There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a something sings alway:

There's the song of the lark when the

skies are clear. And the song of the thrush when the skies are gray.

The sunshine showers across the grain, An the bluedird trills in the or- moment, so wild was it. chard tree.

And in and out, when the eaves drip rain, The swallows are twittering cease-

lessly. There is ever a song somewhere, my

dear. Be the skies above or dark or fair; There is ever a song that our hearts

may hear-There is ever a song somewhere, my

dear. There is ever a song somewhere!

There is ever a song somewhere, my

dear. In the midnight black or the midday blue;

The robin pipes when the sun is here, And the cricket chirrups the whole

night through.

The buds may blow and the fruit may grow, And the autumn leaves drop crisp

and sere: But whether the sun, or the rain, or the

snow. There is a song somewhere, wy dear.

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

Be the skies above or dark or fair There is ever a song that our hearts may hear-

There is ever a song somewhere, my dear.

There is ever a song somewhere! -James Whitcomb Riley.

Two in the Game.

It was very pleasant there in the summer time, and Madeline Devereux looked forward with regret to the termination of her holiday. As a matter of fact, life was all holiday to her. she being the only daughter of a wealthy merchant with society leanings. After the season Madeline and her mother had come down to Sandsfoot for a couple of months' rest and quierness, which they thoroughly enjoyed. Madeilne was a very beautiful ; rl.

small and graceful, with a dainty, delicate face framed in a wreath of golden hair of the ripe Titian hue.

She was a favorite with men generally; she liked their society better than platonics at Sandsfoot were very limit ed, but there was one man there-Sydney Parton, a native of the place whose society suited Madeline ex-

He wasn't one of her set, she recognized that. He was poor, because he lived very quietly in a cottage worth £20 a year, but he was a handsome tle encouragement he had taken quite | were staying. naturally to the lessons in love which Madeline directed with such consummate skill.

Satan always finds some mischief for be about the last of them!" idle hands to do. The twain were althe rest.

tion of a good man's happiness.

She liked to feel his strong arm had the voice of a poet, and his voice light of a command. was wonderfully low and sweet for a with only one thing to trouble her.

give Sydney Parton his conge than it in the face of more serious business. had ever been with any unattached foot was out of the question.

with her back against a rock and look ed out over the restless sea.

There was not a soul in sight, nobody near her but Sydney, lying at her feet, on her face was inexpressibly sad and frivolity of her mind to the keenest with his whole soul in his eyes.

"It can," Sydney replied; "it is entirely in your hands. Madeline, you

tender. It was in moments like these that she felt a strong temptation to Into the sheltered haven of a good man's his advances. She thrust Sydney away light to perfection. You thought 1 "I am afraid that all things must

happy here, and I shall be very, very sorry to go away."

Madeline watched for the cloud which she knew would come into Syd. I have done anythingney's eyes, and she was not disappoint-

"But why go away at all?" he asked. not stay with me altogether and become my wife? Madeline, I never but you have been deceived." loved a woman before. You have come like sunshine into my life, and all my you love another?"

EVER A SONG SOMEWHERE. heart is yours. I know that I lack worldly knowledge; that I am a plata, simple sort of fellow, and not at all that kind of man you have been accustomed his face was wonderfully calm. to; but none care for you as I do. My

darling, you must not go away!"

"And suppose," she asked, "that I again?"

"Don't," Sydney said brokenly. "I cannot bear to think of it."

He half turned away from her so that she should not see the sadness in his eyes. Then his mood suddenly changed.

"Madeline," he demanded almost roughly, "you are concealing some thing from me. Is there someone else -some other man-

He could not continue; something and laid his quivering lips upon her tiny, dewy mouth.

"Pardon," he murmured, "forgive me for doubting you. How could I look into those truthful, beautiful eyes and

ask such a question?"

Madeline smiled sweetly in reply as she gave the speaker's arm a loving little pressure. As a matter of fact, she was grateful that Sydney had not pressed the question, which she could not have avoided without telling a deliberate lie. Six more days remained of her stay at Sandsfoot, and she had no idea of sacrificing the pleasure of the last week out of any paltry scruples for the truth. Naturally there was another man, who, in all probability, would claim Madeline in the future, but he was in no hurry. Neither was she, for the sim ple reason that there was just the off chance of something better turning ap. An aged peer with a good rent-roll is not to be despised, but then a young one with corresponding advantages is better. And if the younger did not put in an appearance before the spring came

"Silly boy," Madeline murmured, "do you think that every man I meet is as 'oolishly fond of me as you are?"

round, Madeline was prepared to ac-

phy.

They would be if they had any taste," Sydney said rapturously. "But you have not answered my question. lear. You will not gosaway?"

Madeline sighed, and her face became a little sad and weary as she looked out across the sea and displayed her perfect profile at the same time.

"I must," she said presently. "I am not my own mistress. My parents are not like me, dear. They are hard and worldly, and they would laugh our little romance to scorn. If they knew they would forbid me ever to speak to that of her own sex. The openings for you again, and picture the unhappiness of that!

> "It would be despair itself," Sydney murmured. "But if you will be true to me, darling. I shall find a way. Such passionate devotion as mine will cocquer in the end. And you do love me. sweet?"

man, with a fine, square face, and he and sweet as she stood admiring the his vanity until he proposed to you, and growls, giving me an excellent could sail a boat better than any of effect of her sailor hat before the dingy and then you kept him dangling on view of his teeth, accompanied all the the fishermen in the bay. He had been looking-glass in the sitting-room of the until he got impatient and wouldn't while by short, sharp flicks of his tail a trifle diffident at first, but after a lit- farm house where she and her mother wait any longer. Of course, I am con- on the ground. I walked up to within

Sydney was helplessly in love, of that dignity, "and you might stay and lend had to be dismissed, or perhaps you feet instinctively to be ready if ho there was no question. Never had me a hand, especially as we are going would have found me a nuisance later charged. It was not a bit too soon. At Madeline gone so far before, but then to-morrow. Thank goodness, this will on. Now can you deny that every word the shot the lion sprang up with a furi-

ways together, and that tender, seduc- I must marry Chatterleigh before ironical touch was more merciless that the air; then he came for me. It was a tive moonlight over the sea had done Christmas, as he seems to be in such a any passionate reproach could be. The fierce rush across the ground, no hurry, I certainly don't mean to be a latter would have gratified her vanity; No thought of the future troubled kind of female hermit afterwards. The the easy surrender wounded it terribly Madeline. It never occurred to her that old stupid might have let us finish our "You make an accusation," she said. she had laid the lines for the destruct holiday in peace without dragging us with a sorry attempt at pathos and siming the muzzles of the rifle at his off to his castle."

Mrs. Devereux frowned severely, but prove your words." against her waist; there was something | not that she was very angry, and, after | blissful in the contact between his all, she had every conndence in Made-nephew. Some day or other-unless I did so, I saw through the smoke that shoulder and her sunny head, where line's discretion. Apparently the elder- you are blessed with a family-I shall the lion was stopped within a few she would lie, with her blue, trusting by lover had become somewhat imputi- have the title. It would be worth all paces of me. The second gun and eyes turned up to his, and catch the ent, for that morning there had arrived my disappointment, should that very fervid protestations of undying love an invitation for Mrs. Devereux and desirable event ever come off, to see have been. The lion struggled up on and affection. They thrilled and moved her daughter to repair to Chatterleign you in the role of the devoted mother."

on the lips and led bim on to his doom. Sandsfoot and its pretty solitude. tic." She knew that it would be harder to tailed a little, but that did not matter Joying the scene immensely. As for

lover before, and at the same time the castle, Lord Chatterleigh writes, she She knew the most brilliant author of best one for making the complexion idea of carrying the idyl beyond Sands. said. "In fact they will be there to the day was Chatterleigh's nephcw. beautiful. "Oh, dear! why cannot this life go on | child, because Jennings is a perfect really was. And lo! when she fondly forever?" Madeline sighed, as she sat fool when there's anything to be dreamed that she was playing a pleasdone."

sweet; the little mouth drooped as she most merciless critic of human fool placed her hand in Sydney's.

"My darling, what is wrong?" he are not going away to leave me now?" asked, when once in their favored terly. "I have been deceived." Madeline's eyes grew very sweet and nook he tried to draw her to his sine "Are you in trouble, sweetheart?"

almost passionately. "Do not speak to me like that or 1 have an ending, Syd," she murmured, shall go mad," she cried. "Sydney, I Bah! I have had more practice at this for its good effect upon the complexas she bent forward to play with his am not fit for you, who are so good and kind of lunacy than you ever heard of, ion. crisp brown hair. "I have been very noble. You must try and forget all But you did not know that. You about me put me out of your life al- thought I had fallen under the glamour together."

ney's voice that almost frightened ment." Madeline. And yet, at the same time,

"Oh, no, no!" she cried. "It is not Sydney spoke almost fiercely in his care for you. I never shall again, as Madeline recalled some of her passion. He grasped Madeline by her Had I been left to myself I should have hands and bent his face over hers, as gladly, so gladly, become your wifeif trying to read her very soul. His but it is not to be. I told you my parglance almost frightened her for a ents were worldly and ambitious, and how my weak nature is as clay in she said in a choked voice, their hands. And some time ago, bemust go away? Suppose I told you fore I met you, I was foolish enough simply an amusing analytical study that we must part never to meet to make a half promise to marry -oh! of a not very high type. Had you not

man, and now he claims-Madeline paused as if utterly overher face in her hands, waiting for Sydney to speak. But there came from

calm and steady. "And you are going to obey your parents, of course," he said. "You did a good thing to wear a coronet and matter of fact, I came to my little seemed to choke him. He leaned down take a high position in society? You did not expect when you led me on and gained my heart that your promise would ever be claimed? You are grieved and desolate for me, Made-

"Don't," Madeline sobbed; I hate to pity for me? Do you not see how I am sacrificing my happiness to my honor? Oh, Syd. say that you will forgive me. and that when we are far away from one another, you will not think of me to her feet and placed her hands over with hate and bitterness? It will be her ears. "Be merciful, please, What my sweetest consolation to know that have I done to you that you should you and I part friends."

"And when we part we part forever, suppose?"

"Yes, dear-it seems to me that i would be far better thus." "Naturally. Also, it might save you the future. You can make your mind my next book-it will make an apquite easy on that score, Miss Dever- propriate wedding present." eux. I shall not be likely to trouble

you after you leave Sandsfoot." back.

cept the inevitable with due philosocome to you for sympathy in my distress. My heart is broken. I sha!l never know happiness again. You are difficulty keeping back the tears. "How barsh and hard, Sydney, but the time heals-

> "The wound has healed now, you sil- odious flirt." ly little fool."

Miss Devereux positively gasped in her astonishment. She saw to her drawn with pain, his features were not white and set, and there was a smile of quiet amusement in his eyes. The cigarette he was lighting never trembled at all.

"Sir." Madeline said with dignity "why do you insult me?" Parton laughed pleasantly.

Madeline didn't remember to have saddle if he wished, but to keep as seen there before.

victim replied coolly. "You are. Why proach, for I did not want to bring try and humbug me about your senile on a charge before I had got in a shot. peer, whose name is Chatterleigh, as and it looked as if a too rapid advance I could have told you? My dear child, would do so, for the lion, without stir-Madeline looked wonderfully dainty you haunted that poor man, flattering ring an inch, kept up a series of snarls ceited enough to know that you pre- fifty yards of him, hoping to shoot him "Really, you might let that young fer me to him; but then I am not an dead at that distance and so avoid a man have one afternoon's peace," eligible, and you have inherited your charge. I then sat down and fired at Mrs. Devereux observed, with serenc father's business eye to the future. I

I say is true?" "I hope not," Madeline laughed. "If | Madeline gasped again. The light born misery. "Insult me as you like chest. Jama says he was about to

"With pleasure. I am Chatterleigh's

her a little at the time, for Sydney Castle, which invitation was in the "I know who you are." Madeline cried. "I ought to have guessed it be-Mrs. Devereux was much too old fore. You must be 'Victor Vidal,' the right into him. The grand brute fell man. And while he gave her all it is a soldier to ignore the missive, and, be- author. And yet you allowed me to over dying. The Somalis set up a wild possible to give, she kissed him lightly sides, she was getting heartily tired of think that you were an intelligent rus yell, and I am not sure I did not join

Madeline's fun would have to be car- Parton laughed gently. He was en-Madeline, her face turned deadly pale; "There will be a large party at the then the shamed crimson overspread it. meet you. Now, don't be long, my dear but she had no idea what his name ant little comedy with the simple-On the golden sands Madeline found hearted country gentleman, all the time Sydney awaiting her. The expression she had been laying bare the weak

> ishness in the world of letters. "You have fooled me," she said bit-

"And what about me?" Parton asked quietly. "I suited you down to The tender words touched Madeline the ground. I was not bad-looking, and throw the world aside and drift away a little, but she made no response to I could play platonics in the moon was an apt pupil, and that my progress of your beauty, and that you could "But, my darling, what is wrong? It thow me on one side at the end of your holiday, careless whether my heart was "You have done nothing," Madeline broken or not. But not even my vaulinterrupted, with a sob. "You have ty is hurt. It has scarcely been touch been tender and kind and true, and ed. Grent Heaven! could you think "You love me, we love each other. Why now I am going to break your heart, that I should be fool enough to be de Sydney, I do not know how to tell you, ceived by a pair of shallow blue eyes and a pretty, exquisite little face, with "Why not?" "Deceived? Do you mean to say that | no more soul in it than that of a doll' But I bear no malice. You have af luyou are not a cab."

There was a stern inflection in Syd- forded me six weeks wonderful amuse-

The ready tears rose to Madeline's eyes; the disenchantment was cru-! He had never cared for her. He had that. I never cared for any one as I fooled her to the top of her bent, and, own most foolish speeches she felt inclined to cry with vexation and wounded pride.

"Then you never loved me at all?"

"Not I, my dear child. You have seen how I was humbugging you. But my revenge will not be so come with her emotion. She buried very terrible. I shall let you marry my noble kinsman."

"Yes, I know," Madeline said tearhim no wild outburst-his voice was fully; and put me into a horrid book." Parton smiled amiably. Really, he

was not in the least offended. "You have more discrimination than not think for a moment that it would be I gave you credit for," he said. "As a place here to turn out a new volume. and I was looking for a type of girl like you when fate drifted you in my way. You can have no conception what a help our platonics have been to me. Let me see-we have done the head you speak thus. Have you no friendly, the soco-friendly, the warmregard, the distant sentimental, the close-and-kindred, the philosophicspoony, the passionate, and"

> "Don't" cried Madeline as she rose torture me like this? Parton paused in his cruel tirade.

His victory was absolute. "Good-by," he said, as he held out his hand pleasantly. "I have rubbed it in pretty thick, and I hope you'll a deal of worry and inconvenience in remember it. I'll send you a copy of

The Countess of Chatterleigh sits Madeline looked up in amazement, before the fire in her boudoir, a volume The change in Sydney's voice acted she has just finished clinched in her upon her nerves much as if he had hand. Her face is as red as an angry poured a jug of ice-water down her sunset, her lips are tightly clinched to gether. Then with a passionate gos-"You are cruel," she murmured. "I ture, she cast the offending volume

into the flames. "How dare be?" she mutters, with dare he make me out to be such a will come when once the wound wretch as that! I'm sure that I'm not half so bad as he thinks me, the the

CLOSE CALL.

amazement that Parton's face was not A Noted Lion-Hunter's Narrow Escape.

From an article on "Wild Beasts as Captain C. J. Mellis, a British officer ness. stationed in India, and a noted lionhunter, we make this statement:

Giving over my pony to one of the Somalis I walked slowly toward the was a satiriral smile on his face which lion, bidding Jama to remain in the near as possible with the second gun "I called you a silly little fool," the Very cautious and slow was my aphim between the eyes, jumping to my ous roar. I had a lightning glimpse of him rearing up on his hind legs pawing springing that I could see. How close we got before I fired I cannot say, but it was very close. I let him come on, spring as I pulled the trigger and ran back a pace or two to one side; but as Jama were not as near as they might

his hind quarters uttering roars. I rammed two fresh cartridges into my rifle in an instant and fired my

Hot Water for the Face.

The hot water remedy is always the

It is very simple and equally safe. two good points in its favor. If persisted in blackheads will soon depart and the complexion will assume the pink and white appearance of a baby The hot water treatment should be in lulged in every night and morning.

At night the face should be bathed in water as hot as one can stand and then thoroughly rubbed with a good cold cream. Be careful to use a cir ular motion in rubbing.

In the morning the cream may be omitted and the face first bathed in very hot water and then dashed with cold water. The diet should be watch ed with care and much fruit should be was inspired by the love I felt for ym. eaten. Grape fruit is specially noted

A GOOD REASON.

We cannot answer for the truth of the rumor, but it is said that at a Roston club a New York man recently summoned a servant and said:

" all me a cab." "Oh, dear me!" replied the servant. 'I shouldn't think of doing so." "What?" cried the New Yorker

"Because, sir, the servant replied,

HER FEET HER FORTUNE.

The Feerless Bride of New York's

Chinatown. A little oval faced, small footed Chinese woman was married before the great Joss down in Mott street last Saturday week, and all Chinatown was celebrating the glad event last night. She was Miss Lee Toy, a lady of high

Her feet were of such aristocratic littleness that she is considered too spirituelle and dainty to touch the earth. She is carried up stairs and how can I tell you?-to marry an old been so dreadfully vain, you would down stairs, and when she went to the Joss House to be married she was carefully wrapped up in silks and brought

in a bundle. The bridegroom was Tom Yen Hoy, a prosperous merchant who sells teas and all kinds of queer roots and herbs

at No. 19 Mott street. Every man in Chinatown, from old Ah Sin, who burns the incense before the joss, to Lee Yit, the richest man in the place, is jealous of the bridegroom. The lady's face is comely, yet her feet are her fortune. From earliest childhood they have been systematically suppressed, and now they are about two inches in length, one-sixth of an ordinary foot.

She knows that no other woman in Chinatown is on her footing, and she is proud and imperious. When she stamps those feet, which is not often, as it is likely to hurt her, her tall husband is in mortal terror.

She wanted new dresses, and last night. I saw before the door of No. 19 Mott street, a delivery wagon from one of the most high-priced dry goods houses in the city.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom, on the fourth floor, is furnished with plush sofas, brocatelle chairs and red Oriental hangings. In the midst of it all stood Mrs. Tom Yen Hoy. She waved her hand with a disdainful ges-

ture and called for tea. No function held in Chinatown has attracted more attention than this marriage. The Joss House was resplendent, and the little brass god caused his face to shine as the couple, to the beating of drums, took their places before him and swore to be ever

"How about the wedding, Ah Sin?" I asked the burner of prayer sticks. "Velly little feet," said Ah Sin.

"Bride pretty?" I asked.

"Couldn't walk," he said. There have been enough dinners on account of this marriage to ruin the digestion of all Mott street. All the leading merchants and their wives met at No. 14 Mott street last night, and in the choicest arrack pledged anew the health of the happy couple, and wished that their feet might ever pur-They Live," written for Scribner by sue the rosy path of conjugal happi-

Crime Among Animals.

every form and variety of human crime is to be found among animals. Cases of theft are noticed among bees. Buchner, in his "Psychic Life of Animals," speaks of thiev-!sh bees which, in order to save themselves the trouble of working, attack well-stocked hives in masses, kill the sentinels and the inhabitants, rob the hives, and carry off the provisions. After repeated enterprises of this description they acquire a taste for robbery and violence; they recruit whole companies which get more and more numerous; and finally they form regular colonies of brigand-bees. But it is a still more curious fact that these brigand-bees can be produced artificially by giving working-bees a mixture of honey and brandy to drink. The bees soon acquire a taste for this beverage, which has the same disastrous effects upon them as upon men: they become ill-disposed and irritable, and lose all desire to work; and, finally, when they begin to feel hungry. they attack and plunder the well-supplied hives. There is one variety of bees-the Sphecodes-which lives exclusively upon plunder. According to Marchall, this variety is formed of individuals of the Halyetes species. whose organs of nidification were defective, and which have gradually developed into a separate variety, living almost exclusively by plunder. They may thus be said to be an example of innate and organic criminality among insects, and they represent what Professor Lambroso calls the born criminals-that is, individuals which are led to crime by their own organic constitution.

Heavy Demand for Pennies.

Ever since August last there has been an exceedingly heavy demand on the United States Treasury for one cent pieces. This demand is not confined to any one commercial centre, but comes alike from all sections of the country. Treasury officials attribute it to the growing custom in dry-goods establishments and other businesshouses of marking down prices from round figures, which practice naturally requires a good supply of pennies for making change.

The Treasury Department is doing its best to meet the demand, and for the last two months the mint at Philadelphia has kept three presses constantly in operation for the exclusive coinage of one-cent pieces. The dally output has been 150,000 pieces of the value of \$1,500. The Government apparently derives a profit of \$1,200 a day on this coinage, the seigniorage being at the rate of nearly 80 per cent. of the face value of the coins. This profit disappears, of course, when the coins are redeemed. It is estimated that there are 780,000,000 one-cent pieces outstanding.

Although Vermont has for several years offered the liberal bounty of fifteen dollars on bears, the animals are still found upon the mountains, and, in the opinion of hunters and trappers, are growing in aumbers in that

JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Work and Wages -- Not Worth Mentioning -- The Trustfulness of Youth -- Poor Economy -- Etc.

WORK AND WAGES.

Miss Jennie-Yes, mamma will pay 315 per month, and all you have to do is to mind a fine, big. healthy baby. Mary Ann-Sure, mum, I got \$18 in the last place, and the baby was very little and light, too.

NOT WORTH MENTIONING.

Violinist (proudly)-The instrument I shall use at your house to-morrow evening, Mein Herr, is over 200 years olt.

Parvenu-Oh, never mind that. It is good enough. No one will know the dif-

THE TRUSTFULNESS OF YOUTH. She-And you told me that it would ever be your aim to make my life naught but one of happiness. And to think that

I believed you? He-That's nothing. I believed it at

the time myself.

POOR MCONOMY. Yabsley-This is a dollar tie, but I got

it at a dry goods store for 77 cents Mudge-Ah! So you saved 23 cents. Yabsley-No. I lost 17 cents. 1 had to wait so long for my change that when I came out I had to spend 40 cents for a shave and haircut.

HE WAS APPROACHABLE.

"I thought you said, darling, that your father was difficult to approach?" "Didn't you find him so, dear?"

"No indeed. I had been talking with him only five minutes when he approached me for a fiver as easily as any man I ever met "

LUCKY HE WAS MARRIED.

"Help!" he shricked. He clutched wildly his throat.

"Help!" He clutched his throat until his wife came and tied his four-in-hand for him, after which he quietly finished dressing.

ONE THING HE COULD NOT DO. "Your son is studying art in Paris, I believe," said the man in the big ulster.

"He is," replied the man with the goldheaded cane. "Is he doing well?" "He said he was the last time that I

beard from him." "I suppose he can draw anything

"Well, I can beat him in one line." "What is that?"

"He can't draw checks." AS HE FOUND OUT AFTERWARD.

"Ha, woman!" he exclaimed, sitting up suddenly in bed, "I have found you She smiled and continued accumulating his change. "Oh, no dear," said she,

'you are the one that's out." AND HE COULDN'T GIVE CHASE.

Miss Palisade-I don't understand Mr. Clubberly, why you crossed over when you saw me coming along the street the other day. It isn't a bit like you, and Dr. Probe, who was with me, was very much disturbed about it. Clubberly-I should think likely. I owe

Probe about a hundred. RELIC OF A PAST AGE.

"What got that poet from Georgia into such a fit of sulks?" "Why, that idiot Jackson, who had the introducing him , brought him out before

the company as the celebrated Georgia

remind me of you?

minstrel, that's all." WORK OF ART. He (admiring a vase of flowers)-Are they not beautiful? Do you know they

He-Ab, yes; but you'd never know it. TRUE PHILANTROPHY.

She (softly)-But they are artificial.

Banker-You are really a heartless creature. You do nothing for the poorer

His Friend-Oho! Haven't I just given a penniless baron another of my daughters?

A FATHER'S GRIEVANCE.

"What ails that baby now?" snarled "Don't be cross," expostulated Dora, 'you know he's trying to cut his teeth.' 'Well," growled David, "what makes

him always take the time to do it when I'm at home?" OF REAL VALUE.

Blinkers-Do you think balloons will ever be useful in war?" Winkers (who has a good memory)-Well-er- they might come handy in

case of a draft. AS IN A LOOKING GLASS.

"Ah," exclaimed the Sweet Creature, "women always look on the bright side of things." "Of course," rejoined the Mean Thing.

"They don't miss any chances to see themselves." There was a sound of a mocking laugh, mingled with a harsh, oppressive silence.

"I understand that Dobson, the milfionnaire, was once employed in a livery

"So That must have been where he got his horse sense."

QUESTION. Caddington (boastfully)-Yes, sir; I come from people! Why, my grandfather was a celebrity in old New Yorkthey called him "Gentleman Joe."

Fulljames-Indeed! What was he, a burglar or a boxer?

REFORM IN THE FUTURE. "No," continued the emancipated woman, "we have no more of those 5 o'clock So many of the ladies used to go home drunk and beat their husbands.

The new era had dawned chill and

The British census report says that if all the houses in England were placed side by side they would cover a space of 450 square miles.