The Girl from Timber Place

BY CHARLES CLARK MUNN

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SYNOPSIS.

Chip McGuire, a 15-year-old girl living at Tim's place in the Maine woods is sold by her father to Pete Bolduc, a half-breed. She runs away and reaches the camp of Martin Frisbie, occupied by Martin, his wife, nephew, Raymond Stetson, and guides. She tells her story and is cared for by Mrs. Frisbie. Journey of Frisbie's party into woods to visit father of Mrs. Frisbie, an old hermit, who has resided in the wilderness for many years. When camp is broken Chip and Ray occupy same canoe. The party reach camp of Mrs. Frisbie's father and are welcomed by him and Cy Walker, an old friend and former lieutenant of the hermit. They settle down for the summer's stay. Chip and Ray are in love, but no one realizes this but Cy Walker. Strange canoe marks found on lake shore in front of their cabin. Strange smoke is seen across the lake. Martin and Levi leave for settlement to get officers to arrest McGuire, who is known as outlaw and escaped murderer. Chip's one woman friend, Tomah, an Indian, visits camp. Ray believes he sees a bear on the ridge. Chip is stolen by Pete Bolduc and escapes with her in a canoe. Chip is rescued by Martin and Levi as they are returned from the settlement. Bolduc escapes. Old Cy proposes to Ray that he remain in the woods with himself and Amzi and trap during the winter.

CHAPTER X—Continued.

"Thar's also 'nother side to consider. Chip wants schoolin', 'n' she's got to study night 'n' day for the next eight months. If you go back with 'em, an' go gallivantin' 'round with her, ez you're sure to, it won't be no help to her. I've given you two all the chances fer weavin' the threads o' fer'chuhun I could this summer, an' now let's you 'n' I turn to and make some money. I've asked your uncle 'n' aunt. They're willin', 'n' now, what do ye say?"

Few country boys with a love for trappin, such as Ray had, ever had a more alluring prospect spread before them. He knew Old Cy was right in all his conclusions, and almost without hesitation he agreed to the plan.

It was far-sighted wisdom on Old Cy's part, however, in not giving Ray time to reflect, else the magnet of Chip's eyes on the one hand, and eight months of separation on the other, would have proved too strong, and trap-setting and gum-gathering, with $500 as reward, would have failed.

As it was, he came near weakening at the last moment when the canoes were packed and Angie and Chip came to take their seats in them.

He, and his crude, rude, yet winsome little sweetheart had suffered a brief preliminary parting the evening previous. A good many sweet and silly nothings had been exchanged, also promises, and now the boy's heart was very sore.

Chip was more stoical. Her life at Tim's Place and contact with Old Tomah had taught her reserve, and yet when she turned for the last possible look at Old Cy and Ray, waving good-by at the landing, a mist of tears hid them.

Old Cy's face was also a study. To him these parting clouds were as the white ones hiding the sun; yet he felt their chill. His own life shadow was lengthening. He had now but a brief renewal of youth in the lives of these two, and then forgetfulness, as he knew full well, and yet he pitied them.

More than that, he had set his hand to guiding the bark of their young lives into the safe harbor of a home, and all feelings of his own subserved to that.

"Come, come, my boy," he said to Ray as the two turned away, and he noted the lad's sad face, "she's gone now, an' ye'd best forget her for a spell. Ye won't, I know, 'n' she won't; but ye'd best make believe ye do. This ain't no spot fer love-sick spells. We've got work to do, 'n' money to earn; ye've got the chance o' yer life now, an' me to help ye do it, so brace up 'n' look cheerful.

"Think o' what we got to do to git ready fer winter 'n' six foot o' snow. Think o' the traps we're goin' to set, an' the fun o' tendin' 'em. Why, girls ain't in it a-minnit with ketchin' mink, marten, otter, an' now 'n' then a lynx or bobcat. Then when ye go back with a new suit 'n' money in yer pocket, ye'll feel prouder'n a peacock, 'n' Chip a-smilin' at ye sweeter'n new maple syrup."

Verily Old Cy had the wisdom of age and the cheerfulness of morning sunshine.

All that day these wilderness-marooned friends worked hard. An ample stock of birch wood must be cut and split, a shed of poles to cover it must be erected alongside of the cabin, the hermit's log hut was to be divested of its fittings, which were to be removed to the new cabin which all were now to occupy.

Realizing how vital to their existence the canoes were, Old Cy had also planned a shelter of small logs for them on one side of the log cabin, that could be locked. Here the canoes not in use must be stored at once to guard against a night call from the malignant half-breed. His canoe had been taken along by Martin's party, to be left at Tim's Place, for even Hersey would have scorned to appropriate it.

There were dozens of other needs to prepare for during the next two months, all of which were important. An ample supply of deer meat must be secured, to be pickled and smoked. All the partridges they could shoot would be needed, and later, when south-bound ducks halted at the lake, a few of these would add to their larder.

In this connection, also, another need occurred to Old Cy. Trout could be caught all winter in the lake, but live bait must be had, and so a slat car to be sunk in some swift-running stream, which would hold them, must be constructed, also a scoop of mosquito net to catch them. These minnows were to be found now by the million in every brook, and forethought was Old Cy's watchword.

All these duties and details he discussed that first day with Ray, while they worked, for a purpose.

But the first evening here, with its open fire, yet empty seats, was the hardest to pass. In vain Old Cy enlarged upon the joys of trap-setting once more, and how and where they were to secure gum. In vain he described how deadfalls were built and where they must be placed, how many signs of lynx and wildcat he had seen that summer, and how sure they were to secure some of these valuable furs.

Ray's heart was not here. Far away in some tight camp, Chip was thinking of him. He knew each day would bear her farther away. No word of her safe arrival could reach them now. Long months must elapse ere he and she could meet again, and in prospect they seemed an eternity.

"Cogie, git yer banjo, my boy," Old Cy ejaculated at last, seeing Ray's face grow gloomy. "Tune 'er up, an' play us suthin' lively. None o' them goody-goody weepin' sort o' tunes; but give us 'Money Musk' 'n' a few jigs. I'm feelin' our prospects are so cheerful, I'd like to cut a few pigeon-wings out o' compliment."

But Old Cy's hilarity was nearly all put on. He, too, felt the effect of the empty seats and missed every one that had gone, and Ray's jig tunes lacked their spirit. He essayed a few, and then quite unconsciously his fingers strayed to "My Old Kentucky Home," and Old Cy's feelings responded.

CHAPTER XI.

Chip's arrival in Greenvale produced astonishment and gossip galore. It began when the stage that "Uncle Joe" Barnes had driven for 20 years started for that village. There were other passengers besides Martin, his wife, and Chip. The seats inside were soon filled, and Chip, seeing a coveted chance, climbed nimbly to a position beside the driver.

"Why Don't Ye Shave?"

"Gee Whittaker," observed one bystander to another, as Chip's black-stockinged legs flashed into view, "but that gal's nimbler'n a squirrel 'n' don't mind showin' underpinnin'. I wished I was drivin' that stage. I'll bet she's a circus."

Uncle Joe soon found her a live companion at least, for he had scarce left the village ere she began.

"Your hosses are fatter'n Tim's hosses used to be," she said. "Do ye feed 'em on hay and taters?"

Uncle Joe gave her a sideways glance.

"Hay and taters," he exclaimed; "we don't feed hosses on taters down here. Where'd you come from?"

"I used to live at Tim's Place, up in the woods, 'n' we fed our hosses on taters, 'n' they had backs sharp 'nuff to split ye."

This time Uncle Joe faced squarely around.

"I know all about hosses," she continued glibly. "I used to take keer on 'em 'n' ride one plowin', an' I've been throwed more'n a hundred times when we struck roots, an' ye ought to 'a seed Tim cuss. I used to cuss just the same, but Mrs. Frisbie says 'I mustn't.'"

"Wal, I swow," ejaculated Uncle Joe, realizing that he had a "case." "What's your name, 'n' whar's Tim's Place?"

"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they allus called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is ever so far up in the woods. I runned away 'cause dad sold me, an' fetched up at Mrs. Frisbie's camp, 'n' she's goin' to eddicate me. My mother got killed when I was a kid, 'n' my dad killed 'nother one, too; he's a bad 'un."

Uncle Joe gasped at this gory tale of double murder, not being quite sure that the girl was sane.

"Hain't they ketched yer dad yit?" he queried.

"No, nor they won't," Chip rattled on, as if such killing were a daily occurrence in the woods. "He's a sly 'un, they say, an' now he's got Pete's money, he'll lay low."

"Worse and worse, and more of it," Uncle Joe thought.

"You must 'a' had middlin' lively times up in the woods," he said. "Did yer dad kill anybody else 'sides yer mother 'n' this man?"

"He didn't kill mother," Chip returned promptly; "he used to lick her, though, but she got killed in a mill, 'n' I wisht it 'nd bin him. I wouldn't 'a' bin an orfin then. Say," she added, as they entered a woods-bordered stretch of road, "did ye ever see spites here?"

"Spites," he responded, now more than ever in doubt as to her sanity, "what's them?"

"Why, they's just spites—things ye can't see much of 'ceptin' it's dark. Then they come crawlin' round. They's souls o' animals mostly, Old Tomah says. I've seen thousands on 'em."

Uncle Joe shifted his quid, turned and eyed the girl once more. First, a wild, and wofully mixed tale of murder, and then spookish things! Beyond question she had wheels, and he resolved to humor her.

"Oh, yes, we see them things here now 'n' then," he said, "but it takes considerable licker to do it. We hain't had a murder, though, for quite a spell. This is a sorter peaceful neck o' woods ye're comin' to."

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"My name's Chip, Chip McGuire, only 'tain't, it's Vera; but they allus called me Chip, an' Tim's Place is a lot o' rusky business. She believes in ghosts, too, sorter Injun sperits, 'n' she kin swear jist ez easy ez I kin. It seems the Frisbies hev kinder dopted her, 'n' I guess they'll hev their hands full. She's a bright 'un, though, but sich a talker!"

At Aunt Comfort's spacious, old-fashioned home, where Chip was now installed, she soon began to create the same impression. This had been Angie's former home, and her Aunt Comfort Day had been her foster mother.

This family, in addition to the new arrival, consisted of Aunt Comfort, rotund and warm-hearted; Hannah Pettibone, a well-along spinster of angular form and temper, thin to an almost painful degree, with a well-defined mustache, and a general helper on the farm, and a chore boy about Chip's age named Nezer, completed the list.

Once included in this somewhat diverse group, Chip became an immediate bone of contention.

Aunt Comfort, of course, opened her heart to her at once; but Hannah closed hers, almost from the first day, and in addition she began to nurse malice as well. There was some reason for this, mainly due to Chip's startling freshness of speech.

"I thought ye must be a man wearin' winmin's clothes, the first time I see ye," she said to Hannah the next day, after her arrival, and without meaning offense. "It was all on account o' yer little whiskers, I guess. I never see a woman with 'em afore. Why don't ye shave?"

This was enough; for if there was any one thing more mortifying than all else to Hannah, it was her facial blemish, and a mention of it she considered an intentional insult.

From this moment onward she hated Chip.

Nezer, however, took to her as a duck to water, and her story, which he soon heard, became a real dime novel to him, and not content with one telling, he insisted on repetition. This was also unfortunate for—blessed with a vivid imagination and sure to enlarge upon all facts—he soon spread the story with many blood-curdling additions.

These stories, with Uncle Joe's corroboration, resulted in a direful tale believed by all. Neighbors flocked in to see this heroine of many escapades, villagers halted in front of Aunt Comfort's to catch a sight of this marvel, and so the wonder spread.

Angie was, of course, to blame. More impressed with the seriousness of the task she had undertaken than the need of caution, she had failed to tell Chip she must not talk about herself, and so a woefully distorted history became current gossip.

When Sunday came the village church was packed and Parson Jones marveled much at the unexpected increase of religious interest. He had heard of this new arrival, but when the Frisbie family with Chip, in suitable clothing, entered their pew, the cynosure of all eyes, this unusual attendance was accounted for.

And what a stare at Chip received!

On the church steps a group of both young and old men had awaited her arrival and gazed at her in open-eyed astonishment. All through service she was watched, and not content with this, a dozen or so, men and women, formed a double line outside, awaiting the Frisbies' exit.

Angie also failed to understand the principal cause of this interest. Her last appearance at this church had been as a bride. Naturally that fact would produce some staring, and so the curious and almost rude scrutiny the family received was less noticed by her.

But Chip's eyes were observant.

"I don't like goin' to meetin'," she said, 'an' bein' stared at like I was a wildcat. I seen 'em grinnin', too, some on 'em, when we went in, an' one feller winked to another. What alled 'em?"

Her vexations, however, had only just begun, for Angie had seen and made arrangements with Miss Phinney, one of the village school teachers, and the next morning Chip was sent to school. And now real trouble commenced.

Not knowing more than how to read and spell short words, and unable to write, she, a fairly well developed young lady, presented a problem which was hard for a teacher to solve. To put her in the class where she belonged was absurd. She must sit with older girls, or look ridiculous. If she recited with the eight-year-old children, the result would be the same, and so a species of private tuition with recitations at noon or after school became the only possible course and the one her teacher adopted.

This also carried its vexations, for Chip was as tall as Miss Phinney and a little larger. Not one of that band of pupils was over 12. To join in their games was no sport for Chip, while they, having heard about her thrilling experiences, with a hint that she wasn't quite right in her head, felt afraid of her.

"I feel so sorry for her," Miss Phinney explained to Angie, a week later, "and yet, I don't know what to do. She is so big the children won't play with her, or she with them. I am the only one with whom she will talk, and she seems so humble and so grateful for every word. I can't be as stern with her or govern her as I should, on account of her temper and size.

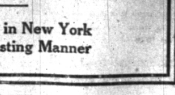
"Only yesterday I heard screaming at recess, and going out, I found that Chip had one of the girls by the hair and was cuffing her. It transpired that this girl had called her an Indian and asked if she had ever scalped anybody. I can't punish such a pupil, and I can't help loving her, so you see she is a sore trial."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Around the Metropolis

What Is Going On in New York City Told in Interesting Manner

PASTOR QUIETLY BUILDS WORKING GIRLS' HOTEL



NEW YORK.—While 75 women's clubs in their federated as well as their individual capacity have been talking about the crying need for a working girls' hotel, and racking their composite brains for feasible schemes to get the necessary money, the pastor of a little church in Harlem is busy building one.

About two years and a half ago it occurred to Rev. H. M. Tyndall that the broken stone and sand which were the by-products of building excavations in the city might be put to a better use than that of increasing the size of various dump heaps. Why shouldn't they be purchased, he reasoned, for a nominal sum by contractors who are putting up concrete buildings and be used for his new plan? He determined to become the first of these contractors. His organization had already decided that the pastor's project of a hotel for working girls under the auspices of the People's tabernacle at 52 East One Hundred and Second street was worthy and practicable and were ready to pledge their support.

So Mr. Tyndall bought the stone and sand, and collected a force of Italian laborers to turn it into concrete. In the intervals when he wasn't bossing the mixing he was drawing pictures of a five-story and basement building with 75 rooms and a complete assortment of comforts and some luxuries.

As fast as contributions came in the work progressed and the building at 58 East One Hundred and Second street is now completed. Moreover, although there has been no source of revenue but voluntary contributions, there isn't the sign of a lien or mortgage anywhere in sight.

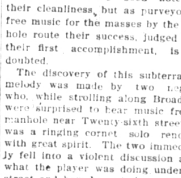
The 75 rooms are bare of furniture and the 18 front windows present a blank and curtainless glare to passers-by, and Mr. Tyndall is now trying to raise the $2,000 necessary to furnish the rooms.

While the hotel is designed primarily for wage-earning girls, young women who are strangers in the city will get temporary accommodations provided they can show credentials of respectability. Room and board will be furnished at from three to five dollars a week. Women over 35 are reckoned as undesirable inmates.

Robert E. Tyndall, brother of the clergyman, is to be the manager of the house, which is to be for the benefit of permanent rather than of transient guests. While the hotel will not be under the control of any one denomination, and attendance upon religious services will not be enforced upon the residents, its atmosphere will be decidedly religious.

Questions in regard to dancing, card playing and the entertainment of men visitors have not yet been settled. They will be taken up as soon as some philanthropic person or persons donate the furniture.

MUSIC FROM MAN-HOLES IS DUE TO LEAK IN WIRES



MUSICAL manholes on Broadway, from which issued sweet strains of well-known selections, proved quite a sensation the other day. New York streets never have been noted for their cleanliness, but as purveyors of free music for the masses by the manhole route their success, judged from their first accomplishment, is undoubted.

The discovery of this subterranean melody was made by two negroes who, while strolling along Broadway, were surprised to hear music from a manhole near Twenty-sixth street. It was a ringing cornet solo rendered with great spirit. The two immediately fell into a violent discussion as to what the player was doing under the street and how he got there. Before they could decide to call the police a large audience had collected and when the solo gave place to the strains of a full brass band the applause was enthusiastic.

Further applause at the end of the selection failed to produce an encore, but when some one dropped a nickel down the manhole as a contribution to the band supposedly concealed beneath it, with others following suit, the music suddenly began again, continuing enthusiastically for many hours.

Eventually members of the traffic squad had to disperse the audience of music lovers, which was blocking the streets. Meanwhile, with occasional pauses, the music continued through the night, to the delight of thousands, and not until the following day was the cause brought to light. Then it was discovered that there was a leak in the electric wires over which music is sent by a company which transmits it from a central producing station to hotels, halls and private residences. It was one of these wires which had short-circuited, thus giving Broadway a free concert, a mystery and a sensation all at once.

STOKES PREVENTS RAID ON SON'S ROOF BARNYARD

W. E. D. STOKES, owner of the Ansonia apartments, at Broadway and Seventy-third street, spent a busy hour the other day when he heard that complaint had been made against him to the board of health for harboring "pigs and geese" on the roof of the big building in violation of the sanitary code. Mr. Stokes did have a pig and four geese on the roof, but they were all in safety before the arrival of the man sent by Chief Sanitary Inspector Raynor to investigate the sky farm.

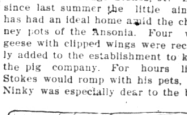
The pig is called Ninky Poo and is the adored pet of Mr. Stokes' son, William Earle Dodge Stokes, Jr. Ever since last summer the little animal has had an ideal home amid the chimney pots of the Ansonia. Four wild geese with clipped wings were recently added to the establishment to keep the pig company. For hours little Stokes would romp with his pets, and Ninky was especially dear to the boy, as he had raised him from the milk bottle stage.

All was serene until a complaint was lodged with the board of health. But Mr. Stokes heard a half hour in advance that his farm was to be raided. He was in an office on the sixteenth floor of the apartment house, but when the safety of his son's pig was threatened business was dropped. He dashed up the narrow stairway in the twilight, followed by his son, and made a brief survey of the roof. Ninky Poo, unconscious of her peril, was noisily devouring pap. The four wild geese were dining sumptuously on cracked corn.

Mr. Stokes sent for John, a Swedish servant.

"The board of health is after the boy's pets," said Mr. Stokes. "We must get the geese and the pig out of the way before the inspector comes. Take them down to the basement in the freight elevator."

BARBER PALACE PLANNED IN BIG RAILWAY TERMINAL



NEW YORK is to rival the splendor of the ancient Rome baths of Caracalla, famed as the most sumptuous the world has ever known. Father Knickerbocker's effort in this line, however, is to be in the equipment of a barber shop de luxe, which really will deserve the much abused name of "tonsorial palace."

The new regal hair-cutting and shaving establishment is to be installed in one of the great railway terminals now being built. The whole construction is to be of marble and glass. Each chair will cost $150 and will be surrounded by a canopy and velvet hangings. There are to be ten shower baths, all finished in marble, and each manicurist will have a little glass compartment all her own. Marble benches like those in the Roman baths will line the walls, and each chair will be directly in front of its own marble washstand.

It will undoubtedly be the costliest and most splendid barber shop in the world, but it is not known whether the best suggestion of all, that only minutes be employed in it, will be adopted.

UP TREE TO ESCAPE TIGRESS.

Unexpected Meeting on a Jungle Path way in India.

I was patrolling the jungle paths between two of my chowkies, accompanied by my jemadar, and on approaching an exceptionally thick patch we were startled by hearing a tiger roar almost at our feet, says a writer in the Madras Mail. I coughed pretty loudly to let him know that we were near, but judging by the growls he was disposed to dispute the right of way.

As we were unarmed swift retreat was the only way to escape the danger. I soon found a tree up which I climbed, the tree being some 20 feet from the ground, but on looking round for jemadar, I found he was making frantic efforts to climb one, but slipped to the bottom after each endeavor. So I called him to my perch, and had just hauled him up when a fine tigress emerged from the jungle, followed by two small cubs.

She passed under the tree and sauntered into the thicket, but reappeared a few minutes later, without the cubs, and remained watching us for some time, apparently considering if it was worth while to claw us off our perches. After some embarrassing moments productive of the blues of funks she disappeared, and my jemadar, who had been dumb while the interview lasted, found his voice and gave tongue to the most agonizing yells to the rest of our party, who were close behind, to come to our assistance.

So one, however, appeared, and it is well they did not, as the tigress would probably have attacked them. After remaining in the tree for an hour, or so we descended and saw no more of our unwelcome visitor.

He Meant Mucilage.

In an office building of Philadelphia there is installed a young Englishman who is endeavoring to establish himself as an architect. His room adjoins those of a prominent real estate dealer, who from the first evinced a friendly and neighborly interest in the young Briton.

"Any time I can help you," suggested the Philadelphian when the foreigner first took up his quarters in the building, "I shall be glad to do so."

Not long ago the real estate man engaged a new stenographer, a pretty girl, but with rather an exaggerated pompadour and an extremely haughty manner.

One morning, the Englishman, having occasion to avail himself of the kind offer referred to, entered the office somewhat precipitately, when he was brought to a sudden halt by the frigid air of the new stenographer.

"I beg your pardon," hesitatingly began the architect, taken back by the sight of a new face, "but could you spare me a little of your gum?"

"Sir—" indignantly began the stenographer, "you don't know—"

"Oh, how awkward of me!" exclaimed the Briton, more and more embarrassed. "I remember now that in America you say mucilage."—Exchange.

Eight Flights Up.

When the first fire company, in response to an alarm, reached the long row of tenements, the fire captain at once jumped from his engine and endeavored to locate the fire. When he had ineffectually hunted through three or four structures for it, he described an old woman sticking her head out of a window of the topmost floor of an eight-story tenement, a little farther up the street.

"Any fire up there?" he yelled, when he had reached the pavement beneath this building.

In answer the old woman motioned for him to come up.

Accordingly, the captain, with his men lugging their heavy hose behind them, laboriously ascended the eight flights and burst into the room where the old woman was.

"Where's the fire?" demanded the captain, when no fire nor smoke became visible.

"Oh, there ain't none here," replied the old woman, flashing an ear-trumpet. "I asked y' up 'cause I couldn't hear a word you said 'way down there!"—Bohemian.

His Brother's Forethought.

A Tammany man tells a story in connection with a caucus held in Troy some years ago as illustrating how fully alive the Celts of that city were to the opportunities of American citizenship according to Lippincott's.

During the caucus in one of the lower wards of the city a certain Michael Mulcahy was nominated for a minor position on the ward ticket to be voted for at the charter election. Some inquiries were made of Thomas Mulcahy as to who this person bearing the same name might be, as no one in the neighborhood could call him to mind.

"He's me brother," explained Tom, with cheerful alacrity. "He's not arrived in the country yit, but he tuk a ship av a Widnesday, an' 'll be here in toime for the election."

As She Is Spoke.

They were tourists from a more or less aristocratic London suburb, and they were "doing Paris" with that celerity and intelligence for which the British tourist is famous. Of course, they went to the Louvre, and, by and by James caught sight of a somewhat striking picture, and immediately proceeded to express his admiration in the accepted manner.

"What ho! What price this—eh?" he said to his companion in adventure.

An attendant standing by had evidently studied English to some purpose, and, with the courtesy of his race, stepped forward.

"Pardon, m'sieu," he said. "Zat picture—et is not by Watteau, and et is not for sale."

Old Paper Turned to Account.

Newspapers left by travelers in railway carriages in Belgium are carefully collected, and at the end of every week sent to the general depot at Malines, to be utilized in the manufacture of pulp for making a certain quality of cardboard. The quantity of old papers collected daily in the railway carriages amounts to from 660 to 770 pounds. This represents something like 260,975 pounds in the course of a year.

AND HE DID.

A certain college town in the south boasts of a bridge of privileges. Students take advantage of the liberty given them through the legend, when driving with young lady visitors to cross the famous bridge, to tell the story, and to illustrate it at the propitious moment of crossing.

The story was told recently that Mr. Dubose was driving, with Miss Brown. The young lady was affected with a slight though charming lisp. When Mr. Dubose had related the legend of the bridge he added, "And now, Miss Brown, when a fellow drives across with his girl he has the undisputed privilege of taking her in his arms and kissing her."

The astonished Miss Brown cried in wise apprehension, "Oh, Misther Dubothl"—Judge.

True, Somehow.

"Why is it that a stew will never admit that he is drunk?"

"Great Scott, man! That 'didn't-know-it-was-loaded' gag is as old as the hills."—Cleveland Leader.

Is Not Always Vanity After All.

Women Are Forced to Rely on Aid of Their Mirror.

It is usually pure vanity that causes a man to gaze at himself in every mirror he happens to pass, but with women the case in different, according to one observer. A man has really very little use for a mirror. He could dress in the dark, and part his hair successfully even if he were blind. But there is hardly an article that a woman can put on without the aid of a mirror and without a whole armory of looking glasses. She cannot be sure when the various articles of her toilet have been well and truly adjusted that the ensemble is satisfactory. And even when the work is complete she has no assurance that a pin may not surreptitiously slide from its place or a lock of hair escape from its moorings, thereby marring totally the effect which she has labored so painfully to produce. What wonder, therefore, that she glances anxiously into every available mirror to assure herself that all is well? And why should man, who peers into those same mirrors merely to gratify his vanity, presume to jeer at her?

Playground Knowledge.

Teacher—What are parallel lines? Micky Mulberry, what are you grinning at?

Micky Mulberry—'Scuse me, Miss Sharpe, but any loidy might make de same mistake; yer means parallel bars, don't yer?—Puck.