NUMBER 266

SPRING ON THE WAY.

The softly piping green backed toads, The deep ping mad in country roads, Rhe-matie twinges in our mints, Gay honreds worn by sprightly lasses, Hot whiskes subtracked by the masses, An increase in the sale of beer, A richer note from chanticleer A busing round for better flats. More music from the backyard cats, A heart song from a poet welling.
The willow ouds with green sap swelling.
A batch of Jersey maple caudy.
This rerselet isn't it a dandy t—
Al' things, in short, from far and near,
Procisim the fact that spring is here!

A CASE OF MISTAKEN IDENTITY.

Kate Field's Washington. This story relates how Captain Ru delph Everard, U. S. A., was guilty of conduct unbecoming an officer and a gentleman, yet went unpanished.

Nowthat it is past and over, though the consequences still remain, Captain Everned thinks that he cannot be held to blame in the matter, but possibly he is not the best judge, as I suspect him of secretly agreeing with the small boy who asked what was the use of temptation if you didn't yield to it.

Inez Merriam is sure that it was not her fault; how, indeed, can she be held responsible for the sudden, almost complete paralysis of her powers of recognition that took place shortly after her arrival on the Pacific slope? It seensionally happens that those meeting numbers of new people whom they scarcely expect ever to meet again, presently find themselves unable even to recognize such faces among the crowd as they may wish to remember. This was what happened to Miss Merriam after her five hundredth introduction, though she tried to attribute her failing to the climate. Indifferent at first, she presently found it very trying to know wheth the bushy-whiskered man in the corner of the car as she was going down town was the same bushy-whiskered man who had been her partner at whist the night before; while it was manifestly a waste of time to spend half the sermonhourin church wondering if the nice boy three pews in front to the right was samenice boy who had been presented o her on the club tennis grounds as the

champion player. Soit came about, after several fatal failures to recognize people, that she grew to be devoutly thankful for any such marked peculiarities in the dress or features of her casual acquaintances is made her more likely to remember

Her brother, Richard striend, Captain John Banfield, One Hundredth infantry. stationed at Vancouver barracks, was man of mediam beight and military bearing, with keen blue eyes and a tawny moustache. These characterist les Miss Merriam committed to memory that she might not omit to bow when nextshe met him; the minor details of his personal appearance she cheerfully forget, for during the oneevening which he had spent with Richard since she had been her brother's guest, she had not found herself especially entertained.

Nevertheless, on the morning that she took the early boat to go up to the Cascades of the Columbia from Portland, she was heartly glad to find him occudown to breakfast in the stuffy middle cabin. Richard had intended to go with her, of course; had, indeed, come down to the boat and gone on board when a messenger boy came after him with a telegram summoning him up the could not be put off. Richard hesitated a minute.

'lean't get off to go again for three weeks, and I am afraid by that time it will be pretty smoky. It is so clear to-day that you will have a grand view of the mountains * * * of course it will be alittle slow to go alone * * * what would you rather do, Inex? If there were only time to look about, I am sure there must be some one we know on

"Oh, no matter," said Inez, "since I got up at 5 o'clock it would be a pity to go back without seeing anything, don't youthink? And it isn't any more of a trip than going up to Albany on the day boat. Get off, Richie, quick! They are going to had the plank in.

So he turned and left her, whereupon she immediately began to wish that she had gone too, and wandered about forlornly until it was breakfast time. The sight of Captain Banfield slightly

revived her spirits. "Good morning, captain," she said, with a touch of returning vivacity in her tones. "Are you going up to the Casendes today?"

The gentleman at her right turned quickly and regarded her, hesitating. For one awful minute Inez thought she had made a mistake, but a glance at his choulder straps reassured her, even before he cheerfully returned her "good morning," and said that he was going as farup the river as the boat would take him, incidentally inquiring her own des-

Now it is evident that, in addition to the family likeness so often existing between army officers, one taway-moustacked man of military bearing and medium height in a captain's uniform looks not unlike another tawny-moustached man of the same carriage, same height and wearing the same uniform; and it is hardly necessary to explain that Miss Merriam's neighbor was not, in fact, Captain Banfield of the infantry, but Captain Everard of the engineers.

This is, perhaps, the place for Captain Everard's apology, but it is a poor thing at best. If he had scrutinized a trifle less closely the attractive looking girl cabin | possibility of making immediate confeswho stood outside the forward door before breakfast was called; if she had been a degree less distinguished in lock and manner; if she had not worn a gown; if she had not addressed him in such a pretty, confident way; if she had called him by the name of another man instead of using a title which at least was rightfully his; if he had felt a trifle less languid, and she had looked a triffe less interesting; if, in short, any of these conditions had been wanting, he would have disclaimed the henor of her acquaintance as speedily as was consistent with courtesy, and that would have been the end of it.

As it was, he hesitated perceptibly, then met her hazel eyes and hesitated

In her relief at finding that she would speech to her. So he reflected that come not have to be silent all day, Inez chat-tered rather more volubly than usual, not lose it through any vain hope of imand Captain Everard responded in his proving his position ethically. He would handsomest manner, though a queer seize the hour; afterward-if it must smile occasionally curled the corners of | come-the deluge! to the relief it would be to "Richard" might, be went back to Miss Merriam toknow the captain was on board. " and plunged wildly into a conversation

toknow the captain was on board. *

ty of the actional life.
When they reached the Cascades, the
he captain discovered that the boat answered blandly and truthfully that the obligation was entirely on his side, and he should be glad to serve as her guide-book to all the points of interest. wound stay there two hours, and, al-He did not find his self-assumed role though he had come up with the inten narrensy one of first it is one thing to tion of remaining over-night, he manact the part of another person when you aged to accomplish his business at the know your coes, but quite a different locks and find time besides for a shor walk on the shere with Miss Merriam. one to attempt it when you are Ignorant even as to whose part you are taking. It is so easy to be unaware of something

that theother fellow would know, and

tactical ability, and kept the conversa-

tion as far aspossible upon abstract top-resuntil he had learned that he was a

friend of her brother's, but only an ac-

friends" washis thought, "though if we were, this wouldn't have happened,

corer, later in the morning, that he was Captain Banfield from the post. Here,

at least, he was on firm ground, for he

and Banfield were good friends. He quite felt as though he had acquired a

ight to the name by his hour of name-

was a green and level hand edged with

round-topped trees; on the other, low

hills, with the sharp, saw-tooth outline

of great first rising above them. A head was a majestic stretch of water, and at the end of the vista a silver shade

against the sky, the mighty profile of

Inez leaned an elbow on the rail and

shaded her eyes with her hand as she

Everard that her gravity was sweet and

"You people out here have such a lov-

ing, almost patronizing way of talking about your mountains," she observed,

as if they were your intimates and your

familiars. It is very pretty, I think." The captain was a mountain lover. He

looked up the river at the white peak

ahead, as one who smiles in the face of a

"Mount Hood is my father confessor,"

he observed, "the heary propnet to

"Ah, don't tell him very many-he is

"What is your idea of sing" he asked

rather abraptly, for his conscience was

be nobler, when we have chances to be

to take a turning that leads up hill-

who liked hez Merriam at all were wont

to like her rather violently at first sight.

Topics of conversation, often so hard

to come by when wanted, were as plenti-

ful as motes in a ray of light for these two people this morning. The surshine

d the river air seemed to freshen and

gild every common subject with a touch

of unwonted splendor. Both were con-

cious of being rather ususually good

ompany that day, and felt a touch of

They talked, and talked of the coun-

try and its resources; the latest fad in

iterature; the magnificent scenery of

the upper river, when toward soon they

moved along the narrowing channe

mder those stupendous cliffs-"which

after all are only three or four times as

mposing as the Palisades!" observed

"Would you say 'only three or four times as black as sheet, or 'as sweet as

They discussed their musical likes and

listikes, and whether waxed floorswere

preferable for dancing, and the effect of climate on the nerves. Inez asked him

fhedd not think that Richard lookee

hiner than when he first west out, and

Everard responded that he could hardly

ell-did it seem so to her? She re

ferred casually to one or two family mut

ters which he was supposed to under stand, and he seemed to grovel in his

ewn sight and his soul writhed with it

him until the subject was safely

They talked philosophy, and touched

rearth that they did not speak of, and

when Captain Everard went away, as he

lid once or twice, to smoke a cigar and

think the situation over. Incz. leaned

back against the sheltering wall of the

able, and thought dreamily what an

anexpectedly good time she was having. But Captain Everard marched gloom-

biting his moustache and frowning at the floor; for the better the time they were having, the

nore they talked, and the more pleasur

they found in each other's converse, the

worse it made matters for him, and he

could see no way out of it that would

end to paths of pleasantness and peace

e., a state of things in which he could

isit Miss Merriam in her brother's

ouse, unhindered and pursue at leisure

in his own person and with the sanction

of society, an acquaintance which h

found so oddly charming under the pres-

ent unheard of circumstances.
"O Lord!" he murmured, leaning ove

the side and looking hopelessly down

uto the green water, "what a positio

for an honorable man. I have climbed up into the sheep-fold by an unappoint-ed way, and if I am turned out for a

thief, it will only, serve me right," and

For a few seconds he contemplated the

sion and throwing himself upon he

mercy. He might go to her and say, "

am not the man you have taken me for, but am another just as good. Let me

talk to you for the rest of the day on my

ownmerits as a companion-which you

have had an opportunity to test-and, later, I will find some one to youch for

me, to assure you that I am as well worth

talking to today as if I had been intro-

But he rembered having heard that a

woman's nature is inherently conven-

tional; and in his mind's eye he saw her

pretty upper lip stiffen, and the proud turn of the head with which she would

move away from the man who ventured

to make such an audacious, if honest,

By way of gathering roses while be

ing to be introduced tomorrow.

he fetched a mighty sigh.

and down the narrow side

pon religion; there was little in heave

affecting to make light of them.

unocent vanity about it.

love?" mocked Everard.

thanged.

that is my idea of sin, I think,

whom I tell my sins.

troubling him.

Inez reflected.

The day was fine, and not too fresh to

"Lucky for me we agen't intimate

Il was a great relief to him to dis-

quaintance of herown.

I SHITTHESE,

dount Hood,

The afternoon was shorter than the norsing, and quite as radiant-possible more so—in Captain Everard's eyes, for not only was it illamin-ed with a gleam of that light so betray your duplicity! Captain Flyerard, however, was possessed of some that was never on land norsea, but had also that quality of peculiar pre-ciousness telonging to things we dare not hope we may dongain.

Captain Everard did not forget that he clouged at the post, although as a mater of fact he boarded in Portland, so whenlate in the afternoon the boat ouched at the wharf at Vancouver, h prepared to get off. I not gave him her hard at parting with a gracious smile. "I owen great deal of the pleasure of the day to you," was her handsome acknowledgement, and she stood at the side and watched him dejectedly climbng the little hill up to the bob-tail car hat plies between tows and post. He did not take the car, however. enable them to remain forward. When they went outsile, the box had turned into the Columbia. On one side the bout had gone on down stream he re urned to the wharf and boarded the fat

> misery. In his own room he proceeded to think over the events of the day, and in each successive light which he cast on them heylooked worse than in the last. I he had forged a check or robbed a bank he could hardly have been more miserable, and possibly would have felt less

ittle feery for the motor station across

the river, by which means he reached

the city before Miss Merriam, and se

cured to himself an additional hour of

tooked up the river. Her manner was a little more subjued. It occurred to He had acted as ungentlemanly part ind he didn't know how he could fo himself: he didn't know how Bantiele could forgive him, and he was sure that no young person of refinement and selfrespect could be persuaded to overlook the monumental indelicacy—to call it by no harder term-of his behavior in tak ing advantage of a mistake and palming himself off as an acquaintance of a woman traveling alone. He could have beaten himself for his folly. And yet if he were brayed in a mortar would there depart from him his appreciation of bazeleyes and red-brown hair; of at uncommon face and a Redfern gown Hedoubted it, in spite of thestrong language he was at present using in regard to the monetary weakness which had made him fall in with fate's little plan to trick him into a comic opera

"Lost opportunities seem to me the crying sins of both of us. We aren't very wicked. We are only stundly situation. He experienced a lively wish to drop the day out of his life; he wished he blind, and we won't see when we might could tieit up in a bag with a couple of more generous. To lose an opportunity stones and drown it as one might kittens, but he was well aware that he could not even effect to ignore it. There "It would have been a sin to lose this were a pologies to make, and the sooner opportunity," was Everard's devout the better. It was decided by preferable mental comment, as he guided the conthat he should go to Bantield with his little story, than that, later on, Ban-field should come to him for an explanaand free-will, for he was already beginning to understand how it was that those tion, which would be sure to happen.

> Having braced himself for an unpleas antinterview, when he sought Captain Banfield at the earliest possible hour the next morning, it was a shock te him not to find himself treated as such a great criminal as he but expected could perceive. however, that Banfield suspending judgment until he should hear the other side of the story. Banfield grinned a good deal in his moustache, but said little, and his observations were not all to the point, as when he said he had known Richard Merriam a good many years, and he "was a gentleman, sir, put him"—a remark at which Everard wineed. As for Miss Merriam, ilan field thoughthera "pretty girl with mighty little to say for herself," at which eviclear-sightedness Everard smiled sadly. Banfield declined to give an opinion as to how she might receive Elverard's apologies, but consented to take him to call and present him in due form, so that he might have a chance of making them.

"For heaven's sake, let us go soon, said Everard, fervently, "I shall feel like a sneak until I gro." "Possibly you will not feel much better when you come away," remarked

Thatevening after dinner Miss Merriam, who was sitting on the veraculah her brother, observed two Captain Banfields coming up the terrace steps toward them. She dropped her eyes discreetly, while she reflected upon the probable meaning of this extraordi

nary natural phenomenon. When Captain Banfield the first presented Captain Banfield the second to her under the name of Everard, sheacknowledged the Introduction with a marked lack of warmth, and speedily dropped her eyelids again with the look of a person who has nothing to savnot, however, before she observed that Captain Everard was looking horribly

He had taken the seat next her, and farthest from her brother, while his companion, with artful kindness, had settled himself on the other side of Mr. Merriam, and after the first few seconds proceeded to engross his entire atten-This gave Elverard the opportunity he desired to explain and apologize and very awkwardly he embraced it.
Just what he said he does not know did not know at the time, having only a vague impression that he was figuratively growling at the feet of a very hard-hearted young parson who would not even lift her eyes to look at him. He wondered miserably how lashes so carly could hide eyes so unkind.

"I can hardly expect you to forgive me, but I wish to tell you how much I

Regret what? What had become of the rest of that sentence? The captain's voice refused to be burdened with the weight of any more apologies and stopped work suddenly. He made an effort to goon, but somehow could not. There was silence for a few long, hopeless seconds, a silence broken by Miss "It is very shocking," she said, severe-

"Of course you ought to have told me you were very sorry, but you did not have the pleasure of my acquaintance And of course lought to have been cov ered with confusion all the way up the river to think that I had spoken to some one I did not know—but, after all," and she lifted the lashes at last to show that the eyes beneath were full of laughter. "after all do you know-Im goad we did not do it that way.

The captain recovered his voice, "It was an a wful thing to do." he said, with an a we-struck soletnaity of one who had escaped an awful danger, "and if you knew what I think of your goodness in forgiving it-especially when you can realize the strength of my temptation! I said at the beginning of this story that Captain Everard went unpunished. This, of course, is his opinion and that of Mrs. Everand; but it depends on the "The devil it would!" murmured on the decline of dualing, and the value | view you take of matrimony.

Everard under his moustached but he of a sense of personal honor to the safe STORIES OF LITTLE FOLKS.

Fire Cleans Out Newsie Coogan's Hotel Where New York Gamina Used to Rocat.

TRAITS COMMON TO ALL CHILDREN.

No Difference Between Prince and Pauper-All Rids are Up to Pranks and Their Elders Have to Damee.

Cause and Effect. Margani Vasdegriji in St. Nudwias. Alittle dinner party was in progress down

While above-stairs, in the nursery, was a lonely little Fred "There is nothing left to do" he sighed; "bat clock a very slow, And when nurse does finish supper, she will put mestraight to bed

"Now, if they'd let me play with that "-he looked up on the wall, And gently pushed a chair along before as he spoke-"I really would not mischlef it, or worry it

afull, And I feel quite protty certain leould mend About five minutes after this the door-bei rang, and low The servant to the master whispered, "Sir,

The messenger you rang for." Replied the He's made some stupid blander." And he t. agat of it no gore.

Five minutes passed; asound of wheels; the servant came to say,
"The carriage is a waiting, sir-belike it's
come too early, But the man is very positive you rang for a

cuppay,"
"I didn't," said the master, and his look

and tone were surly. in the same mysterious manner a policeman Anda doubtful look was growing new upon

the master's face; An idea had occurred to him of what the mystery meant, Andhe was just preparing to follow up the trace-

When, lo! "A burst of thunder-sound"- the engine drew up proudly, Close followed by the bose-cart; and dire confusion grew. But the master from his door-step, by shoul-

ing wildly, loudly, Was in time to stop the deluge, and 'twas all that he could do. Straightway to the slarps he went, and cap-tured Master Freddy. Whe sobled, "I only gave it such a little, little lerk!

didn't mean to start it-just to try if it was ready;
I wanted-all I wanted was to see if it would work!"

Coogan's Hotel Clos d.

Coogan's hotel has permanently closed. Its same was a delicate tribute to its disverer, one Skiddy Coogan, newsboy and esident of no place in particular, and hough the general public was not a ware of its existence, the transcient trade of Coogan was of theliveliest kind and nightly taxed the capacity of that modesthostelry, says the New York World

Coogan's hotel is not he the directory and he closest inquiry as to its whereabouts en toask anewsboy. Thea, if your appear nce handred sufficient confidence, he would take you to Mailstreet and pointing to the reat sheet-tin ventilator that curves apvend etwen the central columns on the north ide of the postoffice, would exclaim with all he pathos of an infant Caius Marius con

"Dat wor Coegin's."

Many months ago those employes of the ostoffice who worked in the basement found hat the atmosphere was at times unbearable and the ventilator was put up in response to heir complaints. Its width is about five eet, its breadth is four, and when the engine onnected with it is put in operation a mighty prest of air rushes down its metal throat Phroughout the summer the ventilator i constantly in action, but when the cold whether comes in it is rarely used. Its ob-long mouth stands nearly ten feet above the payement, but the boxes which are placed round it make it easy of access

One specially cold hight Skildy Coogan, bearing beneath his arm a bundle of evening papers with which he had been "strick," wandered through Mall street looking for a on venient nook in which to repose until the our for "taking out" the morning sheets ar-yed. The space beneath the mail delivery latform which runs to the right of th orthern entrance had long been a favorite leeping place for Skiddy and his brother professionals, but on this particular evening every inch of available space had been pro-empted. As the sommiferous Coogan wriggled his way through the grating he greeted with unfriendly prods.

He took the hint and withdrew. At that time the war between the news-oys and the postoffice watchmen was in its infancy, although hardly as hour passed dur-ing the day without an eagagement of some kind between the brass-buttoned officials and the banditti of the alleys. The boys prayed craps, pitched pennies and did wildly irritating things directly under the noses of the foe, who retalisted with het cuts of the rat tan when they gained the vantage. A ttime

a Park tow policeman would saunter over from city half park and become sufficiently nterested in the fray to gravely wave his club and threaten the small and battered skirmishers with arrest. At nightfall the boys would begin to gather in the postoffice corridors, and from that hour until day break the watchmen spenttheir time in routing the enemy from the out-of-the way holes and corners in which the poor little chaps sought to

enjoy a limit of steep.

The space below the delivery platform was especially well suited for the purpose. The corpulent watchman could not get the shrewd and wiry small boy, and in addition

it was very warm.
Saidery Cooran, thus harshly driven from his favorite refuge, shuffled along the couble stones of Mail street, disconsolate. His eye fell upon the ventilator. A faint cloud of vapor above it was suggestive of warm air and plenty of it. With the vague idea that the ventilator was a sort of a chute that led directly to some kind of a blazing furnace. directly to some kind of a blazing furnace, Skilldy Coor an climbed an on the boxes and looked over the edge. A delectous puff of warmth blewfull in his face and staring into the darkness. Skiddy discovered that a net of light from girders filled the threat of the ventlator about three feet below Hedrewhimself quekly over the edge and

vanished.
Coogan hotel had been discovered.
For nearly a week Skiddy slept alone upon the girders, resulting in comparative luxury, but his secret was soon discovered and he was forced to share his lodgings with as many of his friends as could pack themselves into the 5 by 4 oblong. The bars were covered with hopelessly worn out articles of tothing and old bits of stray backing that the patrons of Coogan's managed to lay hands on. No matter how cold it was, no matter how hard itrained, the inside of the vestilator was always warm and dry, and these fortunate ones who found shelter be-filed its tin walls believed that they were

surrounded by a magnificence which ap-preached the truly pulatial. A straw filled crockers barrel in Barciay street was nothing compared to it. The lack of accompanients at Cookin's hotel was professional and hateled one of them a telegram. The brack and said while lack as he signed tective of innumerable lights. But one rule, the blank and said. A straw filled crockery barrel in Barciay that of first came list served, governed the was that late; where is timegoing to, any establishment, and the lacky six who captured the first places upon the graing usually had to fight for them. These midnight compats betrayed the servet of the ventilator to the night watchmen, who is turn informed the prevention of cuelty to children of the secret of the secret for a moment, and then the laugh size of or the prevention of cruelty to children of the transfer of the laugh size of the secret of the secret of the secret for a moment, and then the laugh size of or the prevention of cruelty to children of the secret of the secret for the prevention of cruelty to children of the secret for a moment, and then the laugh size of the secret for a moment, and then the laugh size of the secret for the prevention of cruelty to children of the

existence of the boys' new hiding-place. Frequent raids were made upon it and many of its habitues were hauled before local mag-

of a financies were mained before leval mag-istrates and committed to institutions. The ventilator, however, continued to be popular until the recent fire in the postellise baselised, when the flames swept up the chate and fatally barried one of the boys who

was sleeping in it.
This frightened the patrons of Coogan's away. Three of them ventured back again last Tuesday sight and were captured in the midst of their slumbers by the police. Watchmen and police now keep reducted guard or Mail street and the merry newsboy has become a non-evident quantity in that neigh-berhood. The smoked and battered runs of Cogan's is given over to become the habi-tation for wild beasts, and is frequented by a large and savage Thomas cat.

Sold His Papers and the Public. As I was ascending the steps of the "L? road station, not long ago, I nearly stamble over a very small boy scated at the bottom o the second landing, says a writer in the New York Herald. He was as Italian, aboutcucht years of age. Under his arm was a couple of newspapers, although the hour for selling them was late-10 p.m. Stopping on the landing above to thish my cigar before leard ing the train, I again noticed the boy, who had settled his head comfortably upon his arm and lay apparently fast asleep. A man came upstairs, lingered a moment at the lad's side, and then softly slipped a com in the boy's hand, making no attempt to awake him. When his benefactor's footsteps died away theurchin started up to examine the coin spit upon it for inex and stored it away. The ramble of a downcoming train can

spat upon it for mer and stored it away.

The ramble of a downcoming train consed
him to prick up his ears and fall back again
into his sommolent attitude. A certain infartile grace peeped forth from his smudgy face as it lay upturned, partially revealed by the flickering glare of the gas. His papers dangled carelessly under his left arm that bung limply and dejected like by his side. It was an effective pose in its pathos. Interested, I still watched the artful little

Passengers began to descend. The first, prim, spinster like female, stopped short, nanded him a coin, bade him keep the clange took a parer, advised him to go home, an

Afterher tripped an airy, fairy like miss amid a great rustling of skirts, radiant in beauty that set off to advantage sparkling jewels and rich raiment. She threw up her hands in dismay and emitted a little cry of

terror.
"Oh, George," she cried, "see there!" George was her escort. He callantly prosecut once to the situation. Diving into his pocket be transferred there

from quite a little sum of jingling change in to the boy's hand. Sympathy seemed contagious.

Other passengers contributed liberally and went their ways leaving the boy alone. He sat upright, carefully counted the spoil and then settled down again for more business. How long this lasted, whether the little fellow had evolved this scheme from the counter that the settled t his own in her consciousness or been padrons so tosay-into it, I had no time to ascer

This is but one incident in a thousand metropolitanlife which reveals that charitable people are hoodwinked very often in their indiscriminate almsgiving.

Nickels with Whiskers. "What are you doing that for !" was asked of a down town elevator boy who was indus triously hacking the edges of a nickel with a sharp knife, reports the New York World. "Puttin' up a job on one of de'L' rakes, he replied as he started the elevator with a elocity that doubled up the knees of a puny looking man who wanted to go to the top

"Who are the 'L' rakes !" on the second floor and blowed a chowed wad at a messenger on th

ird: then he answered:
"Derakes are de fellows wat pull in oin at de elevated station windows. Deg talk der mighty slick in makin' change, and de lazy wey dey slide it out makes you tired

But we fellers are on to 'en We whittles sharp edges on coin like dis and flops it down hard on d wood. De man paws it, but it don't rake the tries it again, but his fingers slip off. It' fun to see him get rattled when ders a bli crowd waitin'. Tree of de fellers had a man wild last night. We mixed up in a man wild last night. We mixed up in a 7 o'clock crowd, and each of us had a cut coin. De tieset man was sidin' change his puritest when a had chucked down a nickel with whiskers on. He pulled at it six times and then had to pick it up. After a few neople had passed I struck him wid a sharperned dime. It took him a minute to rake it in and gin me change, and a Hollum train went up wid a hig grown pushin' in get threagth de wid a big crowd pushir to get through de gate. Dende money slipped all right for a minute, but another of de gang set down a fixed piece. It stack fine and de man was so mad de station trempled. It's de last jok

Lesson in Politeness. Youths' Companion ear Wind, last summer in the fields We played together, you and I. I ever had for company,

You kissed my cheek, you stroked my had You scattered blossoms at my feet, ou fanned me when the san was hot With puffs of perfume, cool and sweet

But now you've grown so strong and ride, Mysummer friend I scarcely know, you try to tear my cleak away. And drive into my face the snow.

ut mint' floor!"

ou pull me, panting here and there, And whirl me round and round in giee. uch sports may do for stordy But they are quite too rough for me,

You snaten my hat and punch my cheek, And pull my hair all out of ndeed, you must remember, Wind,

You're playing with a little girl.

lake Other Children.

Since the sudden and mysterious death of Prince Baldwin of Bengium some interesting tories are told of his childhood. When t prince was quite a tiny babe he was deletously resy and dimpled, and one of the most prized souvenits of him at the epoch lies to a table in the bouddir of the countess of F ders, in the form of an exquisite baby hase finely sculptured in white marble. When the sculpture came to take the cast, the task wa ot easy, for the little prince seemed inclin for he began dabbling his resy dimpled in gers in soft, warm paste, and could not persuaded to hold the hand required still, b emetimes aided the sculpture, in his fashio by pring up more paste, s times by reguishly shaking it all off. course every one laughest and enjoyed the merry tricks of the deligated baby, who evi-dently found this soft paste the best of fun-The cast was finally obtained with wonderful success when his little royal highness was

Here is another story of a few years later Prince Baldwin was passing along an avenue with his nurse and attendants, where there were several very large tubes for water lying in the road. Suddenly he was missed. The at his sudden and complete disappearance.

was thinking of something like that which he had heard when he was a boy.

Brutat Step-Mother. Mrs. Annie Rockhill of Oakmid, Cal., was sentenced to pay a fine of \$100 or go to jail for 100 days for beating her little step-daugh-

ter, Mrs. Rockhill, whother beane or simply passionate, cruel and malignant, will probabry have to serve the full three months and tendays of her sentence, as her husband has said that he could not or would not pay her fine, and no one clse is likely to This is the story the child told on the trial

"She whipped me because I was not tendin the cows and they got into the grain field and couldn't drive the red cow out. told her she made me go into the front room and take off my clothes. Then she got a clothestine and tied my arms and feet. She had a horsewhip, and she whipped and whipped until she couldn't hardly lift her Didn't it burt awfully !"

"Yes, awful, but it wasn't as bad as when ste made me he down and jumped on my chest. After that she made me take off my shees and steckings, and she got the poker and beat me over the knees and feet. She told me to go down in the cellar, and then I ran away. I knew what was in the cellar—a better of warms and was in the cellar—a ranaway. I know what was in the cellar—a birtub of water, and she was going to the my hands and feet and hold my head under anti-I scopped breathing, and then take me out until I came to and then do it again. I knew it because shedid it before. "I hid in the old chicken coop, and I was

"Thid in the old chicken coop, and I was hungry and then I came here." She told the awful story of cruelty as calmly as could be. She lifted up her hair and showed where her white forehead was on with a blow from a propositick When asked about other heatings she an-

"Mamma was always whipping me because my little sister massed up the house as fast as I fixed it up. I had to fix it up all the

Fancy a tot of that size doing housework. "Didt't your papa say anything to her "He didn't know, I guess. She never gave me a chance to tell him and she said she'd

whip me worse if I did. He was always good She said that for more than a year her stepmother had beaten her for everything

She had to drive the cows out every morn ing, and the neighbors told of seeing this mite of burnanity bareheaded and barefooted tending the cows through the hottest days of summer and the coldest, wettest days of win-

She didn't whip my little sisters much? said; Dotto, "She whipped me because I was the eldest and she said I couldn't do anything All through the recital the brave little

woman kept her clear eyes on the questioner She answered with a directness and intelli grace that was extraordinary

Bit Off Baby's Toc. Four weeks ago Mrs. Frank Baser of Akron, O., became the mother of a buby girl. For that buby her four year-old son took the most intense dislike, a feeling that grew stronger every day. The mother left her children together in the room. She was gone only a low minutes, but when she returned the buby was crying pitcously. Continued crying led to an examination of the little thing's body, when the mother was horrified to discover that the great for of the right foot had been bitten off near the first joint.

knew Enough for Mamma.

Hartford Post: "My little girl, how do you wear out your dress sleeves so fast." asked a Master street, mother when her child arm, "I guess it's holding up my hand so much to let the teacher know I can answer the questions," was the quick response.

Color study. Ram's Horn: A small boywho happened to ruise his lear said to his mother maining, how awfully it must hurt to be a colored man." "Hurt, my dear? Why, what de you mean?" "Why, dea't you knew, I tambled down this morning and made that black spot on my leg, and it's just as sore a it can be all the time."

Irreverant but Good. A very modern little boy had been told the story of Lot's wife, "What did he do with her inferward?" asked the yound hopeful. 'Why, nothing, she remained a pillar of sait," said his instructress. "Do you know what I should have done! I should have eaten her with water-cresses," replied this cufant terrible.

Up in Physics.

A little Banger boy surprised both his par-ents and his school teacher not a little recently while at dinner. He propounded the Which is the quickest, heat or cold? The teacher was a little slow about venturing a reply, but finally she thought heat was. That is right, said the sharp youngster,

"because you can catch a cold." MENAND DUDES.

The Dream Shift. Old Sancho Panza vowed there was No joy compared to sleeping: And to its soft embrace was wont To give himself in keeping.

In Sancho's time they were not then The night gown or malammer; Before the fine clawhammer.

Had Sanche known the robe de chambre. He never would have left his couch, Sieep would have been so free!

Or could be wake today and note The style, in varied number, Of saken, linen, pongee, lace, Luxurious gowns of slumber.

He'd wish to live life o'er again, Hed tap his money barrel; That he might wear the rare dream shifts, And Morpheus' apparel.

Double-Fold Tre. In ties the newest thing is the "double

fold." This is simply obtained by folding the ong end of the four-in-hand twice instead of once around the shorter, as usually is the method. The knot of the scarf is thus made richer and fuffer-tooking, and may be massed how the quality of the faorie to the best advaritages. Morever, it hallcates that the scarf is a self-tied one, and the extra length required shows that the material is not skimped. The little deviation upon the secand cross of the long and may be achieved by making the first cross shall slightly down-ward and the second straight across; or, if a more protounced effect is desired, slightly uoward. Above all, the necessity of the scarfpin with this type of seart that has been disputed by the ultra-conservatives, is unde more apparent, and its position at the intersection is beyond reproned

N w Styles n Neckwear. In neckwear for men there will be a preva-

ence of watt grounds this spring, with detached figures sprinkled far apart on plenty of ground, writes the London correspondent nystified attendants were becoming alarmed of the Clothier and Furnisher. There will not be marly so many "allover" effects and called to him. A merry laugh was the answer, and the little royagour appeared emerging from one of the great tubes, have shuttle" patterns in solid colors are but ing traversed it from one end to the other, in forward with some bright colored ones as following a sadden fancy of his childish well. A new thing in light sources has a well. A new thing in light squares has a tiny flower or other bright spot worked just A Boy Set Them Thinking.

Several gentiemen were standing in the lobby of a notel the atter evening when a rather small sized uses senger boy rashed in and handed one of them a telegram. The stripe is of that crinkly curly convolusion monitoring granced at the clock as he signed waves. In twills are also produced self-waves. In twills are also produced selfon the crossing of each line with another, waves. In twitts are also produced se-colored designs looking like the wavy water

SATURDAY'S SPORTING SPICE.

Newsy Gessip Anent the Great Estional Games

ALL ABOUT THE SHOULDER HITTERS.

The Track and Saddle On the Mattress Shooting and Shooters -Kennel Notes and Breezy Miscellany.

Runs, Hits and Fumbles. President Speas is a bit afraid of Milwau-

Kansas City will be seen in the same old Dell Darling will be a fine acquisition to the Minneapolis club.

What does Kansas City want with both Holland and Carpenter (

Larry Twitchell will be a catiling good man for the Western association St. Paul is after a new third baseman. It It needed one bad enough for last year. Miller was a pretty good short step for Minneapelis, but he couldn't hit worth a

Pickett and Walsh will have the call in the west as the favorite short stops. Sporting

Hick Carpenter has signed to play third base for Kansas City again. Sensible Kan-

If Jack Rowe expects to play with the Lin-oln team, its about time be was showing

If Minwaukee is any stronger in its pitching department than last year, it is stoling to Milwaukee released a pretty fair first baseman when it released Morrissey. Sionx City

Lincoln and Omaha will play for the championship of Nebraska. Kansas City wants to down the victor.

If the American association is so dead anxious after Western association players, why dont it step out and get a few! The Western association could make a bet-ter fight and do less whining than the de-

Buffington is coming out of his wigwam by slow degrees, and may turn up as a Kansas City cowboy when the flowers begin to Frank Branell cruelly suggests in the

erters from the national agreement.

Cleveland World that some trusters are needed to take care of the poor old associa-Kansas City says it will not be the highest calaried team in the west, this year. It is isely that Milwankoe will have that dis-

According to this new scheme, St. Louis is to be given to the Western association. The Western will not object, if Chris Ven der The National league musn't imagine for

one instant that it has a "cinen" on the world's champion hip flag. Remember the Mr. A. L. Johnson and his bride-elect are to honeymore in Europe. That looks as if the chances for a compromise here was bright.

Little Mollie Wells, Silver Pilnt's adopted daughter, diet of typhoid fever last week She was an expert scorer and a general favorite with the players. Ed. Williamson has really retired and good

into business at Chicago with "Jiminy" Woods, the one time ball player and ex-manager of the Memphis Reus. Milwaukee has succeeded in corraling a mighty fine team, and their ambition this year is to lambaste the very life out of Jimmy

Manning's game. Will they! The west is ready for the season, and the pace is going to be the hottest kind of one. From the looks of the thoroughbreds a

ruising finish is more than likely The righteousness affected by the association does not dovetail very well with the attempt to land Pfeffer, Walsh, Dulrympio md Cooney, even before war was declared. Sporting Times: Larry Twitchell and Dave Rowe will not be in one case tegether this season after all. Larry goes to Omaha;

consequently the admission at Lincoln will be out down at least 25 cents. Dave Rowe scooped in a good man when he signed John Irwin. John is a great worker, and in a minor league he has always been a tower of strength. He handled Wilkesbarre

n great shape a few years ago. The colors of the uniforms of the Kansas

City club were decided by a vote in the Evening Times of that city. The "fans" chose blue suits and white triminings and white suits and black triminings. The Columbus Dispatch's plea for peace is met with this constic sort of rejoinder from the Chicago Post: "Never fear, old man, When the association is through with the

energe it will have peace enough. A St. Paul correspondent is still talking about the St. Paul ball tram opening the Louisville grounds. Watkins wants to calls him off or pitch him into the Mississippi The St. Paul team will do nothing of

Fred Carroll will bring his bride east. He writes to the Pittsburg league people: "The league will come out on top, 'for they are the the people." I have found that out, although my efforts against the league were honest and

above board.

says: "If the association is compelled to evacuate Checkmant, as now seems likely, it will probably readmit Toledo." Toledo yielded once. Will the city by the Maumee isten to the siren again! Sporting Times: Knell, Clarke and Cana

A New York special to the Inter-Ocean

van are the only reserved Omahogs left ansigned. Clarke threatens to go over to the American association, and the fans of the Gate City are only afraid that he'll change his mind and stick to them. So Mr. Von der Horst says the American association will retaliate on the Western for all its losses. Mr. Von der Horst does't want to think for a single minute that he will not

be tackling something a good deal bigger han the American association. Tom Fullwoot, once an apostle of the brotherhood faith, is a backstelar. He characterizes "Albert L." as the "champion base ball wrecker," and is cruel chough to remark that he is "chirplug through his hat." But Albert is now. Let him rest.

"Historiculation found" is what Al Johnson called the \$25,000 he has laid uside to be used in killing the National league. Ten times that much was spent for unumention last year and the league still lives. And now

Albert has killed the American association. Charles H. Byrne is thus queted: 'The association should not object because any of their players under contract sign with the league. The players had a beautiful example set them by the association, which broke a contract with the National league and West-

ern association." Aball player, Charles H. Plack, was the that her here lord and kept some just one night after their weiding and then disappeared. That was five years and. She get

Sporting Times. The Omning reporters are to have a handsomely useholstered the of their ewn this season, immediately behind the catcher's stand. The provise had down by President McCornies is that they keen it exes newspaper men not engaged in report

It is is barry possible that the Aberroan association is not signing any western pareers, because it 'can't' it's just to a realy possible you know. Of course, they are the whitest people on earth. Everybedy manys that, but if a real, nice, fat leading oall player would offer to jump from the Western association, they must be persuased to take

has lifted the carchine proper bottle out of the caster and is studing electful little things like this upon those involution: For