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A Foolish Young Man;

Or, the Belle of the Season.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(Continued).

"I don't know; was it a rabbit?"

"No!" responded Mr. Wordley, with suppressed excitement. "It was the top of a tin box."

"A tin box?" echoed Ida.

"Yes," he said, with an emphatic nod. "I called Jason to bring a spade; but I could scarcely wait, and I found myself clawing like like one of the dogs, my dear. Jason came and we had that box up and I opened it. And what do you think I found?"

Ida shook her head gently; then she started slightly, as she remembered the night Stafford and she had watched her father coming, in his sleep, from the ruined chapel.

"Something of my father's?"

Mr. Wordley nodded impressively.

"Yes, it was something of your father's. It was a large box, my dear, and it contained—what do you think?"

"Papers?" ventured Ida.

"Securities, my dear Miss Ida, securities for a very large amount! The box was full of them; and a little farther off we found another tin case quite as full. They were securities in some of the best and soundest companies, and they are worth an enormous sum of money!"

Ida stared at him, as if she did not realize the significance of his words.

"An enormous sum of money," he repeated. "All the while—God forgive me!—I was under the impression that your father was letting things slide, and was doing nothing to save the estate and to provide for you. He was speculating and investing, and doing it with a skill and a success which could not have been surpassed by the most astute and businesslike of men. His judgment was almost infallible; he seems scarcely ever to have made a mistake. It was one of those extraordinary cases in which everything a man touches turns to gold. There are mining shares there which I would not have bought at a farthing a piece; but your father bought them, and they've everyone of them, or nearly everyone of them, turned up trumps. Some of them which he bought for a few shillings—gold and diamond shares—are worth hundreds of pounds. Hundreds? thousands! My dear," he took her hand and patted it as he went on, "I'ld to break the shock to you, your poor father who we all regarded as an insolvent book-worm, actually died by far and away the richest man in the county!"

Ida looked at him as if she did not even yet quite understand. She passed her thin hand over her brow and drew a long breath.

"Do you mean—do you mean that I am no longer poor, Mr. Wordley?" she asked.

Mr. Wordley laughed so suddenly and loudly that he quite startled the hall porter in his little glass box.

"My dear child," he said, slowly and impressively, "you are rich, not poor; immensely rich! I do not myself yet quite know how much you are worth; but you may take it from me that it is a very large sum indeed. Now, you are not going to faint, my dear!" For Ida's eyes had closed and her hands had clasped each other spasmodically.

"No, no," she said in a low voice. "But it is sudden, so unexpected, that I cannot realize it. It seems to me as if I were lying in the cot upstairs and dreaming. No, I cannot realize that I can go back to Herondale! I suppose I can go back?" she asked with a sudden piteousness that very nearly brought the tears to Mr. Wordley's eyes.

"Go back, my dear!" he exclaimed. "Of course, you can go back! The place belongs to you. Why, I've already given notice that I am going to pay off the mortgages. You will get every inch of the land back; you will be the richest lady in the county—yes, in the whole county! The old glories of the dear old house can be revived; you can queen it there as the Heiress of old used to queen it. And everybody will be proud and delighted to see you doing it! As for me, I am ashamed to say that I have almost lost my head over the business, and have behaved like a well, anything but like a staid and sober old solicitor."

He laughed, and blew his nose, and nodded with a shamefaced oy which affected Ida even more than his wonderful news had done.

"How can I thank you for all your goodness to me," she murmured, a little brokenly.

"Thank me! Don't you attempt to thank me, or I shall break down altogether; for I've been the stupidest and most wooden-headed idiot that ever disgraced a noble profession. I ought to have seen through your father's affectation of miserliness and indifference. Anybody but a silly old numskull would have done so. But, my dear, why are we staying here, why don't we go away at once? You'd like to go back to Herondale by the first train. You must hate the sight of this place, I should think."

"No, no," said Ida, gently. "Yes, I would like to go back to Herondale—ah, yes, as soon as possible. But I should like to see someone before I go—the sister, the nurse, who have been so good to me. You are sure" she paused and went on shyly, "you are sure there is no mistake, that I have some money, am rich?"

"Rich as Croesus, my dear child," he responded, with a laugh.

She blushed still more deeply.

"Then, have you—have you any money with you, Mr. Wordley? I mean quite a large sum of money?"

"Not a very large sum, my dear," he replied rather puzzled. "About twenty or thirty pounds, perhaps."

Ida's face fell.

"Oh, that is not nearly enough," she murmured.

"Eh?" he asked. "But I've got my cheque book with me. How much do you want? And, forgive me, my dear Miss Ida, but may I ask what you want it for?"

"Can I have a cheque for five hundred pounds?" Ida asked, timidly.

"Five thousand, fifty thousand, my dear!" he responded, promptly, and with no little pride and satisfaction.

"Five hundred will do—for the present," she said a little nervously. "Perhaps the porter will let you draw it out."

Still puzzled, Mr. Wordley went into the porter's box and took out his chequebook.

"Make it payable to the hospital—and give it to me, please," said Ida, in a low voice.

The old man's face cleared, and he nodded.

"Of course, of course! God bless you, my dear. I might have known what was in that good, grateful heart of yours. See here, I've made it out for a thousand pounds. That's five hundred for you and five hundred for me—and don't you say a word to stop me; for I'm only too grateful for the idea. It will cool me down; and upon my word, I feel so excited, so above and beyond myself that I want some safety-valve like this, or I should fall to dancing in the hall and so disgrace myself and the noble profession to which I belong."

With a folded cheque in her hand Ida took him up the many stone steps to the Alexandra ward. The gentle-eyed sister, who had parted from her so reluctantly, was naturally surprised to see her return so soon, and accompanied by a fatherly and prosperous old gentleman, who kept close to her as if he were afraid she might be spirited from him.

"I have come back to—to say good-bye again, sister," said Ida, her voice faltering a little, but her eyes beaming as they had not beamed for many a day; "and I want to give you something, something for the hospital—it is from my dear friend here, Mr. Wordley, who has just found me. And I want you not to open it until we have gone—say, for half an hour. And I am going to write to you as I promised; and you can write to me if you will be so kind; for I can give you the address now. It is on the back of the cheque."

She had written it in the porter's box.

"I am going—home. Something has happened. But I will write and tell you; now I can only say"—her voice broke and trembled—"good-bye, again, and thank you with all my heart."

She drew the sister to her and kissed her; and Mr. Wordley shook the sister's hand, and blew his nose so loudly that the patients, who had been watching them eagerly, nodded to each other and exchanged significant glances, and there was a suppressed excitement in the ward which found adequate expression when, half an hour afterwards, the sister with flushed cheek and quavering voice, made them acquainted with Ida's gift.

"And now," said Mr. Wordley, after he had shaken hands with several of the officials, including the porter, "and now, my dear Miss Ida, for Herondale and—Home! Hi, cab!"

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The journey down to Herondale cannot be described; whenever Ida thought of it in the after years, she felt herself trembling and quivering with the memory of it. Until she had sat in the carriage, and the train had started and she realized that she was indeed going home—home!—she did not know what it had cost her to leave Herondale, how much she had suffered at Laburnum Villa, how deep the iron of dependence had entered her soul. She was all of a quiver with delight, with profound gratitude to the Providence which was restoring her to the old house, the wide moors, the brawling streams which she knew now were dearer to her than life itself.

Mr. Wordley understood, and was full of sympathy with her mood. He bought newspapers and magazines, and he let her alone and pretended to read; but every now and then she met his smiling glance and knew by his nod of the head that he was rejoicing with her.

He had wired for a carriage and pair to meet them at Bryndermere, and Ida leant back and tried to be patient, tried to look unconcerned and calm and composed; but she uttered a little cry and nearly broke down when the carriage stopped at the familiar gate, and Jessie, who was standing there, with her hair blown wild by the wind, forgot the inequalities of their positions, and catching her beloved young mistress to her bosom, crooned and sobbed over her.

Jason stood just behind, balancing himself first on one foot, and then on the other, in his efforts to get a glimpse of Ida, and she stretched out her arm over Jessie's shoulder and shook the honest hand which had grown hard and horny in her service. Jessie almost carried her mistress into the hall, where a huge fire was burning and threw a red and cheerful glow over the fading gilding and grey-toned hangings.

"Oh, mice, how thin you be!" she said at last, as, with clasped hands, she surveyed Ida from top to toe anxiously and greedily. "Wherever have you been to look like that? But, never mind, Miss Ida; you're back, and that's everything! And we'll very soon get some flesh on you bones and drive the sad look out of thee eyes." In moments of emotion and excitement Jessie forgot the schooling Ida had given her, and lapsed into semi-Westmerland. "You've missed the moorland air, deario, and the cream and the milk—I've 'eard it's all chalk and water in London—and I suppose there wasn't room to ride in them crowded streets; and the food, too, I'm told it ain't fit for ordinary humans, leave alone a dainty maid like my sweet mistress."

"Yes, you shall fatten me to your heart's desire, Jessie," said Ida. "I suppose I don't look of much account; I've been ill. But I shall soon get well. I felt, as we drove along the moor, with the wind blowing on my cheek, as if I had not breathed since the hour I left. And now tell me everything—all—at once! Rupert? There's no need to ask about the dogs." Donald and Bess had not yet ceased to tear at her in frantic efforts to express their delight. "Are you glad I've come back, Donald?" she asked in a low voice as she knelt and put her arms round his neck and nestled her face against his, and let him lick her with his great, soft tongue. "Ah, if you are only half as glad as I am, doggie, your heart must be half breaking with the joy of it. And if I'm lean, you are disgracefully fat, Bess. Don't tell me you've missed me, for I don't believe it."

It was some time before Jessie could drag her upstairs; and the sight of her old room, as cheerful as the hall, with the huge fire, almost unnerved her, and when she was alone she sank upon her knees beside the bed in a thanksgiving which was none the less deep and fervent for its muteness.

When she came down the dinner was ready and Mr. Wordley was standing in front of the fire awaiting her. She was glad that Jason had not had time to procure a new livery, was glad of the old shabbiness of the room, that its aspect was not yet changed, and that it greeted her with all its old familiarity. Mr. Wordley would not let her talk until she had made, at any rate, a pretence of eating; but when they had gone into the drawing-room, he drew a chair to the fire for her, and said:

"Now, my dear, I am afraid I shall have to talk business. I shall be too busy to come over to-morrow." He laughed. "You see I have left all my other clients' affairs, to come after my stray lamb; I expect I shall find them in a pretty muddle. Now, my dear, before I go, I should like you to tell me exactly what you would like to do. As I have explained to you, you are now the mistress of a very large fortune with which you can do absolutely what you like. Would you like to live here, or would you like to take a house in London, or go abroad?"

Ida locked up a little piteously.

"Oh, not go to London or abroad!"

"Oh, not go to London or abroad!" she said. "Can I not live here? If you knew how I feel—how the sight of the place, the thought that I am under the old roof again—"

She looked round the faded, stately room lovingly, wistfully, and Mr. Wordley nodded sympathetically.

"Of course you can, my dear," he said. "But equally of course, you will now want to restore the old place. There is a great deal to be done, and I thought that perhaps you would like to go away while the work was being carried out."

Ida shook her head.

"No, I would like to stay, even if I have to live in the kitchen or one of the garrets. It will be a delight to me to watch the men at work; I should never grow tired of it."

"I quite understand, my dear," he said. "I honor you for that feeling. Well, then, I shall engage an architect of repute, the first in his profession"—he rubbed his hands with an air of enjoyment—"and he shall restore the old place, with all respect and reverence. I think I know the man to employ; and we will start at once, so that no time may be lost. I want to see you settled in your proper position here. The thought of it gives me a new lease of life! Of course, you will want a proper establishment; more servants both in the house and out of it; you will want carriages and horses; both the lodges must be rebuilt, and the old avenue opened out and put in order. Heron Hall was one of the finest places in the county and it shall be so again."

"And Jessie shall be the housekeeper and Jason the butler," said Ida, with a laugh of almost child-like enjoyment. "Oh, it all seems like a dream; and I feel that at any moment I may wake and find myself at Laburnum Villa. And, oh, Mr. Wordley, I shall want some more money at once. I want to send the Herons a present, a really nice present that will help them, I hope, to forget the trouble I caused them. Poor people, it was not their fault; they did not understand."

Mr. Wordley snorted.

"There is one topic of conversation, my dear Miss Ida, I shall be compelled to bar," he said. "I never want to hear Mr. John Heron's name again. As to sending them a present, you can, of course, send them anything you like, to the half of your kingdom; though, if you ask me whether they deserve it—"

"I didn't ask you," said Ida, with a laugh, putting her hand on his arm. "If we all got our deserts, how sad it would be for everyone of us."

Mr. Wordley grunted.

"To-morrow I shall pay a sum of money into the bank for you, and you will have to drive over and get a cheque-book; and you can amuse yourself by drawing cheques until I come again."

He lingered as long as he could, and kept the carriage waiting some time; but at last he went and Ida was left alone to face the strange change in her fortune. She sat before the fire dreaming for a few minutes, then she wandered over the old house from room to room; and every room had its memories and associations for her. In the library she could almost fancy that her father was sitting in the high-backed chair which was still drawn up in its place to the table; and she went and sat in it and touched with reverent, loving hand the books and papers over which he had been wont to bend. She stood before his portrait and gazed at it with tear-dimmed eyes, and only the consciousness of the love she had borne him enabled her to bear his absence. As she passed through the hall the newly risen moon was pouring in through the tall window and, followed by Donald and Bess, who had not left her for a moment, she opened the great hall door and went on to the terrace, and walking to the end, stood and looked towards the ruined chapel in which her father had buried his treasure.

Up to this moment she had been buoyed up by excitement and the joy and pleasure of her return to the old house; but suddenly there fell a cloud-like depression upon her; she was conscious of an aching void, a lack of something which robbed her heart of all its joy. She had no need to ask herself what it was: she knew too well. Her old home had come back to her, she was the mistress of a large fortune, she stood, as it were, bathed in the sunshine of prosperity; but her heart felt cold and dead, and the sunshine, bright as it was, well-nigh dazzling, indeed, had no warmth in it. She was a great heiress now; would no doubt soon be surrounded by friends. She had been poor and well-nigh friendless that day Stafford had taken her in his arms and kissed her for the first time; but, ah, how happy she had been!

Was it possible, could Fate be so cruel as to decree that she should never be happy again, never lose the aching pain which racked her heart at every thought of him? She put the fear from her with a feeling of shame and helplessness. She would forget the man who had left her for another woman, would not let thought of him cast a shadow over her life and dominate it. No doubt by this time he had quite forgotten her, or, if he remembered her, recalled the past with a feeling of annoyance with which a man regards a passing flirtation, pleasant enough while it lasted, but of which he did well to be a little ashamed.

She would not look in the direction of the trees under which he had stood on the night of the day she had first seen him; and she went in with a forced cheerfulness to tell Jessie, listening with wide-open eyes, of some of the strange things which had happened to her. All the time she was talking, she was beset by a longing to ask Jessie about Brae Wood and the Ormes; but as she crushed down the idea; and Jessie was too intent upon hearing the story of her mistress's sojourn in London to have any breath or inclination to tell any of the dale news. Of course Ida did not speak of the disagreement at Laburnum Villa, but she gave Jessie an account of the accident and her experiences of a hospital ward; at all which Jessie uttered "Ohs" and "Ahs" with bated breath and gaping mouth. It was late before Ida got to bed, and later still before she fell asleep; for, somehow, now that she was back at Herondale the memory of that happy past grew more vivid; in fact, the whole place was haunted by the spectre of her lost love; and of all spectres this is the most sad and heart-possessing.

(To be continued.)

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HOME

With the Potato.

Mashed Potato. — There is one essential thing to remember about mashed potato which we so universally serve: it is that it must not be allowed to stand after it has been mashed and seasoned. It loses all its quality by so doing. So true is this that thousands of people do not know what true mashed potato is. If it must be prepared beforehand, pack it into a hot earthen dish, brush the top with butter or egg, and put into the oven for ten minutes. A tablespoon of cream to each two potatoes and an ounce of butter to four medium potatoes seasons them well, with the salt and perhaps pepper. It is best to have the cream hot, or hot milk may be used instead with a little more butter.

Potatoes Baked and Stuffed. — Potatoes prepared in a little different way from those sometimes put in to bake with a roast, in the last hour, may be done as follows. Peel as many potatoes of medium size as are needed, making them egg shaped or pyramidal, or in any form you please. Cut off one end so that they will stand and make them with the roast or by themselves. When done cut off the top, dip out the pulp, mash, and season, refill the potatoes, put on caps or part cut off, set in oven ten minutes, and then pour some melted butter over them before serving. Butter, cream, and egg yolk may be used to season the inside and some finely chopped meat or bacon and some chopped mushroom may be added. These may be made a decorative garnish.

Potato Noisettes. — Noisette means nut, a hazel nut, and vegetable noisettes are little vegetable spheres the size of a hazel nut cut out with a tiny scoop or round spoon cutter. One advantage of these is that they may be cooked quickly and are decorative. The cooking may be done in ten or twelve minutes. The cutting out takes some time and skill, but remember that the word used for this cutting is "turning," and the knack can soon be acquired. The scoop is buried in the vegetable and turned. Fried potato noisettes are pretty and may be simply cooked in butter until a light brown, or in the pan with the roast, where they must be stirred and turned so as to brown on all sides. Another way is to boil the little pieces for eight or ten minutes, just covering with cold water, to make them more mealy, and quickly brought to a boil. These can be drained and finished with butter or added to a sauce. In either case potatoes so prepared can stand in the oven covered and not lose in flavor as do mashed potatoes.

Boiled Onions. — Small onions boiled in meat stock, boiled away and reduced to glaze, are delicious, but some butter or bacon with a little sugar and water may be used instead, just enough liquid to cover, so that it will all be boiled away. Cooked in plain salted water and served in a little hot cream they are delicious, but cannot so well be used as a garnish. Small onions will cook from twenty minutes to half an hour as follows: Remove the thin paper skin so as to leave them as comely as possible, cover with a little cold water or meat stock, boil up, then cover cooking vessel closely, and finish over the simmering burner. The steam generated helps to cook them better than in an open vessel.

Potatoes a la Brabanconne. — Cook one-half onion sliced. Add two tablespoons chopped ham, one tablespoon chopped parsley, butter, salt and paprika to season, cream if convenient. Mound in a greased baker, and smoothly mash six potatoes and cover top with fine bread crumbs and dots of butter. Bake twenty minutes, until the top is well browned.

Household Hints.

To brighten zinc rub it with soft soap and sand.

To clean tinware, try dry flour applied with a newspaper.

Bran muffins are better than griddle cakes every morning.

Roll sausage in a little flour before frying and it will not burst.

The better the flour, the better the bread made from it will be.

Part milk used in mixing bread improves both flavor and quality.

Every household should have a plentiful supply of apples for winter.

Tie a knot of red ribbon on scissors and keys if you want to find them easily.

Celery leaves should always be saved—even dried, if necessary—to use in soup.

Never put much sugar in bread; it is only used at all to help the yeast to ferment.

A japanned tray can be freshened with two coats of white paint and a finish of enamel.

To make an old fowl tender, rub the bird all over with lemon juice, then wrap in buttered paper, and steam for two or three hours, according to size.

By adding soda before heating it, milk on the verge of souring may be scalded and used for blanc mange or rice or tapioca pudding or squash pies.

To clean white buckskin and chamois shoes, try lump magnesia. Russet shoes can be cleaned by rubbing them with a banana peel, according to some.

To preserve a paper document, pictures or a letter, dip them in a strong solution of alum water, drying thoroughly. If the paper is very thick, repeat the process.

To remove grease spots from carpets, rub on each spot a mixture of Fuller's earth, oxgall and water; then rinse this out with clear water and rub as dry as possible with a dry cloth.

To protect the finger-nails when doing rough and dirty work, rub them over with a piece of soap, and when you wash your hands after the task the soap will come out. Gardening work and blacking the stove are not so disastrous if this is done.

When you have a receipt that calls for baking a custard or other delicate egg pudding, which may curdle, try cooking it in this way: Put the baking dish into a steamer on the top of a stove, until it is solid, and put it into the oven only long enough to brown it.

When bedrooms are small, and trunks and hat-boxes have to be piled up in corners, it is a good plan to get four blocks of wood all the same size, and to make a groove in each for the casters to fit in. This raises the bed, and all trunks and hat boxes may be put under the bed, giving more room for moving about.

A method which is said to be very good for removing all the cream from milk contained in a bottle or like vessel is to use a large round disk of rubber which takes a slightly concave shape, it being hung upon three light aluminum rods or wires. Slipping the disk in edgewise and below the surface, it then takes the flat position and can be drawn out with all the cream.

A man who is looking for trouble never loses his way.

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DUTCH AFRAID OF GERMANY

LETTER FROM HOLLAND TO "OUR GERMAN FRIENDS."

Campaign of Excuses For the Invasion of Belgium Not Successful.

From the Dutch paper de Amsterdammer is here reprinted an open letter to the Germans, of which a translation is given:

"During the past week we Dutch have received postcards from your country which seek to give us, your friends, the impression which may be expressed in the words—'Thank God, we Germans have a clear conscience.' We Dutch cannot answer all these postcards, and we would not like to do so. It is our solemn duty not to leave our German friends under the impression that their campaign of excuses has been successful. The struggle for the triumph of the moral means fighting with other weapons. How we, who do not labor under your delusion, must view the situation the following statements shall show.

"It does us Dutch people good to receive from all parts of Germany asseverations to the effect that 'The Dutch, they are our friends!'

"We only hope that the German love for us will not be too much like 'monkey-love'; we should not just exactly like to be crushed to death in her loving arms.

"Still, there is a contradiction hidden in this declaration of Germany's disinterested goodwill toward us—nay, even expressed in it. 'You are our friends, because you remain neutral.' Then they abuse the Belgians, who are fighting against Germany.

Germany's Broken Faith.

"I should like to pause for a moment over the state of affairs existing between Germany and Belgium, for, curiously, it appears that what the Germans reckon as a virtue in us Dutch they regard as an enormity in the Belgians—namely, 'the maintenance of neutrality.'

"The Belgians are just as gallant as we are. They want to be neutral and to remain neutral, and to protect themselves with all their strength against the attack on their neutrality, as it is their duty, and as we also should do.

'And, as the Germans know quite well, that was not an act of war. Likewise, it was not a cause for war. This at any rate, is what is taught by international law.

"The Belgians only wanted to be left in peace, as we do. That, however, was too inconvenient to German war interests. We know that we are doing wrong, said the Imperial Chancellor, but 'necessity knows no law.'

"Yes. But the German Imperial Chancellor and the German nation have surely not become so naive. Was Belgium's share in the matter at an end because Germany had spoken her 'Must'? It still had France on the south, and if it had permitted Germany's step, France would then have had the right to regard this as a cause of war.

"Either, or. A people protects its neutrality in every direction, or it protects it not at all. We Dutch see well enough how each party watches us to see that we do not the very slightest thing to help one or other of the combatants.

Curse of Evil Deeds.

"Belgium, then, had to refuse Germany's offer, and that, too, with her arms. In spite of this, Germany protests.

"The Belgian peasants, fighting as Franc-tireurs, for their country, may have acted against international law. But has not your Chancellor admitted himself that the German army was acting contrary to internation law in breaking into a neutral country?

"If you want to use that, you began wrongly. This debt must be paid, but you want to make Belgium pay double!

"In spite of a thousand sophistries, you can never bring that into line with your conscience, as soon as it again makes itself heard, nor with the conscience of the world.

"And now comes the news that Louvain, wonderful Louvain, has been destroyed, and the people put to the sword or driven out, destroyed by a German army, which should protect culture against Russian barbarism!

"Our dear, good German friends, we weep for the wonderful Louvain, brass, tapestry, sevres china, and we weep for the Belgians, but we weep still more for you. If the Russians in north-east Germany were to revenge town for town, and peasant for peasant, what would you be able to say?

"It all comes from the fact that you, as your Chancellor has admitted, have broken both word and right. Thus you are come under the ban of the curse which the great Schiller threatened—'This is the curse of evil deeds, that they continue to bear evil.'"

MY RIVER.

By Dr. J. L. Hughes, Toronto.

Clear was the spring in the pasture field,
Close to the foot of the tall elm tree,
Source of my river a half yard wide,
Wonderful river it was to me.

Far to the heart of the woods it ran;
Often I followed it there alone,
Daring to go with a throbbing heart
Into the depths of the great unknown.

Barefoot and hatless I worked all day,
Changing its course with my wooden spade;
Building a bridge or a water wheel;
Sailing my ships on the lakes I made.

Mine were great visions of power to plan;
Mine were the joys of achievement, too;
Mine were the glories of earth and sky;
Mine was a wonderful world all new.

Back to the farm as a man I went,
River and spring and tall elm had gone;
But all they started to grow in me,
Vision, and power, and joy, live on.

A Long Good-By.

"Come on, Bill," whispered the old burglar in disgust. "It's no use wasting time here."

"Don't you think those lovers will get off the steps soon?" queried the new burglar.

"No. I just heard him say that was the last kiss. They'll be an hour yet."

His Choice.

First Laborer (gazing into jeweller's window)—How would you like to have your pick amongst that lot, Bill?

Second Laborer—I'd sooner have my shovel.

Never say unkind things about acquaintances and friends. This world wants nothing so much as sunny people, who see the bright side of things, and find something good in others.

"I think, William, I'll ask those new people next door to take dinner with us to-night." "What for?" "Well, the butcher, by mistake, left their meat order here, and it seems only fair."

Lady—Is this a pedigreed dog? Dealer—Pedigreed! Why, if that dog could talk he wouldn't speak to either of us!

Easymark—I've loaned so much money to my friends that I am almost broke. Owens—Let me make the finishing touch.

Doctors are not as wise as they think their patients think they are.

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