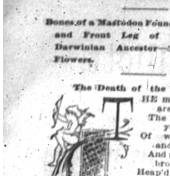
# IN THE ODD CORNER.

## SOME STRANGE, QUEER AND CURIOUS PHASES OF LIFE.

**Bones of a Mastodon Found—Monster Rib and Front Leg of This Pleasing Darwinian Ancestor—The Death of Flowers.**



**The Death of the Flowers.**

It is melancholy days
are come,
The saddest of the
year,
Of wailing winds,
and naked woods,
And fields all
brown and sear.
Heap'd in the hol-
lows of the
grove,
The wither'd tree
leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the
sighing gust,
And to the rabbit's tread.
The robbin and the wren are flown,
And from the shight the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow,
Through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young
flowers
That lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs,
A beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves,
The gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds,
With the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie,
But the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth,
The lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet,
They perish'd long ago,
And the brier-rose and the orchis died,
Amid the summer glow,
But on the hill the golden-rod,
And the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook
In autumn beauty stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear, cold
heaven,
As falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was
gone,
From upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm, mild
day,
As still such days will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee
From out their winter home;
When the sound of dropping nuts is
heard,
Though all the trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light
The waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flow-
ers
Whose fragrance late he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood
And by the stream no more.

And then I think of one who in
Her youthful beauty died,
The pale, meek blossom that grew up
And faded by my side.
In the cold, moist earth we laid her,
When the forest cast the leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely
Should have a life so brief.
Yet not unmeet it was that one,
Like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful,
Should perish with the flowers.

**Bones of a Mastodon Found.**

Wisconsin correspondence of Chicago Dispatch: A discovery was recently made in the County of Richmond on the farm of J. C. Dasch which is of interest to students of natural-history, and which, as a relic of a bygone age, is a curiosity. Persons walking along the banks of Elm creek, a small stream flowing through Mr. Dasch farm, discovered that the heavy rains had dislodged from a resting place of several thousand years the bones of some prehistoric creature of gigantic stature, which are thought to be the remains of a mastodon. The following day Mr. Dasch, assisted by neighboring farmers, began digging along the banks of the creek where the bones first discovered were washed out, and after reaching a depth of about eight feet, was rewarded by unearthing about thirty different bones of this monster skeleton. A part of a rib, apparently representing about three-fourths of the original length, measured over three and one-half feet, and the circumference of the bone of the front leg at the knee joint, as accurately measured by Dasch, was thirty-nine inches. Other bones were proportionately large. The damp blue clay in which the skeleton was embedded had assisted in keeping it in an almost perfect state of preservation, and it gave but little evidence of having remained buried in the earth since the time when mammals instead of man were predominant. Several flint arrow heads were also picked up near where the remains were found. Searchers are now endeavoring to procure those parts of the skeleton not yet found and it will probably occupy a prominent place in the State Historical Museum at Madison.

**"Pigeon Droppers" in Law.**

From the Kansas City Journal: In the trial of a case in a police court at Lawrence the other day the lawyers were puzzled to discover in an old city ordinance the words "pigeon dropper," which were evidently used to denominate a certain class of criminal. No one, however, knew anything about the class or their methods, and a discussion was started which lasted for several days and brought out all sorts of explanations. Finally F. W. Keed solved the riddle. He said that forty years ago, when he was in business in New York city, the term was a common one in police court circles. About that time a new confidence game was started which required a brace of confederates to successfully operate it. They would pick up a man on the street who looked "easy," when one of the confederates would go ahead and drop what appeared to be a big roll of bills. The second confederate, keeping pace with the victim, so as to arrive at the spot a little in advance of him, would pick up the roll. Turning then to the victim he would explain that he had to hurry out of town; that the roll contained at least $1,000; that the loss would surely be advertised and a reward of at least $100 be offered; wouldn't the gentleman advance as much as the reward was sure to be and take the roll? The gentleman usually hastened to accommodate the friendly to discover later that the $1,000 roll was simply a wad of paper with a $10 bill wrapped around it. This, says Reed, was known as a "pigeon dropping" and the operators as "pigeon droppers."

**Kerry's Lilliputian Cattle.**

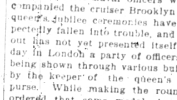
The little cows of Kerry, Ireland, may be considered as the survivors of the great massacre of Irish cattle perpetrated by the English soldiers of Queen Elizabeth. All that the defiant Irish had to live upon was their cattle and they held them correspondingly precious. The Kerry cows probably escaped the great slaughter when the English drove their foes and their herds to the mountains, where the hardy little animals survived and are represented to this day. The original Kerrys are little black or red creatures, with bright eyes and crooked horns, the females having heads a little too large for beauty. One famous cow now rejoicing in several prizes at Dublic cattle shows measures only two inches over a yard in height, seventy inches in girth and forty-two inches in length, from the top of the shoulder to the root of the tail. Another famous little animal has the record of giving in forty weeks four tons, seven hundred weight of butter. These diminutive creatures are charming as pets and can be allowed to run in small lots and paddocks near the house, where cows of an ordinary size would look out of place. The Kerry cattle have a remarkable faculty of taking care of themselves, and an instance is related of a small cow, being placed in a stall between two cows of the usual size, refusing to touch her own ample supply of hay till she had slipped her head under those of her neighbors and quietly appropriated their provender; another tiny pet was seen to kneel, actually wriggle under a low chain, and calmly begin feasting on a forbidden lawn which lay just beyond. Of the Kerry breed there are now two kinds—the Kerry's proper and the Dexter Kerrys. These pretty little creatures are frequently compared with the black cattle of Wales and Shetlands, which were said at one time to be so small that a man might pick them up and carry them in a boat from one island to another.

**Forbidden Presents.**

Some of the naval officers who accompanied the cruiser Brooklyn to the queen's jubilee ceremonies have unexpectedly fallen into trouble, and a way out has not yet presented itself. One day in London a party of officers were being shown through various buildings by the keeper of the queen's privy purse. While making the rounds he ordered that some medals be struck off, and gave one to each of his guests as a souvenir. All of them accepted the presents and brought the pretty, little trinkets home. After returning to this country one of the officers became worried by the fear that he had transgressed the rules and regulations. He made a statement of the case to the secretary of the navy, and received a reply that such a medal, even if presented as a souvenir, could not be accepted without a special act of congress. The other officers of the Brooklyn who accepted these medals are, however, holding on to their gifts and saying nothing about them.—New York World.

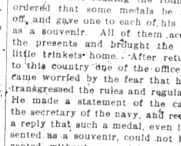
**Two Dead Whales.**

Considerable excitement was created awhile ago by the report that a northern steamship had sighted the wreck of Andree's balloon floating in the ocean.



The story was quite extensively circulated. The ship's officers saw a huge round body floating aimlessly and it looked like nothing in the world so much as an airship come to grief. Hence the story.

What really was seen, however, was a floating whale, dead. The accompanying picture shows these "striped balloons without cordage" which are seen in the northern seas. Every whaler who shoots his explosive harpoon into the body of a Finnish whale does not capture his prize, and the whale carcass, dies, bloats and rises to the surface, floating like a striped, half-submerged balloon.



**England as "Decay."**

By an unfortunate juxtaposition of words and emblems, England is unintentionally depicted in the new Congressional library as a decrepit old woman, gathering dry sticks, who is being winked at by a knowing-looking fowl, perched on a neighboring bough. The pendentive of the beautiful southwest pavilion of the library are filled by four plaques in relief, representing spring, summer, autumn, and winter. Under each is a single word illustrative of the season—seed, bloom, fruit, decay. The mural paintings of the room are designed to illustrate the progress of discovery through conquest and colonization, and honor is shown the four nations most conspicuous in the colonization of the new world—Spain, Portugal, France, and England—by inscribing their names conspicuously in the four corners of the pavilion, and therefore under the mottoes described in the medallions. One or other name had to be painted under the ominous word decay, and beneath the decrepit old woman; and, as chance would have it, the lot fell to England.—New York Evening Post.

**Language of the Shoe-Cleaner.**

The art of shoe-cleaning—in the last two years it has ceased to be a business to an art—is acquiring a nomenclature of its own. For instance, a boy able to hold his title of most worthy supreme polisher will call to you as you pass his stand: "Shine or polish, sir." Black, ox blood, tan or elegant, wet, or dry. Five or ten cents, sir." "Shine" is the term used only for black leather shoes. "Polish" is applied only to the tans. "Ox blood" is the name of a brand of dark red polish intended for shoes of that color. Some of the stands keep a mixture for green shoes, which are happily few. All of them have a resiny mixture which is supposed to put soul and health into a pair of patent leathers. Not long ago the man who bought patent leather shoes indemnified himself for their discomfort with the reflection that he would not have to have them polished, but that time has gone by. They cost now all the same like other leathers.—Kansas City Star.

Washington Star: "Don't let this occur again," said the photographer, who prides himself on being enterprising. "What do you mean?" asked the assistant. "You've made the portrait more prominent than my signature."

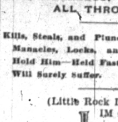
Chicago harbors about sixty thousand Hebrews.

# CAREY, THE SCOURGE.

## BAD, RECKLESS, AND ABLE ALL THROUGH.

**Kills, Steals, and Plunders and Defies Manacles, Locks, and Handcuffs to Hold Him—Held Fast by Texans and Will Surely Suffer.**

(Little Rock Letter.)

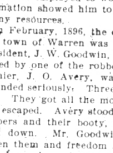


JIM CAREY, who is now confined in the Van Zant county, Tex., jail on a charge of burglary, is probably the most desperate man, certainly the most desperate young man in the United States.

No jail will hold him. Handcuffs of the latest design are of little more inconvenience to him than a kid glove would be. Iron manacles drop from his ankles and steel locks and iron bars cannot detain him. He does not know what fear is, and human life cuts no figure with him when that life stands between him and freedom. Carey is only 23 years old, a mere boy as he now appears, with smooth shaven face, tolerably handsome features, and a keen, bright eye. His soft, white hands add to the boyish appearance. He looks little resemblance to the hard looking character, dressed in rough clothing and wearing a soiled, yellow slouch hat, with a face covered with a growth of hard, bristle-like beard, who was landed in the Jefferson county jail at Pine Bluff, Ark., a few weeks ago on the charge of bank robbery and murder. That man appeared to be 30 or 35 years old, and at first glance left the impression in one's mind of the typical southwestern bad man; just the kind of man who would walk into a bank in some small town, casually engage the teller in conversation for a few moments, then suddenly present a six-shooter at his head, remark, "Hands up, young feller," clamber over the little iron grating on the counter, produce a corn sack, chuck all the money in sight into it, murder the teller if necessary, mount a horse and ride away. That is the way Jim Carey looked then, but he is a different person now. The means he employed to work the transformation showed him to be a man of many resources.

In February, 1896, the only bank in the town of Warren was robbed. The president, J. W. Goodwin, was shot and killed by one of the robbers, and the cashier, A. O. Avery, was shot and wounded seriously. Three men did the job. They got all the money in sight and escaped. Avery stood between the robbers and their booty, and he was shot down. Mr. Goodwin stood between them and freedom and he was shot down also. Avery recovered after a time, but poor Goodwin never spoke again.

Warren is a country town of about 500 inhabitants. A stranger never goes into a town of that size without attracting attention. For several days before the Warren bank robbery there were three men with three horses camped just outside of the town. Nearly everybody saw the men and noticed them because they were strangers. One



JIM CAREY.

day these three men went into the town, robbed the bank, shot Cashier Avery and murdered President Goodwin. Everybody knew that these three men did the job, and they were all able to give good descriptions of the men, and many were certain that they would be able to identify any one of them. The country around Warren was scoured for the robbers, but they escaped. The sheriffs and police all over the country were notified, descriptions of the men were sent broadcast, and big rewards were offered for the arrest of the robbers. Nothing was heard of any of the robbers until a month ago, when the police of Shreveport, La., wrote that they had one of the men under arrest. In the letter was a photograph of the suspect. The photograph corresponded with the description exactly and the Warren sheriff was hopeful. He took the photograph to the bank and showed it to the teller. In an off-hand way the sheriff asked:

"Ever see this fellow before?"

The teller glanced at the photograph a moment, and then his eyes flew wide open and a look of astonishment spread over his face.

"Ever see him?" he ejaculated. "Why this is a picture of one of the fellows who robbed this bank; this is the very man who fired the shot that killed Mr. Goodwin."

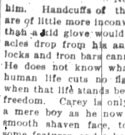
The photograph was shown to others who had seen the three men in camp near the town before the robbery and had seen the robbery committed. The result was the same. The identification was complete. The papers were made out and the sheriff went after his man. And then there was activity in Warren. Arrangements were being made to give the prisoner a reception—the reception tendered sometimes to bank robbers and murderers on their return to the scene of recent operations. Had Jim Carey, guilty or innocent, been taken directly to Warren at that time he would never have come to trial. But the officers of the law did not want the people to lynch him. Besides upholding the majesty of the law, they had another important reason for wishing to avoid the mob. They hoped to learn enough Carey to lead to the arrest of his pals. So, to avoid the mob, the sheriff took Carey to Pine Bluff and placed him in jail there to await trial. Several Warren people went over to Pine Bluff and identified Carey as the man who had fired the shot that killed President Goodwin.

Carey wrote some letters while in jail and employed a lawyer in Shreveport to defend him, and matters dragged along uneventfully until within a few days of the date set for the trial. The prisoner was allowed to take baths and he received clean undergarments and a few suit of clothes from his friends. Then he asked the jailer for razor.

"Oh, no," said the jailer. "You don't get no razor. You wears them whiskers right down to Warren tomorrow morning. They will help in the matter of identification, you know."

"All right," replied Carey, "we'll go down to Warren in the morning, but the whiskers won't be there."

The jailer chuckled to himself and went away. That night Carey showed himself to be a man of resources. Everybody knows that in the manufactury of those implements of steel is used, extending from the heel to the instep. It is put there to give a springy movement to the step of the wearer. Everybody may not know this fact, either, but Jim Carey knows it. That night, when everything about the jail was quiet and as dark as pitch, Jim Carey, without a knife or any other tool or implement save those which nature gave him, his fingers, ripped the steel spring from the sole of his shoe, got down upon his knees, and on the concrete floor of his cell sharpened



PRESIDENT GOODWIN.

the spring. With this instrument and without one ray of light he dispossessed himself of the last particle of his whiskers, and when the jailer unlocked his cell door on the next morning he found Carey as smoothly shaven as if he had just stepped from the barber's chair.

The jailer was dumbfounded. He hardly believed the smooth-faced, boyish-looking fellow to be the same individual on whom he had turned the great iron key the night before. At the trial, which began on the next day, and lasted four days, the witnesses, who had positively identified Carey as the man who murdered President Goodwin, were unable to identify the prisoner. The case resulted in a few witnesses from Shreveport were present and testified that Carey was in Shreveport in February, 1896, on the day the bank robbery occurred. Young Carey's family lives near Shreveport, and close by lives a young woman to whom Carey is engaged to be married. It was largely through her testimony that he was acquitted. An alibi was established and Carey was discharged.

He was arrested at once on a warrant from Van Zant county, Texas, on the charge of burglary and was placed in jail to await the arrival of the Texas officers. He was not handcuffed. The officers had learned that there was no use putting handcuffs on the prisoner. Carey is said to be the only criminal in the United States who cannot be held with these instruments. He has long wrists and small, soft, flexible hands. A handcuff placed tightly on his wrists can be slipped over his hands as easily as one can remove a ring from the finger. So Carey was placed in manacles. Irons were placed on his ankles and he was chained to the cell floor.

During the night he broke both manacles from his legs, wrenched a powerful lock from his cell door, and was soon in the outer corridor. The noise he made aroused the jailer, who rushed in to see what was going on. As he entered the corridor Carey felled him to the floor with a murderous blow over the head with one of the broken manacles, took the keys from him, unlocked an outer door, and was soon in the jail yard, with nothing between himself and freedom but a high rock wall. He was captured by a force of deputy

MAIN ENTRANCE.

sheriffs just as he was scaling this wall, and was again ironed, placed in a straightjacket and heavily guarded until he was delivered to the Texas officers. It required the seven men to transfer him to Texas.

Carey is now in strong hands. The Texans are familiar with the handling of toughs, and that they will give Carey full justice is the belief of everybody familiar with the facts.

**Birthdays.**

The pretty fashion of making a holiday of the birthdays of the family is taken, like many pleasant festivals, from the German. There is an ancient superstition that each month is controlled by a jewel, and that the person born under the influence of this gem must wear it continually as a charm. The English devote a flower to each month of the year, and this is the birth flower of the individual born in the month. The old astrologers considered that the sign of the zodiac under which an individual was born controlled his fortunes. All the superstitions recall the old childish simplicity of belief of those picturesque days when fairies danced in rings and every grove and fountain had its guardian spirit. It is a pretty fashion to revive them in the celebration of a birthday. The gift of a ring or some other ornament with the jewel associated with the birth month of the recipient is a favorite present for a birthday. The flower of the month is an appropriate one to use in decorating the birthday cake or the parlors where the birthday party is given. A gift of a pair of sleeve buttons or a pin in the form of the sign of the zodiac under which the recipient was born is an appropriate birthday gift. The list is published by special request: January, garnet, snowdrop, aquarius; February, amethyst, primrose, pisces; March, bloodstone, violet, aries; April, diamond, daisy, taries; May, emerald, hawthorne, gemini; June, agate, honeysuckle, cancer; July, ruby, water lily, leo; August, sardonyx, poppy, virgo; September, sapphire, morning glory, libra; October, opal, hops, scorpio; November, topaz, chrysanthemum, sagittarius; December, turquoise, holly, capricornus.

**Famous Girls' College.**

Vassar girls in America and Girton girls in England call to the mind the same image.

At this popular English school for girls—Girton—the college is when not working is playing. While when not hockey, cycling, golfing or tea-drinking—going to bed early and enjoying splendid health. Girton college is a mile from the town from which it takes its name and a mile and a half out of Cambridge, standing in an isolated position. The original building has been added to from time to time and has a rambling appearance that grieves an architect, but it is a happy place for all that. A career at Girton costs about $500 a year. Each student has two rooms. The establishment is self-supporting. The girls' rooms are up a spiral staircase which resembles that of a church tower, but the girls do not seem to mind racing up and down these heights many times a day. The entrance to the college is handsome and imposing.

The life at Girton is easy and pleasant. The girls arise wherever they choose and breakfast between 8 and 9. Then comes a morning's work. Lunch is to be had at any time between 1 and 3. After that they play tennis golf or hockey or ride wheels. Then comes afternoon tea, served in the girls' rooms if they are working or made by themselves out on the lawn if they are resting. After tea each one amuses herself in her own way. Dinner is from 6 to 7. Then there are coffee parties and at 9 a little supper is served. Every one goes to bed by 10 or 11. From this it will be seen that the Girton girl has much more fun than the American college student.

**No Club Rates.**

"Jorkins' wife is very strict with him."

"Is she?"

"She charges him a nickel every time he uses an oath, and she won't let him have six for a quarter."

**Gum Joke.**

A little fresh air child saw a herd of cows for the first time, and, after watching them chewing their cud, in amazement he said, deprecatingly, to the farmer: "Oh, mister, do you have to buy gum for all those cows to chew?"

# POLLY'S LODGER.

T was a beautiful August morning—one of those delicious summer mornings, when the air is full of melting blue light, and the leaves flutter softly and the very brown sparrows dart in and out under the eaves in an ecstacy of tiny delight. And the golden darts of sunshine, peeping through the shabby brown moreen curtains at No. 19 Darrel street, made a little aureole of brightness around Polly Hopkins' brown braids, as she sat with the account book in her lap and the top of the pencil between her teeth.

"Thirteen," said Polly, indistinctly, on account of the pencil, "and three are sixteen—and three are nineteen. Three and three are six—and carried is nineteen. That's all—I guess. No, it isn't, do what I will! Oh, dear!"

"Polly, what a noise you are making!" said a gently reproachful voice from the adjoining room. "How do you suppose I can get a divine repose into my 'Evangeline's' face if you keep on chattering so?"

Polly rose up, stowed the pencil behind her ear, took the account book under her arm and went into the other room, where Miss Musidora Hopkins, her elder sister, stood before an easel, with her yellow hair coiled carelessly around her head and her slim, pretty form enshrouded in a brown linen painting blouse. And at one glance it was easy to see that in the Hopkins family Musidora represented the ideal and Polly the practical.

"Musidora," said the little brown-cheeked, brown-eyed maiden, "is there any chance of your getting a purchaser for that picture on exhibition at Monroe's?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said Musidora, stepping back a pace or two to obtain a better view of "Evangeline's" nose.

"Because, if there isn't," added Polly, desperately, "we can't pay the rent—that's all."

"Polly," said Musidora, in despair, "no one can hope to be a genius with such a sister as you. To conceive a grand idea one's mind must be entirely at ease. To portray that idea one must be free from every lurking care."

"But the rent must be paid," persisted Polly.

"Sell something, then."

"But what?"

"The little silver teapot."

"I sold that last week," sighed Polly.

"The barometer."

"That is already offered in Schneider & Window."

"Aunt Janet's gold beads."

"We paid the grocer yesterday with Aunt Janet's gold beads."

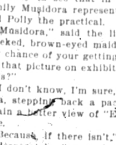
"Well, something then—anything, I don't care what. Didn't that old lady decide to take the furnished room upstairs?"

Polly shook her head dolorously. "There are so many furnished rooms to let," said she.

"Well, then, we had better sell the furniture," said Musidora, frowning at her palette.

"But—don't be vexed, Musidora, after we've eaten and drank and lived that out."

"Then," said Musidora, tragically, "we'll starve! At all events, Polly,



"I?" SAID POLLY.

leave me in peace now until I've dreamed out 'Evangeline's' face."

And Polly trudged downstairs, saying to herself:

"I wish I was a genius like Musidora. Geniuses don't feel care and debt and poverty like other folks do."

Just as this fancy was passing through her head, she found herself face to face with a stout gentleman in gray, with a ruddy face and a clear blue eye.

"Hello, little girl," said he, good humoredly, "don't run over me! Where's the woman of the house?"

"I am the woman of the house," said Polly, with dignity.

"You?" said the middle-aged gentleman. "Whew-w-w!" Beg pardon. I'm sure; but the sign on the door——"

"A furnished room to let," said Polly, eagerly. "Quite right, sir, would you like to look at it?"

"I don't mind," said the gentleman. "Is the house quiet? Any other lodgers?"

"The house is very quiet, sir," said Polly. "And there's only one old lady who is quite deaf and rather near-sighted and only goes out on Sundays—Mrs. Jenks, her name is."

"That will suit me to a T," said the stout gentleman, surveying the neat little room, with its pale green carpet, its suite of cottage furniture and the water color drawings on the wall, "and I like the room. It seems clean and cool, and its windows open to the south. I like a southern aspect. It's as good for people as it is for peaches! How much a week? In advance, of course?"

"Five dollars, sir," said Polly, expectantly.

"It's a bargain," said the stout gentleman, pulling out a bill. "Here's the first week. My trunks will come this afternoon. Please send up towels and hot water at once."

Polly went down stairs, secretly wondering what she should do.

"He wants towels and hot water," said she to herself, "and I've no maid to send with 'em. Very well! Lodgers don't grow up every bush. I'll be the maid."

And Polly tied a great checked gingham apron above her dress, obscured her head and face in a Shaker bonnet, gave the end of her apron a dive with the stove blacking and went upstairs again with half a dozen clean towels over her arm and a pitcher of hot water in her hand.

"Please sir," said she, trying to talk through her nose in imitation of the maid servant next door, who was frowbridged with catarrh, "here's the things."

"Ah!" said the stout gentleman, who stood on the hearth with his back to the place where the fire would have been, if there had been any fire. "Put 'em down, my good girl, I say."

"Sir?"

"What's the name of your mistress?"

"Mrs. Polly, sir?"

"Are there two of 'em?" demanded the stout gentleman.

"Oh, yes, sir. There's Miss Musidora Hopkins—she's a great genius and paints pictures. And there's—Miss Polly, that ain't a genius and keeps house," answered the "real disant" domestic.

"And which of 'em showed me up there?"

"Miss Polly, sir."

"That was Miss Polly," said the stout gentleman, pleasantly.

"She's a pretty girl," said the stout gentleman. "Tell her I say so, now, please."

And Polly scudded out of the room like a mouse from a trap.

Musidora was still dreaming in front of the unfinished canvas, when her sister darted in, waving a crumpled bank note in the air.

"Polly," said Musidora, "what is all this about?"

"We've got a lodger," said Polly, triumphantly. "The furnished room is let, and here's the first week's pay in advance, and we can settle our rent now! Three cheers for the new lodger!"

And Polly spun around on her foot like Fanny Elsler.

"Perhaps he won't be suited! Perhaps he won't stay!" said Musidora, dubiously.

"But then again, perhaps he will," chirped Polly.

The stout gentleman did stay. He made himself friends with every one. He treated the deaf old lady's sick canary in a manner which filled that ancient personage's venerable head with joy. He suggested new subjects to Musidora. The genius, he told Polly of an excellent way to take the spot of kerosene out of the carpet. He paid his rent at 6 o'clock precisely every Saturday evening, and never found out that it was Polly who hung the fresh towels over his door knob, and blacked the boots he put out every day, with a ten cent piece beside them.

"Somebody must do it," said Polly, when Musidora reproached her with the menial task. "And as long as we can't afford a servant, why not I?"

She was a little surprised, though, when Mrs. Jenks, the deaf lodger, told her that she had heard from Mrs. Stephen Sudbury, who had it from old Miss Pelican, who knew all about the family, that Mr. Dudley Warrener (the stout, middle-aged gentleman) was a rich bachelor, with everything that heart could wish and a spice of eccentricity thrown in.

"And people say," added the deaf lady, "that he's in love with one of you girls."

"Musidora, of course," said Polly. "He often goes to sit in the studio of an afternoon. And who could help falling in love with Musidora."

And Polly went up to her own room and cried a little, probably at the idea of losing Musidora.

"It would be so lonesome," said she to herself. "Oh, so lonesome, with Mr. Warrener gone—and Musidora."

She was making a custard for tea that afternoon, when Mr. Warrener's footstep rang on the kitchen threshhold.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Polly," said he, looking somewhat disconcerted. "I wanted Betsy to post a letter for me."

"She isn't in just now," said Polly, turning very red.

"Can I come in?" said Mr. Warrener.

"Why, certainly," said Polly.

So the stout gentleman came in and seated himself on a corner of the kitchen table.

"Miss Polly," said he.

"Sir?" said Polly.

"I'm just forty years old."

"Are you, sir?" said Polly, thinking within herself, "Now, he's going to tell me about Musidora.

"Should you consider that too old to marry?" went on Mr. Warrener, solicitously.

"Oh, dear, no," responded Polly.

"Should you think any young lady would accept me if I were to propose?" he queried.

"Oh, dear, yes!" Polly answered.

"Would you?"

"I?" said Polly, dropping her iron custard spoon in astonishment.

"Yes, you."

"But I thought it was Musidora that you liked."

"I do like Musidora," said Mr. Warrener, "but I love little Polly."

Polly Hopkins never know how it was that she found herself crying on the middle-aged lodger's shoulder, and he was patting her head and soothing her as if she were a child.

"And so you really do like me a little," said Mr. Werrener, in a voice that sounded husky. "My gem—my dear little pearl of Polly's!"

So all the poverty and grinding and pinching came to an end. And Polly never told her husband until after they were married of the little deceit she had practiced on him regarding the question of Betsy.

"And you really blacked my boots?" said Mr. Warrener, reproachfully.

"Yes," nodded Polly, "because I did so want you to be suited."

"I'm suited now," said Mr. Warrener, "for life."—N. Y. Ledger.

**Ruined His Business.**

"Yes," said the agitator, "I insist that this new tariff bill is the worst thing that ever happened. They say it is going to provide a job for everybody, but that's false. I can show you one man right now that it has actually deprived of an opportunity to make a living."

"Where is he? What's his name?"

"Here he is! I am the man."

"How has it hurt you?"

"How has it hurt me? Why, I can't get anybody to listen to me any more. Confound it, the people that I used to harangue are all being forced to work for a living again. It's a shame, so it is!"

And he walked away.—Cleveland Leader.