

CHAPTER IX. liked Mrs. Saville in a surface fash-

favorite with the stern little woman. On this supposed favoritism she was always ready to presume. Hope Desmond and Mr. Rawson were therefore voices and approaching footsteps in the pleasure-ground to which the windows of the smaller drawing-room opened made themselves heard about tea time, when Mrs. Saville had come in from a short stroll with her confi dential adviser, and Hope had descend ed from her own room, where she had enjoyed a couple of hours' solitude. These sounds were followed by the appearance of Miss Dacre, Saville, Lum-

ley and Lord Everton. "So sorry you were not able to come | "That depends very much on what to church this morning, dear Mrs. Saville!" said Miss Dacre, effusively, and with the unconcerned assurance of the class which does not hesitate to rush tread; "so we have all come over to inquire for you. You are looking quite pale. You see I have brought poor Lord Everton, who is so distressed at being expelled from this paradise. You really must make friends. He wrong, and he is so sorry. Now, for my sake, dear Mrs. Saville, you must forgive him, you are such near rela-

Mrs. Saville, a bitter smile curling her lip. "If Lord Everton chooses to come, I can only admire his forgiving nature and accept the olive-branch.

"You are, as ever, just and generous," returned the impecunious peer, with a delightful bow and smile. am quite charmed with the vision of myself as a dove, which you kindly

Mrs. Saville turned from him with undisguised contempt, and addressed herself to George Lumley.

"So you are staying at the Court? How does your regiment, or your troop, get on without your valuable as sistance?"

"Disagreeable old cat!" thought Lumley, while he said, "Oh, I ride over ery other day, and the intermediate ones they stumble on as best they can without me."

"I thought you were going down to Herondyke?"

"Here's metal more attractive," said Lumley, metodramatically, with a wave of his hand towards Miss Dacre, who was deep in conversation with Mr. Rawson, on whom she was smiling with her habitual belief in her own power to fascinate all male creatures. "Metal! Yes, I dare say, I some times wonder if you are as foolish as

you seem. George." "Oh, a good deal more so," said the handsome hussar, showing his white teeth in a pleasant smile. "You know

I haven't many ideas." "Yet I dare say you would be less easily taken in than men who have. scornfully.

"Very probably, my dear aunt."

"What is the matter with you?" asked Miss Dacre, in a low tone, draw ing a chair to the tea-table, where Hope Desmond presided. "You look pale and ill, and as if you had been crying. Pray forgive me," she added seeing the quick color rise in her vic tim's cheek, "but I knew quite well you could not stand Mrs. Saville for long." in a low tone.

"Oh, ves, I can," said Hope, smiling a brave defiance. "Don't you think am likely to have worries and had news apart from poor Mrs. Saville?" "Well, I suppose so; but it did not

occur to me. She is not popular, you know, though I always get on with her. I am going to play a bold stroke just now; it will astonish you all. 'Nothing venture nothing have,' von know."

"'Jockey of Norfolk, be not bold," quoted Miss Desmond, with a somewhat tremulous smile.

"She has been crying-I am certain she has; though she is braving it out. At any rate, she is going to stick to Mrs. Saville. I wonder what she is saying to George Lumley. Nothing amiable, I am sure.

Here Lord Everton, who had been speaking to Saville, and of whom the mistress of the house had not taken the slightest notice, approached and begged for a cup of tea.

"It is a beverage of which I am extremely fond," he said, "and I think a decided liking for tea ought to be a patent of respectability to any man You have been a good deal on the Con tinent, I believe, Miss Desmond?"

"I have traveled occasionally in my aunt's lifetime."

"Ah! and enjoyed it, I dare say?"

"Yes: but I also enjoy returning to

England." ment I set foot on my native soil, I cease to be a free man; invisible detectives put me in social irons; cruel warders imprison me with adamantine barriers, where I am obliged to eat and drink and speak and have my being according to rigid rules. I must give my money for what satisfieth not, and go to the funereal hostelries frequented by my peers. I must don evening dress, and wear unlimited purple and fine linen. Then my exasperating relatives will pester me with invi- I was rather proud of it, she likes so tations, because they think they must not neglect 'that poor old beggar Ev-

Channel my only habitation is an airy Miss Dacre was a very persevering bedroom, outside which a whole world young woman, nor was she restrained of cafes and restaurants are 'before by any sensitive delicacy in pursuing | me where to choose' my breakfast and her designs. Hitherto she had rather | dinner, where I meet pleasant, intelligent people of every shade of opinion, ion, flattering herself that she was a with whom I can converse freely in happy ignorance of their names and condition, as they are of mine; and occasionally I stumble on old acquaintances who enjoy life in my own fashcomewhat appalled when the sounds of | ion, cheerfully accepting the contemptubus treatment of Dame Fortune, who in emptying our pockets also relieved us of tiresome responsibilities. It is wonderful the clearness of judgment and general enlightenment of those who are not weighed down by this

> "I dare say you are right, Lord Everton. Still, a few of them are advantageous: though I do not see that money can purchase any essential of

world's goods."

you consider essentials." "That is true- But Miss Dacre is going to make a speech," for that young lady had said, in an audible in where the sharper-sighted fear to | tone, "I am going to tell you a story." "I know," whispered Lord Everton. "If her pockets had always been empty, she would have known better how to hold her tongue."

"This story came to me in a letter from the wife of a cousin of mine could not foresee that things would go | whose cousin was eye-witness of the adventure." Miss Dacre was saying, as she posed herself on an ottoman and every one turned towards her. "Scene a dark, stormy night, a distant sea, "Connections, you mean," corrected one of hier Majesty's big ships tossing about on the waves, which make noth ing of her bigness. Young sailor, doing something incomprehensible with a rope or ropes, loses hold or balance and drops into the black depths of the raging waters. Captain orders boats to be lowered. 'He'll be gone before you can reach him, they say. 'He can not swim, cries another officer, throw ing off his boots while he spoke, and

springing over at a bound. "This is suicide, exclaimed the captain. The young officer is a huge favorite with the crew, the crew work with a will, the boat is lowered, a life boat probably, they surmount the waves and alide into the watery hol lows, they come up with the gallant lieutenant, who is supporting the sepreless sailor and nearly exhausted himself, they drag them into the boat. they regain the ship, the men crowd round the-whatever you call it where they get on board, their cheers ring above the roar of the storm, the rea cued and rescuer are safe!"

"Most dramatic," said Lord Everton "Worthy of Brandram," added George Lumley. "I don't exactly see---" began

Richard Saville. "No, of course you do not; there

nothing to see exactly," interrupted Miss Dacre, quickly.

"I have heard the tale before. The playing with his double glasses.

"It was really much worse than represent," exclaimed Miss Dacre. with an air of profound conviction. Now, does no one want the name of

There was a moment's pause. Mrs. Saville sat sflent in her arm-chair. Lumley's laughing eyes sought Miss Desmond's, but she was sheltered behind a massive orn which always appeared at tea-time. Only Lord Everton rose to the occasion.

"I am dying of curiosity, my dear Miss Dacre," he said languidly

"Name! name!" cried Lumiey. "Hugh Saville!" said Miss Dacre, rising and assuming an attitude.

"I thought so," said Richard. "Just like him!" cried Lumley, cor

"Give me your arm, Mr. Rawson, have letters to show you in my study. avoided church because I did not think prayers or sermon would improve my headache. I did not bargain for being obliged to sit out a dramatic recital," said Mrs. Saville, dryly, then aided to the company, "You will excuse me, I do not feel equal to general conversation," and she touched Mr. Rawson's with the finger-tips of her right hand, and walked with much dignity through the door which Lord Everton with a sad and solemn

expression of countenance held open. As soon as she had passed, he closed It gently, and advancing a step or two. glanced from one to the other with so comic a look of dismay that both Lumley and Saville laughed.

"Courage such as yours, my dear Miss Dacre, deserved success; and yet it has not been successful," he said, with an air of deep sym-athy, to the fair narrator, and sat down on the ot-

toman beside which she sto "I never saw any one like Mrs. Saville-never!" cried Miss Dacre, growing red with disappointment and mor tification. "I really hoped that such a story of bravery and humanity would have done so thing towards softening her heart; and I flatter my-

self I did it pretty well." "If you had asked my advice," said Richard Saville, "I could have told you it would be simple waste of

"But," exclaimed Miss Dacre, with sound of tears in her voice, "Mrs. Saville always used to mind what I said, and—and seemed so fond of me. few people."

"I am afraid there is some differ-

Lumley, pushing a chair forword. "Come. Miss Dacre, you have done your best, and your best is very good. Now take a cup of tea, and pardon my aunt her scant courtesy. I am going to write to Hugh, and I'll tell him

of your championship." "You ought," said Miss Desmond, who had not spoken before, but whose voice showed she had not been unmoved. "Very few can count on such courageous advocacy of the absent and of a losing cause."

"You are very kind to say so. Yes will have a cup of tea. My mouth feels parched."

"No wonder!" cried Lord Everton. "I am sure my tongue would have cleaved to the roof of mine, had dared to utter such words to the Lion of Inglewood. Excuse me, my dear Richard."

"Do not mention it, my dear uncle. "I wish you would come out and take a little walk with me, Miss Desmond," said Miss Dacre. "I feel frightfully upset."

"I should like to do so very much, but Mrs. Saville may want me to write for her, or something, and I do not like to be out of the way." "What penal servitude!"

"You must not say so. I agree to perform certain duties, and it would not be honest to run away from

"Why do you always take her part?" and Miss Dacre made an impatient grimace. Then, addressing the gentlemen, "Just walk back to the court, and I can follow by myself. Then I can have a quiet talk with Miss Des-

"Very well," said Lumley, rising. " will escort my uncle to the court, and return for you." Miss Dacre gave him a nod and smile, and the gentlemen left them.

(To be continued.)

----WHITE HOUSE CHINA

In Never Given Away and Sold Only After Formal Condemnation. Custom at the White House demands that no dish shall appear on the table (especially on state occasions) that is not absolutely without defect. Not merely a chip, but the slightest scratch in the gilding on the edge of a plate or cup, or the almost imperceptible wearing of a color design, is sufficient to condemn the piece. It is put aside, and by-and-by, when a number of such "rejects" have accumulated, they are inspected by the steward (who is official custodian of all executive properties), and sent off to auction, writes Rene Bach.

Under the law, the official china cannot be given away under any circumstances, and can never be sold except in the manner described, afterformal condemnation. Condemned White House china always brings very high prices at the auction sales-especially pieces of the Lincoln, Grant and Hayes sets. Even a badly cracked Lincoln cup and saucer, or damaged egg cup, may fetch \$15 or \$20. On the other hand, a Franklin Pierce plate in good condition is not likely to | Washington, command more than \$6. Washington and Jefferson crockery is always salable at fancy prices; but none of it kept on exhibition in the cabinets in palian, Providence. the basement

The first and original executive chinaware was imported from England by George Washington - who, of House. Nearly all of it has disappeared, only a few pieces still existing in the hands of collectors. But even more interesting, perhaps, are the rare remnants of the crockery set (likewise of British manufacture) intended for the only difference is that the weather was Confederate executive mansion at palian, Salt Lake City. not quite so stormy as your correspond. Richmond, but which, it is understood. ent represents it," said Mr. Rawson, Jefferson Davis never had an opportunity to use. It was captured, couffscated, and scattered, only an occasional fragment of it being to-day discoverable in the cabinets of curio lovers. At the time when (in 1962) the purchase of a complete new service of queensware was contemplated by Mr. Roosevelt, a careful inventory was made of all the china in the White House. It was found to comprise 143 pieres of the Lincoln set, 125 pieres of the Grant set, 371 pieces of the Hayes set, 30 pieces of the Arthur set, 1,745 | world of beauty and hope a soul canpieces of the Cleveland set, 459 pieces | not fervently say, "I have kept God's of the Harrison set, and 321 pieces of law."-Rev. C. J. Potter, Congrega-

the McKinley set The Roosevelt china, which was ordered from England (\$22,000 being paid for it), is white and gold, and, fwice as to whether he could do as might be imagined, exceedingly generous deed or fulfill his higher handsome. Each plate and platter has conviction. - Rev. Newell D. Hillia, the coat-of-arms of the United States, in gilt, in the border. This set originally comprised 3,000 pieces, including cups, saucers, etc., and is to-day almost intact, great care having been camp; the flattering tengue, which taken of it, so that very few of the God will cut off; the tongue of the pieces are broken. Hence it is exceed- talebearer, which separateth friends; ingly unlikely that the Tafts will be the lying tongue, which is but for a obliged to buy any more crockery for the White House.

1 Delicate Hint. "Poor Miss Oldgirl! Did you hear of the jost she got at the seedsman's?"

"No: what was it?" "She told the man she had a little garden of her own and asked him to recommend some sultable plant. He gave her one look and then suggested a wallflower."-Baltimore American.

A Changeless Name. De Quiz-Was that an onmarried

woman you met just now? De Whiz-Yes, I knew her several years ago. How her face has changed! De Quiz-Has it? Well, when a woman's face changes as much as that she can never hope to change her name, too.

The Old Man's Joke. "Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?"

"No, pa," replied the maid. "B he's going right now." "Then ask him to empty the pail or lungs. Rub it in well. underneath the icebox before he goes, will you? I forgot it?"-Detroit Free

About the Size of It. "All men are born equal," quoted

the moralizer. "Yes," rejoined the demoralizer, erton.' Now, on the other side of the ence between past and present," said i and the equality stops right there."

MAKE FARMERS BUY TREES.

Vermont Wante Land to Be Refor-

cated-2,000,000,000 Feet Cut. A novel experiment in American forestry is to be tried by the State of Vermont, says a Burlington special to the New York World. She is going to coax or make all her farmers on the waste lands and deforested tracts buy from her at cost price at least 500 young trees apiece for planting. The state has established a tree nursery and bas also imported from Germany more than 100,000 saplings, mostly

An investigation by A. F. Hawes, who took office on April 1 as Vermont's first State forester, shows that more than 2.000,000,000 feet of the finest lumber has been cut from forests of the State since 1880. This was practically all heavy growth, the lumbermen paying no attention to the annual growth, though they could have used

white pine, suitable for building pur-

them as well as not. Vermont officials are alarmed by this tremendous destruction of the best forest lands in the State, and an agitation is to be started in favor of tree planting. The 5,846,006 acres in the total area of Vermont is divided as follows:

boundaries, 2.597,000 acres.

Forest and waste lands not in farm boundaries, 1.122,000 acres. Improved farm lands and pasture.

2.127,000 acres. The plan is to reforest the waste lands all over the State. At present the forest products of Vermont sell for about \$10,000,000 a year, but the cut is diminishing owing to the failing supply. More than 500 lumber mills in constant operation have at It said I must go quietly last produced their inevitable effect.

The State forester will co-operate The one where all the cookies are. with lumbermen and farmers desiring to improve their lands and prevent them from going to waste.

## SHORT METER SERMONS.

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Soul Growth. There can be no soul growth with out God .- Rev. G. A. Jamieson, Presbyterian, New York City.

The Necessary Things. The things which are necessary are not sinful.-Rev. C. E. Guthrie, Episcopalian, Washingeon.

Polluting Life. When present-day streams of action become polluted, present-day life is polluted.-Rev. R. H. Wilson, Presbyterian, Philadelphia.

Activity.

The diligent do not wait for large work that will flatter pride, but takes hold at the first righteous opening .--Rev. H. F. Carpenter, Christian, Santa Clara, Cal. Beginning of Trouble.

Much evil comes by our delicate action. We violate some law, human or divine, and then the trouble begins .-Rev. George Bailey, Presbyterian, God's Word.

The word of the Lord is the means by which God expresses His will to omes from the White House, where men. It is a revelation of God Himonly a few specimens remain and are self .- Rev. C. E. Delamater, Episco-The Unit.

The soul is a unit, and when we think or feel or act, it is the whole personality that is thinking or feelcourse, never occupied the White ing or acting.-Rev. J. W. Rowlett, Unitarian, Atlanta.

The Breamy Theorist, If the man of faith dreams dreams and sees visions, what is to save him from being a dreamy, visionary theorist?-Rev. F. S. Spalding, Episco-

Christ's mission was to lead mankind to view the problems of life in a manner that will lead to their solution. - Rev. P. F. O'Hare, Roman Cath- chimney. olic, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Personality.

The ultimate fact is a person, the basic principle personality. mightiest force is the power of personality.-Rev. F. J. Van Horn, Congregationalist, Seattle.

The Pity of It. Pity is it, indeed, if in God's own tionalist, Simsbury, Conn.

Act Quickly.

No man should ever stop to think Congregationalist, Brooklyn, N. V.

Different Tongues. The backbiting tongue, which was not permitted to dwell in Israel's moment, and the tongue of the learned, that speaks a word in season to the weary.-Rev. F. Hope, Baptist, Santa Clara, Cal.

Life as a Duty.

It would pay pleasure seekers to try the old plan of looking on life as a duty, where pleasures came by accident or kindness, and were heartfly, gratefully enjoyed. It stands to reason that if you are deliberately arranging to get pleasure, and plenty of it, you cannot enjoy it as much as if your life consisted of duties, and your pleasures came by the way.

Take gum camphor and dissolve in kerosene, having enough so that there is always a little camphor undis solved in the bottom of the bottle Rub the lame parts thoroughly and often with this and you will have re Hef. Do not bandage it on, as it will blister if used that way. This is also

Camphor Cures Colds.

Only a man whose foolishness ex ceeds his bravery would even attempt to stop the runaway tongue of a

an excellent remedy for cold in throat

A town boy says he never steal peaches except when they hang out side a man's fence. But he lies.



The Think-Box. I've got a thing inside my head That's made of tacks and spools of successor, John arrived again.

And little sticks, and wheels, and And scissors, and all sorts of things.

thread.

Besides, it's like a little trap: snap! And there it's got 'em, in a trice,

'ke Vi'let's trap gets little mice. It's like Dad's typewriter machine, With clocks, and such things, in be strength of it I bired him: It's something like his cam'ra, too;

And like my paints-red, green, and It ticks out thoughts and ticks 'em | exactly when they should be done,

As fast as all the wheels can spin. Forest and waste lands in farm it makes me think of things for

And wooden guns, and funny Punch And Judy, and of Puss in Boots, And Grandmama, and soldier-suits. It makes me think of motor cars, Of sixteen rabbits and ten stars. It makes me want a piece of rope, A hammer and Dad's shaving soap. It makes me break my china cup, And get my suit all dirtied up. Guess what it's just been telling me

And find that great big heavy jar -Julian Street, in Everybody's

CHIMNEY SWEEPS OF PARIS. In that delightful story by Charles Kingsley, "The Water Bables," Tom, the hero, was a chimney sweep beby. Probably some of the children who have read the book have wondered why we never see any chim- one thing," the other answered. "The ney sweeps; if chimney sweeps were ever real; if Tom's being a chimney sweep wasn't just part of the fairy tale, anyhow.

But it was not. Little, sooty, black faced chimney sweeps like Tom were very common in big cities like Lon don and Paris once upon a time, and the reason they are rarely seen now is that chimneys are quite differently built, with the introduction of pipes and other modern contrivances | the work of the house as if it had and it would be impossible for even been play. the leanest boy to climb up the length of one.

In Paris there are still a few small chimney sweeps to be seen, and their duty is to sweep out baker's chimneys and ovens. These little fellows come up from Savoy every winter, accompanied by their masters,, men who take most of their earnings and work them hard enough, you may be sure. If you should go to Paris some winter, you would very likely hear on a frosty morning the musi-

"Oo! Oo! Ramoneur du haut et bas!"-which means "Sweeper from top to bottom."

And if you looked out of the window, you would see a sooty little boy, with his brush over his shoulder and his canque-the cap he uses to protect his bair from soot-on his head. He carries, too, a bag in which to collect the soot. His master goes with him on his rounds, has routed him out of bed good and ear-

ly, at 4 o'clock or before, By and by some baker, hearing the ery of the "sweeplet," beckons to him, and he and his master go into the baker's shop. The master takes the boy on his shoulders and "totes" him to the mouth of the oven of

"Shout when you reach the top

he warns him. Scraper in hand, the boy climbs away, using his feet, his knees and his elbows. In a few minutes he passes the second story, the third, the fourth and fifth, and presently emerges from the top of the chimney. Then he draws a deep breath and

"Oo-op, swe-e-p!" Then, turning, he descends, scraping off what sont is left as he goes, with his little scraper. He gets a good deal on his clothes and his face, too, so that if it were not for his bright eyes twinkling out of his sooty face, his own mother wouldn't

know him. Arrived at the bottom, the small sweep gathers up the soot there in his sack, puts it over his shoulder and starts in search of another chimney. For sweeping a chimney the master, who doesn't do it, is paid a little more than a franc. A franc is not quite 20 cents in American money. Of this franc the boy sweep gets a few sous, which are the French pennies. Yet so frugal is the little Savoyard that when he returns to Savoy in the spring he carries with him quite a nest egg. In Savoy he minds the goats and breathes the fresh air and eats the scanty fare-for they are very poor, these Savoyards-till the fall comes, and then back to his old master m Paris and his chimney work. By the time he is too big to sweep chimneys he has saved up enough to buy a woman, if I must say so, I ever tiny "holding"-which means the right to work a bit of hand owned by street but what she invariably turns some one else-and so he marries her head and stares back at me to and settles down in Savoy, and some (see what I've got on and how it sets other sweeper goes to Paris in his from behind." place.-New York Tribune.

## GOOD REFERENCES

"There is no doubt of it, he was anything but a promising subject," said the chief of a gigantic railroad corporation, speaking of his confidential clerk.

ply for a position in the office, I smiled, for he seemed so incongruous a figure in any place I had to offer. Of course I turned him down promptly, although as gently as could, but the matter sid not and there. He was persistent, and as regularly as once a month he appear | hentenes

"When he first came to me to ap-

ed at my door to ask . there was yet any opening for him. Now I like persistence if exercised along proper lines, and, the more I saw of him. the more I liked the boy. But what to do with him was the question. He was too big for an errand boy, and too green looking for any of the de partments, and yet I had not the heart to discourage him entirely.

"At length a vacancy occurred in the general office; the boy who looked after the letter files and attended to the copying left us; and, just as I was casting about for a suitable

"When I asked him for references, however, he looked dazed, and I was forced to explain that he must have some one youch for his business ability, punctuality, and conscienti-When thoughts come in I hear it ousness, when he smilingly assured me that he could give me such a letter, and went out with flying feet. The next day he handed me this remarkable epistic, and on the

"Dear Sir-This is to certify that I never have to call my son John but once in the morning. He does his chores around the house and farm and without having to be told more than once how to do them. He knows when not to talk, and that there is time for work as well as play. He has also learned the meaning of 'mine and thine.' I can conscientiously recommend him to any position within the scope of his intelligence to fill. "(Signed)

HOW THE GIRLS HELPED. A business man who had met with reverses passed through a trying year. At every turn failure stared him in the face. Every curtailment possible was made, and he weathered the storm, after protracted anxiettes which sprinkled his hair with gray. After the crisis was over, a friend expressed his sympathy for the ordeal through which he had passed, and admitted that he was fore he was turned into a water ba- surprised that he had kept up his

courage so long. "I should have given up but for attitude of my family kept heart in me. You know my girls are just at an age when money means a great deal. They stopped their music and painting lessons, without a murmur. They were their last year's gowns and retrimmed their last year's hats. and nothing in their manner indicated that they looked at it as a hard- Daily News. ship. All the servants but one were dismissed and the girls took hold of

When I came home to dinner at night, I was expected to pass judgment on Mary's biscuits or Ellen's He advised me ter git out." coffee. They made mistakes and turned them to account in keeping up my | er. spirits, and sometimes, after my hardest days, I have laughed till the tears came over Lella's account of Press. how she cut both sleeves of her shirt waist for the same arm, and her

difficulties in getting them adjusted. "Yes, the crisis is over and we have smooth sailing again. But that in actually less of a comfort to me than the thought of the gallant way my girls stood by me in that year of trial. It was the 'silver lining to the

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES One day when there was fish for dinner little Edna sald: "Mama, I know what a shed it."

cloud. "-Young People's World.

"What is it, dear?" queried her

"It's a porcupine turned outside in," was the triumphant explanation. Teacher-"Why do you persist in saving the trunk is the front instead of the middle of the body, Joanny?" Small Johnny-"Well, the trunk of the elephant I saw at the circus was

Caller-"Harold, when you get to be the head of a family what will you say to your children when they

are naughty?" Harold-"Oh, I'll do like papa, I'll tell them how good I was when was a kid."-Philadelphia Record.

"JOHN MORTIMER'S FATHER. "I figured that any father who had I thus made sure of the foundation of his boy's character would look after his further training, and I should be safe in hiring the boy with such a backing. I did, and have had no cause to regret it; for his career has more than justified his unusual recommendation. He has risen rapidly from his former position, and, as

-Mande E. S. Hymers, in Spare Mo-THOUGHTFUL OF THE BOOTS Recently his mother noticed that small six-year-old boy at bedtime every night laid his little boots together upon their sides instead of setting them upright. "Please tell' me why you always place your boots

he is still young, there is every op-

portunity for him to go still higher."

in that way," she said. "Why," answered the little boy. "t's because they must be tired walking so much all day. I lay them sideways so they can rest."-Our Little

How She Knew. "I do think," exclaimed Mrs. Tolker, indignantly, "that Mrs. Gadabout is the most aggravatingly inquisitive knew. Why, I never pass her on the

"How-er-, that is, I was wonering, my dear, how you found out that the mean thing looked back. some one tell you?" inquired Mr. Tolker,

innocently. And Mrs. Tolker straightway turned the stream of her indignation, seething bot, from Mrs. Gadabout to her "insinuating wretch of a husband," as she fondly termed him, and after the first pyrotechnic outburst steadily refused to speak to the for tonate man for the rest of the eve ning.-New York Times.

Taking the average for the world. there is one newspaper for \$2,000 in



TOO MANY SPOTS

The vital spot Means quite a lot When gunning in the jungle. The man who can't His bullet plant Therein, is apt to bungle.

Yet sometimes skill May come to nil: A man his life may jeopard. The vital spot, Is hard, I wot,

To pick out on a leopard. -Louisville Courier-Journal

DISPROOF. Mrs. Naybor-I heard Mrs. Tart leigh call your wife an old cat, Husband-Mrs. T. evidently never saw her in the same room with a mouse.-Brooklyn Life.

FINE FOR THE NERVE. Invalid-Is this a good place for

the nerves? Proprietor of Health Resort-Is it? Why, when I opened up here I only charged \$2 a day—now I've got the

nerve to charge \$10.-Town Topics.

RETORT COURTEOUS. "A woman who tries to look like a man is a fool," announced Mr.

Jawback. "I should say she is," said Mrs. J. tooking him over carefully. And even though she agreed with him, he didn't like it, somehow.-Cleveland Leader.

MISUNDERSTOOD.

t' support. Wou't youse gimme & few pennies for 'em? Citizen-Much obliged for the offer, old man; but I've got all the children I need at present.--Chicago

Beggar-Say, mister, I'm out uv

work an' I've got six small children

"I cracked a lawyer's house the other night," said the first burgiar disgustedly, "and the lawyer was there with a gun all ready for me.

"You got off easy," replied the other

PROFESSIONAL ADVICE.

"Not much I didn't. He charged me \$25 for the advice."-Philadelphia

REAL ONE COMING BACK. Ted-What kind of an auto has Ned-Twenty-horse-power going out

and one-horse-power coming back-

THEY DON'T SPEAK NOW. Mildred-They say young Buggins wants to marry every girl he meets. Clotilds-Then why don't you get some one to introduce you, dear?-

York Dispatch.

THE MODERN WAY. The prodigal has returned "Father," he said, "are you going to kill the fatted calff" "No," responded the old man, look! ing the youth over carefully, "no, I'll

work and train some of that fat off." -Cleveland Leader.

let you live. But I'll put you to

WITH THE DOCTORS. "Well," asked the first physician. "what has that strange patient of

yours got?" "I don't know, replied the other, "but I'm trying to turn it into typhoid fever. That's my great specialty, you know."--Catholic Standard and

Times. UP TO DATE. "Post has brought out a dandy new guide for motorists."

State in ft?" "You bet! And a complete list of hospitals, with rates."-Town Topics.

"Has it got all the inns in the

lion free. "That's nothing," we remarked: "We've known a Weish rabbit to let loose a whole menagerie." Herewith Aesop realized his fable was pretty small pumpkina.—New

BEATING SLEEP.

The mouse had just gnawed the

GOT HIS BEARINGS. "But," asked the young doctor, "why do you always order champagne for every new patient that

comes to you?" "Because, my boy," replied the old practitioner. "I can judge by what the patient says whether or not he can afford it. That helps me when I come to make out my bill. Phila

delphia Press. THE SAME OR ANOTHER? "And you saw Muriel?"

"I did." "Tell me, is she married?"

"One question more:

yet?"-Washington Herald.

THOSE STAGE MEALS "Something new in a rural drame." "How now?" "In the first act, they

all right,"-Louisville (