DICK RODNEY;

Or, The Adventures of An Eton Boy...

BY JAMES GRANT.

CHAPTER XI.—(Continued.)

Heading we stumbled over piles of lava; now we sank ankle deep among the soft pumice dust; anon we rolled, fell or scrambled through wild vines and creepers; then through fields of growing maize and wheat, or plantations of coffee and apple trees; but never pausing until we reached the base of the mighty Piton, where, breathless, gasping, panting and bathed in perspiration, we lay down in a little thicket of cinnamon bushes by the wayside to rest for a short space.

During this flight I had never spoken, but Tom from time to time indulged in disjointed remarks expressive of an exultation in which I could not share, being only thankful to heaven for my escape. But poor Tom had seen more of a rough life, and of many a violent death, than it could possibly have been my lot to witness.

"Ha, ha! you Spanish swabs! We've slung two of your hammocks in a hot place—before the time, perhaps!" said he. "What a row there must be, like so many negroes clearing a cargo when we sheered off! Lucky it was that I eased off our tow lines in time! I have a good mind to put about, stand for the cave and pot another of those Spanish gorillas!"

Whether he meant guerrillas I did not inquire, but was happy when we reached the harbor and I felt the cool breeze of the ocean fan my throbbing temples and my hands, which, from being so long and so tightly tied with rough cords, and having the blood afterward driven through them by rapid exertion, felt literally burning hot.

All was dark and still when we ran along the stone mole of Santa Cruz. Fortunately at that late hour there was no official to question or molest us; and we could see the brig anchored about half a mile distant, with the lantern still burning at the foremasthead. The light on the castle had disappeared.

We soon found a small punt at the landing stairs, and, taking possession of it without leave, cast loose the painter and shoved off.

Silently and steadily, with all our remaining strength, we pulled for the brig, and were soon alongside.

"Well, this spree is over, Master Rodney," said Tattooed Tom, wiping his brow with his sleeve when we stood on the deck, where the wondering crew gathered around us; "but catch me having another in this deuced Tenny Reef—that's all!"

CHAPTER XII.

The Anchor A-Peak.

Alarmed by the foregoing narrative, which was fully corroborated by our excitement, by the two muskets we had brought on board as trophies, by the state of our hands and wrists, and the numerous cuts and bruises we had upon us; and fearing the consequent detention of the brig for some legal inquiry, Captain Weston prepared at once for putting to sea.

I was happy when finding myself on the deck of the Eugenie, but still more supremely happy on hearing Weston's resolution to get underway, as I possessed very vague but decidedly unpleasant ideas of Spanish justice, and had visions of alcaldes, alguazils, wheels, garrotes, and even the masked familiars of the Inquisition itself, floating before me.

My heart beat responsive to the clank of the windlass pawls, as the Eugenie was hove short on her anchor, and the hands started aloft to cast loose the topsails.

Weston threw our two muskets into the sea lest their discovery on board might cause suspicion or annoyance.

The morning was clear, cool and starry; as yet no vestige of dawn was visible, and all was still and quiet on shore; but I was in momentary expectation of seeing a boat dash off toward us, though those from whom we had escaped could have no just cause of complaint.

Suddenly I heard the sound of oars, and saw a long, low boat shoot out from the obscurity of the harbor. My heart stood still for a moment as this craft was steered in our direction, but to my infinite relief it boarded a Costa Rican that lay near us.

As yet the shadows of night were on land and sea—on everything save the cone of the Peak that towered above the clouds, and there shown the light of the yet unrisen sun, yellow deepening into saffron, purple, blue, and then indigo, blending with the blackness of night as the eye descended to the shore.

So Weston gave the order to brace the forevards aback and the mainyards full; another wrench at the windlass, and the anchor was tripped.

"Heave and a-wash!" cried Tom Lambourne, cheerily, giving the usual call of encouragement when the dripping anchoring is just out of the water and the stock is seen to stir the surface.

The courses were let fall and the jib was hoisted; her head fell rapidly round and she paid off bravely. Then the firey cone of the Piton and the lights of Santa Cruz, which had glittered in tremulous lines along the water on our beam, were shining upon our lee quarter.

"Fill away the headyards—handsomely now!" cried Weston, and just as the first streak of day, coming on with tropical rapidity, began to brighten the horizon and shed long, shiny ripples on the sea, the canvas swelled out, the reef points began to patter on the taut bosom of every snow-white sail, and the loose rigging was blown out in graceful bends.

There was a fine breeze rising; the white water rippled under the forefoot of the Eugenie, and soon it bolted in foam as we sheeted home the topsails and ran along the western shore of the mountain isle.

About the same time the Costa Rican brig which was at anchor nearer the shore (a smart craft she was, straight in the bends, and all black, save a yellow streak), also got ready for sea with great expedition, and worked out of the harbor; and when the hot sun, which meanwhile had lit up the vast continent of Africa to the east of us, rose from the ocean, we saw her black hull and white canvas shining in his morning rays about a mile astern.

"Ay, ay, Marc, that craft is a Costa Rican!" said Weston, doubtfully.

"Yes, sir," replied Hislop.

"She may be; but she is also a Spanish dealer in black cattle," said Weston, who was looking at her through a powerful double-barreled glass. "I am certain if you could only see her deck when she careens a bit, you would make out the ring-bolts for lashing the slaves to in fine weather."

"Aye, and perhaps those of the carronades, too," added Hislop; "she looks rather rakish."

"You are just of my mind, sir," added Tom Lambourne, who was at the wheel, "and I'll make Shark's Nose and the Congo river before she sees the Mosquito creeks or the hills of Costa Rica; and I have a shrewd notion that the pirates we escaped from are part of her crew, if one may judge from what Master Rodney, who knows their lingo, overheard them say."

Except across the Peak of Teneriffe, where a cloud of white vapor floated in mid-air like a permanent cymar or girdle, and above which some thousand feet of the mighty cone towered into the blue immensity of space, mellowing from green and purple to a faint gray tint, the sky was without a cloud.

The waves danced and sparkled in the morning sunshine, the fresh breeze swept pleasantly over their whitening tops and whistled through our rigging, as we ran along the shore with considerable speed; and now our hearts beat lightly, for the broad, free ocean was around us, and on clearing the dangerous rocks at Punta de Anaga by giving them a wide berth, we felt the heavier swell of the Atlantic as we brought the larboard tacks on board, and ran, close-hauled, on a taut bowline between the Isles of Teneriffe and Palma, keeping the weatherage of the Costa Rican, and leaving her at the same time fast and far astern.

We had a delightful run through the fertile Archipelago of the Fortunate Isles, and, after clearing San Josef, found the wind coming more aft. Long after night had closed in and darkness had enveloped all the sea and the Isle of Teneriffe, the cone of the peak shone redly in midair, with the light of the sun that had set in the western waters of the Atlantic.

For the whole of that day we had run fast through the water, making at least seven knots an hour off the log-line, but midnight came before we saw the last of the mighty Peak of Adam.

CHAPTER XIII.

An Incident.

By the time we had been a month at sea, having applied myself assiduously to work, I picked up a little knowledge of seamanship. I took my turn of watch with the rest; I learned to go aloft and to lie upon a yard in a stiff topgallant breeze. I acquired all the mysteries of knotting and splicing, of serving a rope with spun-yarn and to know the technical difference between the rope itself and a line. I could heave the log, box the compass and take my "trick" at the helm with the best man on board, and thus gained the golden opinions of those among whom a rough turn of the wheel of fortune had so strangely and so suddenly cast me.

Some days after leaving the Canaries we found ourselves passing through what seemed to be immense meadows of green stuff adrift. By moonlight the branches, leaves and fibers of this unroofed marine forest —for such it was, being wrack and seaweeds of wondrous length springing from the lowest depths of the ocean—sparkled, flashed and whirled in the foaming eddies astern of the brig as she cleft or brushed down the yielding masses with her rushing keel.

I was never weary of surveying this scene, which was so marvelous in its beauty, when the moon was shining on the sea.

These vast, broad leaves and long, snaky tendrils that danced upon the surface of the sea were the Florida gulf-weed.

"The tropical grape of the sailors," said Hislop, as we leaned over the lee-quarter one night. "These plants grow upon the two great banks of the Atlantic, and were known to the Phoenicians, who named them the Weedy Sea."

"I remember," said I; "and that the seamen of Columbus thought they were sent by heaven to stay their course."

"You are right," replied the mate, with an approving smile. "It is pleasant to meet one like you, Rodney, who has read that which is worth reading, and remembers it."

"The Gulf Stream," said Weston, joining in the conversation, "is a great current about sixty miles broad, caused by the trade winds, which always blow from east to west. It issues from the Gulf between Cape Florida and Cuba, and runs at the rate of three knots an hour along the shores of South and North America, till the Newfoundland bank turns it to the southeast; so everywhere its track is known by that gulf-weed which you now see floating past."

It is by this mysterious current—this mighty river that traverses the ocean—that the timber logs of the St. Lawrence, the wrecks of the old plate argosies, and the carved idols of older Mexico and the Caribbean Isles, all covered with the weeds and barnacles of long immersion, have been cast upon the western shores of Scotland and the Hebrides.

Every morning the weather became warmer—the sea and sky more clear—the atmosphere more rarefied. The wind was so steady that scarcely a sheet or tack was altered. This for several days we bore on with both sheets aft, as the phrase is, when running right before the wind.

Shoals of porpoises plunged across the bows of the brig in the sapphire-colored sea, and when it was smooth a whole fleet of the little nautili passed us with purple sails up. Or were the dark and gliding sharks and the silvery flying-fish wanting at times to keep my attention excited; and the tiny petrels, as they came tripping along half in the water and half in the air, kept pace with the Eugenie, as she cracked on under a press of sail, dashing the waves around her, ploughing so freely and so fearlessly the deep waters that hide a finny world and wash the dark and unknown basements of the earth.

One glorious morning, when we were within a few days' sail of Hispaniola, there occurred a circumstance which was a fruitful source of fun and of regret to us all; how and why, will be shown during the progress of my story.

The day was fine, even for that region of fine days. The Eugenie was running smoothly before the wind, and Hislop, with considerable animation, was detailing to the captain and me the appearance of that rare phenomenon, a lunar rainbow, which, by singular good fortune, he had once seen in these latitudes, and which Aristotle declares is never seen but at the time of the full moon—a declaration which our learned Scotch mate treated with contempt; for he was a strange fellow, this Marc Hislop, and could with equal facility dilate on the Apology of Plato and the method of club-hauling a square-rigged vessel, or sheering her to her anchor in a gale of wind; on the Prometheus of Eschylus, or the proper mode of lying too in a hurricane, with everything struck aloft, and topsail yards on the cap; and now, on the subject of the lunar rainbow, he was proceeding to quote from the Portuguese Pilot of Ramusio, when Weston interrupted him by hailing aloft:

"Fore-top there!"

"Aye, aye, sir," was the usual response from Ned Carlton, a seaman who was perched in the top.

(To be continued.)

AN EARTHQUAKE SCIENTIST.

Tommy Had Found the Almanac in the Garret.

This occurred just before the last full moon at a pretty residence on Trumbull avenue, says the Detroit Free Press. The head of the house is of a scientific turn of mind, loves to investigate the phenomena of nature and takes it as a part of his duty to impart his knowledge to the rest of the family. On the night in question he found an almanac on the table, which he reads. Turning the leaves carelessly while thinking about going to bed, he was surprised to come upon this information that there was to be an almost total eclipse of the moon that night, and that it would be visible from this part of the globe at 1 a. m. In his excitement he was about to call the rest of the folks, who had retired, but on second thought he hunted up broken bits of glass and went to smoking them, just as though it were the blazing sun which was to be viewed. This done he watched the clock vigilantly until it was time to wake the others. They had none of his enthusiasm, but went yawning and shivering to the back porch, from which the best view was to be obtained. The moon never looked brighter than it did at 1 o'clock. It must be that the almanac meant 1 o'clock standard time, he explained nervously, and for another half-hour he kept his eyes glued on the silvery orb. Not a spot darkened its surface. Ten minutes later his wife mutinied and her sleepy brood followed her into the house, despite his protest. He followed them and again took up the almanac. "Found that in the attic today," explained 6-year-old Tommy. Slowly the father read about from the back until he came to "eighteen hundred and ff——" when he flipped the book to fragments and began saying things that caused the mother to rush the children upstairs.

THE SULTAN'S MANNERS.

His Quiet Dignity, Pleasing Smile and Unusually Sympathetic Voice.

As to the sultan's working habits, I have known him to be at work at five in the morning and keep a whole staff of secretaries going at that hour who had slept overnight on couches in the rooms in the palace they habitually work in, says Harper's Magazine. Munir Pasha, the imperial grand master of ceremonies, and one of the most kindly, distinguished men it is possible to meet, once said to me: "There is one characteristic of his majesty which conveys a constant lesson to us all; it is his extraordinary self-control—his impassive calm. It is almost sublime. No contrariety, no trial, seems able to ruffle his perfect self-possession. It is truly marvelous." The prepossessing impression which the sultan is universally admitted to produce on those who are privileged to come into contact with him is doubtless in part due to that charm of manner, that quiet dignity, so free from angular self-assertion, which is one of the less characteristic of all well-bred Turks. But in his case it is supplemented by a pleasing smile and an unusually sympathetic voice, the notes of which always seem to convey a pleasant impression, even to the stranger who is unable to understand what his majesty has said until it is translated by the interpreter. The sultan usually gives audiences on Friday after the ceremony of the Selamlik, when he wears a Turkish general's uniform, with the star of the Imtiaz order in brilliants hung from his neck. As he sits in front of you, with his hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him, and you watch him speak to Munir Pasha in his quiet, dignified way, you cannot resist the impression of his picturesque dignity.

For a Retreat.

He—"What is that you were just trying on the piano?" She—"Oh, that's a new march." He—"Awfully fast time, isn't it?" She—"Yes; I think the composer was in a hurry to get through when he was writing it."—Yonkers Statesman.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

The Fashions of the Day—Dark Purple Cloth for Afternoon Wear—Craze for Big Bows—The Correct Walk—Cooking School.

When Ships Put Out to Sea.

It's "Sweet, good-by," when pennants fly
And ships put out to sea;
It's a loving kiss and a tear or two,
In an eye of brown or an eye of blue—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

It's "Friend or foe?" when signals blow
And ships sight ships at sea;
And hull and turret a roaring hell—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

It's doom and death and pause a breath
When ships go down at sea;
It's hate is over and love begins,
And war is cruel whoever wins—
And you'll remember me,
Sweetheart,
And you'll remember me.

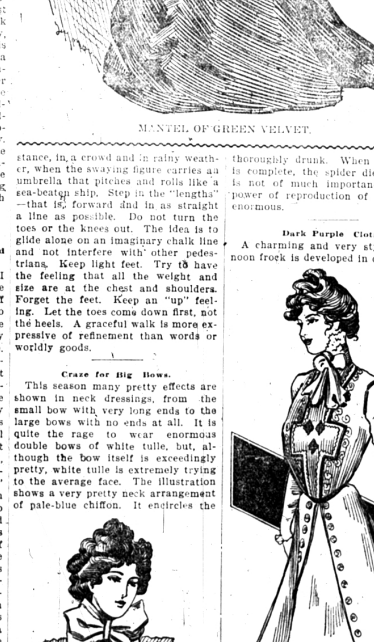
A Correct Walk.

Hip movement must be in the "lengths"; hip movement in the "breadths" is not only bad form, but vulgar and inconvenient, as, for instance, in a crowd and in rainy weather, when the swaying figure carries an umbrella that pitches and rolls like a sea-beaten ship. Step in the "lengths"—that is, forward and in as straight a line as possible. Do not turn the toes or the knees out. The idea is to glide alone on an imaginary chalk line and not interfere with other pedestrians. Keep light feet. Try to have the feeling that all the weight and size are at the chest and shoulders. Forget the feet. Keep an "up" feeling. Let the toes come down first, not the heels. A graceful walk is more expressive of refinement than words or worldly goods.

Craze for Big Bows.

This season many pretty effects are shown in neck dressings, from the small bow with very long ends to the large bows with no ends at all. It is quite the rage to wear enormous double bows of white tulle, but, although the bow itself is exceedingly pretty, white tulle is extremely trying to the average face. The illustration shows a very pretty neck arrangement of pale-blue chiffon. It encircles the

MANTEL OF GREEN VELVET.



neck twice, tying into a large bow in front.

A silver buckle set with pearls ornaments the center. THE LATEST.

To Test Teas.

To test tea take a pinch in a glass, pour upon it a little cold water and shake it up well. Pure tea will only slightly color the water, while a strong infusion is quickly got from the adulterated or painted leaf. Now boil both separately, and let them stand until cool, and the difference between them will be most marked. The false tea will become still more strong after long standing, but will remain transparent, whereas the pure tea will become muddy or milky. This last appearance arises from the tannic acid, which is a natural property in pure tea, but which in artificial tea is entirely absent.

Silk Dress Made from Spider Web.

One of the curiosities of the Paris exhibition of 1900 will be a silk dress made entirely of silk manufactured from the spider's web. This silk was made in Madagascar under the direction of the French Father Camboue, and will not be exhibited merely as a curiosity, but in order to show the practical use to which the big Malagasy spider, known as the black spider, may be put. Father Camboue has been devoting himself for the last two years to solving the problem of utilizing the silk spinning capacities of the spider. He has found in the Malagasy black spider a subject of practical usefulness, and he has already a colony of spiders spinning the cocoon. The silk is much finer and lighter than ordinary silkworm's silk. Father Camboue says that the black spider is not at all pleased when put to spin the cocoon, but that when well fed and supplied with plenty of drink, it can spin a really enormous quantity of thread. The spider is very fond of native brandy, and spins best when thoroughly drunk. When the cocoon is complete, the spider dies, but this is not of much importance, for the power of reproduction of the race is enormous.

Dark Purple Cloth.

A charming and very stylish afternoon frock is developed in dark purple

cloth. It is cut in the fashionable princess style and held about the waist with a narrow and very tight band of black satin.

The corsage is cut in squares at each side, over a purple vest with pretty appliqued designs of black lace. The edge of the squares is trimmed with rows of black velvet and flowers embroidered in several shades of violet. The outer skirt is also elaborately embroidered in flowers to match the corsage, and toward the hem opens gracefully off a plain, purple skirt. A black satin band encircles the neck. The ruche and jabot are of cream lace.

Clever Ideas in Dress.

An odd and pretty conceit is the putting of a big bow of gauze or the same fabric as the frock just at the front of the low-necked bodice. The bow is bordered all around with a quilling of ribbon, gauze or lace. It is tied with short loops and ends that come just over the waist line. Over the knot in the center there is fastened a miniature or other big fancy pin. Often, to give a neater effect, the piece of gauze is arranged to outline the low neck, having both sides finished with a quilling to correspond with the bow. But more often the bow is a separate affair pinned on just at the bust. For a slender figure this is very fetching, but the plump, short-waisted woman should not attempt it.

The New Pin Box.

The care of pins and being able to keep a supply on hand is something which the average woman has so far found very difficult to accomplish. The new pin box is designed to obviate this difficulty. It is nearly a foot long and about five inches wide, and is made of white metal or solid silver. Inside it is lined with velvet and divided into compartments for shell hairpins, ordinary hairpins, safety pins—in short, all kinds of pins. The box is a beautiful ornament for the handsomest dressing table, and a great boon to women.—New York Herald.

COOKING SCHOOL.

Amber Soup.

A large soup bone (two pounds), a chicken, a small slice of ham, an onion, two sprigs of parsley, half a small carrot, half a small parsnip, half a stick of celery, three cloves, pepper, salt, a gallon of cold water, whites and shells of two eggs and caramel for coloring. Boil slowly for five hours beef, chicken and ham; add the vegetables and cloves to cook last hour, having first fried the onion in a little fat. Strain the soup into an earthen bowl and let remain over night. The day remove cake of fat on the top; take out the jelly, avoiding the settlings, and mix into it the beaten whites of the eggs with the shells. Boil quickly for half a minute, then pass through a jelly bag.

Washington Cake.

Three quarters pound butter, one and one-half pounds brown sugar, six eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one pint sweet milk, one and three-quarter pounds flour and two teaspoonfuls baking powder. Three quarters pound currants, washed and dried, one-quarter pound raisins (stoned), one-quarter pound citron, sliced, one grated nutmeg, one wineglass wine. Sprinkle fruit with part of flour. Cream the butter with the sugar, add beaten yolks, wine, milk, nutmeg and flour and whites of eggs alternately. Put in fruit last, mix well and bake one and three-quarter hours. An old and excellent recipe.

Wedding Fruit Cake.

Two pounds raisins, stoned, two pounds currants, one pound sliced citron, a few figs cut in small bits. Pour over this one goblet sherry and port wine and, one-half goblet brandy or whisky. Set stand over night, and in the morning pour off what liquor has not soaked into the fruit. Mix one pound butter creamed, one pound sugar, yolks of twelve beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls mace, one tablespoonful cinnamon, two grated nutmegs, one pound of browned flour and whites of eggs added alternately. Dissolve one teaspoonful soda in a little water, add just before putting in the fruit. Mix with the hands. Bake slowly.

Oyster Salad.

Let fifty small oysters come to a boil in their own liquid. Skim and strain. Season the oysters with three tablespoonfuls of cider vinegar, one of oil, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-eighth teaspoonful of pepper, and place on ice for two hours. With a sharp knife cut up a pint of celery, using only the tender part, and when ready to serve mix with the oysters, adding about one-half pint of mayonnaise dressing. Arrange in a salad dish. Pour over any other one-half pint of dressing and garnish with white celery leaves.

Fig Cake.

One and one-half cups sugar, one-half cup butter, one-half cup sweet milk, one and one-half cups flour, one teaspoonful baking powder, one-half cup corn starch, whites of six eggs. Bake in two layers and fill with fig filling. Chop one pound figs, add one half cup sugar and one cup of water. Stew until soft and smooth. Spread between the layers and ice the whole cake with boiled icing.

Mock Turtle Soup.

Boil a calf's liver and heart with a knuckle of veal for three or four hours, skimming well; then strain off. Chop the meat fine, and add to it a chopped onion, salt, pepper and ground cloves to taste, thickening, if necessary, with a little browned flour, cooking again in the liquor. Have the yolks of four or five hard-boiled eggs cut up for the tureen; also, slices of lemon.

Broiled Halibut.

Slices of halibut, salt, pepper, butter. Cut the slices of fish about an inch thick, season with pepper and salt and lay them in melted butter one-half hour; allowing three tablespoonfuls of butter to a pound of fish, then roll them in flour and broil about twenty minutes. Serve very hot.

Potato Salad.

One quart of potatoes, boiled with skins on, one small white onion, two teaspoonfuls of olive oil, pepper and salt and a little parsley, one-half cup of weak vinegar. After potatoes are cold cut up in small pieces. Chop the onion and parsley fine and mix all together.

New Use for a Trocha.

"Those Perkins girls seem to be popular."

"Popular? Their father advertised for bids to build a barb-wire trocha around the house."—Chicago Record.

Progressive Silence.

Scientists now announce that whisky contains ptomaines. In ante-bellum days in St. Louis they were called snakes.—St. Louis Star.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

SOME GOOD JOKES, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

A Variety of Jokes—Quips and Cranks, Original and Selected—Flotsam and Jetsam from the Tide of Humor—Witty Sayings.

Hoch, der Kaiser.

(From the Paris edition New York Herald.)

Der Kaiser auf dot Vaterland
Und Goot on high all things command.
Ve two! Ach! don'd you understand?
Meinself—und Gott!

1.

While some men sing der bower dining,
Mein soldiers sing der "Wacht am Rhein,"
Und drink der health in Rheinish wein,
Apf me—und Gott.

2.

Dere's Frankie dot swaggers all around,
She's a superfeindi—she's no aggsoundt;
To much, ve dinks, she don't amount!
Meinself—und Gott.

3.

She vill not dare to fight again;
But, if she should, I'll show her blain
Dot Elsass und dis Frenchi Lorraine
Are mein, by Gott.

4.

Dere's grim'ma dinks she's night schmall biter,
Mit Boers und dings she interfere—
She'll learn none owns dis hemisphere
But me—und Gott.

5.

She dinks, det Iran, some ships she's got,
Und soldiers mit der scarlet coat—
Ach! Ve could knock dem—pout—like dot!
Meinself—und Gott.

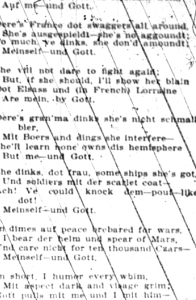
6.

In dimes auf peace ve bared fur wars,
I bear der bein and spear of Mars,
Und care nicht for ten thousand czars—
Meinself—und Gott.

7.

In short, I humor every whim,
Mit respect dark and visage grim;
Gott pulls mit me und I pull him—
Meinself—und Gott.

The Reason.



Auntie—Why, do you believe, Gracie, that little George Washington never told a story? Gracie—Cos I'd be spanked if I didn't.—Punch.

The Modern Idea.

The old hen surveyed the eggs in her nest with supreme concern. There were twenty-four of them.

"There is a tradition in the family," she said, "that one of my remote ancestors, when confronted with a condition of this sort, simply spread herself. If she had lived in this age of the world, and been a thoroughly up-to-date hen, she would have adopted the policy of expansion."

Whereupon, with a cluck of satisfaction, the old hen sat down on the nest and expanded to the occasion.—Chicago Tribune.

A Misunderstood Man.

"Nobody can learn all there is worth knowing in this lifetime," said Mr. Meekton, wisely. "And a man ought never to assume that his education is finished. I'm going to keep right ahead with mine. I'm going to study astronomy."

His wife looked at him sharply and then in a cold, hard tone exclaimed:

"Leander, you'll have to think up some better excuse than that for staying out all night."—Washington Star.

Acting His Part.

"So you and Dickey have been playing soldier, have you, Tommy? I hope you didn't really quarrel with each other."

"Quarrel nothin'! Dick only played soldier about three minutes and then he said he was goin' to be a Cuban insurgent, and he stopped and went to eatin'."—Chicago Tribune.

Yes, with a Little Alteration.

"I should like you to paint a portrait of my daughter, Mr. Dab. I'm sure she'll make a fine picture—she's very like me!"—Ally Sloper.

Sure Sign of Frost.

"You might have known you could not win with a play called 'The Katydid,'" said the rural uncle.

"Why?" asked his nephew, the manager, who was staying on the farm for the summer.

"Katydid's a sure sign of frost." And the old man chuckled to think how well he was up in theatrical terms.—Indianapolis Journal.

During the Sausage.

"Yes," said the yellow dog, "I believe after death we enter another sphere of action. I think I'll be a golf player."

"How do you figure that out?" queried the black and tan.

"Oh, I'll be in the links."—Philadelphia North American.