

"Sh! Don't you dare to drag forth any of those fool corpses of college, or out you go, bag and baggage." Jack glanced nervously around the room and toward the hall.

'My dear fellow, your wife wouldn't believe me, no matter what I said against your character. Isn't that right, Chuck? Jack, you are a lucky Mr. Henderson." dog, if there ever was one. A hand-some wife who loves you, a kid, a fine home and plenty of horses. I wonder if you married her for her money?"

Jack's eyes narrowed. He seemed muse. "Yes, I believe I can do it to muse. as easily as I did 15 years ago." "Do what?" I asked.

"Wallop that kid brother of mine. Bob, I hope you'll fall desperately in love some day, and that you will have a devil of a time winning the girl. You need something to stir up your vitals. By George! and I hope she won't have a cent of money.

'Lovable brother, that!" Bob in love, now, and that the girl had heaps of money, and all that?" "And all that," mimicked the elder

brother. "What does 'and all that' mean?" "Oh, shut up!"

"Well, I hope you are in love. It serves you right. You've made more than one girl's heart ache, you goodlooking ruffian!" Then he switched over to politics,

and Robert became an interested lis-tener. Quarter of an hour later the women returned, and certainly they made a picture which was most satisfactory to the masculine eye. Bob jumped to his feet and kissed them both, a thing I lacked the courage to do. How pleased they looked! How a woman loves flattery from those she

Well, William is in front with the carriage; the women are putting on their cloaks, and I am admiring the luxurious crimson fur-lined garment which brother Robert had sent to Nancy from Paris. You will see by this that he was not altogether a thoughtless lad. Good-by, Mr. Robert. leave your and your guiding-star to bolt the established orbit; for, after this night the world will never be the same careless, happy-go-lucky world. The farce has its tragedy, and what tragedy is free of the ludificatory? must run its courses, even as the gay wild brook must riot on its way to join the sober river.

I dare say that we hadn't gone 20 minutes before Robert stole out to the stables, only to return immediately with a bundle under his arm and a white felt hat perched rakishly on his He was chuckling audibly to himself.

'It will frighten the girls half to to death. A gray horse and a bay; oh, I won't make any mistake. Let me see: I'll start about 12 o'clock. That'll get me to the spot just as the boys leave. This is the richest yet. wager that there will be some tall He continued chuckling screaming." as he helped himself to his brother's perfectos and fine old Scotch I don't know what book he found in the prisome old rascal's merry vate case; tales, no doubt; for my hero's face was

never in repose We had left Mrs. Secretary-of-the-In-terior's and were entering the red

low over there, standing at the side of the Russian ambassador's wife? Nancy, pressing my arm. Oh. he's Count Karloff • Where? (or something that sounds like it), a wealthy Russian, in some way con-

nected with the Russian government; a diplomat and a capital fellow, they I have never met him. . . . ! there's a stunning girl right Hello! next to him that I haven't seen before. . . . Where are you going?"

Nancy had dropped my arm and was gliding, kitty-corner fashion, across the floor. Presently she and the stunning girl had saluted each other after the impulsive fashion of American girls, and were playing cat-in-the-cradle, to the amusment of those forigners nearest. A nod, and I was threading my way to Nancy's side.

"Isn't it glorious?" she began. "This is Miss Annesley, Charlie: Betty, Mr. Henderson." Miss Annesley looked mildly curious at Nan, who suddenly flushed. "We are to be married spring," she exclaimed shyly; "We are to be married in the and I dare say that there was a diffident explession on my own face.

Miss Anneslay gave me her hand, miling. "You are a fortunate man,

"Not the shadow of a doubt!" Miss Annesley, I frankly admitted on the spot, was, next to Nancy, the handsomest girl I ever saw; and as I thought of Mr. Robert in his den at home. I sincerely pitied him. I was willing to advance the statement that had he known, a pair of crutches would not have kept him away from No. 1300 Connecticut avenue.

I found three chairs, and we sat down. There was, for me, very little opportunity to talk. Women always have so much to say to each other, even when they haven't seen each other within 24 hours. From time to time knocked the ashes from his cigar and essayed at laughter which wasn't particularly felicitous. "Supposing I was my charms. It was rather embarted to the set of the rassing, and I was balling my gloves up in a most dreadful fashion. As they seldom addressed a word to me. I soon became absorbed in the passing scene. I was presently aroused, however.

"Mr. Henderson, Count Karloff," Miss Annesley was saying. (Karlis a name of my own choosing. (Karloff haven't the remotest idea if it means anything in the Russian language. I hope not.)

"Charmed!" The count's r's were very pleasantly rolled. I could see by the way his gaze roved from Miss Annesley to Nancy that he was puzzled to decide which came the nearer to his-idea of womanhood.

I found him a most engaging fellow, surprisingly well-informed on American topics. I credit.myself with being a fairly good reader of faces, and, reading his as he bent it in Miss An-nesley's direction, I began to worry about Mr. Robert's course of true love

Here was a man who possessed a title was handsome, rich, and of assured social position: it would take an extraordinary American girl to look coldly upon his attentions. By and by the two left us, Miss Annesley promising to call on Nancy.

'And where are you staying, Betty?" "Father and I have taken Senator Blank's house in Chevy Chase for the winter. My horses are already in the stables. Do you ride?" "I do."

Then we shall have some great times together."

"Be sure to call. I want you to meet my brother.' believe I have," replied Miss

Annesley. "I mean my younger brother, a lieu-

tenant in the army." "Oh, then you have two brothers?" "Yes," said Nancy.

"The dance is dying, Mademoiselle," said the count in French. "Your arm, Monsieur.

Au revoir, Nancy.' "Poor Bobby!" Nancy folded her

hands and sighed mournfully. "It appears to me that his love affair is not going to run very smooth. But isn't she just beautiful, Charlie? What color, what style!"

"She's a stunner, I'm forced to admit. Bob'll never stand a ghost of a show

"Who is that handsome young fel- his hat to the reflection in the glass, and burst out laughing. His face as smooth as a baby's for he had genrously sacrificed his beard.

I can hear him saying to himself: 'Lord, but this is a lark! I'll have to take another Scotch to screw up the edge of my nerve. Won't the boys laugh when they hear how I stirred the girls' frizzes! We'll have a little party here when they all get home. It's

good joke." Mr. Robert did not prove much of a prophet. Many days were to pass ere he reentered his brother's house.

He stole quietly from the place. He hadn't proceeded more than a block when he became aware of the fact that he hadn't a penny in his clothes. This discovery disquieted him, and he half turned about to go back. He couldn't go back. He had no key.

"Pshaw! I won't need any money: -and he started off toward Connecticut avenue. He dared not hail a car, and he would not have dared had he possessed the fare. Some one might recognize him. He walked briskly for ten minutes. The humor of the esapade appealed to him greatly, and had all he could do to smother the frequent bursts of laughter which surged to his lips. He reached absently for his cigar-case. No money, no

cigars. "That's bad. Without a cigar I'm likely to get nervous. Scraping off that beard made me forgetful. Jove! with these fieshings, I feel as self-con-scious as an untried chorus girl. These togs can't be very warm in winter. Ha! that must be the embassy where all those lights are; carriages. Allons!'

To make positive, he stopped a pedestrian.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, touching his hat, "but will you be so kind as to inform me if yonder is the British mbassy?

"It is, my man," replied the gentleman.

"Thank you, sir."

And each passed on to his affairs. "Now for William; we must find William, or the joke will be on Robert.'

He maneuvered his way through the congested thoroughfare, searching the faces of the grooms and footmen. He dodged hither and thither and was once brought to a halt by the mounted police

"Here you! What d'ye mean by running around like this. Lost your car-riage, hey? I've a mind to run ye in. Y' know the rules relatin' th' leavin' of yer box in times like these. Been takin' a sly nip, probably, an' they've sent yer hack down a peg. Get a gait on y', now."

Warburton laughed silently as he made for the sidewalk. The first man he plumped into was William-a very much worried William, too. Robert could have fallen on his neck for joy. All was plain sailing now.

"I'm very glad to see you, sir," said William. "I was afraid you could not get my clothes on, sir. I was getting a trifle worried, too. Here's the carriage number."

Warburton glanced hastily at it and stuffed it into a convenient pocket. "It's 16 carriages up, sir; a bay and a gray. You can't miss them. The bay, being a saddle-horse, is a bit restive in the harness: but all you have to do is to touch him with the whip. And don't try to push ahead of your turn, or you will get into trouble with the police. They are very strict. And don't let them confuse you, sir. The numbers won't be in rotation. You'll hear 115, and the next moment 35, like as not. It's all according as to how the guests are leaving. Good luck to you, sir, and don't forget to explain it all thoroughly to Mr. Warburton, sir." "Don't worry, William; we'll come

out of this with colors flying." "Very well, sir. I shall hang around till you are safely off,"-and William disappeared.

Warburton could occasionally hear

"Seventeen!" came hoarsely along on the wings of the night. "Number

Warburton's pulse doubled its beat.

"Skt!" the bay and the gray started prward, took the half-circle and

forward, took the half-circle and stopped under the porte-cochere. War-

burton recollected that a fashionable groom never turned his head unless

spoken to; so he leveled his gaze at

But from the very corner of his eye

he caught a glimpse of two women,

son cloak. He thrilled with exultation.

What a joke it was! He felt the car-

The door slammed to and the rare

footman, with an imperious wave of the hand. "Number 99!"

"Off with you!" cried the pompous

the door, and kissed

one of whom was enveloped in a crim

horses' ears and waited.

good joke was on the way

gate.

as gentlemen smoked.

17, and lively there!"

His number.

Now, a lad of six can tell the difference between 17 and 71. But this as-tonishing jehu of mine had been conspicuous as the worst mathematician and the best soldier in his class at West Point. No more did he remen ber that he was not in the wild west, and that here in the east there were laws prohibiting reckless driving.

He drove decently till he struck Dupont Circle. From here he turned into New Hampshire, thinking it to be Rhode Island. Mistake number two. He had studied the city map, but he was conscious of not knowing it as well as he should have known it, but, true to his nature, he trusted to luck. Aside from all this, he forgot that

a woman might appreciate this joke only when she heard it recounted. То live through it was altogether a differ-

ent matter. In an episode like this, a woman's imagination, given the darkness such as usually fills a car-riage at night, becomes a round of terrors. Every moment is freighted with death or disfigurement. Her nerves are like the taut strings of a harp in a wintry wind, ready to snap at any moment; and then, hysteria. With man the play, and only the play, is the thing.

Snap-crack! The surprised horses. sensitive and quick-tempered as all highly organized beings are, nearly leaped out of the harness. Never before had their flanks received a more unwarranted stroke of the lash. They reared and plunged and broke into a mad gallop, which was exactly what the rascal on the box desired. An expert horseman, he gauged the strength of the animals the moment they bolted, and he knew that they were his. Once the rubber-tired vehicle slid sidewise on the wet asphalt, and he heard a stifled scream.

He laughed, and let forth a sounding "whoop," which nowise allayed the fright of the women inside the carriage. He wheeled into S street, scraping the curb as he did so. Pedestrians stopped and stared at him. A policeman waved his club helplessly, even hopelessly. On, on: to Warburton's mind this ride was as wild as that which the Bishop of Vannes took from Belle-Isle to Paris in the useless effort to save Fouquet from the wrath of Louis XIV, and to anticipate the pregnant discoveries of one D'Artagnan. The screams were renewed.

[To Be Continued.]

Harmless Independence.

Rear Admiral Wilde, at a banquet given in his honor in Boston, desired to illustrate in some way a certain sort of humorous and harmless impudence that is found at its best in America.

"There was a young man," said Admiral Wilde, "and he desired to pay his addresses to a certain young lady. So, in a frank and honorable way, he called on the young lady's father, de-scribed his circumstances and prospects, and asked if he might be re-

garded as a suitor." "'Well,' said the father, 'I have no objections to you. You seem to be an honest, industrious, healthy enough young fellow. I guess you can begin to pay your addresses if you want to. Un-derstand, though, that I put out the

lights at 10 o'clock.' ''All right, sir,' said the young man. 'I'll be careful not to come around before that time.'"-Buffalo Enquirer.

Appreciated. "You bet," says the man from the Chilkoot pass, "there never was a paper that was hailed with as much joy as that copy of yours that had all that article about alcohol in patent medicines.

"I am very glad to hear from such a far-away corner of the earth that my efforts have been appreciated,' says the editor of the journal which has published the article referred to.

"It was all the goods-it sure cheered the boys up; an' here's a subscription the faint strain of music. From time from every one of them in return. to time the carriage-caller bawled out Why, say, podner, when your paper a number, and the carriage would roll up under the porte-cochere. Warbur-ton concluded that it would be a good broke through the ice with his whole Two-Toothed Tompkins had b'll never stand a ghost of a show b'll never stand a ghost of a show ainst that Russian. He's a great

THE POINT OF THE PROVERB

An old proverb advises the shoe maker to stick to his last. It means that a man always succeeds best at the business he knows. To the farmer it means, stick to your plow; to the blacksmith, stick to your forge; to the painter, stick to your brush. When we make experiments out of our line they are likely to prove expensive failures.

It is amusing, however, to remark how every one of us secretly thinks he could do some other fellow's work better than the other fellow lrimself. The painter imagines he can make paint better than the paint manufacturer; the farmer thinks he can do a job of painting better, or at least

A job of painting better, or at least cheaper than the painter, and so on. A farm hand in one of Octave Thanet's stories tells the Walking Delegate of the Painters' Union, "Any-body can slather paint;" and the old line painter tells the paint salesman, "None of your ready made mixtures "None of your ready made mixtures for me; I reckon I ought to know how to mix paint."

The farm hand is wrong and the painter is wrong: "Shoemaker, stick to your last." The "fancy farmer" "Shoemaker, stick can farm, of course, but it is an expensive amusement. If it strikes him as pleasant to grow strawberries at fifty cents apiece, or to produce eggs that cost him five dollars a dozen, it is a form of amusement, to be sure, if he can afford it, but it's not farming. If the farmer likes to slosh around with a paint brush and can afford the time and the expense of hav-ing a practical painter do the job right pretty soon afterward, it's harmless form of amusement. If the painter's customers can afford to stand for paint that comes off in half the time it should, they have a perfect right to indulge his harmless vanity about his skill in paint making. But in none of these cases does the shoemaker stick to his last.

There is just one class of men in the world that knows how to make paint properly and have the facilities for doing it right; and that is the paint manufacturers—the makers of the standard brands of ready-prepared paints. The painter mixes paints; the paint manufacturer grinds them together. In a good ready-prepared paint every particle of one kind of pigment is forced to join hands with a particle of another kind and every bit of solid matter is forced, as it were, to open its mouth and drink in its share of linseed oil. That is the only way good paint can be made, and if the painter knew how to do it he has nothing at hand to do it with. A paint pot and a paddle are a poor substitute for power-mixers, buhr-mills and roller-mills.

The man who owns a building and neglects to paint it as often as it needs paint is only a degree more short-sighted than the one who tries to do his own painting or allows the painter to mix his paint for him. P. G.

ONE UNVIOLATED RULE.

Club Servitor Had Seen Them All Broken Into Bits, Save That One.

A certain club, the name of which need not be mentioned, has strict regulations against gambling, relates the American Spectator. A quartette of club members decid-

ed to break the rule by a game of poker for small stakes, so they ad-journed to one of the small rooms and told an old servant to bring a pack of cards.

When he brought them one of the members asked: "John, I suppose it would be something utterly new ·in this club if we were to do such a thing as play for money with these cards?" The negro scratched his head and deliberated, finally answering: I'se been wiv dis club a long time.

and I'se seen many things." "Yes, but what have you seen?" "I've seen ebry rule of dis club vilated 'ceptin' one."

"What is that one?" "De rule 'gainst gibbin' tips to de rvants

and other kidney

and

My feet were

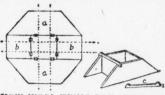
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LIVE STOCK

A WOOL-TYING BOX.

Convenient Device Which Aids the Small Shipper in Marketing His Wool.

A very useful device for tying fleeces in a compact bundle is hown in illustration. It is made of one-inch boards hinged together on a central square-piece. This is one foot square and the sides a are three feet long at



HOW WOOL TYING BOX IS MADE. the bottom and 14 inches at the ton

The pieces b are cut one foot square. To use the box, explains the Farm and Home, strings are laid across, as shown by dotted lines. Then the fleece is placed upon the center piece and the edges folded in. The two sides, a, are drawn upright in position and then the two sides, b, are forced upward and in until they are perpendicular. The small clamp, c, may then be hooked over the sides to hold them solid. The fleece may then brought down into the box and the strings tied. It makes a compact bundle and leaves the wool even upon the outside.

A GOOD COW.

Story of One Animal of Jersey Strain Who Paid Her Owner a Good Profit.

A dairyman who does not own many cows, and those good ones, recently gave the following figures concerning one of his cows, a pure-bred Jersey, to the Ohio Farmer.

Her first calf was dropped in 1897a heifer-now a valued member of the herd. Her next calf came in 1898, with a successor each year up to the pres-ent, making nine calves in all. Three were females and six males. The heifers have been retained in the herd and the bulls sold at an average of \$50 each. Valuing the heifers at the same, the nine calves represent an earning of \$360. With her second calf she made a test of 280 pounds of milk in seven days, churning 14 pounds, four ounces of butter. Her average milk yield has been 7,500 pounds, sold to a creamery at an average of \$1.20 per 100 pounds, an aggregate for eight years of \$720. Adding the value of the calves to the amount received for milk, her gross earnings amount to \$1,080. These figures are very eloquent for the good special purpose cow, but were not given to me, nor do I record them, as anything extraordinary. An annual yield of 7,500 pounds of five per cent. milk, while indicating a cow of great merit does not raise her above thou-sands of other good cows. She has broken no records but she has kept the faith. She has always had good care, good feed and plenty of it. She been given a chance. She is a has cow of robust constitution, a great feeder, a strong milker and a reliable breeder.

Her feed had been the ordinary feed of the herd. Pasture and soiling crops in summer, corn silage, mixed hay, corn meal, wheat bran and oil meal in winter. She has never been fed excessively, but has never gone hungry nor in any way known abuse.

THE LIVE STOCK.

Poor fences make good jumpers. Clean cows result from proper stab-

ling. Feed, from the hand of the master, fattens.

brick mansion on Connecticut avenue. Carriages lined both sides of the street. and mounted police patrolled up and

"Poor boy!' sighed Nancy. "I wonder if he'll be lonely. It's a shame to leave him home the very first night." "Why didn't he come, then?"

Mrs. W. shrugged her polished shoul-

"Oh, my cigars and Scotch are fairly comforting," put in Jack, complacently. "Besides, Jane isn't at all bad looking,"--winking at me. "What do you say, Charlie?'

But Charlie had not time to answer. The gray-haired, gray-whiskered am-bassador was bowing pleasantly to to A dozen notable military and US. naval attaches nodded; and we passed on to the ball-room, where the orchestra was playing "A Summer Night in Munich." In a moment Jack and his wife were lost in the maze gleaming shoulders and white linen. It was a picture such as few men, once having witnessed it, can forget. Here were the great men in the great world: this man was an old rear-ad-miral, destined to become the nation's hero soon; there, a famous general of long and splendid service; brated statesmen, diplomats, finan-ciers; a noted English duke; a scion of the Hapsburg family; an intimate of the Cerman kaiser; a swart Jap; a Chinaman with his peacock feather; tens of men whose lightest word was to by the four ends of the world; representatives of all the great The president ns and states and his handsome wife had just left as we came, so we missed that for-mality, which detracts from the pleasures of the ball-room.

social catch, and is backed by many konecks '

'How unfortunate we did not know that she would be here! Bobby would have met her at his best, and his best is more to my liking than the count's. He has a way about him that the women like. He's no laggard. But noney ought not to count with Betty. She is worth at least \$250,000. Her mother left all her property to her, and her father acts only as trustee. Senator Blank's house rents for \$8,000 the season. It's ready furnished, you know, and one of the handsomest homes in Washington. Besides, I do not trust those foreigners,"-taking a remarkably abrupt curve, as it were.

"There's two B's in your bonnet, ancy," I laughed. Nancy," "Never mind the B's; let us have

the last of this waltz."

This is not my own true story; so I shall bow off and permit my hero to riage list as the women stepped in. follow the course of true love, which is about as rough-going a thoroughfare as the many roads of life have to offer.

CHAPTER VI. THE MAN ON THE BOX.

"Ninety-nine! Ninety-nine!" bawled At 11:30 he locked up his book and the carriage man. to his room the mysterious bundle Our jehu turned into the avenue which he had purloined from the sta- holding a tolerable rein. He clucked bles. It contained the complete livery of a groom. The clothes fitted rather the lash. This was true sport; this He should be a should be the shoulders. Was humor, genuine, initiative, un-He stood before the pier-glass, and a complacent (not to say roguish) smile and their fright when he finally slowed flitted across his face. The black half-boots, the white doeskin breeches, the them both. Wouldn't they let out a boost, the white doesn't breeches, the them both. Wouldn't they let out a breaches toolad doin greeted and an ar-brown brass-buttoned frock, and the yell, though? His plan was to drive white hat with the brown cockade. . . Well, my word for it, he was zigzag from one side of the street to the handsomest jehu Washington ever the other, taking the corners sharply, ters to the loudest of unrestrained merturned out. With a grin he touched and then make for Scott Circle.

gray stood only a litle way from the bein' good to drink we'd a' had to go The box was vacant, and he dry all winter. An' bein' as I climbed up and gathered the reins. the drug store you can see how thank-He sat there for some time, longing ful I feel to'rds you."-Judge. intensely for a cigar, a good cigar, such

Keynote of Piety.

of happiness who never find it. Happiness oftenest comes by indirection. You are intent on duty and are surprised to find you have stumbled on more than you sought. To make happiness the end of your seeking is an easy way not to find it. The search for happiness is like the search for the end of the rainbow; it recedes as you advance. You cannot capture it. After all your planning you will have to give up the pursuit and content yourself with following the plain and plodding path of duty, and to find your joy in fidelity to conscience and in obedience to the divine will. In attaining this blessing imitate the boatman who directs his from above the point of destination, and so makes sure of Aim at something higher than hap-

Getting a Confession.

Just as a certain Sunday#school of the town was about to be dismissed the other day, a little girl with roguish eyes sat up in her seat of the back row and took notice. "Teacher," said she with the gravest expression, "which is right, 'I is a fool' or 'I are a fool' Teacher looked both grieved and surriment.-Lewiston, (Mo.) Journal.

fort in the words of Mrs. Jane Farrell, of 606 Ocean Ave., Jersey City, N. J., who says: "I reiterate all I have said before in praise of Doan's Kidney Pills. I had been having heavy backache my general health was affected when I began using them.

swollen, my eyes puffed, and dizzy spells' were frequent. Kidney action was irregular and the secretions highcolored. To-day, however, I am a well woman, and I am confident that Doan's Kidney Pills have made me so, and are keeping me well. 50 cents a box. Sold by all dealers.

Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Deduction by Analogy

"Mamma, I'se got a stomach ache," said Nelly Bly, six years old.

That's because you've been with out lunch. It's because your stomach is empty. You would feel better if you had something in it." That afternoon the pastor called,

and in the course of conversation, re marked that he had been suffering all

day with a very severe headache. "That's because it is empty," said Nellie. "You'd feel much better if you had something in it."-American Spectator.

The new stable should have several windows.

The cow holds her own in all kinds of times

Anything irregular affects the percentage of butter fats.

If the horse has sore shoulders, it is a pretty sure sign that his collar does not fit him.

A new milker will at first get less milk from a cow than one to whom the animal is accustomed.

Culls and ewes that do not own or rear their lambs properly, may be turned off in the same way.

Old sheep should now be separated from the rest of the flock and given extra care. They can be improved in flesh and sent to market, where some return can be realized from them .-Farm Journal.

If you keep three or more cows it will pay you to have a cream separator. Before buying, send for the catalogue of all the makes you find advertised. It will pay you to investigate this question.

Every man that has a large number should endeavor to give them a good pasture. Too many breeders are contented with a hog pasture that is covered with native grasses only Clovers and blue grass make a good pasture for swine.

Science in Hog Raising.

The fact that we have been able to make money out of hogs even with the most unscientific methods of breeding and care is proof that under proper conditions the hog will make his own-er rich. Scientific management means the care of swine to keep away disease, obtain early maturity and keep up the natural fecundity of the and mals.

piness, and higher will be sure to in-clude the lower.—Detroit Free Press.

TWICE-TOLD TESTIMONY. A Woman Who Has Suffered Tells How to Find Relief. The thousands of women who suffer backache, languor, urinary disorders There are people forever in search