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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

By Anna Katharine Green, Author of "The Forsaken Inn," Etc.

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CHAPTER XIX.

SOMETHING MORE THAN A GAME OF CROQUET.

When the young artist sat down to breakfast the next morning he found a note lying beside his plate. It was from Miss Aspinwall and was to the effect that she had written to her friend Mr. Morris for a precise description of the gentleman he had been kind enough to introduce to her notice.

This was satisfactory, and prevented the artist from sending a letter to Mr. Byrd, as he had contemplated. For though he had no doubt in his own mind as to the identity of this stranger he had no desire to put himself in a false light in connection with one who owned so sarcastic a tongue and held at the moment such an impregnable position. He determined, therefore, to wait and take no measures of his own till after a reply had been received from Cleveland. This is, unless he saw signs of immediate peril menacing his dear one, in which case he would not write at all, but telegraph.

The sound of croquet balls clicking from Miss Aspinwall's grounds gave him presently all the excuse he needed for an early visit there. Crossing the turf he soon found himself within view of the bright and cheerful picture which the introduction of this game lent to our familiar scene. The white dresses of the ladies, the velvety verdure, the flowers, the grace of the ever varying movement, the eager enjoyment, all were there. But he saw nothing but a solitary man and woman nestling under the shade of a neighboring tree, the former with steady intensity providing every feature of his strong face, and she, with corresponding pleasure broadening every lineament and making beautiful every attitude. His rival from Cleveland had lost no time.

Nearly beyond his power to come at Hamilton Degraw drew back. Not for him was this place of mirth and joy; not for him the petty civilities of the morning call and a tedious and deceptive game. If she could smile like this after the appeal he had made to her the night before then she was not the woman he deemed her; nor was her regard what he hoped it to be. She was false, and he would leave her—only he could not leave her. False or true, she was the woman he loved, and he could no more go away and leave her under the seductive influence of this incomprehensible stranger than he would have surrendered a pet lamb to the paw of a wolf. He therefore stopped at a certain seat in the middle of the lawn, and, not caring whether he was seen or not sat down, and taking a pencil and sketch book from his pocket, began, to all appearance, to draw the scene before him.

Suddenly a laughing voice was heard over his shoulder.

"Oh, Mr. Degraw! What a disappointment! I expected to see a picture of hill and valley, roof and spire, or at least a group of girls circling round one pale cheek with a ball. Behold! only a ball, white page meets my eye!"

He turned. One of the lightest-hearted and freshest-tongued of the many gay girls about him stood at his side.

"Good morning," said he. "You want to see a picture? Well, wait a moment and I will show you one."

And without analyzing his motive or counting the cost of his impulse he forced his pencil to travel over the paper, leaving thereupon the lines of a countenance that was at the same time both fair and proud. When he had finished it he showed it to her.

"Who is it?" he asked.

"Why, your namesake from Cleveland," she replied, with a mischievous tilt of her head. "It is very good, only you have not flattered him."

"I leave that for the ladies to do," he gravely retorted, and with a smile she could not fathom closed his book, put it in his pocket and offered her his arm. "You may wish to possess this some day," he laughed, tapping significantly the place where he had put the sketch, "but remember that you will have no claim upon it if by word or gesture you reveal the secret of its making."

"Do you mean the picture or your heart?" she asked, "for your hand is pressed over both."

He gazed into her merry eyes, caught the momentary contagion of her glee and smiled.

"That is for you to decide," he rejoined. "If it is a riddle I think your perspicacity may be relied upon to solve it."

And thus, with a cleared brow, but with a wildly beating and rebellious heart he drew near to the players.

He was welcomed by one joyous acclaim, but he noticed with a sense of humiliation, hard to endure, that a dozen curious glances passed immediately from his face to that of his new publicly recognized rival. He restrained himself, however, and singling out Miss Aspinwall paid her such attention as his distraction would allow. The result was perplexity to many minds. For no sooner did the signorina behold herself forsaken by one who upon the evening before had taken an indisputable place at her side than she showed a vague uneasiness which soon made itself noticeable to every eye. But as the morning progressed and she found herself as much ignored by her late lover as politeness would allow, she gained more mastery over herself and ended by playing the role of general coquette. Meantime the stranger had been pressed into the game, possibly by the secret allies of the artist, and was busy with the duties of the game. He did not lose sight of the signorina, however, and those that watched them both felt that if the artist was unwise enough to carry his piqué beyond the bounds of politeness he would be in danger of losing the prize he had evidently set his heart upon gaining.

The game which was now in progress had for opponents: Miss Clinton and Mr. Degraw against Miss Aspinwall and Mr. Ferrall. It was an evenly matched and bitterly opposed contest. At one moment the former couple appeared to be in the advance, and then by some lucky stroke the latter came to the front, only to fall back again under the other's judicious play. So lively was the struggle and so skillful the opponents that the attention of the whole surrounding party was finally drawn to the sport, greatly to the relief of the signorina, who, if she had not betrayed her consciousness of the scrutiny to which she had been subjected certainly showed her pleasure at the momentary respite from it by a telling play on the part of Mr. Ferrall.

Rousing herself from the attitude of excited listener which she had assumed under the talk of one of Miss Aspinwall's declared admirers she cast a quick look across the ground to where the artist stood beside his more or less abstracted partner. It was but a flash, but he saw it, and taking it for an invitation, forgot his anger, forgot his resolve, forgot everything but her, and only waiting to see that his rival was just poising his mallet for a blow he bowed his adieu to Miss Aspinwall and started for the bench upon which sat the perplexing object of his adoration.

But scarcely had he taken three steps before he found himself confronted by Mr. Ferrall.

"Take my mallet, Degraw, I entreat you, and finish this game. I have just received a telegram which demands instant attention. No one can beat that Cleveland chap but you. Go in, then, and don't forget that Miss Rogers' eye is on you."

Before the artist could reply the mallet was thrust into his hand, young Ferrall was off and a dozen voices were crying:

"Whose turn? Bear that run of play if you can."

He gave the signorina one glance, grasped his mallet and took his stand for his ball. The play alluded to had been made by his rival and seemed to determine the game. But he was a fine player, too, and after having taken in the location of the several balls he took his aim and made the most brilliant stroke of the season.

A chorus of acclamations arose, then a silence followed, broken only by the click of the mallet and balls. When it ceased he had separated his opponents' balls by the full width of the ground and croqueted his own and his partner's through the last two arches.

Miss Clinton now advanced to the rescue. Could she but hit a ball the game might be saved, otherwise it was irretrievably lost. Would she hit one? Many on the field thought so, but the artist did not. He had "wired" her too effectually. And so it proved. In making her stroke she drove her ball against an arch and confusion was the result. She had too to hit her partner's ball, put it out, and then drive her own to the stake. But she was nervous, and only succeeded in putting her own ball out.

The odds were now entirely in favor of the stranger and Miss Clinton. But when Mr. Degraw came to play some unlucky twist of his mallet sent his ball on one side of the wire instead of the other, and his opportunity to relieve the game was lost.

So now it was the artist's turn again, and as he had lost to hit the stake with his ball many thought the result as good as decided and prepared to clap their hands. But to the momentary consternation of every one he dallied with his luck and, instead of driving his ball carefully to the stake sent it whizzing across the field in search of that of his adversary. He did not hit the mark he had set for himself, but he accomplished a purpose that was dearer to him than any game. His ball stopped not three feet from the signorina, and though his watchful eye evidently understood the motive which urged him and sent his every nerve immediately in the same direction he said the conventional thing to whisper:

"Love me and drop this follow. His admiration disheartens you and maddens me. I will not see you yield to it."

That was all, but it evidently was enough. Her face showed first astonishment, then chagrin and then something like despair. But the scene was one of mirth, and she found herself forced to join in the general laugh at which failed the stranger, for upon the artist having sacrificed the game for a whisper

Had he sacrificed more? There was every reason to believe so, for the signorina had become quiet after her launch, and then impassive, not lifting her eyes from under her broad brimmed hat, and only answering questions after being startled by the silence which followed them. And yet, though both of her lovers felt this coldness and suffered from it, neither seemed disposed to abandon the field. They lingered, chatting, one on one side of the ground and the other on the other, and neither had any eyes but for her who seemingly saw no one.

But at last there came a moment when the long strain upon them both was loosed. The artist saw her move and moved himself, when suddenly he perceived what had occasioned her change of attitude and inconsiderately passed.

His namesake from Cleveland was approaching her. Would he be welcome? The artist held his breath, watching them both with burning eyes. One moment he thought she was going to turn away, but the next she looked up, and though she grew startlingly pale she cast upon the stranger a heavenly smile which made the artist's heart drop like lead in his bosom.

"I have lost her," was his inward comment, and he turned on his heel and left the place.

And so he continued to look upon the matter for some hours, then a note came, a little perfumed note, into which was crushed a forget-me-not, and though it had no signature and bore no address he felt it was from her, and read the words it inclosed with an emotion easily to be conceived. They were but two, but these two words were:

"Trust me."

CHAPTER XX.

FORWARD AND BACK.

A man in love is eager to believe in the truth of the object of adoration, but Hamilton Degraw pondered hour over the signorina's note before he could come to any definite conclusion in regard to it. Trust her! Were these words the plea of a coquette as the distrustful eye of a friend and perplexed woman? In her face and in her manner lurked beyond evidence of a struggle between love and some opposing passion he could not even fathom sufficiently to guess. But was the conflict a worthy one, and should he uphold her in it by an indulgence which might speak more of weakness than of true manly sympathy? He could not decide, for his own pride was engaged in the decision, and a man's prides dies hard even in the cause of his own affections.

But as the hours approached the sweet appeal grew in force till it overwhelmed his doubts and renewed his confidence. Trust her? Yes, he could trust her, but could he trust himself? From the experience of the morning he knew that it would be absolutely perilous to his self control to subject himself to a further sight of his rival's triumph. Though it was misery to sit still in his improvised studio while this other man enjoyed free access to her side he felt it to be wisdom to ignore his feelings till the letter from Cleveland came to settle the position of this interloper and give to himself that advantage in her eyes which truth and honor must ever possess over deception and revealed fraud.

He, therefore, replied to her note by saying he would trust her so far as to leave her to her new friend till he could substantiate the doubts which he had so freely expressed against him, and supplemented this communication by a line to Miss Aspinwall, in which he expressed thanks for her kindness and entreated consideration for the feelings which induced him to remain for a few days from her house, or until she received such word from Mr. Morris as would make it agreeable for him to return there.

This last clause betrayed the full motive for his conduct, as he had meant it should. The result was a speedy response from his generous hostess.

"Dear Mr. Degraw—You may be doing wisely and you may not. Of that you must be your own judge. Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, will not stay away because you do, and much mischief can be done in three days. However, you have one firm friend here, who will not allow matters to proceed too far without warning you. May I be allowed to express the hope, then, that I shall not be compelled to address you till I can inclose Mr. Morris' letter? Yours sincerely,

"HILARY ASPINWALL."

This letter, with its direct promise put new life into him. He felt that with this good friend on the watch he could rest in peace for a day, at least, and rose the next morning full of hope only to find his spirits immediately dashed by the following unexpected epistle:

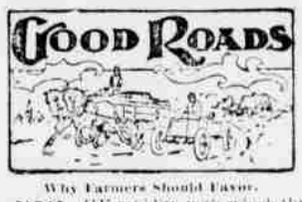
"Mr. Degraw and Miss Rogers held a long conversation last evening seated upon the window seat which we all feel is dedicated to you. Though it was nothing in their manner which was open to the criticism of the most exacting person present, half of the men and all of the ladies who saw them felt chagrined at this testimony of a growing intimacy on the part of two persons who, if half you say is true, should never have had so much as a distant acquaintance.

"It is, perhaps, only fair to add that Mr. Degraw has none of the look of a charlatan, and parted from Miss Rogers last evening with a gesture of as much respect as if he had been taking leave of a queen. H. A."

"So much the worse," thought the artist. "Manner can impose upon any woman. My darling is certainly in danger." And he had another struggle with his pride. It was not easy for the sponsor of Miss Aspinwall's own maid with such letters in his pocket to leave the days

"There is an expressly fine view to be found on the road to Stockbridge, just at the top of the long hill. Some of our guests propose a ride and a picnic there to-day. It might not be unwise for you to be found already in the ground, sketching. H. A."

To be continued.



Why Farmers Should Favor.

THE rapidity with which the sentiment in favor of national aid to the common roads of the country has spread, and the eagerness with which the proposition is welcomed since the introduction of the Brownlow bill in Congress, have not only been highly gratifying to the friends of the measure, but surprising and astonishing to its opponents, writes Colonel J. B. Killebrew. The truth is the great body of the farmers of the land are slow in demanding what they are justly entitled to. Had the same necessity as the want of good roads among farmers existed in relation to the manufacturing, mining or commercial interests of the country, such a necessity would have long since been recognized and met by adequate appropriations from Congress. The tillers of the soil do not work in concert for their own advancement. By the census of 1900 the whole number of people above the age of ten years engaged in gainful occupations in the United States was 29,074,117. Of this number 10,381,767 were engaged in agricultural pursuits. No other special occupation employs so many. The manufacturing and mechanical pursuits employ 7,085,992 persons; trade and transportation, 4,794,934, and professional service, 1,278,559. And yet the farmers of the country, that contribute more to its permanent prosperity than all other classes combined, have the smallest amount of consideration in the matter of congressional appropriations. In all the history of the past legislation of the country but few efforts have been made to equalize the benefits of congressional appropriations. Until the rural mail routes were established a citizen living in the country rarely received direct benefits from the money expended by the general government, except that for the agricultural department.

The commerce of the country felt the exuberation of fresh and lusty life and vigor from the improvement of the rivers and harbors, but this exuberance would have been vastly increased and half the money appropriated for rivers and harbors been applied in aid of the improvement and maintenance of the public roads, the very foundation of commerce.

It must not be imagined that anyone proposes that the government shall enter upon the work of building public highways without the co-operation of the State, county or other political subdivision. The policy of the government should be to help those communities that help themselves; to stimulate action and enterprise rather than to repress it by appropriating money to those communities that do nothing for themselves.—Automobile Topics.

Steel Roadway a Success.

The laying of a track of broad flat steel rails on Murray street, between Broadway and Church street, was accomplished the middle of last December, it being thought that Murray street offered the severest testing ground on account of the heavy trucking through that thoroughfare. The rails have been in use many months and teamsters driving through Murray street have learned the advantage in using them, and yet the roadway shows few signs of wear.

A glance at the cross-sectional cut will show how the roadbed is prepared for laying the rails. To eighteen by eighteen inch trenches are dug and filled with one and a half inch broken

CROSS SECTION OF STEEL ROADWAY.

stone laid over a layer of old paving stones, and top-dressed with three inches of fine gravel. The rails are laid on this and fastened together at their ends with fish plates on the sides and bottom, while three-quarter inch tie rods at intervals keep them parallel and properly spaced. In building a country road, the earth is graded up to the rail on each side and filled in slightly higher in the centre, so as to give the general contour shown in the cross-section.

The rails used in Murray street are forty feet long and one foot wide, with flanges three inches wide on the under side and three-eighth inch wide on the top. The rail is three-eighth inch thick near the flanges, and a trifle thicker in the centre. The slight flange on each side of the top of the rail tends to keep a wagon wheel from running off with any slight side pull, while it can nevertheless easily surmount the flange when the driver wishes to run on or off the track. The rails are laid with the alternate joints on opposite sides, similar to those of a railroad track. The distance from centre to centre is five feet six inches. The weight of the rails is twenty-five pounds to the foot, or 112 tons per mile, and the estimated cost of a mile of track, including laying, is $9000. On country roads lighter and narrower rails weighing but 100 tons per mile can be used, and, with steel at $18 per ton, this figure can be cut in half. When once built, a road of this type will last a generation if the surface part of it is kept in repair at slight expense. Comparative tractive tests have demonstrated that the power required to haul a wagon on a steel roadway is less than one-fourth that needed on the ordinary stone track.—New York Press.

Kansas City, Mo., alone has $50,000,000 invested in Mexico.

Household Matters

Keep Tins Dry.

Pans, kettles and coke tins, etc., will last much longer if when washed they are placed before the fire for a few minutes to get quite dry inside before being put away. If left damp they soon become rusty, and in a short time are unfit for use.

Easily Made Borax Soap.

Borax soap will remove all kinds of spots from floors, carpets, painted woodwork, etc. It is easily made by saving all the bits of soap which accumulate in the household, and boiling these down with a few teaspoonfuls of borax until it becomes a jellylike substance.

The Art of Cooking Pumpkin and Squash.

Cut a ripe winter squash in half lengthwise, take out the seeds but do not pare. Place the halves in a baking pan with a little water, cover and bake in a moderate oven for an hour and a half. A quarter of an hour before the squash is done remove the cover and with a spoon take out the water in the pan. Sprinkle with plenty of salt and put a generous lump of butter in each half. Return to the oven to brown slightly. Pumpkin cooked in this way is even better than squash. Pumpkin requires long, slow cooking for several hours.

The Sulky Salt.

If there is one thing above another that is the cause of genuine mental profanity at this season it is the refusal of that necessary condiment, salt, to part company with the shaker.

Many things have been suggested to remedy the trouble. One housekeeper at the shore, where dampness is always present, says that baking the salt thoroughly in the oven and then mixing it with one-third the quantity of corn starch, will obviate the difficulty.

Others suggest that the shakers be set in the oven for fifteen minutes every day, but the majority of advice predicates that the only real way to get around the trouble is to put the shakers away during the dog days and use individual salt cellars.

Nevertheless one plan that has been found thoroughly successful is to bake the salt well and add corn starch as suggested. Then as the shakers are filled add to each one a small half teaspoon of rice.

This keeps it stirred up and prevents lumping; also, service, which violently shakes, to knock and loosen the salt from around the holes in the top.

For the Guest Room.

In others rooms in the house deviations from comfort are permissible, but the guest room must be perfect in its appointments. The following suggestions for fitting up this room are given in a comprehensive article in The Delineator:

The ideal guest room is arranged with an adjoining bath and dressing room, but when plumbing arrangements are impossible a small room for bathing and dressing should be provided. The floor covering should be chosen from the Persian rugs in dark colors or matting may be used if the conditions demand it. The wall covering should be a plain or two-toned hanging of some conventional design. For the bed, iron may be committed to mixed with the scheme of the furnishings, or brass or wood may be chosen, and the bed fittings should be the very best that one's means can afford. The pieces of furniture should comprise a lounge for day use, a bureau, a chiffonier, a night stand, a dressing mirror, a folding screen, an easy chair and foot stool, a slipper chair and rocker, with washing arrangements either stationary or movable. In supplying the necessary small articles of toilet, preference should be given to simple, substantial qualities. Book shelves and a writing desk or table are a necessity, and, of course, they must be provided with fresh volumes and magazines and adequate stationery.

Saffron Cake or Bread—Two quarts of flour, one tablespoonful of salt, one half cup of butter, one tablespoonful of mutton, one-half cup of lard, one half package of currants, two cups of yeast, one heaping tablespoonful of saffron, steeped.

Scalloped Eggs—Chop four or five hard boiled eggs quite fine; sprinkle the bottom of a baking dish with fine crumbs; sprinkle in half the eggs; pour over a little white sauce and a little chopped meat; when all is used cover with buttered crumbs and brown in the oven. Ham, chicken, veal or fish may be used.

West Indian Pepper Pot—To a gallon of water put a gill of conserve of salt to taste; a small salt bag of Spanish peppers or a dozen large ones, and every kind of fresh meat and fowl, raw. Cut all this meat up, put into a fruit kettle with the water and conserve and cook from six to eight hours. Put into a deep dish, and eat while warm, with potatoes.

Spanish Omelet—Beat three eggs until light; add to them three tablespoonfuls of milk, a little salt and pepper; put in a frying pan one teaspoonful of butter; when hot add the egg mixture and let cook slowly until a delicate brown crust forms on the bottom; then add half a capful of mixed herbs mixed with a little finely chopped parsley, or onion and green pepper; fold the omelet in half, turn out on a hot platter; sprinkle over chopped parsley.

OZARK MOUNTAINS.

Said to Be the Most Ancient of Hills on All Mother Earth.

Men are speaking in wondering whisps of Jura of the grandeur of Rocky crest of the awe inspiring canons of the West, of the Andes and the Alps; but no man has ever looked upon a scene more suitive to thought and profound meditative imagination than the rugged hills of the Lower Ozarks. He who climbs the Jura stands upon a peak of the modern world, but the man who stands upon the highlands of Ozark County looks upon what so old that the Indian legends were in attempting to measure its age through measurement by moons to reckon back in thousands of years.

The Himalaya Mountains have during some thousands or millions of years poured their deposits into that body of water which we know as the China Sea, and by filling the basin so that sea have deposited so much alluvium that the Empire of China with its untold population, now occupies the space over which the waters once flowed unmolested. Look in your maps and see how large the lowlands of China are, and say the depth of the alluvial deposit in those lowlands and then compare it if you can, the age during which the Himalaya Mountains have been busy filling up the basin of the sea and by washing of the lofty overflow of the rivers building the land of China as we know it today.

The lofty wonders of the other West are incapable of comprehension on an almost infinite time, and yet we do know that the mountains of Asia are the youngest mountain ranges on earth, and that the lowlands of China belong to the last class.

We may guess a second and fourth by comparison sometimes. If the Himalayas are the youngest, the Ozarks are the old of all mountains, fatigued, and hoarded the dates when gave them birth the Rocky Mountains, the Appalachians, the Andes, the Alps, the Atlas, the Nevadas, the Cascades, the great mountains ranges of Asia, the Ural and Altai. Yet these were not reared suddenly by some unknown upheaving convulsion but slowly, almost tenderly, as it seemed a mother might to develop her short children.

Thus by analogy we arrive at the age of the Ozarks, yet not to exactness. Yet we can at least measure their medium height not picture the storing world. We can simply imagine a large ball hung in space rapidly revolving enveloped in clouds the sun in resistless torrents descending and the wide ocean rolling free and unbroken, save where the Ozarks lift out of the waves and turned the tide back upon herself.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Cool Experiments.

Some experiments with coal are now being made at Portsmouth, the object being to ascertain to what extent, if any, it is improved by being kept for a certain time in soft water.

Twenty tons of coal taken from the same bunker in the first shipment were divided into three parts, the remaining ten tons each subsequent one. One of the ten tons lots was stored in tide water pools, one in comparatively fresh water and three after being placed in the perforated boxes were sunk in the sea. The other portion for its share to be divided into five parts, each consisting two tons, but instead of being sunk in the sea they were kept on land and will be covered with tarpaulin. The one ton lot was taken up a few days ago, and a thorough test is now being made of its qualities as shown by combustion.

In twelve months the coal in one of the subsequent lots and also that in one of the two which have been kept on land will be burned, and the result will be compared with that which was obtained when the one ton was burned a few days ago. In this way the effects of the tides and the navel authorities of Portsmouth are considering that some new and important facts can be learned in regard to the qualities of coal.

To Light Tunnels.

Phosphorescent tunnels and signals are now suggested for mining safety in the Paris mine. A company has offered to paint immense hands on the walls, on exit doors, etc., which would obviate a danger from the sudden extinguishing of the electric lamps or other lights in case of fire or any other accident. The phosphorescence is produced by a coating of calcium monosulphide, obtained by mixing sulphur and oyster shells, in proper proportions and then exposing it to a red heat. Experiments made with this material in emergencies, the phosphorescent paint could be used for inscriptions by engraving the letters on glass and using the lines of the letters with the solution monosulphide. This indication as "This way out" would become luminous in the event of failure of the ordinary lights. The paint remains phosphorescent for a considerable time, its oxidization transforming the sulphide into sulphuric sulphate of lime, only sets in very gradually.—Pittsburg Press.

Sorrows Like Clouds.

Sorrows are often like clouds, which though black when they are far from over us, when they are past become as if they were the garments of God thrown off in purple and gold across the sky. If each man had the spirit of self-surrender, the spirit of the cross, it would not matter so much whether he were doing the work of the minister or one of the humbler parts. It is his duty to try to be himself, simply try to do his own duty.

Peter Perren, the guide who led the first party of tourists up the Matterhorn, is still alive. He has made the ascent forty-one times since.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

The Way of It.

The doctors are a costly set,
However they may be,
We can't get clear of I. O. U.
Or rate of R. I. P.
—Harper's Bazar.

That's Different.

"The old lady'll give you Hall Columbus for betting on a horse race."

"No she won't. This time I won."—Atlanta Constitution.

Opportunity.

"Now," said the boarder who was fond of quoting things, "opportunity knocks once at every man's door."

"Huh!" snorted Sojuey, "an opportunity to pay my board bill knocked at my door four times to-day."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The Soft Answer.

Mrs. Flipsch—"Oh, you needn't talk. You're not quite perfection yourself, I would have you know."

Flipsch—"No, my dear; but when you're around I'm mighty near perfection."

Mrs. Flipsch—"Oh, Henry!"—Baltimore American.

No Chance For Envy.

"Aren't there some jealousies in your progressive euchre club?"

"Not before," answered young Mrs. Torkinsgrabber, we buy prizes we are always entitled to select things that to our really friends, so that the winner will not be an object of envy."—Washington Star.

A Yearning For Courtesy.

"Why do you wish for great riches?"

"Well," answered the mild mannered man, "I don't value money for its own sake, but I'd kind o' like to be in a position where the subordinate employes of large enterprises will say 'good morning, sir' instead of 'step lively.'"—Washington Star.

An End to All Things.

Blanks—"That was a finished speech I delivered last night if I do say it myself."

Blanks (modest doubtfully)—"Yes, I spoke it was. There was a time there, though, when I began to think it never would be."—New York Sun.

Conscientious.

Lady engaging a footman—"Are you a lover of fables?"

James—"Yes, mum."

"And you know your way to announce?"

James—"Well, mum, I know my weight to a pound or so, but I hardly like to say to an ounce."—Pearson's Weekly.

Small Boy Entertains His Uncle.

"Did Johnny entertain you nicely, Uncle Abner, while I was out?" asked the niece the old man was visiting.

"He did very well," was the rather constrained answer. "He spent most of the time making me promise to let him come to my funeral."

"Dear little fellow. He's so thoughtful."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Latest of the Philosophers.

"A great big side-bellied man like you ought to be ashamed to ask a stranger for money," said the well-to-do citizen.

"I know I ought," answered Meandering Mike. "But, mister, I'm jes' naturally too kindhearted to rap 'im on de head and take it away from him."—Washington Evening Star.

Unnamed.

They dug the bruised and battered form of the inventor out from under the ruins of his flying machine.

"I want to say," he whispered hoarsely, "that my invention is going to be a magnificent success! I have found out just what ails it!"

Waving the surgeon away he continued to talk to the reporters.—Chicago Tribune.

Another Theory.

"Necessity," remarked the man with the curious quotation habit, "is the mother of invention."

"There's where you've got a flat wheel," said the contrary person. "Invention is the parent of necessity."

"How do you figure that out?"

"Well, take the telephone, for example. There was no necessity for it until after it was invented."—Chicago News.

Bank Heresy.

He—"So the engagement is broken off?"

She—"Yes. He told her he thought she should stop reading novels and read something more substantial, something that would improve her."

He—"Well?"

She—"Well, the idea of a man lecturing to his fiancee that she could be improved in any way?"—Philadelphia Press.