

THE SABBATH BELL.

Peal on, peal on, I love to hear
The old church ding-dong soft and clear!

Go to the woods, where Winter's song
Howls like a famished wolf along!

Go to the hills, let them pour
In gentle calm, or heading roar;

The lark upon his skyward way,
The robin on the hedge-row spray,

JANET'S TWO LOVERS.

Janet Elwood stood in a low, vine-
wreathed doorway of her home, a com-
fortable Maine farm home, at the close
of a sultry July day.

Nearer he came, until a smile broke
the naturally grave expression of his
handsome mouth, and he stretched out
his arms and drew her to his breast.

Janet, instead of nestling close against
the manly heart which she knew beat
always warmly and truly with love for
her, drew petulantly away.

A deep red flush mounted suddenly
to the young man's forehead. He looked
at her averted face, her indifferent atti-
tude, with amazement.

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the manly heart which she knew beat
always warmly and truly with love for
her, drew petulantly away.

"I did not know you expected to take
boarders, Janet."

"He is the only one. He came last
week, while mother was at the sewing
circle, and I showed him the room, and
he engaged it for two months, and—
and—that's how it is."

Janet's cheeks grew pink as she
thought of the dashing stranger's look
of admiration, as in her pink print
dress, she had stood at the gate when he
went to the city for his baggage.

John was far from being elated at the
prospect. He could not see the delights
of the Boston artist's high-toned society
as plainly as Janet.

"Anybody would think he was an
egret," pouted the young woman, see-
ing with her quick bright eyes the state
of mind her lover was in.

"There he comes now," she cried.
Mr. Eugene Raycliffe smiled under
his drooping jet moustache as he noticed
Janet's lover.

"Some country bumpkin boring her
half to death, I've no doubt; but I'll
soon settle him."

These remarks, made mentally, were
accompanied by such an air of self-
satisfied complacency, as he threw his
satchel on the steps and sat down beside
it at Janet's feet, that John Wentworth
scarcely bowed in answer to the languid
"glad to know you" which followed
Janet's introduction.

John seemed suddenly overgrown and
awkward. Mr. Eugene Raycliffe's hands
were so exquisitely white and delicate
that his own seemed by contrast redder
and of more gigantic proportions than
ever.

His attire seemed rough and ill-fitting
compared with the natty "store clothes"
of the artist from Boston, and altogeth-
er John felt awkward and uncomfort-
able standing with his broad back
against the lattice of the porch, and
observing with scant approval the up-
ward glances from Mr. Raycliffe's black
eyes to Janet's brown ones.

"Your friend seems slightly displeas-
ed at something," said he, as John, with
a brief farewell and never a second
glance at Janet, walked away with a
firm step and head well up.

John had no fancy for standing about
unnoticed, especially while the girl to
whom he was engaged coolly allowed a
comparative stranger to monopolize her
smiles and society.

"Don't go off angry, John," said
Janet, trying the witchery of her eyes
on her farmer lover. "He is so deeply

in love with me that I can wind him
around my finger," she thought.

And it would be very fine to have
two swains sighing at her feet, especi-
ally two like John Wentworth, by far
the best catch in the country around,
and the stylish, dashing Raycliffe, the
new arrival, is sure to create a furore
among the maids and matrons of Sun-
nydale.

John would not soften, spite of the
moonlight of Janet's upraised eyes,
shining under the fair curly lashes.

"I will come back when you can treat
a fellow decently, Janet. I am not go-
ing to be fooled to the top of my bent to
please you any longer. Good evening."

This was the last Janet saw of John.
But she had little time to think of him,
while Mr. Raycliffe devoted himself so
entirely to her amusement. He painted
her portrait, and while she sat for him,
beguiled the time reciting in tender
tones, yards of tender, sentimental
poetry; they went on sketching tours;
they sat on the piazza in the twilight
and sang together; Janet had a sweet
alto voice, which the boarder was not
long in finding admirably suited his
own.

Things went on until Janet's mother,
with many a nod and beck and wreath-
ed smile, intimated that there was an
"understanding" between the two
young people. John Wentworth was
well enough in his way, honest, sober
and industrious, and shrewd as need be,
but she looked higher for Janet. Janet
had been to boarding school, she had
the education of a lady, she could sing
and play the piano, and Mr. Raycliffe
praised her drawing more than a little.

And, by the way he hung around (his
time to go back to the city was up, but
he had engaged the room for another
month,) she was sure something would
come of it. She could sniff weddings
in the air, and went so far as to ask Mrs.
Brown's opinion as to the most fashion-
able way of making dresses, a very nice
one, suitable—and then Janet's mother
hesitated, smiled and looked very wise—
suitable for a wedding dress. Of course
Mrs. Brown knew at once that the dress
was for Janet, and through Mrs. Brown,
who was sometimes called "The Sunny-
dale Daily Tatler," the rest of them were
informed without the loss of precious
time.

The report came to the ears of John
Wentworth. Like a sensible fellow he
concealed whatever feeling of disap-
pointment and chagrin the announce-
ment aroused from the prying busybodies
of the church or from any of the social
gatherings of young people, because he
met Janet and her devoted adorer there.
Not he; he danced and loved the more,
although the pain in his heart, which
he determinedly hid from view, was in
reality long in dying out.

Janet had been his first love, and
however lightly she had loved him,
he, at least, had been sincere, and could
not forget her in a day, try as he might.

Time, however, is a great healer, and
when one hazy October day Janet rode
over in her little phaeton to ask John
and his sisters to go berrying, he looked
her straight in the eye and wished her
a "happy future" without a tremor in
his hearty voice or a quiver in his eye-
lids.

"Eugene has gone to Boston," said
Janet, flicking the flies off her gray
pony, and leaning forward. "We should
have heard from him yesterday. I feel
a little worried. He had a good deal of
money with him. We sent to the city
by him for things we could not get here,
and several of the neighbors—Judge
Jordan, Squire Ellis and others—paid
him in advance for portraits. I dreamed
last night of his being robbed and killed.
Ugh! it makes me shiver. I know I'm
foolish, but I can't feel easy."

Bills began to fall due, and Mr. Eu-
gene Raycliffe was still like the unknown
quantity represented by x. People be-
gan to talk. Janet's mother took to bed
with a sudden illness, and of a nature
unexplained and obscure.

Janet grew pale waiting for a letter.
Finally, one bright Sunday morning
Sunnydale, individually and collectively,
was agape over a startling headline
in the Boston Journal.

"Arrest last night of Joseph Ray-
mond, otherwise known as 'Dashing
Joe,' and having for his latest alias
Eugene Raycliffe. Several well-to-do
residents of Sunnydale victimized by
the accomplished and gentlemanly
scoundrel."

"The affair was a nine day's wonder.
But after a month or two had passed
away and the excitement had quieted,
people began to wonder if John Went-
worth would "take up with his pretty,
early love."

Encouragement for him to do so was
not lacking (so the matrons of Sunny-
dale will tell you) from Janet's mother.
Janet herself wrote a little note on per-
fumed paper to John, and this was the
closing part of his reply:

"I don't want to reproach you for
your throwing me over as you did. You
have been punished quite enough. But
for a man like me it's no use trying to
go on with things as they were now.
Better each go our own way. And,
although I cannot feel toward you as I
did once, believe me that I bear no ill-
will toward you, and regard me if you
will as a friend still."

When, a year after, on another still
October day, John told Janet of his ap-
proaching wedding to a young lady in

Boston, Janet cried a little, and offered
faint, lachrymose congratulations, with
a fury of regret and jealousy in her
heart that the young lady of Boston
fortunately knew nothing about. And
Janet's mother frets Summer and Win-
ter because Janet is an old maid; but,
nevertheless, she frowns severely on any
luckless man who offers a "Summer
boarder's" remuneration for her spare
front room. It is not to let.

A Street-Car Romance.

"Do many woman travel on the cars
alone at night," was asked of a Chicago
conductor.

More than you would ever think.
Two years ago a lady doctor used to
be my regular passenger. She got in at
Clark street every night for nearly
twenty months at 10.30 o'clock and
rode to May.

The large plates of the raw mater-
ial of the trade are assorted as to thickness
corresponding with the length of the
corks to be manufactured, and placed in
steam chests, where they are rendered
pliable by the moist steam. Any rough
excesses that might be on the outer
or inner surface of the plates are then
removed by a steam planer which gives
an even thickness to the plate.

The latter is next cut into strips of a width
corresponding to the diameter of the
top of the cork to be obtained, and
then the cutting process begins.

Corks for the bottling of wine and
beer are not tapered, but are cut out of
the strips straight by a circular knife
run upon a piston driven by steam.

The operator simply presses the strip of
cork against the knife, which cuts the
cork out evenly and quickly, and
deposits it in a chute leading to there-
ceptacle for the finished corks. The
process is very simple, and a good opera-
tor with first-class material finishes
80,000 straight corks a day with ease.

All the shavings are carefully col-
lected and sold for various industrial
purposes. The finished corks are as-
sorted as to quality, those of the finest
grade to be without any flaw, and are
ready for the market. Tapered corks,
mostly for smaller bottles and phials,
are calculated to be used oftener than
once, and have to pass through a second
cutting process. Like all the work in
a modern cork-cutting establishment,

that of giving a conical shape to the
cork is done by a machine driven by
steam. The automatic cutter is a
rapidly revolving steel disk running un-
der a clasp into which the straight-cut
cork is inserted by hand. The clasp
can be regulated to press the cork
against the sharp edges of the disk in
any angle corresponding to the shape to
be obtained. The finished corks drop-
ped into one receptacle and the shavings
into another.

Birthdays in Germany.

An important matter in a German
household is the birthdays. Nothing
seems to give more pleasure than cele-
brating one. The birthday of one of
the housekeeping young ladies was in
June. The night before, a box came,
addressed to the lady of the house from
her home. Upon going down stairs at
seven next morning we were surprised
to see no appearance of coffee, so, open-
ing the glass doors, went into the gar-
den, where a gay scene presented itself.

A large arbor was hung with garlands
and white curtains, and in the center
was a table covered with white, on
which were spread the presents, and a
huge round cake occupied the place of
honor, surrounded by a wreath of flow-
ers, and in the middle a candle was
burning. Outside were two smaller
tables, with coffee, cakes, etc.,
standing around which was a large
party talking and laughing. Upon see-
ing us approach they came forward to
wish us good morning and to enjoy our
looks of surprise. The birthday child
(a substantial maiden of 21), advanced
blushing, with a wreath of flowers on
her head. The young ladies of the
house had been up early, decorating
the arbor and making things as home-
like as possible for her on her birthday.

The winter birthdays were equally in-
teresting. That of the lady of the
house was adorned with branches of
trees from the woods and wreaths sur-
rounded the table laid out with presents.
One table was devoted to useful articles,
such as pots, pans, etc., and these were
also surrounded by garlands. At 4
company began to arrive, but with no
invitation, although preparations in
the way of coffee and supper had been
made for above twenty, and it is a great
disappointment if friends fail to appear.

Trefoil.

In places of Germany when a young
girl finds a leaf of trefoil divided into
four instead of three parts, it is a sign
that she will be married within a year;
at all events, she carefully preserves this
leaf till her wedding-day. On Christ-
mas Eve the countrymen are accus-
tomed to drive out a great deal in sledges.
They think that this will cause their
heaps to be more abundant and higher.
They do not fail to visit the ale-house
and to drink heartily the same evening,
being convinced that this is a way to
make them look well till the following
Christmas. They never destroy crick-
ets by fire, being persuaded that those
which escape will destroy their linen
and clothes. When a peasant loses
his way in the wood after sunset, he
avoids calling any person to show him
the way, being convinced that in any
case the evil spirit of the forest would
cause him to plunge still deeper into it
recesses.

CANE chairs are more used than ever.
Some are painted in colors, others
have the backs and seats cushioned
with plush, while the arm chairs are
ornamented with ribbons and bows.

Steam Corks.

Several flights of narrow, rickety
stairs in one of the great business blocks
on Franklin street, Chicago, lead to a
large loft in which half a dozen ma-
chines of simple appearance, but of the
most ingenious construction, are in
rapid motion, each one turning out fifty
thousand corks of all dimensions and
shapes every day. The manufacture of
that exceedingly useful article by ma-
chinery is in its infancy, not only in
this city, but in the world. Until a
comparatively recent date corks were
cut by hand, and it took an experienced
workman a whole day to finish a thou-
sand marketable corks, with a great
waste of material. To day a machine
run by steam and attended by a small
girl does fifty times the amount of work
with unerring precision and the small-
est possible waste of material.

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ial of the trade are assorted as to thickness
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Swimming for Life.

Details of a remarkable swimming
feat, have just come to hand from Auck-
land, New Zealand. The facts as stated
in the local papers which are before us
are verified, if any such verification
were needed, by private letters to the
relatives and friends in this country of
the hero of the exploit, namely, a Cap-
tain Haultain, son of Colonel Haultain,
who is 32 years of age and weighs, we
are told, fourteen stone, and commands
a sailing vessel on the New Zealand
coast. The night of September 9 was,
it appears, an excessively stormy one,
a strong gale blowing from the east-south-
east, dark, rainy and unusually cold.

About 2 A. M. his ship was making for
the entrance of the Whangerei harbor.
The Captain himself was upon the deck
occupied with some alterations in the
rigging, and while clearing away some
ropes was caught by the peak "down
all" and flung clear off the ship into the
raging sea. Capt. Haultain had on at
this time a heavy overcoat, high sea
boots up to his thighs, two pairs of
trousers, two shirts and two undershirts.
Taking it for granted that a boat would
be sent back to look for him as soon as
possible, he swam with these appalling
incumbrances upon him, as near as he
could tell, about half an hour in the
wake of the ship, coo-ee-ing, after the
fashion of antipodeans by land and sea.

No boat, however, appearing, he felt
that his only chance was to strike out
for the shore. At this time he was no
great distance from the Frenchman at
the mouth of the harbor and succeeded
in stripping himself of the load of
clothes and of the long boots, an opera-
tion which in itself must have been ex-
hausting enough, necessitating, as it did,
frequent dives. To make the nearest land
he soon found was hopeless, on account
of the strong ebb tide that was running,
and he had nothing for it but to head
for the opposite shore of the harbor,
three miles distant, which two or three
lights made visible through the dark-
ness. This extraordinary feat—extra-
ordinary, that is, when the circumstan-
ces are considered—he succeeded in ac-
complishing, and he was picked up,
after being three hours and a half in the
water, clinging to the beach with his
hands, half senseless, his legs having
lost all power of action and the surf
breaking over him. In the meantime
his men on the schooner had lost no
time in putting off a boat to the rescue
of their captain. After rowing for
some time they gave up the search as
fruitless, and the boat being small,
were themselves in no great security.
The schooner, left short-handed, was
driven ashore upon the same beach as

its captain some time before the lat er,
and the boat heading for the same point
was capsized in the surf, the men strugg-
ling ashore as best they could, though
without loss of life. They remained
upon the beach about three hours, till
day light showed them where they were.
Traveling then along the shore in the
direction of the nearest house they
heard cries as from a man struggling
in the water, and eventually found their
gallant captain in the surf, as before de-
scribed. The force of the sea that was
running all through that night, say the
local accounts, may be realized by the
fact that the vessel was driven so high
and dry upon the beach that at high
tide it was possible to walk up to her
dry shod.

The Auckland papers speak of it as
the most wonderful performance that
has ever been enacted upon the New
Zealand coast, and claim for Captain
Haultain the mantle of the unfortunate
Webb. They note the fact, also, that
he was such a determined abstainer
that when half dead and totally num-
bered with exhaustion he refused to swal-
low a spoonful of brandy. They exult,
and with good reason, in the fact of
this heroic swimmer being a native of
the colony, and are justly proud that
the bone and muscle and pluck capable
of such a feat should be a production of
their soil. The three-mile swim on a
cold night in a storm would have been
in itself no mean accomplishment,
though far from being an unparalleled
one; but when it was, as in this case,
preceded by half an hour of waiting in
the water for the boat to come back in
clothes such as would have sent an or-
dinary swimmer to the bottom in five
minutes, then supplemented by the ex-
tra task of disrobing under such circum-
stances, not to speak of the first futile
attempts to reach the nearest shore, it
would be hard to imagine a greater test
of human endurance. Captain Haultain
has, it appears, been long noted as a
famous swimmer. One of the New
Zealand papers finishes up its account
of the adventure thus: "His escape is
phenomenal, but he is a phenomenal
swimmer, being able literally to sit on
the water with his hands at his hip pad-
dling. This we are informed by many
who have seen him giving an exhibition
of his wonderful powers when lying
with his vessel at the wharves."

Whittier at Home.

Mr. Whittier has never married, and
with the single exception of the ex-
quisite lines entitled "Benedicite," he
has given the public no clew to the
romance of his youth. His sister
Elizabeth, sympathizing with him com-
pletely, of a rare poetic nature—and
fatsiduous taste, and of delicate dark-
eyed beauty, was long a companion that
must have made the want of any other
less keenly felt than by lonely men
in general. The bond between the
sister and brother was more perfect
than any of which we have known,
except that between Charles and Mary
Lamb, and in this instance the con-
ditions were of perfect moral and men-
tal health. To the preciousness of the
relationship the pages of the poet bear
constant witness, and Amesbury vil-
lage is full of traditions of their affec-
tion, and of the gentle loveliness
and brilliant wit of Elizabeth, whom
the people admired and revered al-
most as much as they do the poet him-
self. For his old neighbors have the
closest affection for Mr. Whittier; ex-
cept very occasionally; what was his
thought has been theirs; and now that
he is not with them daily, they miss
him sadly, and among those who miss
him most and make the most complaint
about it are the children on the street.

This is not remarkable when one re-
members that Mr. Whittier does not
stand on his dignity, but joins in the
game played in his presence, writes his
nonsense verses on demand, has the
keenest sense of the ludicrous, and
loves all sorts of innocent fun. We
have heard him say that he was known
among the children as the man with a
parrot—the parrot being a remarkable
bird, that used to stop the doctor's
gig with his "whoa!" and when the
school bell rang would call from his
lofty perch, "Run in, boys! run in!"—
the fact being that the children felt
the parrot to be a bond between them,
and he was less of a demigod and
more of a man to their imagination on
account of "Charlie." Mr. Whittier
is of course very fond of children, and
has been known to risk the loss of an
important train with equanimity when
the easy-going, good-natured hackman
had been overtaken by an uproarious
school of children, and had gone with
them for a little drive, appearing at
the door at length, the carriage over-
flowing with the rosy faces of the
laughing little people, who cared not-
hing about time, tide and destination.

A CABLE despatch informs us that
King Humbert has conferred upon Herr
Von Kendall the Grand Cordons of the
Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus.
This will please old Kendall's many
friends in this town. We have
often wondered why the King didn't
bestow this honor upon him, but it is
better late than never.

SHIRT BOSOMS for day remain perfect-
ly plain, in shield shape, and are made
of three thicknesses of linen, with very
fine cord, or merely rows of stitching
on the edge that laps. All ornament
is useless for the bosoms, as they are
entirely concealed by the high vast
and scarf.

Pleased by the Flood.

A recent visitor to Caseyville, Ken-
tucky, writes: I noticed one man who
leaned against the guards of the boat
this morning, gazing out across the tops
of the trees that have begun to lift
their limbs from the waters. His was
a clear-cut face with strong determined
Kentucky lines. His eyes were gray
and cold, but I could fancy in passion
they would blaze into white heat. He
wore a jean shirt. His breeches evi-
dently were guiltless of any acquaint-
ance with suspenders, and were strapped
about his waist with a piece of rope.

Beside him stood a girl of 8 or 9 years,
a strange, shy child, who lifted her eyes,
occasionally with a scared, furtive
glance.

"This is a bad lookout," I observed,
as a method of picking up acquaint-
ship. The man started as if aroused
from a dream. The child shrank near-
er to him and slipped her hand in his.

"Ma'm, I wuzn't thinkin' on what
you wuz sayin'," he replied. I repeated
my remark. A light flashed over his
face. He drew the child nearer to him.

"I don't rightly know as I care much
on it now, ma'am," he said, "since it's
my me back my little gal."

"What do you mean?"

"Don't you know 'bout my little gal?
Why, I reckon you don't live 'round
these parts, then? She's been stole goin'
on two years, and I'd never found her
if it hadn't been for this rise. Why,
I s'posed everybody knowed 'bout my
little gal been stole."

"Tell me how it was."

"Twas her dead mother's brother
as done it—God an' him knows what
fur. Spite I reckon. He sneaked her
off'n the night. T'other day I wuz
out'n a skiff goin' to feed my hogs over
there on the foot-hills, an' I seed some-
thin' floatin' along way clinin' to a
log. I made right fur it. Then I seed
it was a man. He cried out wild like:
'Fur God's sake pick me up. I can't
hold on much longer.' I knowed that
voice. I knowed that cursed white face
Fur two year I'd ben a harkin' an' a
lookin' for them. I rowed up to him
like mad. Then I raised an
oar, struck him on the breast
to loosen his hold on the log, an'
reachin' out clutched his har. Sez I:
'You—scoundrel, tell me whar's
my gal, or I'll bang yer on the head
with an oar.' He looked at me, gritty
like an' sez: 'Take me in an' I'll tell
ye.' Sez I: 'You tell me before I count
ten or I'll kill ye.' He sez: 'She's in
the orphan 'sylum at Evansville, Bill.'
'Fur God's sake, what did ye put her
thar fur?' I yelled, an' I could have
drowned him then if I hadn't sort o'
promised I'd save him if he telled me.
I tuk him in. 'Ye miserable whelp,'
I said, 'yer not worth savin' an' yer not
worth killin'.' Then I took a yawl an'
rowed up hyar to git the derved fust
packet. An' I found her; I found Polly,
shubb, in that 'sylum. Look at her lan's,
will ye?" and he held up the poor little
scrawny members, seamed and marked
by labor. "Look at her thin little
shoulders, will ye?" he continued.

"That's all been done up thar, an' by
that infernal villain's work. The pore
child's ben worked like a derved mule.'
He put his hand up to his eyes,
winked hard, and turned his face away.

"What did you do when you first saw
her in the asylum?" I inquired.

"I jest hugged her right smart."

"What did she do?"

"She jest hugged me right smart.
Thar'll be a fatten-calf racket at our
house to night, risen or no risen'. The
watah won't keep us from that."

N. P. Willis' Cuff Buttons.

The statement is now made that Mr.
Aldrich has abandoned his plan of writ-
ing the life of N. P. Willis for the
American "Men of Letter" series for
want of time, which reminds me that
when Mr. Aldrich began to collect mat-
erial for this biography he called upon
Mrs. Eddy, Mr. Willis' daughter, ask-
ing for letters and memorials of her
father. In the course of the call Mr.
Aldrich showed her his cuff-buttons.

"Do you recognize these?" he inquired.

"Certainly I do," she answered, "How
came you by them?" "I was calling
upon Mrs. Fields the other day," Mr.
Aldrich answered, "and she gave them
to me with the remark, 'Lord Beacons-
field gave them to N. P. Willis, and N.
P. Willis gave them to Mr. Fields, and
now I want you to wear them.'"

"That is all very fine," Mrs. Eddy
observed, "but I gave the buttons to Mr.
Fields myself. He wanted something
that had belonged to father, and after-
ward used to delight in saying that he
wore the cuff-buttons of N. P. Willis
and the collar stud of Charles Dickens.
As for Beaconsfield, he never saw them;
I bought them myself in a most un-
romantic shop in Broadway." "Well,
don't tell," the caller said, laughing;
"the bigger story is a good deal better."
But he boasted of Beaconsfield's sleeve-
links no more.

On arriving at Calais on her way to
make the grand tour an English lady
was surprised and somewhat indignant
at being termed, for the first time in
her life, "a foreigner." "You mistake,
Madame," said she to the liberator, with
some pique, "it is you who are foreign-
ers. We are English."

This blackballing of a man of some
note at a club was accounted for in a
group discussing the matter by the re-
mark: "Well, the fact is he is disa-
greeable—all his friends hate him."