THE EVENT OF OUR LIVES.

My wife and I were a very happy couple. We loved each other, and we had two children, who were as pretty and healthy and nice-mannered as parents could wish. We were also rich, and when one has love and wealth, not counterbalanced by bad health or bad temper, one has pretty nearly everything that can render life delightful. We had, indeed, only one subject of complaint: sometimes we found existence a trifle monotonous.

"I think," my wife would say, yawning —"I really do think life is too uneventful. It is quite stupidly flat. Why doesn't something interesting happen?"

"Well, what should you like?" I would rejoin. "Shall I hire an assassin to stab me at the opera? or a gypsy to steal the children? or——"

"Nonsense!" cried she, laying her pretty hand on my lips. "Of course I don't mean anything fearful and hideous like murder and kidnaping. I don't know what I mean; anything would do, so long as it was exciting and unusual."

This, however, was the one thing in which I couldn't gratify her, for one can't buy unusual events by the ounce, or keep them bottled in one's cellar. So I tried to assuage her longing with philosophy.

"We are both young," I said. "Who knows what may happen before we keep our golden wedding? We must wait."

"Wait!" exclaimed my wife. "Yes, the end of the world is coming, but we shan't see it."

Time, however, proved that I was right. One day she received the following letter from her only brother, in Australia:

My Dear Lucy: I have just nursed back to life, after a long and dangerous brain fever, my great friend, George Stormont, and as the doctors concur in saying a sea voyage is the best thing for him, I mean to put him on board the Mount Vermont on the 28th and ship him off to England His only relation, a married sister, lives in Scotland, so I am desiring him to go straight to you, as I am sure you will be willing to put him up for a short time, till he is equal to a long railway journey, and I feel confident you and Frank will pay him all the attention you can for my sake.

If he recovers on the voyage, you will find him sociable and agreeable and up to everything; but the doctors tell me that he may not be quite himself for some months, and if so, you will find him as he is now—a silent individual, rather eccentric, preferring solitude, and always mooning about the place and wandering into rooms where he has no business. But one must excuse the vagaries of an invalid, and I trust that you and Frank will bear with him, as I said before, for my sake.

No more now, as I am busy with my usual avocations, and extra busy looking after Stormont. With much love to you all, ever your affectionate brother, EDGAR ARROWSMITH.

P. S.—Stormont will arrive a fortnight after this letter.

He came, however, that evening. We were astonished, but we hastened to welcome him, and found him in the study—a small, spare man, with a short dark beard, and cropped black hair. He rose slowly from the easy chair in which he was seated, and looked at us foolishly.

"We are very glad to see you, Mr. Stormont," said I, taking his hand. "How are you? Better, I hope."

"Not much," said he in a wearied tone, and putting his hand on his head.

"Country air will soon set you up," said I. "How did you leave Edgar?"

"Edgar wrote you were coming by the Mount Vermont, but surely she isn't in yet?" remarked Lucy.

"I got off earlier than I had dared to hope," said Stormont. "In the Monte Rosa there was a berth, and it was thought better that I should not delay."

"That was the mail which brought Edgar's letter?" said Lucy.

"Yes," said Stormont.

After that he relapsed into silence, and we could only extract monosyllabic answers from him. We saw that he was fatigued, and I presently showed him to his rooms—two apartments on the ground floor, which Lucy's thoughtfulness had provided.

"My wife fancied you might like to be saved the stairs," I said.

He thanked me warmly.

"It was very kind of Lady Dennis," he said. "I sleep badly, and often take a walk in the early morning, so this will suit me exactly, as I shall be able to leave the house without disturbing any one."

"Take care none of my servants mistake you for a burglar," I said, laughing.

"Oh, they won't do that," he returned, with a smile.

So I left him, and as he was very quiet and taciturn, and his brain evidently still extremely weak, Lucy and I found that his presence made very little difference to us.

"Don't mind me," he said the next day. "I feel exhausted, and conversation tires me. But I am not ill, and you will please me best and serve me most if you will let me go my own way and not concern yourselves about me."

So we left him to follow his own devices, and as he preferred to have his meals in his own room we saw very little of him.

"It's too bad," Lucy said to me. "I did think Mr. Stormont would have been an exciting element. I hoped we should have had the house crowded with nurses and brain specialists, and that perhaps he would have gone suddenly mad, and you would have restrained him in some heroic manner. Instead of which he is as humdrum as possible. At least he might have gone a little crazy."

"Well, he may yet," said I. "He has only been here a week to-day."

That evening Johnson demanded an interview of me.

"Well, Johnson?" I said to this old and faithful domestic.

"I'm not easy about Mr. Stormont, Sir Francis," said Johnson, carefully looking over his shoulder, though he had as carefully closed the door behind him when he entered.

"What about Mr. Stormont?" I inquired.

"He's an uncommonly queer gentleman, Sir Francis," replied Johnson. "Several nights I've found him wandering about my pantry, and yesterday he frightened Mrs. Rowe out of her wits by coming in when she and me was holding a confidential communication in the housekeeper's room. Mrs. Rowe's heart is weak, Sir Francis."

I couldn't help smiling, for it was no secret where the weakness in Mrs. Rowe's heart tended.

"What explanation did Mr. Stormont offer?" I asked.

"None, Sir Francis," said Johnson. "He put his hand to his head and looked bewildered, and then went off. He's been caught up stairs by the girls just the same, and Jane met him at your dressing-room door. And it makes it worse because he walks so soft. We ain't none of us angry with the poor gentleman, Sir Francis, but we think he's stark mad, and we think there'll be murder if he ain't looked sharp after."

"I hope not, Johnson," I said. "This is just what Mr. Arrowsmith prepared us for; his words were: 'he goes mooning about the place, and wandering into rooms where he has no business.' I can't turn my brother-in-law's friend out of my house because he's odd."

"I hope nothing may come of it, Sir Francis," said Johnson solemnly.

"I trust not," said I. "Mr. Stormont will go soon. Meantime, don't let any one frighten her Ladyship. There is nothing murderous in a tendency to poke into strange places."

Nevertheless, I felt somewhat uneasy, and watched my guest narrowly. But there was nothing in his demeanor to warrant my apprehensions, and I presently forgot Johnson's revelations, and ceased to lie awake at night listening for sudden shrieks.

Stormont had been with us a fortnight when we went to a ball at the Duke of Bengal's. Lucy donned her diamonds, and I thought she looked very beautiful in them, and told her so. I was just kissing her when we suddenly found that Stormont was in the room. Lucy blushed prettily at being caught in her husband's arms, and I dare say I grew hot.

"We are going to a ball," I stammered. "I was just telling my wife her diamonds became her."

"So I heard," said Stormont. "May I look at your diamonds, Lady Dennis?"

He approached and gazed admiringly at her necklace and earrings.

"Beautiful!" he said several times. "Diamonds of the first water! I know something about diamonds; my great-uncle was a diamond merchant."

"If you were going with us you would see far finer diamonds than mine," said Lucy. "The Duchess has diamonds that are absolutely priceless, and such a quantity! She has them sewn on to her dress, and two detectives always close to her."

"I wonder she dares walk about in such precious things," observed Stormont. "At large parties it is impossible to say what bad characters may not slip in."

"Well, as a matter of fact, she doesn't walk about," said Lucy. "A few years ago she hurt her spine out hunting, and she is always on the sofa."

"Wouldn't you like to come with us, my dear fellow?" said I.

"Thank you, I think not," he replied, plaintively; "I should like it, but I fear the noise and heat would hurt my head. Thank you, Lady Dennis, for letting me see your treasures. I hope you keep them carefully."

"Oh, yes! Frank keeps them in his strong box, and when we travel they go to the bank," she replied. "Frank will lock them up to-morrow as safe as a church."

"To-morrow—not till to-morrow?" exclaimed Stormont in a horrified tone.

"No," said she; "why should he tire himself? Nobody could take them out of our room."

At this moment the carriage was announced, and I carried Lucy off. It was a good ball, and the Duchess lay in state, covered with superb diamonds, and watched by acute and intelligent fuctionaries. In the course of the evening a gentleman-like stranger, with a long fair beard and rather long fair hair, addressed me, and asked if I could point out Sir Francis Dennis. I told him that I was the gentleman in question, and he bowed courteously.

"You will excuse the liberty I took," he said, "but I believe my old friend, George Stormont, is staying with you. I only heard of his whereabouts to-day, and at cockcrow I start for the Continent, or I should have called to see him. Perhaps you will say that you met Colonel L'Estrange."

I was pleased with the Colonel's manner, and we entered into conversation, and after a time he begged me to present him to the Duchess. This I did willingly, knowing that the poor Duchess' chief pleasure lay in talking with agreeable people, and after that I lost sight of him.

It was late when we left, and on reaching home we found Stormont walking in the drive, smoking. He followed the carriage quickly and helped Lucy to alight, and we stood talking in the hall for a few minutes.

"And the Duchess and her diamonds?" inquired Stormont presently.

"The Duchess and her diamonds were all there," said I. "By the way, Stormont, I met a friend of yours, a Colonel L'Estrange, and I introduced him to the Duchess, who, I understand, was charmed with him."

"He is a very nice fellow," said Stormont; "quite a ladies' man. I wonder what he was doing there? However, I mustn't keep you, Lady Dennis; you must be very tired."

We went up-stairs, and, as usual, Lucy's diamonds were left on her dressing-table. We had done this so repeatedly that it never occurred to us to do differently, notwithstanding the astonishment that Stormont had expressed. But we committed the indiscretion once too often. The next morning Lucy's exquisite diamonds were gone.

An unusual event had happened at last, but it was too serious for joking. Lucy was too miserable to get up, and at length I left her to her maid and went down to breakfast alone, pondering what steps I should take. I had hardly poured out my coffee when Stormont came in. He held an open letter in his hand, and seemed quite alert and cheerful.

"Good morning," he began eagerly. "I've heard from my sister. She is in London; has come up on purpose to meet me and wants me to join her to-day."

"Indeed," said I absently. "Your sister—Mrs. McDonald—in town—oh!"

Stormont looked at me, surprised.

"Anything the matter?" he said. "Lady Dennis not well?"

"Well, yes, something *is* the matter," said I. "Something deucedly disagreeable has happened. My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"Good Lord!" exclaimed Stormont.

He was so taken aback that he literally fell into a chair and sat there staring at me.

"Those diamonds?" he said at last. "Those splendid diamonds? I have no words. Did you lock them up?"

"No," I replied, "I've been a confounded fool. But the diamonds were close to us and we don't sleep heavily."

"Whom do you suspect?" asked Stormont.

"No one," I said. "All my servants have been with me for long. Some one must have been secreted in the house."

"And what are you going to do?" he asked. "Can I do anything in town? I must go up by the 3:15."

We discussed the subject all the morning, and Stormont's indignant interest was very consolatory, and when Lucy appeared, she was greatly cheered by his sympathy and hopefulness. He was certain that the rogues would be taken and the diamonds recovered.

"You are very sanguine," said she. "You seem quite well to-day, Mr. Stormont."

"I feel much better," he replied. "Joy is a fine doctor, and the expectation of seeing my sister has made another man of me. Then this atrocious burglary excites me to a pitch I can't describe. Lady Dennis, you must recover your diamonds. I shall run down on Saturday to hear the news. A talk will be so much more satisfactory than letters."

I drove Stormont to the station. By his advice I had not called in the local police, but telegraphed to London for a detective, and I should meet him by a train which would arrive soon after the 3:15 departed.

"By the way," said Stormont, as we stood waiting on the platform, "about Col. L'Estrange—what was he like?"

"About your hight," I said. "Thin and fair, with a long beard and longish hair—not military-looking at all."

A very peculiar expression came over Stormont's face, and he whistled softly.

"My dear fellow," he said, "that's your burglar! How these rascals get to know things passes my comprehension, but somehow they do. I have a friend—a Col. E'Estrange—but he is stout and extremely dark, and wears a mustache only. Depend upon it, that fellow hoaxed you. I wonder he didn't pay his attention to the Duchess' diamonds also."

So he had. A gentleman came up at the moment, and after shaking hands said excitedly:

"Heard the news, Dennis?"

"Only my own, Shaw," I replied dismally. "My wife's diamonds have been stolen."

"By Jove!" cried Shaw. "And the Duchess lost twenty of her finest diamonds last night—cut off her dress—while the detectives stood by."

We told him about L'Estrange, and he listened with interest.

"We think it is a celebrated burglar of the name of Paxton, alias Grubb," he said, lowering his voice. "That's what the police think. They say no other man could have done it."

"I thought Paxton was safely out of the way," said Stormont. "Surely I remember hearing of him when I was a lad. Wasn't he concerned in the great diamond robbery of Grey Towers in '69?"

"He was," replied Shaw, "but he's on the loose again now, and the police have been watching him. A fortnight ago Mrs. Howard lost her dressing-bag, with £2,000 worth of jewels in it. Paxton was suspected and traced to Canterbury, then gave his pursuers the slip and disappeared."

"He has probably been lying *perdu* in the neighborhood," said Stormont, as the train came up. "Dennis, write to me at Morley's if I can help you in the least. *Au revoir* till Saturday. Thank you beyond words for all your kindness."

That evening as we sat at dinner Mr. Stormont was announced. I rushed out. But the Stormont who stood before me, with Edgar Arrowsmith's letter in his hand, was not the man who had gone to town that afternoon. In a moment I had realized the truth. Stormont the first was Paxton the burglar.

Certainly a very uncommon thing had happened at last, and when Paxton was caught it all came out—how he had robbed Mrs. Howard, and, hiding on my grounds, and heard Lucy read her brother's letter aloud—how, as Colonel L'Estrange, under cover of my introduction, he had robbed the Duchess—how, as he stood on the platform talking of the burglary, the Duchess' diamonds and Lucy's were actually on his person. There was no doubt that Paxton had been superlatively clever, and in my admiration for his talents and my sorrow that they were put to such ill uses, I forgave his chuckling over his delight at having "gammoned the fool Sir Francis."

My dear wife never sighs for extraordinary events now; we both think we have had enough of them. We are as happy as ever, for burglars cannot take away love and children, and good health and sweet temper. But we are happy minus the diamonds, for Paxton got them abroad before he was caught. I wanted to give Lucy some more, but she wouldn't let me.

"I couldn't bear the responsibility again," she said. "Give them by-and-by to Baby's wife."

As for the Duke, he never wearies of chaffing me, and calling me Colonel L'Estrange's confederate.—*London Society.*

SCIENTIFIC HINTS.

Dr. Saymonne claims to have discovered a bacillus which causes baldheadedness in the human being. He calls it "bacillus crinivorax." That name will do as well as any. The doctor says: Ten parts of crude cod liver oil, ten parts of expressed juice of onions and five parts of mucilage or the yolk of an egg, thoroughly mixed, and applied to the scalp once a week, will destroy the bacilli and prevent baldness.

It is said the "nickel-and-slot" arrangement was current among the ancient Egyptians. Their "holy water" was kept in a closed vessel in a temple. When five drachmæ were dropped inro the top a valve opened and a small quantity of the sacred liquid flowed out for use. Then the valve closed, awaiting the next devotee.

To their credit, be it said, the Russians have placed a perambulating school-house on their principal railway, which tarries in neighborhoods along the line, visiting districts. Car-rooms are furnished with teachers' quarters, class-room, library, and all necessary material, and the outfit goes wherever its seems most needed.

The vorqual, which is about one hundred feet long, is the largest animal known; the twilight monad, the twelve thousandth of an inch, is the smallest living being. The common house-fly, one-third of an inch long, is the average in size.

Carl Myers, aeronaut, described three ascents made by balloons filled with natural gas, in 1886. All were completely successful. No other ascents, he says, with natural gas, have ever been made.

The Washington monument is 552 feet high. In order to see the top of it an observer fifty miles away, owing to the convexity of the earth, would have to climb a hight of 294 feet.

A photograph, to enable judges to decide very close horse races, is described. It will show one of the horses to be an inch or so ahead, and so decide in his favor. Why not?

The Next Man's Turn.

Sergeant Robinson, in *Bench and Bar*, writing on the subject of French trials, tells an amusing story of one he read where the plaintiff brought an action against some one to recover an estate which had been in the family of the latter for a great number of years. The plaintiff gave some shadowy evidence that the property had once belonged to his relatives, and he was their next of kin. The Judge asked the defendant how long he had been the recognized proprietor. He replied, "Twenty years."

"How long had your father held it?"

"Thirty years, at least."

"And your grandfather?"

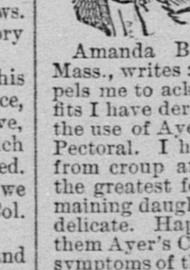
"Nearly all his life; for it came to him while an infant."

"Well," said the official, giving judgment, "it seems to me that your family have had a pretty good spell in the enjoyment of this estate, and I think it quite time that the plaintiff had a turn."

To PREVENT fevers, keep the liver active and bowels regular with Simmons' Liver Regulator.

WHY COUGH,

WHEN a few doses of **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral** will relieve you? Try it. Keep it in the house. You are liable to have a cough at any time, and no other remedy is so effective as this world-renowned preparation. No household, with young children, should be without it. Scores of lives are saved every year by its timely use.



Amanda B. Jenner, Northampton, Mass., writes: "Common gratitude impels me to acknowledge the great benefits I have derived for my children from the use of Ayer's most excellent Cherry Pectoral. I had lost two dear children from croup and consumption, and had the greatest fear of losing my only remaining daughter and son, as they were delicate. Happily, I find that by giving them Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, on the first symptoms of throat or lung trouble, they are relieved from danger, and are becoming robust, healthy children."

"In the winter of 1885 I took a bad cold which, in spite of every known remedy, grew worse, so that the family physician considered me incurable, supposing me to be in consumption. As a last resort I tried Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and, in a short time, the cure was complete. Since then I have never been without this medicine. I am fifty years of age, weigh over 180 pounds, and attribute my good health to the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."—G. W. Youker, Salem, N. J.

"Last winter I contracted a severe cold, which by repeated exposure, became quite obstinate. I was much troubled with hoarseness and bronchial irritation. After trying various medicines, without relief, I at last purchased a bottle of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. On taking this medicine, my cough ceased almost immediately, and I have been well ever since."—Rev. Thos. B. Russell, Secretary Holston Conference and P. E. of the Greenville District, M. E. C., Jonesboro, Tenn.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

VOLAPUK.

Proceedings of the International Volapuk Congress at Paris.

The third International Volapuk Congress was held at Paris August 18th to 21st, 1889, and the Volapuk papers containing an account of the proceedings have recently come to hand. The following rules concerning the Volapuk Academy were adopted by the congress:

1. The Academy engages only in the completion and correction of the grammar and dictionary of the inventor.
2. The Academy is the sole authority on questions of language.
3. Members of the Academy are chosen from among the most distinguished Volapukists of the different countries of the world.
4. In each country as many members of the Academy can be chosen as the country has 10,000,000 inhabitants. A fraction of 10,000,000 is counted as 10,000,000.
5. Each country will be entitled to the standard number of members only when Volapuk shall have been sufficiently propagated in it.
6. This number can be exceptionally increased in favor of very meritorious persons.
7. The election of members takes place on the call of the Directors of the Academy, and a majority of the voters decides.
8. The Director of the Academy should nominate as members the persons who have been proposed to him by the clubs of the respective countries.
9. If the clubs do not propose anyone within two months, or if there is no club in existence, the directory shall elect a candidate.
10. The term of office of members of the Academy is five years; re-election is allowed.
11. The Academy is governed by a directory formed of (*a*) the Inventor; (*b*) a Director; (*c*) a Vice-Director; (*d*) two Secretaries.
12. The Director and Vice-Director of the Academy are elected by the members for five years. They can be re-elected. The Secretaries are appointed by the Director.
13. A simple majority of the voters decides.
14. If the number of votes for and against are equal, the vote of the Director decides.
15. The decisions of the Academy should be immediately submitted to the Inventor. If the Inventor does not object, the decision of the Academy, after thirty days, is conclusive. The decisions which are not approved by the Inventor are considered by the Academy again, and become conclusive only after they have been adopted by a two-thirds vote.
16. The decisions of the Academy are published in Volapuk in the official organ of the Academy. The official paper is to be chosen by them.
17. The Director must submit to the Academy all motions signed by six members.
18. A member of the Academy who will not obey the official decisions of the majority of the Academy, and who will not during a year, and without a good cause, take part in the work of the Academy, ceases to be a member. The Director must move his dismissal.
19. The dismissal of a member is effected by a two-thirds vote of the voters.
20. Each member of the Academy pays annual dues of ten francs, until the Academy shall have the necessary money for their requirements. The directory of the Academy decides how this money shall be used. One of the Secretaries is Treasurer of the Academy.
21. These decisions can only be changed by an International Congress.

It is hoped that these rules will smooth over some of the rough places where friction has heretofore existed.

The Paris Congress did not have time to discuss the rules of the grammar, but they decided that a simple standard grammar, written entirely in Volapuk, from which everything unnecessary is excluded, should be at once prepared by the members of the Academy. Until the Academy has issued such a grammar, the teachers of Volapuk should teach as they have done up to the present time.

A new Volapuk paper has just been started in Portland, Or., by Arnold Scherzinger, Professor of Volapuk, entitled *Volapukan Melopik.* Orville D. Orton of St. Louis, has also just established a Volapuk department in *The Alturist.*

Volapuk is making progress in other parts of the world faster than in America. Here there is such a large body of English-speaking people who come in contact with nations of other languages so seldom that they feel the need of it less than in the smaller countries of Europe, where the traveling public will meet nations using three or four different languages in a single day. Volapuk has apparently come to stay, and promises to progress more rapidly in the future than it has done in the past. A. L. BANCROFT.

San Francisco, November 4, 1889.

PHONOGRAPH REPORTING.

One Experiment was Enough to Satisfy the Attorney.

[M. H. L. in Puck.]

Some poor law reporter anxiously inquires whether the phonograph is not likely soon to supersede the stenographer. It might strike one that the phonograph would make the best of reporters; but the stenographers need not consult their fears until some of its bad habits have been overcome.

The experiment was tried at the office of the Hon. Gordon Blakely, in a hearing, on the third of August last, in Buller vs. Jones.

This is the way page 237 of the testimony would have read if his stenographer could have had the handling of it:

Cross-examination by Mr. Smith:

Q. What is your business?

A. Lumber commission. I solicit orders for door-casings, etc.

Q. Do you know the defendant, Mr. Jones?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. And Mr. Kavanagh? Answer "yes" or "no."

A. Yes.

Q. You heard his testimony given yesterday?

A. Yes; most of it.

Q. He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell. Do you know?

A. I couldn't tell; a great many.

Q. Did you furnish the material to make that molding?

A. It was of ash.

Q. I say, did you furnish it?

A. Yes, sir; some of it.

But the stenographer had been given a vacation, in the expectation that the phonograph would more than fill his place, and the instrument covered itself with glory, thus:

"'Mr. Peck, what is your business? Eh? What is your business? I SAY, WHAT IS YOUR BUSINESS?'

[The phonograph gave this very loud. The witness had been deaf.]

"'Oh, my business? Lumber commission; I answered that before; I solicit door-casings, etc.'

[Here the phonograph gave a distinct laugh and one politely suppressed.]

"'What do you do—do you get them?' 'I mean I solicit orders for door-casings, etc.' 'Do you know the defendant, Mr. Jones?' 'Yes, sir.' 'And Mr. Kavanagh?, 'Well, I dunno; pretty well. I am acquainted with him. You can't always say you know a person—' Never mind moralizing; answer yes or no. Are you acquainted with him, if you like that better?' 'Yes.' 'You heard his testimony, given yesterday?' 'Yes, most of it; all I was listening to. I am a little hard of hearing—been so since—let me see—' 'Never mind. He was asked— Where is it?'"

[Here the phone broke off suddenly and began to relate an anecdote of General Sheridan during the late war. Mr. Blakely ransacked his memory as to what that had to do with Buller vs. Jones, till he remembered that the anecdote had been related by Mr. Whitney, on Mr. Dill remarking that it was very warm, while Mr. Smith was hunting for a passage in the stenographer's minutes. But it was no use to remind the phonograph that it was irrelevant, incompetent and immaterial; for it would go on, and even related Mr. Blakely's own laugh at the end, although Mr. Blakely made a point of never laughing at the same anecdote twice. Then it resumed the examination.]

"'Oh, here it is. He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell; do you know?' 'Eh?' 'He was asked how many casings had this turned molding on them, and he said he could not tell; do you know?' 'I couldn't tell; a great many.' 'Did you—' 'Here's a gentleman to see you, Mr. Blakely.' 'I can't see him now, I am engaged; tell him to call again. Tom! Come back and shut the door!'

[The phonograph now imitated the shutting of a door.]

"'Now, Mr. Smith—'

[For eighteen seconds the phonograph seemed divided between a desire to report the question and to imitate the rumbling of a cart which went through the street, with a few notes of what sounded like "Lanagan's Ball" on a hand-organ.]

"'Perhaps we had better have that window shut. We will have the next hearing in the back room, as usual, gentlemen; I thought it would be cooler here. Did you furnish the material to make that molding?' 'It was ash.' 'I say, did you furnish it?' 'Earn it?' 'FURNISH IT?' 'Oh! Yes, sir, some of it.'"

"Tom," said Mr. Blakeley, half an hour later, "go out and post this letter to the stenographer, to tell him he must be back before the next hearing. If civilization had stopped short the other side of the phonograph, it would have been advanced enough for me.

"There, I forgot to tell him to hurry! The inventors would do well to turn their attention to making an instrument that would track of a boy when he goes on an errand."

INGUN SUMMER.

Jest about the time when fall
  Gits to rattlin' in the trees,
An' the man thet knows it all
  'Spicions frost in every breeze,
When a person tells hisse'f
  Thet the leaves look mighty thin—
Then thar blows a meller breaf!
  Injun summer's hyere agin.

Kind-uh smoky-lookin' blues
  Spins acrost the mountain side;
An' the heavy mornin' dews
  Greens the grass up far an' wide.
Natur' raly 'pears ez ef
  She wuz layin' off a day—
Sorter drorin' in her breaf
  'Fore she freezes up to stay.

Nary lick o' work I strike
  'Long about this time o' year!
I'm a sort uh slowly like.
  Right when Ingun summer's here.
Wife an' boys kin do the work,
  But a man with natchel wit,
Like I got, kin 'ford to shirk,
  Ef he hes a turn for it.

Time when grapes set in to ripe,
  All I ast off any man
Is a common co'n-cob pipe
  With terbacker to my han'.
Then jes loose me whar the air
  Simmers 'crost me, wahm an' free!—
Promised lands ull find me thar;
  Wings ull fahly sprou on me!

I'm a loungin' round on thrones,
  Bossin' worlds f'om shore to shore,
When I stretch my marrer bones
  Jest outside the cabin door!
An' the sunshine seepin' down
  On my old head, bald an' gray,
'Pears right like the gilted crown
  I expect to wa'r some day.

—*Eva Wilder McGlasson in Harper's Magazine.*

NATIONAL TURF CONGRESS.

Its Annual Session Held in Chicago—Changes in Rules.

CHICAGO, November 14th.—At the session to-day of the American Turf Congress they took up the matter of amending the rules in regard to the licensing and fining of jockeys, and the disposal of these fines and funds for trainers and jockeys. They finally concluded that the rules are good enough if strictly enforced. So it was decided to make no change in them.

The following jockey clubs were represented: Washington Park, by President Brewster; Kentucky Association of Lexington, Ky., by General J. F. Robinson; Louisville, by Colonel Lewis M. Clark; St. Louis, Colonel Charles S. Green; Twin City Club, of St. Paul and Minneapolis, Frank Shaw; Birmingham, Ala., L. Ezekiel; Kansas City, J. H. Ogelby; Latonia, Judge C. J. Perkins and E. C. Hopper; Overland Club, of Denver, Col., J. H. Brewster, proxy. Several amendments to the rules were adopted, and the Congress adjourned at noon to visit Washington Park.

A number of changes were made in rules among which were the following:

Rule four was changed so that the condition referring to maidens shall mean maidens at the time of the entry unless otherwise specified.

Rule ten was changed to read where no entrance fee is required the declaration must be accompanied by 5 per cent. of the first money.

Rule twenty-one, relating to a change of name, is changed so no association shall receive an entry of or allow a horse whose name has been changed anywhere, to run on its course.

Rule forty-eight was changed so the owner or trainer must consent to the declaration of the jockey to carry legal overweight.

Rule 5 now reads: "Every horse whose jockey has weighed out and whose number has been put up is a starter, and liable for the whole stake. If the horse is excused after having weighed out, all the book bets on the race are void, and additional time before the race shall be granted by the judges. In auction or Paris mutuals the bets stand, but the money bet on the excused horse shall be refunded.

Rule 92, Section A, relating to State penalties, and Section C, for beaten horses and maiden allowance, is stricken out.

Rule 129 is amended so that the jockeys, grooms and stable-boys found on the betting grounds may be fined as well as suspended or ruled off.

Rule 190 was stricken out and a new rule adopted in its place, reading: "If an ineligible horse be entered for the purpose of betting against him and he finishes first, or if he be entered for the purpose of having him disqualified by objections made after the race, all the bets shall be declared off."

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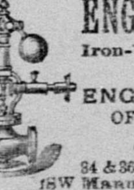

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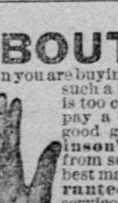

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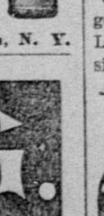

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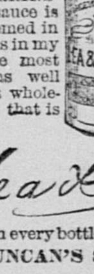

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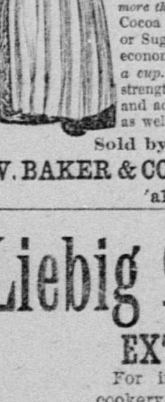

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