THE BLUE VEIL.

A NOVEL BY WILKIE COLLINS.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER III.—(CONTINUED.)

She closes her eyes faintly—she hears nothing but those words—feels nothing but his arm round her—forgets Mrs. Crayford's warning—forgets Richard Wardour himself—turns suddenly with a loving woman's disregard of everything but her love, nestles her head on his bosom, and answers him in that way at last!

Of course, the beautiful drooping head, with its wealth of hair, met in their first kiss. As they are both in heaven—it is Clara who brings them back to earth again, with a start—it is Clara who says, "Oh! what have I done?"—as usual, when it is too late.

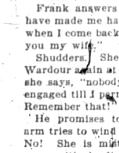
Frank answers the question: "You have made me happy, my angel. Now, when I come back, I come back to make you my wife."

Shudders. She remembers Richard Wardour again at those words. "Mind!" she says, "nobody is to know we are engaged till I permit you to mention it. Remember that!"

He promises to remember it. His arm tries to wind round her once more. No! She is mistress of herself; she can positively dismiss him now—after she has let him kiss her!

"Go!" she says. "I want to see Mrs. Crayford. Find her! Say I am here, waiting to speak to her. Go at once, Frank—for my sake!"

There is no alternative but to obey her. His eyes drink a last draught of her beauty. He hurries away on his errand—the happiest man in the room. Five minutes since, she was only his partner in the dance. He has spoken —and she has pledged herself to be his partner for life!



CHAPTER IV.

It was not easy to find Mrs. Crayford in the crowd. Searching here and searching there, Frank became conscious of a stranger, who appeared to be looking for somebody on his side. He was a dark, heavy-browed, strongly-built man; dressed in a shabby old naval officer's uniform. His manner—strikingly resolute and self-contained—was unmistakably the manner of a gentleman. He wound his way slowly through the crowd; stopping to look at every lady whom he passed, and then looking away again with a frown. Little by little he approached the conservatory—entered it, after a moment's reflection—detected the glimmer of a white dress in the distance, through the shrubs and flowers —advanced to get a nearer view of the lady—and burst into Clara's presence with a cry of delight.

She sprang to her feet. She stood before him speechless, motionless, struck to stone. All her life was in her eyes—the eyes which told her she was looking at Richard Wardour. He was the first to speak.

"I am sorry I startled you, my darling. I forgot everything but the happiness of seeing you again. We only reached our moorings two hours since. I was some time inquiring after you, and some time getting my ticket, when they told me you were at the ball. Wish me joy, Clara! I am promoted. I have come back to make you my wife."

A momentary change passed over the blank terror of her face. Her color rose faintly, her lips moved. She abruptly put a question to him:

"Did you get my letter?"

He started. "A letter from you? I never received it."

The momentary animation died out of her face again. She drew back from him, and dropped into a chair. He advanced toward her, astonished and alarmed. She shrank in the chair—shrank, as if she was frightened of him.

"Clara! you have not even shaken hands with me! What does it mean?"

He paused, waiting, and watching her. She made no reply. A flash of the quick temper in him leaped up in his eyes. He repeated his last words in louder and sterner tones: "What does it mean?"

She replied this time. His tone had hurt her—his tone had roused her sinking courage. "It means, Mr. Wardour, that you have been mistaken from the first."

"How have I been mistaken?"

"You have been under a wrong impression, and you have given me no opportunity of setting you right."

"In what way have I been wrong?"

"You have been too hasty and too confident about yourself and about me. You have entirely misunderstood me. I am grieved to distress you, but for your sake I must speak plainly. I am your friend always, Mr. Wardour. I can never be your wife."

He mechanically repeated the last words. He seemed to doubt whether he had heard her aright. "You can never be my wife?"

"Never!"

"Why?"

There was no answer. She was incapable of telling him a falsehood. She was ashamed to tell him the truth.

He stooped over and suddenly possessed himself of her hand. Holding her hand firmly, he stooped a little lower, searching for the signs which might answer him in her face. His own face darkened slowly while he looked. He was beginning to suspect her, and he acknowledged it in his next words.

"Something has changed you toward me, Clara. Somebody has influenced you against me. Is it—you force me to ask the question—is it some other man?"

"You have no right to ask me that."

He went on without noticing what she had said to him. "Has that other man come between you and me? I will speak plainly on my side. Speak plainly on yours."

"I have spoken. I have nothing more to say."

There was a pause. She saw the warning light which told of the fire within him, growing brighter and brighter in his eyes. She felt his hand strengthening on her hand. She heard him appeal to her for the last time.

"Reflect," he said, "reflect before it is too late. Your silence will not serve you. If you persist in not answering me, I shall take your silence as a confession. Do you hear me?"

"I hear you."

"Clara Burnham! I am not to be trifled with. Clara Burnham! I insist on the truth. Are you false to me?"

She resented that searching question with a woman's keen sense of the insult that is implied in doubting her to her face.

"Mr. Wardour! you forget yourself when you call me to account in that way. I never encouraged you. I never gave you promise or pledge——"

He passionately interrupted her before she could say more: "You have engaged yourself in my absence. Your words own it; your looks own it! You have engaged yourself to another man!"

"If I have engaged myself, what right have you to complain of it?" she answered, firmly. "What right have you to control my actions——"

The next words died away on her lips. He suddenly dropped her hand. A marked change appeared in the expression of his eyes—a change which told her of the terrible passions that she had let loose in him. She rose, dimly read, something in his face which made her tremble—not for herself, but for Frank.

Little by little the dark color faded out of his face. His deep voice dropped suddenly to a low and quiet tone as he spoke the parting words: "Say no more. Miss Burnham—you have said enough. I am answered; I am dismissed." He paused, and stepping close up to her, laid his hand on her arm.

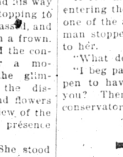
"The time may come," he said, "when I shall forgive you. But the man who has robbed me of you shall rue the day when you and he first met." He turned and left her.

A few minutes later, Mrs. Crayford, entering the conservatory, was met by one of the attendants at the ball. The man stopped as if he wished to speak to her.

"What do you want?" she asked.

"I beg pardon, ma'am. Do you happen to have a smelling-bottle about you? There is a young lady in the conservatory who is taken faint."

CHAPTER V.



THE morning of the next day—the morning on which the ships were to sail—came bright and breezy. Mrs. Crayford having arranged to follow her husband to the water-side, and see the last of him before he embarked, entered Clara's room on her way out of the house, anxious to hear how her young friend had passed the night. To her astonishment, she found Clara had risen and was dressed, like herself, to go out.

"What does this mean, my dear? After what you suffered last night—after the shock of seeing that man—why don't you take my advice and rest in your bed?"

"I can't rest. I have not slept all night. Have you been out yet?"

"No."

"Have you seen or heard anything of Richard Wardour?"

"What an extraordinary question!"

"Answer my question! Don't trifle with me!"

"Compose yourself, Clara. I have neither seen nor heard anything of Richard Wardour. Take my word for it, he is far enough away by this time."

"No! He is here! He is near us! All night long the presentiment has pursued me—Frank and Richard Wardour will meet."

"My dear child, what are you thinking of? They are total strangers to each other."

"Something will happen to bring them together. I feel it! I know it. They will meet; there will be a mortal quarrel between them, and I shall be to blame. Oh, Lucy! why didn't I take your advice? Why was I mad enough to let Frank know that I loved him? Are you going to the landing-stage? I am all ready; I must go with you."

"You must not think of it, Clara. There will be crowding and confusion at the water-side. You are not strong enough to bear it. Wait—I won't be long away—wait till I come back."

"I must, will, will go with you! Crowd! He will be among the crowd! Confusion! In that confusion he will find his way to Frank! Don't ask me to wait. I shall go mad if I wait. I shall not know a moment's ease till I have seen Frank with my own eyes safe in the boat which takes him to his ship. You have got your bonnet on; what are we stopping here for? Come! or I shall go without you. Look at the clock! We have not a moment to lose!"

It was useless to contend with her. Mrs. Crayford yielded. The two women left the house together.

The landing-stage, as Mrs. Crayford had predicted, was thronged with spectators. Not only the relatives and friends of the Arctic voyagers, but strangers as well, had assembled in large numbers to see the ships sail. Clara's eyes wandered affrightedly hither and thither among the strange faces in the crowd, searching for the one face that she dreaded to see, and not finding it. So completely were her nerves unstrung that she started with a cry of alarm on suddenly hearing Frank's voice behind her.

"The Sea-Mew's boats are waiting," he said. "I must go, darling. How pale you are looking, Clara! Are you ill?"

She never answered. She questioned him with wild eyes and trembling lips.

"Has anything happened to you, Frank? anything out of the common?"

Frank laughed at the strange question.

"Anything out of the common?" he repeated. "Nothing that I know of, except sailing for the Arctic Seas. That's out of the common, I suppose; isn't it?"

"Has anybody spoken to you since last night? Has any stranger followed you in the street?"—

Frank turned in blank amazement to Mrs. Crayford. "What on earth does she mean?"

Mrs. Crayford's lively invention supplied her with an answer on the spur of the moment.

"Do you believe in dreams, Frank? Of course you don't! Clara has been dreaming about you, and Clara is foolish enough to believe in dreams. After all; it's not worth talking about. Hark! they are calling for you. Say good-bye, or you'll be too late for the boat."

Frank took Clara's hand. Long afterward—in the dark Arctic days, in the dreary Arctic nights—he remembered how coldly and how passively that hand lay in his.

"Courage, Clara!" he said gally. "A sailor's sweetheart must accustom herself to partings. The time will soon pass. Good-bye, my darling. Good-bye, my wife!"

He kissed the cold hand; he looked his last—for many a long year perhaps!—at the pale and beautiful face. How she loved me! he thought. How the parting distresses her! He still held her hand; he would have lingered longer, if Mrs. Crayford had not wisely waived all ceremony and pushed him away.

The two ladies followed him at a safe distance through the crowd, and saw him safely step into the boat. The oars struck the water; Frank waved his cap to Clara. In a moment more the vessel at anchor hid the boat from view. They had seen the last of him on his way to the Frozen Deep!

"No Richard Wardour in the boat," said Mrs. Crayford. "No Richard Wardour on the shore. Let this be a lesson to you, my dear. Never be foolish enough to believe in presentiments again."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

"No Fish."

Fine as are the salmon of New Foundland, they are without honor in their own country, as the following incident from Dr. S. T. Davis's "Caribou-Shooting in Newfoundland" will show: Our way into the interior was over a lovely pond. We had made an early start, and left the foot of the pond just as day was breaking. We had not proceeded far when the writer thought he could occasionally see the water break with a splash in close proximity to the canoe. Seated as he was in the bow, he turned to the native who was handling the paddle in the stern, and inquired whether there were any fish in the pond.

"Fish? No, sir, no fish, sir."

Presently, when about half-way up the pond, and just as the sun was peeping over the eastern horison, he saw not six feet from the bow of the canoe, a magnificent salmon rise to the surface, and with a swish of his tail, disappear. Again the writer turned to his friend with the remark, "Daddy, did I understand you to say that there were no fish in this pond?"

"No fish, sir; no fish."

"Yes, but—I beg your pardon—I a moment ago saw what I took to be a twelve or fifteen-pound salmon break the water not six feet from the bow of the canoe."

"Oh, that was a salmon. There are plenty of trout and salmon in all these waters, but no fish, sir. Nothing counts as fish in these parts but codfish, sir."

Wanted It All in the Record.

"Now, your Honor," argued the attorney in the court of Justice Brown of Santa Rosa, "I move dismissal of this case on the ground that the corpus delicti has not been established."

Judge Brown rubbed his chin a perplexed way, fixed his gaze on the ceiling for a moment and then, clearing his throat, said:

"Of course, it is an old principle of law that the arobator must correspond with the alligator, and in this case I am of the belief that the corpus is all right, but I don't know about the delicti."

Your Honor, I want that to go into the record," demanded opposing counsel. "I want the record to show that your Honor said the corpus is all right, but you do not know about the delicti."

Judge Brown realized that he had blundered, and sat staring at the attorney for a moment. Then pulling himself together he said:

"All right. let that go into the record. But you fellows knew danged well I was only joking when I said it, and that will go into the record, too."—San Francisco Post.

The Church Porch.

The New York Sun, essaying in response to a request to give the ten best short poems in the English tongue, included in the number Thackeray's poem "The Church Porch," which is certainly a pleasing production, though scarcely entitled to such high rank as claimed for it. Thackeray had no poetic gifts, but he never cultivated them, and the slender volume which contains his verse is made up in large parts of burlesque.

Half His Medicine.

"You say your doctor prescribed cycling, but where is your wheel?"

"Well, you see, I feel lazy this morning, so I'm taking just half my medicine by wearing this costume."—New York Journal.

So Tricky.

"Some folks," said Uncle Eben, "is so tricky dat when dey comes across er man dat's shu' 'nuff honest dey gets skyaht an' says he mus' be playin' a pow'ful deep game." — Washington Star.

SI SMITH'S SORROW.

THEIR NEVER WAS a two closer friends than me and Si Smith. Her couldn't be. We was raised together in the same farmin' section, an' what little larnin' he had was got out o' the same books, in the same deestrict school, an' on the same hard bench. In fac' we had kinder grown up under the same influences an' was more like brothers than some real brothers are.

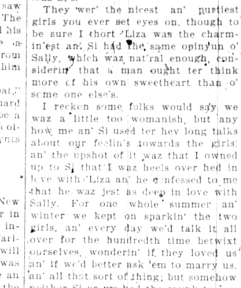
In most ways Si was like other boys. He was so quiet an' old-fashioned like that he never seemed like a boy at all, an' no girl could er bin more gentle an' lovin' than he was. He was jest one o' them chaps that other boys are always pokin' fun at but then go to fer after an' sympathize when they get in trouble, an' one they'd fight for quicker'n their own kin.

Wal, me an' Si growed up to manhood jest as we'd bin in our childhood—the confidin'est o' friends; an' our mothers used ter laugh at us in that pleased sort o' way good mothers hev got ter tell us we'd better get the dominie to marry us, so as to make our partnership a little more bindin'. We was always together, when we wasn't at work about our fathers' farms, an' if there was a huskin' bee, or a spellin' school, or any sich class in the deestric' you'd never find one of us there if the other wasn't.

Of course, bein' young men, an' purty scrumptious lookin' ones at that, we was mighty popular with the girls thereabouts, an' used ter see 'em hoge from prayer meetin's, an' sich like; but when it come ter some of 'em bein' sweet on Si's account they'd have ter do their courtin' 'Liza Hawkins, which was my sweetheart, an' Sally Turner, which was Si's.

They wer' the nicest an' purtiest girls you ever set eyes on, though to be sure I chort 'Liza was the charmin'est, an', Si he'd be, some opin'ion o' Sally, which was nat'ral enough, considerin' that a man ought ter think more of his own sweetheart than o' some one else's.

I reckon some folks would say we was a little too womanish, but any how me an' Si used ter hev long talks about our feelin's towards the girls an' the upshot of it was that I owned up to Si that I was heels over head in love with 'Liza an' he confessed to me that he was jest as deep in love with Sally. For one whole summer an' winter we kept on sparkin' the two girls, an' every day we'd talk it all over for the hundredth time by ourselves, wonderin' if they loved us an' if we'd better ask 'em to marry us. An' all that sort of thing; but somehow neither Si or me had the spunk to pop the question as we'd jest dyin' to hev settled. I don't know jest how it was, but though we'd be very brave an' determined when we was alone discussin' the matter on the woodpile or in the barn, at his home or mine, when we'd get to



"REMEMBER, I LOVE HER."

lookin' in Sally's an' Liza's bright eyes we'd lose our courage (or our heads) an' come away as much in doubt as ever.

At last, though, while seein' Liza home from singin'-school one rainy night, an' while I was holdin' her close to me to keep her under my umbrel', I screwed my pluck up to the top notch, an' sed somethin'—I never knowed jest what it was—but 'Liza understood what I meant, an' what she sed, to me made me the happiest an' proudest man you ever saw in all yer born days. Si seemed almost as glad as I was, when I told him about it next day, an' I was sure he'd take courage by my success an' ask Sally the very next time he went to spark her, but he didn't. He kept puttin' it off, jest as he'd been doin' all along, an' worryin' an' frettin' about his undecided fate till he actually got pale an' holler-eyed over it, I kinder think that if I hadn't loved him so all-fired much, I'd got vexed at Si for his dilly-dallyin'; but one day somethin' happened that took all them thorts out o' my head.

I can never forget that day, or, rather that night; for it was late in the evenin', when he came to the house an' called me out. The minit I saw him I knowed somethin' had gone amiss. I had never seen him lookin' like that afore. His face was as white as a sheet, an' it jest made my heart ache ter see that look o' sufferin' an' agony in his deep-sunken eyes. I started to say somethin'—to inquire what had happened—but he raised his hand with a sort o' despairful motion an' sed, in a hoarse, choked voice:

"Don't, Josh—don't speak yet fer awhile!"

We walked slowly down the lane, neither of us speakin', an' neither of us seemin' to know where we was goin'. Bimeby we got as far as the Barnyard gate an' stopped an' leaned on the bars in a sort o' unspoken misery—fer Si's misery made me miserable, too.

"Wal, Josh," sed he after awhile, without lookin' up, an' speakin' in a dreamy sort o' voice, "it's all over."

"What?" sez I, guessin' what he meant; "has Sally refused yeh?"

"Wuss!" see he, tryin' to force back a groan.

"What could be wusser'n that, Si?" I asked.

"She told me," sed he, jest above a whisper, "that she is goin' to marry Zeb Ward next month. I didn't put the question to her—it's well I didn't. She invited me to the weddin'. It nigh killed me, Josh!"

"Wal, consarn the ——" I began, as mad as fury at what seemed her flirtin' ways, but Si raised his hand an' stopped me.

"Don't—not a word agin her Josh!" he sed, flarin' up. "Remember, I love her!"

It wasn't in me to hurt his feelin's, an' I asked, consid'rably cooled down:

"Does she know yer feelin's, Si?"

He shook his head. "I didn't tell her—I couldn't. She jest looked on me as a friend, I reckon. She must never know, Josh. It might sp'ile her happiness," he sed; an' then neither of us could find anything to say for a long time; jest stood there, a-lookin' at the stars, an' mournful like at the clouds an' ever' now an' then a big lump that kept risin' in our throats. Somehow Si never had seemed quite so near and dear to me as he did in them silent moments o' mutual misery. I edged up closer to him an' he to me an', our hands got together in a clutch, warm grasp that said more than all the words we could hev spoken in a lifetime.

It must hev been mighty nigh midnight afore we left the barnyard gate, although we hadn't sed more'n a dozen words. We jest stood there a-holdin' onto each other's hands an' tryin' to think, but always losin' our reckonin' in the heavy clouds o' sorrow that hung over us.

"Don't take it too much ter heart, Si. Try ter be brave—try ter make the best of it!" I sed to him as we parted. He didn't answer me. He tried to, but all of a suddint he gave my hand a powerful wrench and hurried away with a pitiful look o' anguish on his white face.

I didn't see quite so much o' Si after that as afore. Every two or three days, though, he'd come to the house, an' it seemed ter me that he always looked paler an' talkner an' more despairfuller every time we met. We didn't often speak o' his sorrow, but we'd sit sometimes fer hours a-holdin' hands an' lookin' in each other's faces an' understandin' each other's feelin's better, I reckon, than if we'd tried ter put our thots inter words. One day, after we'd been sittin' in this fashion for quite a spell, Si kinder roused himself up an' sed:

"Sally an' Zeb are ter be married ter-morrow."

"Yes," sed I, wonderin' why he'd spoke of it.

"Goin', I s'pose?" he added.

"I reckon so," sed I.

"Then we'll go together," sed he, an' a look o' sharpest sufferin' came in his pale face, which hurt me more'n I know how ter tell.

"D'ye think it's best, Si?" I asked, as gentle as I could.

"Yes," he answered, heavin' a sigh. "She might think it queer if I staid away; besides, I'd like to wish her an' Zeb a happy life."

I didn't say any more. It would hev done no good, an' maybe 'twould hev hurt him if I argued against his goin', so the next day me an' Si went to the little meetin'-house together, jest as we had done in our boyhood days, when we used ter go to Sunday school, though we never waz so silent an' sad an' thortful in them days. We sat in the same pew, too, where we used ter sit years an' years ago, an' I thort as I looked now an' then at Si's thin, white face an' droopin' figger that I'd never seen him look quite so miserable an' hopeless as he did that day.

Wal, after the ceremony waz over, Si was one o' the first ter push his way through the crowd so's ter reach the bride an' groom an' offer his good wishes. There waz, I noticed, a queer, unnatral sort of look in his sunken eyes as he fixed 'em on his haggard face, an' when we at last started fer home poor Si waz so trembly an' onnerved that he had ter take my arm ter keep on his legs.

"I hope they'll be happy, Josh," he sed several times as we jest walkin' slowly along, an' once he sed, very low an' in a kinder choked voice, "I hope she'll be loved as well by Zeb as she is by me."

That waz about all the talkin' that waz done till we parted at his gate. Then I sed:

"Come over an' see me termorrow, Si."

"I reckon," sed he, after holdin' my hand quite a spell, "you'd better come an' see me, Josh. I don't seem ter be very strong o' late, an' the walk makes me tired like."

"All right," sed I as cheery as I could; "I'll come."

Yes; I went over to Si's the nex' day. It waz quite early in the mornin' an' I was a little kinder put by his father an' mother. Si had calkerlated exactly right; he waz not able to visit me. They had found him in his bed a few minutes before—dead; an' the doctor who arrived about the time I did, said he had died from heart trouble o' some sort.

So he had—a heart trouble which death alone could cure.—The Owl.

Growth of Language.

That the English language is much more copious than it was in the days of Johnson is evident from the fact that the compilers of the new and monumental Oxford dictionary have gathered 89,591 words, beginning with the first five words in the alphabet, of which 66,224 are main and 13,181 subordinate words, with 10,186 special combinations explained under main words. Of the main words 47,786 are in current use, 15,192 obsolete and 2,516 alien. But with all these words writers have not improved greatly upon Shakespeare, Milton or even Johnson, and many others of an earlier era.

The Lovely Ingenue.

"What a beautiful face Miss De la Collington, the ingenue, has. So young and fresh looking. Much prettier than the leading woman, don't you think?" "Yes, but then her husband was not a particularly handsome man. I suppose the leading lady takes after him." "What do you mean?" "Why, didn't you know that the ingenue was the leading lady's mother?"—Cleveland Leader.

Bolting It.

Mother—"Johnny, how often have I told you that you must not bolt your food." Johnny—"Guess it isn't no worse to bolt my food than it is for you to turn the key on it when it's in the cupboard."—Boston Transcript.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

The Hammock Versus the Bicycle—A Handy Lunch for Wheelists—Free Gospel in Darktown—Some Good Jokes and Gibes for Hot Weather.

Every Dog Has Its Day.

WHEN all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away.
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among,
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

Free—With Expenses.

"Gospel's free—free to all dis congregashun," said Brother Sparhawk, "an' salvation's free. Y' only got to walk right up an' help yo'se'f, or call on me to gib yo' some."

But when the collection box was passed around there was a murmur of discontent, starting in the corner where sat the Venus Chapter of the sisters of Mary and extending to the masculine pillars of the church.

"How yo' reckon salvation's free when yo' sergashiate de collection box roun' de congregashun?" asked Mr. Smallwood.

"Wy, it's dis way, frien's. 'Dar's a spring o' pure livin' water 'way up de mountain, free—free to all; but dere's pipin' laid to bring dat water down what yo' gwine use it, an' pipin' cost money. De gospel fount am free, but de pipin' am expensive—an' I'm collectin'."—Judge.

A Handy Lunch for Bicyclists.

She—We forgot to take a lunch along.

He—Oh, no, we didn't. I have my handle bar strung with doughnuts.

A Redeeming Feature.

Mrs. Ploughcr—Thet almaneck is onreliabul, Hiram. Hyar yew stald yew hum from thawn ter-day 'cause it perdicted rain, an' a purtier day never waz.

Mr. Ploughcr—It sartainly air onsartain in furetellin' the weather, but it dew beat all creashun how it kin tell ithout a miss zackly w'en th' moon is goin' tew be full. An' ef yew rieolleck, las' summer we all dicsid it sed the Crismus wum cum on Friday' an', by jinks! w'en th' time rolled roun' it waz jest ez th' almaneck sed.—Judge.

A Convincing Reference.

"You want to take charge of my culinary department?" said the hotel manager.

"Yes, sir."

"Have you ever prepared dinners for people of wealth and refinement?"

"I should say I have. Why, I used to be the chef in the District of Columbia jail."—Washington Star.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"How base ball terms change!" said the "fan" boarder. "For example, the 'goose egg' we used to hear so much of seems to have gone into decay."

"In that case," the Cheerful Idiot hastened to add, "I would not advise you to drop the subject. Just lay it down gently."—Indianapolis Journal.

True.

He—As a courting device the bicycle beats the hammock for young people.

She—How?

He—It's not so easy for them to fall out.

Thrifted.

"I think," said the man who had bought a season ticket to the opera, whispering to his neighbor, "that I'll try to have my seat changed. Every night that girl sits in front of me with the same huge hat on and—"

"Excuse me," said the girl turning round indignantly, "it's a different hat every night."—Truth.

Family Ties.

"I presume," said the talkative man to his seat-mate in the railway train, "from your manner and conversation that you have family ties."

"Yes," replied Mr. Meekton; "I s'pose you might as well call 'em that. I buy 'em for myself, but my wife and the girls all wear 'em whenever they feel like it."—Washington Star.

MIXED IN HIS SECRET WORK.

Troubles of an Absent-Minded, Though Fraternal Acquaintance.

From the Youth's Companion: A man who belongs to several secret societies must occasionally find the task of keeping the secrets of each society in their own especial corner of his brain a severe tax upon his memory. This was the case with one Absalom Wyckoff, of the thriving town of Skedunk. He came home one evening looking worried.

"What is the matter, Absalom?" asked his wife.

"A man came at me a little while ago," answered Mr. Wyckoff, "with the Masonic sign of distress. I remember now that I replied with the Knights of Pythias sign, and I am almost certain I gave him the Oddfellows' grip."

MODIFIED MILK.

The approach of hot weather is regarded with dread by many a weary mother who understands the life-and-death perils which surround the life of her little one at that time of the year, especially if it is so unfortunate as to be found "nursing the bottle."

In the summer the child's nervous system, always easily influenced, is so much at the mercy of the milk that any deviation from the natural order of things is sure to result unfavorably.

The cause of many a serious digestive disturbance will be found to lie outside any suspected change in the character of the milk. The milk may be sterilized and mixed with various ingredients to render it more easily digested, according to the best known formulæ, and it still remains to modify it to suit the immediate wants of the individual case.

If the milk is too rich, that is to say, if it has too much fat in it, the little stomach will be unable to digest it fully. This failure will cause looseness of the bowels, and if the case, although so simple, is misunderstood and therefore improperly treated, exhaustion and even collapse may eventually be the result—a literal instance of "starving in the midst of plenty." The superfluous fat keeps the bowels in a continual state of irritation.

On the other hand, if too much sugar is present in the milk, the opposite effect is produced and the child suffers nearly as much from the retention of the system of matter which should have been eliminated. The child usually becomes excessively nervous and fussy, and no treatment is of avail until the bowels are regulated.

As might be expected, it is impossible to "play off" these two facts one against the other. And this is what is meant by modified milk. If it is suspected that there is too much fat in the milk it may not only be diluted until the desired proportion is reached, but more sugar may be added to insure the speedy recovery of the little patient. In the same way the milk may be made richer, if occasion seems to require it, by the addition of a little cream.

It is only by watching the child carefully and striving to appreciate the changes which are taking place in its sensitive organism that the attempt to forestall serious disturbance of the alimentary canal will be made successful. It is needless to say that the giving of modified milk is only one of the many measures which are employed in successful nursing.

Getting Even.

Clay—"By thunder; that's the worst cigar I ever smoked." Concha—"That's what I suspected, It's the one you gave me the last time we met."—Boston Transcript.

PERSONALS.

Rev. John M. Hanselmann, pastor of St. Benedict's Catholic Church in Brooklyn, was recently presented with a stole which was at one time the property of Pope Leo XIII.

The clubwomen of the country will assemble en masse at the Nashville exposition Oct. 20, 21 and 22. The usual topics will be discussed—state, federation, journalism, club methods and government, etc.

Congressman Sulloway, of New Hampshire, is a member of the Salvation Army, and has frequently been seen in their parades and meetings in Manchester and in Washington. His wife was formerly a Salvation Army lassie.

Many of the older United States senators are pie eaters. Senator Turpie, of Indiana, is fond of a lunch like this: Strawberry shortcake and apple pie, one piece each, plate of cream and a cup of coffee. The senator, being a Democrat, pays for his pie at the senate restaurant, not the white house.

Helen Pitt Douglass, the white widow of Frederick Douglass, still lives at "Cedar Hill," Anacostia, District of Columbia. She is a member of a western New York family, her father having been a leading abolitionist. Mrs. Pitt-Douglass was her husband's stenographer and confidential clerk when he was recorder of the federal district.

PEOPLE YOU SELDOM SEE.

The bald pianist.

The man who doesn't wish that the eastern question had got its answer.

The child who has never said a smart thing.

The parent who never repeats it.

The man who has read Shakespeare right through.

The golfer who can do the round in eighty and not say a word about it to anybody.

The woman who can play whist without parentheses.

The early riser who is not insufferably proud of himself.

The late riser who is not ditto.

The noncyclist who does not disapprove of cyclists.

The cyclist who does not disapprove of pedestrians.