

A CLOSE RELATION.

CHAPTER I.

It was not altogether what followed it that stamped that afternoon and the drive to the railway station upon my memory in colors that will never fade.

The forenoon had been showery,—soft, heavy rains that soaked herbage and weakened the stems of foliage. A steady wind came down the northern gorge at mid-day, blowing straight and steadily, but not hard, for some hours. At half-past four, when I drove out of the gate, the air was still, almost balmy. The long stretch of the village street lay before me down to the turn that would take me to the station. The houses lining this, our best thoroughfare, stood back modestly from the wayside, and between them and a possibly prying public a double row of maples made a deep-green shade in summer. Now that the autumnal glow was at the height, they gave to the interspace the dim richness of a cathedral aisle. The highway ran due east and west; the wind, as I have said, had blown out of the north. Right across the track, the intervals of wet, black road showing between, the burning leaves had drifted in straight swaths. The half-mile drive was barred with tinted fame. The wet leaves had fallen prone and lain still where they had dropped. In the level sun-rays they glowed and throbbled into a passion of color.

My ponies shied sharply at the first of these apparent barriers. I had coaxed them to step gingerly, with much pointing of ears and graceful sidling, upon the gorgeous rug, when a carriage, coming from the opposite direction, was drawn up to mine, and a lovely face, framed in silver hair, looked out of the window.

"I was on my way to see you, Sydney dear. Don came out early to-day, but he had to see a man at the station, and sent me on as his *avant-courier*. He will walk over by and by. You will not be gone long, I hope?"

Warm color that was not embarrassment flowed over my face. I felt my eyes brighten.

"I am only going to the station to meet Doctor and Elsie, who went to the city this morning. There will be a vacant seat for Don on the way back."

"Ah!" with a smile of friendly satisfaction. "Then I will sit with your mother while you are away. Have you noticed that the road is barred with the latest thing in October tartans? From the lower end it looks like a series of Turner's sunsets. Don't let me detain you. Good-bye."

I tautened the reins until my ponies arched their necks and stepped high. The turnout was my especial property,—a pretty surry, with polished panels and dark-brown cushions, and a good deal of silver-plating about the harness. The ponies were a singularly perfect match,—iron-gray, with white manes and tails, and so many signs of blood that everybody looked at them as I drove along. There would not be a better-appointed equipage at the station, a better-dressed woman, or a more clever "whip." My blue cloth gown was tailor-made; my gauntlets fitted smoothly; my jaunty toque was fashionable and becoming.

There are times when a woman reckons her personal advantages at full value, and when she is right in doing it. The weakness and folly that compose vanity enter in when she begins to depend and presume upon extrinsic circumstances that may slough away from her very self and leave it intact, if she has but arrayed herself in them, not pressed them into the substance of her soul.

Don Upton had sent me yesterday two big apples that had grown, cheek by cheek, to fulness of ripening. One side of each was red as blood,—fresh, young, healthy blood, "which is the life." The reverse on one bore the initials of "S. S." in crimson upon a pale-green field. Upon the other apple, "D. U." was similarly dyed and set. Before they had begun to blush, he had indignantly bound up a section of each in oiled silk, with the letters cut out in the covering. The sun had done the rest. In a discursive, superficial way, as I drove along, I fell to philosophizing, and likened the initials upon the cuticle of the fruit—this last remaining unaltered in grain, for all its brilliant lettering—to the gratification I had in looking my best to-day. The glow was but skin-deep. The thought that I was to see Don in five minutes, that I belonged to him and he to me, soaked like sunshine and dew to the heart of me; coursed through every thought and sensation as sun-warmed sap had filled and rounded and sweetened the beautiful globes I had laid away in cotton-wool in a cabinet to mellow.

My mother had a story of my infancy that recurred to my mind and made me smile, as I sat upright in driving-school form upon my box-cushion, chin level, and hands firm yet light upon the lines. The ponies had delicate mouths and sensibilities. Who hoped to control them must consider these, consult and respect them.

My old negro "mammy" who had nursed my mother in her infancy, had said one day of my mad dance and shout, when there was no apparent cause for exuberance of glee, "Let her 'lone, Mis' Charlotte! She jis so glad o' she-self she donno what ter do."

I was never so glad of myself before as on this October afternoon, as my dear little nags went spinning down the cross-barred street, shivering and scattering the "sun-set series;" around the corner; past the quiet church and the graveyard, yellowed by fallen elm-leaves; with a lively "click-clack" of hoofs and hollow thunder of wheels, across the bridge spanning Mapleton Creek, then up a gentle ascent, and, with a flash of silver plates and jingle of chains and buckles, brought up as still as a pair of granite steeds at the station platform. I was youthful and happy, and the young love to "dash," as colts to curvet.

A dozen other vehicles were waiting for the train, for the New Jersey village was almost in sight of New York. The foam of the billowing life of the metropolis dashed gayly over us all summer, and ran up, more feebly, but perceptibly, in the dead of winter. We villagers knew one another, and each new arrival at the railway rendezvous awoke a little stir of nods and smiles, and from the carriages nearest to the latest comers, friendly or merry words. Without meaning to do it, I had halted close to a somewhat shabby buggy drawn by a meek sorrel mare. Why a sorrel horse can look more abjectly resigned than any other, and a sorrel mare carry abject resignation to a larger length

than her brother of the same objectionable hue, is one of the countless and unaccountable things too common to be classed with phenomena.

The gown of the woman who sat in the shabby buggy would have been described as sorrel, had her mare worn it. It was a mixed silk and woolen stuff, and fitted her so badly as to be, strictly speaking, no fit. Her black gloves were stretched by fidgety fingers into two sizes too large for her, and were whitish at the finger-tips. That on the right hand was ripped on the ball of the thumb, and while talking she pulled at the two sides of the rip, folding them over one another, and throwing the rest of the thumb out of perspective. Her black straw bonnet was small for her head; her abundant hair was dark and ill dressed; her bright eyes were darker; her nose was long, with thin, arched nostrils; the mouth was small and sour.

Mrs. Tommy Robb was the literary star of Mapleton. Of the first magnitude in her own estimation, she ranged from the third to the sixth in her neighbors' eyes, and, as we gathered from metropolitan talk, was of no magnitude at all in New York. Perception of the latter fact—however she might feign to ignore it—helped to embitter her. Ambition that outruns ability begets hunger that frets soul and heart, as acid bites into steel. Mrs. Robb proclaimed herself an agnostic, and, like a majority of the professors of unfaith, confounded the word with atheism. She was as vain of knowing and believing nothing of her soul and its destiny as of the pessimism the unlearned mistook for ill humor and a natural taste for detraction. Her life had been a continual disappointment. A dashing, vivacious girl, she had come to Mapleton one summer with the wealthy woman whose adopted daughter she was, and captivated Tommy Robb, the eldest scion of a good old family.

Everybody liked Tommy, and nobody recollected that his name was Thomas. His handsome face and good heart made him a favorite partner with the girls, and his sound principles commended him to the confidence of the mothers. One and all of his old friends were in doubt whether to be more sorry or surprised at his marriage with the keentongued city-girl. In reviewing the transaction fifteen years later, she must have been most surprised of all. For Tommy, albeit not quite the fool she now esteemed him, was commonplace to a degree that was amazing in a man who went by rail to New York every day, and he had succeeded but moderately well in a business that had promised large things when Caroline Van Nostrand exchanged her dissyllable for his monosyllable.

As is often the case with a man wedded to a woman mentally superior to him, what intellect Tommy had to begin with had dwindled pathetically. Men of the best intentions cannot stand on tiptoe forever, and soon or late discover that it is not in them to take on thought sufficient to add one cubit to their mental stature. The spirit is willing, but mind-muscles are weak. The ill-mated pair had four sons as handsome and as commonplace as their father, and, because of this, each boy was a separate and special provocation to the clever mother.

For clever she was—in a way. As a detective she would have been famous. This career being closed to one in her walk of life, she became a newspaper correspondent. Her field of labor was circumscribed by the tether of Tommy and the boys, intertwined with the social prejudice that condemns a matron and mother to look after her own house before sallying out to pry into the manner in which other people's homes are ordered, but she worked her one acre hard. My stepfather had read aloud at the breakfast-table that morning a letter in a city paper over the signature "C. A. R.," purporting to be a record of the impressions our hill-girt village had made upon a New England tourist. Hardly a family of any note whatsoever had escaped a lash, and, although no names were given, we recognized ourselves and our neighbors. In recollection of the article, I should not have selected hers as the vicinity in which to spend the few minutes of waiting that must precede the appearance of the train. Without suspecting what the vacant space conveniently close to the platform was other than accidental, I had guided the ponies into it.

Mrs. Robb smiled a meaning response to my bow, as I perceived her.

"You are a courageous girl!" said her clear, high soprano. "I have been amusing myself for five minutes by seeing what a wide area the fluttering of wounded pigeons has left me. And you wouldn't have come as close had you looked before you leaped. Don't trouble yourself to retute the charge. I shouldn't believe any polite falsehood you felt yourself called upon to utter. Or—maybe you did not see my article in to-day's Clarion?"

She had none of the disinclination to discuss her writings in and out of season that characterizes great authors. I rarely met her without hearing of some "article" in prose or verse with which she had honored humanity.

I replied with polite promptness: "Oh, yes! You were the Autocrat of our breakfast-table this morning. Doctor read the letter aloud."

She looked gratified, but against her will. The draught that had not a drop of gall or quassia would have been insipid to her palate.

"What did your mother say of it? I don't inquire into the opinions of your stepfather, for he never has an original one upon matters that do not immediately concern him, and I shouldn't value it if he had. But your mother has brains, and generally puts them to good use, if she did mislay them about ten years ago! You needn't redden so furiously. I'd say the same to her if she were here. There are few women whom I trouble myself to respect, or with whose views upon any subject I concern myself. As a sex they are characterless, like sheep, or sly, like cats. She didn't relish the cut I dealt pets of the petticoats who had got above compounding their own prescriptions, but not above trading upon the monetary and mental capital of other people!"

It was never worth while to get angry at her arrant impertinence. "She would have been enraged had she divined how much of toleration and civility she owed to her husband and the family connection she despised as provincial and humdrum. The role of

protector was one in which her fancy had never painted her legal lord.

I was not afraid of Mrs. Robb, as many people were, and the thought struck me that a deserved, if not a salutary, reprisal might be to emulate her frar-kness.

"She did not seem rashed, or even agitated," I said. "On the contrary, she laughed and said, 'Oh, dear! that car is off the track again!'"

I, too, laughed in requiting rudeness in kind, a novel experiment on my part. She granted me a sidelong glance, lowering her lids in a sinister way.

"So-o! Another hurt pigeon! I had not credited you with so much affection for your step-parent."

Leaning back in the shabby buggy, she went on folding the edges of the rip in her thumb over upon one another, the short upper lip, that was always conscious of an evil odor, more expressive than usual.

The encounter was sufficiently disagreeable, but I had not comprehended the sacrifice of true gentleness I had made by my retort until I saw Don Upton making his way toward me between the waiting carriages.

We had loved one another from childhood, and been openly betrothed for a year, and never until that instant had I had the disposition to escape the scrutiny of his honest eyes. I tried to persuade myself that aversion to Mrs. Robb's proximity and espial prompted the desire to slip away and cool my uneasy blushes before he could note them. At the bottom of my heart I knew that I lied to my conscience. The longing, which was aspiration, to be always at my cleanest best in Don's presence was another feeling, that went down to the core of my being. Had he been within hearing, nothing could have provoked me to deal blow for blow, in what I called, to my shamed self, "fishwife-fashion." I had seen him eye Mrs. Robb sometimes in grave compassion when she struck out viciously at friend or foe; gravity tintured with wonder at the coarse discourtesy of it all; pity for the suffering that he, he insisted, must have driven a woman of birth and breeding to take up such weapons. He had told me that these exhibitions gave color to the stories of her mean parentage current among the "wounded pigeons." What would he say to my confession of the descent to her level?

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SPORT IN INDIAN JUNGLES.

A British Army Surgeon Tells of His Experience With a Panther.

Dr. Bryan O'Keary, a retired surgeon of the British army, in telling some of his experiences while hunting in India related the following story:

"We fellows on half pay, you know, like a bit of hunting now and then, so when one of my men came to my house near Deccan, one morning with the news that a big panther had broken cover we lost no time in getting up a party of beaters and starting out. The beat turned out to be a pantheress. She had hidden her cubs somewhere and had taken possession of a nulla or ravine only about a mile from the house. The beaters did not care to go up the ravine after they had located the panther, so I took a dog boy and a man to carry my second gun and we started. There was not a sound to be heard save our own movements. We had gone about ten rods up the nulla when there was a half growl, half spit, like that of an angry cat, and the big beast jumped out of the bushes within a yard of my face. One of the men was on his knees half under me pulling away the brush; the other was at my left hand with the extra gun. The panther ignored me, but she pulled the dog boy out from between my legs as a cat would a mouse. She took this poor fellow in her mouth, seized the other with her paw, and then made for the thick brush again. I confess I was too frightened to stir, but as she passed me she gave me a blow with her great, long tail, as much as to say, 'My mouth is full and my paws are busy, but I'll give you one whack just for luck.' That blow sent me spinning down the hill, and that fact sealed the big beast's death warrant. I kept hold of my gun, and when I got to my feet she turned her broadside toward me. The dog boy was still in her mouth and one paw was on the breast of the other beater, but I pulled a bead on her and dropped her in her tracks. By that time the rest of the beaters had come up, howling over the fate of their comrades. We measured that panther and found her eight feet long. It was one of the biggest ever killed in that district. The beaters skinned the beast, and I've got the pelt at my home in India now."

Woman's Widening Sphere.

In the British colonies (says the Pall Mall Gazette), large numbers of women are employed in postal, telegraph, and railway services. In Newfoundland positions in postal and telegraph offices are open to all British subjects without distinction of sex. Latin-America has lately manifested a desire to follow the example of European countries in respect to the employment of women, and Colombia has established a school of telegraphy divided into two sections—one for men and the other for women. The new republic of Brazil has admitted women not only into the service of telegraphs and telephones, but into all the Government departments indiscriminately. In Chili, a large number of places are filled by women in the postal and telegraph departments, and also in their Government offices. In addition, the position of conductor on the tramway is, by a decision of the Government always to be filled by women. The United States of America gives employment in its various public administrations to 14,692 women, of whom 6,650 are engaged in post offices.

Too Many Buttons.

A clergyman's wife was mending clothes for her boys, when one of her lady neighbors called in to have a friendly chat.

It was not long before the visitor's eye was attracted by a large basket more than half-filled with buttons. The lady could not help remarking that there seemed a very good supply of buttons.

Thereupon she began to turn them over, and suddenly exclaimed: "Here are two buttons exactly the same as those my husband had on his last winter suit. I should know them anywhere."

"Indeed," said the clergyman's wife, quietly, "I am surprised to hear it, as all these buttons were found in the collection-bag. I thought I might as well put them to some use."

Before she had finished speaking the visitor hastily arose, and said she must be going.

BRITISH NAVAL DISASTERS.

A Long List in Which Sailors and Ships Were Lost.

Human Carelessness Alone is Responsible For All.

The record of war vessels lost by wreckage, and in time of peace, is doubtless longer and more disastrous than that of the battle ships which have been sunk in action. Neptune has destroyed more warships than Mars. For the loss of many a noble ship and its brave crew human carelessness, as alone is responsible. From the records of the British navy can be compiled a long list of vessels which have fallen victims to the elements, or to bad seamanship, or both combined. Looking down the centuries, some wrecks stand out conspicuously from having been made famous in song or story. The list of these is not a short one, even if confined to large vessels.

Going back less than two hundred years, one meets with almost the worst wreck, or rather wrecks, of all in the loss of four vessels of Sir Cloudesley Shovel's squadron off the Scilly Islands. In the Admiral's ship, the Association, seventy guns, more than 800 men were lost, including many persons of quality, as people of rank and birth were called in those days. There were but few survivors from the other three ships. This dreadful disaster occurred on Oct. 22, 1707. Sir Cloudesley's monument in Westminster Abbey has served to keep it in remembrance.

All on board perished when the Victory, 100 guns, sank near the Isle of Alderney on Oct. 5, 1744. The Thunder, 74 guns; Stirling Castle, 64; Defiance, 64, and twelve smaller ships were lost in the same storm in the West Indies in 1780.

More than 600 persons went down with "Brave Kempenfeldt" in the Royal George, man-of-war, 108 guns, off Spithead on Aug. 29, 1782. While the vessel was keeled over to repair a pipe, a sudden gust of wind washed the sea into her ports and she sank. Cowper has perhaps immortalized the disaster.

Three hundred and sixty lives were lost when the Minotaur, 74 guns, wrecked on the Haak bank, Dec. 22, 1810.

The most dire disaster of all, since the ships of the Spanish Armada were lost on the shores of the tight little islands they had come to subdue was when the St. George, 98 guns, Defence, 74, and the Hero, stranded on the coast of Jutland on Dec. 24, 1811. Admiral Reynolds and the crews, numbering 2,000 in all, perished, with the exception of 18 seamen. The Birkenhead, although a troop ship, and not a man-of-war, deserves mention here from the memorable scene that was witnessed when she was lost on Simon's Bay, South Africa, on Jan. 7, 1852. The troops with whom she was laden were drawn up on deck while the women and children were hurried to the boats. They presented arms to death when she went down, not a man leaving the ranks to indulge in a fruitless struggle for existence. Of the 638 persons on board, but 184 were saved, and they were only saved by the self-sacrifice of the rest.

The first of the modern English ironclads to come to grief through wreck was the Captain, which sank in a squall off Finisterre shortly after midnight on Sept. 7, 1870. Only eighteen of the 490 persons on board were saved. Among those who perished were the Captain, Hugh Burgoyne, Capt. Cowper Coles, the designer of the ironclad, and not a few notable naval officers. The vessel capsized and went down in three minutes. Her sinking was attributed to too low freeboard, heavy top-weight, masts, and hurricane deck. She cost £440,000.

H. M. S. Vanguard, a double-screw ironclad of 3,774 tons, was struck by the ram of the Iron Duke in a fog and sunk off the coast of Wicklow on Sept. 1, 1875. The crew, 400 in number, were saved. Capt. Dawkins of the Vanguard was dismissed from the service, and Lieut. Evans of the Iron Duke was removed from his command.

The frigate Eurydice, a training ship, sank in a squall off the Isle of Wight on March 24, 1878, and 300 men perished.

A disaster similar in many respects to that of the other occurred in the English Channel off Dover on May 31, 1878. German vessels, however, not British, were its victims. In a smooth sea, on a clear day, the Kaiser Wilhelm ran into the Grosser Kurfurst, sinking her so speedily that 300 of her crew were lost. The Grosser Kurfurst had slowed up and the Kaiser Wilhelm struck in trying to pass her.

"On land the dudes make me tired," she—"And at sea the swells make me sick."

As a rule, thoroughness is desirable. But many a grocer has succeeded through his half-wedge methods.

"Whatever possessed Miss Sharpley to marry that old Holdfast?" "He was her guardian, and she was bound to get part of the handsome fortune left her."

Nell—"Do you think absence makes the heart grow fonder?" Belle—"Yes, when Jack calls I never once think of Tom, and when Tom's here I forget Jack entirely."

The Butcher (haughtily)—"Madam, my reputation rests upon my meat." Doubting Customer—"Well, if it's as tough as that last steak you sent me I feel sorry for you."

Mrs. Cumso—"I wouldn't criticise the singer so severely if I were you. He is doing his best." Mr. Cumso—"Oh, in that case it's all right. I was afraid he was doing his worst."

"Doesn't your mother like me?" asked young Mr. Gilley, in an effort to ascertain why Miss Keedick had refused him. "Oh, yes, she likes you," was the reply of the maiden; "but she is already married to papa."

Husband—"Do you know that every time a woman gets angry she adds a new wrinkle to the face?" Wife—"No, I did not; but if it is so, I presume it is a wise provision of nature to let the world know what sort of a husband the woman has."

Mrs. Witherby—"Did you ask your mother if you could have two pieces of cake, Bobby?" Bobby Biago—"Yes'm." Mrs. Witherby—"And what did she say?" Bobby—"She said I could if you offered them to me, and then she laughed."

Jones and his wife were wandering among the cages in a menagerie. "I say, Jones, dear, what on earth has that rattlesnake tied himself up into such an involved knot for?" "Can't say, darling, unless there's something on his mind that he wants to remember."

THE SILVER QUESTION.

India's Action Causes a Commotion.

Consideration of the United States Government.

A despatch from Washington, D. C., says:—The President, Secretary Carlisle and the financial officers of the Government generally received their first authentic news of the startling action of the Government of India in suspending silver coinage, through the press despatches. There had been rumors on the subject earlier in the day, but they were passed upon as rumors only, although their substantial accuracy was not doubted. When the report of Mr. Gladstone's announcement in the House of Commons and Lord Kimberly's statement in the House of Lords were received the gravity of the situation at once became apparent. Mr. Carlisle immediately went over to the White House, and for nearly two hours discussed the bearings of this action with the President, without reaching any positive conclusion as to a line of action to be adopted. The conference was renewed at Woodly, the President's suburban retreat, later in the evening, and was protracted until far in the night. The circumstances are regarded as too serious to permit of any authentic expression of opinion as to the future policy of the United States until all the facts are fully digested. This much, however, can be stated with absolute confidence, that the action of the Indian Government in closing the India mints to the free coinage of silver is regarded by the United States as doing away with the necessity for reconvening the international monetary conference, which was to have met again in Brussels this fall. It is not believed that this action was taken without express orders from the English Government, which has general supervision and control over Indian affairs.

GOING THE WAY OF THE BUFFALO.

Wanton Slaughter of Elephants to Supply the Demand for Ivory.

Among the arrivals at San Francisco the other day from the Orient was a quiet, blonde man in middle life, whose achievements in barbaric lands have been talked of around the globe. Few knew him, yet he has been received by kings, and for some years his deeds have been heralded everywhere by lightning. The distinguished man was Lieut. Otto E. Ehlers, the famous German explorer, who first climbed the lofty mountain of Kilimanjaro, and who saved all that part of East Africa to the German empire. He is just returning after some years in the strange, wild countries beyond the Pacific, and what he had to say is of extraordinary interest. He went to India after his arrival in Germany from Africa primarily to get a number of tame elephants with which to subjugate the wild ones of the Dark Continent, but this led him into many other explorations.

It was in 1885, it will be remembered, that he went out to Africa. It was the time that fierce wars were raging. He explored Kilimanjaro, 19,800 feet high, being the first white man to set foot upon its crest. He also accompanied Major Wissman, the German Commissioner in Africa, against the Arabs, and was with him on several other expeditions. In these exploits Lieut. Ehlers had many narrow escapes, and to-day his face is scarred by conflicts on battlefields and in jungles.

Lieut. Ehlers spent some time in the Garrow hills in Assam with M. Savi hunting elephants. In this he took great interest, because it involves a great ivory hunting and carrying project which he has in view in East Africa. His object is to form ked-dahs, or great corrals made of trees and roots, in the German territory in Eastern Africa, where the difficulties in connection with transport animals are very great. Mules, ponies, and camels die off quickly in the African jungles, but there are thousands of wild elephants waiting to be caught in the forests. On the slope of Kilimanjaro many herds are to be met with. Trained Indian elephants, mahouts, and a few native Indian elephant catchers are to be introduced there, and large catches will be made every year. It will cost about 2,000 rupees a head to transport elephants from India to Zanzibar, but the Germans can easily stand the cost of what is needed. In a few years, therefore, the African elephant will become something more than a mere ivory-bearing animal, to be slaughtered wholesale. This plan, it is conceded, will benefit Englishmen and Germans alike in East Africa.

The Lieutenant said he would have gladly seen the English and German Governments joining hand in such a project, and he dwelt upon the fact that some 60,000 elephants are killed yearly in Africa for their ivory.

"In Zanzibar alone," said he, "some 500,000 pounds of ivory are brought every season to the market. There are 100,000 among them weighing from 150 to 160 pounds, and even more, but, of course, the tusks are mostly small, for it is much easier to trap or kill a young elephant than an old one. Let us say that on an average every tusk is from twenty to twenty-five pounds. The tusks of 10,000 elephants are brought annually to Zanzibar."

"Elephants in Africa are mostly killed with poisoned arrows. Perhaps 50 per cent. break away to die in the jungle, where their tusks are never found. So, perhaps, 20,000 elephants have been sacrificed to get the ivory for the Zanzibar market alone. Besides this a lot of ivory is used in the interior for all kinds of domestic purposes. The tusks are used as grain pounders, &c., while ornaments are commonly fashioned of ivory. There are even chiefs in the interior who have a fence around their houses made of elephant tusks."

First Fairy—"And is that rich young Noodle a good husband to you?" Second Fairy—"Splendid. I haven't even caught sight of him for a couple of weeks! He's just lovely."

First Tramp—"Who wouldn't be a pretty little flower. It stays in bed all Summer." Second Tramp—"Yea; but think of the water you would have to take during that time. Ugh!"

Wrathy Owner—"Say, you feller! don't you see that sign thar?" City Fisherman—"Oh, yes, I read it. It says, 'Don't fish here.' I know they hear well, so I've been very quiet; it's you who are making all the noise."