

# THE TREASURE TOWER.

## A STORY OF MALTA.

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### CHAPTER VI.—(Continued)

Her thoughts dwelt on Dr. Busatti, as the first young man in whose eyes she had ever read a dawning admiration. The purchase of the dress was distinctly traceable to such a source. She was accustomed to his presence, pondered on his words during his absence, and found it agreeable to watch for his return. Fickle Dolores! The unexpected intrusion of the young naval officer, Arthur Curzon, handsome, amiable and full of youthful animation, banished speedily preference for the sallow and thin Maltese physician. Her pulses still fluttered, as the blood coursed more rapidly through her veins, at the recollection of his visit. Should she ever see him again? Why not? Then, as her needle flew, her dream deepened. The Knight of Malta, in polished armor, would come to the garden gate in a golden chariot and lead her away. Are the knights all dead, and must the world grow so old and sad as to lose all faith in the actual existence of these splendid cavaliers? Stay! what was he like? Had she ever truly gazed upon his face?

She paused, with her needle uplifted, and her features contracted in meditation.

At this moment, Florio sprang up and uttered the most miniature of fierce canine barks.

Dolores glanced over her, with a little gasp of wonder.

Lieut. Curzon, after a preliminary rap, pushed open the gate and entered the inclosure without ceremony. His face glowed with a smile of satisfaction, as his glance sought the girl, seated beside the fountain with her work.

Each paused in silence and gazed at the other, Dolores with indefinable apprehension, and the young man with an eagerness of which he was unconscious. The soul of the girl spoke through her eyes with an instinctive, appealing grace, and Lieut. Curzon was again thrilled through with an emotion that occasioned a quickened heart-throb beneath his uniform.

"Good day," he said, at length, advancing and extending his hand.

"Good day," replied Dolores, placing her small brown fingers on his brown palm, and dropping thimble and scissors in the act.

Florio growled, menacingly, and seized the boot of the intruder in his teeth.

"I trust your grandpapa is all right," continued the visitor, retaining the little hand in his grasp rather longer than ceremonious politeness exacted.

"Yes! thanks," demurely. "Shall I call him?"

"No! Give me another moment first."

"As many moments as you wish. You were so good to poor grandpapa that day," and gratitude brought a warm tide of rose color to the velvety cheek, a moisture to the brilliant eyes.

"Was I good?" He forgot his mission, and everything else in the world, except the piquant face before him, which fascinated him strangely.



"GOOD DAY."

Passion, unreasonable, mad, even capricious, was kindled in his breast for the first time. He felt an impulse to take the graceful hand between his hands, and cover brow, cheek and mouth with rapid kisses, as he would have gathered one of the flowers blooming near her, and crushed the fragrance out of it against his lips.

Separation of a day had but deepened the longing to return, and lent wings to his feet. He had cheated himself with the delusion that he had forgotten her. Hitherto sufficiently bold in the wooing and flattering of the owners of pretty faces, the sailor was shy, almost embarrassed, in the presence of Dolores. This fresh fruit of maidenhood, still protected by the sheath of unconsciousness and purity, intimidated him. The absence of the old man did not encourage him to once more venture to touch her hand.

Then he communicated the true aim of his coming. At first speech was difficult to him, and his words were stammered, half completed, until, encouraged by the subtle sympathy of

his listener, he waxed so eloquent that Florio grew weary of worrying his boot and decided to take another nap.

On the following evening his cousin, Mrs. Griffith, was to receive the Russian grand duke now on board the corvette Ladislas in the harbor. The lady wished to greet her guest with a series of characteristic tableaux. Dolores must consent to take a part in the entertainment.

The girl listened in passive silence. Her rich color faded to a warm, golden pallor, the corners of her lips drooped; the delicate arch of black eyebrows met above the bridge of thin nose with the flexible nostril. She did not question the means whereby Mrs. Griffith had become aware of her capacity to serve on the occasion. Possibly she divined that some suggestion made by Lieutenant Curzon had resulted in the invitation. Why did she not betray more joy in the opportunity of diversion? The messenger was piqued, puzzled, even tantalized, by the appearance of willful indifference in her bearing.

"You understand the role assigned you, do you not?" he demanded, with tender insistence.

"I understand perfectly well," she rejoined, musingly. "Grandpapa may not consent, though."

"He must consent. We will tell him there is question of receiving a Russian grand duke."

"Should I be required to recite a verse? I have done that several times at the convent," said Dolores, with childish triumph.

He suppressed a smile.

"Not on this occasion, Dolores. May I call you Dolores?"

She gave neither consent nor refusal; a dimple deepened near the corner of her mouth.

"I will bring all the things in the morning, I mean your stage wardrobe, and then we will have a full dress rehearsal here in the garden," said the young man, blithely. "Grandpapa shall decide if you are a true Phœnician maiden."

"I must be ugly and yellow, like the figures on the bits of stone and pottery," demurred Dolores, ruefully.

"As if you could be other than lovely, Dolores," he said, bending over her. "Afterward there is to be a ball."

An expression of sudden delight transfigured her face. She threw back her head, and opened her eyes. To go to a ball and dance! What felicity of happiness! She clapped her hands together, with an irrepressible transport of delight, and sprang to her feet with an elasticity of movement which sent a tingling vibration of sympathy through the veins of her companion.

"I will come if grandpapa only consents," she exclaimed.

"Give me the very first waltz," insisted Arthur Curzon, with a soft meaning in his tone.

The maiden accustomed to ball room gallantry might have blushed modestly, lowered her glance and toyed with her bracelet before yielding consent.

Young Dolores stooped to recover her scissors, and retorted frankly—

"Oh, yes!"

Then she added, naively:

"I thank you for remembering me."

Jacob Dealtry approached from the house and returned the greeting of the officer without warmth, and yet without any manifestation of surprise at his second visit.

Dolores flew to his side, clasped her hands on his arm, and explained the invitation of Mrs. Griffith's to the tableaux and ball.

The old man listened without comment, while his countenance betrayed bewilderment and suspicion.

"Did you come to see my Moorish coin?" he questioned abruptly of Lieut. Curzon, when his grandchild had finished.

"Yes," said the young man, with hypocritical alacrity. "I think of going in for that sort of thing, Mr. Dealtry, during my stay at Malta, and making a collection."

"Very good," muttered the grandfather, producing the Moorish coin for his inspection.

Wounded pride made Dolores flash a reproachful glance at the officer, while her short upper lip curled scornfully.

"I would not buy a privilege," she said in a smothered tone, as the old man shuffled away in search of other relics, tempted by the yielding mood of the amateur collector.

"I would buy some privileges," he retorted, laughing.

She shook her head and approached him near. Her shoulder touched his arm.

"Why are old people so greedy for gold?" she inquired, seriously.

"They have learned the value of all earthly things, my child," said Arthur Curzon, with mature gravity.

"Will you become so horribly greedy when you are old?" pondered Dolores.

"Even more so," he said promptly.

"I do not believe it," she said, gazing up into his face intently.

Again the sailor drank deeply of the soul in the eyes of the girl.

When Jacob Dealtry had yielded a half abstracted consent, the messenger of Mrs. Griffith departed.

Dolores ran to her own chamber, climbed on a chair and lifted down a green box, stuffed with brass nails, from a high shelf.

She drew the lid of the receptacle and raised forth a mantilla of black lace, a shell comb, a fan and a tiny pair of black satin slippers. A faint

perfume of sandalwood and orange flowers emanated from these treasures, which had belonged to her Spanish mother.

Was the faded green box destined to play the part of Pandora's casket, and scatter abroad, with the contents, the fairy shoes and the fan, confusion and trouble?

Then she put on the pink dress, and pausing before a small looking glass, audaciously severed the sleeves above the rounded elbows, and cut down the corsage.

She thus prepared the new robe for a most unexpected debut.

Attired to her satisfaction, Dolores sought the corridor, and paused before the portrait. She made a little genuflection, and held up a finger mockingly.

"Perhaps he is the Knight of Malta after all," she said aloud.

The cavalier of the picture was mute, somber, threatening, in the obscurity of the old Watch Tower.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE SWALLOW WALTZ.



THE OLD PALAZZO of the Strada Zecca, occupied by Gen. Griffith and his family, was brilliantly lighted on the ensuing evening.

A massive lantern above the entrance shed a ray on the scutcheon of the Order of the Knights of St. John; while within the vestibule, trophies of the cavaliers, helmet, pike, halbert, and sword, were still grouped on the walls.

The visitor who passed under the arch of the portal on this occasion, found himself in an atmosphere redolent of the sweetness of flowers, and surrounded by those elements of life in which European and Oriental influences were curiously blended.

The colonnades of the mansion were illuminated with pendent clusters of eastern lamps, alternating with the cool and fragrant shadow of clumps of palms and jessamine, and the rippling plash of a fountain was audible in the center of the adjacent court, while Turkish rugs and cushions, exhaling musk and amber from their folds, were placed in convenient embrasures between the columns, as if inviting to that tranquil repose suggestive of the inseparable accompaniment of a pipe of perfumed tobacco, a gilded tray of sweetmeats, coffee, or sherbet, served on bent knee by one of those Nubian slaves in jeweled turban and silken tunic still to be found, in mute effigy, in Venetian places. Surely a beauty of the harem, in embroidered vestments, would peep from the shelter of yonder screen of lattice of arabesque carving, or glide down the marble steps on the left! Instead, the intruder jostled a stiff, English servant carrying tea, came unexpectedly upon a group of officers in brilliant uniform lingering at a buffet, or was surrounded by a bevy of ladies in toilettes bearing the imprint of Paris and London make.

The hostess received her royal guest at the entrance of the first saloon, a gracious presence in a robe of cream-colored moire antique over pistachio green satin, with fair arms and shoulders revealed by a corsage of golden tracery, studded with opals.

The young prince, pale, slender and beardless, with heavy-lidded eyes, and a languid utterance, was a modern Telemachus, escorted by Mentor in the person of Gen. Lubomirsky, with a bristling white mustache, a la militaire, and several orders attached to the breast of his uniform.

As such Mrs. Griffith wished to welcome the grand duke.

Telemachus was conducted by his host through several rooms, where myriads of lights were reflected on mirrors, and a profusion of flowers, arranged in banks and masses, with a background of tree ferns and tall plants, with variegated leaves, formed a miniature garden, to a gilded arm chair placed in the center of a large and lofty apartment. The prince, seated here, and surrounded by an expectant company, was required to contemplate a dark curtain, draped with Russian and British flags, until such time as the drapery was drawn aside, revealing a tiny stage.

The scene, arranged with admirable artistic effect, represented a margin of shore and rocks, with tropical vegetation. In the background was visible the entrance of a grotto, half concealed by a drooping vine.

The hostess, personating Calypso, in a classical mantle and robe of ivory-white tints, with a soft crepe peplum, embroidered in a Greek pattern, and her abundant dark hair gathered in a knot at the back of the head, pushed aside the vine, emerging from the grotto, and extending her hand with a smile to the grand duke, said in a musical voice:

"Telemachus, venez dans ma demeure on je vous recevrai comme mon fils."

"Malta was the island of Calypso," said the prince, when the curtain had fallen.

"Yes. Let us respect all myths at such a moment," added Gen. Lubomirsky.

When the mimic stage again became visible, three pictures, divided by a seemingly massive frame, occupied the space.

TO BE CONTINUED.]

## TALMAGE'S SERMON.

### "SISTERS OF CHARITY" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

A Companion Sermon to "Woman's Opportunities"—Be a Grace Darling, a Marie Antoinette, a Joan of Arc—To the New Woman.



EATRICE, NEB., June 23, 1895.—In his sermon for today, Rev. Dr. Talmage, who is now on his summer western tour, has chosen a subject that must awaken the sympathies of all lovers of humanity, viz.: "Sisters of Charity." The text selected was: Acts 9: 36: "This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did."

Starting now where I left off last Sabbath in reciting woman's opportunities, I have to say that woman has the special and superlative right of blessing and comforting the sick. What land, what street, what house, has not felt the smilings of disease? Tens of thousands of sickbeds! What shall we do with them? Shall man, with his rough hand and heavy foot, and impatient bearing, minister? No. He cannot soothe the pain. He cannot quiet the nerves. He knows not where to set the light. His hand is not steady enough to pour out the drops. He is not wakeful enough to be a watcher. The Lord God sent Miss Dix into the Virginia hospitals, and the Maid of Saragossa to appease the wounds of the battle-field, has equipped wife, mother, and daughter for this delicate but tremendous mission. You have known men who have despised woman, but the moment disease fell upon them they did not send for their friends at the bank, or their partner in business, or their worldly associates; their first cry was: "Take me to my wife." The dissipated young man at the college scoffs at the idea of being under home influences; but at the first blast of the typhoid fever on his cheek he says: "Where is mother?" Walter Scott wrote partly in satire and partly in compliment when he said:

"O woman, in our hour of ease, Uncertain, coy, and hard to please; When pain and anguish wring the brow, A ministering angel thou."

I think the most pathetic passage in all the Bible is the description of the lad who went out to the harvest-field of Shunem and got sunstruck—throwing his hands on his temples and crying out: "O, my head! my head!" and they said: "Carry him to his mother." And then the record is: "He sat on her knees till noon, and then died." It is an awful truth to be ill away from home in a strange hotel, once in a while men coming to look at you, holding their hand over their mouth for fear that they will catch the contagion. How roughly they turn you in bed! How loudly they talk! How you long for the ministries of home! I knew one such who went away from one of the brightest of homes for several weeks' business absence at the West. A telegram came at midnight that he was on his death-bed, far away from home. By express train the wife and daughters went westward; but they went too late. He feared not to die; but he was in an agony to live until his family got there. He tried to bribe the doctor to make him live a little while longer. He said: "I am willing to die, but not alone." But the pulse fluttered, the eyes closed, and the heart stopped. The express trains met in the midnight; wife and daughters going westward—lifeless remains of husband and father coming eastward. O, it was a sad, pitiful, overwhelming spectacle! When we are sick we want to be sick at home. When the time comes for us to die we want to die at home. The room may be very humble, and the faces that look into ours may be very plain, but who cares for that? Loving hands to bathe the temples. Loving voices to speak good cheer. Loving lips to read the comforting promises of Jesus.

In our last dreadful war men cast the cannon; men fashioned the musketry; men cried to the hosts, "Forward, march!" men hurled their battalions on the sharp edges of the enemy, crying: "Charge! charge!" but woman scraped the lint; woman administered the cordials; woman watched by the dying couch; woman wrote the last message to the home circle; woman wept at the solitary burial attended by herself and four men with a spade. We greeted the general home with brass bands and triumphal arches, and wild huzzas; but the story is too good to be written anywhere, save in the chronicles of heaven, of Mrs. Brady, who came down among the sick in the swamps of the Chickasaw hospital; of Margaret Breckinridge, who came to men who had been for weeks with their wounds undressed—some of them frozen to the ground; and when she turned them over, those that had an arm left, waded it and filled the air with their "hurrah!"—of Mrs. Hodge, who came from Chicago with blankets and with pillows, until the men shouted: "Three cheers for the Christian Commission! God bless the women at home!" then sitting down to take the last message: "Tell my wife not to fret about me, but to meet me in heaven; tell her to train up the boys whom we have loved so well; tell her to bear my love like the Christian wife of a Christian soldier;" and of Mrs. Shelton, into whose face the convalescent soldier looked and said: "Your grapes and cologne cured me." Men did their work with shot and shell, and carbine and howitzer; women did their work with socks, and slippers, and bandages, and warm drinks, and Scripture texts, and gentle strokings of the hot temples, and stories of that land where they never have any pain. Men knelt down over the wounded, and said: "On which side did you fight?" Women knelt down over the wounded and said: "Where are you hurt? What nice thing can I make for you to eat? What makes you cry?" Tonight, while we men are sound asleep in our beds, there will be a light in yonder loft; there will be groaning in that dark alley; there will be cries of distress in that cellar. Men will sleep, and women will watch.

Again, woman has a superlative right to take care of the poor. There are hundreds and thousands of them in all our cities. There is a kind of work that men cannot do for the poor. Here comes a group of little barefoot children to the door of the Dorcas society. They need

to be clothed and provided for. Which of these directors of banks would know how many yards it would take to make that little girl a dress? Which of these masculine hands could fit a hat to that little girl's head? Which of the wise men would know how to tie on that new pair of shoes? Man sometimes gives his charity in a rough way, and it falls like the fruit of a tree in the East, which fruit comes down so heavily that it breaks the skull of the man who is trying to gather it. But woman glides so softly into the house of destitution, and finds out all the sorrows of the place, and puts so quietly the donation on the table, that all the family come out on the front steps as she departs, expecting that from under her shawl she will thrust out two wings and go right up toward heaven, from whence she seems to have come down. Oh, Christian young woman! if you would make yourself happy and win the blessing of Christ, go out among the destitute. A loaf of bread or a bundle of socks may make a homely load to carry; but the angels of God will come out to watch, and the Lord Almighty will give his messenger hosts a charge, saying: "Look after that woman. Canopy her with your wings and shelter her from all harm;" and while you are seated in the house of destitution and suffering, the little ones around the room will whisper: "Who is she? Ain't she beautiful?" and if you listen right sharply you will hear dripping down the leaky roof, and rolling over the rotten stairs, the angel chant that shouteth Bethlehem: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will to men." Can you tell me why a Christian woman, going down among the haunts of iniquity on a Christian errand, never meets with any indignity? I stood in the chapel of Helen Chalmers, the daughter of the celebrated Dr. Chalmers, in the most abandoned part of the city of Edinburgh; and I said to her as I looked around upon the fearful surroundings of that place: "Do you come here nights to hold service?" "Oh, yes," she said. "Can it be possible that you never meet with an insult while performing this Christian errand?" "Never," she said—"never." That young woman who has her father by her side walking down the street, an armed policeman at each corner of the street, is not so well defended as that Christian who goes forth on Gospel work into the haunts of iniquity, carrying the Bibles and bread. God, with the right arm of his wrath omnipotent, would tear to pieces anyone who should offer indignity. He would smite him with lightnings, and drown him with floods, and swallow him with earthquakes, and damn him with eternal indignations. Someone said: "I dislike very much to see that Christian woman teaching those bad boys in the mission school. I am afraid to have her instruct them." "So," said another man, "I am afraid, too." Said the first: "I am afraid they will use vile language before they leave the place." "Ah," said the other man, "I am not afraid of that. What I am afraid of is, that any of those boys should use a bad word in that presence, the other boys would tear him to pieces and kill him on the spot." That woman is the best sheltered who is sheltered by Omnipotence, and it is always safe to go where God tells you to go. It seems as if the Lord had ordained woman for an especial work in the solicitation of charities. Backed up by barrels in which there is no flour, and by stoves in which there is no fire, and wardrobes in which there are no clothes, a woman is irresistible; passing on her errand, God says to her: "You go into that bank, or store, or shop, and get the money." She goes in and gets it. The man is hard-fisted, but she gets it. She could not help but get it. It is decreed from eternity she should get it. No need of your turning your back and pretending you don't hear; you do hear. There is no need of your saying you are begged to death. There is no need of your wasting your time, and you might as well submit first as last. You had better right away take down your check-book, mark the number of the check, fill up the blank, sign your name and hand it to her.

Again: I have to tell you that it is woman's specific right to comfort under the stress of dire disaster. She is called the weaker vessel; but all profane as well as sacred history attests that when the crisis comes she is better prepared than man to meet the emergency. How often you have seen a woman who seemed to be a disciple of frivolity and indolence, who, under one stroke of calamity, changed to a heroine. Oh, what a great mistake those business men make who never tell their business troubles to their wives. There comes some great loss to their store, or some of their companions in business play them a sad trick, and they carry the burden all alone. He is asked in the household again and again: "What is the matter?" but he believes it a sort of Christian duty to keep all his troubles within his own soul. Oh, sir! your first duty was to tell your wife all about it. She, perhaps, might not have disentangled your finances, or extended your credit, but she would have helped you to bear misfortune. You have no right to carry on one shoulder that which is intended for two. There are business men who know what I mean. There comes a crisis in your affairs. You struggle bravely and long; but after a while there comes a day when you say: "Here I shall have to stop," and you call in your partners, and you call in the most prominent men in your employ, and you say: "We have to stop." You leave the store suddenly. You can scarcely make up your mind to pass through the street and over on the bridge or on the ferry-boat. You feel everybody will be looking at you, and blaming you, and denouncing you. You hasten home. You tell your wife all about the affair. What does she say? Does she play the butterfly? Does she talk about the silks, and the ribbons, and the fashions? No. She comes up to the emergency. She quails not under the stroke. She helps you to begin to plan right away. She offers to go out of the comfortable house into a smaller one, and wear the old cloak another winter. She is one who understands your affairs without blaming you. You look upon what you thought was a thin, weak woman's arm holding you up; but while you look at that arm there comes into the feeble muscles the strength of the eternal God. No chiding. No fretting. No telling you about the beautiful house of her father, from which you brought her, ten, twenty, or thirty years ago. You say: "Well, this is the happiest day of my life. I am glad I have got from under my burden. My wife don't care

—I don't care." At the moment you were utterly exhausted, God sent a Deborah to meet the host of the Amalekites, and scatter them like chaff over the plain.

There are sometimes women who sit reading sentimental novels, and who wish that they had some grand field in which to display their Christian powers. Oh, what grand and glorious things they could do if they only had an opportunity! My sister, you need not wait for any such time. A crisis will come in your affairs. There will be a Thermopylae in your own household, where God will tell you to stand. There are hundreds of households where as much courage is demanded of woman as was exhibited by Grace Darling, or Marie Antoinette, or Joan of Arc.

Woman is further entitled to bring us into the kingdom of heaven. It is easier for a woman to be a Christian than for a man. Why? You say she is weaker. No. Her heart is more responsive to the pleading of divine love. The fact that she can more easily become a Christian, I prove by the statement that three-fourths of the members of the churches in all Christendom are women. So God appoints them to be the chief agencies for bringing this world back to God. The greatest sermons are not preached on celebrated platforms; they are preached with an audience of two or three and in private home-life. A patient, loving, Christian demeanor in the presence of transgression, in the presence of hardness, in the presence of obduracy and crime, is an argument from the force of which no man can escape.

Lastly, one of the specific rights of woman is, through the grace of Christ, finally to reach heaven. Oh, what a multitude of women in heaven! Mary, Christ's mother, in heaven; Elizabeth Fry in heaven; Charlotte Elizabeth in heaven; the mother of Augustine in heaven; the Countess of Huntingdon—who sold her splendid jewels to build chapels—in heaven; while a great many others who have never been heard of on earth, or known but little, have gone to the rest and peace of heaven. What a rest! What a change it was from the small room, with no fire and one window, the glass broken out, and the aching side and worn-out eyes, to the "house of many mansions!" No more stitching until 12 o'clock at night, no more thrusting of the thumb by the employer through the work to show that it was not done quite right. Plenty of bread at last. Heaven for aching heads. Heaven for broken hearts. Heaven for anguish-bitten frames. No more sitting up until midnight for the coming of staggering steps. No more rough blows across the temples. No more sharp, keen, bitter curses. Some of you will have no rest in this world. It will be toil, and struggle, and suffering all the way up. You will have to stand at your door fighting back the wolf with your own hand, red with carnage. But God has a crown for you. I want you to realize that he is now making it, and whenever you weep a tear, he sets another gem in that crown, until, after awhile, in all the tiara there will be no room for another splendor, and God will say to his angel: "The crown is done; let her up that she may wear it." And as the Lord of Righteousness puts the crown upon your brow, angel will cry to angel, "Who is she and Christ will say: 'I will tell you who she is. She is the one that came up out of great tribulation, and had her robe washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.' And then God will spread a banquet, and he will invite all the principalities of heaven to sit at the feast; and the tables will bluish with the best clusters from the vineyards of God, and crimson with the twelve manner of fruits from the Tree of Life, and waters from the fountain of the rock will flash from the golden tankards; and the old harpers of heaven will sit there, making music with their harps; and Christ will point you out, amid the celebrities of heaven, saying: "She suffered with me on earth, now we are going to be glorified together." And the banqueters, no longer able to hold their peace, will break forth with congratulation: "Hail! Hail!" And there will be hand-writings on the wall—not such as struck the Persian noblemen with horror, but with fire-tipped fingers, writing in blazing capitals of light and love and victory: "God has wiped away all tears from all faces."

The ordinance requiring men to shine their shoes at least once a day, is meeting with some opposition, but it is right. Too many men are careless in their personal appearance who have plenty of time to go fishing, and plenty of time in which to discuss the silver question.

It is a foolish fashion to say of a man that he "Sundayed" in Leavenworth, or will "Sunday" at home. In imitation, a Happy Hollow personal sent to this office this morning announced that "Mrs. Marie Smythe-Jones was washed at the home of her parents in Rushville 'his week.'—Acheson Globe.

### SUNNY BEAMS.

Mrs. Blifkins—Do the bathers shock you? Mrs. Snifkins—Oh, no. I traveled in Africa.—Town Topics.

Temperance lecturer—Friends, how can we stop the sale of liquor? Inebriate (in the rear of the hall)—Give it away.—Tid Bits.

She—I heard such a good joke to-day. I have been hugging myself about it ever since. He—You must be tired. Let me assist you.—Pick-Me-Up.

She had studied French—Have you any non-vivants this morning? Butcher—Boned what, mum? "Bon-vivant, why, that's French for 'good liver!'"—Life.

Colonel Clay of Lexington—What's that curious hole in the ground over yonder? "They're digging a well." "Ah, yes. For water, I suppose. What queer things one sees away from home."—New York Recorder.

Neighbor—How did your daughter's marriage with that count turn out? Mrs. Brickrow—Her last letter states that he has spent all her money and she is taking in washing; but then, I presume she washes only for the nobility.—Tid Bits.

"It's surprising," he said as he threw down his newspaper, "that some people should think that free coinage at sixteen to one should stand any chance." "John," she commented, severely, "I'm ashamed of you. It seems to me that for the last six months you have done nothing but talk horse-racing!"—Washington Star.

What plant is undesirable in wet weather? A housewife.