many many property of the state of the state

ETHEL'S LESSON.

"Let me see, said the good-natured man with the large white waistcoat to the little girl with long, thin legs, "You told me the other day that you

mever tasted candy, didn't you?" "Yes," said the little girl with an agerteved air. "Mamma says it isn't good for little girls to eat candy '

to you told me! said the good matured man. "I expect that she is perfectly right. It's always the pleasant things in life that aren't good for we and it's always other people who know what those pleasant things are better than we do. That's philosophy, my dear "

What is philosophy?" "Bearing the deprivations of other people with fortitude supported by reason. Did your mamma explain to you the reason why candy is not good for you?"

Bhe said the something in it was bad for my stomach."

"The ascehagine"

"Something like that." She paused a moment, then said "You said you had something to show me. Where is 11? the saked

"I'll show it to you in a minute. I had a few preliminary remarks to make first of all. You are, of course, wondering why I have so mysteriously asked you to accompany me to this secluded snot. I'm not going to propose to you, I can tell you that '

The little girl giggled "Are you going to tell me a secret?" she asked. "I am going to supplement your mamma's instruction with a practical "demonstration."

"I wish you wouldn't talk like that. A can't understand you. What is it grou have got to show me?" "I'll show it to you in good time."

"Oh, show it me now" "Curiosity, thy name is Ethel. Now, you've got to wait. So you don't know what candy is? Dear me! And you nine years old! Do you remember about the garden of Eden and the serpent that told Eve how she could find out for herself what was good and what wasn't?"

"Yes, he gave her an apple Have Tou got an apple" "I've got something in my pocket,

and if you'll wait-" "Show it to me now!" "Well, I suppose I'll have to I never

. . . · •

The guida you are firs to a box. You notice it's fied up with a pretty gilt string. I open it carefully and deliberately and-" "Why, it's candy!"

"Well, speaking of it as a whole, perhaps it might be called candy, but this little bit of a thing here is what is known as a 'emon drop. Open your mouth love-I mean Ethel. How does it taste? Notice any effect on the gastric secretions? This yellow block is a caramel Try that I want to tell You, though, that I don't approve of disobedience in children You have been told not to eat candy, but you know that I would not counsel you to do wrong, or that I ought his Youthe brown cone is chocolaw cream 4. think you'll like that. I'll square you with mother, all right

"I was saying that -don't roll your eyes up like that, Ethel; it's not ladylike-the white is cocoanut ice I used to like that well had them put it in. It las good, isn't it? I was saying that your mamma merely neglected to let you see for yourself how bad a thing candy was. We may learn from the experience of others, but it's a cinch that we will learn from our own Now. a maple cream. There is a nut inside that---pecan, I think

"I may be wrong in making you eat (this. I don't say I'm not mistaken. The big red one with 'he sugar crys-. itals wer it is a gumdrop. You want to be careful about eating guindrops. The safest way is to eat only the kind your mamma approves of-and the wame way with all the candy. Sticks your teeth together, doesn't it? Try a chorolate almond now

"I'm pretty sure that what your mamma didn't want you to eat was peanut candy. I know I are about a pound of it once and it made me sick. What do you want now?"

"Is there another chocolate there?" "Here's some nought. That has nuts. in it, too. Like it? It's rather rich, so I didn't get a very big piece of it. Poor child! And she never ate candy "It does seem as if some parents were hardly human. I was talking to myself, my dear

"That soft thing is a marshmallow. I don't like 'em myself, but girls generally do. There's another one in there, I think, and you might ask mamma to toast that for you Ethel I want you in after days to look back Whon this hour with fond recollections. I thank you have about finished the box. No, there's a raspborry fondant left, besides the marshmall ow "

"I don't like raspberry fundants."

"You - you what?" "I don't like raspberry fondants 1 don't like the raspberry taste to

"Ethel, have you been deserving me?" Have I had to struggle with a murbidly sensitive conscience for nathing? Have my feelings of compassion been disingentionally triffed with latest have I incurred the risk of your mannia's sewere displeasure and placed the part of the serpent for a little Supplica? Tel me that "

"I ton" know what you are talking

"Didn't you tell me that you never tasted candy?"

"Well, I don't," said the little girl, indignantly hardly ever Mamma says I siways eat so much of it if [get a chance so she won't let me have an) - except when she makes tiffy or something "

The title exclaimed the good-natured man the tooks of the empty bux into the ahr ibber, --Chicago Daily News

Maj Ike Gleason parted his flowing conttails and sat down I pushed over my cigar case. Maj ike bowed.

"Pinder, McCooler is dead," he said, sadly, "and the world goes blithely on its way as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened. Pinder was 27 when we bumped together. In all his rears he had had but one love atfair, and he had grown to believe in the teachings of the Bible, that the last shall be first and the first shall be last. He would never fall in love again, said he, but he considered it his sacred duty to marry. So one day he decided to enter the matrimonial sweeptakes. When he told me about it he opened a little closet and showed me a stack of yellow booklets.

"'What are they?' said I.

"'Trading stamps,' said he. "'What for?' said I.

"'For a wife, said he. 'When I advertise that I want a lady for better or for worse, and remark incidentally. that I have \$5,000 worth of trading stamps, I will have a bargain counter day skinned to death."

" And the stamps, said !.. "'They'll furnish the house," said

"Oh, he was a thrifty man, was Pinder McCooler He advertised for a wife, getting trading stamps with his ad and when I came around next morning four policemen were busy keeping the applicants in line. It was a congress of the nations of the world. Later in the day I visited the police station to get a list of the casualties. and there was Pinder McCooler trying to set things right with the sergeant.

" 'Well?' said I. "It's all to the good," said he. "I got the pick of the bunch. She owns quite a few stamps herself."

" 'And when is the wedding march to play?" said L. 'To-morrow,' said he. 'We're going to Philadelphia. There's a minister there who gives stamps,' said he.

."Thrift? It was in every pore of Pinder McCooler's body. A week later I got a note asking me to come to the house

"I went and he introduced me to his wife, and she played the plane and sang 'Bedelia.' Then supper was aunounced. 'You must use your knife as a spoon,' said Pinder apologetically. We can't get any spoons until we get more stamps, said be, and then a servant brought in the soup.

"I nearly slid under the table. 'Piano, "servant and no spoons," said I to myself, and then I woke up and found that Pinder McCooler was telling me he was going to subscribe to a Chicago paper because it gave stamps with each and every issue. 'Chicago's the most progressive city in the United States of America, said he
"You can't afford ", said I when

we were alone, and you know you can't afford it.

"'Afford what?" said he. "'A servant,' said I

"" "I know it." said he, confidentially But the employment agency gives eight dollars in stamps every time you bire one' said he.

"About this time business called me west, and when I left New York he was going to a church whose minister gave trading stamps with every ser-

"In the first month I was away hewrote me twice, once asking me to patropice a certain hotel and send himthe stamps, and again requesting meto buy him a bound of ten and a package of hairpins in Chicago. They give double trading stamps. said he, and I blessed that city of fire, wind and strings, and figured up how much it would cost me to send the articles to New-York . When my train pulled into the Grand Central Pinder McCooler was wailing for me, and patronizing a bootblack who gave stamps with every

"Oh, he was it, was Pinder McCooler. Trading stamps with his laundry, trading stamps with his coal, trading stamps from the butcher. Two weeks later I learned that he had pneumonia, and I went up to see that he got fair play.

"'You must put up a good fight,' said I

"'A rattling fight,' said he. "'And get a doctor," said I.

"'I have one, said he. "" "Who is he?" said i.

"'I don't know, said he. 'But he gives trading stamps, said he, and then he smiled sweetly.

"The M. D. said it was all over, and that it was only a question of time. On the fifth day Pinder McCooler got fings straightened out in his upper story, and woke up. Old Saw-bones said the finish would come before

"For a while Pinder McCooler played a thinking part and took stock of the situation. Then he spoke.

"'I'm a goner, said he.

"TYou're not," said I "'I am, said he. 'And, lke' ** 'Yes?'

""Give the funeral to O'Hara. He gives trading stamps." "I will," said I

"And, Ike, said he again.

" Yes" sad I "The, said he, lke, use the stamps and get me a monument, said he And these were the last words of Pinder

Maj like rose to his feet and reached for his ba! I followed him to the

"Going?" "Yes," said he. He took a package

from his pocket

"Ab!" said I "Trading stamps?" "Yes." said ne.

"For the monument?" I asked Maj Ike paused

"No." said he, "for sale I must scare up anough money to pay for his funeral." - N. Y. Press.

PINDER'S THRIFT. A DELICATE QUESTION NELLIES RUSE. HOW SHE CURED HIM

Young Cressenden arose after a elecpless night in a decidedly nerrous condition. He shaved himself with particular care and chose from his wardrobe a dark tweed business suit that he thought would have a sober and substantial effect, and although rather addicted to color in his neckweet to continued himself on this or

casion with a cravat of lusteriess black silk, deciding that even eatin would look rather too gaudy. Then he went down to breakfast and fortified himself. with three large cups of black coffee. He tried to eat, but he could hardly force a mouthful.

An hour later Cressenden entered the office of the John Stollbenker Construction company.

The office boy took his card into a private room and in a few moments he was facing her father.

"Glad to see you, Cressenden," said that august personage, cordially. "Sit down. How's everything?" "Pretty well, thank you, sir," said Cressenden. "How's everything with

you? Is the family well?" "Why, none of them has been strickon down in the night. You were in the house last evening, weren't you?"

Cressenden grew red. "Why-eryes. Yes, certainly," he said "1-er-I thought---" "You didn't notice any distressing

symptoms, i hope?" "No, sir. Oh, no. I hope you and the fam-you are looking well."

"I make a point of it," said the old gentleman, swinging his chair around to face his visitor more directly. "Mighty fine day," said Cressenden, nervously

"It would be if it wasn't raining so confoundly hard."

Cressenden was too preoccupied to. notice this remark. "I-er-suppose you are rather surprised to see me here this morning?" he said "But you you, you went to bed last night ander-' He paused.

"Yes, that's another of my habits," said Mr Stollbenker, cheerfully. Cressenden laughed in a rather constrained manner at the joke

"I hope that "you weren't burt because I went off to bed," said the old gentleman. "The fact is I was rather tired and I thought perhaps Katle could entertain you. I'm afraid she didn't succeed very well, though

"It's about Katie-Miss Stollbenker," said Cressenden, with desperation. "What is?" asked her father, with sudden sharpness.

"That I want to see you. I know that she's world's too good for me and-" "Who is?"

"Katie." "Do you mean to tell me that you have been making love to my daughter."young man?" asked Mr Stollbenker, with severity

"I know it seems like presumption," aid Crassenden, humbly "I know that I don't amount to anything particularly and that she is one of the loveliest, sweetest, noblest girls-"

"You admit that she is a rather superior sort of young woman?" "I never met a girl that would come within a thousand miles of her," as-

"And you don't amount to anything in particular I think you said. But you came here'to ask my consent to an

sented Cressenden with ferror

"I hoped that you might consent." ""You hoped that I might consent to give the lovellest, sweetest, noblest creature in the world -or one of '-mto a man who by his own admission doesn't amount to anything in particular. I am to trust her future to a manwho is unworthy of her-is that it?" "I think I could make her happy I know I would try," said the young

"You ask me to give my daughter to a young man distinctly unworthy of her. My answer is finally, unalterably

Cressenden turned pale and took uphis hat. "I was going to tell you something about my financial condition," he began, "but--"

"I don' want you to," said the old gentleman. "I took was trouble to find that out for myself some time ago. I also made some inquiries as to your character and habits and I supplemented these by my own careful observation. I may say that the result was highly satisfactory and if you had not assured me that I have been mistaken I might have consented.

Cressenden laid down his hat again

and the old gentleman laughed "Another thing; Katle isn't any divinity." he said "She's just a plain girl. I'm her father and I ought to know-and I'm mighty fond of her at that In fact, I don't want to let her go Still, if she likes you as well as she told me she did this morning I'm not going to block the way to any great

extent " "Then you do consent?" said Crassen-"Why, of course," said her father,-

Chicago Dally News

Ventilating the House of Commons. If matters go wrong in the English house of commons a convenient explanation would be to attribute the fact to the "sophisticated air" which the members breathe According to the London Guardian, the winds of Heaven are not suffered to visit too roughly the interior of the palace of Westminster, for they are "filtered through cotton-woot, and warmed by passing over hot pipes, and then the dead and oppressive product is forced through gratings in the floor of the house, where it picks up the mud from honorable members' boots "

Tested Truth. Only the heartless are hopeless. Chicago Tribune.

Notice Nastrad two lovers. One, Ernest Crauford, was a boarder at the only hotel in the little village and was from the city. He had come early in the month of January, and although he had previously intended to return in February, he was still in Eastlake, for the reason that he had been attracted by Miss Wayn's Deadly and the wealthof the prosperous Mr. Nash. But of course this reason was known only to

bimself The other lover, George Lyle, was only a clerk in a dry goods store in Eastlake. He had been Nellie's favorite before the perfumed fop, Mr Crauford, had come to the village, but now Nelile seemed to prefer the company of Mr. Crauford, or else he gave her no chance to be alone, or in the company of any one else.

Mrs. Nash, Nellie's mother, had a great aversion to the fashionable city exquisite, and did not healtate to show him her dislike; and Mr. Crauford had

a very decided aversion to Mrs. Nash. "Nellie," said Mrs. Nash, one day. "I wish you would tell Mr. Crauford to go back to the city. It is plain to see that he does not care for you, but for your father's money. If you do not tell him to go, I shall, the next time I see his pencil-like cane coming in the

"Oh, mother," laughed Nell, "you are so cruel! I am sure that Ernest is as nice as he can be. He is much more contious and thoughtful than any othor gentleman of my acquaintance."

"Mr. Lyle is a true gentleman," said the mother; "and in my eyes there is a great difference between him and Mr. Crauford. You seem to have dropped his acquaintance entirely "

"Oh, no I have not indeed, mother. When I bought my new cashmere dress yesterday, I had quite a chat with him. But to-morrow is the first day of April and I am going to ascertain if what you said about Mr. Crauford is true."

Mrs Nash looked up from her sewing in surprise. Nellie laughed gleefully and disappeared. In a few moments she returned, bringing with her pen. ink and paper. Then she sat down at the table and commenced to write. "What are you doing, Neitle?"

queried Mrs. Nash. "You shall see presently," said Net-

In a few moments the letter was completed, and Nellie tossed it into

ber mother's lap. Mrs. Nash read it

through, and then gave it to her daughter . "I am afraid that is not quite proper," she said, doubtfully. "Yes it is," says Nellie, placing the

letter in an envelope. Mrs. Nash repressed a smile "I see Killie Warren nessing by."

said Nellie, "and I will ask her to take this to the office for me. Kittie," she called, "please mail this letter for me. and if you come up Saturday afternoon I will teach you that new crowhet pat-The dittle girl promised, and Nellie

went back to the house. "What do you think he will do,

mother?" she asked of Mrs. Nash "He will return to the city" said Mrs. Nash Neilie smiled

"I don't think so, mother," she re-But we will now make our elves acquainted with the letter, which Mr. Crawford received on All-ford's day. while at his late breakfast. When the coffee was brought in by the servant,

he gave Mr. Crauford the letter. Mr. Crauford glanged at the address. "From Nellie," he soul complacently. "By Jove! I had better propose pretty. soor, or some other lucky dog will be

wedding Mr. Nash's riches." -He leisurely mened the envelope. and, taking a sip of the fragrant coffee, began to peruse the note. In a little while a frown settled on his many brow, and he pulled the ends of bis mustach vigorously. Of course he did not remember it was the first of April

The letter read as follows: "Solthern, March 31, 18-"Mr Crawford.

"Dear Sir: We are wealthy no more A sudden change has taken place in our circumstances and I thought it best to inform you, although I well know that nothing could change you toward me Mother is looking forward anxfourly for a reply to this letter, and you can imagine poor father's feelings "NELLIE."

Mr. Cranford'did imagine Mr. Nash's feelings.

"So the old lady will be anxiously awaiting for a reply to the letter, with she?" he soliloquized. "Then she will wait in vain, for the next train which leaves Eastlake carries me and my earthly possessions to the city."

And Mr. Crauford spoke truly. He disappeared from Eastlake that day, and Neltie never saw him again. Mrs. Nash exulted over his departure, for she well knew that her daughter was saved from a fortune hunter; and Miss Nellie Nash became Mrs. George Lyle the next month, and you may be sure she never regretted her letter -N Y Weekly

Example of Woman's Bravery. One day last month brave woman saved the town of Milimont, Pa, from a terrible explosion. A well-shooter was oiling a wagon on which were six cans of nhroglycerin. The wheel slipped off and fell away from him. He held up the axte and called for help All the men on the scene, fearing that he would drop the axle and cause an explosion, took to their heels. Several women ran to the man's assistance, and averted the accident. Such episodes raise the question whether the doctrine of equality between the sexes does not reflect discredit as women.

BY F. B. HANDELL. "I could get along with bim, I'm quite sure," cried Minnie Roberts

"Nobody could get along with him!" chorussed the three other Miss Roberts in unison. Uncle Henry was the personage of Whom they enoke a grabbed Ill tem-

pered, little old man who lived as superb old country seat in Sufface. He had money to leave, bur Ali nieces and nephews believed that it would be a deal easier to go to kendike and dig fortunes out, nugger by nugget, than to stay at home and earn them by making themselves acceptable to the old gentleman

Emma, Madge and Rhoda had each tried it without success and were telling their experiences when Minnie, the youngest, tallest, and prettiest of the four girls, spoke up:

"I could get along with him, I'm quite sure," she said

It was sunset -a red, flaming sunset when she came up the terraced flight of steps that led to the house. Uncle Heary stood on the steps.

"So you are Minnie?" said he, surveying her with little twinkling eyes, like glass bearls

"Yes, I'm Minnie," said the brightcheeked girl, giving him a klas . "You are late," said Uncle Henry. "I am late," said Minnie. "I thought the old carriage never would get here.

The horses fairly crept and the roads were horrid." "It's a dreadfully warm day," growl-

ed Uncle Heary. "I'm almost baked," sighed Minnie "The whole summer has been rather warm," said the old gentleman. Uncle Henry gave her the keys that night, just as he had three times before given them to her three sisters.

"I shall expect you to take charge of the whole establishment," said he. "The servants are miserable-" "No more than one might expect," intercupted Minnie, with a deprecatory

motion of her hand. "Servants are mere frauds nowadays!" "And nothing goes right about the

"Nothing ever does," said Minnie A' breakfast next morning Uncle. Henry began to scold as usual.

"Fish again!" said he. "This makes "I detest fight" said Minnie, pushing

away her plate. "And the bread stale again!" growled Uncle Henry, breaking one open, "Please give me the plate l'orle

table bell sharply. Betty, the cook, a stout, good-humored woman/made her appearance. "Betty," said Miss Roberts, "be so

Henry," said Minnie, and she rang the

the window" "But what am I to eat for my breakfas'?" bewailed Uncle Henry. Biscutts, of course," said Minnie "Anything is better than imperiling

good as to throw this bread out of

And, Betty, if you send up any more fieb in a month you may consider yourself discharged ado you hear

one's digestion with such stuff as this!

"But, my dear, I am rather fond of fish." put in the old centieman "One can't eat fish the whole time." said/Minnie imperiously "Here, Betty -this coffee isn't fit to drink, and the teast is burnt, and you must have put the cooking that or on the table by mistake! Is these errors be rectified at

"My dear" sold I'm le Henry, "Betty is a very old servant, and--"

"Indon't care if she is the age of Methuselab " said Minnie "nobody can the expected to put up with such wretched coolding as this!" "My dear," said Undle Henry, "Bet-

ty is generally very excellent if..." "Dear uncle," interrupted Minnie. "pray permit me to be the judge of Old John, he gardener, was not exempt from his share of the general turmoil. Miss Robert's chanced to hear her uncle reproaching the old man for

the pride of his horricultural heart, and she promptly came to his aid "Gardening indeed! Do you call this gardening"; she said "Thole Henry I'm astonished that you keep

some fancied realest in the flowertieds,

such a man about the place!!" And the torrent of taunts and reproaches which she showered upon the luckless head of poor old John was enough, as that individual observed, "to make one's flesh creep"

"My niece is a young lady of spirit and energy, apologized the old genrleman, when Minnie had gone back to the house.

"Verra libe you, sir, verra like you!" said old Jofin "Like me" said Unde Henry slowly

And he stood full five minutes, quite speechless and motionless. At the end of five minutes he spoke to other words, and only two: "Like- me!" "There's no knowm' the master, he's

that changed." said Bettie in the

kitchen a week or two later. "He's as mild as a lamb and as peaceable as a "Well, isn't that what the young lady told us," said Jane, "when she came down into the kitchen the first morn-Ing, after the fire was lighted, and told us she was goin' to try an experiment? We wasn't to mind a word she said. 'cause it was all by contraries. 'He

don't know what his temper has got to

he said she and I'm going to show

him.' And, bless her sweet heart, her

plan has worked like a charm." But Uncle Henry took all the credit to himself. He never knew that Minnie had taught him a lesson. And Minnie was his heiress and darling after all--for he will always believe that it was he "who formed her character."-Short Stories.

PEMININE FINALITY.

BY TRYNTJE DU BOIS. 🔑

He crossed the room, rested his hands against the mantel-shell and stared down at the hearth and the firelight. Outside the wintry night was falling fast, thus disposing of a day which had done it no credit. The street lights were priceting through the mist and the lamps of his own cab shone dulty as it waited. He sighed, raised his head and stared at his reflection in the mirror. frowned and-

There was a swish of wide-thrown portieres, and a woman swept in upon him, a woman all smiling radiance with a hand out-stretched, eyes greatly glad, and a wake of lace tossing behind in her path .

They greeted each other-he gripping his soul with the grace of the well-bred, while she only choked slightly over the awallowing of a heart whose throbbing colored her cheeks and echoed in her finger-tips.

Then they sat down and he looked at

her with a sombre hunger in his eyes. She had not changed so very muchonly an added shadow beneath her inshes, and added droop around the mouth that always quivered easily and was quivering now. "It seems like a long time, doesn't it?"

she said, with a smile and an unsuccessful attempt to face his gaze; "it seems longer now than en passant." "It's five years (an't it?" "Yes-even a few months more But

they went quiskly-over there." "They always do-over there," he an-"Ab, but it's lovely-over there," she said, "people were so very good to me-

over there " "People tried to be good to you here-" He stopped "Oh, yes! please stop." She had paied slightly, then went on precipitately:

"But don't tack to me. I'd rather hear

about yourself. Where have you been all these years?" "I've been to the dogs-just as I told But 'been' refers to the past so I infer that you are back from the trip "

les looked at her a ninuti in science. don't know whether I have just returned or whether I am just setting out avain "

"five years is so long and I I thought everything was all right and you realgones be bygones. You know it never would have cone-you said so yourself - exeryone said no-1

He laughed, a little sadiy "I see you still preserve your clear and concise way of putting things Well. about yourself, then! What has been happening to you? Have you been entertained by angels unaware, or tempted By my Arch-friend?"

"life (and tempt me," she said, "he hasn't any bribe that ordinary northimen cannot outdo him in Some of the Litter did nather shake my resolve. You know a coroner is pretty, and the life. beyon: a crawbridge and around a court most always produce a certain effect on those who live outside the walls. But, then, there was a ways that featful antieton in the cirket-"

The husband?" "Exactly And I will never have anetter un esa l'am gagged and drauged."

Dear me, what a picture!" "It isn't just a whom " she said, suddeally earnest; "I have thought and thought about it. It is no use marrying unless you over-and afterward-the luse doesn't last."

"Never?" "Neger " Then you really believe what you are

way tişir 🗥

"I really do" His room suddenly. "Are you going?" she gasped quickly. "I may plant as well," She stood up too

"Wilere, please?" Tours tall E ripe to yourself for five years. I think I il take a look at the

He turned and stared at a picture She was very still; she was thinking "It seems so long , ince I've seen you." she faltered at last, "and coming over I kept thinking That the year's would have put us back to those days when we used to have such good times together-

thuse days before before " He drew a long breath "You can't blame me for not wanting any more love in my life," she went on, the shadow beneath her lashes deepening a she spoke, "when you make me see how much trouble it causes." "It's horrible," he said, turning. "I'd ?

better go; I must not stay! I can't be responsible... then he held out his hanri "Grant-byet!" "To you mean really to go away?" He was standing before her his hand outstretched and a forced smile on his

"Yes, I really think I'll sail to-mor-

row " She lifted ,her hand and her slender fingers for into the separate interstices of his own large grasp. She wat hed them covered up, and her eyes moved to his white cur, to his dark sleeve, upward, to the slope of coliar and the emouth line of chin. Her aps reparated and quivered his were present uncommonly tight. She looked as them and at the painful lines drawn about : them then she raised her hyes a little higher and resten them within his own.

"we've fooled away years enough. Tho-K sails to-morrow, and if the list is full there is always the captain's room." She considered, hesitating. Then she laughed "It must have been intuition," the said, fro mout the depths of his envelop-

ing embrace, "that made me choose a

frock to-day that has all its ruffles in the

"Ob, come with me!" he exclaimed;

There was a pauce

train -Town Topics.

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