I'm ruler of the Brownie Band, Most favored of personages, I sway my sceptre o'er a land Not found upon hist'ry's pages,

I take my nightly promenade
By Anarchists unmolested;
On me no bomb or hand grenade
has ever by them been tested.

If you could only see me dine,
You'd find me extremely placid;
I never fear a dish of mine
is seasoned with prussic acid.

I need no sabre, lance, or spear,
To guard me whene'er I slumber.
My people kneel, but not through fear;
Love governs the entire number.

My slightest wish they all obey: I haver use any axes; I a ways let them have their way; They don't have to pay high taxes.

No undertaker need apply;
i'm sot for embainment crazy,
My subjects cry, as I plass by,
"I ne arowine angle a dalst,"
- Palmer Cox, in McC.ure's Magazine.

KITTY'S INHERITANCE

Mrs. Tucker set down the milkingpail with an emphasis that made the pearly fluid spatter up into her face. "There," said she. "Didn't I always tell you so?"

Gideon Tucker went stolidly on plucking a fine, fat duck for market. "You're most always tellin' me of something," said he. "It would be kind o' queer if some of your say-so's

didn't come true.' "Things couldn't help happening," said Mrs. Tucker, "with that old sunken well right in the middle of the med-You had your best cow lamed there the first year we bought the place and Dr. Dupont's hired man liked to broke his neck there-

"Just come short of it," said Gideon, "Anyhow, he had no business shortcutting it across my pasture lots. But there, Fanny, 'tain't no use your scold-in'. I always calculated to fill up that well when I got time. And I'm sorry as you be that the schoolma'm sprained her ankle there. She's a nice girl, and she helps to support that old aunt o' hern out West, an'

"It was all my own fault, Mr. Tucker," broke in a sweet, cheery voice.
"It's just as you said about Dr. Dupont's hired man. I hadn't any business crossing your lot, but I was in such a hurry, and it's an eighth of a mile shorter than to go around by the

main road. Miss Ritchie, the village school mistress, stood there in the doorway leaning on a roughly improvised crutch which Harry Wait, the carpenter, had

made for her. Her cheeks were pale, and there was a look of suffering on her brow, even though a sort of forced smile had been

summoned to her lips for the occasion, "La, me, Miss Kitty," said the farmer's wife, hastening to bring a rushbottomed kitchen chair. You do look clean peaked out. Gideon, go down suller an' bring up a giass o' cold root beer right away."

"I can't do it, Mrs. Tucker," said Kitty, sinking into the chair. "It's no use trying."

"Can't do what, Miss Kitty?" "I walked to the school house this morning." Miss Ritchie answered, leaning on my crutch and resting by turns. And I've walked far on my back. But I feel sick and faint, and I

can go no farther." "There!" said Mrs. Tucker, tragically apostrophizing her husband as he stood at the head of the cellar stairs with a stone bottle of home-brewed root beer in his hand, "see what you've

"'Twan't me!" stuttered poor Gid-

eon.
"Miss Kitty 'll hev to give up her school," added his wife, "and all through you!"

Kitty could not but smile, eve through the pain of her stinging limb at Gideon Tucker's rueful face.

"Oh, it isn't so bad as that!" said she. "Or, at least, I hope not. I mean to keep my school if I possibly can. And I'd tell you what my plans are. You know that old house under the locusts?"

"What!" cried Mrs. Tucker. "The Ritchie Ruin?"

Kittle winced a little.
"Yes," said she. "I suppose it is a ruin. The grass is growing up through the kitchen floor, and the shingles have all rotted away on the north side, and I don't suppose there's a pane of glass left in any of the windows. But the doors are sound, and the roof doesn't leak to signify. Henry Wait says it could be made comfortable with a few pine boards and a pound or so of nails, so long as the weather don't turn cold, and if Mr. Tucker would allow me to live there this fall-

"'Taint fit for even foxes to live in!" cried Mr. Tucker, hurriedly. "Why," more slowly spoke her spouse. "I was calkilatin' to store my pumpkins an' cabbages there, but, of course, if you've took a notion to the

"I was born there, Mr. Tucker," said Kitty, in a low voice. "Long before father and mother were obliged to sell the old place. Long before poor old Aunt Ruhamah wandered away and

went to her relations out West." 'Yes," observed Mr. Tucker, nervously scratching his head, "and until I get your Aunt Ruey's signature to my title deeds they won't be worth more'n so much waste paper. At least so Lawyer Goodrich says. For she had

some sort of a share in the property, sane or crazy."
Miss Ritchie colored. Father sold the farm to you, Mr. Tucker," said she, "and it's my busi-

ness to see that the transaction is le-gal. Aunt Ruey is coming back." 'Eh!" cried the farmer and his wife, in chorus.

I had a letter from her yesterday," said Kitty. "That's one reason I'm here to-day. The cousins in Ohio won't have her any longer. getting older and more eccentric every day, and they say-what is quite true -that it is my business to care for her. And the poor thing expects to come back to the old Ritchie farmhouse just as if she had left it yes-terday! So if Mrs. Tucker will lend me a few articles of furniture, I-li try, to make the place habitable for her.'

"And you're kindly welcome to 'em, y dear," said the farmer's wife, There is plenty of old furniture up in the garret that we can rub up with a little oil and make decent. And it's our business to help you all we can, seein' it's Gldeon's fault-

"It's nobody's fault!' quickly interrupted Kitty Ritchie, "And if the trus-tees raise my salary, as they talk of doing if that extra class of mathematics is started, I shall soon be able to pay a little rent for the place."
"I guess we shan't dun you much for no rent, Miss Ritchie," chuckled

Fucker. "An' you're welcome to the milk of the red cow if you an' the old aunty want it. A cow's a dreadful help in housekeepin'."

Miss Ritchie thanked them and went on her way, limping slowly along,

"I'd a' hitched up old Jack and took her the rest of the way home," observed Tucker, as he stretched his neck look after the departing figure, "if I hadn't a' seen Harry Wait's carpenter wagon comin' down the road. An' I guess I ain't one to spoil sport."

"Twon't never be a match if Kitty Ritchio shoulders the burden o' that old crazy aunt o' her'n," said Mrs. Tucker. "A man can't be expected to marry a whole madhouse."

"I guess Kitty's worth it!" declared Fucker.

"She is a good girl!" said his wife. And there was one time folks s'posed she was going to be an heiress-when the old sea captain uncle came home with the prize money that he gained

"I don't believe there ever was any prize money!" said Mr. Tucker, resum-ing his task of denuding the plump duck of its feathers. "There!"

"I know there was!" nodded his wife. "Mrs. Ritchie showed it to me herself. All gold eagles, tied up in a shammy bag with a leather shoestring. The old captain gave it to her for nussin him' through that fever."
"What's the reason you never said

nothin' about it before?" questioned "Mrs. Ritchie made me premise not

to tell. She was afeard o' bein' rob-"And what ever came of it?"

"That's what nobody knows. Jest's like's not old Eben Ritchie put it into the iron-mining consarn that honeycombed Blue Mountain and never done no good. Or p'r'aps he invested it in lottery tickets. He never had no judgment. Now, don't you go to chatterin' about this, Gid Tucker. Mind, I'm under a promise to the poor old creetur that's dead and buried.

"Some promises is better broken than kept," said Gideon. But Mrs. Tucker knew that the se-

cret was safe with her uncommunicative spouse.

Meanwhile the builder's wagon had stopped before the old one-storied ruin of the Ritchie house, strongly silhouted by the red smolder of the September sunset.

"Kitty," said young Wait, stealing his arm coaxingly around her waist, "you can't live in an old shell like this! Give up your false pride, love! Let me make a home for you." Kitty bit her lip. "And have it said," said she, "that

Henry Wait was the only one of the Wait family that made a bad match!"

"I don't care what people say." "Kitty, let's go to the parson to-night. Let's be married!"

Kitty shook her head. "Not until I've saved up enough to buy a decent outfit," said she. "Not until I've paid the last debt that poor father owed."

"I'll pay 'em, Kitty." "No. Harry, you won't. I can be as unselfish as you are!" cried the girl. "Oh, hush! Who is that?"

A board in the old floor had creaked softly, a shadowy little figure had come forward with a sliding motion into the light.

"Be you Kitty?" asked a soft, high-I've come a good ways and I'm sort o' turned round."

"It's Aunt Ruhamah!" cried Kitty. "Why, how came she here? And all by herself!"

'It's a good ways!" repeated the old woman, shifting her flat travelling basket, "and I'm sort o' turned round. But I followed Sister Sarah all the She went before, and she beckoned. I followed her here, And she's gone out to the old well. I'm sort o' feared to follow her into the high wet grass, but she keeps a-beckoning,' and guess I'll have to go!"

She started for the door, passing her hand in a confused fashion over her "What does she mean?" asked Harry

Wait. "She means mother," said Kitty-

"mother, that has been dead and buried these fifteen years."
"Don't you see her a-beckonin'?"
piped the little old woman, "just there by the old well? We never could get Eben to put a curb there, and Sister Sarah was always afeared something would happen."
"I see the tall grass waving," said

Kitty, "and a cloud coming over the surface of the rising moon, and that is all."

"It's Sister Sarah," said Aunt Ruey, pushing resolutely ahead, "and she wants me. Why, Kitty, do you mean to tell me that you don't know your

Kitty sent for Harry Wait the next day. "Harry," said she, "do you want to

do something for me?" "I want to do everything for you, Kitty."

'That's nonsense!" (But she laughed and colored nevertheless.) "I want you to put a curb around that old sunken well. Aunt Ruey keeps wandering out there. She declares that mother stands beckoning her and and leaning over to look in. And it's as near to bring out water from there

as to go to Hemlock springs." "I thought the old well was dried up long ago," said young Wait. "There's water there. I see it shine

"There's water there. I see it shine and sparkle. And Mr. Tucker says he will dig it out anew and stone it up if you'll build a curb. It will be handy for the cattle, too."

"Very well," nodded Wait. "Any time Gid Tucker's ready I am."

Mrs. Tucker came a few days later to the first husking bee of the season,

full of excitement.
"Hev ye heard?" said she. And Mrs. Bradley, the buxom hostess, made answer:
"If I hadn't heerd it with my own

ears an' seen it with my own eyes," said Mrs. Tucker, "I never could ha' believed it. But it's true!"
"What's true?" breathlessly demanded Mrs. Bradley.

"Miss Ritchie's come into her fortune," said Mrs. Tucker.

"What!" cried the company.
"In gold," said Mrs. Tucker. "The old captain's prize money. I knowed it must be somewhere. And it was 'Where?" questioned the company,

with one accord.

"Wedged behind the big haif-way, stone in the old sunken well, where they used to lower the cream pail to keep it cool," eagerly spoke Mrs. Tucker. "In an old tin box rusted clean through, and tied up in the same identical shammy bag that Mrs. Ritchie showed me years an' years ago. She must ha' put it there herself, to keep it out of her husband's hands that time he had such a notion o' puttin' everything into minin' shares an' lot-tery tickets, an' died afore she had a chance to tell anybody where it was. Gideon he discovered it, fixin' up the new stun wall." Mrs. Bradley gave a

"Don't you know," said she, "poor old Aunt Ruey always stood to it that her sister Sarah was standin' there by the well, beckonin' to her? She declared that sister Sarah went afore hen

all the way from Ohio."
"Yes," said Mrs. Tucker, in a low "And when Gideon got to the house there was Aunt Ruhamah settin* by the fire, with her hands, jest for all the world like she was asleep, but stone dead. And wasn't it lucky she signed them title papers o' Gideon's last week? And Kitty's cryin' fit to break her heart. Kitty can be married now whenever she pleases. There ain't nothin' more to wait for. And who knows," she added, looking timidly, over her shoulder at the gray shadows of the gloaming, "but that Aunt Ruhamah saw clearer than we do, and sister Sarah, Kitty's mother, was really beckoning on the edge of the old

"Ah!" said Mrs. Bradley, "who knows?"—Helen Forrest Graves in Saturday Night.

Napkin Collectors.

The fashionable bars about New York give the customer a clean napkin with every drink. That is a custom, however of long standing. Recently, the napkin has been reduced to the size of a sheet of note paper and in weight to a Saratoga chip. It is of pocket handkerchief material and usually neatly hemmed in a broad border. It is just big enough and broad enough and of sufficient strength of character to cover a decent mouth and extract the remains of a

beer from the fashionable mustache.
"You see we lost so many of them," sald a bartender, "that we had to get it down fine. Some people appear to have a mania for collecting napkins, and they not only use one at the bar, but quietly put it in their hip pocket, Of course, it is a species of absence of mind, but then the napkin costs just as much money when put into a pocket and carried away by mistake as when it is 'swiped.' It is a curious thing to note how customers use the thing. Some people don't use it at all; others look at it strangely, as if they had had never seen one before, and finally carefully unfold it and give a dainty sweep of the mouth, and and then fold it up again, as though they were at the dinner table and might want to use it again to-morrow. I have seen a fellow dip his napkin in the 'chaser' which goes with his whiskey and wash his mouth deliberately and throw the wet rag back on the bar for me to handle."-Pittsburg Dispatch.

Sugar is one of the best of the fatproducing foods, writes Dr. Cyrus Edson in the Ladies' Home Journal, and for that reason it is bad for a person young or old, in whom there is a ten dency to accumulate too much fat. The converse of this is true-it is a valuable food for those, young or old, who are too thin. It is also valuable, beare weak, who suffer from a lack of animal heat, and who need building up. Not too much of it though, bebody which sugar will not supply. Sugar is exceedingly satisfying to the appetite. I know a man who was an officer of cavalry during the civil war, and on one occasion during a raid he found an opportunity to fill his haver-sack and both saddle bags with brown sugar. The men of his command did the same. It was four days before they were able to get a supply of rations, and during that time they lived on the suguar and were perfectly con-tented with the diet. This story, points to one rule which may safely be laid down for all: Candy should not be eaten immediately before meals by either child or adult, because it will destroy the appetite for food, and that other should be taken first, be-cause of the food element found in it and which is not found in candy. In other words, the supply of sugar should be adjusted to that of other

way proportion. Kept His Receipt. An indignant citizen called on Postmaster Stayton, of Allegheny, recent-ly, and entered a complaint against the postal service. He said he sent some money through the mails to a man in Pittsburg, and to make sure of his getting it he had the letter registered. The letter was sent last October and has not gotten to the Pittsburg side of

foods in a natural and common-sense-

the river yet. Postmaster Stayton admitted that a letter should go from Allegheny to Pittsburg in less than eleven months, and said if the man could produce the receipt for the registered letter he would look the matter up.

The man said: "Oh, I have the receipt and I am going to keep it, too."
"Well, let me see it," said Mr. Stayton, "and I will look the letter up."

The man fumbled through his pockets and produced a solled piece of paper which he had been carrying for eleven months, and, unfolding it, showed a money order. He had paid the money into the Allegheny office, put the order in his pocket and wondered why his creditor did not get the money.-Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette,

Not Possible.

Mr. Funniman (facetiously)-If I should give you a dollar, what would His Friend—I'd say I was dreaming.

-Chicago Record.

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