

A CAST FOR FORTUNE.

By CHRISTIAN REID, in "Lippincott's Magazine."

CHAPTER I.

Derwent sat down on a stone bench and looked about him with a sense of satisfaction akin to delight. And it was indeed a delightful place into which he had wandered, — a place of broad avenues, shaded by immense trees, dividing pleasantries full of the most enchanting greenness, where feathery shrubs and banks of emerald sward, hedges of geranium and rose, and masses of Nile lilies, with wide green leaves and white, golden-hearted chalice of bloom, were all sparkling with diamond-drops from the water lately and lavishly showered upon them. The avenues, clean-swept as a palace floor, were also damp from the spray that had fallen over them, and their leaf-shaded vistas led from all directions to circular spaces, where fountains played in the midst of great basins, or groups of stately stood on pedestals of green grass sown with daisies. Overhead was a sky of sapphire, cloudless and exquisite, from which the sun poured golden light, but with the light no heat, — only such balmy warmth as may have reignited in the garden of Paradise; while the atmosphere was crisp, clear, stimulating, and full of a charm as impossible to describe as the aroma of a rose.

The young man who found himself for the first time in this lovely garden — the Alameda of the city of Mexico — had seen all of the world's most famous pleasure-grounds; but he said to himself, as he lay back in his shade-arched seat, that there was something here which pleased the eye and the fancy, wakened the imagination, and charmed the senses to a degree that no spot which he had ever seen could surpass. For the spell was the spell of Mexico herself, — Mexico, with her shadowy history of past empires and vanished races, her traditions of ancient splendor, her marvellous conquest, her picturesque people, and her aspect of Europe, the Orient, and the New World blended in a whole of romantic interest and wonderful beauty. Something of all this seemed to Derwent expressed in the scene before him, in the tropical loveliness of the beautiful pleasure-ground and in the old-world grace and solidity of every object fashioned by the hand of man. From the stone bench on which he sat, with its high back and sculptured ends, that might have been taken from a classic picture, to the noble towers of the two great churches that look at each other across the Plaza de Morelos and of which he had a glimpse through one of the leafy avenues, all was suggestive of Europe in the days when craftsmen were artists, when men wrought with a beauty and a skill that the world of to-day can only feebly copy, and builded not only for themselves but for the generations that were to follow them. Yet to fancy himself even for a moment in a European city was impossible. If the Spaniard planted deep in the land of the Aztec his art, his laws, his language, and his faith, he left — unlike other conquerors of whom we know — the race to whom God had given it, to-day in the city of Cortez the young stranger had seen Aztec faces filling the churches, the streets, and the market-places and farms so purely Indian that they might have met the conquistadores passing down the beautiful avenues and loitering around the shaded fountains of the Alameda.

There was to him so much interest in the striking contrasts of the scene — in the close juxtaposition of a brilliant civilization with the most primitive types of human life — that he let his thoughts wander far back into the history of this fascinating land while a succession of different figures came down the shaded vistas, passed around the great basin of the fountain that occupied the centre of the circle where he sat, and disappeared in some one of the radiating walks. Now it was a young man who looked as if he might have stepped from the pavement of Pall Mall; then a sandalled peon in wide cotton trousers, gaily-striped blanket, and straw sombrero; next a gentleman with Spanish dignity in every line of face and figure; presently a group of Mexican ladies, in silken-clad, lace-draped, on their way to mass, with ivory prayer-books and silver rosaries in their hands; a dark-faced woman with a baby wrapped in the close folds of her blue scarf passed, followed by a pair of prettily-dressed American or English girls, with the sunlight gleaming on their golden hair; a group of young officers with clanking swords made with their uniforms a bright effect of color; and a band of lovely children, attended by their Indian nurses, paused where a vendor of *dulces* had erected his stand, and broke into a chatter of sweet Spah sou.

This constantly-varying procession had been going on for some time, when a tall, broad-shouldered young man, with an aspect unmistakably American, advanced in a leisurely manner down one of the avenues, caught sight of the quiet figure in the flickering shadow, and quickened his pace as he approached it.

"Well met, Derwent!" he said. "I was on my way to the *Iturbide* to look you up. But I see you have found your way to the right place: only you are rather early." He glanced at his watch as he sat down. "Eleven o'clock: not so early as I thought. It will not be long now before all the world will be here."

"A good deal of the world seems to be here at present," said Derwent. "I have been watching for some time the remarkably varied character of the people passing." "On that can be seen at any time," answered the other. "But Sunday morning after mass the fashionable world has a dress parade in the Alameda. Everybody in Mexico — especially everybody who is anybody — comes here, and it is a very brilliant scene for an hour or two. There goes the first sign of it."

He indicated an Indian who trotted by with a dozen or two chairs skilfully bound together and arranged in a pyramid on his back. These he conveyed to the chief avenue leading from San Francisco Street into the heart of the park, where a woman removed them from his back and placed them in a line on the side of the avenue, putting narrow strip of carpet before them. Others were engaged in the same manner on the opposite side; and soon two rows of chairs faced each other along the length of the beautiful shaded way.

"For *dos reales* you can have your choice of those," said the new-comer, "and find yourself in the society of the *élite* of Mexico, who naturally prefer paying for their seats to using those which the municipality pro-

vides. Moreover, everybody who enters the park comes in by that avenue: so that one has an admirable opportunity for observing and criticising all one's acquaintances." "But how if one has none?" said Derwent. "That would lessen the amusement. I prefer my present position, because it commands a number of different avenues, and I suppose that the most of those who come here will walk about, else there would be no object in sitting down to look at them."

The other laughed. "You are right," he said. "Everybody walks, for a time at least. Here comes the music: the people will soon follow."

A group of men in uniform, carrying large brass instruments, passed by and mounted in single file the flight of steps leading to one of the picturesque music-pavilions erected in different parts of the park. Derwent followed them with his gaze, observing how well the gold braid with which they were profusely decorated gleamed through the green foliage that surrounded the stand.

"Can you tell me how it is, Morell," he said, half absently, "that these people have such an artistic genius, and know just how to give a touch of color and grace to everything they do?"

"If you are in the line of conundrums," replied Morell, "I can give you a better one than that. How is it that these people are so infernally slow in all their transactions that a man who comes here to do any kind of business must pass the best part of his time in waiting on their procrastination? By Jove! I sometimes think that I will throw up everything and leave the country!" The other looked at him inquiringly. "What is the matter?" he asked. "Has anything annoying occurred?" He knew that the outburst had not been without a purpose.

Morell, who was rolling a cigarette, did not answer until he had placed it between his lips, lighted it behind the flap of the little box of wax tapers which every Mexican carries, and returned the box to his pocket. Then he said, "I have had letters this morning, and there is trouble about that mine."

"What! the one you have offered me?" "The same. The man who offered it to me and assured me that he had it in his hand, so to speak, now writes that there is trouble with its owners. They are wrangling among themselves; some don't want to sell at all; and so the matter stands."

"Indeed!" said Derwent. He was a little surprised, but quite cool. Partly by temperament, partly by cultivation of habit, he had an imperturbable self-possession which seldom failed, and often served him in situations where other men lost control of themselves and consequently of events. "In that case," he said, quietly, "I had better think no more about it, and take up something else."

"It is the best thing of which I know," said Morell; "and I don't anticipate failure in getting it; but it is the way of the people to make such obstacles and delays. Fernandez says that the matter will come right, but that we must have patience and use a little diplomacy. Confound them! I should like to use something more forcible!"

Derwent did not reply immediately. He suspected that a little diplomacy was being used for his benefit; although Morell's irritation certainly seemed genuine. But he did not commit himself to any expression of such a suspicion. Time would show, he thought, how the matter stood; and meanwhile he would bear himself cautiously. A burst of music from the band near by filled the air at this moment and made a melodious accompaniment to his thoughts. Presently he said, with the same quietness, —

"And for how long a time will this patience and diplomacy be required?" Morell shrugged his shoulders. "Who can say?" he answered. "There is no good in trying to force things with these people. They do not understand promptness in business, and when you try to press matters they take your haste for anxiety, and either double their price or hold back all the more. The diplomacy required is a policy of apparent indifference. Fernandez says that he will leave them severely alone for a time, and he believes that those who want to sell will make the others come to terms."

"But anything so indefinite as that does not suit me at all," said Derwent. "When I came here on your representation, I thought that you had property which you could put into my hands at once. If you have not, I must seek what I desire elsewhere."

"My dear fellow, you expect to be able to do business as it is done in the States. But the first lesson to be learned is that this is impossible. You must be patient if you wish to accomplish anything."

"Patience is a virtue in which I have never found myself deficient, — when it was required," said Derwent, calmly; "but there are times, as we all know, when it ceases to be a virtue. And one of these times is surely when people who own property do not want to sell it."

"But the fools do want to sell," replied Morell, growing a little excited in manner. "It is only their way of securing, if possible, a higher price."

"Be kind enough, then, to let them know, through your friend Senor Fernandez, that I have no intention of paying more than we have already agreed upon for that mine. If I find it all that it has been represented, I will give twenty thousand dollars for it, — not a centavo more."

"It is really worth a great deal more, you know," said Morell, in a confidential tone.

"I take it for granted that it is, and I hope to make much more out of it," returned the other coolly. "But that has been their price, and it is the largest amount that I am able to give. If they do not take it, I must, as I have said, look elsewhere for an investment. You can surely make this plain enough for even a Mexican to understand. And I shall be glad to know as soon as possible if it is worth while for me to go and look at it or not. That is all."

It was now Morell's turn to be silent, and as he smoked he gave one or two quick glances at the face beside him. It was a face so pleasant that many people were deceived altogether with regard to the character of which it was an index. Only those who knew Geoffrey Derwent well were aware that under the sunny, debonaire charm of his manner and appearance there was a very resolute nature. Obstinate he was not,

—for obstinacy is always allied with intellectual weakness; but when he had once seen clearly and resolved firmly he acted inflexibly. There were certain lines about his straight nose and well-cut mouth which would have made this evident at once to a physiognomist, and which struck Morell now as he glanced at the profile presented to him, — a handsome profile, that, with the perpendicular brow and firmly-rounded chin, would not have looked amiss on a bronze medal. It was only in profile that this expression was caught. The eyes dominate the face, and Derwent's gray eyes were full of the frank and pleasant good nature with which he regarded all the world unless specially roused to other sentiments; while one does not often see a more attractive smile than that which now and then made his white teeth gleam under the sweeping brown moustache.

Having uttered his ultimatum, he said nothing more; and indeed the scene before him was now striking enough to engage the attention of any one who saw it for the first time. The beautiful sylvan park had suddenly become a theatre on which the fashionable world was displaying itself in full force and with all its gayest plumes. Every seat was filled, all the chairs so carefully arranged along the avenue were occupied, and in every direction was a moving throng of promenaders; while two bands alternately flooded the air with melody. It is impossible to imagine anything more animated than the scene. The long vistas of shade, and masses of green turf and foliage, the sparkling fountains, the statues and great clumps of lilies, made a picturesque background for the figures that passed in well-bred throng among them, — graceful women in every variety of fashionable toilet, distinguished-looking men, and fairy-like children. It was the Champs-Élysées transferred to the tropics, with such color as only the tropics can give; while here and there through the brilliant crowd, brushing silken skirts and point-lace parasols, came men and women who might have stepped from an aboriginal forest, with their dark faces and lithe snowy forms draped in *serape* or *rebzo*, — some passing with calm unconcern through the elegant throng, others offering here and there the bright-hued *dulces* which they bore on trays.

"It is the most charming picture I have ever seen!" Derwent declared, as he watched the scene with eyes full of interest, while Morell kept up a running commentary of description concerning the chief personages who passed. Suddenly the young man broke in upon this with a quick exclamation. "What a beautiful woman!" he said. "Who is she?"

There were a number of women in sight, most of them with claims to beauty more or less pronounced, but Morell had no doubt to whom he alluded. Two ladies were passing at the moment, both wearing the charming Spanish costume, which no creation of Worth or Felix can rival in becomingness, and on the younger many eyes besides those of Derwent were fastened. She was indeed a beautiful creature, — her beauty being the supreme expression of the type of loveliness peculiar to her country. Soft brunette tints, delicate features, and dark eyes had been common enough in the faces that went by, but here was a face that fascinated by a distinction altogether its own. The complexion was like ivory in tint and texture, the features of exquisite delicacy had a certain fineness of outline which gave a lofty expression to the countenance, that was only redeemed from haughtiness by the sweetness of the lovely lips and the softness of the eyes, so large and dark and splendid that they would have sufficed to lift a plain face into beauty. Somewhat above the average height, her figure was moulded in faultless lines, and she walked with the unconscious grace which all Mexican women display, and a proud dignity that seemed specially her own. Dressed simply, but richly in black, with the lace mantilla draping her beautiful head, she passed among the throng like a stately queen among her subjects.

"Of course you mean that lovely girl in black," said Morell. "She is the most beautiful woman in Mexico, and one of the richest, — Dona Zarifa Ormond Cardella." "Ormond!" repeated Derwent. "Surely that is not a Spanish name?"

"No. Her father — lucky dog! — is an Irishman. The younger son of an Irish baronet, he married Senorita Cardella, an only child, and the heiress of a principality. Ormond, who had little besides good birth and good looks to recommend him when he secured, by sheer audacity, it is said, the lady and the fortune, has made himself very popular in Mexico by heartily adopting the country and managing his wife's estates admirably. He is a great swell when he comes to the capital; but he spends the larger part of his time on some one or other of his immense haciendas. His wife is dead, and Dona Zarifa, whom you have just seen, is sole heiress of one of the greatest estates in Mexico."

"Fate has given her too much," said Derwent. "Such beauty, and the fortune of a princess!"

"But you must agree that the beauty and the fortune are well matched. She looks like a princess, besides being dowered as few princesses are. Be sure the men who hope to marry her would not have the least charm lessened," he added with a laugh.

"Some women should never marry," said Derwent, decidedly. "That girl is one of them. She looks too regal, too fine, to stoop to any man of ordinary mould; and men of extraordinary mould do not abound."

"Most of these in sight would differ with you," said Morell. "Did you ever know a man who thought himself of mould too ordinary for any woman to stoop to? Dona Zarifa has suitors and to spare; and, unless she is very unlike other women she would not dispense with one of them."

"Her looks are deceptive if she is not unlike other women," said Derwent. "I should like to glance into the future and see what she will make of the gifts fortune has showered on her so lavishly, — what part she will play in the world; but probably I should only be disappointed if I did."

"Not a doubt of it," said Morell. "A man is always disappointed when a woman whom he admires has the bad taste to marry another man. I have heard that Dona Zarifa will probably marry her kinsman Senor Cardella; that will restore the estates to the family. Now let me suggest that it is time for lunch, and that we had better go and secure a table at the *Café Angalis* or the *Concordia* before the crowd comes in."

"Very well," said Derwent, rising. He was a strangely-strung, fastidious being, and the last item of information about the dark-eyed princess had taken from him the desire to linger for another glimpse of her.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

YOUNG FOLKS.

Climbing to the Top.

Never look behind, boys;
Up, and on the way!
Time enough for that, boys,
On some future day;
Though the way be long, boys,
Fight it with a will;
Never stop to look behind
When climbing up a hill.

First be sure you're right, boys,
Then with courage strong
Strap your pack upon your back,
And tug, tug along;
Better let the lag-lout
Fill the lower bill,
And strike the farther stake-pole
Higher up the hill.

Trudge is a slow horse, boys,
Made to pull a load,
But in the end will give the dust
To racers on the road.
When you're near the top, boys,
Of the rugged way,
Do not stop to blow your horn,
But climb, climb away.

Shoot above the crowd, boys,
Brace yourselves and go!
Let the plodding land-pod
Hoe the easy row.
Success is at the top, boys,
Waiting there until
Brains and pluck and self-respect
Have mounted up the hill.

—James Whitcomb Riley.

The Boy Who did His Best.

He is doing his best, that boy of sixteen, stretched out before a bright fire in the old tanning shed. Reclining upon an old sheepskin with book in hand, he is acquiring knowledge as truly as any student at his desk in some favored institution, with all the conveniences and facilities for learning. He is doing his best too, — this same boy, Claude — as he helps his master prepare the *wool* and lambs' skins for dyeing, so that they can be made into leather. He is doing his best by obedience and by respectful conduct to his master, in endeavoring to do his work well, although he often makes mistakes, as his work is not so well suited to his tastes as the study of Greek and Latin.

"See there, young rascalion!" calls out Gaspard Beaurais, the tanner. "See how you're mixing up the wools." For Claude's wits were "wool-gathering" sure enough; but he was not sorting the wool aright.

"Aye, aye, sir," replied the apprentice, "but I will fix them all right." And he quickly sets to work to repair his mistake. "He'll never make a tanner," said Gaspard to his wife, "and much I fear he'll never be able to earn his bread."

"Sure enough," replied his wife; "and yet he's good and obedient and never gives back a word to all your scolding."

And in after years, when the aged couple received handsome presents from this distinguished man who had been their apprentice, they thought of these words.

One evening there came a stormy boisterous wind and the little stream in which the tanner was wont to wash his wool upon the skins was swollen to a torrent. To attempt to cross it by ford at such a time would render one liable to be carried down the stream and to be dashed to pieces on the rocks.

"We must get all the skins under cover," said Gaspard to his apprentice, "a storm is at hand."

The task was finished and the tanner was about to return to his cot and Claude to his shed, when the boy exclaimed: "Surely I heard a cry. Some one is trying to cross the ford."

And in an instant he darted toward the river, followed by his master carrying the lantern. Some villagers were already there, and a strong rope was tied around the waist of the brave boy who was about to plunge into the stream, for a man upon horseback was seen coming down the river, both rider and horse much exhausted. Claude succeeded in grasping the rein, and the strong hands of the master that held the rope drew him to the shore, and all were saved. Soon after the stranger sat by the tanner's cheerful fire, having quite won the hearts of the good man and his wife by his kind and courteous manners.

"What can I do for your brave boy?" he asked.

"He's none of ours, and not much credit will he be to any one, we fear. He wastes too much time over useless books," was the bluff reply of the honest tanner, who could not see what possible use Claude's studies would be to him.

"May I see the books?" asked the stranger.

Claude, being called, brought the books of the Greek and Latin classics and stood with downcast face, expecting to be rebuked. But instead he received words of commendation from the gentleman, who, after some talk and questions, was astonished at the knowledge the boy had acquired.

A few months later, instead of the old tanning shed as a study, Claude might be seen with his books in a handsome mansion at Paris, the house of M. de Vallis, whose life he had saved and who had become his friend and benefactor. The boy felt that he had done his duty and that he was receiving much in return, and he determined to make every effort to meet the expectation of his patron.

He succeeded, Claude Capperonier, the boy who did his best, became the most distinguished Greek and Latin scholar of his time. At the age of 25 he filled the chair of Greek professor in the Royal College of Paris. More than this, he became a man who feared God and was much beloved for his goodness and amiable qualities. He never forgot his former master and wife. Their old age was cheered by many tokens of remembrance in the form of substantial gifts from the man, who, when a boy, studied so diligently by the fire of their old shed, but who "would never make a tanner."

Edison the Newsboy.

It was the battle of Pittsburgh Landing that made Edison a telegraph operator and caused him to appreciate the wonders of electrical science. He was a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railroad, and being only a small margin that he had to be careful not to overload with papers he could not sell and on the other hand not to carry so few that

he should find himself sold out long before the end of the trip.

One morning, he saw from a proof slip that the first report of the battle of Pittsburgh Landing, giving the killed and wounded at sixty thousand, would appear in the *Free Press*. With a full knowledge of the opportunity this would give him, he rushed away to the telegraph operator and proposed to him to wire to each of the principal stations on the railway, and ask the station-master to chalk up on the black bulletin-board the news of the great battle, with the number of killed and wounded. The operator agreed to do this, on condition that he should be supplied gratis, during the next six months, with a *Harper's Weekly*, a *Harper's Monthly*, and a daily evening paper.

As Tom had little cash, he went to the superintendent of the delivery department and requested one thousand copies of the *Free Press* on credit. He was curiously and gruffly refused. But he nerved himself and sought the office of the proprietor, told him who he was and that he wanted fifteen hundred copies of the paper on credit.

The proprietor stared at him for a moment, scratched a few words on a slip of paper, saying: "Take that downstairs, and you will get what you want."

Three boys helped him fold the papers and put them on board the train. At the first stopping-place, where he usually sold two papers, a surging crowd on the platform took two hundred at five cents apiece.

At the next station, he raised the price and sold three hundred papers at ten cents each. When Port Huron was reached he put his remaining stock in a wagon, hired a small boy to sit on the pile, and sold out every copy at twenty-five cents each.

"I remember," said Mr. Edison to Mr. Lathrop, who reports the conversation in the February *Harper*, "I passed a church full of worshippers, and stopped to yell out my news. In ten seconds there was not a soul left in meeting. All of them, including the parson, were clustered around me, holding against each other for copies of the precious paper."

"You can understand why it struck me then that the telegraph must be about the best thing going, for it was the telegraphic notices on the bulletin-boards that had done the trick. I determined at once to become a telegraph operator."

She Agreed With Him.

Miss Summit — "I presume, Mr. Dashaway, that you will welcome the flannel shirt again this season? It must be such a comfort to you gentlemen during the hot weather."

Dashaway — "True; but as a matter of fact, Miss Summit, I can't say that I like the innovation. It is too leveling. When I have on a flannel shirt how are you going to tell me from — er — well, for instance, from a common brakeman?"

Miss Summit (artlessly) — "Do you know, I have often thought the same thing."

What Should He Call It?

Student — "I see, professor, that Darwin's grandson is getting a book ready for the press."

Professor — "Ah! And what is to be its title?"

Student — "Don't know, sir; but think 'Tails of My Ancestors' would be appropriate — that is, if he's going into history."

War Averted.

"If you jab that umbrella in my eye again, as you have done twice already," said the man in the brown overcoat, fiercely, "you'll get a broken head!"

"It was as much your fault as mine," retorted the man in the gray ulster. "If you want to kick up any fuss about it just sail in. I'm insured for \$100 a week in the Scrapper's Self-Protective Mutual Association and I'm aching for a broken head."

The man in the brown overcoat looked fixedly at the other. Evidences of a severe mental conflict were visible in his face. At last he spoke.

"You're safe," he said. "I'm an agent for that company."

Why Typewriter Girls are in Demand.

"When I marry," said a prominent young business man yesterday, "I believe I shall take unto myself a pretty typewriter girl."

"What started you on that idea?" asked a friend.

"Oh, I want a nice submissive wife," was the reply.

"But why should you expect a typewriter girl to be any more submissive than others?" inquired his friend.

"Because they are so used to being dictated to," replied the young business man, with a funny gleam in his eyes. — Rochester Union.

No Flies on Her.

Spoooner — "Why, Laura, what did you hold me so tightly for? Your mother saw you in my arms."

"Laura — I meant that she should. I wanted to have a witness to the affection you profess for me. When shall we be married?"

More Coyness.

"G'way dah!"
Jonofan Whiffles Smif!
Yo' heah me,
Don' yo' come aneah me,
'Ness yo' want er biff

On de mouf
Knock yo' souf
'Bout er mile!
Don' yo' smile
When I say
'G'way!"

Jonofan Whiffles Smif,
Coz I feels
Jes mad from head ter heels!
No such pusson sibs
De honey from dease lips!
Stop yo' teasin'
An' yo' squeezein'

'G'way,
I say!
Ah! Yap — Yup,
Callup!"

The King of the Belgians has ordered a magnificent gold casket to present to Stanley. Several of the expert workmen in Belgium are now engaged on the work. The lid bears a magnificent allusion portrait of the explorer, surrounded with precious stones and chasing. The object is to contain the grand cordon of the Order of Leopold, with which Stanley will be invested.

These fellows sometimes find a man is like a full of drinks h one more. How many th this world to th and dimples. "Have you see her, I think." It's the man always "has a n never does it. Why is a chin wood? Because (some oak) in it. Why would it vote on any mea would be neighs. Wife — "You married." Hubby love me now, isn't it? Riggs — "So that when she'll open with a million cor First Tank — "Ole whisky?" Se boy, very ole whi Young Lady (O seat, please." Ol grateful) — "Than gentleman in the Tramp (complai are dog gone tou (grimly) — "Yes, y we had to make e His Honor — "V gentleman's door yer Honor, it said as long as yer ar-r Mr. Huyer — "I something very im bearing?" Mr. Guy she is in evening d "Ah, yes! Those make! By the way "Yes — every kind "It's first name is S Somehow a man after he has lost a of the baby than t five hours' sleep at "Charlie, that's of yours. The ma his business." "Y a man of great cap "Perkins received ing announcing the "Was he visibly y but you know joy I Bobby — "Pa, broker's sign of thr means, Bobby, that man never redeems "Oh, would I we And each disg Thought to himse "Oh, would I we "It is no use telli said the photograph lady, "for you can't And his scheme wou Cousin Lottie — sure that new suit o Lomny." Alonzo — "Because you look E're they were Was dressing But now, when She treats hi Travis — "I under and his wife never Bloodgood — "Oh, y filed petitions for di First Ballet Girl spiteful thing, and with you!" Second mind, dear, you can us. Doctor — "Take o my dear sir; it will Patient (next mornin me a little old rye orders." Jinks — Mr Spicer against you, I w dear sir, there is no dollar bill, and to-d jesting." Cholly to the Iri at the ferry landin is this well ringin you see, you phool, th' r-rope?" It is believed th prediction about th when they are litt about the same sub ticket sellers. Mumby — "Say, v they call it a te Dumley — "Yes; wh ing, only I was won call it a colidroscope. Customer — "Wha ber — "Twenty cent Why, I thought you for a shave. D — "you have a double ch Willets — "Tell m as happy, now you a when you were engag certainly. Her fath just the same as h married." He — "Now that y happiest of mortals, (Boston) — "Never h pience of your Cemer, I don't kn may try." Write — "I suppos women — never adm take." Wickwire — asserts that she ma me, but she never ad the family. Mrs. Gadabout — new husband in four ladies around h "That's all right; b only one lady around by a squall." Lawyer — "Did yo quantity in the c in one occasio a dollar in a horo only man on a "What's it?" C. G. Dickens on a "He w