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A MATTER of MILLIONS.

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

CHAPTER XXIV.

Continued.

He was still puzzling over this matter, and wondering if the scene between Mr. Gryce and his prototype was to be heightened by the entrance of this pair, when the first of the two darted out of the house more rapidly than he had entered it, and hastened at full speed down the street just as the whistle of an approaching train was heard. He was followed, but not immediately, by the second person who, hearing the train blowing off as it came at the station, rushed after him down the street with all the deliberation of an ardent pursuer, while from the same front door through which the two had come rushing there now issued a half dozen or more curious individuals, anxious to know the termination of an encounter which had evidently aroused their greatest wonder.

While he was noting these persons and wondering what was taking place at the station where the pursued and pursuer were likely to come up, the artist felt a hand on his shoulder and heard whispered very quietly into his ear:

"I should like you to hear Mr. Degraw's story. It is a very curious one."

With a start he turned toward the detective, and blindly obedient to his signal which he gave now and follow him into the house. As he did so, a sufficiently subdued the fresh excitement which Mr. Gryce's summons had occasioned to remark:

"These people are watching a chase. Mr. Degraw's valet just put in an appearance here, but he was followed by a man, who evidently frightened him so that he ran out of the house again. The other one started in pursuit, and the two are now racing down the street toward the station."

"Is that so? Well, Byrd is a live one. We can safely leave him to his own devices. Come!" And he led the way up stairs into a large and comfortably furnished room, probably the best which the house afforded.

Mr. Degraw, of Cleveland, was awaiting them, standing in the middle of the room, and when astonished the artist was not only the ease and dignity with which his namesake and rival greeted his appearance, but the undoubted respect shown him by the detective, who first bowed and then observed mildly:

"There is no need of an introduction here, I believe. Gentlemen of equal station understand each other. Besides, I believe you have already met to day."

The artist, thrilled as well as dazed, for the other was looking at him with strange and unexpected benignity, bowed, wondering if he was in a dream, while the gentleman from Cleveland pushed forward chairs with such air of hospitality that it was easy to see that Mr. Gryce had not yet revealed his business to him, or that in revealing it he had found the tables so completely turned upon him that there was no longer question of arrest or even suspicion.

That the latter was the real case the artist soon inferred from what the detective now said to him:

"I have brought you here," he calmly remarked, "with the consent of this gentleman, who has some strange revelations to make to us. Though the interviews which you have hitherto had together have not been marked by the most pleasant understanding he is so convinced by certain revelations which I have made to him that you had ample excuse for your distrust, that he is disposed to regard you rather in the light of a fellow-sufferer than in that of an intentional enemy, the similarity of names having led to a similarity of experience, both having been arrested on a charge, which in both instances was a mistake deeply to be regretted by the inspector and myself."

"Then," began the artist, thrown entirely off his balance by this sudden and unlooked for issue to a mysterious affair, "you have heard of a third Hamilton Degraw, or found indisputable evidence—" here he glanced at the table on which various documents lay scattered—"that this second holder of the name is not the gentleman who has lately made himself so inimical to girls named Jenny Rogers."

"On the contrary," broke in the other, "I am unfortunately that very person. But my interest in these girls had its cause in motives so different from those naturally ascribed to me by the police that I think I should rather be regarded with sympathy than with distrust. Shall I tell you my story?"

"Certainly," responded the artist, his more generous instincts coming to the surface. "Certainly, I shall be very glad to hear our name completely exonerated from all suspicion of evil." And yet he could not forbear thinking that whatever tale the other might tell he could never explain away all the doubtful circumstances that surrounded him with an atmosphere of crime—the box of poisoned bonbons, for instance, and wondered why a man of Mr. Gryce's perspicacity and well-known discretion should be so easily turned from a suspicion so well grounded in compromising facts. But in the artist forgot that Mr. Gryce was not the other's rival in matters that ever affect the judgment and harden the prejudices. If he had he might have doubted his own clearness of vision.

"It is a long story," the stranger observed, "and I shall begin at the beginning. Had I known that by telling it sooner I should have saved others from consequences I now tremble to think of, I should certainly not have retained my secret so long, as my only wish has been to do my duty, disagreeable as I have sometimes found it, and difficult beyond anything I have ever before undertaken.

"I am a native of Cleveland, a bachelor and a man of means. I board at a club house and I have not a responsibility in the world, save such as every man owes to himself and to society. I am not even engaged in business. When, therefore, a lawyer friend of mine stopped his buggy one day at our club house, and, beckoning to me, said: 'Come with me and see a curious sight,' I had no motive for refusing him, and immediately jumped into the buggy and took my seat at his side.

"'What sight?' I asked.

"'I am on my way to a dying man to tell him that he has fallen heir to a large fortune. Do you think it will make him take up his bed and walk?'

"'Such miracles have happened,' I ventured. 'Who is this man and how big is the fortune?'

"The former question I cannot answer; I have only his name and address to go by; the latter I will reserve applying to till we have seen whether he is still living when we get there. It would be something like the irony of fate to find that he had breathed his last before touching a dollar of this money which he has been so long expecting.'

"'Does it come from a relative?'

"'No. A law case has just been settled which has been dragging on for years. No one anticipated a decision in his favor, least of all himself, and though, in one minute it has raised him from the condition of a pauper into that of a man of wealth, I fear the result has come too late to do him much good. But we will soon see, for here we are in Sheriff street, where he is said to live.'

"I was interested by this time, as we are in all human dramas, and was glad when we drew up before a small, shabby wooden structure of brown but not unsteady aspect, to hear, through an open window, the sound of a racking cough, which seemed to assure us that the sufferer still lived, even if his prospect of living long was small.

"We were met at the door by a peculiar looking woman of foreign aspect to whom I at once took an invincible dislike. But I had not long in which to indulge this feeling, for at the first intimation of the lawyer's desires she flung open the door of the sick room and we passed in.

"A remarkable face greeted us, a hungry face, staring from rags of bedclothes that could not disguise by their squalor the fact that this man, persisting in penury and neglect, was a man of mind and once the possessor of positive beauty. He was no longer young, but beneath the deathstamps that already bedewed his forehead one could discern intimations of a character of no mean stamp. A fitting inheritor of a great fortune, but oh, how sad that it should have come too late!

"The friend at my side advanced into the desolate and miserably appointed room. I followed him, shutting the door behind me. The man on the bed opened his eyes still wider, and his face took on a strangely eager look. Had he seen no kindly faces for days? Was his hunger one of the soul? I began to feel a strange stirring at my heart-strings, and forgot the wretchedness of the surroundings in my yearning pity for the man himself. Meanwhile, his attention was fixed, not upon the lawyer, but upon myself, and between the coughs that constantly disturbed him, I saw something like a smile of welcome stir his feeble lips and irradiate his feverish eyes.

"'Are you Michael Delaney?' asked the lawyer, speaking in a kind but business-like tone.

"'I am,' issued faintly from the sick man's mouth. 'Michael Delaney, once a gentleman and a student, but now dying in loneliness and rags, a poor, forsaken and utterly friendless wretch.'

"'No, no,' cried the lawyer, striving to encourage the poor man, who, indeed, looked as if he had not many hours to live. 'You have friends and you are not poor. Though comfort comes late, it comes surely. We are here to make your last days cheerful, if not to provide you with a cure that will yet make you a well man.'

"'I do not understand,' his gesture seemed to say. 'I am very sick; nothing will ever bring me cure but death.'

"'Can anything bring you happiness?' I asked.

"'Oh,' he sighed, 'I should like to die in the face of some one's smile and kindly look. I have lain here months and not a gentle word have I heard. The very doctor they bring in now and then is harsh and gruff. I am not used to roughness, as I am not used to slander. I should like to breathe in a sweet atmosphere, and feel my life go out in a place of peace and beauty.'

"'You shall! That you shall!' cried my lawyer-friend, with the impetuosity of which his long experience had not yet robbed him. 'If you are strong enough you shall be moved at once. Nothing that money can provide to make you comfortable shall be lacking. Cheer up, my friend! We have come late, but we have come with a purpose.'

"'May I ask,' the sick man inquired, with a feebleness which proved that the excitement of the moment was weakening him, 'who you are and why you are so kind?'

"He addressed himself to me, but it was naturally my friend who answered him.

"'I am Israel Cutting, of the law firm of McDonald & Cutting. This gentleman is Mr. Degraw. If we seem kind it is because your condition seems to call for any honest man's sympathy and consideration.'

"'But the money — you spoke of money. I have not any. I cannot even pay for my—my——' A cough cut him short.

"'We do not always know what we have,' observed the lawyer, quietly. 'Sometimes, when we think ourselves quite poor providence pours an unexpected fortune into our laps. You need not worry about money; you have enough.'

"I thought the man would rise up out of his bed in the sudden eagerness which seized him.

"'Ah! what is this?' he cried. 'What do you mean by "fortune"—"unexpected fortune"—"fortune poured into one's lap?" Is there money for me? Real money? Not charitable bounty, but money that is mine through law and justice? Has the case been decided?'

"We did not answer; we did not dare to, lest he should fall dead before our eyes. We only smiled, but with great encouragement, and, as I hope, with great sympathy.

"'Ah!' he murmured, after a moment of silent survey, 'you look as if I had not guessed amiss. It has come, then; come, after years of hopeless waiting; come to pay for my burial, after having failed to provide me with medicines and care.'

"'But we will have no burial now,' exclaimed my friend. 'Such an event should inspire you with new life.'

"'Too late! too late!' sighed the other, and his arms, which had been lifted in thankfulness to heaven, slowly dropped, while his head settled back, and only his eyes showed the triumph which this sudden knowledge of riches had awakened within him. 'You are not deceiving me?' he now said. 'I have really won the case?'

"Mr. Cutting bowed, and showed him some documents which he drew out of his pocket. The sick man looked at them, smiled proudly, and seemed for a minute to retain a certain strength.

"'I knew the money ought to be mine,' said he, 'but I never expected a jury would agree with me. Ah, if I had only two days before me, or one day, I would——'

"The lawyer interrupted him.

"'Have you any relatives?' he asked. The sick man shook his head.

"'I have neither kith nor kin,' he answered. 'I have not even so much as a cousin in this world.'

"'Is it possible!' exclaimed the lawyer; 'whom is this money going to?'

"'How much is it?' asked Mr. Delaney.

"'Oh, a large sum, hundreds of thousands.'

"The sick man uttered an exclamation, then looked slowly and with an expressive comment round the room that would not have been considered a decent home for an ordinary hod-carrier.

"'And I owe for this!' he exclaimed. 'May I ask,' here he turned with strange persistency to me, 'that one of you gentlemen will be good enough to pay the woman who rents me this room all that I owe her? I should like to see it done with my own eyes. Perhaps she will swear at me less and let me have a cup of tea that is not stone cold.'

"The lawyer sprang to the door with alacrity. As he did so we heard a bustling sound without, but when he had reached the hall, he found no one and had to call again and again before the horrid old woman, who seemed to be the sole owner and inhabitant of this establishment, appeared.

"'What does this gentleman owe you?' was the lawyer's brusque interrogatory as her wicked face showed itself inside the door.

"She stammered, seemed at a loss to mention the sum, and finally said:

"'A hundred dollars.'

"'No, no,' came from the bed. But the lawyer, with a wave of his hand, calmed the man behind, and intimidated the woman before him.

"'A hundred dollars!' he repeated, 'for a room without a carpet, a bed without sheets, a plate without food! If you get ten, you will do well. I am a lawyer, woman, and I have seen the like of you before. Where are this gentleman's clothes? And the watch that used to hang in that case, and the books that used to lie on that shelf?'

"'Gone,' she cried; 'he pawned them.'

"'And gave you the money! It is not ten dollars you want, but a month in the penitentiary. You have been paid for all he has had from you, over and over, and now you owe him. Give us the hundred dollars you ask. It would not buy the books you have stolen from him.'

"Her face, which was as brown as old parchment, took on a livid hue. She shunk back and disappeared from sight, and the lawyer, with a quiet chuckle, flung a silver piece after her and shut the door.

"'Excuse me,' said he, 'but I cannot see even a rich man robbed.'

"Then, observing how pale the sick man was becoming, he grew suddenly alarmed, and whispered for me to go for the nearest doctor as he really feared that Mr Delaney would not live long enough to make his will.

"But when I started to go, the sick man showed no such distress, that I paused and [illegible]

To be continued.

FOR WOMAN'S BENEFIT

Wisdom's Whispers.

It is not well to take chances when woman's force of character comes in.

Tell a man he is looking bad and he at once imagines he is ill.

A woman's nerve stands by her when she is giving the "social bluff" to another woman.

When a man is in love he wants to make the fact known, but is afraid of appearing foolish.

The girl who is in love likes her girl friends to be made aware of the fact.

Some men go on the principle that whatever they do is sure to be right.

Women often are deceived by the way a man bows to their opinions.

Men are inclined to look upon life as a struggle without much in the way of compensation.

The woman who sounds her own praises overlooks the good qualities of other women.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

A Velvet Wardrobe.

This year the entire wardrobe may be fashioned of velvet. Fashion won't prohibit if the purse does not.

For the street there is the coat and skirt costume of navy blue velvet in walking length.

A long-skirted black velvet gown trimmed with bands of fur is the thing for calling and day occasions.

More elaboration is possible in the lighter velvets. A dove gray trimmed with yellow lace and bands of sable makes a most artistic combination for skirt, coat and waist.

Even the evening gown is built of velvet, in exquisite new whites, rose pinks, blues and greens, against which point lace and jewels make a dazzling display.

Hats and cloaks are of velvet, too. In fact, a woman can have almost every garment in her wardrobe made of velvet and not suffer from monotony so varied are the shades, colors and styles.

The Revival of the Garnet.

Garnets, after a long relapse, have come into fashion with a rush, and girls are ransacking their mothers' jewel boxes for ancient garnet necklaces, buckles, and brooches worn by grandmamma in the fifties, and handed down to descendants who proved rather unappreciative of the blessing.

These semi-precious stones are exquisitely becoming for evening wear, when they shine with a brilliant crimson glow most flattering to the skin of the wearer. Brunettes particularly look extremely well in these stones, and nothing can be more becoming than one of the old garnet charms sold to be found here and there worn in a mass of waved dark locks. For day wear they are rather disappointing, being somewhat jetty in effect.

Carbuncles are the merit variety of the same stone, large specimens being round and polished cabochon fashion. The resulting gem is handsomer than the cut garnet, and dearer. It is not, however, so fashionable as the masses of small, brilliant cut stones which one generally sees. Garnet buckles are sometimes used in black millinery with excellent effect.

Care of the Eyes.

When reading or working, where eyes are used constantly, rest them now and then for a few minutes. Look away out of a window at the green grass, or far away objects.

Never lie down and read.

Have the light falling upon the book from over the left shoulder, if possible. Never sit facing the light, and pull down the curtains when retiring so that a strong light will not glare upon you in the morning.

Bathe inflamed eyes with warm water, not cold.

If a cinder gets in your eye, do not rub the eye, or pull the lids apart roughly. Take a tiny camel's-hair brush, dip in sweet oil, draw gently across the eyeball where the intruder is to be seen.

Lose no time in consulting an oculist when your eyes begin to trouble you. The eyes are good and faithful servants. Do not abuse them.

If overworked, rest them. If ailing, give them medicine. If crippled, give them crutches.

Good eyeglasses are wonderful helps to the general health. Backaches, nervousness, indigestion, and general debility are sometimes the result of eye strain.—Philadelphia Evening Telegraph.

Qualities of an Entertainer.

A flurried hostess or nervous host whose countenance but badly conceals the worry felt, can do more toward making the guests uncomfortable than if the soup was stone cold and the salad dressing was ruined by a too bountiful quantity of vinegar.

An imperturbable calm and a ready tact are the two important factors in the making of a model hostess. Secure these and you need never fear for the success of any of your entertainments.

There is no quality more to be desired to make a woman a social success than that of tact. Its possessor knows the right thing to do and the right time for doing it, and thus gains a reputation for cleverness and for virtues which a tactless woman would never win from her circle of acquaintances, no matter how excellent her qualities of both heart and head.

The tactful woman is not only a patient listener, but she is a thoroughly good one. She knows no weariness even when she has heard the same story more than once from the same person, and she smiles in the right place, and appears to enjoy hearing jokes as much as her companion enjoys telling them. Tact is a weapon guarded with a multitude of precautions and feminine wiles by the wise woman, and it is only the wise who possess it.—Cooking Club.

A Feminine Peculiarity.

Woman's inexplicable aversion to beginning on the first page of a sheet of letter paper and following the pages in their natural order is well known, says an exchange. Men find it distracting, and even women correspondents confess that—brothers—it is an eccentric practice not calculated to meditation and prayer. Beyond this no one dreamed of going until this feminine peculiarity served actually to invalidate a woman's will. The late Isabella Andrews, of Brooklyn, N. Y., it seems, was one of the women who delight to treat the third page of a sheet of writing paper as if it were the second, the fourth as if it were the third, and the second as if it were the fourth. She made her will that way, too. Starting on the first page, she jumped the provisions of the will over to the third page, which she marked two, and wound up by subscribing and attesting the document on the second page, which she marked three. She used a printed formula, which was intended to be attested on the reverse side of the first page—what in ordinary correspondence paper one would call the fourth page. The will was rejected, and the Supreme Court, to which recourse was had, upheld the rejection, on the ground that a will to be legal must be signed at the end, not in the middle, as the Andrews will was.

Even Tempered Women.

There is a charm about the woman of even temper which we especially appreciate, says the Chicago Journal. In fact, we are disposed to assert that no more charming woman than the even-tempered one can be found at any time of the year.

How depressing, in contradistinction, is the society of that other woman who is in high spirits one day and has the blues the next. It is usual for such an individual to plead the weather as an excuse. And that reminds us:

There was once a little girl, who, on a certain day, when suffering from what polite people term mental misery, but which in reality is perversity, said with emphasis:

"Rainy days are just horrid! I always feel gloomy when the sky is so dark, and the rain just keeps pouring. I hate bad weather."

It was her father, sensible man, who made answer quietly:

"If you give way to that sort of thing you will make yourself and other people very unhappy, and you will have very few friends."

He said it in the decisive way in which some individuals know how to say things, and it made an impression. How much discomfort was saved the friends and relatives of that little girl, not to speak of her future husband, by that short speech, it would be impossible to estimate.

How foolish it is, when one comes to think of it, this letting because the weather isn't all we would like it to be. As if there were any possibility of controlling it, or as if any good purpose were served by making ourselves disagreeable.

The even-tempered woman seldom notices the weather, unless it be to decide whether to take along an umbrella. She is unaffected by variations of temperature. Her society is rest and relief.

We think this weather test is the very best that young men could apply to the young women they think of as future wives. Many a man has found to his cost that the girl wooed and won on a fair summer day seemed other than she turned out to be on succeeding days of November fog and February sleet.

Yellow lace scarfs are wound twice around the neck and fastened with a gold pin at the throat. Any of these lighten cloth or flannel waists wonderfully.

A great deal of gold braid is used on hats, so much, in fact, that its use will probably be abandoned after a short time. It has already begun to appear rather cheap.

It is now considered the worst possible taste to wear elaborately trimmed picture hats on the street, and they are not to be tolerated in the country or for outdoor sports.

The once shapeless and dowdy sweater has given way to a neatly fitting and stylish garment, very becoming, and most useful for golf, or for country walking or driving.

Any wooden waist, and especially colored ones, are made twice as attractive if, instead of tight linen collars, any lace or embroidered linen or lawn ties are worn with them.

Feathers are used in lovely combinations of colors on dress hats. A hat of pale violet beaver with a long, silky nap has a low crown, scooped out in the middle, and a wide curving brim, quite high in the back.

No woman not as young and fair as she will ever be should yield to the temptation of an ermine hat. For that fur is for youth and beauty. A wide hat of ermine, trimmed with applications of heavy white lace, is charming for the woman who can wear it well. Two long white ostrich feathers and a scarf of white tulle complete the trimming.

A London buyer has been in the Chicago market engaged in executing an order for artillery horses for the British Government. For these horses from $125 to $150 per head is paid, and their weights run from 1200 to 1300 pounds.

LITTLE THINGS Worth Knowing

Twenty four persons living in County Tipperary, Ireland, are centenarians.

The increase in the cost of living since 1897 is put at 11.3 per cent by the Chicago Employers' Association.

Blank verse was first introduced into English poetry by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, in a translation of Virgil's "Aeneid," in 1547.

Dr. Pelagin, in the Medizinische Algemeine, makes his patients lively by means of turn tables, so that all sides may be exposed to the sun's rays.

After the appointment to the Army from the cadet at West Leavenworth there remain ninety-two candidates in the grade of sergeant-major.

No less than 121 officers in the British Army have qualified as interpreters in the Russian language, eighty-three of whom belong to the Indian service.

At Westerland on Sylt, on the German coast of the North Sea, mixed bathing is allowed, and a number of lovers became engaged while actually in the water.

The coldest inhabited country is said to be the province of Werchojansk, in Oriental Siberia. The daily mean temperature of the entire year is 2.74 degrees below zero.

A committee has now been formed in Paris to erect a public monument to the memory of the carrier pigeons that rendered such signal services during the siege of Paris.

The experiment of sending heavy at a Sunday school picnic was tried recently in Kansas. The boys in the neighborhood learned of the affair, and the picnic disbanded a lot suddenly.

A red swallow, with a white throat, a white band across the chest, and white feathers on the back was recently hooked at Evesham and captured by an angler casting with an artificial fly.

Some unusually practical guests were among those who added to celebrating the golden wedding of Mr. and Mrs. John Holt, of Independence, Kansas. Useful and ornamental gifts there were in abundance, including an overcoat for the host and a set of false teeth for his wife.

Two brothers, both veterans of the Civil War, met at San Diego, Cal., recently, after a separation of thirty five years, during which time neither had received word from the other. They are J. M. Lucas of New Mexico, and J. H. Lucas of San Diego. Each had thought the other dead until they met, during a reunion of the G. A. R. encampment.

Photographing Florida's White Herons.

One day, approaching a small key, I saw several great white herons—splendid birds nearly as tall as a man—lying quietly about, well over the tops of the trees. On landing and clambering about for some time amid mangrove roots and coarse, sticky mud, never ceasing, willed to fight mosquitoes, I was finally rewarded by finding several of their nests, built in crotches, twenty to thirty-five feet above the ground, bulky, saucer-shaped platforms of good-sized sticks.

One feat especially interested me. It was conveniently situated, about thirty feet from the ground, and was occupied by an imposing young heron, almost full size, which stood on the nest and received me in dignified manner, not scrambling or fluttering out, as young herons are all too apt to do. While I admired him and crowded my camera to a branch, he never moved, nor did he at the critical moments of exposure. Then, as I would sit down at a bit, he retreated out beyond the nest, where he stood like an obelisk, showing his good breeding in every inch of his stature as I again took his picture.

Not so well bred were a trio of half-grown scapegraces in a neighboring nest. These were of the sulky sort, that throw themselves in miserable attitudes, refusing to stand up and behave, despite all that I could do. Another nest with two tiny fledglings also gave me trouble, from the odd combinations of wind, movements and shadows. However I composed them, and then climbed to a perch fifty feet near by, of the great limb hence, where two youthful mates spent their time in making vicious lunges at my head, panied by the hideous explosives of the heron tongue.—Herbert K. Job, in Outing.

The Little Goose Man.

Amongst the splendid examples of bronze work at Nuremberg, says Country Life, none arouses more interest than "The Little Goose Man" on account of its quaint and homely design. A peasant has tucked under each arm a goose, from whose beak flows a continuous stream of water. Other jets flow from pipes in the pedestal on which the figure is standing. The fountain, which is the work of Pankratz Labenwolf, stands at the back of the Frauen Kirche, where the goose and poultry market has been held since the Middle Ages. The handsome ironwork forms an effective screen against possible mutilation.

In the colony of Japanese in New York City there are about 1,000 men, and about thirty women.

OUR BUDGET OF HUMOR.

Grit.

If you want to win life's victories,
No matter what the skit,
There's just one way to do the thing—
Up and grit!
Up
Grit.

—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

His Estimate of Wisdom.

"How do we know that Solomon was the wisest man?"

"That's easy," answered Senator Sorghum, "because he was the richest."

Profitable.

"Did the mining stocks prove to be a good investment?"

"Yes," answered the hard luck man, "for the people who sold them to me."

Interested Party Weakened.

"How did that last 'endurance contest' of piano players come out?"

"It ended, I believe, at the fourteenth hour." "The neighbors interfered."—Chicago Tribune.

A Good Reason.

Jasper—"Jones once played a practical joke on Smith."

Jumpupp—"Was it a success?"

"I should say it was. Why, they haven't spoken since."

Relentless.

"That man is merely a parrot," said the intellectual person.

"He isn't even that," answered Miss Cayenne. "A parrot has at least the faculty of quoting with accuracy."

In England.

Tourist—"We're from America, you know."

Groom—"Hamerica! Ho, yes; that's where the money comes from to get our industry out of sight."—New York Journal.

Some Are Born Great.

Fuddy—"Bulings has a very high opinion of himself."

Duddy—"I should say he had! As Shakespeare says, some men are born great, some grow greater as they grow older, and some never find out how little they are."—Boston Transcript.

Recommendation.

"Didn't your old employers recommend you?"

"Oh, yes."

"That said should have been enough."

"It was. They announced me as the best man they ever turned out."—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Why He Fled.

Demosthenes was rehearsing at his home one of his most brilliant orations.

"Yes," said his wife, "that's very fine. Now, won't you just step over and discharge the cook?"

Suddenly remembering an engagement downtown he fled from the house with fear upon his face.—Judge.

In the Clouds.

"What are you moving over so far for?" asked the young man passenger on the airship.

"Well," answered the sweet young thing, "we're going to pass through another dark cloud in a minute, and you wrinkle my waist dreadfully every time you kiss me."—Indianapolis Sun.

A Boston Adam.

Grimes—"What did you mean this evening by winking when my daughter came into the room?"

Hurtle—"No fault of mine; you want to talk to your daughter. It was all her fault. Why should she come into the room just as I was in the act of winking?"—Boston Transcript.

Slow.

"Where the slowest man you ever knew.

"A clerk in New York. He fell out of a third story window and did not reach the ground for an hour."

"How was that?"

"He caught in a tree at the second story and went in to visit some friends."—Detroit Free Press.

A Way Out.

Brisskly—"Hello, old chap! What's up? You look as if you'd lost your best friend."

Slimpsky—"Oh, I'm down and out. Everything I put my hand to goes back on me."

Brisskly—"That's easy. Back up to it, and sit down before you put your hands on it."—Harper's Bazar.

Helping a Fellow Out.

Clerk—"I am to be married shortly. Couldn't you manage to increase my salary a little?"

Employer—"Couldn't really. But I'll tell you what I'll do for you, my boy. I'll shorten your hours during the first three months, so that you can spend your evenings at home, and after that I'll lengthen them again, so that you will have an excuse to get away."—Tit-Bits.