

After Fifteen Years

By VIRGINIA LEILA WENTZ

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For almost a twelvemonth Mr. Fawcett had bought his daily morning paper of a certain little newsy...

"I've missed you, sir. Indeed, you stayed away so long I began to think you weren't coming back at all."

"So you missed me, did you?" It was good to be missed and to be wanted...

"Ah," said the child, leaning slightly forward on her crutch, "it must be like farland in the country. Mother used to live in the country, and she's told me all about it."

"Do you know," she went on, seeing that her customer was in no especial hurry to catch his train...

"How would you like to go with me some Sunday to see the woods?" asked the man, "they are all around the city here, to be seen for the mere riding to them in the cars."

"Oh, I should love it!" The big dark eyes looked disproportionately large in the pale, tiny face.

"Somehow the whole of July slipped by and 'Little Timber Toes' did not get to see her dear woods nor the squirrels nor the birds."

"However, there came a morning when Mr. Fawcett stopped to hand over his coin and take back a paper like any other."

"Of course she's ill," mused the man as he set out to find her late that afternoon. "Her little face has been uncommonly white of late and her eyes uncommonly big."

"Yes, she's up there all alone, poor little kid. I've just been a-takin' her some grapes. Her mother's not in that attic!"

"The door of the little attic room was open, but to the man standing there quietly in the hallway it all seemed quite dark."

"Is it some one you know?" asked the friend who was with him. "It's a dog he replied. 'It's a dog I don't know!'"

An old resident of Edinburgh tells this story: A dog had recently been brought to the city from Iceland and for a long time apparently suffered from all the pangs of homesickness."

"That dog is all right now. He went out last night and saw the pole star, and that has made him feel quite at home here."

BEQUESTS OF HEARTS.

The Dying Wish of Bruce and the Fate of Donatas. Bequests of hearts have been by no means uncommon. Richard Cour de Lion bequeathed his heart to the canon of Rouen cathedral...

The Hazard of the Die. A—Where are you off to? B—I am going to ask Mr. K—, the wealthy banker, for the hand of one of his daughters. A—Indeed! Which of them? B—I don't know yet. If he is in a good humor, I will take the youngest; if in a bad humor, the eldest—Lustige Butter.

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From Heaven

By RUTH MORRIS

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"An angel from heaven?" repeated Jack Elder. "Well, mother, I guess when an angel from heaven drops down this way I'll think of getting married. Until then I am very well content as I am."

He snatched up his hat and, whistling to his dog, strode across the fields while his mother stood in the doorway and watched him until the woods swallowed him up.

"Mother," cried Jack jubilantly, "this is the angel direct from heaven, and we are going to be married just as soon as we can arrange matters."

Washington never made a speech. In the zenith of his fame he once attempted it, failed and gave it up, confused and abashed.

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As they were entering the principal street the Irishman called out from behind: "Jedge—am, I am far enough behind yer honor now, sir?"

"The girl counted and found the total was 99 cents instead of 50. Then he wanted to give her 10 cents more and go off with the goods, but it took more than 10 cents' worth of his time as well as of every body else's concerned before the matter could be straightened out."

"The lesson was quite as expensive for me as for you," he said to the girl when he finally left his cravat.—Philadelphia Record.

In Lord Byron's letters he tells how he spent a visit to Mr. Colledge of Boston, a very pretty lad, only somewhat too full of poetry and "romanticism."

Just as he neared the shore the car dipped again, and as it rose a rope brushed past Jack's shoulder. Instinctively he grasped it, and with a wrench that very nearly tore his hold he was jerked into the air.

For a moment he hung, dizzy with excitement and the shock, and then with a rending sound the balloon swept downward, and Elder was dragged through the branches of the trees, the twigs cutting his face and hands, though they did not loosen their grip upon the rope.

There was another upward bound, and as they rose Jack, regarding his wife, began to climb the rope, drawing himself up hand over hand as they rose in the air.

An animal deprived of sleep dies more quickly than from hunger. One of the cruellest of Chinese punishments is to kill a man by preventing sleep, by tying him alone for the fourteen days.

When the gas began to give out, and I thought I should fall into the lake. But it's all right now, isn't it?" "Yes," he answered, with a wisp smile. "We'll telegraph Mr. Ripley and send you home in the morning. Our name is just beyond here, and my mother will be most happy to welcome you."

"You did not go to the shore this summer," she said quickly. "No," he answered, "I could not go with the memory of last year."

"Was it so unpleasant, then?" she asked gently. "Mr. Elder, I've always wondered why you left us so suddenly. Could it be that anything I said gave offense?"

"Her face burned red as she asked the question, but she met his gaze unflinchingly. "No," was the quiet answer, "it was nothing—that you said. Somehow, I gained an idea that you were Tom Ripley's sister and that he was bringing his wife aboard with him. When we landed to take him on, George Somers told me that Mrs. Ripley was already on board and that Tom was with his sister."

She broke into a merry peal of laughter. "That was my sister Grace," she explained. "Tom's wife came aboard while you were at the postoffice."

"Then you are his sister, after all?" he cried, suddenly sitting up. "And that was your reason?" she asked softly. The question was commonplace, but the man read all he wanted to know in the tone in which it was asked.

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A COSTLY DROP CURTAIN.

The One Melodramatist Didn't Part For a French Theater.

The enterprising manager of a theater called from the famous French critic, Mr. Louis Ernest Meissonier, on one occasion, says Mr. Robert Kempt in Pencil and Palette, and asked him to paint a drop scene for a certain theater and name his own terms.

"You have seen my pictures, then?" asked Meissonier. "Oh, yes," exclaimed the manager, "but it is your name I want! It will draw crowds to my theater."

"And how large do you wish this curtain to be?" inquired the artist. "Ah, well, we will say 15 by 15 meters."

Meissonier took up a pencil and proceeded to make a calculation. At last he looked up and said with imperturbable gravity:

"I have calculated and find that my pictures are valued at 80,000 francs per meter. Your curtain, therefore, will cost you just 21,000,000 francs. But that is not all. It takes me twenty months to paint twenty-five centimeters of canvas. It will therefore take me just 150 years to finish your curtain. You should have come to me earlier, monsieur. I am too old for the undertaking now. Good morning."

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HAWAIIAN SERVANTS.

A Story Which Illustrates One of Their Peculiarities.

"Hawaiian servants," said a brown woman, "are the best—the best in the world, but they are strangely unsophisticated, strangely naive."

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THE HIGH CLASS KOREAN.

Being a Drawing Room Gentleman, He is a Rest to Dress.

The Korean is a man of every thing else a man of the drawing room, and all his instincts move along the leisurely ways of life. Anything like haste or "empressment" is unknown to the eternal laws that govern him.

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