The Columbian.

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The Columbian.

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BLOOMSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, JUNE 19, 1885.

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SELECT STORY.

AFTER MANY DAYS.

Alice Crawford stops on the stair and listens. She hears the sound of singing in the parlor, and one of the voices thrills her as no other voice has ever done—Kingsley Dunham's voice.

"He is singing with her," she says, and a shadow crosses her face and settles in her eyes, making them look as if tears are not far away. She puts out her hand with a gesture of repulsion, as if to put away fate. "She does not need his love as I do," she cries, with a bitter, rebellious feeling at her heart. "I more than half believe she does not care for it. But he thinks she does. And she will accept it, while I, who would value it more than all the world, or a thousand worlds, am left to remember and regret that the only man's love I ever cared for was not for me."

Then the outstretched, rebellious hand drops heavily at her side, and tears come. Hot, passionate tears, fresh from the heart that is full of the dumb ache that comes to those who believe that their love is valued as lightly as a wayside flower would be by the man to whom it is given.

Then she listens again. She hears Mary Grayle's voice, clear and flute-like in its sweetness, but it makes no such music in her heart as that other voice does. Years may come and go, but the sound of that voice will linger there forever. Her heart will be haunted by it as a life is haunted by the ghost of a dead but unforgotten love. Her's will be a haunted heart and a haunted life, she thinks, as she hears Kingsley Dunham's voice ring out in silver melody in the song he is singing with Mary Grayle.

"I am a foolish creature," she says presently. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, Alice Crawford? To love a man who cares nothing for you and behave in this silly way about it! Haven't you any pride? If you have it's time you began to make use of it. A woman is a fool to give her heart to any man unasked, and yet——"

And yet Alice Crawford knows, as many other women do, that many a woman's heart is given without the asking. A feeling of shame comes over her to think it is so in her case, but she knows it is useless to deny the truth.

She brushes away her tears and forces herself to be calm. She then goes down the stairs and enters the parlor.

Miss Grayle looks around from the piano as she comes into the room, and says:

"Kingsley has just been wondering why you did not come. We want your help. He has brought us some new music."

Alice Crawford hardly dares trust herself to look at the man who stands by the piano. But she feels his eyes upon her, and it is as if he compelled her to look at him. In the look she gives him there is something like defiance. He has made her love him—without knowing it, perhaps—and she will not let him see how her heart responds to his slightest touch if she can help it. She has resolved to conquer her heart. Pride shall help her to do it.

Ah! but it is easier to talk of conquering hearts than to do it. She will find it so.

Kingsley Dunham bows, with a smile brightening his eyes as sunshine brightens a spring that has been in shadow.

"We have missed your voice sadly in our singing," he says. "Shall we go over the music again, now that you are here to try it with us?"

"If you please," she answers, and goes to the piano and puts Miss Grayle between the man she loves and herself. It is a fitting action. Had not Miss Grayle come between their lives?

Then they sing.

Alice Crawford has never sung more brilliantly, but there is something in her singing that Kingsley Dunham has never noticed before—something that jars like a discord. They are out of tune, as many other voices and lives have been.

Once she looks toward him and catches him watching her with an earnest, puzzled look in his face. He seems to be trying to comprehend her or her mood.

A flush of color comes into her cheeks and she turns away abruptly. Does he guess her secret? The thought brings with it a kind of fierce anger. It is hard enough to know that she loves him; she cannot bear to feel a man's elation over her weakness. Anything but that.

By-and-by they tire of singing. They sit down together and talk of this and that. She feels that Kingsley Dunham is watching her, and she is on guard over her heart. Her mood is changeable. One moment she is gay and her conversation sparkles with wit and jest. Then, suddenly, she seems to shrink back into a cold reserve.

He has never felt that he understood her, and less to-night than ever before. She is a puzzle to him. It perplexes and fascinates and baffles him.

Miss Grayle gets up and goes out of the room. An awkward silence follows her going. He breaks it by saying:

"I missed your face at church last Sabbath."

"I am not going any more," she answers; "at least not to your church. I do not like Dr. Canfield's sermons."

She does not tell the truth. For the truth is she is not going there because she has made up her mind to conquer her heart, and the work, which will be difficult at best, will be more difficult if she sees him often. She must keep away from him as much as possible.

"I am sorry," he says. "I have grown accustomed to seeing your face there, and I always find it hard to give up familiar faces—when I care for them."

His voice is low, almost tender. She feels his eyes upon her face, though she does not look at him.

"I must go back to my work soon," she says, trynig to make her word, sound quiet and commonplace. Is, have had a long and pleasant rest and I begin to tire of doing nothing. I——"

Then Miss Grayle comes back and she gets up suddenly, leaving her sentence unfinished, and goes to the piano and begins playing a dashing little fantasia that hasn't a particle of soul in it.

He does not stay long. He excuses himself by saying that he has work to do and he feels in the mood for doing it. He says good evening to Miss Grayle and then stops by the piano.

"I have something I want to say to you sometime," he says, and then pauses as if at a loss.

"I suppose you want to tell me how thoughtless you think me, and that it is my duty to come into the church, and all that sort of thing," she says, looking up with a laugh that has a defiant ring in it that grates harshly on even her own ears. "Thank you. We will consider that it has been said if you please. I never like to be talked to in that way."

She gets up from the piano and walks away as if to put an end to the conversation. The light words have cost her a great effort. But, if she would accomplish her purpose, she must keep him at a distance.

He looks after her with the puzzled, perplexed look in his eyes again, and then turns and goes out without another word.

"Kingsley tells me that Dr. Canfield thinks it would be a good thing for him to take charge of a church somewhere," Miss Grayle says by and by. "He could go on with his studies, you know, and the discipline would be good for him. I shall hate to have him go away, but it may be for the best."

"Very likely," answers Miss Crawford carelessly, as if the matter holds but slight interest for her.

That night a telegram came to Miss Grayle from her sister in Trenton. She is sick. Will Mary come to her for a few days?

In the morning Miss Grayle goes away.

That afternoon Kingsley Dunham calls. Miss Crawford knows that she cannot help seeing him, for the servants would suspect her of untruthfulness if she sent down an excuse pleading headache or any other illness. So she puts on her armor of self-defense and takes her shield of pride and goes down to meet him.

"And Mary has gone?" he says. It has always been "Mary" and "Kingsley" between them. "I am sorry. I am obliged to go away this afternoon, and I shalll not come back until after she has gone to Europe. I wanted to ask her a question. But it seems that I am too late: I shall have to write it and leave for you to give to her. It is about something that will affect my whole life."

He says this looking at Miss Crawford with a strange excitement in his face. She fancies that she knows what his excitement is about. His glance makes her tremble with its power. She goes to the window and drops the curtain to shut out the sunlight that floods the room. Her face is left in shadow, and she feels safer.

"If I only understood you better," he says, coming to her side. "But—I hardly feel if I understand you at all. I wonder if all women can be as perplexing to a man as you are to me?"

"Perhaps, if they try to be," she answers. "We are said to be riddles, you know," with a little laugh that sounds forced and empty of merriment.

"If I only knew," he says, and then pauses with his eyes upon her face. What does he mean? She feels a strange mesmerism steal over her beneath his glance. Is he playing with her heart? He, Kingsley Dunham, who is to stand before men as one of God's teachers?

"You can write your letter to my cousin and leave it on the table. I will give it to her," she says, turning to the door. "I must beg to be excused, there is so much to do." Then she bows and leaves him. The truth is, she does not dare to trust herself with him longer. If she does her secret is not safe.

She finds the letter there when she goes down.

"I know what the question is that he has asked her," she says, as she takes up the missive. "He has asked her to be his wife. Her answer to the question is what will affect his whole life," and then she laughs discordantly. She feels more like dropping her head on the table and crying, for the pain at her heart is sharp and bitter. She feels a kind of fierce, hard anger against Kingsley Dunham, against her cousin Mary, against all the world.

She takes up the letter again, and looks at it with eyes and face full of rebellion at destiny.

"I am to be to her the bearer of a message of love from him," she cries. "I, who love him as she never will. Fate is full of bitter irony when it makes me such a messenger. I—I will not do it!" with sudden fierce determination. She crumples the letter in her hand, and looks about her. She sees the old clock in the hall. She goes to it, opens it, and drops the letter into its mysterious depths.

"Stay there forever," she says, and turns with a guilty start to the postman at the door; he has brought her a letter from her mother.

"The schools will open two weeks earlier than usual," she reads. "You must come home at once or you will lose your place as teacher."

Two days later she goes back to the New England village in which her work is waiting for her. And that day Kingsley Dunham goes to a little church in the West to begin his work.

"So our paths run apart," she says as the train whirls her away from the city where she has passed a summer full of sad and sweet experiences; for love, even if it gives all and receives nothing, is always sweet; "and perhaps it is better so."

* * * * * *

Three years have gone. Alice Crawford is again a visitor at her cousin's home.

Mary is married, but not to Kingsley Dunham. Why she did not marry him Alice never asks. The remembrance of what she has done and of what the old clock knows fills her with guilty shame. She never goes through the hall without feeling a hot flush come into her face as she hears the clock ticking out the hours. It seems to be accusing her. She is afraid of it.

She is glad to know that Mary was not robbed of happiness by her act. That she is sure of, for if ever a woman was happy in a husband's love that woman is Mary. If she had found her cousin grieving for what her life had lost she could never forgive herself for having given way to temptation. She has lost self-respect. More than once she resolves to confess everything to her cousin. But the humiliation of such a confession she feels to be more than she can bear when she comes to attempt it.

She is alone in the world now. Her mother is dead. Henceforth there is none to toil for but herself. She misses the incentive that urged her on to steady, hard work. The outlook is not a bright one for a woman who feels the need of something to live and work for.

"You cannot guess what I heard today," Mary says one evening as she and Alice sit in the nursery together, where the pride of the family is having a hard time of it trying not to go to sleep. "Kingsley Dunham is coming here to fill Dr. Canfield's place through the latter's vacation, they say."

A sudden light comes into Alice Crawford's eyes. But it dies out as suddenly as it came. And with it a warmth kindles for a moment in her heart, then leaves it colder than before. But it is enough to tell her that she has not conquered her heart, and that she never will.

"I shall be so glad to see him," Mary goes on. "He was always like a brother to me."

They are sitting together in the pew at church the next Sabbath evening, when they become aware of the fact that Kingsley Dunham has come.

"O, Alice," whispers Mary, "there he is coming in with Dr. Canfield. How he has changed! What a splendid-looking man he is! I knew he would be. I wish I could go right up to the minister's desk and speak to him and shake hands with him. I don't know I can wait until the sermon is over."

Alice Crawford hears her cousin's voice, but she does not know one word of what she is saying. She only knows one thing, that she sees the face of the man she loves best of any in the world—the man she has tried in vain to forget. It is like looking into heaven over a wall she cannot pass.

Kingsley Dunham sees them, and his face brightens. He sends them a greeting in a glance. Mary is all a flutter with excitement, but Alice is calm, at least outwardly. If he could only see into her heart!

Kingsley Dunham's voice as he reads from the sacred volume fills her soul with music. When he begins to preach it seems as if he must be preaching for her alone. He tells them that the heart that has sinned must make atonement by confession of its sins and by turning away from the past. Has she not sinned? she asks herself. The old clock knows and she knows, and—God knows! It seems as if that letter lay upon her soul, and the weight of it will hold her soul down forever. With that guilty act unconfessed and unforgiven how can she ever be at peace?

She has made up her mind long before the sermon is over as to what course she will take. She will confess what she has done. She feels as if the shame of confession will kill her, but she will get rid of her secret.

The services are through at last. She sees Kingsley Dunham coming towards them. Her face is as pale as it will be when she is dead. Her heart almost stands still for a moment, then beats faster than ever before.

She meets him before he reaches their pew. She is aware that his hand is reached out to her, and that his face is radiant with pleasure. But she does not touch the hand he offers.

"I want to tell you that I never gave Mary that letter," she says, in a low, swift voice. "I hid it in the old clock. It's there now. Forgive me if you can." Then before he can speak or stop her she turns and goes hurriedly down the aisle past the wondering Mary, who had seen all that had taken place, but comprehends nothing of what it means.

When Mary reaches home she goes directly to Alice's room.

"What was the matter to-night?" she begins, but Alice stops her.

"I am glad you came here," she says. "I should have come to you, if you had not, to make confession of a wrong I did you three years ago. You will hate me, I suppose, when you hear it. I kept back a letter Kingsley Dunham left for you. I felt sure that he asked you in it to be his wife, and—and—I could not give it to you as I had promised to. I hid it in the old clock. Oh, I cannot look at you! I want you to go away and leave me to my shame and disgrace. To-morrow I will go home. I can never look in your face or his again." And Alice Crawford drops her face in her hands and sobs over the humiliation she has brought upon herself.

"You must have been mistaken in thinking he asked me to be his wife," Mary says, "I was engaged to George at that time, and Kingsley Dunham knew it. Let me go and find the letter. That will explain it all."

She comes back presently with an excited face.

"Oh, Alice, read that!" she cries, and puts the letter in her cousin's hands.

And Alice reads:

"MY DEAR FRIEND MARY.—I am a foolish, cowardly man. I know it. But braver men have been cowards before woman's eyes. I love your cousin Alice, but I fear to tell her so. She puzzles me. I sometimes think she cares for me. Then her mood changes, and I seem to be held a great distance away from her. You must know how to read a woman's heart a great deal better than I do. Is there a chance of winning her? I shall be gone before you come back, and I shall not be here to see you before you leave for Europe, but you can write to me and tell me if there is anything to hope.

"KINGSLEY DUNHAM."

Alice Crawford reads the letter through with dry eyes. She has been so near to heaven! So near! But her own hand has barred the door against her entrance. The sense of what she has lost, of the fatal result of her guilty act benumbs her.

"Go away, please," she says by-and-by. "I want to be alone."

When morning comes she tells them she is going away, and at once.

"You shall not go," Mary cries. "You must not!"

"I must," she answers. "I could not see him after reading that letter. Don't urge me to stay for it will do no good."

An hour later she is being borne New Englandwards, and she carries with her the letter that tells her how Kingsley Dunham loved her. It is a terrible thing to read, but she would not part with it for the world.

Back again to the old home, full of the awful loneliness clinging to familiar places after the death of those we love. It seems to her as if years have passed since she went out over its threshold two weeks ago. In those two weeks she has found out how sin brings its own punishment. And surely sin has never had a bitterer punishment than hers has had.

It is the second night since her return. She sits alone. What she is thinking about you know as well as I. It seems to her that there is but one thing to think about for the rest of her lifetime. Everyday will repeat the thought of yesterday.

The gate opens. She hears a step on the path—a man's step. She would knows whose it is—she would know it anywhere.

"How can I see him?" she cries. "I cannot, I will not." But her feet refuse to obey her when she wills to fly.

He comes in and looks about in the twilight.

"Alice," he says gently, "are you here?"

"Yes, I am here!" she cries. "O, why could you not have spared me this. Was not my punishment enough already?"

Then her voice breaks and hot tears come.

"I have come back to ask you if you kept back that letter because you loved me?" he says. Was it that?"

"Yes," she cries out in desperation. "Ask what you will, humble me as you will, I deserve it all. I kept the letter back because I loved you."

"Then nothing shall henceforth come between us," he says, softly, and gropes about in the twilight till he finds her hand and holds it prisoner in his own strong palm.

"But you forget!" she cries. You cannot forgive my sin. You must hate and despise me for it."

"I forget nothing," he answered. "God forgives us and loves us after wrong-doing. Shall not I, who try to be like him in other things, be like him in this? And you did it because you loved me, Alice. Perhaps I ought not to think of it in that way, but I cannot help doing so. I need you. Come to me and help me do the work I have undertaken."

"I will come if you are sure you can forgive," she cries.

And he knows by the kiss he gives her how great his gladness is. And how glad she is you may understand, but words of mine cannot tell.

How an Oyster Builds its Shell.

In building its shell the oyster starts with the hinge end, at the spot known to conchologists as the umbo. A small plate or single scale now represents each valve, and that is the first season's growth. The next season a new growth or plate shoots out from underneath the first one, just as the shingles do. The oystermen call these laps or plates, "shoots," and they claim that the number of shoots indicates the years of the oyster. They certainly do contain a record of the seasons, showing the slow growing and fast growing seasons. But there is often great difficulty in differentiating these shoots. The record is often obliterated in places by the growth of parasites, which build their shells or tubes upon the oyster. I have likened these shoots to shingles. Now, at the gable of a house these shingles may be seen edgewise. So on the one side of an oyster shell is a series of lines. This is the edgewise view of the shoots or season growths. Another factor is this purple spot, or scar, in the interior of the shell. It is the place of attachment of the abductor muscle. Its first place of attachment was close up to the hinge. Had it staid there until the shell had become adult, how difficult would be the task of pulling the valves together! the leverage to be overcome would be so great; for we must bear in mind the fact that at the hinge end the valves are held by this black ligament, which is in life, elastic, swelling when the shell opens and being compressed when the animal draws the valves together. So with every year's growth or elongation of the shell the mollusk moves the place of atachment of the muscle onward, that is an advance further from the hinge. As it does so it covers up with white nacre all the scars that are back of the one in actual use as the point of attachment of the muscle. This you can prove by eating off with nitric acid this covering, and thus exposing the whole life series of scars or attachments.

Paid by the Private.

The Baltimore *Sun* revives the following story of Elias Howe, the inventor of sewing machines:

At the outbreak of the war, when he was a millionaire, he enlisted as a private to show his patriotism and independence. Money grew scarce, and his regiment, which was sent South, was left unpaid for three months. At the end of that time Howe in his private's uniform, one day entered the office of the quartermaster and asked when the soldiers of the regiment were to be paid.

"I don't know," replied the quartermaster.

"Well, how much is owed them?" blandly asked the private.

"What is that to you?" said the storekeeper, with a look of surprise.

"Oh, nothing," said Howe, nonchalantly; "if you'll figure out the amount I'll give you my check for the whole business."

"Who are you?" gasped the quartermaster.

"Elias Howe, and my check is good for the pay of the entire army."

The quartermaster made out his bills, and Howe gave him his check for three months' pay for his regiment. The government afterward reimbursed him.

People who wonder why Chicago has not been utterly destroyed by fire, as happened in the case of Sodom and her sister city, must remember, that, although Chicago is as wicked as they were, she has a much better fire department.

A Beaver's Charmed Life.

There was a large gathering at the Mapes' Farm, in Harmony, Pa., on Saturday of last week to attend the sale of the personal effects of the late Orvin S. Mapes. Among the articles disposed of was a beaver-skin cap, which was made seventy-one years ago out of the fur of the last beaver ever captured in the Chemung Vallley, if not in the State. The beaver was killed by the father of Orvin Mapes, after it had been hunted for twenty years.

There were very few beavers left in the waters of this State or Pennsylvania in 1794, when Benjamin Patterson a noted hunter and trapper of those days, discovered a colony in Mud Creek, a tributary of the Upper Chemung River. This was the first colony of beavers that had been found therabouts for some years. Patterson has set his trap, and caught a beaver every night for seven nights. On the eighth night a beaver escaped from the trap and left one of its hind legs in it.

It is a peculiarity of the beaver family that if all the members of a colony but one are captured or die, the survivor will never again seek another colony or follow the regular life of a beaver, but will become a wanderer, hiding wherever it can, and displaying a cunning and sagacity that were strange to it when it lived in a colony. After finding the beaver's leg in his trap, and failing to capture any more of the animals, Patterson knew that he had taken all but one of the entire colony, and that that one had become a crippled wanderer.

These solitary beavers were called tramps by some trappers, and bachelors by others. Patterson lost track of the missing beaver, but the next year he came upon signs of it. He could not find its hiding places, however, and for five years he followed the crippled beaver up and down the Chemung and its branches, always on its trail, but never succeeded in outwitting its cunning. At the end of five years Patterson declared that the beaver bore a charmed life, and that there was no use in wasting time on it. His brother Richard thought differently, and continued the search for the bachelor beaver. It was heard of all over the valley, first in one place and then in another; but Patterson had no better luck in trapping for it than his brother had, and in 1807 all signs of the beaver disappeared. It was thought it had died or left the locality.

In 1809 Richard Patterson was trapping on the very head waters of the Chemung and he discovered signs of a beaver. He could not locate it in any one spot, and it kept moving down the stream. Patterson followed it all the way to Newtown, where Elmira now stands, without getting a sight of it. At Newtown Eddy the beaver left the stream, and Patterson discovered by its tracks in the snow that it had but three legs, and he made up his mind the crippled bachelor beaver of 1794 had turned up again. The trail led across country seven miles to another stream, where it disappeared and all trace of the beaver was lost.

Nothing was heard or seen of it again for nearly four years. In 1812 Benjamin Patterson was fishing in the Tioga River near Painted Post, and was surprised to see a beaver crawl out from a clump of willows near by him and draw itself up the bank. One of its hind legs was gone, and Patterson felt that he was once more in the presence of the charmed beaver. He picked up a club and sprang toward the animal, but it quickly disappeared in the water. Patterson ran to a house near by and got a rifle. When he returned to the river the beaver was in the middle of the river, swimming for the other shore. Patterson took good aim and fired at it. It disappeared beneath the water. Patterson, believing that he had killed the beaver at last, jumped into a boat and started out to look for its body. Before he had gone far he saw the beaver climb up the bank on the other side and disappear. Patterson then swore that he would never again make any attempt on the life of the bachelor beaver.

All sign of the mysterious tramp was again lost. In the spring of 1814 there was an usually large freshet in the Chemung. Ira Mapes, father of Orvin Mapes, was working on a raft with two other men some distance above Newtown. The flood became so strong that just after the men had gone to their raft to work early one morning, the rope broke and they were carried down stream. The raft landed on an island near Newton. A crop of corn had been raised on the island the year before, and some of the shock of stalks had been left standing. The weather was very cold, and Mapes and the men started for one of the corn shocks to shelter themselves until they could be taken off the island. There had been a slight fall of snow during the night, and the men noticed a peculiar track leading from the river to the corn shock toward which they were going. The track had been made by an animal with but three feet. The men picked up clubs, and, surrounding the corn shock, routed the animal out.

It was a very large and a very gray beaver, and it was soon killed. One of its hind legs was gone, and the men then knew that the crippled bachelor beaver that had foiled all the best trappers for twenty years had met its death at their hands. Mapes bought all interest in the beaver for $2, and subsequently had the fur made into a cap. When his son Orvin was married, in 1830, he made him a wedding present of the cap. It was only worn on State occasions. Orvin Mapes' son was married in 1879, and the cap was presented to him. He was killed in Colorado two or three years ago, and the cap was returned to his father, who died last fall. The cap had a great local fame.

Johnny was in the habit of taking a bite of bread and washing it down with a swallow of milk.

"Johnny, you musn't eat that way."

"Why not, maw?"

"Because it isn't healthful."

"It won't hurt me if I break the bread in the milk and eat it with a spoon, will it, maw?"

"No, Johnny, that's bread, and milk, and bread and milk is always wholesome."

There are some things that Johnny isn't old enough to understand and probably never will be.

The Smallest Watch in the World.

A small gold penholder, resting in a rich velvet case, lay on a jewelers showcase in John Street, last week. The end of the holder was shaped like an elongated cube, and was an inch long. A faint musical ticking that issued from it attracted a customer's attention. The jeweler lifted the holder from the case with a smile, and exhibited a tiny watch dial, one sixteenth of an itch in diameter, set in the side between two other dials almost as small One indicated the day, and the other the month of the year. The centre dial ticked off seconds, minutes, and hours.

"This is the smallest watch ever made," the jeweler said, "and the only one of its kind in the world. It took a Geneva watchmaker the better part of two years to fit the parts together so that they would work accurately. It has been exhibited in London and Paris.

The works of the watch were so that they fitted lengthwise in the holder. The mainspring was an elongated coil of steel fitted to the wheels by a tiny chain, and worked like an old-fashioned clock weight. The works were wound up by means of a little screw of gold on the underside of the handle, and the jeweler wrote with it without disturbing the operations of the fairy watch.

"What's the price?" the customer asked.

"A round $500," replied the jeweler laughing.

Business is Business.

Young Bilkins was utterly devoted to business, but somehow found time to fall in love and ask the girl to marry him. The time was set and he called on the old gentleman to get his consent. He had a long talk and that evening came up to see the girl.

"Well," she said, in considerable anxiety, "what did pa say?"

"He said that wheat was going up and there was a fine chance for a man to make a handsome little dot."

"Pshaw! Didn't he say anything else?"

"Oh, yes, we talked about a dozen ventures that might be made with an excellent chance of coming out ahead every time."

"Bother the business! What did he say when you asked him if you could have me?"

"Wha—wha—what?" he stammered.

"Why, what did he say about me?"

"By George, Mary, I forgot all about it. I'll go the first thing in the morning and see him about it."

She Pulled the Wrong String.

"I've been a-laughin' most fit to kill myself all the way up," said the driver doubling up over the brake handle in another paroxysm as the reporter swung on to the front platform with the calm confidence and grace of the possessor of a $5,000 accident insurance policy. "We picked up an old lady down here on Grand st., and after the conductor helped her on and she had fixed herself in the seat a young feller had given her, she pulled out an old-fashioned purse and counting out five pennies says, Conductor, I want to get out at Great Jones street.'

"All right, mum,' says the conductor, and he went back on the rear platform and began talking to a friend. When we got up by Prince street she waved her parasol and sung out:

"Conductor, ain't this Great Jones street?'

"No mum,' says the conductor, 'this is Prince.'

"When we passed Bond street she jumped clean out of her seat, 'this must be Great Jones street.'

"'Be easy, mum,' says the conductor with a scowl,