I knew that I alone this gem possessed. Remembering years of supplication, ere I dared to touch the Meeca of Ler breast, Or kiss the tavwy Orient of her hair.

I trusted in the smile her pure face wore: I murmured the sweet gospel of her words; And would have doubted of her love no more

Than summer would have doubted of its birds.

Until, as blind beatitude increased, Truth's dismal skeleton with subtle art, Sitting beside me at soft passion's feast, Showed me that rank, black infamy-her

Ah, God! no hells have torment to compare With the mad, nameless pain I suffered then-

The mental crucifixion of despair Must be alike to Adam's anguish, when

For the first time he saw Eden's bloom, The luminous day he thought was ever bright. Swoon by slow changes to the twilight's

And die in the black voids of boundless

Mr. Crabbe's Burglar.

Two maiden ladies occupy the front parlor of our lodging-house, and Mr. Crabbe, an exceedingly crusty ald bachelor, the back parlor adjoining. We never knew whether it was his name that made him so crabbed, or whether his natural disposition had given him his name. Between him and the Misses Brown, the said maiden ladies, war raged almost without cessation-till recently.

Mr. Crabbe owns an uncommonly vicious parrot, which generally has the freedom of its owner's room, and the ladies have a very large Maltese cat, which they claim is far more intelligent than the average man. Summer days Jack, the parrot, sits in the open transom over Mr. Crabbe's door and abuses the big cat, who is rendered almost delirious by his inability to climb the door casing, which Mr. Crabbe has carefully covered with zinc, and annihilate his enemy.

Harry Clark and Dick Allison, two bright, manly young fellows, also room in the house. They are the life of the place, running over with fun and activity. We all take our meals in the next house, and at table such conversations as these have been frequent:-

From Miss Priscilla Brown: "Good morning, Mr. Crabbe. I hope that abominable bird of yours talked itself hoarse yesterday."

Thank you madam; I am happy to say that Jack seems in uncommon good | rot. health and spirits, though I think the fact is remarkable, considering the way that vicious cat of yours worries

"Vicious, indeed!" This from Miss quiet disposition and gentle manners." "Yes'm, he seemed quiet that day the affair. when he clawed the paint all off my door trying to get at poor Jack! I guess the zinc I've put on will fix his | that's what I'll do!" nails," chuckling.

"Indeed, Mr. Crabbe-" begins Miss Priscilla, with dignity. The sisters usually take turns in attacking the enemy, but about this time Harry Clark interrupts the beligerents and adroitly turns the conversation.

Now it happened that the Misses Brown were mortally afraid of burglars, and on the hottest night the shall have pneumonia, as it is." transom over their door was kept tightly closed. Mr. Crabbe, on the contrary, as in duty bound, if only that he might oppose his neighbors, professed the utmost fearlessness as regarded burglars, hinting darkly as to what might happen should he be mo-

"I hope, sir," said Harry Clark, "that you wouldn't shoot; we don't want a murder in the house."

"No. I shouldn't shoot." "Might one inquire what you would do then?" asked Dick Allison. "No, sir, one mightn't" replied the

old gentleman testily. "If you happened to be the burglar, you'd find A conversation like this seemed to

take place every few days. One day Dick said to Harry, "Let's get up a joke on old Crabbe.

He's bragged so much about not being afraid of burglars; let's scare him and see what he will do in an emergency." So the two put their heads together,

and shortly evolved a dummy, surmounted by a very black negro mask and an uncommonly woolly wig. "Wonder what he'll do when that phiz appears over his doorway," said

young Allison. It was an uncommonly hot July right; everybody but the Misses Brown slept with transoms and windows wide open, Mr. Crabbe included.

About one o'clock the two young men stole softly down the stairway, bearing between them the combination that was to scare Mr. Crabbe. They made their descent noiselessly, with no trouble, as a light always burned in the hall, and they were barefooted.

Nobody has a very clear idea of just what happened after the conspirators reached the door and placed the dummy further investigations. in position. It seems, however, that the old gentleman, who is a light sleeper, was awakened by a slight noise, and starting up, he saw the head of a negro appearing in the open transom. Slipping out of bed he noiselessly climbed upon a table near the door which, occupying a little recess, was not visibie until the head and shoulders of the to the will is that there are few backanaruder had entered. Upon that ta- men in that portion of Missouri.

ple were two large pails of ice water, he prepared them ever night, we learned afterward. The head of the dummy rested on the door; all was still.

"I don't believe he's awake," whispered Harry. "Let's give it another shove.'

The shove was accordingly given; the negro's shoulders came in sight, when, like a second deluge, a whole pail of ice water went through the transom, and as the young men were crouching on the floor directly beneath it, of course they were drenched. The dummy fell to the floor with a thump.

With a cry which they could not wholly suppress, Harry and Dick sprang away and sped up-stairs, just as a second pailful came through. Unluckily, Sampson, who always roamed through the house at his pleasure, felt upon him.

Well, the cat made no effort whatever to disguise his feelings; the house rang with feline anguish in just two seconds. Mr. Crabbe's door and that of the Misses Brown flew open simultaneously, and the three gazed at each other in well nigh speechless anger. Dick and Harry were safe in their room, lodgers in various kinds of undress uniform thronged the hall and stairways, making incoherent inquiries as to "What on earth is the matter?"

The dummy lay on the floor. Streams of ice water were pouring over the oilcloth. Sampson, the instant his mistress' door opened, went through it like a meteor and disappeared under the bed; Jack, awakened from his slumbers, perched on the door and remarked,-

"Well, I never!" "I suppose," said Mr. Crabbe, when he could speak, "that I am indebted to you ladies for this joke."

"Sir," retorted Miss Abigail, indignantly, "you insult us." Miss Priscilla began to cry, and both ladies, suddenly remembering that they were not dressed to receive company, retired to their room, slamming

the door after them with emphasis. Mrs. Smith, our landlady, appeared with a servant girl and mops and pails at this juncture and began to clear up the wreck. The vials of Mr. Crabbe's wrath were immediately turned upon

"I can tell you, madam, that I consider this an outrage! Yes'm an outrage! And I shall vacate my room at once-at once, madam!"

Mrs. Smith is a meek, helpless sort of a woman, and therein lies her power. She rules us with an iron hand. for we never know when she may burst into tears. Now she showed strong symptoms of bursting as she re-

"Really, Mr. Crabbe, I don't see what I'll do. You've been here so long, and I'd lose a week's rent, at least, if you left that sudden."

"You shouldn't rent your rooms to people who play jokes. madam." "Didn't I tell you so?" said the par-

"But I don't know who did it," tearfully ; "but I suppose itwas those boys." "Yes, ma'am, we are the culprits." said Harry, who, with Dick, having donned dry clothes, now came down Abigail. "I assure you, sir, that stairs and joined the grinning group Sampson has always been noted for his in the hall, who, now that their first alarm was over, thoroughly enjoyed

"Oh, you young scamps!" shrieked Mr. Crabbe. "I'll have you arrested:

"But Mr. Crabbe," pleaded Harry, "I think it's partly your fault. We wanted to know what device you had to scare off burglars, so we could fortify our own room, and you wouldn't tell us, though I'm sure we asked you often enough."

"And you nearly killed us with ice water," added Dick. "I daresay we "Serves you right!"

And not taking the trouble to say good-night, Mr. Crabbe allowed his red dressing-gown to vanish through his door.

"Serves you right," said Jack. Harry and Dick carried the demolished dummy out to the coal house, and quiet having been restored, we retired to our rooms.

The next morning the bachelor and the maiden ladies utterly ignored each other until the former gruffly remarked .-

"I suppose I owe you ladies an apology, as I learn it was those young scamps across the table who disturbed my rest last night."

The ladies were so pleased at being the recipients of an apology from a man that they melted at once. Anxious inquiries as to Sampson, from the rest of us, developed the fact that he was as well as could be expected, the sisters having spent the rest of the night drying his precious fur.

The cook said that he stole a pint of cream that same afternoon, so we felt that his condition was not hopeless. provided, of course, that he still managed to elude the flat-irons and things

cook throws at him at such times. Strangely enough, peace was declar-ed between Mr. Crabbe and the Misses Brown. As for Harry and Dick, they were so amiably penitent that no one at all merciful could lay up anything against them.

Jack and Sampson are still sworn enemies, and Mr. Crabbe still arranges his ice water each night. In case he should not wake up until the burglars had made an entrance we are in doubt as to what would occur, and Harry and Dick decline to institute any

A Crank's Bequest.

A. B. Arthur, an eccentric farmer of Marion, Mo., who died in June, by his will has bequeathed \$50,006 to found a home for "indigent hackmen." The strangest circumstance in relation

HIS HEAD CUT OFF.

A GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF AN EXECUTION IN MONGOLIA.

The Victim, a Miserable-Looking Being, Drawn in a. Ordinary Farm Cart.

The Rev. J. Gilmour in the Chinese Recorder: Jan. 4, 1889, was a bitterly cold day in Mongolia. I had hardly got my table, forms and medicine-boxes out to the stand on the streets when it became apparent that there would be nothing done on the streets that day. As I came near the Yamen there seemed to be a stream of people pouring in-to it, and a friendly Chinese asked me called upon to pass that way just then, and the second instalment fell directly "What bustle?" The execution, of "What bustle?" The execution, of course. I had never heard of it, but joined the stream and found myself in the outer court of the Yamen. The open court was partly filled with a crowd of townspeople, mostly young, among whom petty traders were selling flour, tea and sweetments.

> The south gate looks out upon a square mile or so of waste land, desolated by a river whose stream for most of the year is a mere rivulet. The northwest wind was sweeping the sand across the plain. Close by the gate a small crowd of boys, with their hands up their sleeves, crouched in the shelter of a house. Not far off from the crowd of boys a table and two or three chairs were lying on the ground. Countrymen came straggling across the plain on their way to market to sell their loads of brush-wood fuel. I walked out to the shed, and coming back saw some movement beginning. The table and chairs were being carried through the willow plantation toward the shed, catching on the bushes as they passed. I had been looking at the crowd among the wfilows when a voice close at hand invited me not to go away, but to come and see the "fun." Looking toward the sound I was startled to find I was in the presence of the executioner, carrying a great two-handed sword or knife, the handle appropriately ending up in a carved human head. A couple of minutes later the cavalry with their red bravery wound in sight and close behind them was an ordinary farm cart drawn by two small, lean horses and

A number of men were seated on the cart, three or four of them were holding in position at the tail of the cart pale, haggard man about 48 years of age. His hands were tied behind his back, and rising some three feet above his head a perpendicular superscription written on white paper in great Chinese characters, and affixed to a stick thrust down his back, waved in the wind. The crowd, which had somewhat increased by this time, left its shelter for a close look at the presoner, then scampered away by a short cut through e willow plantation to take up position and get a good view. There was no need to hurry. The cart, slow at best, had to pass through a bed of doubt that it was introduced into equaand drifted on the road and there the torial Africa from Egypt and the Souean animals came nearly to a standstill. Arrived at the place the prisoner and his guards dismounted and stood in a little group just in front of the shed. I found myself just opposite be prisoner. He was a tall, pale, starved Chinaman. He was in fetters. His trousers were in rags to such an extent that they in no way concealed his person. For upper garments he had a were bound with a rope behind his back. Moisture trickling from his nose had formed an icicle, which hung from

had grown long. A smart, swift cart soon drew up bethrough the doorway left in the matting at the beak, the guards shuffled the prisoner forward toward the front of the shed, made him duck his head to the mandarin, and then, with some noise and shouting, hurriedly hustled him off at a greater distance. The crowd surged about and I could see nothing. A moment or two later I caught a glimpse of a group of men crouching round a kneeling figure, holding him at extreme arm's length and averting their faces and keeping their heads as far away as possible. The crowd surged again; there was a sound such as I have heard from a butcher's cleaver when splitting open a carcass. The crowd was still for a moment, then began rapidly to disperse, and there was the man's head lying on the sand, the features unchanged, except the eyes closed. The trunk it was impossible to see through a crowd of gaze fell upon the female in the shadow youths and boys who pressed close around it. The mandarin climbed into his cart and drove off. The crowd he lifted his hat and saluted: scattered quickly, young and old remarking, with glee and approval, 'Wasn't that knife sharp?" Two men, after fixing the end of the pig-tail to the long hair near the brow, slipped a ten-foot pole through the loop, and carrying the head thus started for the Yamen. Finding that blood still dripped they, by a movement of the pole, wiped it on the sand and slowly went

Meantime the carcass was being freed from the fetters and stripped of rags. The cord which had bound the arms was tied to the ankles and the two men asking each other, "Where's the pit?" began to drag the body breast downward along the sand. The iscket, which had not been removed, covered the neck and hand of one disentangled arm left a trail on the sand as it was

dragged along. The "pit" was a slight depression a few yards off close to the highway and there, in a little hollow, two men be-gan to heap sand over the body. One lad with a knife attempted to cut a piece of flesh from the neck. He was piece of flesh from the neck. He was not interrupted, but did not succeed, and had to go clear to California to and the men who were performing the

burial simply asked him why he did not use a sharp knife. The crowd asked what he wanted it for. The lad

replied: "I had a use for it." But the wind was cold. The bustle was over. The crowd had gone. The shed was being taken down. The table and chairs were being carried off. One of the men burying said to the other: "I'll finish this; you go and see to the things getting back-one table and two chairs." The ground was frozen. No hole had been dug. To cover a corpse by heaping up the loose sand unfrozen on the surface was not easy, especially in a high wind. The dead man's bare heels would peep through, and I went slowly on, leaving the man at his unfinished task. A few days later I passed the place and some one had taken the poor, little, miserable rope from the ankles and the blood-saturated, ragged wadded jacket from the shoulders, the heels still staring through the sand like two stones. At a later visit the heels were still there and the dogs had gnawed one of the arms.

CLEANLY SAVAGES.

Many of Them Think a Daily Bath is Really a Necessity.

Cleanliness is a virtue which is not supposed to be practised to any large extent among uncivilized people. It is a fact, however that some savage tribes are cleanly in their habits, and in this respect are far superior to many people who live in civilized lands. In scores of African tribes the daily bath is regarded as a necessity of life, and the first duty of the morning is to bathe in the river or little stream that flows near the native village. Many Africans, also, never think of eating without washing their hands and faces after the meal. This habit is widely practised and has been observed not only among such advanced people as the Waganda, but also among small and less promising tribes on the Congo.

It may surprise some people to learn that the use of tooth-brushes is known in all parts of Africa. The African is noted for his fine white teeth, but he does not keep them white without an effort. The tooth-brush used by the native African consists of a short stick of fibrous wood, which is chewed until the fibres at the end resemble bristles. The natives spend considerable time rubbing the end of the little stick over their teeth. Mr. Ashe says that the Wauyamwezi, who have splendid teeth, seldom have the brushes out of

their mouths. We would think it very hard lines were we compelled to keep clean without soap. But many Africans have their soap, too, which, though it is soft and rather dirty in appearance, answers the purpose very well. The Waganda, for instance, place ashes in plantain leaves folded up in the form of a funnel. Water is poured in and is caught as lye in another vessel. Then fat is added to the lye and the whole mixture is boiled down. The process is almost exactly the same as that used by our farmers in the manufacture of soft soap. There is little dan.

Joking a Railroad Director. The station agent at Benham was a joker from way back, and it was a cold week when he couldn't spring something new on the boys. It was a railroad junction, and more or less drummers, advance agents, and other men who had cut their eye teeth were ragged wadded jacket. His bare arms always to be found there waiting for a train. One of Dick's best guys proved his ruin. With the help of his wife he rigged up a lay figure to represent his thin, black moustache on his upper a fashionable young lady, and at a lip. The hair on his unshaven head proper time he would seat her on a baggage truck in a shady spot on the depot platform. In the semi-darkhind the shed, the mandarin entered ness the figure was perfect. One years. hand held a parasol and the other pressed a handkerchief to her face, as if she were in great distress. A wire was attached to her back and was conducted into the ticket office, and at a given moment Dick could cause the figure to turn a back somersault over

the truck by a pull of the wire. Many and many a man got sold on that young lady, and it had got to be | cud of tobacco from his mouth bound an old story when a "fresh" came Dick the tip. He set his trap and with ammonia, and has suffered no ill waited for results. On the same train with the "fresh" came a director of the bitten spot. Dick's road-a hefty old chap about 50 years old. He was not known, and had no occasion to introduce himself. Somehow or other the "fresh" refused to bite, but the director did. Getting uneasy after a while, he began walking the platform, and by and by his of the freight house. He advanced rather cautiously, and as he came up

"Ahem! Good evening!" There was no response, and he walked on a few feet, and turned and retraced his steps.

"Ahem! Beg pardon, but are you in trouble?" he asked. She did not reply, and he walked away again and returned to say: "If you are in trouble and need

friend let me know." She was still dumb, and he did not know what to make of it. After a moment he advanced and touched her on the shoulder, and had begun to remark that she would find in him a friend, when a wire was pulled and she tipped backward over the track. The good man rushed to her assistance. and it was not until he had her in his arms that he discovered the sell. At about the same moment there were chuckles and guffaws and titters from thirty or forty people who were "on," and the director realized the put-up job. He hadn't a word to say, but he followed that wire to the window, satisfied himself as to who worked it,

BILL NYE STUCK.

How He Had to be Dug Out of a New Pavement.

An extremely tall man, whose promneut characteristics seemed to be a pair of ears, No. 14 boots, and a bald head, wandered uncertainly out of the Willard the other evening, says the Washington Post, and started down Pennsylvania avenue. His walk was listless and his long legs wobbled. He inspected Franklin's statue and criticised audibly for several minutes and then continued his journey toward the capitol. At Ninth street a gang of laborers were busy putting down a new coat of macadamized pavement and the huge rolling-machine was getting in its work. The tall man became interested. He smiled Siftings. happily at the passers-by and gave his undivided attention to the busy scene before him. It was near closing time, and presently the laborers laid aside their tools and prepared to quit work. The roller was covered in an oil-cloth suit and the workers left the street. "Funniest thing I ever saw," remarked the tall man aloud. "What's the fare?"

The question was directed to a little negro boy who was donning a ragged

"What fare?" he inquired. "How much do they charge?"

"Waffo?" "To ride on the masheen." The little negro looked the man over carefully, placed his hand in his trouser's pocket, and strolled away whisting sweetly the inspiring strains of

'Faizzle-Dazzle." The man looked after him a moment in scornful silence, and then walked in a doubtful, uncertain kind of way out onto the new made pavement. took two steps and stopped. His features expressed surprise at first, then amazement, and then the two combined, with a little disgust added. But he didn't move. His legs shook and ferryboat.—San Francisco Alta. his hat settled down over his ears. One hand fanned the air at the rate of four miles a minute, and its mate performed similar revolutions on the

"Leggo!" he velled, while a crowd congregated rapidly on the sidewalk. 'Leggo me feet!'

Then he pawed for a moment and ooked toward his audience in a gentle, pleasing way. "Make 'em leggo," he said, plain-

tively, "I can't get loose." A small boy snickered and a fat man laughed in a large, round tone of

"He's stuck fast to the pavement," some one shouted. "Git an axe!" And then, amid the approving critiisms of 400 people, the fat man, two policemen, and a neighboring drug-

clerk dug up four square yards of asphaltum pavement in liberating the tall man. The latter, upon reaching the sidewalk and before returning in even with him?" Old Friend-"Long his peculiar way to the Willard house, ago. She married him."-New York handed one of his rescuers this card: "BILL NYE.

"Tomkinsville, S. C." "That's me," he murmured; "much obliged."

Owns Miles of Wheat. Garner Robinson forty years ago was a poor boy among the crofters on the Isle of Skye, off the west coast of boarding-house, Jack." Jack." Yes; was a poor boy among the crofters on Scotland. He shipped aboard a whaler the landlady was far too modest for and was wrecked on the coast of Japan. He was rescued by Commodore Perry's that?" Jack-"O, she insisted that expedition and became an American seaman. He served in the Union Navy | Kearney Enterprise. during the war and then went to Manitoba. He is now the owner of miles of wheat fields near Winnipeg, on the Canadian Pacific. Robinson is a bearded himself into an early grave. Can't you giant, weighing 240 pounds. He is now on his way to his native land for a visit, after an absence of two score

A Whiskey Substitute.

A substitute for whisky as a remedy for rattlesnake bites has been discovered. A man in Clinton County, Missouri, was bitten on the leg by a rattler while in the woods two miles from home a few days ago, wiped the blood off with a leaf. and taking a big it on the wound with a piece of bark. along one evening and the boys gave After reaching home he bathed his leg effect other than a slight swelling of

Very Funny Situation. Servian affairs have a ludicrous aspect at present. Ex-King Milan is furious because the Servian Government allowed Nathalie to have an interview with her son, the young King Alexander. To the royal mind it will always seem absurd that any one connected, even in the remotest way, with a throne should indulge in natural affection. But Nathalie's love for her son is more praiseworthy than Milan's fondness for the gaming-table.

Liked Mr. Childs.

A London correspondent says: "My worthy friend, Mr. G. W. Childs of Philadelphia, assures me that he never stated that the MS. of 'Our Mutual Friend' was presented to him by Dickens, but that he acquired that interesting document by purchase. I robber! I shall have you know of my own knowledge that larceny from the person. Dickens had a great regard and esteem for Mr. Childs, whom I first met at

Pulled Out His Whiskers. Ben Williams, of Lansing, Mich., has a novel way of ridding his face of whiskers. Every Sunday morning for the past twenty-two years he has sat down before the glass and pulled the hair out of the lower part of his face seventy-five years old, and is loaded with nerve and gris.

FUN.

Some men have a mission: others have not even the promise of a consulate.-Life.

Of course the emblematic bloom of pase ball is the pitcher plant .- Baltimore American.

It doesn't seem inappropriate that Tuscaloosa should have a dental college -Yonkers Gazette. There is nothing loud about the flannel shirt. On the contrary it is

modest and shrinking.-Washington Capital. Highwayman (to pawnbroker)— Put up your hands! Pawnbroker—

Siftings. Temperance Orator-"What is it. my hearers, that drives men to drink?" Voice from the Back Seat-"Salt. mackerel."-Life.

The glowing autumn's varied tints
With silent joy we always greet,
Because its gilded glory hints
Of buckwheat cakes and sausage meat. -Utica Observer.

Little Elsie-"O, take me up, mamma; it's so muddy." Mamma-"Walk across, that's a good girl. Mamma has all she can do

to carry poor Fido."-Life. "Is there anything a man cannot do?" asks an exchange. We have never yet found a man who could scold the children with his mouth full of

pins.-Lawrence American. Sullivan-Say, Murphy, phwat th' divit do th' thrae balls mane over the pawnbroker's doure? Murphy-Oi tought ivry intelligent mon knew they manes

fait', hope an' charity .- Time. Dervish means "one who lies at the door." It is not proper to call a returned fisherman a dervish, for hebegins it as soon as he gets yn the

Head Clerk-I'm letting my whiskers grow, sir. "So I see, but I can't. permit employes to grow their whiskers in business hours. They must do that in their own time."-Toronto Grip.

Young Wife-Ach! how fortunate am in possessing a husband who always stays at home in the evening! Bosom Friend-Yes, your husband never was much addicted to pleasure. -Fliegende Blaetter.

"My dear sister, you should make a point of blushing when the Duke speaks to you."

"But I cannot." "Then the Duke is not the man be used to be."-Pick-Me Up.

Returned Traveller-"I have often thought of that young Mr. Tease, and how he used to torment Miss Auburn about her red hair. Did she ever get Weekly.

Inquiring spectator (at the races)-·Which horse was it that won?" Speculative spectator (gloomily)-"I don't know the name of the horse that won, but I know the names of most of the horses that didn't win."-New York Weekly.

me." Tompkins - "Modest - how's we eat dressed beef at every meal."-

"Oh, doctor, I don't know what to do with poor William. He's working suggest something to prevent him going down hill so rapidly?" "He might try the legislature, madam. There the decline is only

gradual."

A little tot before tumbling into her nest, the other night, offered her slumber prayer as follows:

Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep, If I should die before I wake (I wouldn't die for a hundred dollars), I pray the Lord my soul to take.

New Bedford Standard.

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the hotel clerk of a seedy ooking man. "Yes, sir; you can loan me \$5." "But I'm not going to do it." "No. I didn't think it. I merely

wanted to answer your question. Merchant Traveler. Goode Catche-"By Jove! What a stunning creature May Blossom is."

Miss Chevious-"Indeed." Goode Catche-"Yes; you know, she's so well poised, so sure of her-Miss Chevious-"Well, she ought to

be; she has known herself long enough."-Time. "What have you for me this morning?" said Blinkins, as the letter carrier approached. "Something important, I suppose." "No, sir; only a couple of postal cards. One of them is an invitation to the Tomahawk Club,

and the other is from your wife ask-

ing you to meet her at the train."-Washington Capital. She (as he steals a kiss)—Why, you robber! I shall have you arrested for

He (kissing her once more)—Very well; I have given it back. If you make that complaint against me I shall charge you with receiving stolen property knowing it to be such.—Lawrence American.

Tommy-Are we going to take the cat with us when we go to see grandma next week?

Mrs. Figg-Of course not. What makes you ask such feelish questions? with a pair of tweezers. He says that it hurt like most anything at first, but he don't mind it a bit now. He is high old time while the cat is away ext week, that's all .- Terre Haute