## MOTHER DRUDGE'S BABIES.

Their little cottage stands apart
From all its splendid neighbors,
As if it felt a touch of shame
At Mother Drudge's labors.
A bit of vine to make it sweet
Is all it has, or maybe,
A pansy in a broken pot
To please the precious baby.

And there she works from dawn till dark
To keep the kettle going,
For all the comforts of their lot
Must be of her bestowing.
And would she even breathe a prayer,
So scanty are her riches,
Her poor petitions must be dropped
Between her hurried stitches.

With rosy cheeks and rugged limbs,
With tiny caps and dresses,
She sees her bonny children blessed,
And comforts her distresses.
Unconscious of their stinted lot,
And ignorant of crosses,
'Twould seem a shame to pity those
Who never dream of losses.

And yet of all their little lives
They miss this crowning glory,
To cuddle close in mother's arms
And listen to her story.
They never watched how many stars
Are in the golden dipper,
Or fell asleep at dark to dream
Of Cinderella's slipper.

The doughty giant Hercules
May charm their wiser neighbors—
They never heard a word of him
Or all his mighty labors!
Of Midas, and the golden touch
He craved to make him richer;
Or how the milk came foaming up
In old Philemon's pitcher.

The daily fight for daily bread,
For little coats and dresses,
Leaves scanty time for Mother Drudge
To dream of tenernesses.
Yet though the days and weeks are full
Of disappointed maybe's
Life seems a sweet and pleasant thing
To Mother Drudge's babies.
—Ola Moore, in Youth's Companion.

# THE GENTLEMAN

By Edwin L. Sabin.

"— didn't know enough to take off his hat!"

As the elevator sedately moved upward, bearing Miss Hallowell to the eighth floor, these words were spilled from it directly into the sun-burned ears of John Peck, of the sixth floor. He realized that it was his hat which had not been "taken off," and that through the medium of this hat he had incurred the displeasure and scorn of Miss Hallowell.

He inserted a key in the keyhole of Apartment 603, entered, and strode noisily through the inner hall until he reached his room. He was angry and hurt. Nothing so cruel as a woman's tongue, and nothing that leaves a man so defenceless.

John removed the offending hat, and examined it critically—even approvingly. It was a sombrero. The chances were that no hat in that whole great city could equal it in fineness of texture and in genuine worth. "Out West," from where John Peck recently had come (and where at this moment he heartily wished he were), the quality of a hat is of supreme importance. A hat is actually an integral part, not merely an adjunct, of a wardrobe. It is carefully selected, jealously cherished and proudly worn as a thing of art.

The cowboy is more tender of his boots and of his hat than he is of his pony.

However, despite the evident fact that this was a hat to be esteemed among all rival hats, John admitted to himself that he ought not to have kept it on his head while he was in the elevator with a woman. It dawned upon him that there is a distinction between private and public elevators. He had committed an error against society. Take a man who has been on the range for seven or eight years, and in that period scarcely has seen a woman, and transplant him to a city, and although at heart he is a gentleman he is likely at first to scratch the polish of metropolitan civilization.

Thus to oblige a woman, whether pretty or ugly, John Peck might brave a norther, but he might meet her the next day in an elevator and forget to doff his hat.

Miss Hallowell had learned only the latter portion of this hypothesis, and now up on the eighth floor she was graphically recounting to her friends her truly harrowing experience. Miss Hallowell, maiden lady, was large and angular and severe, but she had a little mind, easily disturbed.

"I just glared at him all the way," she recited, with proper emphasis, "yet I don't believe he even thought of his hat! I never heard of such a performance! He looked like a cowboy, and the little fellow in the elevator says that he rooms on the sixth, in the Morris apartments. I shouldn't think the Morrises would take a lodger like that!"

"He's a relative of Mr. Morris," explained one friend, "and I understand he's from Arizona. Anyway, he's come to the city to stay awhile, and of course Mr. Morris felt obliged to give him a room until he found permanent quarters."

"Well, he isn't a gentleman!" asserted Miss Hallowell, conclusively. For Miss Hallowell was quite sure that she knew a gentleman when she saw him.

* * * * * * *

While on the top floor of the building Miss Hallowell had been vigorously narrating and condemning; while two floors below John Peck had been sitting on his bed wrathfully brooding over criticism by effete society; while, later, Miss Hallowell had descended to her own apartments at 617, on the same floor with those of the misbehaving Morris family, far down in the basement a fire had been born, and from moment to moment it had been growing.

Brought forth in stealth, in stealth it sought to live until its stature was assured. At 8 o'clock that night it had been only a tiny flicker of flame which the breath of a babe might have overcome. At 9 o'clock two buckets of water could have prevailed against it. At 10 o'clock a single extinguisher, wisely wielded, could have subdued it. At 11 o'clock it still was afraid to be seen. So slowly and so craftily was it eating into the cranny leading between the walls.

But at 12 o'clock it had arrived to its manhood, it had established its stronghold, and it was ready to flaunt the red banner of defiance in the face of a thousand people.

Therefore it recked not that during the midnight hour the engineer, tardily traversing the corridor, smelt smoke, and peering in saw fire, and, awakening the elevator boys as he ran, rushed to the alarm box and pulled the lever.

Fast as sped the elevator boys from story to story, summoning the tenants, faster sped the flames. The fine apart-house, with its convenient hallways, its unique furnishings of maple, its varnished floors, its tastefully tinted ceilings, was after all a very flimsy structure. The contractors deemed that they were the only ones to know this—but fire long had been in possession of the secret.

John Peck, sleeping the sound slumber of a perfectly healthy man, at the end of an inside hall, with the Mosrises absent for the night, and no one near to arouse him, and Miss Hallowell, slightly deaf, also asleep at the end of an inside hall opposite him, did not comprehend the situation until their rooms were thick with smoke and the blaze was seeking for them. When they leaped from their beds they found the floor hot to their feet.

The man and the woman emerged from their apartments simultaneously, and met face to face on the landing. No thought now of outward semblance of lady and gentleman.

The elevator shaft was a flue up which whirled gusts of resinous smoke, glowing cinders and bursts of torrid air, while from stairs beneath little flames spouted eagerly. The draft caused the doors to slam behind the two. The elevator cage was somewhere below and descending.

"Quick—try the back way!" cried John. "Through our apartment—hurry!"

"Oh, I can't, I can't!" wailed Miss Hallowell, frantically. "I can't move. My knees are so weak!"

"But you must!" appealed John. "Give me your hand—give it to me, I say!" Her collapse irritated him. "Get up! I'll carry you, but you must try to walk."

"No, no, I can't," she answered, with a sob. "Go on. Don't you dare to touch me! I'd rather die here than get caught in that long corridor."

"Then the fire-escape in front," he urged. "I'll help you."

"No, no!" she protested hysterically, raising her hands to keep him at a distance. "Don't touch me! don't touch me! I'l stay here. You go!"

"O thunder!" ejaculated John, with a sudden lapse into his forceful Western speech. "I'm shore not goin' to leave you here all alone."

"You jest get under this, and I'll make a try for that blamed elevator," he said, as lightly as he could, and he clapped on her head his sombrero, which through habit he had snatched as he was bolting through his room.

For a second time while in her company he was wearing it.

He pressed the electric button, but already the elevator was crawling upward, after its last load—clutched at by the hungry flames as it brushed them in passing.

From landing to landing it came, taking on in ones and twos persons who, like Miss Hallowell, had been unable to help themselves, or who, like John, had remained to help others. None would wait for the downward trip, for who could tell what might happen between minutes?

The heat now was intense, and the cage was in the midst of a greedy, roaring furnace. Fire from the stairs curled into the sides of the elevator, and when it had swept painfully by licked its retreating floor. Its load was in torture. Men and women alike fought the operator as he bravely persisted in ascending.

As he wrenched it back the door of the shaft blistered John's hands.

"Can't go no higher!" gasped the elevator boy, as the cage hesitated opposite. "Get in, quick!"

"Quick! Quick!" echoed the people, writhing as they were jostled against the hot iron-work of their prison.

"For God's sake, don't stop! There's no room!" shouted the voice of a man maddened by torture. "Down! down!"

"You bet there's room, pardner," replied John, recklessly. "Lots of it! Ladies first——" and with a swift motion he dragged Miss Hallowell from her knees and fairly rammed her in between the squirming bodies.

Then—then—in an instant—some frenzied hand jerked the lever and the cage shot down. Flames from the fourth floor closed over it like a barrier, and sprang vengefully up the stairway.

Thus abandoned, John Peck turned to the door of the Morris apartment. But the night-latch had fallen into place—and his keys were in his room. Desperately he tried Miss Hallowell's door. That, too, was locked. He dashed at the stairs. A volcano of fire met him, smote him in the face and hurled him backward.—The Criterion.

## SPEED OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

**Preliminary Tremors Travel at the Rate of 345 Miles a Minute.**

Speaking of the Indian earthquakes of 1897, a London scientist says the vibrations traveled to Europe, where they were recorded at very many stations, and no doubt would have been equally well recorded at any other places on the surface of our world had there been provided suitable instruments. The preliminary tremors, which are probably waves of compression, traveled through the world to reach Italy and other countries with an average rate of 345 miles per minute, or 9.0 kilometers per second—a rate which, it will be observed, is higher than that at which similar movements can be transmitted through glass or steel. The large waves, which are probably quasi-elastic gravitation waves, by traveling over the surface of the earth, reached Europe at a rate of 113 miles per minute, or 2.98 kilometers per seconds.

It is likely that these latter disturbances reached stations in Europe by traveling from their origin in two directions round the world. As an indication of this, we are told that at several of the European stations slight undulations are to be seen on the seismograms at times we should expect to find such markings, had they traveled from India to Europe by the longest possible route. From the period of these waves, which is taken at twenty-two seconds, and their velocity, their length may be inferred, an estimate of which is thirty-four miles; while their height, as deducted from their length, and the maximum angle of tilting, is estimated at twenty inches.

The slowness of the movement was such that they could not be felt, while the magnitude was such that the unaided eye of an observer would not be able to recognize any differential movements in his surroundings. The largeness of these disturbances and their great duration, extending over several hours, preclude them from the category of tremors, vibrations or microseisms.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**Rats Clogged the Furnace Flue.**

A Slater man tells a rat story which he assures a reporter is absolutely true:

"Several days ago, John, the colored man employed by Hull & Edwards, butchers, went to the slaughter house," said he, "and attempted to start a fire under the scalding vat. For some unaccountable reason he could get no draft through the chimney. It developed later that on account of the earth being warm under the vat from previous fires, the rats, which were known to be numerous about the slaughter house, had taken refuge under it. There was but one way for them to get out and that was to come through the mouth of the furnace. As they left the furnace John got a stick and began slaughtering them. He succeeded in killing 104, by actual count, and I presume more got away than were killed. So many had taken refuge under the vat that the draft was cut off. After they made their exit no further trouble was experienced in making the fire burn. In addition the rats have been very scarce round about the other slaughter houses since the rat killing bee."—Kansas City Journal.

**Potent Cause of Forest Fires.**

The most frequent causes of woodland fires in our State (New York) are the small fires started by farmers for the purpose of burning brush, logs and stumps, in order to clear some piece of land. These are known locally as fallow fires, and the operation is generally alluded to as burning a 'foller." This work, as a rule, is carelessly done, and as the farmer always selects a dry time in order to get a good burn, as he terms it, the fire escapes too frequently into the adjoining forest. Having piled the brush and logs into heaps for burning, the farmer seldom employs any extra help to guard against the escape of the fire, and so when a breeze springs up, as is very apt to be the case, he is unable to control the flames or prevent them from being driven into the adjoining woods. Too often he is known to set fire to his brush heaps and then go away to attend to other work, leaving the fire unwatched. Nearly all the burned areas in the Adirondack region are due to the carelessness of men employed in these petty agricultural operations.—Report of Forest, Fish and Game Commission.

**Concerning "Whatcom."**

The citizens of New Whatcom, Washington, assert and publish to the world that when Uncle Sam lately invited his children to stand up and be counted, they, the said citizens, were not counted accurately. The census gave New Whatcom a population of less than 7000. The citizens, being convinced that their numerousness had been understated, appointed a committee, which employed enumerators who counted citizens in New Whatcom up to the number of 9135, and swore to their count. New Whatcom, through its Commercial Club, is diffusing the news that it is bigger than Uncle Sam thinks. It is a pleasure to aid it in spreading word of its growth, and also the news that by act of Legislature it is New Whatcom no longer, but has dropped the "New" from its name and is now plain Whatcom.—E. S. Martin, in Harper's Weekly.

**The Floating Population.**

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

King Edward has paid an American artist, Edwin A. Abbey, a marked compliment in selecting him to paint the brilliant coronation scene.

An ingenious Austrian proposes to reach the North Pole in a submarine boat sunk 150 feet below the surface. Now, wouldn't that freeze you!

Mr. Carnegie may object to dying rich. But he has made too many friends to permit him through any possible reverse of fate to die poor.

Wireless telegraphy has reached a radius of 200 miles. Transatlantic transmission by this method is yet a long way from becoming a possibility.

In the economy of nature it is now discovered that even avalanches are blessings. They tend to equalize the climate between the higher Alps and the valley, and make Switzerland more habitable.

If the development of a child's habit of observation through parental assistance in acquiring knowledge of objects could be accurately gauged in its effect on making character, it would probably be found that the infant mind whose curiosity was satisfied laid the foundation of success, while the infant mind whose curiosity was thwarted laid the foundation of failure, observes the Sunny South.

For want of authoritative standards in the United States it has been necessary for manufacturers and for the Government itself to send many delicate instruments to Germany to be tested and made accurate, states the Chicago Tribune. This was not only expensive and somewhat humiliating, but it was a serious handicap to business. American instruments were in more or less disfavor abroad, because it was said their exactness could not be depended upon. Germany's standardizing bureau has undoubtedly been one of the chief causes of the remarkable progress in manufacturing of that country. England and France have such bureaus, and it was high time the United States was attending to the matter, if it wished to keep pace with modern science.

One English humorist presents Andrew Carnegie with a new outlet for his alleged forty-nine superfluous millions. "You believe," says the humorists, "that Anglo-Americanism is built to run the world. Instead of frittering your money away in odd millions plunge right off and build forty-nine battleships to be at the joint disposal of England and America for philanthropic and police purposes. So give Anglo-Saxonry control of the world, and get yourself a glory and fame which would put very much in the shade Caesar, Shakespere, and the present Mr. Andrew Carnegie. It is," he adds, "quite simple. You have the money. Waltz right in and scoop the pool." The suggestion, ridiculous as it is, opens up unpleasant suggestions of the possible uses of the colossal private fortunes of modern times.

A clergyman working in a large town is almost certain to discover that he is in a way looked upon as common property. What he knows distinctively as his parish bears but a small proportion to the field which, reasonably or unreasonably, he will be expected to occupy. He is presumed to have a heart for everybody's woes, to be a solvent for everybody's problems, to be a treasury for everybody's necessities, and a general bureau of information, writes the Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst, in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. He is also supposed to be able to speak with equal fecundity and effect on any occasion that may offer and upon any theme that the occasion may suggest, and to be so charged with versatile stores of fancy epigram and nonsense as to require for the emergency only the easy turning of the spigot.

The wonderful activity among writers of fiction now being displayed in their efforts to write successful plays has two estimable points which are worth considering. One of these concerns the author; the other, the public. The first is financial; the second is artistic. The novelist's eagerness to appear on the boards is found in the fact that the great majority of novels sell less than 2000 copies, which, on an average, will yield the author from $250 to $300. On the other hand, a play that is only moderately successful will yield its author almost at once $500 or $1000. And that is why all writers of fiction seem now bound on this road to speedy riches. Many of them, however, take the indirect course of writing the novel first. For this reason climaxes are handled with more care, the dialogue is brighter, and incidents are multiplied.


**Three Years.**

You are three years old to-day, little man,
Do you know what a birthday is?
You can count three fingers or sugar-plums
Or three baby birds, I wis,

Or three sweet kisses to mamma give,
On her lips and her loving eyes;
But years, I am sure, you do not know
What they are, nor what time is that flies.

You think 'tis a bird with golden wings
And feathers all crimson and blue.
Hush! never hint that its plumes will change
One day to a darker hue.
—Kate Lawrence, in Every Other Sunday.

**Some Things You Can't Do.**

You can't stand for five minutes without moving if you are blindfolded.

You can't stand at the side of a room with both of your feet touching the wainscoting lengthwise.

You can't get out of a chair without bending your body forward or putting your feet under it; that is, if you are sitting squarely on the chair and not on the edge of it.

You can't crush an egg when placed lengthwise between your hands; that is, if the egg is sound and has the ordinary shell of a hen's egg.

You can't break a match if the match is laid across the nail of the middle finger of either hand and pressed upon by the first and third fingers of that hand, despite its seeming so easy at first.—American Boy.

**Queer Nest-Building.**

Two of the queerest nest-builders in the world have their habitat in Central America. One of them is a wren, and the other is an oriole. First, as to the wren. It selects a small tree that has horizontal branches growing close together. Across two of the branches it lays sticks, and fastens them to each other with fibre, until it has made a platform about six feet in length by two feet in width. On the end of the platform, nearest the tree-trunk, it builds a great dome-shaped nest, at least a foot in height, the sides being formed of interwoven thorns.

Then it constructs a crooked, tunnel-shaped passage-way from the nest to the outer end of the platform, and in the tunnel, at intervals, it builds little thorn fences, leaving just room enough for its body to pass through. A fence is also built at the outer end of the tunnel, with a little gateway in the middle, and when the bird goes out, it closes the gateway with thorns, so that its enemies cannot get in to devour either eggs or nestlings. In all this elaborate work, it is doing what its protective instinct calls for.

The oriole's work is much less elaborate, but equally ingenious. It selects a large banana leaf, and with its bill for a needle, and some strong grass for thread, it sews the two edges together, following the grain of the leaf close by one of the veins; and it does the work so neatly that it takes close examination to find the stitches. In this cunningly-devised pocket the bird builds a nest of soft grass or of hair, and there lays her eggs and raises her little family, without fear of discovery.

**Tornado, Not Cyclone.**

Perhaps it might be well for us to pay a little more attention to the terms used in meteorology, now that the Government Weather Bureau and other authorities are all the time making us more familiar with that science. One term that is constantly and persistently misused is cyclone.

The universal notion is that the storm that recently wrecked the city of Galveston was a cyclone. The term is also invariably applied to the violent storms that sweep through the West. Such storms are not cyclones, but tornadoes. They are incidents of the cyclone, not the cyclone itself.

A cyclone is a large disc of nearly horizontally moving air, which circulates spirally around a central area. It may be twenty miles in diameter, or it may be 3000. A tornado is a violent disturbance of limited extent within the cyclone. It is a narrow column of air varying in width from twenty to 1400 feet, which rotates with immense rapidity round a central shaft, up which it also ascends with almost equal rapidity.

A cyclone sometimes covers nearly all the United States; a tornado sweeps along a narrow path with frightful velocity, leaving ruin and death wherever it touches. The meteorologists are all the time explaining the difference between them, but we go on, just the same, calling a tornado a cyclone.

A tornado has its counterpart, in a very simple, harmless way, in the little dust-whirl that every one has seen on a country road, or even in a city street, on a hot, still day. The air immediately above the surface of the ground becomes superheated with the sun's rays, and lies balanced there under the heavier overlying air. Suddenly something disturbs the equilibrium—it may be the flight of a bird or of an insect—when the hot and lighter air escapes upward, being forced to ascend by the descent of the heavier stratum.

The ascending current at once assumes a whirling motion, for it draws in more air at the bottom, and as these lines of indraft fail to meet precisely at the centre, but miss their aim to one side or another, a whirl is established. As the motion becomes brisk, dust particles are gathered up by it, and thus we have, in miniature, the tornado that is the most terrible force in nature.

## THE MISS NOMERS.

Miss Brown is exceedingly fair,
Miss White is as red as a berry,
Miss Black has a gray head of hair,
Miss Graves is a flirt ever merry;
Miss Lightbody weighs sixteen stone
Miss Rich scarce can muster a guinea,
Miss Hare wears a wig and has none,
And Miss Solomon is a sad ninny!

Miss Mildmay's a terrible scold,
Miss Dove's ever cross and contrary;
Miss Young is now grown very old,
And Miss Heaviside's light as a fairy!
Miss Short is at least five feet ten,
Miss Noble's of humble extraction,
Miss Love has a hatred toward men,
While Miss Still is forever in action.

Miss Green is a regular blue,
Miss Scarlet looks pale as a lily,
Miss Violet ne'er shrinks from our view,
And Miss Wiseman thinks all the men silly.
Miss Goodchild is a naughty young elf,
Miss Lyon's from terror a fool,
Miss Mee's not at all like myself,
Miss Carpenter no one can rule!

Miss Wright she is constantly wrong,
Miss Tickell, alas! is not funny;
Miss Singer ne'er warbled a song,
And alas! poor Miss Cash has no money,
Miss Bateman would give all she's worth
To purchase a man to her liking,
Miss Merry is shock'd at all mirth,
Miss Boxer the men don't find striking!

Miss Bliss does with sorrow o'erflow,
Miss Hope in despair seeks the tomb;
Miss Joy still anticipates woe,
And Miss Charity's never "at home!"
Miss Hamlet resides in a city,
The nerves of Miss Standfast are shaken;
Miss Pretiman's beau is not pretty,
Miss Faithful her love has forsaken!
—Pick-Me-Up.

## HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Nell—"He has perfect eyes." Belle—"Yes, but none of his features compares with his cheek."

Miss Fitte—"Is he an author of distinction?" DeWitte—"Well, they say he's out of debt."—The Smart Set.

"Yes, indeed," said he; "I think she has a complexion like a peach." "I suppose," replied her rival, "you refer to the fuzz all over it."

Hewitt—"No news is good news." Jewett—"That may be, but if you are a reporter you can't make your city editor believe it."—Brooklyn Life.

"Sing a song of sixpence,"
The song is dead, I vow.
Nobody sings of any less
Than several millions now.
—Washington Star.

"I have followed the sea for forty years," said the captain. "And didn't you ever catch up with it?" giggled the silly young thing.—Philadelphia Record.

Salesman—"This is called the 'banquet vest.'" Customer—"Why do you call it that?" Salesman—"It has elastic gore down the sides."—Ohio State Journal.

"Why do you weep, fair maid?" I cried.
"I am so happy, sir," she sighed.
"Then why," I said, "this awful fuss?"
She wailed: "It's so monotonous!"
—Philadelphia Record.

She—"I heard about your elopement with Gertie Giddygirl, Mr. Snooks. Has her mother forgiven you?" He—"No fear. She knows how to pay off an old score. She has come to live with us."—Tit-Bits.

The French Duellist—"Are you sure the police will be there in time to stop the fight?" The Second—"Rest easy. In order to guard accidents I have arranged to have the police arrive first."—Cleveland Plaindealer.

With a low, despairing sigh the shade of Napoleon Bonaparte sank into obscurity. "I thought I had a chance to enter the magazine once more," he groaned. "But no! They are going to publish the love letters of great men."—Chicago News.

Mr. Courtenay (flatteringly)—"I had the blues awfully when I came here to-night, Miss Fisher, but they are all gone now. You are as good as medicine." Miss Fisher's Little Brother—"Yes, father says she will be a drug in the market if she doesn't marry you."—Tit-Bits.

"Well," said he, anxious to patch up their quarrel of yesterday, "aren't you curious to know what's in that package?" "Not very," his wife, still unrelenting, replied indifferently. "It's something for the one I love best in the world." "Ah! I suppose it's those suspenders you said you needed."—Philadelphia Press.

**Uncle Sam's Deep-Sea Equipment.**

The Albatross is one of the few vessels afloat to-day that are properly equipped for deep-sea exploration. She has all the newest apparatus, including trawl nets that may be dragged along the ocean floor at a depth of three miles or more; huge tangles of raveled rope that gather up the starfishes, sea urchins, corals, sea fans and sponges from the bottom; improved instruments for determining depths and the water temperature at any level; and last, but not least, a laboratory on board for the study of the curious creatures brought to the surface by the nets and other devices. There are tanks of alcohol, cases full of jars and bottles for specimens, chemical conveniences, microscopes, and even a photographic dark room, in which pictures of interesting animals may be developed.—Pearson's Magazine.

**Mr. Wagge's Scandal.**

"My dear," said Mr. Wagge, "as I came by Mrs. Gazzam's house just now I saw Mrs. Gazzam in the parlor kissing some one who was not her—er—was not Mr. Gazzam!"

"Oh, Henry!" gasped Mrs. Wagge. "Are you sure? Well, did you ever? Oh, my! But I've always suspected Mrs. Gazzam. She's much too sanctimonious, you know. Kissing—why, I must call up Mrs. Jorkins on the telephone and tell her all about it. Kissing a—I don't suppose you could see who it was, Henry?"

"Yes," said Wagge, "I could, quite distinctly."

"You could? Oh, Henry, who was it? Anybody we know?"

"Oh, yes. It was Mrs. Gazzam's mother!"

"You—brute!"—Harper's Bazar.