## THE OLD BARN.

A thousand miles divide us, and full twenty

I see it yet in fancy, with its old wheel-worn

Again I hear the sound of flails upon the mnf-

size;
And I used to think when treading down the hay they pitched to me;
That that old mow would hold enough to last

a century; And I also thought, when near the roof, waist deep in scorching hay,
That for weeks to come that mow would roast
all eggs the hens might lay,

I see the iron grain seocp on which I "rode down hill" down hill"—

It leans confidingly against the old red fanning mill,
And the worn half bushel measure which we boys oft tried to walk,
Like the circus men, by plastering our stocking feet with chalk;
It is strange how boys of eighty pounds, and again smaller oues.

even smaller ones, Can saye their bones and fall at times with the

Last week the old barn vanished and a new

Last week the old barn vanished and a new one took its place.

The staunch old structure ran with time a long and noble race;

For in spite of rain and hall storms, the lightning rods and wind,

They found the timbers sound as when together they were pinned;

While the youth whose father, when a boy, oft wondered at its age,

Now feebly plays an "old man's part" on life's uncertain age.

—Detroit Free Press.

-Detroit Free Press.

## BROTHER ALEC. BY EDITH ELMER.

"Come, brother Alec; come ter yerself. I'm a holdin' the bowl an' the am getting old." Come now, an' wash ver

ter wash yer own hands. "Why-do-you-trouble me-woman?" mumbled a feeble expressionless voice. 'You-are-always troubling

-me. The woman gave a short cackling laugh. 'Ye seem ter think yerself a sight better'n yer folks, now don't ye? Come you old baby, you; ye've rubbed yer hands enough. Time ter dry 'em.'

The young artist was wakened by the voices, and for some moments she could not remember where she was. Gradually it came back to her. She was taking the vacation she had been planning so long. She was in the spare proud of it." she returned, warmly. room of a farm-house among the hills -such sketchable, billowy bills, warm with October coloring. Oh, she remembered it all now-the dusty journey from the city, the long drive across country in the twilight, the welcome supper of bread and milk and honey, and the more welcome bed, quickly shrill voice that had wakened her. It him. belonged to Miss Sary, the farmer's meagre and elderly half-sister. But of his sister's voice, and was shuffling who was brother Alec? Whoever he off. was, he had her sympathy, and she felt

and hurried out on the porch. She fresh air into her lungs and the fresh scene into her soul. It was a radiant set, but the artist's mood was projected sort of day. The fields were bathed in into the sketch to a remarkable demellow sunlight, the sky was infinitely blue, the morning mists were just rolling un from the hills. - She exulted as one who regains his birthright long withheld, exulted over the sweet, fair country as only those can who with the black against the yellow sky. The earth instinct rooted in them, are doomed to live within a horizon boun, ded by brick walls and chimney-potsand under a sky shrouded by factory smoke. She was so happy that she if he had never seen her before. felt a pang of lone iness; she longed to share it all with some one who would said. "You don't belong here." revel in the color and the freshness as sympathetic, were only there!

At that moment the door opened on to the porch, and Miss Sary appeared, cannot see them." His eyes grew sunshine.

tone of voice which is sometimes used her.' with young children-"you be good, an' watch the chickens, an' don't trouble the lady.'

A cloud seemed to fall over the glowthrust its way into the young artist's her now The old man, bent almost double and leaning on two canes, shuffl-ed slowly across the porch and down at the door. "Woman," he said sternthe steps. He was so old. so feeble, so ly to her, "where is my wife Mrs. helpless, and his was such a loveless, Mason? joyless old age! He was out of place earth had no niche for him; and the human kindred, who sometimes, with groaned as she led him in to surper.

their supernatural sensibility, make fashioned barnpear scene of many a high old romp when youthful blood ran free,
And the young folks did tall courting at the old-time husking-bee.

and topmasts down, with keels buried in the mud, with barnacles clinging to their sides, and worms boring into their did tall courting at the old-time husking-bee.

"Oh, my Clare," she cried, in the tugance, but it was city made and trimmed with a deep braided pattern, and time words a brave new world, and it is with you almost as soon as my letter.

"Thank Heaven! I have multious letter she wrote that night, there things evidently impressed the court of the cour timbers, to crumble and decay as winds and waters and warping sun rays beat old man. He stood silently watching She looked at the upon them, and no one cared.

floor—
The wooden latch, the hired man's name carved deeply in the door;
The spacious mow upon the left, the manger on the right,
Where stood the old straw cutter—how I used to dread its sight;
For there were cryptle it had made—of these I hear a few

And so it might have gone on indefinitely in the pair to dread its sight;
For there were cryptle it had made—of these I hear a few

And such richness of ornamentation! I work of melancholy pride. "He ain't do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week in the pair to do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Are drawing army pensior's now—sharp agents put 'em through.

And such richness of ornamentation! I under such circumstances something do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week no kin ter the folks here. I'm their such viahrence of the second such process of the second such pensions and such richness of ornamentation! I under such circumstances something do not remember to have ever seen usually does happen. Nearly a week no kin ter the folks here. I'm their such richness of ornamentation." after the glowing letter just alluded to, half-sister, an' he's my half-brother on There was a pause. She could not Clare received another—a painful con-Again I near the sound of fialls upon the mnffied floor;
The chi\_kens scramble for the grains that
reach the open dcor;

The chi\_kens is the other side. He used ter be a great
think of anything appropriate to say,
but fortunately he went on. "They
"Best of Clares," she wro reach the open dcor;
Up in the loft a laying hen sings of a deed

He was a fine gentleman in them days,
leaving the sings of a deed

He was a fine gentleman in them days,
leaving the soult to wear elability to the soult of the an' never paid no heed ter his country orate clothing. I 'don't consider it world's stage? And why does he run sublime,
Unmindful though her daughter's bones were relations. When he got poor au' old, wrong. I dare say you are no prouding all in relations are no prouding all in relations. picked at dinner time;
While hear a patient sister "sits," resolved to incubate
An unprolific corn cob and the hinges of a gate.

How very huge the old barn looked when viewed through boyish eyes!

Telations. When he got poor an old, though, he was glad enough ter come an' live with his half-sister an' her folks on the other side o' the house.

Well"—in a tone of pious resignation—
"I try ter ferget by-gones an' bear no almost chuckled in his triumph-" "I try ter ferget by-gones an' old, thought say you are no pious than if you were dressed in calico?"

"I'm very sure I'm not, Mr. Mason," she answered with great sincerity.

"There I thought so," he said, and almost chuckled in his triumph-" "I How very huge the old barn looked when viewed through boyish eyes!

Even Rome's big Coliseum seemed inferior in malice, an' I hope I do my Christian thought so."

Well'—In a tone of pious resignation—
"There I t almost chuck thought so." duty by him.'

"Poor man!" exclaimed the young artist, with more fervor than tact.

"Poor man indeed!" she repeated

mean. This hard prosaic woman sensibilities. "It's the beauty and graciousness that are left out of her,' she reflected. "She is a good woman the young lady!" in her way. She is devoting her life to

Miss Sary returned into the house canes in the other hand. and the young artist stretched her canvas and began dashing in the hills before the sun should disolve their mist martles. Pretty soon the old man shuffled toward her.

"Do-you-know-me?" he mum-"Oh yes, she said cheerfully. "You

are Mr. Mason." but I don't know them. I think I

hands. I shed think ye was old enough

"Oh, we are all getting old, Mr. Ma-Something like the faint, faint rem-

"Hamilton," she said, "Mae Hamil-

"Are you any relation to the illustrions Alexander Hamilton?"

"I am afraid not." "I am sorry," he said. I am a collateral descendant of that distinguished statesman. I bear his name.' "I should think you would be very

:I'm sure I should be." "I used to be proud," he mumbled. "but I am getting old." Miss Sary appeared at the door. "You go 'long an' watch the chickens,

not to bother the lady? "Oh, don't; please don't," pleaded sought. Now she could place the the young artist. "I like to talk to the village, bringing the young artist "I made my inquiries, and as I

It was not until late in the afternoon The young artist dressed quickly, across Mae Hamilton's path. She was washing in a sunset sketch of a rather stood there ecstatically breathing the subjective character. There was nothing either sad or forlorn about the sungree. It made one shiver to look at the band of cold vellow light between the dark hills and the dark clouds, and there was despair in the wind-tossed

"No," she answered; "I only came she did. If Clare, the faithful, the here for a few days, to paint your beautiful hills.

leading out an old, old man into the vaguer and vaguer. "Annettette is much addicted to beautiful landscapes. Good-mornin', miss," she said. nod- I hope she is enjoying this scenery. ding her head to the young artist. I only left town to give her a little "Fine day, ain't it? This here old jaunt." Then he turned on Mae Ham- year! After that what mattered it? man's my step-b:other, Mr. Mason. ilton suddenly. "What have they Now, Alec"—she adopted that mane done with my wife? I want to see

"She is busy," she said, soothingly, catching at the first idea that occurred to her. I think she is helping them get supper in the kitchen. She will be the sedgy pond at the foot of the hill ing landscape. A little minor note here pretty soon. I wouldn't disturb and got into the flat bottomed boat that

"Kitchen," he repeated. "What

"Lord bless ye!" she cried in spite life teeming motherly been dead these fifty years !"

welcome a belated traveller after na- and the young artist grew to be warm round and round, and cut the wildest ture has denied him, had no place for friends, except during the intervals capers with the red leaves from the him either. Especially hard did it when he forgot who she was. The maples, and came and went, and rushseem to the beauty-nourished young painful shock that his forlorn decrepied up to her every now and then, That wretched melancholy sunset artist, who had been taught to see the tude had at first caused her was wear-slapping her in the face for very jollity, body as the visible soul, who had ing away. The old man seemed to and then jumping back to hide like It must have blown out of the sketchlearned, after long loving study, to watch the living spirit of man shine and his dim intelligence appeared to she pulled the boat up on the shore and Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, years have field spirit of than some eyes last rested on the roof that sheltered my young head; watch the fiving spirit of than some eyes last rested on the roof that sheltered my young head; watch the fiving spirit of than some and its dim intelligence appeared to she pulled the boat up on the shore and through nervous limbs, and the yearn brighten a triffe under the influence of went to walk.

Set I see it just as plainly as but a week had in the fiving spirit of than some and in the fiving spirit of than some experiments and in the fiving spirit of than some experiments. Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, when I recognized that thing! Just a splainly as but a week had in the fiving spirit of than some experiments.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, when I recognized that thing! Just a splainly as but a week had in the fiving spirit of than some experiments.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of that thing! Just a splainly as but a week had in the fiving spirit of than some experiments.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of that thing! Just a splainly as but a week had in the fiving spirit of than some experiments.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of the through nervous limbs, and the year.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of the through nervous limbs, and the year.

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Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of the year.

Think how I felt, as I knelt beside him, brighten a triffe under the influence of the year.

T the plastic curves of neck and torso. sketching near the house, he would fol overhead so triumphantly that she me, and smiled such a happy smile, flown
Since I became proficient in the art of picking
To her more than to most of us a wornlow her about like a shadow. On one could have shouted with them out of and whispered, 'See Annette For the farm was very rocky, and we yearly used to haul sufficient stone from each old field to build a rod of wall.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night—

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night—

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Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night—

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night—

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night the would sing to night the would sing to night.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that I would sing to night.

Yet 'tis not of farm or farmhouse dear that would sing to night—
Those themes by other poets have been worn in tatters quite!

The set have been worn in tatters quite and the set have been worn in tatters quite and the set have been worn in tatters quite and the set have been worn in cruisers and gallant fighters in their that of the calico-garbed women on the throats and trilled out their joy in spite myself together enough to write to you, out ! Be one that grander poets spurn, the big old-fashioned barn— Deer scene of many a high old romp when

seemed to be waking. One morning painted, though of course I should pre scornfully. It's his own fault of he's side and by and by he came up with a intenses dark without a quiver of tranpoor; an' he'd orter be very thankful poor little bunch of asters and golden- sition is outrageous and barbaric. ter find a good home an' folks ter care rod. He handed them to her with an "All this is not because I feel like fer him after he's done bein' any use unmistakable remnant of courtliness philosophizing, but to make it easier ter anybody."

unmistakable remnant of courtliness philosophizing, but to make it easier and said, nodding his head between for me to begin. I have tried every The young artist shivered-mentally, each word. "Sweets to the sweet."

grated painfully on her somewhat acute | hold her sides. "Brother Alec's gittin' I really don't wonder that I am. But young agin." she cried. "Oh, Lord! now I am coming home myself, and I oh, Lord! ef he ain't payin' court ter have got to tell you before I get there,

Another time when the young artist about it. taking care of the half-brother who ig- had grown tired of painting, and was "Of course I know he is better off nored her while he was prosperous, sitting on the door-step with a volume and the doctor says he did not suffer but-" and the disjuntion was expressive of Pater, he came up and stretched ive of much, and certainly his family are review of much.

of Pater, he came up and stretched much, and certainly his family are review of much.

to be an English book."

"'Marius the Epicure'an."

nunciation. The tears somehow came unbidden rouse slumbering memories. When the wagon and we started. into her eyes, but she said bravely, he spoke again, it was with an accent of calm superiority.

Something like the faint, faint remnant of a smile passed over his face. but crude very crude. I miss my books. I shall be glad to get back Mr. Mason gallantly declared he had "May I-inquire-your name?" he to the city. Is that my sister Sarah."

stoopid!" "Sarah I am going back to the city with his flowered dressing gown at the to-morrow. I have staid here much farmhouse. Clarechen, do you suplonger than I intended to. I don't pose the future really casts its shadow know why you have detained me so before, and that this was really the belong. I want my books.

"Go back to the city? I guess ye won't leave here tell ye go to see the flashes up one very bright spark before gravevard. 'Twon't be a great while, it goes out forever? brother. Here's a good home for 'ye will give ye a better one in heaven."

Mae ground her teeth together in tive being as Miss Sary?

She had not in the least expected it. ing towards that horrible track. three had planned to go abroad toment in Munich all to themselves and live-truly live-tor a whole blessed Something would turn up. But it was no use trying to think coherently. Every idea in her head had an exclamation point after it. She tried all she had been using as a restorative | when she was tired and her nerves got

As the days went by, brother Alec licking wind blew here and there and convulsively over a torn and blood- the door.

She looked at the world through rosy oon them, and no one cared.

her for a long time. Then he put out glasses, and the consequent rosiness of "Yes," said Miss Sary, explanatorily, his hand, like a child, and patted her the world made her still happier, and

> "Best of Clares," she wrote, "who do it with such diabolical irony? And yet I could forgive the irony if only his taste were good; but the crude, glaring contrasts he plans and delights

in are like the clap-trap of a third rate "I theatre. I would never murmur at having my whole life painted in dun A long dormant side of the old man color it only it were harmoniously he noticed him for some time fumb- fer the color range of the Italian masing around in the grass by the road- ters; but to jump from highest light to

day to write to you, but I could not. Miss Sary laughed till she had to I am all broken up and unstrung, and for I know I shall not be able to talk

"It was the day after the notice of "It is a good book a good book my scholarship came-only the day well printed well bound. I judge it after. Generally they go to the village only every other day, but I told them He handled it lovingly. Then he I had to mail some letters that morning, began spelling out the title. She thought to help him along by saying, gave me the wagon and the colt and several errands as well. As I started "Marius the Epicur'ean," he corout, Mr. Mason was on the porch, and ing my own outfit I can shave daily. rected s'ernly; and Mae remembered on some sudden impulse I asked him That's 70 cents a week, or \$2.80 per "The-young-people all know me, having heardit was the preferred pro- if he wouldn't like to go. A look of month. Seems to me that \$34 per year life such as I had not seen before swept over his face. They lifted "him into could have saved the trifle of \$780

"Why, Clare, he was positively gay, and as for me, not twenty men with the The people here are good people pathos of a loveless old age clinging to not enjoyed a ride so much since he 'Well, don't ye know me yet, ye old drove to the church to be married. He was a different man. He seemed to He took no notice of the remark. have left his shell of senile imbecility ginning of the end? Is human life like the smouldering candle-wick that

I had mailed my letters and done the tell ye die, an' then I hope the Lord sundry little errands in the village-all but one. The farmer expected at box by freight, and had asked me to inquire helpless rage. Why had the good for it. I hitched the horse by the stayou old troublesome. Didn't I tell ye Lord created such an obtuse unsensition, for there was no post near the freight depot, and I was afraid to leave Just then the farmer drove up from Mr. Mason in charge of the col.

a letter that caused her to forgive even | turned to leave the treight depot, I saw But he had turned away at the sound the offensive Miss Sary, and include the morning express just rounding the her and all the world in a benign gush curve only a few hundred yards north of affection. The letter was from the of the station. On the track was a little secretary of the art school, and inform- scrap of fluttering white, and not ten her ire kindling hot against Miss Sary. that the shadow of old age fell again ed her that the X-scholarship had feet away was Mr. Mason (God knows been awarded her, and that she would how he had gotten out of the wagon!). the door. Then he took off his coat, be sent to Munich for a year's study. There he was without his canes, totter vest, necktie and collar. He looked She had not allowed herself even to God's sake, save that man !" I cried to then decided to take them off also. dream of the possibility of it. It was the freight agent, and I started for him the first public recognition of her work. on a full run. Two men were standing the box and stood before the glass. It made up, as she wrote to Clare, for on the paltform within a few feet of "The first thing is to lather, of course. many a dull, dismal, earth-tied day, for him, but they looked dazed and never many discouragements and many fail- stirred. Was he too blind to see the ures. She was buoyantly, exuberantly train, too deaf to hear it thundering branches of the dead tree that stood out happy. She sang little snatches of toward him, or was it pure heroism black against the yellow sky. The song for very joy. Every now and that stirred the man? I do not know, young artist's mood was the cause of then she found her feet dancing in spite I know the world swayed and swam, the picture, but the reappearance of of her. Books, brushes, and palette and in the sickening whirl of things Brother Alec was the cause of the were thrown aside for the day. She that black cruel monster, with its one mood. He looked at her blankly as could not work; but she felt a delici- great gleaming eye, thundered toward ous thrill of triumph and power poten- us. Clare shall I ever get rid of it? I "What are you doing here?" he tial surging and tingling in her veins. dream of it all night, and when I wake She went off by herself, and tried to I see it still. If I look at the sunny plan what she would do. Clare and hills, it comes between me and them, Clare's mother must go with her to Mu- and blots them out, and when I look nich. There was no reason why they at a human face, (oh, it is horrible, show Mrs. Bowser a trick or two before should not. They had nothing to keep horrible!), I seem to see the two eyes them on this side. How often they grow till they melt together, and become one great eye glowing like live slidesgether! They would take a little apart- coals, and the hair seems to fly upward in smoke, and the face grows black same instant he saw the lather stained and hard as iron, and I see it rushing with blood. towards me always-always. Have I lost my mind, Clarchen? God knows! Do I frighten you little one? I am half afraid of myself.

"Somehow I shook myself free from sorts of things to quit down her seeth- that whirling giddiness, and neither ing animal spirits. She ran down to fainted nor screamed. I found myself holding on to Mr. Mason. But I had reached him a moment too late, or my strenth was a grain too small, for I had not been able to pull him entirely off to tingling. She had great faith in the track. Those crushing wheels rowing. The regular clockwork move- had passed over both his legs. They ment and the strong tug at the muscles carried him into the waiting room. almost always brought her back to There was an army surgeon on the it. her instead of calming her. The sun- a question of a few minutes. The doc- down, so long as I-!" He looked at her in a dazed way and light danced on the tiny wavelets as if tor says he did not suffer after the first it were mad with joy, and the crazyrol- instant of the shock. His hand closed called Mrs. Boweer, as she kicked on boxer.

stained sheet of paper; and oh, Clare, what do you suppose it was he had thrown himself in front of the train for? sketch I made the day after I got here.

and I had to have you know it all be-"Oh, my Clare," she cried, in the tumultuous letter she wrote that night, taken the first step now. I shall be
Was the man next door you heard!"
He heard her go away after a bit, Meet me Wednesday morning at 10:10. "Give my best love to your mother,

> and forgive me for making you blue. "Yours ever, MAE HAMILTON." "I lost three fingers of my left hand in the accident; but as the thumb remains to hold my palette firm, it is on-

the ornamental. But think, Clare, and whispered: what would have become of me and my life if it had been my right hand?" -Harper's Weekly.

## M. Quad and the Bowsers.

Mr. B. Buyes a Magnificent Ten-Dollar Shav. the way a woman. If they can save a ing Outfit.

lown and carefully handled the package, onions. 'did you read of that case in Troy where "Well, didn't I say so!' she deheek and he died of blood poisoning."

foolish things of any man I ever heard up three towels and placed two chairs on of in all my life!"
"I do, eh?" Is it foolish for me to want to avoid blood poisoning by shaving myself, to say nothing of the enormous saving of money? an outfit in Detroit, but I had a boil on

That was a cheap outfit, just as an experiment." "And you cut yourself and pranced around, and whooped until the neighbors thought we had a fire. How much did this outfit cost?"

my arm and couldn't handle the razor.

"Only \$10." "Ten dollars thrown right away!" "Is it? Let's see about that. Hav-

Where are you now Mrs. Bowser?"
"Just where I was before. You'll shave once and that'll end it."

"Will it? If that's your opinion I have a great surprise in store for you. I've been takin lessons of a barber on how to handle the razor, and I can shave clean in exactly four minutes. Easiest thing in the world when you know how. Just think of the \$780 I have thrown away!'

"Well, I suppose you'll try it in spite of anything I can say, but I shall deot to be held responsible for any trou-

"Responsible! Trouble! How could

I hold you responsible? And what trouble can there be?' "Why, that time in Detroit you alost tore the house down because you cut your ear."

look pretty blaming you for what I did, points daily. wouldn't I? After dinner I'll take a little shave, and if you don't say it's a better one than any barber has ever given me I'll put the razor up for good.' After diener Mr. Bowser took a bowl of hot water and started up-stairs, saying to Mrs, Bowser as he went:

Better time me by the clock. I may be six or seven minutes this time, but I'll be right on tick to-morrow night." He went into the bedroom and locked "For down at his shoes for a moment and

> "Let's see!" he mused as he opened That's as easy as rolling off a log. This is something like comfort, this is. the Northern Pacific Railroad describes Hanged if I don't believe I shall want to shave twice a day!"

> Mr. Bowser decided to put on plenty tions, of lather. He put it on his chin, cheek, nose, forehead, ears and throat, and more or less fell on the carpet. When he had any General or District Passenger nose, forehead, ears and throat, and more lathered until both arms ached, and no Agent, or Chas. S. Fee, G. P. & T. A., more would stick to him, he picked up N. P. R. R., St. Paul, Minn. the razor and chuckled:

"I just hold it with three fingers, this way, and lay it on my cheek this way, and move it gently down. A child three years old could do that. I'll I'm through. Good woman, but she

head of a pimple!" he whispered to him-self. "Barber told me to keep my arm stiff, and I forgot. Can't expect to get the hang of it in one minute, you know. A little more lather."

drop off, and then picked up the razor "The idea of my throwing away \$780

to the barbers!" he muttered as he laid the flat of the razor on his cheek. "Well better late than never. No particular hurry about this, however. Feller wants to give himself time to get the hang of Perhaps I'd better begin on my serenity. But this time it failed train who did everything for him that chin first. Don't suppose it makes any this vigorous, force-abounding of Mae's supplicating gesture, "Anne's Water and earth and sky exulted with there was to do. Of course it was only great difference whether I shave up or

"Mr. Bowser, what's the matter?"

"Nothing!" he answered. "Then what are you jumping around so for? I thought you'd shake the

chandeliers down !" "The blamed thing must have slipped on me!" he growled as he returned to the glass to survey the cut. "Probably didn't hold it exactly right. Ah! that's more like the way the barber told me to hold it. Now, then, take it easy till you get the hang of it. May be ten minutes this time, but on the next occasion I'll-!

"Mr. Bowser, open this door!" called Mrs. Bowser from the hall. "W-what do you w-want?" he

"You go away! I'm all right! It He heard her go away after a bit, and he went back to the glass to whisper:
"I'll be hanged if I haven't pretty
near cut my old chin off! What in
Texas ails the old thing, anyhow? I'll get the hang of it if it cuts my head off!

I didn't have lather enough, He lathered some more. Then he picked up the razor and carefully examined both sides and the edge and a loss of the ornamental. I'm not back. Then he laid the flat of the heroic enough to altogether despise blade on his chin and smiled sweetly

"Probably a little nervous, being the first time. I'll just get to it by degrees, That's the way to do it! No barber ever slid a razor over my chin any richer than that. The idea of Mrs. Bowser calling it \$10 throw right away! That's cent here they will waste a dollar there

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser, as her liege lord made a display of a small package when he came home the other evening.

"What have you got there?" queried Mrs. Bowser heard a yell and started for the stairs. She met Mr. Bowser halfway up. The lather was flying about and the blood streaming down on his "Mr. Bowser," replied, as he sat shirt bosom, and his eyes were as big as

Her words brought Mr. Bowser to "No. Say! you've gone and got another shaving outfit!"

"Another? When did I ever have one?"

"Another? When did I ever have or lay on, the floor, the bowl was broken "You got one two or three years ago in three pieces, and there was lather in Detroit and how did you come out everywhere.
with it? Mr. Bowser, you do the most "Well?" she queried, as she picked

their legs again. "Woman!" he hoarsely whispered,

"this is too much !" "Why, what have I done?" "Sure! Done! Look at me!

"Yes, but you tried to shave yourelf. "But who dragged me into it?"

"Mr. Bowser, you certainly can't blame me. I told you before you—" "That's enough! This is the limit! I understand it all, and can see just how you planned it! It is not your fault that I did not cut my throat, and that you are not now a widow! Mrs. Bowser, leave me to myself! I have some papers to look over before consulting a lawyer to-morrow!"

The States of Montana and Washing. ton are very fully described in two fold ers issued by the Northern Pacific Rail-road, entitled "Golden Montana" and "Fruitful Washington." The folders contain good county maps of the states named, and information in reference to climate, lands, resources, and other subjects of interest to capitalists, business men or settlers.

Holders of second class tickets to North Pacific Coast points, via Northern Pacific Railroad, are allowed the privilege of stopping over at Spokane; Washington, and points west thereof, for the purpose of examining all sections of this magnificent state before locating. Northern Pacific through express trains carry free colonist sleeping cars from St. Paul, and Pullman tourist sleepers "Pooh! I was probably joking. from Chicago (via Wisconsin Central Don't remember a thing about it. I'd Line) to Montana and Pacific Coast California tourists, and travelers to

Montana and the North Pacific Coast, can purchase round trip excursion tickets at rates which amount to but little more than the one way fare. Choice of routes is allowed on these tickets, which are good for three or six months, according to destination, and permit of stop-overs. The elegant equipment on the North-

ern Pacific Railroad; the dinner car service; the through first class sleeping cars from Chicago (via both Wisconsin Central Line and C. M. & St. P. Ry.) to Pacific Coast points, and the most magnificent scenery of seven states, are among the advantages and attractions offered to travelers by this line. The "Wonderland" book issued by

the country between the Great Lakes and Pacific Ocean, with maps and illustra-For any of the above publications,

In country houses where it is generally necessary to proclaim the hour for meals in rather more emphatic fashion than in town, where a butlers's quiet announcement is all that is necessary, there is a delightful substitute for the clanging thinks she knows it all. Razor just slides——!"

Mr. Bowser gave a jump and at the not expensive: is as pleasant to the ear not expensive; is as pleasant to the ear as chimes; and the performer's latitude is limited to a mild sufficiency of sound. "Don't amount to anything-just the Any servant may be taught its manipu-

-"Oh speak, ye ghosts of the dead, and say what killed you?" The ans-He lathered away until it began to wer came, borne on the fierce east wind; ron off, and then nicked up the razor "Cold! cold! cold!" Then let us be thankful that since then we have Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

> -Surer foundation cannot be laid than the real merit which is the solid base for the monumental success of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

-General Miles inspires respect, apart from his rank, by the fact that he is an athlete, and particularly a skilful