

Blue Ribbon Tea Co. pack
Ceylon Black, Mixed and
Green! All grocers keep
them and each is the best
of its kind.

The Unknown Bridegroom.

"No. 15 George street."
"Do you live alone?"
"Yes, sir, and I'm doing washing
now."
"Why did you leave the hospital?"
"I'd scrubbed floors long enough
for nothing," Mary answered, with
a tinge of bitterness in her tone,
thus showing that her reasoning
faculties were not entirely dormant.
Then, reaching out one hand, she
patted Jamie softly on the shoulder
and remarked: "This is a nice little
chapp."

Mr. Carrol's heart leaped at her
words.
Was this a gleam of the old af-
fection for the child of her care
manifesting itself?
"Do you like children?" he asked.
"Yes—I think so," said the woman,
dreamily.
"Do you get plenty of work to do?"
questioned the gentleman, glancing
at her hands.
"No, sir," she sighed: "I couldn't
pay the rent last week and the land-
lord said he wouldn't wait longer
than another week."
"I will give you some washing to
do," said Mr. Carrol, with sudden
inspiration, "and I think I know of
some one else who will also give
you work."

"Do you, sir?" and a look of in-
terest for a moment sprang into
the poor creature's face.
"Yes; if you will come with me
to my lodgings—they are not far
from here—I will make up a pack-
age for you now," the gentleman
replied.
She seemed to trust him instinctively,
and, turning about, signified
her readiness to go with him.

Jamie had not once spoken during
the interview, but he appeared
to be greatly interested, and
frequently turned an inquiring look
upon the woman as they walked
on toward home.

Arriving at their lodgings, Mr.
Carrol conducted Mary to his
rooms, and then telling Jamie to
remain there with her for a few
moments, he went directly to his
old friend and helper, Dr. Field,
to whom he related what had occurred.
"Now will you take her in hand?"
he eagerly inquired, adding: "I
am sure she could tell us something
very important in connection with
Jamie's history if her memory
could be restored."

Dr. Field consented to do what
she could, and with a heart beating
high with hope, Dr. Carrol returned
to his rooms and conducted Mary
to the scientist's office, telling her
that while she was talking, the
doctor would make up a pack-
age for her.

Thus it happened that "Crazy
Moll" became a patient of Dr. Field,
who so arranged her work that she
would be obliged to come to him
every few days, and at the expiration
of a month she really began
to show gleams of returning in-
telligence that greatly encouraged
her friends.

Mr. Carrol said nothing to Jamie
regarding the belief that the woman
was his old nurse, or his hope
that her mental restoration would
result in his own identification,
for he did not wish to arouse his
curiosity of his starfish, a
which would naturally follow such
a disclosure, but in his heart he
firmly believed that the time was
not distant when he would be able
to restore the long-lost child to the
bosom of his family.

It was now the last week in May,
and London was beginning to be
very hot and uncomfortable.
"Jamie, have you ever seen the
sea?" Mr. Carrol inquired one
morning during breakfast, as a sudden
longing for a glimpse of the ocean
fastened itself upon him.
"No, sir—I don't think I ever
have," the boy replied, looking
slightly puzzled, "but I've dreamed
about it lots of times and it was
beautiful."

"How would you like to go with
me to the seashore for a little
outing?" questioned his friend.
"I should love to go with you
anywhere, sir," said the child, with
a fond upward glance.

"Thank you, Jamie," said Carrol,
laughing. "I am sure that I have at
least one true admirer in the world.
Well, then, I think that to-mor-
row we will go away and treat our-
selves to a holiday of a week or
so, and get a good long breath
of sea air."

Mr. Carrol had been arranging
his business with a view to this
rest and pleasure, for some weeks
back, feeling that he had earned it,
and that it would do Jamie a great
deal of good. Accordingly, the fol-
lowing morning, they set off in
high spirits, and evening found
them very pleasantly located in a
quiet little town by the ocean,
in Sussex County, and within walk-
ing distance of far-famed Brighton.
Several days passed, and Mr.
Carrol and his protegee were enjoy-
ing themselves to their heart's con-
tent.

One morning Jamie took it into his
head to hunt star-fish, and Carrol,
seeking his favorite resort, was soon
deeply absorbed in one of the lead-
ing magazines of the period.

He had been engaged thus but a
short time when he caught the sound
of steps quite near him.
He glanced up carelessly to see who
was passing.
The next instant he sprang to his
feet, white as the handkerchief which
he had knitted so loosely around his
neck, and confronted the intruder
with uplifted head and haughty
mien.

"You here in England?" he ex-
claimed, in cold, bitter tones.
"So it seems. Is there any special
reason why I should not be here
in England as well as yourself?"
sarcasically responded Sir Walter
Leighton, yet, nevertheless, appear-
ing not a little disconcerted upon
recognizing his companion.
"You simply evaded it, the same as
you are doing now. I know that you
stole these papers, and I know that
you may say will ever change my op-
inion. I do not care so much for those
pertaining to business matters, for
it is too late now to rectify those
wrongs; but with them, were other
documents of a personal nature,
which I wished to preserve because
of their associations and which cannot
be of the slightest use or value to
you."

Leighton smiled a peculiar smile,
and then shrugged his shoulders dis-
dainfully.
"I do not know why you persist
in that hallucination," he retorted.
"I have no papers belonging to you,
and I beg pardon for an arrogant look
and mien; that you will never an-
noy me by referring to this subject
again."

"Well, there will come a day of
reckoning for you—at least, if not with
me, Mr. Carrol, gravely returned,
adding impressively: "And I cannot
conceive of such rank ingratitude, as
you have displayed, being manifest-
ed by any human being."

"I think we have discussed that
subject sufficiently," said Sir Walter,
with a sneer, "so I will say an
adieu, hoping that you will be in a
better frame of mind when we meet
again. By the way," he added, as he
darted a stealthy glance at Jamie,
"where are you stopping while you are
taking your much-needed rest?"
Sir Walter turned and glanced curi-
ously at the child.

"Ah! so he makes the 'we,' and
he calls you 'uncle,'" he observed,
in a derisive tone. "May I inquire
who he is?"
"A poor little waif whom fate has
recently thrown upon my protection."
"Humph! you were always finding
some pauper to shoulder. But what
has happened to his feet and legs?"
Leighton queried, as his glance fell
upon Jamie's scarred limbs, which
would always carry the marks of
the flames through which he had
passed.

"Oh, he was badly burned when he
was about two years old," Carrol
explained.
"Burned—how?" demanded the
baronet, with a sudden inward
shock, while he bent a more search-
ing look upon the boy, who find-
ing his "uncle" engaged—and hav-
ing been told he must never interrupt
a conversation—had retreated a
few steps and was absorbed in the
examination of his starfish.
"He and his nurse were stopping at
a hotel which was destroyed by
fire, and they barely escaped with
their lives, through the bravery of
a plucky fireman," Carrol replied,
but with an air which plainly be-
trayed that he was wearying of the
interview.

But Sir Walter Leighton had grown
glaukly white during his explanation,
and stooped suddenly to pick up a
pebble that lay at his feet, in or-
der to conceal the effects of the
shock, which, momentarily, nearly
deprived him of his self-possession.
But the next instant he asked with
bated breath:
"So they were both rescued? What
became of the nurse?"

"She was injured on the head by
a falling brick, and has never been
herself since."
"What is the boy's other name?"
"Jamie what?"
"He had no other, save the one I
have loaned him," said Carrol, a ton-
der light gleaming in his eyes as they
rested upon his protegee.
"What! couldn't the nurse give any
account of him?"
"No; she has never been able to,
as yet; her mind was so shattered
by the blow, and the illness that
followed, that she could remember
nothing on her recovery, that oc-
curred previous to that dreadful
night."

A look of relief swept over the
baronet's face at this information.
But he had been terrible shaken,
and was still all of a nervous tremor
for he was firmly convinced that the
"poor little waif" before him was
no other than the son and heir of
Sir Julian Page.

Carrol's story regarding him ac-
corded exactly with what Messrs.
Wellington & Hayes had told him re-
garding the mysterious disappearance
of the heir of Worthing Town,
and his nurse; and if the facts to

which he had just listened should
ever reach the attorney, he knew
that his own brilliant career would
be suddenly cut short and he would
have to go back to his former tread-
mill life.
"What are you going to do with
the chap?" he asked after a mo-
ment of silence.

"I'm! I see you are still up to
the same quixotic schemes for which
you were always noted," Sir Walter
replied, contemptuously. "Where is
the nurse of whom you were talk-
ing me?" he queried a moment later,
the lines about his mouth hardening
cruelly.

"In London, under treatment; she
is improving, and I entertain the
hope that her memory will in time
be fully restored."
Again Sir Walter lost all his color.
He realized that he stood upon the
brink of a precipice, for if this nurse
should recover her long dormant fac-
ulties, Master Jamie could not fail
to be identified at once and have his
inheritance restored to him.

"But you are she? who is treat-
ing her?" he asked, after a brief sil-
ence, during which his thoughts had
been working with lightning-like
rapidity.
"That is a matter which does not
concern you, although you seem to
be strangely curious about it," Carrol
coldly responded. "Do you intend
to remain abroad long?" he asked,
with sudden interest.

"Well, that depends," Sir Walter
replied, in a careless tone, but with
an emphasis which his companion
could not understand. "I may and I
may not."
"Because I wish to see you again
—I must insist that you restore to
me certain important documents be-
longing to me, and which you have
in your possession," Carrol responded,
with some sternness.

"There you go again!" Leighton
impatiently retorted. "I thought that
question was settled the last time
we met."
"Settled!" repeated Carrol, with
curling lips and bitter intonation;
"you simply evaded it, the same as
you are doing now. I know that you
stole these papers, and I know that
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been seen trodding along the beach
toward that group of rocks where
"one arose like a cone from the
midst of them," his fish basket slung
across his shoulders; but now coming
near them, he found that they were
much farther from the shore
than he had anticipated, for the
tide was in, and it was impossible
to reach them without swimming to
them.

"Uncle Carrol," however, had fore-
bidden all swimming or bating un-
less he was accompanied by his
charge, and Jamie, being an obedi-
ent little fellow, sat down upon
the beach, although with rather a
restless face, to wait for the tide to
go out.

It was more than three hours he
was able to carry home a basketful
of his coveted treasure.
He had not been sitting there
many minutes when the sound of
steps upon the beach made him
turn to see who was approaching.
It was not a stranger, but a young
toward him the "gentleman" who
had told him where to look for the
starfish.

"Aho, my little man," exclaimed
Sir Walter, in an assumed genial
tone, and smiling affably into the
upturned face. "to you are on hand
for your stars this morning. But
why did you come so early?" he
didn't mind the tide be-
ing in, sir," Jamie explained, but
flushing over the confession.
"That is rather a joke on you,
sir," said his companion in a
bantering tone, "for it will be fully
two hours before it goes out, so
that you can get to the rocks."

(To be continued.)
UP IN THE BILLIONS.
The Hon. James Wilsey, Secretary of
Agriculture, has a happy faculty of pre-
sented the elaborate statistics in his
annual reports, in very interesting form.
The report just issued is no exception
to the rule. The only trouble is, that
the field is so vast, covering the entire
agricultural interests of the country,
that the figures are difficult to grasp.
After a careful estimate of the value
of farm products during 1904, he places
the total at \$4,900,000,000, excluding the
value of farm crops fed to live stock in
order to avoid duplication of values.
Several comparisons are necessary to
realization of such an unthinkable value
aggregating nearly five billions of dol-
lars.

The farmers of this country have in
two years produced wealth exceeding
the output of all the gold mines of the
entire world since Columbus discovered
America. This year's product is over six
times the amount of the capital stock
of all national banks, it lacks but three-
fourths of a billion dollars from the
value of the manufactures of 1900, less
the cost of material used; it is three times
the gross earnings from the operations
of the railways, and four times the value
of all minerals produced in this country
greater than ever before. The farmers
could from the proceeds of this single
crop pay the national debt, the interest
thereon for one year, and still have
enough left to pay a considerable por-
tion of the government's yearly ex-
penses. The cotton crop, valued for lint
and seed at \$800,000,000, comes second,
while hay and wheat contend for the
third place. Combined, these two crops
will about equal in value the corn crop.
The steady advance in poultry leads to
some astonishing figures. The farmers'
flocks now produce one and two-third bil-
lions of dozens of eggs and at the high
average price of the year the hens dur-
ing their busy season lay enough eggs
in a single month to pay the year's
interest on the national debt.—Buffalo
Commercial.



REWARDED DISOBEDIENCE.
1. "Aint I tole ter let dat turkey
alone, sah?"



2. "Now, walk right behind me, and
don't you bodder de Widder Smith's ote
turkey!"



3. What part ob de fowl will you
hab?

A CHRISTMAS DILEMMA

—A TRUE STORY—

"John," said Mrs. Spencer to her
husband, "I don't know what to do
about the Martins' Christmas pre-
sents."

Dr. Spencer looked up from the
paper he was reading. "Do?" he
said, vacantly, "What do you mean?"
Mrs. Spencer laid her work in her
lap and moved the student lamp on
the table between them, to get a
better view of her husband's face.

"Come up to the surface John,"
she said, "and listen, because I
really need your advice."
The doctor rested his paper on
his knees and "climbed over his
glasses," at his wife.

"Go ahead," he said, "you have
my attention."
Mrs. Spencer continued seriously:
"You know what a nuisance these
Christmas presents have come to
be between the Martins and our-
selves, and how much I want to
stop them; and you—" She paused,
—and her husband's face assumed
an amused expression.

"Well, my dear Ellen, my advice
is to leave off sending them. It is
nothing and she should send you
the great basket with a present
for every one of us—you, the chil-
dren, the servants—last Christmas
she even sent a collar for Don—I
should die of mortification."
Mrs. Spencer took off her glasses
and looked gravely across the ta-
ble at his wife.

"I have often thought," he said,
"that there were too many wo-
men's societies in this town; but
I see the need for one more—a So-
ciety for the Suppression of Christ-
mas Presents. Send our circulars,
beginning with Mrs. Martin. You
ought to get a large and enthus-
iastic membership."
Mrs. Spencer sighed and took up
her work again.

"You don't advise me at all," she
said; "you only joke, and I really
think this is a serious matter."
"My dear Ellen, I am willing to
advise you, but the whole difficulty
seems to be a ridiculous one. There
is only one thing to do. Stop short
now. Suppose she does send you a
basket if it will be the last time.
It's the shortest and simplest way
to end it."
"I might," said Mrs. Spencer, medi-
tatively, "not send anything at
Christmas, and then in case she
could return them presents at
intervals throughout the year—
on their birthdays, at Easter, and
so forth."

"Good Lord, Ellen," he said, "don't
do that! You'll have her returning the birth-
day and Easter presents. It would
be worse than ever."
"Yes; I am afraid that would not
go, after all," said Mrs. Spencer,
"I'm more troubled than before."
Dr. Spencer reached out for the
poker and tapped open a lump of
soft coal on top of the fire. A
blue flame shot up through it, and
a little spout of smoke leaked out
into the room.

"Ellen," he said, emphasizing his
words with taps of the poker on
the grate, "take my advice; cut it
short, and just hear it if you do
not want to take presents from her
year. Carrol Martin is a man I
shall never respect again after his
course during the last election, and
anything is better than carrying
on this perfunctory friendship. We
may see enough of any of
them to justify our exchanging pre-
sents, and I am sure Mrs. Martin
will thank you as much as I shall
if you will take the bull by the horns
now and be done with it."

He looked at his wife, but she did
not answer. Her eyes were bent
upon her sewing, and her expres-
sion was unconvinced.
Dr. Spencer set down the poker,
took up his paper, and settled him-
self back in his chair again. He
was not one of those who go on
and split the board after they have
driven home the nail.
"You may see my opinion," he said,
and went on reading.

The Spencers and Martins had
been, some years before, next-door
neighbors. The Martins were then
newly married and strangers to the
place, and the first Christmas after
their arrival, Mrs. Spencer, in the
kindness of her heart, had sent
over a bunch of flowers, with a
friendly greeting, to her young
neighbor. Her messenger had re-
turned with Mrs. Martin's warm
thanks and a pretty sofa pillow
hastily snatched up and sent to
express the little bride's pleasure
and gratitude.

Such a handsome gift, in place of
the "thank you" expected had de-
cidedly taken Mrs. Spencer aback,
and when the next Christmas came
she took care to provide a pretty
basket for Mrs. Martin and a
dainty cap for the baby, who had
by that time been added to the
family. This occasion found Mrs.
Martin also prepared, and she
promptly responded with a cen-
terpiece for Mrs. Spencer, an ash-tray
for the doctor, and a doll for their
little Margaret.

From this time on each year the
burden grew. Several children had
been added to both families; each
one was separately remembered,
and, in the old Southern Christmas
fashion, presents for the family
servants had been added to the list,
one at a time, until not only nurse,
cook, and maid had been in-
cluded, but as Mrs. Spencer said,
the previous Christmas had even
brought her a collar for the dog.

During these years both families
had moved, both had built new
homes, on the same street, it is
true, but a block apart, so that
they were no longer near neighbors
and lately the two men had been
on opposite sides of a bitter politi-
cal contest. Warmth had induced
coolness, words had produced sil-

ence, and the relations of the two
families had become only formal.

The Christmas presents had been
kept up only because neither wo-
man knew how to stop, and as Mr.
Martin had in the meantime made
money, and become, according to
Southern standards, a rich man, Mrs.
Spencer felt more than ever deter-
mined "not to be beholden to them."

On the evening in question she
said no more, but the night brought
counsel, and next morning she in-
formed her husband that she had
decided what to do. She would buy
the presents as usual, but she
would wait, before sending them, on
Christmas morning, to see whether
Mrs. Martin sent to her. "And if
I do not send them, I can put them
up for the children next Christ-
mas," she concluded, triumphantly.

Dr. Spencer did not approve of the
ingenious plan, but his wife
persisted. "Not for worlds," would
she have a great lot of presents
come over from the Martins and
have nothing to send in return."

Christmas morning came, and,
while dressing, Mrs. Spencer told
her husband that she should send
little Jack out on the front sidewalk
with his fire-crackers, so that
he could keep a look-out down
the street and report any basket
coming from the Martins.

Hers was packed and ready. Every
bundle was neatly tied up in white
paper with ribbons and labeled,
"Mrs. Martin, with Christmas greet-
ings"; "Little Charley, with Mrs.
Spencer's love"; "Mammy Sue, from
the Spencers' children"; and
Anne Mrs. Spencer's reflected with
satisfaction, as she deposited a
new harness for the Martins' plug
on top of the pile, that nobody
was going to get ahead of her.

Breakfast over, and Remus, the
doctor's "boy," instructed to keep
himself brushed and neat, ready at
an instant's notice to seize the
Martin basket, as the doctor called
it, and bear it forth, Mrs. Spenc-
er's mind was at rest. Jack was
on the sidewalk, bringing away, but
keeping a sharp eye out toward
the Martins' door; for he had scarce-
ly been there five minutes before
he called to her that Robbie Mar-
tin was playing on the sidewalk
and watching their house like any
thing.

A short time passed, and Jack
came running in. "Mother, I see
Mammy Sue coming this way with
a tray," he said.
"The doctor called for his study;
"How do you know she is coming
here?" But Mrs. Spencer had not
waited to hear him; she was al-
ready at the back door, calling ex-
actly, "Remus, take the basket!"

"John," she cried, running back,
"you see the Martins are sending
us presents," and she got to the
window in time to see Remus issu-
ing forth with his basket. Jack
was on the sidewalk, turning toward
the Martins, into the house
rushed Robbie, calling, "Mother!
Mother!" and a moment later out
popped the Martins' butter, Tom,
with a large basket brimming over
with tissue paper and blue ribbons
on his head, and took his way to-
ward the Spencers at a brisk trot.
It was quite a race between him
and Remus; they grinned at each
other as they passed, each other
half-way. Mammy Sue went by the
gate with her tray but Tom came
in and set his load down in the
hall, where Mrs. Spencer received
him with a smile as fine as any
she had ever seen.

A few minutes later the doctor
came out of his study. His wife,
her lips pressed together and her
eyes very bright, was kneeling be-
side the basket, handing out
ribbons, packages to the children,
who were exclaiming about her.
He stood looking on in silence un-
til she handed him one marked "For
Dr. Spencer, with Mrs. Martin's
kindest wishes," which he opened.
"Beautiful!" he said, "just what
I have always needed. My office
wanted only a pink china Cupid,
with a gilt basket on his back, to
be complete."

Mrs. Spencer made no reply, not
did she look up; her hands flutter-
ed among the parcels. The doctor
considered the top of her head for
a moment.

"Ellen," he said, gently, "there
was just one little mistake in our
calculations; we never thought of
Mrs. Martin's being as clever as
we are, did we?"
Mrs. Spencer looked up and laugh-
ed, but her face quivered.

"John," she said, "I'll always
love you for that 'we.'"
Bachelor's Uncle's Inspiration.

A bachelor is not usually credited
with a knowledge about the proper
treatment of children, but sometimes
they step in where angels fear to tread.
A confirmed specimen who is pretty
well on in years and not very fond
of children, went to see a married sister
the other day and found her trying
to amuse her little boy aged five years.

Not long after he arrived she stepped
out of the room to attend to some
household duty or other, leaving him
alone with the child. The latter eyed
him dubiously for some minutes. He
was a spotty child if there ever was one,
and had no idea of making promiscuous
acquaintances. The bachelor tried
to make the little one laugh, but all he
got for his pains was a sour look.

Finally, without any warning, the
child burst out crying. Here was a
quandary, to be sure. He didn't dare
to pick the boy up and soothe him. His at-
tempts in a verbal line were dismal fail-
ures. What should he do? Finally a
thought struck him. He looked at the
crying youngster, and the crying young-
ster looked at him through his tears.
He was evidently much pleased with
the impression he was making.

"Cry louder," said he.
The child obeyed.
"Louder yet," urged the bachelor.
A yell went up that would have done
credit to an Indian.
"Cry louder still," insisted the man,
and the boy did his best to obey.
"Louder!" fairly howled his uncle.
"I won't!" snapped the infant, and
he shut his mouth with a click, and
was quiet for the rest of the day.
London Tit-Bits.