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## \*\*\*\*\* It Reformed the Man Who Found It.

By A. D. Lee .\_

<del>\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*\*</del> "It is rather a peculiar case," he began.

I smiled wisely. Every one thinks his case peculiar. In reality it generally proves unusual only to the one concerned in it.

My book was turned, face down, on the window sill. I was ready to listen, but Alyn dld not go on at once. He sat quietly gazing out of the window across the river. The smile was still on my face as I suggested:

"This 'peculiar case' certainly has its heroine."

"It has a heroine, yes."

Alyn's eyes were so frank as they met mine. His gaze had not been so direct nor his face so clear the last time I had seen him. A year's absence from his old associate had certainly been good for him. It was a pleasure to look at him.

Just now his expression puzzled me. I could not fathom it, but it invited me to continue.

"Have you her photograph with you?" "Yes."

He drew out of his breast pocket a small red leather case and, opening it, handed it to me. It needed but one glance at the painted oval to make me exclaim impetuously:

"You love her. No one could doubt that an instant."

Such a picture! A dainty little head covered with short, curling hair; a delicate, loving, tensing face; dark, full, bewitching eyes. The throat was bare, and an indistinct mass of white gauge ended the portrait. "You must love her." I spoke with

conviction.

"I do," returned Alyn-"most sincere-

Still his expression puzzled me. An inscrutable smile played over his face, but he delayed beginning the story he had volunteered to tell.
"And she?" I hesitated over the in-

quiry remembering what manner of man it was who had gone from us a year ago.

A gentle expression passed over Alyn's face.

"I think she is fond of me," he replied simply.

I stretched out my hand and Alyn

"I do believe," he said earnestly, "that if ever a man was fortunate that Will you care to listen? I used to tell you things when I was a

boy," he added apologetically. I picked up my sewing, always lying ready against such times as this, and

leaned back in my rocker. Alyn reached for the picture. He leaned his head on one hand and his elbow on the table. In the other hand he held the case where his eyes could rest on the face. His own face be-

came grave. "It was a year ago. One night-or morning, rather-I landed on the ferry on the way to my lodgings. I couldn't get a street car or a cab. In fact, I was too drunk to think of either, so I stumbled along just keeping straight enough to escape the police. In front of my lodgings is an electric light. A slight fall of snow had whitened the payement and made distinct this case beneath the light. I had just strength

tumble up the stairs and stretch myself out on my couch." Alyn snapped the case shut and paused a moment.

and sense enough left to pick it up,

"Some time the next day I awoke and the first thing that attracted my attention was this-open on the floor and her eyes looking up at me-me in that condition." An expression of disgust good to see

came over the man's face. "I quickly shut the case and put my-

self and my room in order. Then I sat flown and studied her."

Still absorbed in his narrative, Alyn opened the case again and dropped his eyes on the photograph. "I told you this was a peculiar case,

and you will think, I fear, that I am a peculiar man. But the more I looked at her the more I wanted to look. I never parted with the miniature. carried it around in my pocket and thought and thought about her until she became a living presence to me, a beautiful woman always with me. I became absentminded. The fellows complained, but I came to have an engagement always when they wanted My engagement was with thisthe lady of the miniature. I had jost my heart to her. About the original of the photograph I reasoned this way: She would not be carrying her own miniature around in all probability. It must have been lost by a friend, and probably-here was the hard part of it all-by her lover. If I advertised it, he would claim it, and I should not

meet her. "I didn't advertise. I did something far more irrational. I spent my spare hours searching. I visited stores and walked the streets. I haunted the residence part of the city. I went to the opers and seanned the boxes rather than the stage. Needless to say, I did not find her; yet I never lost hope. I felt I must find her and look at her.

I felt this afresh every time I opened this case. I would not give up the search. When I had exhausted every resource of my own, I did something which I had shrunk from doing before; I haunted out the best detective in the efty and told him to spare neither time nor money in finding her.

"Within two weeks I received a note from him. He was obliged to leave the town suddenly. He wrote something like this:

"'I've found her at 320 Water avenue, Imogene Munroe. Will give you particulars when I return tomorrow. She is auxious to recover the miniature.'

"But I could not await the next day, and saw no reason why it would be necessary. I had the photograph and would take it to her. Because of it I should insure myself a reception at lenst.

"I went to 320 Water avenue that evening. It is an elegant residence in perfect keeping with the case and face. I had scribbled on my card, 'The finder of the miniature.' The maid who admitted me said that Miss Munroe was at home. She took the card and left me in the reception room. It was one of the most-what shall I call it?-delicious rooms I was ever in. One side was lined with deep windows draped in soft, dainty curtains and filled with plants and flowers. The air was beavy with the scent of roses.

"I stood before one of the windows looking at the blossoms when she came. She came so quietly and gently that I did not bear her. It was only when the sweetest, lowest, clearest voice I had ever heard said, 'At last I am to have my miniature,' that I knew she was in the room. I confess I trembled as I turned and took the hand

Alyn stopped and smiled. It was a half sad, half amused, wholly inscrutable smile. My sewing and fallen into my lap, and I leaned forward lis-

tening breathlessly. "The hand of the original of the picture. These eyes, this mouth, this delicate complexion, this same soft curl-

ing hair. I was looking on it all, the same but"-Alyn raised his eyes. The amusement had raded away.

"The hair was snowy white, and the skin was wrinkled. Hers was indeed the face of the miniature, the face of 50 years ago. My foolish fancy was destroyed, but in its place came the sweetest little white baired lady that man was ever privileged to call friend. And this miniature! Some way I had a strange reluctance to part with it, and so here it is with me now. That is all," concluded Alyn abruptly.

"That is enough," I said quietly. "I think that face has stood between you and"-

Alyn broke in hustily:

"Oh, that is nothing. I couldn't carry this," holding up the photograph, "into such places as I had been frequenting, and so-well, it's all right." Alvn buttoned up his cont and smiled at me frankly as he went out by way of the office door.

The doctor has always said there was the making of a man in that boy. -St. Louis Star.

### EPWORTH LEAGUE. Topic For the Week Beginning

Sept. 0, "Our Simple Duty." Text, Luke xvii, 7-10, "When ye shall have done all those

things which are commanded you, say: 'We are unprofitable servants. We have done that which was our duty to do. It is profoundly humbling, but very

helpful, to a just estimate of ourselves from each other and many other interto take this thought home to our esting facts. hearts. Most people are apt to overestimate their own importance and to feel, even if they do not express it in words, that the performance of religious duties of any kind should be recognized as deserving of praise.

It is by no means easy to find those

who will consent to do the work needed in the church. To teach in the Sunday school, to act as an officer, to take a department in the league and put time, money and hard work into it and then find others apathetic or contrary is very trying to patience and Christian sweetness. Some keep on year after year, in disregard of all obstacles and lack of appreciation, because they realized their deep indebtedness to God and cheerfully do the little service possible for them out of full table. affection to Jesus and for love of His needy ones. It is enough that God knows their hearts. It never moves them to hear others say, "No one will appreciate it." They are not seeking applause, not even appreciation. In glad companionship with the Master, with songs in the heart, they are glad to do a little. When they look at it all, they feel very little, because so much needs to be done and strength is so small to do anything.

What a mistake to think we confer a favor on God by serving Him! Who can merit anything by the strictest observance of His laws? In flying, the birds must obey the laws of motion and of atmospheric resistance, gravitation and muscular exertion. But all they get out of it is ability to fly. Every command of God is simply the stating of a necessary law of spiritual life. If we observe in strictest fashion every injunction, we simply come to ability to live rightly. The half fledged robin fallen from the nest in the first at tempt at flight is not less skillful than are we in many of our crude attempts

to help ourselves. After repeated failures and much danger of injury the bird learns to poise on outstretched wing, to speed through the nir, to seek food, shelter safety, companionship, to alight and

rest and rear its young. So should we learn that patient do ing the known duties will give us proficiency in living justly and rightly and that after we have done all we are but common men-just what God intended us to be. Others may be better or worse; but, as for us, we have done only our simple duty and have gained the full compensation for all our efforts in being able to do as God would have us do.

## Tread Lightly.

"Hush, not so loud! We're having conference of the powers."

eook!

"Eh! Who is conferring?" "My wife, my mother-in-law and the

## SHE CHANGED HER MIND.

"You fellows don't believe in fate. I didn't once. I was converted."

"Tell us about it." "It was one lovely day in the July of hast year, and I was starting jubiliantly off for a month's holiday at Scarborough. Knowing my luxurious habits as you do, my friends, you will not be surprised to hear that when I renched King's Cross I selected a corner seat of a first class smoker and provided myself with plenty of cigars and magnaines. To emy anticipation of a pleasant journey, just as I had settled myself comfortably and the guard gave his whistle, the door pened and a pretty, excited young lady ame bustling in. She seemed very relieved at having caught the train and sat down in a state of breathless and smiling

"I looked over at her from my corner; so did a loudly dressed, bounderish looking young man from his, for she was an extremely pretty girl, with brown, curly hair, small features and the daintiest lit-tle figure in the world. I frowned at the loudly dressed young man, and he frowned at me, and just then the girl looked up and caught my giance of admiration. She stiffened, and then her eyes tell upon my eigar, which I had left smoldering in my hand, and a look of severe displeasure came into her face.

"'Are you aware, sir,' she said ansteroly, 'that this is not a smoking carriage?'

"'Isn't it?' I answered, looking up at the window. 'Why, goodness me, they must have forgotten to take the label down!

"The girl followed my glance, and at the sight of the partially obliterated let-ters, built concealed by the blind, her face er lip, she took up a paper hurriedly to

I have made the very same mistake, my dear, said a kindly matron on her right. 'It doesn't matter much; a little smoke won't hurt us, will it?'

"'No; I must change at the next sta-tion,' she returned sweetly. " 'Excuse me,' I broke in, 'but this is an express train." "'Do you mean to say it dossn't stop

at Peterborough? 'It doesn't stop at all,' I said, 'until

we get to York,'
"T'm so sorry,' I marmared, turning to the girl. 'Can I assist you in any way? If it is a case of necessity, you

guard. 'Oh, no-that is, I mean I don't think It would be considered so, she stammer-ed, her face suddenly suffused with blushes. 'You see, I was going to a wedding.

"The elderly matron smiled. I had all I could do to repress my amusement, while the loudly dressed young man in the corner snickered andibly.
"'Oh, well, I shouldn't let that worry

me, if I were you,' I said southingly. very disappointing, but they will be able to fix it up all right without you." "The blushes deepened, and the girl

"Tm afraid they-I mean P-"She broke off in confusion, and the old lady bent toward her,

" 'I quite understand, my dear,' she said. 'It wouldn't be a wedding without the bride. I'm very, very serry for you, but you mustn't fret. It can't be helped now, and you must send a wire directly we get to York.'

"This seemed to raise the girl's soirits. and she began to laugh, a little hysterically perhaps at first. Then she thanked me very prettily for doing nothing and begged me to smoke and declared she really didn't mind the smell at all, but rather liked it. When the train rushed through Peterborough, she laughed more merrily still, and was so charming and unaffected that long before we mached York we were chatting together like old friends. We found out then that we had mutual acquaintances, that our respective homes were situated but a few ralles

When the train drew up, I proposed to assist her in finding out the telegraph office, and thirher, therefore, we went don't think I'll sond a wire, after all,' she said besitatingly as we found

'Why not?' I said in some surprise "Because because I think I'll go But think of the anxlety of the poor

chap,' I said feelingly. 'Why, he may be thinking all kinds of dreadful things have happened to you. 'She stood irresolute for a moment: then she picked up a form and wrote,

and, for the life of me, I could not resist looking over. All that she said was: "I have changed my mind .- Phyllis." 'Of all the cool cheek, that is the cool-

est!" I thought. "But I stepped back and pretended to much interested in the company's time

'Now, we must find out the next train back,' I said, as she turned again to me, 'and then we will have some ten. You must want some badly."

But your train-you will surely lose it,' she murmured. 'York is my destination,' I said un-

"After that I found out there was no train for an hour, and we took our way to the tearoom, where my pretty compan-ion made me her willing and sympathetic confident. She was unhappy, very un-happy, at home, and in an ill guarded it had agreed to a runaway match without abe knowledge of her parents. w she was thankful, very that she had been prevented. It seemed That was the summary of her remarks.

"There, now, you fellows," broke off the narrator abruptly. "I needn't tell you much more; only that we exchanged eards, agreed to see one another in Lor don and that we parted very cheerfully 'And did you fulfill those promises?"

sald one of the listeners with interest.
"Oh, yes. We have seen some little of each other since then." 'And her name?' "Will soon be Julian." said the young

man promptly.-Penny Pictorial Maga-

Salmon, when in perfection, is one of the most delicious and nutritive of fish. is distributed through the flesh and for this reason it proves rather hard of digestion for some people. The richness, however, can always be corrected by the use of an acid or piquant sauce.

## Wages and Salary.

(Well?) "What's the difference between

ages and salary?" laying brick or doing something else you understand what I mean?"

"But if he sits at a desk and uses a I ning at large on our streets. you see the difference?"

## THE LITTLE PIPER

"Well, little fifer, what are you doing there?" cried Sergeant La Ramee, who was going to the neighboring village to seek a perk roast for the colonel's "reveil-

"This is it, Mondeur Sergeant," replied the little fifer. "His majesty the king being in urgent need of money and wishing to make a present of a board new castle to his 'Belle Amie,' it has been decided by the court of affairs that the reg-iment musicians and soldiers shall not touch a cent of their pay this month. So, as grandmother is very poor and I have not a son, I have come out to break the ice in the pond and see if I can catch a mess of frogs for dinner."

"Don't count on that," said La Ramee. "The frozs sleep in winter." "I know that," replied the little fifer, "but the sky is so blue today I thought

perhaps the sun would awaken them." So as Sergeant La Ramee passed on, grambling, the little fellow set to work again trying to break the ice.

He proceeded in his frog fishery with as much order as he gave to his war ake music. When the ice was broken, the hole cleared of rubbash and a shear round agot of water shone forth he improvised a fishing tackle with a bit of thread and the long thorn from a rosebush. All was ready now except the balt. That would not usually have caused our fisher the least anxiety. A scarler per-by would have served, but popples do not flourish under the snow, and he bested n vain for a bit of red to attract the frogs,

He was about to turn away in disgust when suddenly a frog showed its head above the water. Sleeplly, lazily, he put his fore legs on the bank, opened his golden eyes one after the other, blinked at the sun, then, swelling out his white throat, gave utterance to a quick, hourse "croak," to which, down in the water under the ice through the great body of the pend, responded at once other

That must be the mother of the frogs," said the little fifer to himself. He had never seen such a big frog. What a chance, and what a shame if he let him escape. Suddenly he had an inspiration. "Why not use for a bait a piece of the red bett that holds up my breeches? It is of rad ordnance cloth, and surely the from will bite. No sooner said than done, and soon the piece of red flannel danced over the

clear water, lit up by a joyous sunbeam right over the frog's nose. He bit; the fisher pulled in his line; the thread broke, and the frog plunged into the water, carrying the bait with him. Fortunately there was more. One could try again. The frog reappeared at the surface, bit again. Again the line broke, and the and piece joined the first.
"Bah!" thought the fisher. "What harm to take a piece of the back of my

trousers? No one will look under the back of my coat." Drawing out his knife, he cut out a little piece of cloth that, alas, the from carried off again as the others, and still another and another, till, to his consternation, he beheld the tail of his shirt through the enormous hole that he had

made little by little. Sergeant La Ramee, returning with a load of victuals, beheld the little fifer sitting down on the ground weeping htterly.
"What is the matter? A soldier weeping!"
For a reply the little lifer rose and turned his back to the sergenat.

"A bad business," murmured old La Rames after looking long and carefully at the disaster. "Abuse of goods, equipment or clothing furnished by the government is a case for court martial."

"Then, having pronounced these words, he walked off pulling his mustache.

The little fifer wept still harder. He beheld himself already in arrest as he passed the bridge, carried off to a dark dangeon between two gendarmes, who should be his judges. He tried in vain to move them, saying: "It was not for myself. It was to provide a dish for my poor old grandmether, who has nothing for supper." The military code was inflexible. They disgraced him, broke his fife, his little sword, led him off in disgrace to a place he had but two minutes before marched bravely past at the head of the sobliers.

Then, thinking of his grandmother, stiff with cold, he lost consciousness, and, wishing to die at once, drew his body painfully over the frozen ground toward the pand of black water where already the stars were reflected.

In what a marvelous country did the little fifer find himself! Sofily the brilliant light was reflected into the icy vanits. Long grass covered with crystal rose in fine columns and mingled with the mosses on the borders like line silvery beards, forming a thousand promenades and the most magnificent architecture he To the right and left along the rocks in little grette homes of the water rats and crevasses that form under the water the valleys of the subterranean world-slept innumerable frogs of all kinds and sizes.

He filled an immense basket with them to take to his gramimother. The buncil of war alarmed him no longer. He remembered the disaster to his breeches but vaguely. Only one thing surprised him-to find it so warm under the ice. Then he felt very happy and went to sleep with the frage. The little fifer slept a long time. Suddenly a well known voice awakened him—his grandmother's voice. "Chut!" she said, and he opened his eyes. "Oh, you had boy, to frighten us so!" The little lifer shook with fear when he beheld La Ramee standing at the

foot of his bed, with his deep set eyes, his iong mustache.

and a new pair of trousers. The sausage simmered on the stove; the trousers

court martial! Don't let them carry me away!"

And he grasped his grandmother's gown in despair. But his grandmother reassured him. The good La Ramee had drawn him half dead from the water. frozen and Jeverish. Then he had related the adventure to the colonel, and the colonel, much moved, had instantly sent off an orderly with a string of sausage

hung on a mill-Exchange

# A PRINCETON PRANK. .-

Princeton graduates of 50 years ago remember with affectionate regard Presideat James A. Carnahan, who for many years controlled the destinies of that great Institution.

President Carnahan, like most of Princeton's heads, was a Scotchman, noted alike for his austerity of manner and goodness of heart. Unlike most Scotchmen, he had a keen sense of humor, though with national pride, and perhaps not wishing to offend his fellow Scots, he kept it in the background. He could be as savage a looking man as ever wore a tartan, but down in his heart there was great noder of the milk of human kindness which one had but to press gently to find a grateful stream.

Boys were boys 50 years ago as they are today. Princeton's boys of that

period were no worse than they are now and no better. Their pranks in those days, however, took a different form. There was then no boat racing, no football, no baseball, no athletic sport to work off the superfluous animalism, and the have had their impenuity taxed to find means of diversion. They would untille o steal the chapper of the chapel bell, would smear the blackboards with oil, fill up Princeton's sacred Revolutionary cannon shot holes in the walls of the aid Nassau with bird lime, with a picture of a Scotch hen, with some kind of eackling legend above it. The professors were always getting it in some way. ter Hogart, who was a grandaephew of the first Frelinghuysen in America, was also a descendant of John Witherspoon. He was noted as a man with two sides to his nature. He was curator of the theological seminary and an intimate friend of President Carnahan. He was likewise a close friend and sympathizer with the boys in all their sports.

One day in the early thirties Mr. Bogart got a gentle tip that the "boys" were going to play a lauge joke upon "the prex." The boys had usually let President Carnaban alone. His dignity and his awful voice had a repressing effect upon youthful spirits, and by common consent it was not considered advisable to monkey with the stalwart Scotchman.

It was the week before Christmas, the weather being very cold, when Mr. Bogart gave his chief a quiet hint that the boys were going on a certain night at a certain hour to take his family carriage out of its house, run it down to Willow creek, two miles away, there hold certain orgies and festivities over it and then run it into the creek up to the hubs to be frezen in solid before morning. boys thought it would be care fun to see "ald prex" and his conchman cutting the carriage out with axes the next morning.

On the night agreed upon the boys stealthily approached the president's car house, and after much mystery and silence reached its doors. to have been a little puzzled to find that the door was slightly ajar, but they were probably too excited to notice that. They swung the door open, attached a long rope to the carriage pole, and about 20 young rascals lined themselves on the rope after the fire fashion of the day. They observed silence until they got off the campus, but when they struck the Nassau pike, well out of hearing, they got to work with their songs and gibes and jeers. On the way to the creek they frequently stopped the carriage to gather about open masts of applejack and with great gice picture what was to happen next morning when The night was very cold, and when the boys renched the bank of the stream they found it already frozen over, but a doz of them with axes soon had a place broken through, into which they truncied the president's carriage. Then they built a big fire, unicosened some noise apple jack and sang a lot of college songs. They were just about to detach the rope from the carriage and proceed homeward when every mother's son of them found

"Young gentlemen," said a great and majestic voice as its owner opened the carriage door and let down the folding steps, "I am exceedingly obtained to you for the pleasure of an enjoyable evening." It was President Carnaian, wrapped in buge covering and well enparisoned with fur. "I don't know," he continued, with withering sureasm, but pleasant voice, "when I have had so enjoyable a ride It is rare indeed that a man of my years can call into his personal services so well born and so well bred a body of young men, willing to haul his carriage about, and I want to add further that I appreciate keenly the delight with which various exercises have impressed me. I will add further that between the kindly light of the moon and my own knowledge of the sound of most of your voices. I have a prefty correct list of the names of the young gentlemen to whom am indebted for this distinguished honor. So now, my young friends, if you will kindly reman the rope, we will preced on our journey honeward. We have had kindly reman the rope, we will proceed on our journey homeward. a pleasant time, and we have all enjoyed it. I know, but let us have no delay please, for the night is very cold.

And there was nothing left for those miserable, crestfallen students to do but man that rope, hand the carriage out of the frozen creek and pull it home arnid a silence that could be felt. Dr. Carnahan and his friend, Peter Bogart, sat inside the carriage and chuc-

kled. But the president kept his word. He knew every scamp engaged in the prank, but he never again referred to the subject. Who were on the rope that night? Well, five or more at least well known to fame subsequently. W. C. Alexander of the Equitable Life Insurance company was one, ex-Secretary of War McCreary was another, ex-Secretary of State Pro-linghnysen another, ex-Minister to France William D. Dayton yet another and ex-Governor Robert S. Green of New Jersey was the youngest of the lot.—Ex-

The borough authorities of Stectton A party of young men encamped have decided that stray dogs are not along the Susquebanna river above to be tolerated in that town. Orders Millerstown the other day attempted If a man is working for \$5 a day have been issued that from this time to milk a cow belonging to Malcom running a machine of some kind, or forth all dogs running around the Buchanav. One of them held the cow that makes a white collar and enfis town without collars on which the by the horns while the other attempted uncomfortable, he gets wages. Do name of the owner is engraved will be to milk her. In the scuttle which entaken in charge and if not claimed sned the cowfell over a bridge into within 24 hours will be shot. The a ravine and was so badly hurt that pen and gets \$11 a week and, has soft same ordinance should be adopted here she died a few days after. The young

ry County Democrat.

When the property states and security and the second security of the second security of the second security of the second second

SHOW AND THE RESIDENCE AND ASSESSMENT OF THE PARTY OF THE Royal Mathews was invited to dine at the Localoge', steletly a family affair, and was duly clared, for he knew it meant the crucial mergent of his life, when he would be considered a possible lover for the clever Edith Lessing, to whom he

had lost his heart on first acquaintance.

The dinner was one of those dainty aggregations of silver and cut glass and decorative china which give a bizarre of feet to our meals at the present time, even when me's feelings must be tieand when it is a social crime to cut any thing with a special. But Royal Mathewwas accustomed to modern inxury and would have died before he would have admitted that he did not know the whole vould attempt to judge of a man's morals by his transports never occurred to

Before the dinner was well begun Ma-

thews was aware that in some way he had offended Miss Lossing, Edith Lossing's friends were much afraid that she would end her days in single blessedness, or else go through the woods and pick up the figurative crooked stick as a last opportunity. So many eli-gible men had sought ber hand and been refused that it was correctly reported that she had been disappointed in love and was determined to live and die an ld maid. Her friends had on several occasions canounced themselves satisfied with the candidate, only to be told that

Miss Edith had refused him.

The trouble was that Edith was hyper-It was so with other things sides the affections. She took all the sweetness out of life by finding its sugarwas adulterated with challe. She left the dry out of her landscapes and mutilates ir friends by perty mitteism. Bhe had heard or rend somewhere that manaers to the shadows of morals, and by this half fach rule size measured men.

day after dinner she went to lunch with her best friend, who boarded at a stately hotel and was a person of common sense, the senreest commodity She was fond of Edith, while bewalling the positive virtues which made her so disagreeable.

"I met Allen Holbrook in the labby, and he stood and talked with me without smoving his hat," she announced to her best friend after they had lunched and rers sented in the purior of the hotel. Then I suppose you will disallow him single cood quality,' remarked the

"lim it was such a want or respect,"

omplained Edith.
"Put it on another bashs. Perhaps. women, he was treating you the freedom of good comradeship. Could he pay you a greater compliment? www.woman will demand every acknowledgment of social form," answer "It was unbearable rude-

Let us think that he was so glad to hat. It will be more charitable. But, "May I have some but I time, for I am dying to know, is Royal Mathews to be the happy man? Royal Mathews is an insufferable or retorted Edith with a good deal of

asperity, showing that she was secretly "What did he do? You told me he wa to dino with you yesterday. Did he ent with his knife?"

Worse, a thousand times worse "Did he do as Emerson did when Margaret Feller was his guest-eat in his

'No, and he is not an Emerson." "I must upon you telling me the depth and broadth of his transgression. If you do not, I shall ask him myself when he

calls at 5, as he promised."
"Very well, I will tell you, and the know that I pride myself on my house-keeping, and that all the class and silver ny elf. I think I cinim spotless is illiancy for the taware, yet when that man sat down at the table what do you think he did? But no, not in a Ur. The westell picked up a corner the rables but and deliberately polished first his glass, then the plate and finally the eliver at his plate. It was done in a moment, but with no attempt at conceal-ment. I was so thankful that no one else saw him-the affair would have been talked over in the kitchen."

Edith waited for a burst of indignation from her B. P. and was surprised at a peal of lengtiter. This was followed by a grave thoughtfulness, and then the best

'My dear, Royal Mathews was unconusly following a habit acquired at the hotels of our country, where food is served in baste and often by becompetent help. I do not imagine the poor fel low was for a moment conscious of what was really doing, and I admit that the light is a very engeless one. But i rates several degrees less than a crim
"I den't knew about that," said Re enid Edith. but with a relieved look. "I have always looked upon a man's manners as his cre-dentials; they either uplift him or de-

grade him." Yes, my Edith, but you must not forget the 'awful soul that dwells in clay.'
You make much of the necomplishments f the clay, but there is the deeper life but is its sanitation. And now may I als what is that object on which have been wreaking your will ever since ve came in from the table?"
Edith looked and was against.

"It is a table napkin," she said. Where did I get it?"

"Carried it off with you unconsciously, O woman of cruck judgment? Suppose were to accuse you of appropriation You see how easy it is to forget ourselves and become in a moment objects of condemnation or completon. Charity, my dear, will even condone the swallowing knives and the abstraction of nap

a waiter the suspicious object. Then Royal Mathews was announced and was natonished beyond measure to find his lady of the ice of the preceding day as warm and glowing as Helse. - Exchange Small Diamonds More Perfect.

The best friend rang the bell and gave

There are more perfect small diamonds on there are perfect large ones, and where a turn gets together a collection of correct diamonds he is most likely to have a collection of small ones. Thus be diamonds owned by Americans are not us a role, so large as are the ones owned in Europe. Artificial light on ables the European diamond wearer to wear big stones that are not altogether perfect.

Maggie Made it all Right.

"Maggie, did you make that chicken broth?

"Oi did, mum." "I can't find it anywhere about;

what did you do with H?"

"Sure an' fhat lise would Oi do wid it but fade it to the chickens, mum?"

Some men are so polite that they hands, he receives a salary. Now do as there are many worthless curs run- men had to pay \$40 for their fun-Per- take aff their hats when they talk to a what you mean. That's any woman over the telephone.

\$ 00 40 00 0000 Betty has a weakness a part, and when I remain afternoon arrayed garment and an ar shuddered. I was er hard to be prop that potentate. But talent and in the me Have genius muc vorter are set to

"Oh, such a lur It was the work

When's she going?" I ad "It's a funny thing old boy. Cook's not "Oh, well," I said

you will play tricks with

She stopped for with a "Dick Ferris Janched with remarked.

"Dick Ferris!" I whistlet, "Do not make that foolish great dignity. "Yes, with What of her "My dear," I began ear "Don't call me in the suburbs.

that at luncheou that Ferris called you "Of course not been half so bad if t me as if I were 50 "Why, I thought he n "What?" And

"Well-long ago "Not so very long ago," she "Eous nuo he was one of the "I'm not cook," Is true. He didsome outlandish r 'Ah, I understand," "His benet is whole no

trifle more hopefully.

Again I was withored by "Am I that hard of pa manded wouthr to marry off the friends of od days?"
"Well, perhaps." Har se ly like them does help on the proces I a

together wrong."
"Certainly," I conceded was it, then?" "He has changed so are said vigorously. "He has Very different from the bar "You-or?" I interesped "You know.

I did. I knew more than a ly.
I got it and surveyed they seconds. She looked men and we for Dieh-bab, a the "So your find distillus

your youthral steps?" I me "It's all very well be jur she said. "You have zo a your nature. Now, don't a misfortune-not your fault. that about everything from stud to bosing £1,00007 "I wasn't going to my 2," I "Really, you are treating to

"Poor old boy! But the mile of that idiot rufles me."
"That idiot," I said. "White "Dick, of course. stuple! What has that to do with so

A givat dealelanting look at m yes making a than A thank offering, inely puzzled. "But a isn't Lont or anything When denseners point," said my compat should be a cupital offer

"What have I done now" 1 despairingly.
"Who mentioned you? I was generally. Ordinary people "That's not the point. I was about the thank offering" Oh, well," she began it At that moment ?'

room. I can never rid ful suspicion that I Parker's approvate She glass at me and said: "A parcel for you, ma'am."
"Open it, Parker," said bet And Parker, the irreprosed layer after layer of paper. 1 ing to light an elaborately day

elgar box.

You extravagant percent "What is it? She haughed, The thank offering." "But what is it, really?" "Dick's wedding presmy wife.-Black and Whit

THE FIELD PRATERNITY

When God's dear justice is wer The Lingdom that the Pathit I. His children all will rousi det As flowers in the field. There each one has a s-Each yearms of the first!

No privilege fore a fe-And downers, they have to But stand together as d' They send their boouts

They werry not; there is co Laid by for them of field of Enough for all, and a real Ecoda bedfing on their blane This colds blesschool of In kingdoms of squality Bo from the field comes

An equal gift to clowns !

That each one takes wint it. Takes what its lifted cup on Yes, since the first stat they have A testament of heatherness.—Edwin Maricham in Salarday house

An Unfortunate Mistak Policeman-"Look here my the neighbors tell me that yo

and I have called to tell youth got to stop." Surprised Citizen-"Beat my

your wife every day at about "

Why, what in the world-Ob, I daughter learning to sing-