

LUKE HAMMOND, THE MISER.

By Prof. Wm. Henry Peck,
Author of "The Stone-Cutter of Lisbon," Etc.

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CHAPTER XI.
Continued.

"Twenty years have passed since we met," muttered Hammond, leaning back in his chair, "and he is twenty-four years of age. A magnificent man now, no doubt. I've educated him in Europe, given him every advantage. He will be in my arms before midnight. He can push his suit with Catharine Elgin at once. He is a chip of the old block, too, I imagine."

Six o'clock came, and found him still musing of his past, present and future.

Then he dined as innocently as if he was not to commit murder that night, visited his prisoners, and awaited 7 o'clock in his library.

Nine o'clock came with a dark and stormy night at its back, and found him drinking brandy. A sure sign that he was excited, and that his nerves wanted bracing.

At 9:30 old Fan entered and placed a note in his hand.

"The gent is in the rear parlor," said Fan. "He is disguised, but I know him."

"You know him?" exclaimed Hammond, looking up sharply from the note, the decoy note he had written that morning.

"Yes, it's Mr. James Greene," said Fan.

"Where did you ever see him?" asked Hammond.

"Saw him when he repaired that desk," said Fan, grinning. "Wanted hot water for his glue, and came to me in the kitchen. He said the work suited a cabinet maker better than a carpenter. I pretended I was deaf."

"Yes," said Hammond. "Miss Elgin recommended him, however. How did you know him in disguise?"

"He took it off as soon as he came in," said Fan.

"Ah! very well. You must forget him. There's a half-angel to make you forget that you ever saw him," said Hammond, tossing a coin to her. "Did you speak to him?"

"No, Mrs. Harker told me I was to be very deaf, stupid and half blind a year ago, to everybody that don't live in this house."

"Right; so did I order you," said Hammond. "Now listen. You will go to him and give him this note."

He wrote as follows, forging, of course:

"Dear James—Follow Fan. She will lead you to me. I dare not meet you in the parlor, as Mrs. Harker is suspicious of your coming, and will interrupt or listen to us. Follow Fan—she knows what to do.

"Your Katy."

"Give him that," said Hammond. "He will read it, and you will lead him through the dining room, through the hall, down to the basement, and so on into the old storeroom near the eastern wing."

"The old storeroom is heaped with empty boxes, barrels and the like," said Fan.

"I made a passage," said Hammond, "straight as a dart on this side through the door on the other. The barrels and boxes are heaped on either side, five feet high. The passage between is four feet wide, the distance from door to door twenty of your longest paces. Lead him into the passage ten paces—count them as you step—then halt and say, 'Wait, I must get a key.' You will then leave him and go on to the other door. Do you understand?"

Old Fan grew livid and trembled violently.

"Mr. Hammond," said she, "there is a trap door in the middle of that storeroom."

"Well, what of that?"

"You mean to—"

"Never mind what I mean to do," said Luke, fiercely. "Do what I tell you. I shall keep you in sight from the moment I leave this room, and if I suspect treachery I will blow a ball through your old back—right between the shoulders, Fan—with this Fan."

He drew a revolver from his bosom and cocked it.

"I'm wicked, I know I am wicked," said Fan, trembling at the fierceness of his look, as he glared at her over the leveled weapon, "but I have never had a hand in taking a human life! I've been tempted to do it in my anger often, but I never did. I can't do it in cold blood—no, I dare not, Mr. Hammond."

"For every step you will count with James Greene by your side after you enter the storeroom," said Luke. "I will give you \$10. Ten steps make \$100. You do not know what I mean to do."

She did know, but she was afraid to tell of it.

"See! the gold!" said Luke, counting it down upon the table.

Her eyes glistened as she gazed.

"Pay me half in advance," said Fan.

"Take half," said Hammond, dividing the heap. "The other shall be yours in half an hour."

"Be his blood on your head, not mine," said Fan, clutching the gold.

"I told a friend of mine, the woman we buy milk of, that if ever old Fan was missing to look for me in the well under the old storeroom."

Hammond turned pale. The old woman's cunning had foiled half of

his purpose. He meant to slay victim and accomplice at the same instant.

"You are an idiot!" he exclaimed, concealing his emotion. "You are too useful to me, Fan. I cannot afford to lose you. Now away—James Greene must be growing impatient."

"Don't think I'm joking," said Fan, as she took the second decoy note. "I did tell my friend to look for me there, Mr. Hammond. For among wolves look out for their fangs."

"She has saved her life this time," muttered Hammond, as the winning old woman departed, and as he stole after her. "She lives to be a witness against me. She must die in her bed, and her friends shall find her there, and not in the well."

Creeping after Fan, and unseen by her, Hammond saw her give the note to James Greene, who, all unsuspecting of assassination, read it with a smile.

"Poor little Katy," murmured James Greene, as he kissed the beloved name, "how she must suffer here. But I will soon make an end of her little anxieties. Lead on, Fan."

Fan seemed half asleep. He shook her and made a gesture toward the door. He thought she was deaf.

Poor James Greene!

Fan clasped his warm and honest hand in her cold, dry claws and led him from the parlor into the pitchy darkness of the dining room. She knew that somewhere in the gloom a fierce and desperate assassin held eye and ear ready to detect the slightest sign of treachery, and a sudden, gnawing pain seemed growing between her shoulders as she remembered Hammond's threat. She remembered, too, the reward she was to get—she felt half of that reward in her pocket.

When in the basement, where burned a dim light, filling the place with gloom, she paused in terror. She had never had a hand in murder, and she was sixty-seven years old. A very late age to commit so dreadful a crime.

As she paused, trembling, as James Greene imagined, with the palsy of old age, she heard the clicking of a pistol, clear and sharp, in the dense darkness behind her. James Greene heard it, too, and he started.

"What was that?" he said, close to Fan's ear, and grasping her arm hard. "Something snapped."

"A rat trap," said Fan. "We've caught a rat, I guess. Come on."

She spoke loudly that some one else might hear.

An explanation so simple at once dispelled the slight suspicion of unfair play in James Greene's mind, and smiling at his fears as he felt his strong muscles subside from their sudden swell of alarm, he said to himself:

"I am as nervous as poor Katy was last night."

They reached the entrance of the storeroom and here old Fan paused to still the beatings of her heart.

"Click! click!" in the gloom again.

"Come on!" said Fan, and pushed open the door. "There's old lumber piled up in here," she said. "I must step slow and careful, too, sir. This way leads to a flight of stairs that goes up into a hall where Miss Elgin practices music."

"Lead on, Fan," said James, smiling at his strange situation, and wondering what Hammond would say to find him there.

Old Fan began to count her steps, long and slow, feeling the floor with her feet before she rested her full weight upon the floor. She was not sure that Hammond believed her story about a woman friend.

Ten steps—all taken with an icy sweat deluging her face, neck and bosom. Ten steps! She knew she stood upon a trap door over a dark and noisome pit fully thirty feet deep!

She halted.

"Wait! I must get a key!" said she, and letting fall her victim's hand hurried straight on until she reached the other door.

That instant Luke Hammond, who had crept after them, turned on a jet of gas, till then burning a dim, almost unseen spark near the ceiling, and pistol in hand, appeared at the door through which James Greene had passed.

"Move a single step and I fire!" said Hammond, aiming his weapon at the head of the lover. "Young man, you are caught!"

James Greene was pale and motionless, and his eyes were fixed in surprise, not fear, upon Hammond.

Luke Hammond held a pistol in his right hand, while his left grasped a rope which passed through a hole in the door at his feet. That rope was made fast at the other end to a bolt, which was all that divided Greene from the well below.

"If I shoot you, James Greene, you would die the death of a burglar caught in the act," said Hammond.

A gleam in the calm, brave eyes of James Greene warned the assassin that his pistol was about to be dazed by a rapid spring.

"You'll see your Katy no more!" exclaimed Hammond, jerking the cord with all his strength.

A clash, a sudden cry of despair, and then a dark, yawning chasm remained where the young man had stood!

The trap had fallen, James Greene had disappeared!

"The rat is caught!" said Hammond, with a bitter, exulting laugh, so fiend-like that old Fan almost screamed with horror.

"Pull at that rope near you," said Hammond. "It lifts the trap back to its place."

He dared not, with all his hardihood, gaze down into the well. In his brain was a fearful picture of what was there. Fan heaved at the rope as which he pointed, and the trap door rose slowly to its level. Stepping briskly to it, then, Luke Hammond thrust his hand through a hole in the floor near the edge of the trap and shot the sustaining bolt into its socket.

"It is set now, for another, perhaps," he said. "Now, Fan, follow me and pocket your reward."

Trembling and pale Fan obeyed and in the library received her gold.

As she placed it that night in her boarding sack she said:

"They are speckled—speckled red! They are mine, and the deed is Luke Hammond's. There should have been a splash when James Greene fell. There was none. His man may not have died—he may have caught on the way down—he'll get out! And I'll lose my golden birds—lose my life."

The idea so preyed upon her mind that she watched her chance, and creeping down to the storeroom heaped heavy boxes upon the trap, got hails and hailed it fast and strong.

The murder begun, she feared it half done. But bruised, stunned, not dead, James Greene hung by his clothing only ten feet from the trap, caught by a broken bar that once crossed the well.

For a time we must leave him there.

CHAPTER XII.
NANCY HARKER SPEAKS.

Luke Hammond, having paid and dismissed Fan, sat down to review what he had done. His face was pale and fierce, for the deed was too freshly done to bring remorse, if ever indeed that feeling found a place in his evil heart.

"It's done, and well done, and quickly, too," he muttered through his teeth. "James Greene has now been removed, and no man saw him enter this house. He was a brave and dangerous obstacle in my path. Thank heaven! all's well so far."

Blasphemous villain! to thank heaven for the murdered deed!

He set thinking of the work when Nancy Harker entered cautiously: She was pale and excited and whispered:

"Is it all over?"

"All, James Greene will trouble us no more," said Luke.

"I met old Fan on the stairs," said Nancy, sitting down, "and she looked like a ghost. Did she see it done?"

"Unfortunately, she did," replied Luke, smiling the table with his palms.

"I was my purpose to have her go down with Greene, but she has guarded against such a death."

"She may betray you," said Nancy.

"Betray me?" cried Luke. "Why should she? She does nothing unless she is paid for doing it. Who is to give her gold for telling of what she must appear as an accomplice in?"

"The disappearance of James Greene," said Nancy, "will cause much conjecture and suspicion among his friends. They or the authorities may offer a reward for the discovery of his body; Fan may hear of it and betray you."

"I can pay higher than any reward that his friends can offer," said Luke. "And if I ever suspect her fidelity she shall find that Luke Hammond's life is certain death to all who shall attack it."

"Luke," said Nancy, drawing very near to him, and speaking very low, "has old Fan's face—a tone in her voice, a something, I know not what—never reminded you of some one we once knew, years ago?"

"Yes," said Luke, in a deep and husky whisper; "and I have tried in vain to think who that somebody was."

"For months it has puzzled me," said Nancy. "But when I met her just now, so white, so tottering, the evil of her face all gone, crushed down by terror, I remembered who she looked like."

"Well, let me hear, and then I may be as wise as Nancy Harker," sneered Hammond, as she seemed to hesitate.

"She reminded me," said Nancy, in a whisper so low that Hammond bent forward to catch the words—"she reminded me of our grandmother just before the old woman died."

They rose at once and stared at each other in horror.

"Nancy," said Luke, going to the door and locking it, and then coming back, "perhaps she is our mother!"

"It cannot be, it must not be!" said Nancy, sinking into her chair and hiding her face.

"If it should be so," said Luke, swallowing a great draught of brandy and trembling, "as to let the glass fall at his feet, would you suffer her to know it?"

"Never!" cried Nancy, "never! But this suspicion is horrible."

"We must take measures to learn her history, whoever she is."

"How?" asked Nancy. "I have tried time and time again to extract information from her of her past life. She is suspicious. She has not so much as told me that she was ever married."

"Daniel hired her. I will summon him for questioning."

To be continued.

A Quick-Growing Plant.

The bamboo bush the record among plants for quick growth. It has been seen to grow two feet in twenty-four hours.

The Island of Sakhalin, the great penal colony of Russia, has splendid forests of fir and pine.

GOOD ROADS.

Making Good Country Roads.

COMMUNITY is known by its roads. Real estate depreciates in market value when bounded by bad highways. Cities, towns and counties owe much to good roads so forthrightly as to enjoy good roads do not realize their value until they locate in a vicinity that has poorly constructed roads. The annual visit of the supervisor is not always appreciated by the farmer or by the man who is compelled by law to work his required time on the roads. To red it is looked upon as a useless burden. Oftentimes it is so, for the work is really thrown away. Supervisors get in their time and draw their pay. The real service of a good road is often forgotten by officers, as well as by the man working under them. A general public opinion demanding good road making is the first essential. Too much time is wasted and too much money is spent on good roads and bad roads. The graft has worked its way into the maintenance of the public highways.

Every roadbed must have good drainage. Dirt roads become impassable, and the rock or gravelled roads soon lose their identity. When side ditches hold water many weeks during the year, it is a clear indication of bad drainage. Such roads cut up badly and are filled with deep ruts. Oftentimes the side ditches are higher than the main roadway, and not only have no standing water in them, but they shed all the running water into the wagon tracks. Side ditches that are serviceable must lower the water table in the roadbed and carry off all the surface water that would otherwise flood the roadway.

The gravelled or rock road usually is graded before the hard material is spread upon it, and for a short time, at least, the drainage is good. Since water is the worst enemy to good roads it is likely to make an attack any day in the year, it would seem that the annual road-working season would not altogether fill the bill with any kind of road, whether it be gravel, rock or dirt. Roads to be at their best need attention every time it rains; especially in this true of dirt roads.

The grader is excellent for opening up side ditches and for filling the road, but in many instances the work the grader can not do is left undone. Bridges are not properly filled. The ends of ditches are never opened with the shovel. Even the roadway is left hollow, because of ignorance in handling a grader.

The Farmers' Institutes have interested a number of farmers over Indiana in dragging their roads after every rain and after a thaw in winter. The result of this experiment has indeed been very satisfactory. Where it is impractical to have hard material for road making, good drainage, with the dragging process, will give farmers living on dirt roads fair roads through the entire year. The drag is so arranged as to drag all loose dirt to the road centre, and in so doing the wagon ruts and horse tracks are entirely filled up. There are no holes for holding water. Then the dragging of the surface when wet puddles the top, so as to assist in shedding the rainfall, which then passes to the side ditches. The success of the dragging promises to give the farmers of the dirt road districts a chance to show their public spirit in good road making. The farmers join together and drag the roads near their homes.—W. B. Anderson, in the Indianapolis News.

Good Roads and Autos.

Whatever the reputation for recklessness and disregard for the rights of the road which many automobile drivers or "chauffeurs" have acquired, the advent of the big car is undoubtedly exerting a strong influence favorable to good roads, an increasing influence which may be exerted powerfully when the time becomes ripe for legislative assistance. An interesting experience is related to me of roads and country ways, by Mr. Whitman Osgood, of Washington, who, with his wife, two children and a "chauffeur," made a round trip last fall to St. Louis in his automobile. They went by the famous old National road, passing through Hagerstown, Maryland; Bedford, Pennsylvania; Pittsburg, Kansasville, Columbus, Indianapolis, Terre Haute, etc. The greatest trouble Mr. Osgood encountered, however, was, as he terms it, "the inevitable white horse." He says this particular colored animal is by far the most fractious and unreasonable, and in several cases caused accidents, only one of which resulted seriously.

"The roads in Maryland were very good," said Mr. Osgood, "even in the mountains. In Pennsylvania they were bad and in West Virginia they were bad. In Ohio the roads got better, especially around Columbus, where for seventy miles they are as level and smooth as a floor. In Indiana they were fair, but in Illinois and Missouri—well, the next time I go over those roads it will be with a flying machine. They were simply fearful. We had no bad weather.

"I never knew before what an excellent index to the character of people are the roads which cut through the country. Where there were good roads there were good farmers; where the roads were poor the farmers were poor, and the farmers looked shiftless and devoid of energy and ambition. We found it difficult to get proper food in

some of the country districts, the farmers sending all their products immediately to the markets. The journey was the most exhilarating and instructive, and I am always hereafter a strong advocate of good roads."

Guy E. Mitchell, in Indiana Farmer.

VANITY OF VIRTUE.

Spartan Qualities That May Be Sublime, Yet a Bore to Hear About.

A Spartan virtue seems to have the inherent quality of making its possessor a forty-four-calibre bore of the worst sort. Take the man whose supreme if not only virtue lies in the fact that he takes a cold water bath every morning the whole year round. You meet him in the city in the street, in the course of business anywhere, and no matter what the topic may be at the start, the conversation is bound to include an account—quite incidental, of course—of how on the frostiest of mornings he frolics in the ice cold water just as it comes from the hydrant.

Then there's the man who walks down to his office every morning, rain or snow, in sunshine and in storm. The more distant his home from his office the more he will talk about it, and he will tell you that he has become so accustomed to it that the only time he can get an extra thrill out of it is when the wind is blowing a hurricane.

Heaven may forgive the man who rises at 5, summer and winter, spring and fall. We never can. The early riser is not a criminal, simply because the law does not designate his offense as a crime. But it is admitted that the law has its defects. Nothing can approach the look of superiority on the face of the early riser. He has found the only road to health or wealth. The books he has read before breakfast would, if collected in a heap, make the Congressional Library look small.

There are some who would place in the first rank of this group that rugged, hardy, vigorous, full-blooded gentleman who can't breathe in a room unless all the windows and doors are open. The lower the pressure of steam in the radiator, the lower the mercury in its tube and the wilder the play of the winds over the roofs and around the corners, the more insistent is he that you are imperilling your very life by not occupying an office wide open to every wind that blows.

Oh, Spartan virtue is a fine thing, but it would be simply sublime if its modern exponents and inculcators would just keep still about it.—Washington Post.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

Health is nature's reward for conformity to her laws.

Be praised not for your ancestors, but for your virtues.

No nation can be destroyed while it possesses a good home life.—J. G. Holland.

A man is rich in proportion to the things he can afford to let alone.—Theoren.

Happiness comes not from the power of possession, but from the power of appreciation.—H. W. Sylvester.

A man rarely thinks seriously on the subject of religion until the day the doctor is sent for in a hurry.

Joy is for all men. It does not depend on circumstances or conditions; if it did it could only be for the few.—Horace Bushnell.

Action is the word of God; thought alone is but His shadow. They who do nothing thought and action seek to divide duty and deny the eternal unity.—Mazzini.

Liberty means not license, but such largeness and balance of manhood that you go right not because they are told to, but because they love that which is right.—Henry Ward Beecher.

A perfect faith would lift us absolutely above fear. It is in the cracks, crannies and gulf faults of our belief—the gaps that are not faith—that the snow of apprehension settles and the ice of unkindness forms.—George MacDonald.

Wonderous is the strength of cheerfulness; altogether past calculation, its power of endurance. Efforts to be permanently useful must be uniformly joyous—a sprit of sunshine, graceful from very gladness, beautiful because bright.—Carlyle.

Forethought Philanthropy.

President Angell, of the University of Michigan, told this story to a class in international law:

"Some years ago, when I was United States Minister to Turkey, Greece was visited by a severe famine. A great wave of sympathy and pity swept over the United States, affecting the women particularly. They raised hundreds of dollars for the relief of the sufferers. With true Yankee husbandry they did not send the money in cash, but spent it in buying vast quantities of cloth, which they made into dresses for the Grecian women. One entire ship, I believe, was loaded by this outpouring of charity. I never was tired of referring in diplomatic circles to the generosity of my countrywomen, and for a time was the envy of the representatives of the other governments."

"Shortly after the ship arrived and its cargo had been distributed, I had occasion to make a trip through Greece. It was in the days when our ladies were extremely large sleeves; but the style in Greece was not the same. You may imagine my surprise and humiliation when I saw that the Grecian women had not known what the American garments were and had put them on their husbands for trousers."—Sunday Magazine.

According to a Spanish exchange, the Republic of Colombia, in South America, since the times of the conquerors, has produced \$130,000,000 worth of gold.

WRITERS AND THEIR CONVICTIONS.

Newspapers Not Subject to Whims of Passing Editorial Employers.

The London Standard, long a staunch upholder of Cobdenism, was purchased by C. Arthur Pearson, a loyal follower of Chamberlain and the protectionists some time ago, and the noise of the battle that has waged regarding this reversal in policy of one of the oldest English papers has not died down. It seems generally admitted that Mr. Pearson, one of the most brilliant of English journalists, will make it a financial success. The rub is, What are the ethics of such a change? Has a paper a personality that can be changed? And how about the staff that once shouted for free trade turning right about and hurrahing for protection?

The very first question raised by the sale was that of the staff. People asked if the same writers were going to remain on the Standard under its new management. The announcement that contracts for long terms had been signed by all except the former managing editor, Mr. George Byron Curtis, has been discussed by the moralists and ethicists very roundly.

Mr. Winston Churchill, M. P., said immediately that he could not reconcile the notion that gentlemen of the character of the editorial writers on the old Standard would change their expressed views with what he knew of them. To this it was promptly returned that Fleet street has its own way of settling such ethical questions, and that "the London leader writer acts honorably when he does his work faithfully and leaves his editor responsible for the opinions of his own journal. In this instance the staff of the Standard is now in accord with a majority of their party, and is no longer advocating a minority cause."

It is a question that is usually settled offhand by the American editor, sub-editor or reporter. Cases have been known in late years where writers gave up lucrative positions for conviction's sake, but, as a matter of fact, the ordinary, every-day honest writer says to himself, "My work is in the paper; no one apart from the editors knows whose work it is, and I reserve my personal views for articles I sign."

Those who settle such questions rashly and dogmatically, of course insist that it is dishonest for a writer to indulge upon the public views he believes to be erroneous. But the thoughtful writer takes this perfunctorily, for he knows better than any one else that on a reputable journal he will have endless opportunities of expressing views more important to him than the tariff or the next Congress. For these he is willing, usually, to accept his wages, do his honest best to formulate a brief for his employer's cause, and trust to the time when he can voice, with his journal's weight back of him, some long-cherished, if quite possibly innocuous, conviction. Further, there is always the hard fact that while editors and sub-editors come and go, the paper goes on forever; in the nature of things, it can not be subject to the whim of every passing editorial employe.—Argonaut.

Chinese Pity for a Turtle.

A self-constituted society for the prevention of cruelty to animals created a temporary excitement in what would otherwise have been a very quiet morning along the water front to-day. A native fisherman caught a splendid specimen of a sea turtle at Pearl Harbor and brought it to town this morning. It was one of the biggest things of its kind ever seen in Honolulu. The Hawaiian was immediately surrounded by a crowd of water front habitués, including Chinese, Japanese and Hawaiian stevedores, deep sea and coasting sailors, a steamship company's president, numerous custom-house brokers and what not besides. The natives wanted to make his way with his turtle to some local hotel, but the Chinese entered a strong objection to the proposed transformation of the animal into steaks and soup. They then and there formed a hul and made up among themselves the \$5 demanded by the fisherman for the turtle, and acquired the animal. Sea lawyers freely offered advice to the members of the hul, setting forth the pecuniary benefits which will be theirs by taking the turtle to the Waikiki aquarium or the Kaimuki zoo, but the Chinks would have none of it. Their sympathies for a suffering animal had been aroused, and they were firm in their intention of giving it its liberty. They carried it to the Irigard wharf in the presence of a large crowd, and threw it in the harbor, where the turtle made a quick dive for the bottom.

It was a 250-pound animal, and Captain Larsen, of the Sailors' Union, and Frank Harvey shed tears of regret at the loss of such a toothsome morsel.—Honolulu Bulletin.

A Fortunate Query.

Rev. Henry C. Cook, pastor emeritus of one of the oldest and most fashionable churches in Philadelphia, tells of a Scotchman who left the Presbyterian Church and became an independent. The deserter was taken to task by the Presbyterian minister.

"Sandy," began the minister, "I'm sorry to find that you have changed your religious inclinations. A rolling stone gathers no moss, Sandy."

"Ay, minister, I know," responded Sandy, "but canna ye tell me what guid th' moss is to th' stone?"—Harper's Weekly.

Record of Speed.

The Berlin police authorities are not satisfied with motor cars being merely numbered. They have been testing an indicator which displays in easily seen discs the speed of the car at the moment, and also records on a roll of paper the speed of each 100 meters.

With the Funny Fellow.



A Sordid Bard.
I never loved a sweet gazelle
Or call or cow with limpid eye
Too dearly to refuse to sell,
Especially when beef was high.
—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Of Two Evils.
Cobwigger—"How did he get the raw-footed?"
Codwell—"He married a cooking-school girl."—Harper's Bazar.

A Responsibility Met.
"What art demands," said the critic earnestly, "are pictures of real life."
"Well," said the actress, "that is what I provide. My photographs are on sale at every performance."

A Yellow Peril.
"The Japs are remarkably persistent."
"Yes, indeed. I shudder to think what would become of us if they should come over here and become book agents."

Sensational Journalism.
"Ma foi!" said the traveler, who was reading a New York paper. "An officeholder has his head cut off and still he threatens revenge at ze poff! If ze Americans will believe zat, zey will believe anything!"

Not Disposed to Cavil.
"That old farmer is telling everybody that when he came out at you with a gun you ran away."
Railway Surveyor—"Well, he's partly right. I ran a way right through his land."—Chicago Tribune.

All by Herself.
"She says she's going to marry somebody that's worth while, if she ever marries anybody. She has refused half a dozen common-place young men in as many weeks."
"Why, she's a regular lobster cannery, isn't she?"—Chicago Tribune.

Like Samson of Old.
"Yes, my wife calls her little Skye terrier 'Samson.'"
"That's a queer name for such a puny little thing."
"Well, you see, he'd be nothing without his hair."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Instance of Animal Intelligence.

Mrs. Heviwaye—"I do believe the little darling knows I'm getting in!"—Punch.

Pleasant Forgetfulness.
Mrs. Biggs—"And when I caught my husband kissing the maid I set to him, very 'aughty like, I see, John, you forget yourself!"
Mrs. Biggs—"Well?"
Mrs. Biggs—"No," he said; "on the contrary, it was you I had forgotten."—Chicago Journal.

The Tartan's Retort.
"Let me see," began Mr. Henpeck, "the wooden wedding is the fifth anniversary, isn't it?"
"No," snapped his wife, "when one marries a blockhead the ceremony itself—"
But the miserable man had fled.—Philadelphia Press.

Open Question.
"Here is a man who stole \$4000 from the Government years ago and has just returned \$12,000 to the 'conscience fund.'"
"By jinks, I am thinking."
"Thinking what?"
"If the Government would be better off if everybody stole \$4000 and returned \$12,000."—Chicago News.

Single and Double.
"This," said the man who was showing the stranger around the city, as he pointed to a broad stretch of beach, "belongs to old Bigsquad. It's all made land. That's his house, back there on the left."
"Is that on made land, too?" asked the stranger.
"No; that's on married land. He got it with his wife."—Chicago Tribune.

Love.
"Yes," said the Chicago girl, "I'm engaged to Mr. Rocks. It was really hard to decide because I like Mr. Bullion quite as well and they're equally wealthy."
"What decided the thing?" asked her friend.
"Well, Mr. Rocks promised me the most alimony if such a thing should become necessary."—Philadelphia Press.

Mark the "Turn" Please.
Uncle Charles—"I don't know as you will thank me for interfering, Ellen, but they tell me this Mr. Cashman you are going to marry is utterly worthless."
Ellen—"Why, Uncle Charles?"
Uncle Charles—"Not in a pecuniary sense, you know—he's got money enough—but from an intellectual point of view."
Ellen—"Oh, Uncle Charles, you don't know what a turn you gave me!"—Boston Transcript.