mother carn and then dels waving in the air. The summer before Nell Glynn had in gone to New York for a week's visit, and had come home with glowing accounts of the new game. "Why, girls!" she t exclaimed, while her black eyes shone in and her closely cropped head bowed ex-citedly, "croquet is nothing to it. You don't know how jolly it is. I saw it played in the Park." "Why can't we play it?" queried Elsa in her slow way. "What must we have?"

too late to play this fall, so we will have all winter to work in." "Yes," rejoited Madge, "but how in the world shall we ever do it?" "Oh, if we keep on the watch we shall find ever so many chances to earn a little. Why, only yesterday Tom offered me ten cents if I would go down to the post-office for him. I wish I had known of this; I'd have gone."

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Rhoda bade her friedus good-by take night, as she was to start for home inght, as she was to start for home e ang, the box, which had come by express and was directed to 'Miss Elsa Trent.' What was her surprise on opening it to find three beautiful blazers, the finest and nicest she had seen, while in the bottom of the box was a note addressed to 'Madge, Nell and Elsa.'' It did not take long to call the other girls, and then the note was opened and read.
 ''Deat friends, 'i began, ''when I told papa how good you were to me he thought it would be nice for me to send you a remembrance, and I knew you would like blazers, so here they are.'' Though greatly pleased, the girls were much puzzled as to how her father could come to no satisfactory conclusion until one day late in November, when the mystery was solved.
 The troit and get their lunch in time to subtit was fluch a present, but they could come to a differ who day the in the afternoon. They were in the midst of their shopping when some one at their side gave a little lagy had winspred gently, 'love fifteen,'' when looking up, to their sharping introduced as her mother did not resemble in the least the stepmother did not resembl

ing to be include and a short of the second second

"Why can't we play it?" queried Elsa in her slow way. "What must we have?"
"New sant to be very high-toned you have rice things when your mother is more and not make nice things when your mother is not state and you are poor beside." All this sounded delightful and they entered into a discussion of the subtract and into a discussion of the subtract and the interest which fifteen-year old grist sually have in anything promising fun.
"Your lawn would be just the place for be contr," said Madge, as she twisted Elsa's long yellow curls around the ralling, looking like a gyps in herstraight black hair falling all about her shoulders.
"Grist, The were on Mrs. Tren's in September Elsa should have a tennis in forth as he spoke. "Let's earn it let's the state delight, to while be expected in the ralling, looking like a gyps in her straight black hair falling all about her shoulders.
"Yes, "siginsed Madge, 'But how in the world shall we even this?"
"Yes, and we might go without some of the grant with arguing to what hall we world the should be yend with world have are to it?"
"Yes, and we might go without some of the four as to play a "set?"
"Yes, and we might go without some of the gave many there should be are and a the one who see of the gave more the during the world area to be and the ore who see of the gave more the tow ork in."
"Yes, and we might go without some of the gave more intered " and the save more hard area the tow intered it would precise the transite the right way."
"Yes, and we might go without some the world have gave more withor and we may the world have gave more with a gave."
"Yes, and we might go without some the more and we may may a "set in any "." "Why, Rhoda," said outspoken Nell, as soon as they were left alone together, "we all thought you were real poor." At this Rhoda laughed merrily. "Why, no: I have always lived here with papa, but when he was going away he asked which I would rather do, stay here or go and visit with Nurse Bassett, and I chose to go there. I suppose I did look dreadfully dowdy, but the housekeeper always bought my clothes and I fear she had not a great deal of taste." "Doesn't it seem just like a story book, Uncle John?" exclaimed the girls that night after telling him all about it.--[New York World. Remarkable Somnambulism A remarkable somnambulistic feat was

A remarkable sommambulistic feat was performed a few nights ago by Christo-pher Medway, of Cave City, Ky. Mr. Medway is a prominent lawyer and a scion of one of Kentucky's oldest famil-ies. In 1861, at the breaking out of the war, his father packed up his silver plate, which was very valuable, and hid it in the Mammoth Cave. This was done in the midst of great hurry and confusion, and owing to some oversight the place was left unmarked, and when, in 1865, the Medways wished to dig the silver up no one could recol-lect with any certainty the spot, and though it was sought for, off and on, for years it was never located, and the nu-merous excavations resulting in no dis-covery it was finally believed that some one had stolen the box and refilled the hole. hole. Mr. Medway's father died convinced

Why, only yesterday Tom offered in each constraint of this in dependence of the second back of the second ba

one had stolen the box and refilled the hole. Mr. Medway's father died convinced that it was so, and for more than ten years no one gave further thought to the matter. But recently Mrs. Medway re-vived the subject by relating the story to some friends in her husband's hearing, and that gentleman says he went to bed wondering if his father's belief in the theft of the box was correct, and that on failing to sleep he re-enacted the scene of the removal and burial of the silver at which he was present, though only a boy of fourteen. When he awoke he found himself lying on the ground close to a large rock and in black darkness, except for a faint gleam of light in the fur distance. At first he experienced some difficulty in realizing where he was, but when he did concluded, on remembering his dream, that he had managed to slipy the sight watchman, into the cave, and, his memory, singularly aroused in his slumbers, had found his way to the spot where he had seen the silver buried twenty-nic years before. After marking the rock, he made his with enorning light stealing, and as he was the morning light ess, called to the watch-man and despatched him after his slothes. He then hird workmen to dig in the spot where he had found him-self on awakening, and soon had the sat-isfaction of seeing them lift out the case of silver, which being opened was found intact.--[New York Telegram.

-that it was all by chance that she had won it, and that the prize really belonged to Madge. However, Madge utterly re-fused to listen to this, saying that as Rhoda had won it fairly it belonged to her. So, at length, Rhoda consented to take the box, and on opening it disclosed to view, lying in a nest of pink cotton, a beautiful gold pin in the form of a raket, on which lay a pretty pear ball, while on the handle the words "Love-Fifteen" were engraved. While they were still admiring the gift the guests were sum-moned to a dainty supper, after which games were played until it was time to disperse. Mhoda bade her friends good-by that might, as she was to start for home early the next morning, and so the day ended. THE JOKER'S BUDGET. JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Wrath Turned Away-An Infelicit ous Quotation-What was the Mat-ter, etc., etc., etc.

WHAT WAS THE MATTER.

He—Do you think there is anything effeminate about me? Miss Willets told me last evening that my mannerisms put her in mind of herself. She—Miss Willets is a fool.—[Epoch.

THE COFFEE SUPPLY. stomer-Give me a pound of Java

coffee. New Boy (diving with a scoop into a coffee bin)-Yessir. New Boy (Write years), and a second late a Gustomer—Wait, I've changed my ind. I'll take Mocha instead. New Boy (diving into the same bin)— cesin

Yessir. Customer—See here, you started to get the Java out of that bin.

New Boy-Yessir. No diffrence in ' coffee, sir, only diffrence is in th' ice.-[Good News. SHUT THAT DOOR !!

The time is fast approaching when the

visitor to the sanctum will step in smil-ing and confident, and just as he is about to say: "Here is a little thing I have just dashed off," he will be paralyzed by a dashed off," he will be paralyzed by a voice exclaiming in tones of thunder: "Go back and shut the door!"-[Bos ton Courier.

WRATH TURNED AWAY.

Merchant (angrily, as clerk enters three ours late)—Where in the name—— [Clerk offers him a twenty-five cent [Uter a cigar.] Merchant (continuing) — of sense do you buy such good cigars?—[Epoch.

WOULD STAY BALD.

Agent—You are bald, I see; now here is a preparation that will force out a luxuri—

RECIPROCITY EXPLAINED. Maud-What do they mean by recip

Claude--Now, if I were to kiss you and you should kiss me in return, that would be reciprocity. Maud--Why, it's nice, isn't it? I thought it was something bad.

eaming. "Why, Rhoda," said outspoken Nell, AVOIDING A MISUNDERSTANDING. McCorkle-Did I tell you about a fish sallowing a snake that I saw while while

wailowing a snake that I saw while way on my vacation? McCrackle—No, but before you begin I want to ask you one question. "All right." "Is this a snake story or a fish story?" --[Brooklyn Life.

SHOULD BE ABLE TO MANAGE IT.

She-He seems a very methodic an. I suppose he understands his but . I suppose he s thoroughly. ss thoroughy. He-Yes. She-By the way, what is his business Hc-He has none.-[Epoch.

HATEFUL PEOPLE.

First Pedestrian—There's a man I hate orse than the plague. Second Pedestrian—Why? First Pedestrian—He always pro-

nounces my name wrong.-[Street & Smith's Good News.

A RESPONSIVE CHORD. Minnie-Even though it was my lass hance, I never would marry a man who Miunie—Even though it was my last chance, I never would marry a man who was devoted to a fad. Mamie—No? Yet that is just what I expect to do shortly. Minnie—And what is his particular hobby, please? Mamie—Me,—[Indianapolis Journal. The Chicago Post has struck a chord to which all men, without regard to race, color or previous condition of servitude, will quickly respond. It runs thus:

But of life's sweet surprises there is one that outdoes all the rest. And that's to find a quarter in the pocket of a last year's vest.

DESERVED A LIFE SENTENCE.

The First "Spouter." In the salt wells on the upper Cumber-land, about Burkesville, Kentucky, in 1829, was opened the first of the great fountain wells which have constituted the most wonderful phenomena in the production of oil. In Niles's Register for 1829 will be found a short notice of this fountain well, which was described as one of the wonders of the world. In boring for salt, at a depth of about 300 feet, a reservoir of gas and oil of great dimensions was struck. By the elasticity of the gas the tools were thrown out of the well, and a jet of oil was produced which rose as high as the tops of the trees. This formed a rivulet, which ran down to the Cumberland River, where the oil covered the surface for many miles. About forty miles below Burkes-ville the film of oil was accidentally ig-nation for some days the strange and interesting spectacle was there seen of a burning river. The inhabitants were naturally greatly alarmed, for that task of moverbial difficult, "settine the DESERVED A LIPE SENTENCE. "Prisoner, stand. How many times have you been convicted of crime?" "About leven times, Jedge." "Have you no fear of the law?" stern-ly demanded the Judge. "No, y'r Honor," naswered the pris-oner, in a broken voice. "Tve got the courage of my convictions, I reckon."— [Chicago Tribune.

A CONTRAST.

He (before marriage)-I could die for He (after marriage)-You will be the

SHE WAS A SUMMER GIRL.

SILE WAS A SUMMER OFFIL. Jack-Why are you so cold and in-different to me, Amy? and only a few weeks ago you told me that I was the sumshine of your life? Amy-But remember, Jack, that this is the season when the sumshine loses its power.--[Munsey, ...] Munsey.

A MISAPPREHENSION.

and interesting spectacle was there seen of a burning river. The inhabitants were naturally greatly alarmed, for that task of proverbial difficulty, "setting the river on fire," had been there accom-plished; and supposing that the conflag-ration which had attacked the river would naturally spread over the more combustible shores, a general panic was produced, and it was thought that the end of the world had surely come. For-tunately, after about three weeks, the flow of oil stopped, and no more damage was done; but no one regarded the loss of millions of barrels of oil, since it was then entirely value[ess. Some years after, Hisnibs-What did that auburn-haired Histobard and the final about matter about matter girls snub you for just now? Hisjags—I can't imagine. I waited for her at the cloak room door, and when she appeared I offered her my arm and said, "Ready?" and she went off as though I'd insulted her. NEWLY RELATED.

Bleeks-Who was that man who

Miss Bleeks—Who was that man who bowed as he passed by? Miss Kleeks—It was my brother. Miss Bleeks—Why, I didn't know you had a brother. Miss Kleeks—He only proposed to me last week.—[Minneapolis Journal. misronx valles for necono rutis. "Good Morning, Mr. President," said

NOT IN HIS LINE. THE COAST PATROL. Poet—The new one thousand-dollar bills have a portrait of General Meade. Friend—How in the world do you know that?--[Brooklyn Life. LOOKING OUT FOR WRECKS

<text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text><text> AND DROWNING SAILORS, All Along the Atlantic Coast They Young Lady-How much is this ribbon

en uprights. The whip line enables those on the boat and those on shore to draw the buoy to and fro, and the apparatus has been the means of saving many lines.

many lives. The lifecar works on the same prin-ciple. It is made of tin and is about six feet long and as round as a small hoge-head. It runs along the hawser as easily as does the breeches buoy, and as many as ix women and as many children can be placed in it at once. When the top is fastened down it is sent spinning over and through the waves to the land.—[New York Sun.

Tramp Through Wind and Rain -How They Save Lives.

yard? Clerk-Ten dollars, madam, and going Up every minute. Young Lady—Mercy me! I didn't suppose it would be over fifty cents. Clerk (with dignity)—That ribbon, madam, is peach color.—[New York Weekly.

VIRTUE REWARDED.

"Here, my son," said a kindly-looking old gentleman, meeting a boy who was whistling along the avenue this morn-ng, "here is a dollar." "Yes, sir," replied the boy, taking it hesitatingly, "but what must I do with it?"

THE FAILED CROP.

"Keep it, my boy; keep it, and may Heaven's blessing go with it and with

Heaves success get under the source of the s

NOT AFTER A DAY JOB.

NOT AFTER A DAY JOB. Past-Commander James S. Fraser, of the Grand Army of the Republic of this State, told some friends, the other night, a story about a man he sent down to the custom-house to get a job as night-watch-man. Colector Erharit sent the man to the eivil-service board to be examined. The man was quite intelligent, and an-swered the questions put to him until he was asked what the distance was be-tween the earth and the sun. He hesi-tated for a time, and finally acknowl-edged that he did not know. "You don't know !" said the commis-sioner, severely. "Mister," said the applicant, "f didn't think If have to answer a question like that. I'm looking for a night job."--[New York Star. TOO VISIONARY.

TOO VISIONARY.

"Your father refuses his consent to our nion?" "He does, Harold." "Nothing seems to be

"He does, Harold." "Nothing seems to be left for us, then, except elopement. Do you think, Myrtle," said the young man, swallowing a sol, "that you could leave this luxurious home, forfeit all the enjoyments of wealth, banish yourself forever from your parents' hearts, and go to the West with a poor man to enter a home of life-long poverty?" "I think I could, Harold."

"I tunns I could, Hatold." "Then you are not the practical girl I have taken you to be," said Harold, with deep dejection, as he rose up wearily and reached for his hat.-[Chicago Tribune. No wear NO BREAD. Philanthropist—I suppose this laziness s bred in you fellows. Tramp—Not by a big sight. I'm as mpty as a vacuum.

A CLEAR CASE.

"I'm now convinced Cora don't love

ne." "Why so?" "Because she begins to laugh every time I try to have a quarrel with her."

THE BRIDGE OF SIZE.

She-You remind me of the Brooklyn

Bridge. He-Why? Because I live in suspense? She—No, but because of your sighs. New York Herald.

AN UNOBJECTIONABLE FAD.

The First "Spouter."

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"Good Morning, Mr. President," said Thomas Jefferson to George Washing-ton one day in the summer of 1780. "Good morning, Mr. Jefferson," re-plied the Father of his Country: "it is a warm day after the reign."-[Chicago Inter-Ocean.

AN INFELICITOUS QUOTATION.

AN INFELTIOUS QUARTING. "How good of you to come, doctor. I didn't expect you this morning," "No: but I was called to your oppo-site neighbor, poor Mrs. Brown, and thought I might as well kill two birds with one stone."—[Punch.

HIS STATION.

IIIS STATION, Emma-I met a charming man at the beach to-day, mamma, and he asked if he might call. Mamma -Did you find out what sta-tion he occupies in life? Emma-Oh, yes, mamma; he told me all about himself. He occupies the gov-ernment experimental station at Geneva. --N. Y. Ledger.

PLEASANT DREAMS.

PLEASANT DREAMS "Woman is a delusion," we have heard The ones well schooled in worldly knowledge say. And this is why it has to us occurred, The men still hug delusions day by day. —[Chicago Post.

The Writing Rock.

The Writing Rock, A number of Boston savants recently visited the famous Writing Rock located on the shores of the Taunton River, near Dighton, Mass., and discussed a project for its removal to and preservation in some great public museum. The Writ-ing Rock is one of the bases for the assertion that Columbus was not the dis-coverer of America. It consists of an insulated mass of fine-grained granite, lying on the sands of the river a few feet above the low-water mark, but cov-fered with water at each flow of the tide. It is eleven feet long and about five

ered with water at each flow of the tide. It is eleven feet long and about five feet high. On the water side it presents an inclined plane surface, the face of which, eleven by ten, seems to have been originally covered with inscriptions and sculptures. The inscriptions are hiero-glyphic in character, and as the rock is very hard, those that rise above the low water mark can have undergone but very little change from action of the elements. Autiquarians who claim to have deci-phered the characters say that they were made by explorers who reached the New England coast at least 500 years before the birth of the famed Genoese navigator. --[New York Journal.

the only officer, calls a halt when the wheels strike the beach as near the water as its possible for it to go. Then the drag-ropes are dropped from the shoulders of the men and the boat is lifted by means of two wooden bars from the wheels and dropped into the sand. "Take life beits !" shouts the Captain, and the men scramble into their big cork jackets. "Take oars !" is the next order, and the 14-foot oars rise in the air simultaneously and drop together into the rowlocks, with the handles under the risings at the side. Then the prettiest part of the show follows as the men run the boat through the first breakers. The two bowmen spring in first and the others stand to their waist in the water, waiting for the Captain to give the order to shove. At just the proper moment he shouts and they drive the big boat out into the breakers and vaule over the sides, whip out their oars and pull her up over the first rows of breakers.

out their oars and pull her up over the first rows of breakers. After that they toss the oars, stow them away, cross them and drop them into their places again as easily as a housemaid handles a broom. The return is as exciting and as risky a performance, as the launch and the beaching of the boat shows a skill and a knowledge of the surf which fills the landsman with admiring ave. The other drill is the one with the beach apparatus, and is even more inter-esting.

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should find it would return it to me, stating when and where the finding took place. This I scaled up in a small pocket flask of thick glass, which I car-ried in my pocket, and dropped into the hole where the spray from Lost River He soid to the spray from Lost River

ses." He said he had nearly forgotten all

A Bottle's Long Journey.

Burke Eliott, a young man prominent

Burke Ellott, a young man prominent in social and business circles of Lynch-burg, Va., relates a remarkable story: "On June 7, 1884, I visited the Natural Bridge, and was particularly interested in what is known as 'Lost River,' but a more suitable name for it would be 'Never Found River,' for though one can hear the shock of its waters as they fall over some subterranean precipice and even feel the ice-cold spray from them, if standing close to a small cavity in the earth, no one has ever caught a glimpse of the stream. "As a sort of experiment and more from idleness than any real belief that I could accomplish anything. I wrote out on a leaf of my memorandum book my full address and a statement of when and how I com-mitted it to the underground river, to-gether with a request that whomsoever should find it would return it to me, stating when and where the finding took