My dear child, do you think your

sure dinner is ready, and Sebastian

gown, inwardly furious at Barbara

Barbara, feeling as if she were in

the cold as far as conversation goes.

Sabastian's fingers closed on Bar-

"Do you think I shall ever give you

up to him?" he asks, fixing her with

"I am a Saville, too!' 'retorts Bar-

"Have I not?" he whispers. "I have

"And so have I!" he says, with a

ring of suppressed passion in his voice

for one moment, Barbara, that I will

The days that follow are unhappy

enough. Barbara finds her engage-

George arrives at the Court one aft-

ernoon and holds a short interview

er, the name even of engagement is

"Barbara is under my charge, Mr.

goes a sort of domestic boycotting.

the right of every man to try and win

you love me yet, Barbara!"

and cowardly."

bara's wrist with a clasp that is pain-

bers peacefully.

days when the heart is young.

张米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米米 CHAPTER II .- (Continued.)

Poor little Mrs. Bouverie, having given up all idea of attending the chrysanthemum party at Lady Barry's is considerably surprised when, at about 3 o'clock, her son 4ashes into the drawing room with speed and exclaims:

"The dogeart will be round in five minutes. Jump into your bonnet. mother mine, and we'll trot over to Barrystown."

Mrs. Bouverie stands up, with a look of pleasure and gratification on her sweet old face. Any little attention from George touches her heart.

"How good of you, my dear boy, to think of me! So sweet of you, George!" she says, reaching upon tiptoe to kiss his brown cheek, pride and love in her eyes.

George had refused to go to the a face that owes much to art. party at Barrystown. He had made an excuse, and his mother thinks, that, seeing her disappointment, he has re- white, lace-trimmed bodice of her gretted his decision and changed his gown. mind.

"But are you sure, dear, you don't mind?" she asks, her sweet eyes on his face, "It is good of you to give up does not escape Mrs. Saville. She your afternoon to take the old woman crosses the room suddenly, and lays out."

"Of course, I like going!" George re- ders. plies, half shame-facedly. "Trot off, mother, and put on your toggery; I've | daughter? Is that what you are going got to change, too."

Twenty minutes later a very spruce and well-groomed young man, with a the beautiful blue eves are brave little tiny old lady with a bonnet with enough as she looks up at her aunt. violets in it sitting perched beside him, spins down the avenue and out of the today-this afternoon at Barrystown gates of the Grange at a pace little | -that I could not marry him, because short of terrific. Mrs. Bouverie is I am engaged to George Bouverie." frightened, but has every confidence in It is out at last, the wondeful

"He is very fresh, dear, isn't he?" with confusion. performs various frantic evolutions.

"Your aren't frightened, little moth- am surprised, Barbara! Since when, er, are you?" George says. "We must | may I ask?" hurry along, you know, for we've a good bit to go; but there's nothing to plies. "George wanted to speak to be afraid of."

The chestnut is a rare good goer, heard from father. He ought to know and steadies to his work presently; but | first," with a pleading look, it is dark when they reach Barrys-

"So good of you to come so far, dear full eyes scintillate with passion; yet Mrs. Bouverie," Lady Barry says, in a she only gives a short, unpleasant high-pitched, harsh voice; "and you laugh. have brought your son. How very delightful! I know it is hard to get father will sanction such an engageyoung men to do anything but hunt." | ment for a moment? I have no power

The rooms are full. George Bou- over you, Barbara-engage yourself as verie's golden head rises out of the much as you please; but I do not for crowd. How handsome he looks! Mrs. one moment think your father will Saville, seated on a sofa amidst a bevy allow you to marry a young man who infantry, and mounted infantry needs of friends, remarks witheringly that it possesses nothing but debts. As for horses. Here, incidentally, lies a new is a pity poor dear Mrs. Bouverie has Mr. Bouverie, he may be very disin- market for Canadian horses, and one such a bad, unprincipled son.

she adds, lowering her voice. "Poor | may as well tell you at once you will | Stanton, secretary of war in President thing! she told me herself that she have no fortune if you marry contrary Lincoln's cabinet, gives some faint has never known happiness since he to your father's wishes." took to gambling. His father, you know-" And here she lowered her other," falters Barbara. voice still more, and shakes her head till the osprey in her headgear shakes to do. I am sorry for Sebastian. He the Northern and Southern states of passes over it.

It won't be Mrs. Saville's fault if you his wife, but of course all that George Bouverie's failings are not is at an end. Come, Barbara, I feel magnified into crimes.

George is looking for Barbara. Per- will not like to be kept waiting"-haps she is in the tearoom, and thither laying her hand on Barbara's arm. he wends his way; and then to the And together they pass through countconservatory, which is off the drawing less long, draughty corridors, Mrs. room, and lit with lamps to display Saville sweeping along in her velvet the beauty of blossoms there. Yes Barbara is there, and Sebastian having dared to become engaged with-

is at her side. Barbara's cheeks are out her knowledge; for Barbara's forflushed, and her eyes are sparkling tune had been destined to build up the with anger. Sebastian looks moved, Court and restore the Saville family to too, out of his usual cynical calm, prosperity. Barbara's face as George appears is a revelation, and the man's heart throbs. | deep disgrace, walks beside the mas-"You have come," the girl says soft- | sive figure of her aunt, to confront Se-

bastian with lowering brow and furilooking up from beneath the brim of a ous eyes. He and his mother exchange or mule to every two men. The numblack velvet picture hat trimmed with glances as they take their places and ber of horses and mules in our armies ostrich tips. "I thought you weren't tonight Barbara is strictly left out in is nearly equal."

"Sebestian's face is white, and his She does not care-her thoughts are eyes gleam. How dare Barbara treat | full of happiness. him like that?

now?" he says pointedly to her. "You | dreamy music while Mrs. Saville slum- | going .- Philadelphia Times. have seen all the chrysanthemums." "I am going to show them to Mr. Bouverie," Barbara says, with a smile that after all is forced. "If you are ful. tired of them, Sebastian, Mr. Bou-

verie will take care of me." Without a word Sebastian Saville his strange, powerful gaze. "We Sawalks off, and then all Barbara's care- villes know how to keep our own!" less, easy manner vanishes; her lips tremble, and if the lashes hide her bara, shaking off his hand, "and you eyes it is because she is striving to have no right to speak to me like that,

"He was cruel to me," she falters. "George, I am afraid of him."

her hands in his in a close class. "Let us announce our engagement.

Barbara, and give me the right to ately. "And I think you are cruel Hohenzollern castle, from which there champion you." "Not yet," she whispers. "We must

wait, George till I hear from father." cuting you?"

is foolish of me, George, but I feel me himself." afraid of him, he is so cold, so cruel." "Does he make love to you, Bar-

Two troubled eyes look up at him any more: I have made my choice."

for a second. "Yes," she whispers, very low. George Bouverie is young and pas- as he rises to his feet. "Don't think

sionate. "It is my right," he exclaims, "to give you up"-moving away across the let Sebastian know that you are mine, room. that you have given your love to

me." And, woman-like, Barbara loves the | ment ignored, and she herself undermasterful tones of his voice. "I will tell my aunt myself," she

says, "but she will be dreadfully angry, George. I know quite well Aunt | with Mrs. Saville. That lady gives Julia means me to marry Sebastian. him to understand pretty plainly that. She said so over and over, long be- | without the consent of Barbara's fath-

Her quick blush fixishes her sen- pot to be mentioned.

George is furious; but what is the use of being angry? He and Barbara are treated as a pair of children, allowed to play at being engaged if they choose, with the distinct understanding that it can never come to anything.

forgive me if she made an undesirable

marriage. I may as well tell you at

once he has other views for his daugh.

"Of course I cannot prevent my niece promising to marry you," Mrs. Saville says, with great frankness, turning her heavy, expressionless face on George. "She is quite at liberty to engage herself to any one she chooses; but I feel sure, Mr. Bouverie. you will have the good sense and anthemums after all, but into each taste to agree with me that, under the circumstances, it would be better for paradise that opens to mortals in the you not to visit at the Court until Barbara can hear from her father. You have written to him, I presume?"

Yes, George has written, and colors up as he thinks of his letter, which he had found so hard to write, for he had so little to offer Barbara but his

A kind of smile passes over Mrs. Saville's face.

round her slim waist. There is an "I suppose you have explained to expression of resolution on her pretty Mr. Saville how you intend to supface, but the eyes are wistful and apport a wife?" she asks, with a degree of sarcasm. Mrs. Saville is putting on her brace-

"I have two hundred a year," says lets. Even in her old age she is a vain poor George, "and in course of time woman, and casts sundry glances at the Grange comes to me." "Ah, yes, but I fear Mr. Saville may

Barbara turns round suddenly, her not take quite such a hopeful view as heart beating wildly beneath the you do." Which is undeniable, and Gerge feels that he can say nothing in re-

Mrs. Saville writes herself to Tas-The agitation in the young voice mania by the next mail. Barbara watches her aunt as she sits at her writing table, her pen racing over the two jeweled hands on Barbara's shoulforeign notepaper, covering page after page abusing George, thinks Barbara "My dear, are you going to be my greatest trial of all, Barbara's love af- | bering.

George does not come any more to the Court. In honor he feels bound not to do so. And Mrs. Buverie, "No, Aunt Julia. I told Sabastian coached by Mrs. Saville, also thinks it better not to ask Barbara to the meet each other how and where they

fair is quietly ignored.

secret, and the girlish face is covered | can. These stolen interviews are truly delightful, and the young people build lovely castles in the air, and count the Saville echoes the words wildly. "I days till the letter can come from Tasmania, never doubting that the answer will be anything but favorable. "About a month ago," Barbara re-

(To be continued.)

you, but I wished him to wait till I HORSES IN WARFARE. Mrs. Saville is very angry. A leaden

Equine Quadrupeds Necessary at the Front. The horse is not to become obsolete after all-that is, so long as there

are wars. Automobiles and electric cars may drive him from town and country, but the army is still left for him. One thing that the present war in South Africa has emphasized is the value of mobility in troops. And mobility can only come through mounted terested; but it is far more probable that may not be unworthy of attention. "He is breaking his mother's heart," he imagines you have money. But I The last official report of Edwin M. conception of the enormous consump-"We could not help caring for each | tion of horses and mules entailed by active hostilities on a large scale dur-"My dear, with that I have nothing ing such a Titanic war as that between like a field of barley when the wind has loved you for years, and it has the American Union, which lasted been the dream of his life to make from April, 1861, to May, 1865. The report in question is dated Washington, March 1, 1865, and contains the following striking passage: "The supply of horses and mules to our armies has long been at the rate of 500 per army of the Potomac was twice remounted during the first eight months | been shown him. of 1864. The resources of supply in this country were able to bear the immense drains upon its horses and mules, and, judging from current prices, the stock shows no symptoms of exhaustion or diminution. An army in the field, well equipped with artillery, cavalry and trains, requires one horse

If the calculation of Mr. Stanton, the American secretary of war in 1865, be correct, 100,000 British troops now en-But in the evening Sabastian joins | gaged in fighting the Boers would need "Will you come back to my mother her as, sitting at the piano, she plays | 50,000 horses and mules to keep them

Stationery of the Kalser.

Those persons who have been honored highly enough to get many letters from the Emperor of Germany must be in a state of perpetual wonder as to what kind of paper will be the next. The Kaiser is as particular and original in his choice of letter paper and envelopes as he is about battleships and trousers, drama and morals. The very latest things in the way of paper are beauties. They show They are alone, and he takes both | the woman he loves, and I will make | the Reichsadler (the imperial eagle) in the corner with the imperial crown and his father and mother, and ought, "Never!' 'the girl exclaims, passion- on his head. He roosts on a crowned extends toward both corners of a paper "Cruel and cowardly? You shall a flowing ribbon with the German colunsay those words!" he breathes out ors. In one claw the eagle shows the "But that will be weeks and weeks, fiercely, his face close to her scarlet | yellow imperial standard, and in the Barbara," he urges. "How am I to cheek. "Barbara, your beauty mad- other the purple flag of the Kings of ing-school and summer resorts, and wait and see Sebastian Saville perse- dens me! I have looked upon you as Prussia. For use on board of the immine for so long, and your father perial yacht Hohenzollern the letter "A faint smile curves her lips. "It wishes you to marry me. He wrote to paper has the imperial eagle resting that curious kitchen, and the people on the cross of the Order of the Red "And am I to have no voice in the on both sides of the cross are the matter? Sebastian, you need not say words "H. M. S. Hohenzollern" (His Majesty's ship Hohenzollern).-New York Press.

> Detecting the Laugh. When the curtain had fallen on the

last act the multitude mobbed the hoarsely clamored, "is the one continuous laugh which you advertised?" "Search me!" protested the manager. "Ah, possibly it is on us!" exclaimed regarding each other suspiciously. while sickening doubts gnawed at their hearts.-Detroit Journal.

Shut not thy purse strings wlways against painted distress.-Lamb.

## Bouverie, and her father would never THE YELLOW TOMATOES.

When Dominicus Van Brunt first went to the public school in his adopted country he had the felicity of sitting opposite a little girl with freckles and blue eyes. Her name was Bertha Manderson, which was a difficult name for Dominicus to remember. But it was not at all hard for him to remember the dear little girl with freckles. She wore tiny black tassels at the top of her shoes, and white aprons, ruffled and tied upon the shoulders with large, airy-looking bows, and the ends of her smooth braids were tied with ribbons now the color of the violet and now the color of the rose.

Dominicus said to himself that in Amsterdam he had never known any

little girl so freckled and so dear. "I wish she would look at me," thought little Dominicus Van Brunt. But he thought it in Dutch, although when he spoke aloud he managed to make himself understood in English. It must be confessed that little American children are too egotistical to be polite. Thinking as they do that they are molded on the right pattern, they are inclined to regard all children differing from them as curiosities. They considered the round-faced Dutch boy, with his shy ways and deferential manner to the teacher, a strange little fish indeed. And no one in all the school was more amused than the dainty Bertha, who looked at him covertly out of her gray-blue eyes. However, she did not laugh at him. So Dominicus, who did not know that she | now!" was amused, and who perceived only her aspect of gravity, thought her kinder than the rest, and was grateful. If only she would have spoken to him, or looked at him as if she were his friend, he would have nothing more to ask-he could even have been patient with that terrible English language indignantly. The letter is posted, and, which every one around him was jab-

He determined to do something to call the attention of his freckled hearts-own to himself, and one day he hurried into the schoolroom the first minute the doors were opened and laid three pear-shaped yellow tomatoes on Grange: so the lovers are forced to her desk. The scholars came, saw the



pretty vegetables and had little trouble in deciding from what source the tribute came. For who else in a fashionable suburb would have yellow tomatoes, except the son of the Dutch to go down to dinner together. gardener? The school indulged in unrestrained giggling, but Bertha, instead of participating, shot defiance from her gray-blue eyes, and, turning with an adorable smile toward Dominicus, carefully fitted one of the yellow tomatoes into her red mouth, which a loyal subject drinks to his king. It was evident that Dominicus from the others. His happiness stained the amiable boy's face scarlet, and while the other boys jeered at him a

of the man who rased garden truck, opportunity of designing a cemetery size of bets. were friends. There came a day when | for some new American town. But he Bertha, having reached the proud age recovered from his gloom when there of 10, gave a birthday sarty on her father's lawn, and insisted on having Baltic a trinket fashioned of lucent Dominicus among her guests—a fa- amber, shaped like a yellow tomato. mous day for Dominicus, in which he It occurred to him that he ought also saw his princess in all the glory of her to visit the storied beaches of the Balbest white frock, with her hair crimped | tic, and he did so without an hour's | bet. down her back, and had the rapture of unnecessary delay. eating cream tarts in her company!

But there was yet a prouder day in which Dominicus was permitted to return this social attention, and was alfriends to the snowy kitchen of his topaz on her third finger. home, where the mother of Dominicus sang beautiful songs to them in a language they could not understand, and fed them with crullers and grape juice. Bertha thought she had never seen any room so charming as this kitchen, with its racks and blue plates, its shining

pans and its illuminated mottoes upon the wall. she was sent to a private school, and as the years went by she saw people of quite a different sort from Dominicus probably, to have forgotten all about them. But it is an undeniable factthough it may have shown some evidences of vulgarity in her naturethat all the years that she was occupied with other matters, such as board-"coming out," and the gayeties of a her eyes as she looked at the untidy | What to Eat. piece of ground where the exquisitely kept garden of Jacob Van Brunt had been; and the windows, from which manager of the show. "Where," they | the round face of her friend had often smiled at her, repulsed her now with their bareness.

It happened that in course of time Bertha had a notion to go abroad, and, the multitude starting violently, and having the consciousness of her certificate of graduation in her trunk, she was in no haste to return to her home. So she lingered where she pleased, arrogantly directing the movements of Miss Goldbag's heart?" "He sent her her party, which consisted of a maid- 22 roses on her 30th birthday."-Weeken aunt and an elderly second cousin. | ly Telegraph.

With this double chaperonage she was allowed to do almost anything she

At length they reached Amsterdam, making headquarters for themselves there, and planning to go upon many excursions through the country. It was natural enough that, having a local habitation, they should make some friends in the city, and so it came about that before they had been there long they were invited to dinner by an American lady, Mrs. Truax, whose husband was engaged in some mercantile enterprise there.

The Truax house was a cosmopolitan one, and at it the habitue expected to meet all manner of celebrities and human curios. Bertha, much elated at the prospect, whirled off, accompanied by her decorous relatives, arrayed for the occasion in the most becoming of their best silks.

"What dear old frumps they are," the Amsterdam ladies will like them-

They just suit this background." to her aunt and her second cousin.

moment later:

"Herr Van Brunt." Bertha turned with an anticipation which she endeavored to subdue. It was not likely that the son of a gardener would be at the home of Mrs. Truax. But in the young man who entered Bertha saw with unmistakable recognition the amiable, soft eyes, the round face and high brow, and the quiet, kindly manners of her old friend, borne with the assurance and ease that come with self-confidence.

The hostess managed to whisper to Bertha's aunt, and of course Bertha

"This young man has distinguished himself in landscape gardening. He has just laid out a park for Prince Zagenwell, and is much thought of both in Holland and Germany. I hear that the Duke of York is likely to send for him for his new place in Scotland." Dominicus Van Brunt saluted his hostess with a profound bow-how well Bertha remembered that quaint reverence of manner! He was presented to the guests and at last was led up to Bertha, who suddenly felt as if she were in short frocks, with freckles on her face and braids down her back. He started and flushed, and then held out his hand in the good American way, regardless of cere-

"What, you are acquainted!" cried the hostess. They explained. The creased. His bets were placed haphostess turned in some perplexity to hazard, he not knowing whether they the spinster aunt. She wondered if were placed right or not, and not carindescretion. But there was no an- get out of the place. But lose he noyance in the face of the elder Miss | couldn't, and I soon dropped out, be-Manderson, and the hostess felt at lib- ing broke, to watch his play and mar-

not be particularly interesting to re- appealed to me to help him get broke, count. But Bertha remembered every as he wanted to get out, and did not word of it. Perhaps Dominicus Van | want to take any of the bank's money of it, that's 'enou,' is it not," "No, Brunt did too-but it has been im- with him. Well, this was the funpossible to secure his confidence. It | niest snap I have ever experienced in and devoured it in the same spirit in next day a basket came for the young | the senator and myself playing for all American lady, containing a dozen we were worth to reduce his winnings. yellow tomatoes, dropped like eggs in and play any way we chose the piles had been right. Bertha was different a nest of white daisies. Which was, of chips increased. I, who had been so surely, a curious gift!

Now it is undeniable that Bertha ator's good luck, and I won in a Manderson found Amsterdam interest- streak. day, which is also the average rate of | number of them felt a distinct pang of | ing, yet for some reason best underreached him from the shores of the

And the consequence was, as the children say when they play the old game, that when Miss Bertha Manderson returned to America, she wore for

To Give a Cent Party.

a pencil. At the top of the cards, in he gave me the money: fancy letters, was painted, "A penny for your thoughts." Underneath this my life before this afternoon, and I were the names of fifteen objects which | will never play another one as long can be found on a cent. The guest as I live. This money I will do somewho properly filled his card received thing with which shall not immediatea prize of a cent dipped in gold for a ly benefit myself or my family.' watch charm. The ladies' prize was a date. 4. Emblem of royalty, crown. 5. winter in the city, she remembered A spring flower, tulip. 6. Part of an ancient armor, shield. 7. Another term who lived in it, and wondered where for matrimony. 8. Part of a hill, brow. She lifts her dark head with pride, Eagle with the gold chain. Over and they had gone. For it had happened 9. Plenty of assurance, cheek. 10. that one autumn, after returning from | Found in a school, pupil. 11. Ancient the seashore. Bertha had discovered place of worship, temple. 12. Early that the house back of the garden was | American settler, Indian. 13. Emblem empty. It had been a sad moment for of victory, wreath. 14. Part of a river, her. She had felt the tears come to mouth. 15. A messenger, one cent .-

Flaw in an Old Saving.

Ascum-I suppose you're one of those who consider marriage a lottery? Henpeck-No, indeed. If you draw a blank in a lottery you can tear up your ticket and forget all about it. -Philadelphia Press.

Winning a Sweetheart, "How did Bluffer so easily win with

SCARED BY HIS LUCK.

HOW A SENATOR'S \$5 GREW INTO \$30,000.

It Was His First and Only Experience at the Gambling Table and He Was Frightened-Gave It All Away to Aid Struggling Young Fellows.

An entertaining tale of the gamb-

ling room was related recently by Col. Cole Martin, according to one of the Washington papers. It has to do with the phenomenal luck of Henry N Rice, who was the first senator from Minnesota, after the territory was admitted as a state. Martin's story is as follows: "Being a resident of St. Paul when Rice was elected by the legislature and having taken a hand in the Bertha commented to herself, "I think fight, I concluded to come on with Rice to Washington, as in those days, 1858, Washington was a wide-open They seemed to, indeed, and got on town, and faro was as free then as better than Bertha, whose youth con- a beer lunch is now. Of course, I had demned her to a subordinate place. | an acquaintance among the sports, This was not as it was in America, and shortly after I erected my tepee Bertha reflected, and permitted herself | in the capital the senator invited me to indulge in a moment of homesick- to visit him. While making the rounds ness, as she sat apart, her glowing one afternoon we got hungry and I inbeauty unnoticed by the middle-aged | vited him into Pringle's. Pringle's at people who were paying their respects that time was the finest gambling house in Washington. The proprietor "I have delayed for a moment for served three elegant meals a day to another guest." Mrs. Truax said. "I his guests and patrons without charge. wished to present to your niece, Miss It was a rendezvous for all manner Manderson," she said, addressing Ber- and kinds of men with money. You tha's aunt, "a young man who is half | could meet there in groups a foreign | an American. Ah, there is the bell ambassador, a United States senator, keys to notify us in advance, so we can judges, generals, and, of course, men The man at the door announced a like myself, who followed the green cloth as a profession. I was then in liable to catch cold if shipped in the or about my 30th year, and thought no ordinary manner. The mortality more of 'win or lose' \$5,000 than I among dressed turkeys was very large were no 10 or 25 cent chips in those days. The 'whites' cost \$1, the very leans Times-Democrat. lowest price for them. Nobody thought of buying a stack of chips under \$50, and play was high. I was as high a roller as the best of them, for just previous to my arrival in Washington I had lost as 'banker' in two nights over \$30,000.

"Well, Senator Rice and myself enjoyed Pringle's fine spread. I introduced the senator, and as he had never played a card, like old Matt Carpenter, he knew all the 'boys,' and was gracious and democratic in his associations with them; he felt embarrassed over eating such an elegant meal and not having to pay for it Passing a faro 'lay-out' in the next room, he threw down a \$5 gold piece on a card, expecting to lose it. To his surprise and chagrin, however, he won. This made the matter worse than ever, as he did not want to win, but to lose the \$5 as an indirect payment for the meal he had eaten. While he was in a quandary I bought a stack of chips and soon became absorbed in the game. The senator was trying to lose what he had won, but, in spite of himself, his winnings inunlucky, caught the fever of the sen-

"The senator's face was as white as their destruction. The cavalry of the | fealousy. They were quite alive to | stood by her sex she remained in it | his shirt, and he was as scared a man the extraordinary favor which had but a short time, hastening away to as ever I saw in my life. But the play other points of interest. It is also cer- went on and owing to the fact that From that day on Bertha, the daugh- tain that about the time of her depart- at that time there was no limit at ter of a prosperous lawyer and a little | ure a young landscape gardener ran | Pringle's, the bets were so high, that maid distinctly conscious of her social to yews and weeping willows in his de- the modern 25-cent chip layer would opportunities, and Dominicus, the son signs, and accepted with alacrity the get the grip if I should mention the

"Finally, Mr. Pringle called me to one side, and told me that his partners objected to the game without a limit.

bons was a cent with a hole in it, and as my share to \$10,000. Said he, when over it."—Chicago News.

"'Martin, I never played a card in

"I visited St. Paul 20 years after this hatpin on the same order. The fol- occurrence and met the senator. True lowing are the articles to be searched to his word, he had never touched a for on the cent: 1. An animal, hare. 2. | card, and I learned from others who Serpent, copper head. 3. Southern fruit, got wind of the play in Washington that the senator's winnings were expended in helping struggling young fellows to get a start in life, accompanied in every case by the condition that they should never play in a gaming house. "I venture to say that this is the

most remarkable case on record of a man's unexpected and undesired large winnings turning him against gambling and card playing and scaring him almost to death. I was then so reckless with money that it made no sort of difference to me whether I won or lost \$20,000, so you can imagine how I Bronco Bill-All right, sheriff: I'm regarded the senator's squeamishness. But you see he was right after all, and he took the proper view of the lynch yer, an' I should certainly feel matter, for money which comes easy | cheap an' mean if I took ver back in a winning at faro, goes easy the dead .- Judge. same way; in a week I had lost the \$10,000 an thought no more of it than I do now of losing a \$10 bill."

what the world doesn't say about him. | mouths.

MADE THE USUAL KICK.

This Time the Asked for Reduction Was Not Granted.

"They are telling a story at the ex-

nense of a commission merchant of a sister city who is well known in New Orleans," said a Poydras street business man the other day. "I won't vouch for the accuracy of the yarn, but anyhow it is worth repeating. The commission man in point is an extremely close buyer, and when he receives a consignment he never fails to make claim for anything that may have spoiled or deteriorated en route. This little habit of demanding rebates is well known to the trade, and has led to many a vociferous kick from shippers, but the merchant always manages to come out on top. During Christmas week as the story goes, he received several barrels of fat dressed turkeys from a poultry man in the northwest. Heretofore he has dealt exclusively in live fowls, and I suppose the correspondence clerk must have got things mixed. At any rate the shipper was astonished to receive a letter by return mail running about as follows: 'Dear Sir-We regret to advise you that four of the turkeys in your consignment of December reached here dead. Please make deduction for same and return correct amount.' The poultry man communed with himself and replied thusly: 'Dear Sir-I am sorry to say I find it impossible to make concession requested. I have established a rule requiring all customers who desire live dressed tursend them in heated cars. Turkeys without their feathers and insides are would now of a single \$5 bill. There this year. Yours mournfully.' That ended the correspondence."-New Or-

## LESSONS IN ENGLISH.

Things a Frenchman Learned Studying the Language.

A Frenchman thirsting for linguistic superiority, recently began a course of English lessons with a teacher of languages. After toiling conscientiously through a good many exercises, the following dialogue between the pupil and his master was overheard: "I find the English very difficult," complained the Frenchman. "How do you pronounce t-o-u-g-h?" "It is pronounced 'tuff.' "Eh, bein, 'tuff:' 'snuff,' then, is spelt s-n-o-u-g-h, is it not?" "Oh, no; 'snuff' is spelt s-n-u-f-f. As a matter of fact, words ending in o-u-g-h are somewhat irregular." "Oh, I see; a superb language! T-o-u-g-h is 'tuff.' and c-o-u-g-h is 'cuff.' I have a very bad cuff." "No. it is 'coff,' not 'cuff.'" "Very well. coff, tuff, and coff. And d-o-u-g-h is 'duff,' eh?" "No, not 'duff."" "'Doff,' then?" "No. 'doh.'" "Well, then. what is h-o-u-g-h?" "That is pronounced hock." "'Hohck?" Then I suppose the thing the farmer uses, the p-l-o-u-g-h, is 'pluff,' or it is 'plohek,' or 'plo." Fine language-'plo." "No. she had unintentionally committed an ing, except that he wanted to lose, and no; it is pronounced 'plow.' " "I shall soon master English, I am sure. Here we go. 'plow,' 'coff,' 'toff,' 'hohek,' and now, here's another-r-o-u-g-h; now erty to permit the two young people vel at his ever-increasing pile. He that is 'row,' I suppose?" "Oh, no, my soon had a crowd around him, which friend; that's 'ruff,' again." "And The conversation at dinner would added to his embarrassment, and he b-o-u-g-h is 'buff?' "No, that happens to be 'bow.'" "Yes, wonderful language. And I have just e-n-o-u-g-h 'enuff.' "-Sheffield Weekly News.

## is a certain thing, however, that the my life of over 70 years. There sat FACTS ABOUT THE DEAD SEA, Theory That Nothing Can Sink in It Is-Wrong.

Some long current illusions concerning the Dead sea are dispelled by Henry Dexter, who went to see its reputed wonders with his own eyes, says Collier's Weekly. In his opinion the bed of the sea is of volcanic formation. "I took a plunge in the water to test its qualities. The water is, I should say, a bituminous salt brime. I was careful not to get the water in my eyes or on my hair. I had been told that nothing could sink in the Dead sea, but found that was untrue, for the reason that if I did not make an effort to keep on top I would go down. The water is of a character that if any one He was willing himself to play the had a cutaneous disease it would make bank without it, but he was compelled | the flesh smart fiercely. It was excepto deler to the wishes of his partners, | tionally refreshing, however, on acand would place the limit at \$250 a count of the heat. The water was wonderfully clear, and you could see down "He said it was all right to have me a depth of twenty feet. The water play on, as he liked me and all that. was perhaps a little more buoont than but I was the first man who ever forced ordinary salt water, but it would not him to put a limit on the game. When | hold me up. It was not sticky, but I returned to the table I quietly in- washed off as freely as any salt water. lowed to invite Bertha and three other an engagement ring a tomato shaped formed the senator and he looked dis- One thing I noticed, and of which I tressed, as he saw no chance, from his have never been able to get an expoint of view, in getting rid of his planation, was a small island about winnings at a \$250 limit. We played | 500 feet from the shore. This had on A cent party is the latest idea for until midnight, and the senator at last it large square blocks of stone. I have whiling away an evening when a few | yielded to fatigue, and ordered me to | never been able to ascertain where friends are met together. Here is the cash in. When he counted the roll in these blocks came from. The theory recipe for one: Each guest was given a his room, our joint winnings were just that birds cannot fly over the water is card. Fastened to the card with rib- \$31,300, of which sum he staked me, untrue, as I saw lots of birds flying

> This Is the Age of Cement. Gen. J. S. Clarkson, formerly of Iowa, but now president of the New York and New Jersey Bridge company, and also of the Monolith Improvement company, who was at the Auditorium in Chicago, recently said: "The stone age is passing, and the age of cement is upon us. American cities are in the rough, and they must in the next few years be completed so that they will be safe and sanitary. The work of development will be done in great part with Portland cement. That will be the material for bridge piers. for foundations of buildings, for conduits, and for the tunnels in which underground transportation will in

Cheerful News for Bill. Sheriff (of Frozen Dog)-The reward says: "Dead or alive," Bill; but I much prefer ter take yer back alive. yours. Sheriff-Thanks, Bill. The boys is all ready an' waitin' fer ter

time be placed."

How Widows Mourn in Sitka-Indian widows in Sitka go into mourning by painting the upper part The average man is apt to believe of their faces black down to their