THE LIE.

How brave the lie was as she flung it out-Woman's poor shelter in her hour of need; Blackening her lips with laughter none migh

To keep her soul unspotted from the deed.

Not low enough por mean enough to pay Truth's awful price-lives twined within her

Oh, easier far, denying day by day Her soul's high gods that thundered fro

And when her time comes to be judged of this By Him who sees life truly, sees it whole,

For His eye clean, and bare of earthly bliss Stands one who dar-d to lie to save her soul! -By Grace Duffield Goodwin.

AS THEY ARE.

My home is where my rugs are," said Avis airly. She had just finished tacking a silky dull gleaming old Bokbara against the plastered wall of her sitting-room and now stood back to view the effect.

The young man who had been unskilfully assisting allowed his eyes to drift ap-preciatively over the transformed wall. Then he looked back at Avis.

Under the rug are the scratches all there just the same," he said. "In covering them up you have simply made more holes in the plaster."

She smiled in charming derision. It was an old subject between them. "How can you get back of the poetry and the color, the whole Arabian Nights of that rug and see the holes in the plaster ?" she demanded dramatically. "How can you help seeing them?" he

And then they stood an instant looking at each other; he square jawed, fair-haired, with blue eyes that held a challenge; she a lightly poised creature with blue eyes also that just now looked as dark as her soft masses of hair. He but another half-inearnest question to her as she stood there

"Since you started out to have blue eyes," he said, "why do you half the time pretend that they are black?"

She lifted her eyebrows warningly. "In another man," she told him, "that would partake of the nature of a compliment. You are sure," anxiously, "that you are not concealing the fact that you think my eyes

"I am not," he returned. "Neither are you concealing the fact that you think me |ke considerable of an idiot, for which small step toward straightforwardness let us be thankful!"

She swept him a curtsy which did not seem at all out of place, even though she was babited in a lineu shirt-waist and a walking ekirt. Then she apparently forgot him in trying the effect of a brass-laden tea-table against the Bokhara.

"Do you ever make tea?" he inquired, a new accusation in his tone.

"Never," she said promptly, a smile ris-ing in her eyes. "I don't like it, and it is such a lot of work; but it looks pretty and hospitable to have the teatable, doesn't Then she brightened to sudden inter-"I can make tea," she said. "Would you like a oup? Please don's refuse. I'd really like to make it."

"But you said --- " reprovingly."What would life be without tions?" she cried. She was the picture of happy domesticity as she shifted the cups other." drew the brass kettle toward ber. "I don't like it, either," he said conclusively.

red lips pursed together, her eyes, blue of the other party."
as his own, raised to his. "Then why,"
she inquired, "should you have looked so comfortable, being disapproving at my not liking it?"

was about to explain the real grounds of his disapproval when he caught the gleam in her eyes, whereupon he flushed. He had times of realizing that his sense of humor had tripped over his principles. "What nousense!" said Avis. "I've a

"Have you heard from the New Magazine?" he asked, dropping the subject of "Yes," she answered, "they sent it

back." She crossed to her desk, and after con-

siderable rummaging found a note which

He read and returned it. "Very polite," lovers of history — " I be commented. "They evidently liked it. and broke into smiling. But I can't quite make out what the reason is for rejecting it. The editor puts it on the public; so much is plain."

ways. You see, I found it impossible to make the hero kiss the heroine. all deference to the charm of your delicate

style," he said, "I think the public is quite looking at her for an eternity, and that he right. The man was either in love with wanted another eternity in which to go on the girl or he was not. Why not make it looking at her.

"It is clear," said Avis. He shook his head. "One feels it is a possibility; that is the most you can say. finger across her wet lashes. There isn't one fact you can put your finger on."

'As if one wanted to put one's finger on a fact," she protested. "You don't, I know," he agreed.

"You painstakingly cover up any fact that you see trying to poke its head out. But wants to know whether your hero married that particular girl or whether be thought better of it and married a red-headed school-teacher."

"If I were eighteen instead of twenty- came upon her. She started to rise. eight I suppose I might more easily get the view point." "I thought women never told the truth

am twenty-nine. "I am thirty-three."

"I know it. You told me you were thirty-one the first time you spoke to me."
"Did I? Well, one gets confidential easily on shipboard. I suppose you put it down and touched hers where it lay white and to masculine egotism or-

"You led me on with those interested ized electricity taking charge of his entire eves of yours," he retorted. "I had not being learned then that that look is quite as apt Avi

learned then that that look is quite as apt to mean that you are not listening as that you are. What else did I tell you?"

What else did I tell you?"

why she bad thought that morning that "That your name was Stephen Ford, and that you were in the lumber business, and how you liked your beefsteak cooked——"

A little smile curved the corners

"Then it was your fault," he said, "be-

'Didn't the mystery make me more in-

"You didn't need any mystery to make you didnot care for you interesting." he said. "Where shall I me."

get the concert seats this year?"

"The same place," said Avis. "At least, the same price. My income has the limits it had last season."

limits it had last season. He frowned. "I wish-but there is no use opening that discussion, I suppose."
"Not the slightest. I can't indulge your wish to sit farther forward to the extent of letting you pay for my tickets. I may be wealthy myself another season. I am going to learn how to end my stories.

'You can't do it," he said conclusively. "They will continue to be charming, clever, interesting conundrums—like your self. You cover up your feelings as you do vour walls."

"Even if I have to poke holes in them," Avis said pensively.

After Stephen Ford went home night, he wrote:

Dram Avis: There is something I want to say to you, but under the circumstances I find it hard to say. Will you let me come up tomorrow?

Avis read it twice with knitted brow. "Dear old Stephen," she said at last to make of my covering up my feelings." She reached for her pen drawing in her breath with a regretful sigh. "I knew he was in love with me," she asknowledged to the little mirror in her desk, "Bat I didu't think be'd find it out so soon, with a whimsical smile into her reflected

She bit the end of her pen meditatively. "I'll have to write him," she said. "It would never do to have him come up exexpecting me to say yes.' So Avis wrote:

DEAR STEPHEN: If you mean that you mean me to care for you in any way except as a friend, I am so sorry, but I cannot. Avis.

Stephen's answer came on the return mail. It read :

My Dzar Avis: You did not guess right, but your assurance that you do not care for me makes it much easier for me to say what I intended to—that my very sincere enjoyment of your company is not based on any sentiment other than friendship. You know my views about perfect candor in these matters. I am coming up this evening.

Avis stood in the middle of ber best Dagnestan and looked at Stephen who leaned against a chair-back for needed support and returned her gaze. "Scorn of my limitations

She looked very tall-she had on trained gown for the furtherance of that effect-and very baughty. "If you thought I was in love with you," she hegan.
"I didn't think that," he protested.

"If you thought there was any danger of my falling in love with you," she repeated, keeping a merciless eye on his embarrassed if dogged countenance, "the only thing for you to do was to let me fall."

'But if I could prevent it ?"
A very evident desire to laugh rippled into the exasperation of Miss Peyen's face.
Mr. Ford stuck to his colors which were at that moment varying shades of red.
"You know I believe in looking at

things as they are," he said. "Such an impossible thing to believe in," scornfully. "Nobody ever does see things as they are."

"Because they don't try. They even cover up deliberately-" His e followed here to the soft-hued Bokhara. "You are so consistent," she scoffed. "You have no scruples about poking holes in my self-esteem so that your conscience hang comfortably."

He laughed. "But why should your selfteem suffer ?' "It 18 "And do you for an instant suppose,"

she burried on, "that your rushing in She leaved back in her low chair, her fall in love without regard to the sentiment He shook his head. He was very uncomfortable, being in reality a far from

conceited young man, but he was not pre-pared to back down from his position. "As long as the element of uncertainty is there, they might," he said, "but with

good mind to fall in love with you, just to prove it." He looked desidedly startled. "I think you are quite capable of it," he said. mean of trying," he put in hurriedly at the second ripple that swept across her face, "but I assure you it will be a failure. The thing is unpsychological. Look at the -" He came to a stop

Avis had sunk into a chair, her pretty shoulders shaking, the tears in her shining better to acquire it, especially for use eyes. She was lost in laughter, and 'Oh, I know what the matter is," said Stephen stood looking down at her where "Other editors have put it in other she sat, the exquisite shape of her head in relief against the dulled scarlet and brown and gold of her book-shelves, her slender He nodded comprehension. "And with figure relaxed. He looked a long time. It er, where he would hear no French. seemed to him suddenly that he had been The experiment proved very successlooking at her for an eternity, and that he ful. Soon he had gained a sufficient

"You are beautiful, Avis," he said slowly, hardly knowing he had spoken. She glanced up and drew a slender fore-"I have never made any effort

He frowned. The challenge had gone out of his blue eyes. They had an astonished, almost awed look. "It just occurs to me," he said, with a slowness very unlike his usual manner of speech, "that to the eyes of a fool the most

obvious things are hidden." Then he looked at her again in silence for so long that all the laughter flitted

He put out his hand to stop her. "Avis," he said, "it is only fair for you to know that to me the hem of your gown seems a about their ages," he remarked.

"They don't without a special effort. I had the feeling a long time, only I had it never accomplish it without two trials. I in my mind that it was friendship. Avis!" He came nearer and his blue eyes were grown very boyish with the pleading that

was in them. "You said you wer to try to care for me. Will you?" "You said you were going He put his band down almost timidly slim on the arm of the chair. He was "There wasn't any 'or,' " she interrupt- | marveling at the times he had touched it in greeting or farewell without any etheral-

A little smile curved the corners of her cause that is one of the subjects on which I am most reserved. And you—I knew nothing about you when the six days were over except your name, and that I got from the steward."

red mouth. She turned her slender fingers so that they met his. "If you think it would be psychological," she answered. "Avis," said Stephen somewhat later, with an air of decided originality, "when did you begin—" red mouth. She turned her slender fingers

did you begin——"

"I don't know, Stephen," she interrupted. "I think it was after I got your go by."—Argonaut,

He held her soft hand against his cheek answering the deep-down laughter in her

eyes. "I think," he said, "that we have always loved each other ever since world began." "How wrong of us to keep it covered up

so long !" she said .- By Jeannetta Cooper. In Ainslee's.

The Man That Aade Niagara When the first suspension bridge was thrown over Niagara there was a great and tumultuous opening ceremony. such as the Americans love, and many of the great ones of the United States assembled to do honor to the occasion. and among them was Roscoe Conkling. Conkling was one of the most brilliant public men whom America has produced-a man of commanding, even beautiful, presence and of perhaps unparalleled vanity. He had been called (by an opponent) a human peacock. After the ceremonies attending the opening of the bridge had been concluded Conkling, with many others, was at the railway station waiting to depart; but, though others were there. he did not mingle with them, but strutted and plumed himself for their benefit, posing that they might get the full

effect of all his majesty. One of the station porters was so impressed that, stepping up to another who was hurrying by trundling a load of luggage, he jerked his thumb in Conkling's direction and-

"Who's that feller?" he asked. he the man as built the bridge?" The other studied the great man

"Thunder! No," said be. "He's the man as made the falls."-H. Perry Robinson in Putnam's Magazine.

Had a Treat For His Wife.

Dr. George Harvey, a local veterinary physician, was called to a stable not long ago to minister to a horse that was down with colic. It was serious case, and the doctor saw that the only way to save the horse would be to insert a tube in its side and allow the gas on its stomach to escape. Just because he thought it would startle the owner of his horse Harvey struck a match and lighted the gas at the end of the tube. The man didn't say much at the time, but he was properly impressed. He had never heard of using a horse for an illuminating plant. The next day when Dr. Harvey came around to see how the horse was getting along-it was all over the colic then-the owner tapped him on the shoulder.

"My wife was away yesterday," he said, "but she's home now. Just light up the horse again, will you? I want her to see it."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Chinese Sun and Moon. In China the sun and moon are brother and sister. The moon is the elder brother, who looks after his rather silly sister, the sun. This is exactly the reverse of our legends, which make the sun the day king and the gentle moon lady of the night. One day in China, so the legend runs, the sun asked the moon if she couldn't go out at night. The moon answered very sternly: "No. You are a young lady. would have made any difference? People and it would be improper for you to go out after dark." Then the sun said. But the people keep looking at me when I go out in the daytime." So the moon told her to take the golden needles that she wore in her hair and stick them into the eyes of people when they stared at her This is the reason why no one can look at the sun without pain.

Idiomatic English.

Mrs. Fremont, in a sketch of her father, Senator Benton, tells the following story of the French bishop at St. Louis at the time of the purchase of Louisiana. She says:

It was a point of honor among the older French not to learn English, but the bishop decided that it would be from the pulpit. To force himself into the familiar practice of the language he secluded himself for awhile with the family of an American farmfluency to deliver a sermon in English. Senator Benton was present when it was to be given, and his feelings may be imagined as the bishop, a refined and polished gentleman, announced:

"My friends, I'm right down glad to see such a smart chance of folks here

Coleridge's Cloudiness. There is in Mr. Ellis Yarnoll's reminiscences, "Wordsworth and the Coleridges," a very amusing story of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, whose thoughts were sometimes too profound even for poets to follow. Wordsworth and Samuel Rogers had spent the evening with

away together Rogers remarked cautiously: "I did not altogether understand the latter part of what Coleridge said." "I didn't understand any of it," Wordsworth hastily replied.

Coleridge, and as the two poets walked

"No more did I!" exclaimed Rogers, with a sigh of relief.

The battle was going against him. The commander in chief, himself ruler of the South American republic, sent as aid to the rear, ordering General Blanco to bring up his regiment at once. Ten minutes passed, but it didn't come. Twenty, thirty, an hour-still no regiment. The aid came tearing back hatless, breathless. "My regiment! My regiment! Where is it? Where is it?" shrieked the commander. "General," answered the excited aid. "Blanco started it all right, but there are a couple of drunken Americans

down the road and they won't let it

DESTINY AND THE DOG.

By Edgar Welton Cooley.

EACON URIAH PARTRIDGE. long, lank and dignified, squatted like a half fed turkey gobbler on a limb in Miss Cullen's back yard, holding up the dangling skirts of his Prince Albert with his left hand and shaking his right fist spitefully at Miss Cullen's spotted bull ter rier, crouched threateningly at the foot of the tree and eying him with calm and patient persistence. Uncle Simeon Yates peeked over the picket fence, his smooth, rotund face looking like the full moon just rising above the horizon line, the tears coursing down his cheeks, his mouth preoccupied with an aggravating grin and his fat sides shaking like a cup of jelly in an earthquake. "What in the world," snorted Sim-

eon, ripping a paling off the fence in the excessiveness of his hilarity-"what in the world, deacon, are you doin' up in Miss Cullen's apple tree?" "Now, Brother Yates," replied the deacon soberly, his wrinkled forehead oozing ice water and his right hand grabbing desperately at a neighboring limb, "I just clumb up here to see if Miss Cullen's trees had survived the

terrupted. "Who'd 'a' thought, he mused aloud, pulling out his handkerchief and drying his eyes-"who'd 'a' thought Miss Cullen's bull terrier would have developed into a bird dog? But if he hasn't got a partridge treed this blessed minute I'll-I'll"- He nearly pulled the

winter, and the dog"- But Simeon in-

fence up by the roots. The deacon's ire kindled. "That's right!" he roared. "Stand there like a grinnin' old hyena and laugh! Didn't you ever see a man in a tree before? Don't you know when you behold a feller critter in distress? Why don't you climb over the fence and drive away that fool dog? D've want to see

me killed right before your very eyes?" "But it isu't my dog." tittered Sim-"It's Miss Cullen's, and it's in Miss Cullen's own lot." "I tell you I can't hang on much

longer," whined the deacon. "I've been here for an hour. I've got blisters all over me." "Well," replied Simeon, "reckon I'd

better go and tell Miss Cullen"-"No! Don't you do it!" yelled the deacon, blushing scarlet. "Don't ye dare do it! I don't want you to tell her. I don't want her to know." Simeon ripped another paling off the

fence. His eyes were dancing as if they were tickled to death. "Why don't ye drop on the dog's back and crack bis spine?" he suggest-"Why don't ye glare at him with burnin' indignation and scorch his hide

o#?" "You're an insultin' old wretch." cried the deacon angrity, "a jibberin' idit that don't know no better than to stand there and laugh the palin's off

of a poor, lone woman's fence!" He turned to shake his fist, but lost his balance and fell. Desperately he clutched at a limb and pulled himself up again out of the very teeth of the growling terrier. Then he glanced vindictively toward Simeon, but Simeon was moving away.

"Hey, Brother Yates!" he yelled de



SQUATTED LIKE A HALF FED TURKEY GOBBLER.

spairingly, "Come back, please come

back, Brother Yates!" "I ain't used to bein' addressed in such endearin' terms, deacon," replied Simeon, "and I thought mebby my room was better than my company." "No, no," vociferated the deacon anxlously. "I didn't mean what I said. I was hasty. I am sorry, Brother Yates. Please don't go away and leave me in this tree!"

Simeon rested his arms on top of the pickets and gazed at him in pensive sympathy. "Well, Brother Partridge," he replied solemnly, "if I can be any comfort to ye in your last moments I allow it's my Christian duty to remain."

"If you're goin' to do anything." gasped the other, exasperated by Simeca's deliberate slowness, "for God's sake do it quick! This limb is crack-

"I might turn in a fire alarm," suggested Simeon calmly. "Mebby if we had the hook and ladder truck"-"No?" ejaculated the deacon. "For

goodness' sake, please don't do that! I don't want everybody in town to know. I want to keep it quiet. They wouldn't understand." "Well, then," declared Simeon doubt-

balloon." "O Lord!" moaned the deacon. "Can't ye quit actin' the fool, Brother Yates? Can't ye suggest somethin' reasonable?"

fully, "there be only one more hope for

ye, Brother Partridge-if you had a

Exasperated beyond endurance, Partridge shook his fist at Simeon. Crack! Bough, deacon, Prince Albert and plug | ergy.

hat struck the ground in a confused

muffled growl. Then something long and lank, with flowing hair and protruding eyes, dashed straight for Uncle Simeon. Crash! A section of the paling fence gave way, and up the street the deacon dashed, pale of countenance. bare of head, Miss Cullen's bull terrier clinging grimly to his coattail and flap-



"POOH, POOH, POOH!" HE PUPPED. ping from side to side like a disabled

rudder.

"Go it, deacon! Go it, dog!" yelled Uncle Simeon, jumping up and down and swinging his old felt hat. "Go it. blame ye, go it!"

Uncle Simeon leaned against the remnant of the fence and shook it till it squeaked. He held his two pudgy hands against his ample sides and rolled his eyes in misery.

"Won't somebody please come and make me stop laughin'?" he yelled. "If they don't I'm goin' to die. The deacon-the dog! I'll blow up and bust. I can't never live long enough to get through laughin'. They'll have to postpone my funeral till I stop laughin'. I never knowed anybody could move their legs as fast as the deacon did. I-I-he-he!" His strength gave out. and he sank, a gurgling heap, upon the

sidewalk. When finally he arose the dog was crawling under the fence, a ragged piece of black cloth in his jaws. At sight of it Simeon was thrown into another spasm of mirth, from which he had not entirely recovered when he reached Miss Cullen's door.

His knock was answered by the lady in person. She was of uncertain age, inclined to be angular and decidedly

"Good afternoon, Miss Cullen!" shouted Simeon. "I was wonderin' have you seen Deacon Partridge today. mum?" Miss Cullen's brow darkened. "No.

help me beat a carpet, but he hasn't you'll call your dog I believe you'll se- crying with indignation. "I came here cure circumstantial evidence of the to call on Miss Cullen."

deacon's good intentions."

But Miss Cullen's deafness prevented her catching the drift of the remark. regarding the other with austerity. 'Anyway," she replied, aggrieved, "it seems to me that if a man won't keep his promise to a woman before he marries her he won't do it afterward."

"That's so, mum." answered Simeon, But if you'll let me help you I'll be glad to do it. I've just got to beat a carpet or somethin' to keep my mind off that man's sprintin' abilities or I'll grily. be a physical wreck."

"Then come right in, Mr. Yates," she appreciate your kindness very much." Simeon. "Now, if you'll just show

"Well, first," she said, gazing into his eyes affectionately, "there's a feather bed upstairs, if you'll throw it out the winder for me."

Up the steps went Simeon, but when he reached the top he heard some one swear"knocking on the front door. Glancing out the window, he saw Deacon Partridge on the stoop below gazing uneasily about and acting more nervous fry. Anyway, you ought to know that

than otherwise. Catching up the feather bed, Simeon pushed it through the opening and chuckled to himself as he saw it fall squarely upon the deacon's head and bear him to the ground. In another instant a heavy mattress had follow-

ed it. "Now, Miss Cullen," observed Sime on when he had gone downstairs again and opened the door, "if you'll come and sit on the stoop and rest, mum, I'll"- He noticed with satisfaction that something was wriggling desper-

ately under the feathers. "Oh, you are so considerate, Mr. Yates," chirruped Miss Cullen, following him out of doors. "Some men are so thoughtless of others' comfort. Now, do you know," she added, setting herself on a step with her back toward | bone"the bedclothes, "I believe that the deacon wouldn't care how hard his wife worked just so he had good clothes to wear and plenty of nice things to eat." The feather bed was

moved convulsively. "Well, Miss Cullen," began Simeon, T've always thought that if I had a wife I'd treat her like a wife ought to be treated."

Miss Cullen coughed softly and dropped her eyes. "Mr. Yates." she asked presently, glancing at him bashfully, why don't you get married?"

"If I thought I could get the right kind of a woman," Simeon stammered, "a woman like you, now"- The bed and mattress fairly rose in the air. Simeon turned his head and coughed violently.

"Oh, .Ir. Yates," broke in Miss Culien, blushing becomingly, "if I thought that you would have-that I would make you a good wife"- She dropped her sparkling eyes groundward. The feather bed shook with renewed en-

"But I thought you said that you and

the deacon"- began Simeon "Oh, no!" Miss Cullen interrupted. "I only meant that the deacon wanted to marry me. Why, Mr. Yates, you've no idee how that persistin' old hypocrite has pestered me." The bedding experienced a sudden terrific upheaval. Simeon acted as if he were going to explode. "Why, if I had let him I honestly believe he would have got down on his knees. I know I ain't as young as I once was, but I reckon I know a man when I see one. Now, you, Simeon"- Again she glanced at him shyly.

"Well, then," said Simeon, his eyes twinkling, "if I should ask you to marry me would you promise to"-

"O-h. Simeon!" blushed Miss Cullen softly. "I-I-yes, I believe I would, Simeon.

"Would you promise," continued Simeon, pinching himself to keep from laughing aloud when he saw something under the feather bed behaving scandalously-"would you promise to sick your dog on that old idjit of a Deacon Partridge if he hangs around here

any more?" No sooner had he uttered those words than from the midst of that pile of household necessities there came the visible indications of a terrific storm, followed by the subdued but unmistakable sound of ripping cloth. and the next second feather bed, mattress and deacon arose in concert, and there, in the astonished presence of Miss Cullen, stood Partridge, his arms and legs tangled in the environments of blue striped ticking and his head and shoulders covered with a speckled coating of downy feathers. Feathers protruded from his eyes; feathers vibrated on the end of his nose; feathers waved majestically from the tips of his ears. He couldn't see or hear or speak for feathers. He could scarcely breathe for feathers.

"Pooh, pooh, pooh!" he puffed, blowing great bunches of feathers from his mouth. "Ahchoo! Ahche-oo!" he sneezed. The tears were running down his face, making the feathers stick the closer to his scarlet cheeks.

Miss Cullen sprang to her feet, pressed her trembling hands to her eyes and shrieked. "Well, well!" said Simeon, regarding

him with overmastering hilarity. "Well, well, this is the first time I ever see a partridge runnin' around half picked. Say, why don't you go out behind the barn and singe yourself?" The deacon could not speak. He

could not do anything but open and shut his mouth like a chicken with the gapes and go "Cut, cut, cut," "Why, he thinks he's an old settin" hen!" exclaimed Simeon, eying him wonderingly. "Shouldn't wonder but he'll be a-scratchin' up your flower bed

the perspiring deacon, "why don't you I haven't," she said. "He promised to fly up in a tree and go to roost again? "I-I didn't come here to be laughed at," whimpered Partridge, extricating "Well, mum," giggled Simeon, "if himself from the ticking and nearly

next, Miss Cullen. Say," he added to

"Huh!" replied Simeon, pressing his hands against his quivering sides and "Huh, d've reckon Miss Cullen hasn't anything to do but to entertain ovsterriches? Why don't you run away somewheres and stick your head in the sand?"

"I tell you I ain't goin' to stand here and be insulted by no squatty old hippypotamouse!" shrilled the deacon an-

"Ruther be a hippypotamouse than to be a featherweight," snapped Simeon. said, beaming smilingly upon him. "I "If you're so blame brave, why don't you flap your wings and crow? Why "Don't mention it, mum," gurgled don't you let folks know that you're a Shanghai that's not afeard of anything in the barnyard even if your pinfeathers ain't all grown out?"

"I'm a man of peace, Brother Yates,"

replied Partridge meekly. "I'm an elder in the church, and I don't want to get mad, and I don't want to "May be that you're turnin' to an angel," retorted Simeon doubtfully, "but you look to me more like a dominicker that's too thin to bile and too tough to

Miss Cullen's front yard ain't no place for a poultry show." "Got as much right here as you have, you old b'iled lobster!" screamed the deacon wrathfully. "Ain't I, Miss Cul-

len?" "Well, really, Mr. Partridge," snickered Miss Cullen, looking happily at Simeon, "now that Mr.-that Simeon and me are engaged-of course"-

"You see, Brother Partridge," exclaimed Simeon, "the lady has decided that she isn't hankerin' to marry anybody that has a mania for breakin' limbs off of trees, smashin' down fences and rippin' open feather beds. Besides, there's the dog." Partridge glanced around uneasily. "You know, deacon, when a dog once gets a taste of a

"I certainly extend my congratulations," sneered the deacon, scowling at Simeon, "and I hope I haven't intruded."

"Don't mention it, Brother Partridge," Simeon grinned. "But, now, if you'll step into the house and let us finish pickin' you. Feathers is feathers these days, deacon, and we can't be overparticular what kind of a bird they come off of."

Her Uncooked Gown. Miss Fluffigirl-Miss Newthought has gone the limit with her vegetarianism! Miss Furbelow-Why, what is her latest? Miss Fluffigirl-She actually refuses to wear anything but raw slik gowns now .- New York Press.

Time to Be Diplomatic. When a woman shows you the picture of her baby remember that you will get into trouble, nine times out of ten, if you say exactly what you think. -Somerville Journal