ared the "bunk," its owner glanced from his work and said, "What's matter with you, now—sh? Are a prisoner again?" rivate Brown laughed hoursely and

not this time, sergeant. I only

"You're a nuisance, Brown! I've some morrow's parade slate to make out etore first post. Can't you get some be in the bungajow to do it for you? In too busy how."
"You know! wouldn't let any of the

chaps do it." Brown answered, some-what sullenly. "They'd only grin at me 'cos I can't write. But it don't spend the money, and then you'll have to put me in the 'clink' for drunk."

Sergeant Hollis noted the defiant tone, and said sharpty:

"Come, none of that nonsense with

"Come, none of that nonsense with me, Brown, or I'll confine you now! What money are you talking about?"
"I've been on the steady for a month. Didn't you know?"
"I noticed that you haven't been a prisener for about a fortnight. How much have you saved?"
"Well, you see, I had a hand at cards resterday and won about 50 chips, and

sterday, and won about 80 chips, and want ter send it home to a sister of It'll do her more good than it

"Oh! So you've got into that gam-bling set, have you? Mind I don't catch you at it, for if I do, into the guard room you'll go!" "I don't often play, sergeant," said

own, deprecatingly; and, thinking o opportunity a good one, he re-sed his request. "Will you write letter for me, sergeaut?"

"I suppose I must to get rid of your.
Fire shead with the address."
"Miss Alice Brown-lady's-maid—
Taunton Court, Norfolk." Absorbed siration of the sergeant's callgraphy, Brown, standing by the table, did not notice the slight start made by the writer as the words "Taunton fell upon his ears. In unaf-

"Tou come from that part!"

"No: I'm a towney of yours. Didn't yer know that!" Brown answered with a disgusted look.

"What! For a Scotchman? You go and tell that to the nest draft!"

Brown felt insulted by this reference to the "draft," and said with disnity:

"It's a fact, sergeant. I was born in Aberdeen; but we came to London when I was a kid."

"A very small 'kid,' too, I imagine.

"A very small 'kid,' too, I imagine. man alive, you're a Cockney ali over! But what about the letter? What shall I say?"

But Brown's insulted dignity would not allow the assertion about the Cockney origin to pass unchallenged. "Honor bright, sergeant, I ain't no Cockney. But look 'ere. My sister and me is the only two left, and she's lady's maid there, and I'm a-goin' to send her one hundred obless suppose the constant of the constant her one hundred chips—rupees, you know—to as she'll have some thing put by agin the time when she leaves."

Though he had only a moment be-ore protested that he had no time to the sergeant now showed a

s'pose she will when her

married."

That the patrimonial inmic pictress of Private
at not to have been

Sergeant Hillis of on Hora," espe-was an unfinished ag in front of him; it the suoject did in-

"What makes you think her mistress is going to marry?"

"Why, she's got any amount of brass," Brown answered, "and my mister says she's very pretty, so she's sure to marry."

brass, Brown answered, "and my sister says she's very pretty, so she's sore to marry."

A quiet smile passed over the sergeant's face, and he glacced at a photograph that stood on the table in front of him. Then he scribbled away at the letter for a minute, inquired how the money was to be sent, ones more resumed his writing, and finally laid down his pen and said:

"Look here, Brown—why don't you go to the regimental school and learn how to read and write? I'll give you all the help I can, and it will keep you sway from the canteen."

"Will you help me, sergeant—really? Then, by Jimine, — start tomorrow! Wouldn't Ally be surprised to got a latter from me all in my own fast?"—and Brown smiled at the thought. "Say, sergeant," he added us un afterthought—"what'll I do if any of the chars get lamping at me?"

"Do? Why, punch the first one's head for him—only don't let me hear about it. Naver fear—they won't laugh at you for long; and if they do, what's the odds?"

"Eight you while I conveyent this men't.

movels. On the table were some photographs in upright frames, and one which occupied the centre piace scement to have a great attraction for the servent for he repeatedly locked at it as he wrote. It represented a tall, slim girl of about 18 with a lorely true-locking face. It coulé hardly belong to Bergeant Hollis, for on the back of it was written. "To my own dear Douglas—crom Marie," and his mans as wrote. Being to defening a trumpet call rang out that are required in the sergeant jumped to his feet.

"There's first post going, and I haven't finished the purade alate yet. It's all your fault, Brown!" he uzclaimed angrity, forgatting lirk he handle it to Brown, and said. "There you are —chase suf!" But, before Brown had left the "heal," he added in a kindlie or tope, "Mind you go to school to merrow and keep off the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've got of the drink. You can come in here in the evening and tell-me how pu've pu'

nan and wife. The scion of an old Scotlish family, Dougias had been at once the pride and bope of his family and Marie's blameless knight. But a great diagrace fell upon him. A wayward, spoiled and unprincipled youth, Marie's brother, Harry, had been a guest of the Gordon's lu their Highland home, and had there forged and uttered a check. The forgery was discovered, and, dreading exposure, the guilty young man had confided his fears to Dougias, having first bound him over to ascreey. Neglecting Douglas' advice to throw himself upon the mercy of the man whose name had been forged, he managed to preserve his secret. Suddenly Dougias found that he was suspected of the forgery. At first he laughed at the very idea of it, but gradually he learned that his accusers were serious. Whence the first hints had come no one knew, but piece after piece of circumstantial evidence turned up which seemed to fasten the guilt on Dougias, and at last, in utter despair at the aspect of the affair, he appealed to Harry Crowther to clear him, nover suspecting that he himself had given currency to the suspicion. Marie's brother declined to confess his guilt, and reuninded Douglas of his promise to keep the matter ascret. True to his word, Dougias remained silent under the awful imputation, and at last his own father ordered him to leave the bouse. His simple assurance of innocence satisfied Marie, and at last his own father ordered him to leave the bouse. His simple assurance of innocence satisfied Marie, and at last his own father ordered him to leave the bouse. His simple assurance of innocence satisfied Marie, and at last his own father ordered him to leave the bouse. His simple assurance of innocence was clearly established. Harry Crowther had gone to "the doug" and at last had sunk to the lower depties. For some months he also disappeared, and then his mother received a telegram from a French watering place summoning her to he son's fath hed. And then he made tardy

ma, have you no pity for him?"

Beffened for the moment by the passionate entreaty of her daughter's voice, Mra. Crowther smoothed down her frills with her bejewelled hands and said:

"My dear child, of course I'm sorry for him, and I've no doubt he'll turn up some day. But you are most foolish to keep thinking about him in the way you do. You've lost three good chances since your engagement to him was broken off by me, and I don't suppose he has thought of you once since."

Marie said nothing, but the happy confident aveloce.

The ham be dashed inside and shook brown by both hands until that much-perplexed man opined that it was either the "jim-jams" or sunstroke. Then the sergeant subsided into a chair and sat gasing first at Brown, and then with strange intensity at the letters.

Brown was puzzled. It must be in the look and a mission and a destiny as far above every work of man's creation as the skies are above the clouds—that book of which Polock, in an out-that the letters in his hand, whistling look of which Polock, in an out-that the letters in the hands until that much-perplexed man opined that it was either the "jim-jams" or sunstroke. Then the sergeant subsided into a chair and sat gasing first at Brown, and then with strange intensity at the letters.

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This lamp from off the everlating through the strange intensity at the letters.

Brown, and finally went work of man's creation at the skies are above the clouds—that book of which Polock, in an out-that with the is good object is sal

me. Oh, you may larf—but it's a fact."

Absorbed in her thoughts, the girl sitting in the big bay window did not hear the door open. A broad-shouldered, bronzed, well-featured man entered and notselessily crossed the room, Laying his hand tenderly upon the girl's shoulder, he said;

"Marie!"

'Dougian! At last—at last!" girl gasped, springing to her feet; and, clasped in his arms, she was soon at rest.

rest.
In after Hfe a coachman used to drive her and her husband about whose name once stood on the roll of the "Green Horse" as "Number Two Thousand, Two Hundred and Twenty-two, Private Brown,"—Waverley Magazine.

Bir Edward Clarko's Career.

Bir Edward Clarko was predestined in youth helther for law nor politics, but for the less ambitious career of a commercial traveler. His father was a guidsmith and joweler in London, and Edward spent his time from 12 to 17 years old in "learning the husiness."

But his heart was explently not there, for he tells how, even at school, the first book he ever hought with his own pocket money was Brongham's Laves of Statesmen, in three volumes

DISCOURSE ENTITLED "IS THE OLD DOK-FROM COD?"

PHILADELPHIA. — The Rev. De. Kere byce Tupper, paster of the First Baptist Aureh of this city, preached a strong sersun Sunday morning on "Is the Old Book rom God." This is one of the oldest and strongest churches in the land. It was praided over for thirty years by Dr. Peorge Duna Bastriman, who was succeed-

the theories of gods many and leves many." How infinitely above and beyond all humans specialtions are the revelations of the Divine Word respecting the Divine mind! How may still the declarations as these: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth; before the meuntains were brought forth of ever Thou hades formed the earth; before the world, even from everlasting to everlasting. Thou are God!" "God is a spirit;" "God is love: "God is hight." In a magnificent treatise on this fundamental question of God and the revelations respecting it made by the Scriptures, an American writer has pointed out five conceptions of God found in the Bible, and found nowhere clao among all the religions of earth, arear and weigh these:

(1) God is a spirit, existing from eternity, Creator of heaven and carth; (2) God is absolutely infinite in all His attributes and capacities—in power omnipyent, in knowledge omniscient, in existence omnipresent, in purpose immitable, in character immaculate; the embodiment of all that is good and great; the impersonation

Somewhat we was to be provided by the receiver of the time of any of the control of the receiver of the time of any of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of the control of the receiver of the time of time of the time of the time of the time of time of the time of time of the time of t

If there is joy in your heart, let it shi he your face. This is one of the less ministries of love—the cheering power happiness. Every bright face makes trighter warid.

ROBIN'S NEST MADE OF LACE.

Finds a Bird the Thief.

A Mrs. Newton, who lives in Center trest, put two fine late collars out or the laws in front of her house to

OTS OF INSTANCES TO SHOW

on Wilkes, Whe Was Ugly, Didn't Mind it a Bit And Queen Wilhelmina's Hysband is No Adonis - Beau-ties Who Have Found Male Plainness Attractive.

oneting in the statement of John Vilkes, the famous London alderman: Ugly in I am, if I can have but a warter of an hour's start, I can get

That there is a powerful fascination for some women in extreme ugliness is proved by innumerable cases in which women who have been richly sowered with physical charms have fallen in love with men of almost repulsive ap-

pearance.

Queen Wilhelmins is an example of a charming and attractive young womman choosing an ugly man. Fat and plain of face, and, for a royal person,

mired and courted by women of high When Princess Helena of Russis suddenly broke her engagement with Max of Baden it was believed to be because she hoped to persuade her par-ents to let her marry the stout, blond dukeling Heinrich, and the youngest daughter of the Duke of Edinburgh

tnew it. everything to lose and nothing to gain by her encouragement of the man, she left no stone unturned until she was able to make herself Neipperg's wife. In the eyes of the world, it was a terrible degradation for the widow of the French Emperor to become the wife of an Austrian Count, but she cared not a whit what the world said, as was the case with the women who ran after the

When Richelieu was shut up in the Bastile, crowds of women, old and young, and rich and poor, used to col-lect every day at the hour when he took his exercise on the parapets, and adore him from a distance, deploring the incarceration of so adorable a per-

Theodore Hook was another ugly man who seemed to be irresistible. When List was an old man with a hard, ugly face, women begged permission to kiss his ugly hands and raved over him as thought he were Adonis's self. Dozens of schoolgirla and Count-cenes who worshipped at his shrine cared not a pin for his music, nor un-derstood a note of it, but were keenly alive to the charm of his personality. There were few plainer men of his

There were few plainer men of his generation than the great Lord Brougham, and as few who took so little trouble to ingratiate themselves into the favor of women. Yet he might have picked and chosen among the fairest of society beautien. To a question whore Lord Brougham was, the answer was once given: "Where the indies are the alckest." By following this significant guide he was generally run to earth.

Perhaps the resson of the attractive ness of the plain man is that he is not vain. He can't be, of his face, at any rate.

CHARMING HOMELY MEN

THE GIRLS LIKE HIM BEST.

May be there was as much truth as

quarteriof an hour's start, I can get the better of any man, however good looking, in the graces of any woman."

Of Wilkes's abnormal ugliness there was never any quention. "The vary children 's the street ran away affrighted at the sight of him!" And yet his powers of fascination were so great that women of beauty and fashion yied with each other for his notice, while handsome men of all courtly

ion vied with each other for his notice, while handsome men of all courtly graces were neglected.

It was said that there were few beauties of the day whose hand Wilkes might not have confidently hoped to win. He married one of the richest and loveliest women of his time.

"Beauty and the Beast, they call us," Wilkes once said to a friend, "and I carnot housetly find fault with the description."

distinctly poverty-stricken, Prince Heinrich of Mecklenburg-Schwerin has had great fascination for womankind.

Gossips whispered that the young Duke was taken by surprise when the little Queen of Holland showed her preference for him, and yet it was not the first time that he had seen admired and courted by women of high

also loved the young Duke, though in vain. In fact, Prince Heinrich was a good deal of a lady killer, and he

Neipperg, an ugly creature, with small abilities, and yet smaller for-tune, was Napoleon Bonaparte's rival in the affection of Marie Louise, who fell furiously in love with him. With

"A prefty man is a nuisance," one giri was overheard to say. "I mean the man whosehalrcuris, whose checks are red and who poses in public places where he may be easily seen, and who always wears a sleek smile on his thoughtless face. He is a nuisance because of his conceit. Girls grow weary of looking at him, but he still keeps in the way, believing he is giving them a treat."

It has been estimated that there are only 50,000 really handsome men in the United States.—New York Sun.

SENATOR'S VOTE SOLD.

Phase of Washington Legislative Life
Told by the Victim.

A former distinguished senator, and
man who died poor, although he
ment his entire life in public affairs,
more told a very interesting story of
sew his vote was sold without his
trowiedge. Possibly other senatorial
rotes have been sold in a like manner,
in a Poliman car one day the senaor ronewed the acquaintance of a
communication, and who, he know, was
afarceted in a land grass bill which
ad become a law and had received
he senator's support.

"Well, your bill got through all
test" romarked the senator, Though
in very so very lineary about it."

"We had a right to be meanay," reposited the rallwad man. "In these

demanded an explanation, and the par-ticulars of the affair then came out. It developed that when this bill was pending the railroad man received in-formation that there was danger of its being defeated, and came to Washing-ton to see about it. Soon after his ar-rival he met a man whom he knew slightly as a legislattive promoter, and a number of senators said to be doubtful were named, but, added the promo-ter, their votes could be had for a

ful were named, but, added the promo-ter, their votes could be had for a consideration. The price of this par-ticular senator was fixed at \$5000. "Now, he is a little peculiar about these things," said the promoter, "and you had better let me see him first; then later in the day you can call on him and see if he promuses his vote." him and see if he promises his vote."

It seems that this promoter did call
on the senator, and mentioned the
railroad bill, and said that there was a man in the city who would be glad to know that the senator would sup-port the bill; and might call later and hear him say so.

"Oh, yes," said the senator, good bill, and I'll vote for it, but I have time to bother with this man." Nevertheless, in the afternoon the ailroad man and his friend were ushered into the senator's committee room, and the promoter said:

"Senator, this is the gentleman I spoke to you about this morning interested in that land grant pill. He will be glad to know it is all right."

"Yes, it's all right," said the sen tor. "The bill ought to pass, and, as a said this morning, I am going to support it," The incident apparently closed un

til renewed afterward upon the train. "Upon the strength of that interview," said the railroad man, "we paid that promoter \$5000 for your voto"
"Well, it's needless for me to say I
never knew anything about it. But tell Fat woman (after museum fire)-"I me, why did you go about anything of that kind? Why didn't you come to me first, without any negotiation, and

find out how I stood and wast I would "Well, we were so scared we didn't take any chances on anything," was the reply.

Telling the story afterward, the senator said: "I had often looked at come of my colleagues, whose repu tions had been impugned, and asked myself: 'Are they knaves or fools?' but after this incident, when I felt like criticizing a fellow member for his vote, or placed in a position where he was suspected of it, and, therefore, a fool, I would check myself as some one might be asking: "To which class do you belong?" — Washington Post.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The German army has a swimming school for troops, where everyone must learn to swim. The best swimmers are to cross a stream of several hundred yards' width, even when carrying their clothing, rifle and ammunition,

Egypt, Hippolyte Boussac states that the trick referred to in the Scriptures of changing a snake into a rod is still the neck when it falls into a catalep-tic condition and becomes straight and stiff. It is then restored to its former condition by taking its tall be the hands and firmly rolling

An Englishman in Petticost lane th other night was caught in the act of stowing his handkerchief away in his sleeve, just as the girls do. He slipped it neatly between the sleeve and cuff. It is the common practice of fashionables in London society just new. A few New Yorkers had the habit years ago, excusing it on the ground that a handkerchief in the pocket (any pocket) blemishes the physical contour

An old woman of seventy app in a Viennese police court the other neighbor for having bewitched her. The magistrate told her there was no such thing as being bewitched, and dismissed the case; whereat the old wom-an became abusive: "A nice court of justice thia! If some one steals a pen-ny he is locked up, but this woman ruins my whole body and nothing is

Harry Lehr has long been noted for his taste in women's dress. It is said b's wife, who was Mrs. John Vinton Dahlgren, never goes shopping without taking him with her. Mrs. Lehr buys most of her hats at a well-known Twen ty-third street shop. Such is her con-fidence in her husband's judgment in millinery that she has on several ocasions asked him to buy her a ha casions asked him to buy her a hat when she was too busy to accompany him. Mr. Lehr fulfills these commissions religiously, and has been seen in the show room surrounded by cager young women holding creations, which he examines critically one by one, and sometimes tilts over his own blond curis to get the proper effect.

A new method of discovering beds of ore hidden underground, in which electricity serves for a detective, is said to have met with some success in Wales and in Cornwall. A current of high potential—thirty thousand or more volta—ts led to two metal rods set in the ground. From these, lines of force spread in all directions, and can be detected by means of a tolephonic receiver connected with another pair of metal rods, which may be place of in any desired position. When no sounds, or only very faint once, are heard, that fast indicates a defection of the lines of force, and by shifting the place of the rode the location of the metallic means which produce the deflection can be determined.

THEY BID HIM GO

May, think me not disloyal
Unto my lady royal;
Feel no shook;
For the hands at which I caril
Are the ones that daily travel
Bound the clock.
—New York Sun.

HUMOROUS.

Blobbs-Foets are born, not slobbs-Then it isn't altogether their

fault, is it? Nell-Why do you want to make a fool of young Mr. Saphedde? Belle-Oh, if I don't some other girl would. Wigg-Bjones doesn't seem able to keep his friends. Wagg-Naturally,

when he gives them away at every opportunity. Nell—She's awfully hysterical, isn't she? Belle—Yes; somebody foolishly told her that she was most charming

when she laughed. "Well, how does it seem to be engaged to such a wealthy girl?" "Fine! Every time I kiss her I feel as if I were taking the coupon off a govern-ment bond."

"Pa," said little Willie Giggles, "is a 'family far' one o' them kind that's used for preserving?" "Perhaps, my son," replied Mr. Giggles, "but not for

preserving the peace." An extract from a conversation in 1999: "I understand Smashalong's new motor car was wrecked today." it saw a horse and got so frightened it fell over a cliff."-Poem.

miss the tattooed man." Manager-"Oh, he's down here, but you don't recognize him without his decorations. You see, the firemen accidentally turned the hose on him." "Mamma," asked small Floramay, "what is 'single blessedness?' " "Sin-

gle blessedness, my dear," replied the knowing mother, "is a bouquet that a bachelor throws at himself when he wants to marry and can't." Proud Mamma-You haven't kissed the baby. Bachelor Uncle-Um-er-I'll try to remember next time, I'll kiss her when I-er-come back from China. "When will that be." "Let-

me-see. In about sixteen years."

"At what age do you consider women the most charming?" asked the inquis-itive female of more or less uncertain years. "The age of the woman who asks the question," answered the man, who was a diplomat from Diplomacyville. "Don't you know," said the tall man at the free lunch counter, "I'd be sat-issied with the world if I could find a

pearl in this oyster soup," "Some peo-ple want so much," sighed the little man; "I'd be satisfied if I could find an oyster." "I suppose," said the benevolent vis-itor to the bright-looking patient, "that there are many people in this

here." "Well, there may be a few, but think of the crowds outside who ought to be here with you and me." Walking about one day in the land of shadows, harles Dickens mexpectedly encountered Mr. Pecksnin.
"My dear fellow," said Mr. Dickens, "I hope you entertain no ill will lowers me on account of the unenviable notoriety I seem to have given you."
"Six" lafting realized Mr. Pecksnin. "Sir," loftily replied Mr. Pecks

"you owe me no apology. The name of Peckaniff will be remembered long after the name of Dickens is forgotten."

Not one person in 10 folds a let-ter and puts it in the envelope right side up." said the correspondence clerk of a large New York publishing clerk of a large New York publishing house. "This firm receives upward of 1000 letters a day, and it is my duty to sort them and send them to the various heads of departments. Each letter must be sent opened flat, with the envelope attached by a clip. In almost every instance the letter is folded and put in the envelope so that I have to turn it around before I can read it. I have talked with friends in similar positions to raine, and they tell me they have the same experience. It seems a trifling matter to a person who opens only five or six letters a day, but to me this loss of time caused by either the ignorance or carelossness of letter writers is considerable. "Pully two-thirds of the lettern received by a business house are filed. Cabinets for this purpose are arranged so that one must refer to the businessing of the letter, on the right-hand side, to find the date. One-hair the persons who write on matters of business, particularly women, put the date at the end of the letter and on the late hand side, so that we have to lift the whole bunch to get at it. These failings of correspondents are worse than illegible writing and incorrect spelling."—New York Times. touse. "This firm receives upward of

Lest summer a well known p nor wear to a town on the east for a short rest and boarded a farmer who was in the habit of t a few summer guests into his