netimes I see her look at them

While envy turns her gre

Well-we burn gas to our house, And she burns kerosone,

Has got deads loads of eash; But fally aint at all like me, She'd ne or cut no dash.

Among the swells at big hotels She never would be seen

Why, we burn gas to our house,

Sometimes I rather pity Sal,

And lives so awful quiet like, And nover makes no show. But Sally aim a bit like me, That plainly to be seen,

ZEPHA.

BY AD. H. GIBSON

feedin'," finished Susan.

"Good Lord! haint yer never comin'

Now, folks do say that Doctor Green

way to the parlor, where she was told the girl, in his rough way, and longed She aint got so much style.
You'd see that at a glance,
Why, all my things are made by Wort
And completes for France. to wait. In another minute Claude Aimard,

plain straw hat she wore.

morning?" he asked, pleasantly, noting as though fascinated. her evident embarrassment. His tone ease, and she said: "One of the ladies in your company

thrown from her horse?" "Yes; Miss Linton was severely, though not seriously, injured, I hope,"

replied Mr. Aimard. "Will she be able to act her part to-

"Unfortunately, no." "I have come to apply for the part.

ubstitute. Am I right?" The autumn rain was beating against a log cabin that stood as a relic of the without a substitute," he answered, dreaming," said his companion, shaking early settlement of Kansas. Inside eying Zepha closely. "But to be his friend's arm.

this somewhat dilapidated structure sat frank, young lady, I fear your inex-Sol Grim, with pipe in his mouth, perience is all against you. Why do shivering over some damp logs that you apply for a position on the stage?" drifted West to seek my fortune among sputtered and seemed to defy the ruddy blaze in the old fire-place. Near by, ingly, and although her face crimsoned the stage and, in time, became a suc-Susan Grim, a gaunt, coarse-faced vividly, she answered him: woman, was preparing the evening

meal. By the dingy, half-glassless window, to catch the rays of meager because -- " and her voice faltered a as she made it. One child was born to light it admitted, stood a slight, grace- little, "I am so tired of eating the brad them, whom she called Zepha, after ful girl of 18, looking as unlike old of dependence."

Sol and his virago wife as it tere possible to look, and as out of het rade cabin as a beautiful antique "My educati

ase would have been. The girl, as lected, that is to a kind old benefac- and faithful, started to find him. But was her habit, had snatched a few tor," replied Zepha. "Shakspeare has somewhere in her weary search she ninutes to read. One could tell at a long been a favorite study with me." sickened and died, leaving the child to glance at the flushed face, in the gray Mr. Aimard looked surprised, which, strangers. Two years ago I recognized evening light, that she was interested observing, Zepha quickly said: "If in a dying tramp my rascally brotherin her book and accorded the theme a you doubt it, sir, I shall be impelled to in-law. From him I learned all this, recocious understanding. Her name render a selection from that author on which I knew not of before, for my letwas Zepha Olney, and that was about the spot." Mr. Aimard smiled, but ters to my sister always came back, any one knew of her. A few of said: the neighbors had heard she was the

child of a deserted wife, who had died lady, although I will confess I was near his wife and child, and heard of all alone at the cabin of old Sol Grim, somewhat surprised to find so young a his wife's death among strangers, but while on her way to find her husband girl as yourself a student of that great he never claimed little Zepha. Death in the far West. Zepha was but a dramatist. It is not common, you must removed Clark Olney before he could small child then, and consequently know. Have you ever appeared be- finish his story, so I did not learn after knew nothing, comparatively, of her- fore an audience?" self. The woman dying friendless, of "Only with my schoolmates, in should look for Zepha.

course, some one had to take care of dramas suitable to school exhibitions," the child. Though Susan Grim had said Zepha. nearly scolded the roof off, old Sol had "Here is a copy of the play we have

home, such as it was; and here she had night. Please read aloud a few para- he found to be his niece, indeed, Zepha lived ever since, going to the district graphs of the part marked 'Lottie,' " Olney. school and later to the town school, be said Mr. Aimard, handing her the book. cause old Sol said she should. This Zepha took it from his hand, glanced had been a source of much irritation over it, and then in a clear, beautiful to the turbulent Susan, and she had voice she began to read the words of and respect nevertheless. Of course made the path of the young girl very Lottie.

Claude Aimard had truly not ex-"Consarn yer, Zeph, ef yer hain't got pected her to do half so well. He had and she was too dear to him to bear book agin." scolded Susan listened critically at first, then with the separation a theatrical life enforce. Mr. Aimard parted for lool ter be so set on eggycatin' that her-rendering the words so well as to sar reductantly, but Mr. Crown promised after a year's waiting Z. In might be seem that the character in the book terlectool that she tries ter shift all had suddenly appeared and banished the work onter me. An' that air fool the homely-clad girl before him. book yer got her, that she's everlastin' To himself, he said: "If she can

pourin' over, Shakespoke, er whatever throw but half the power into her act-I've a great min' ter burn it ing that she does into her reading up. Here yer air drawed up with yer will bring down the house. She is a rheumatiz, an' her readin' away, not got born actress." Then aloud: her min' on a tarnal thing els, an' only you, that will do. You read it well, 1 me ter do ther work erbout ther ranch. may say very well. Do you believe Ef I was yer, Zeph Olney, not knowin' you could act it as well?'

as yer ever hed ary dad er yer own er not, I'd drap books an' sich and try ter "I can try," she said, simply.

"Very well. Can you have it com come down onter a level with the folks mitted before rehearsal at 2 o'clock

as I was dependin' onter, anyhow." this afternoon?" Zepha closed her book and faced the "Yes, sir; it is not so very long."

woman, her large dark eyes flashing, "Am I to understand that you will but an appealing look from old Sol, who want a position to travel with us from was suffering from a severe attack of this on, or only to-night?" rheumatism in his knee-joints, kept her | "If I am accepted as a substitute I quiet. "Oh, yer needn't flare up, Zeph.

Jist put on Sol's ole coat an' take the your company and receive my wages was used authoritative bucket an' milk ther cows. An' min' as I merit them."

yer, give 'em plenty o' fodder, fur ther night's rainy an' they need heavy yours. The doctor says Miss Linton more be doubted. Moreover, curious will be unable to resume the stage for readers by going to the Cafe Royal Zepha was glad to obey. Out in the this season, at least. We shall be some day soon after noon may see this autumnal rain milking the cows was pleased to receive you into our com- mysterious professor of gastronomy in far pleasanter than being sheltered in pany. To ninety-nine girls who are the flesh, for he is accustomed to take the cabin listening to the termagant anxious to become actresses I should his dejuner there about that time. Grim. Though the corn fodder was say, avoid the stage—do something else: He is a tall, thin, and gentlemanly rain-soaked and heavy for the slender but you are the hundredth one, for I am looking individual, and not infrequently arms, Zepha was not mindful of her satisfied you possess the essential tal- may be seen, his meal concluded, leav-

her, at least, and to feed them was a say to you 'Go on the stage.'" As Zepha was returning to the house ranged with her the financial part of rounds. For he is not the cook of any with a bucket of milk, a slip of paper the engagement. As Zepha, with happy, club or aristocrat in particular; he is which the wind had carried and lodged triumphant Leart, was quitting the par-rather what may be called a consulting under-some old logs, caught her at- lor, Mr. Aimard said: "Miss Olney, I chef, and it is his daily task to visit th tention. She picked it up, and, should be pleased to have you return kitchens of the houses he has on his damp as it was, and regardless of the by 1 o'clock, at least, so that I may engagement list. steady down-pour of rain, she stopped present you to my eisters, Grace and These houses are those in which to read it. It was a bill announcing a Stella, who will be your friends and dinner party of importance is to be traveling company, at the opera house

Grim cabin. She perused the bill held the door open for her. over and over, as if it held some power Zepha returned to the store secured of fascination for her she was unable to Susan Grim's groceries, and walked dishes included in the menu, especially break. How she wished she might at-

Her eyes shone brilliantly, her back till evening. color came and went, her chest rose and fell. Why was she excited so over the envy of her schoolmates, now served be, in that one, a drop of farragon or a little theatrical bill! How came she her a good turn. In what seemed an sprinkling of spice in the other one. by her great love for the stage? She incredibly short time she had comew not herself. But it was there mitted the part in the drama, and re-

in an untried career.

with that milk?" screamed Susan Grim from the cabin door. The girl step she was about to take. She was can readily be seen that he earns an ingave a start. Her dreams were broken, but obeying a force within herself that come of upward £2,000 per annum with-She hastened to the house, the bill seemed to urge her on. Ever since she out difficulty. And he has also the pressed in the belt of her dress. was a child that strange force had rare satisfaction of following a profes for heatle yourself an' strain that seemed to dominate over every other sion that cannot fail to be in the most inclination, and she had always believed literal sense of the word "to his taste." per an' git to bed sirly, 'case I want yer the opportunity would come to her to become an actress. Now it had. And ther mornin' fur me. I'm goin' ter see she sail to herself, "The stage is an of I keint make yer airn yer salt any honorable profession if we make it so

Low," scolded the harsh voice of Susan I am sure Mr. Aimard is an honorable man, and has a respetable company. Anyway, I shall not forget to ask God ned the theat- home," she said, as she prepared to leave

Grim will never regret that he has been a friend to a friendless girl."

Little the Grim's dreamed that the girl in the role of a little, artless

the drams to be rendeced lived with the Grim's, they made no ments then. But next day, when the theatrical company left town, and you know where the Aimard Sol, wild with fright to find some clew stopping?" she asked a man to the missing girl, appeared and told of her disappearance, those parties mentioned the resemblance, and putting this and that together, they were "Will you please tell the manager not wrong in the conclusion at which of the Aimard Troupe that a lady they arrived. "Jist as I 'spected!" wishes to see him on business for a few ejaculated Susan Grim, when she learned minute.?" she said to the clerk of the of their conclusion. "I allus knowed that gal 'id disgrace this family." But "Certainly," he replied, leading the old Sol only sighed, for he really loved

for her back.

Three years later, the Pacific Slop the handsome, gentlemanly young man- was all astir with excitement over a star ager of the theatrical company, stood that had suddenly appeared above the theatrical horizon. She was a lovely His fierce blue eyes took in the grace- and gifted woman, whose progres ful figure of the girl, and he quickly in a dramatic career, had been steady noted the beauty of face, hair, and and brilliant. As the curtain ascended. eyes, so out of keeping with the revealing the star in the leading femi countrified dress of dark calic, and the nine part of one of the most popular plays of the season, a radiantly beauti-He requested her to be seated, but ful woman, an elderly gentleman in one of the finest boxes the theater af-"In what way can I serve you this forded arose and gazed at the actress

"Sit down, Crofton; everybody is was so gentlemanly Zepha soon felt at eving you instead of the star," spoke his companion.

"Who is that?" whispered Crofton to was unfortunate this morning in getting his friend, pointing toward the stage,

as he sank back with a deep-drawn sigh. "That? Why, man alive, is it possible you do not know that she is the new star creating such a furore in our California theaters? That is 'Zenha' as

she is called," returned the friend. "If she is Zepha and that be her heard that you would be unable to true name, I see before me my only play to night without you secured a sister's child, for whom I have long searched, but in vain."

"No, not dreaming. Listen."

said, speaking in a whisper. "While I Zepha met his steady gaze unflinch- the mines, my only sister studied for cessful actress. She married a hand-"Because, unaccountable as it is to some but dissipated fellow, who manme, I have always loved the stage, and | aged to spend his wife's money as fast her old stage name. Ill health caused "What advantages have you had ed- her to abandon the stage. Then her eationally?"

"My education has not been neg- was in the West, the wife, still loving husband deserted them. Hearing he

and I believed her in foreign countries "I shall not doubt your word, young acting. The wretch had often been

all where my sister died and where I After the play Mr. Crofton made himself known to Mr. Aimard, the mauager. Through him, he obtained an way for once and gave Zepha a advertised to render at this place to interview with his leading lady, whom

> The girl was happy to find an uncle of whose existence she knew so little, but one whom she knew she could love Zepha retire I from the stage, for Mr. Crofton was wealthy and unmarried, enforce. Mr. Aimard parted from his become the star of his would consent to live with him in his

sunny home on the Pacific coast Zepha visited the Grims, and ere she thank her generous heart. "I'm jist "Thank done beat!" exclaimed Susan Grim "the idee of Zeph Olney gittin' to be a great lady an' findin' a rich uncle. It's 'gin my understandin'. Sol was not

sich a fool arter all!" THE EDUCATED PALATE.

I had more than once been told of the mysterious French chief in London who earns more than the salary of an Under-Secretary of S tate by the exer cise of his skill as a taster, but I have hitherto always remained somewhat details about this eminent cordon bleu "Then you may count the position that his presence in cur midst can no

burden, for the cows knew and loved ent, and you say a love for the art, so I ing the Cafe Royal in the same wellappointed brougham in which later in Then he learned her name and arthe day he makes his professional

play to be rendered that night by a arrange with you about your costumes." given that night, and it is the duty of "I shall be punctual," she replied, the chef when he arrives at the first on in the town one mile distant from the and passed out as Mr. Aimard politely his list to alight, proceed to make his way to the kitchen, and to go through the process of tasting all the made tend! How she envied the feminine empty, for old Sol and his wife had sauces and other complicated concocgone to the woods and would not be tions enter. It is then his business to suggest a pinch more salt in this one, a Zepha's fine memory, which had been dash of sugar or garlic, as the case may

burning within her very soul, a quench- hearsed it over and over again in the often the most important touches to a cabin she would soon leave to engage West End dinner, and us during the season he has often four or five such The girl had no misgivings in the engagements booked for one night, it

> A BABY'S QUESTION. Little Marry M., aged 21 sunny years, is learning to talk and picks up everything she hears.

A few days ago Judge B. called on Mary's papa, but took no notice of the Zepha started to town with her bucket to help me in my new life. I shall go. little one playing about the room. The of eggs. As she walked along she "Good-by, old cabin, so long my Mary was not a hit affail of him. and the theat with "If success crowns my steps, Sol edged nersell up to his knee, where eyes. Pretty soon there was a pause in the conversation, when the bab asked gravely in her high treble voice "Jub, did 'oo ever dit lett?"-De-



Some of the Very Latest Fads of the Leaders of Society.

MODES FOR FAIR WOMEN.

Bits of Information for All Ladies of Fashionable Tastes and Inclination.

BY ANNIE E. MYERS.

No one will gainsay that in fashions lancy has full scope; everything is in fashion. However, the task of being well dressed is attended with much difficulty and hemmed in by many perils. It needs subtle and exquisite taste to avoid chaos.

One must be something of a colorisi to skillfully combine so many hues. something of a sculptor to choose a garment best suited to conceal a blemish or set off a particular grace, and omething of an artist to compose toilets that shall make a pleasing picture.

Richness of fabrics, the most exquisite colorings, and unlimited variety everywhere are at their disposal. Consequently we are not suprised to find adies of means and taste making extended studies of recognized masterpieces of art before attempting some particular gown in which they wish to make a special appearance. It is not unusual while sauntering through an art exhibit to hear on every side critical and appreciative remarks on the coilets of the artists' subjects.

We recall not long since some ladies and warm, no more is needed. liscussing a French autumn scene. hev were discussing.



HARROWING HATS.

above; never a pink foundation with ble, but neither promises to make it black overskirt. This artist, however, popular. The common-sense boot was chose to array his subject in daintiest not to be improved; still the women white lace flounces for the bottom of never wanted a second pair, and the the skirt, just above bright orange dra- innovation still holds the shop shelves, peries, concluding the whole with a and are likely to do so, for the sex will brown plush jacket. Here was an in- not buy a shoe that does not make the quick enough to see, was effective, and than it really is. There are, to be the novelty. And many are the really pretty from colossa.

obes resulting from such recognizance. We saw not long since a lady receivgled in the long faille train, and a sellers are scorned. broad yellow straight panel glimmered under lace, while the square corsage beetles and bees of many-colored

guiding the reader safely through this luxuriant labyrinth of fashion, to avoid generalities. When everyis in, it is difficult to



classify. Still we may say that skirts for day wear are round and or very pale pink suede with a complerather short, and very long for dinners | ment of pearl for dancing and carpet and evening visits. Corsages are long parties. and often pointed, and belts are seldom A HANDSOME belt is composed worn. Wrappings we shall speak of he brains thus covered can not be very sound. How ever ladies who dislike to be conspicuous manage to find bonnets that are in fashion without bearing on their heads extravagant banners, we do not know.

"Why, even my best bonnet is a hat," exc'a'med a disgusted dame in oven revolt. But the imagination of the perpetually furnishes objects f astonishment. However, it is the pretty girls who wear the most culpable ones, and we always forgive them in anything.

A dark-green wool dress with a skirt was plain and in the space was a tablet front and pointed vest of gray embroi- of oxidized silver, or

colors are now very popular and prom ise to grow yet more so. Brown with gray, red with slate, orange with olive are some of the most noticeable combinations. In fine cloths they are most

frequently utilized, tailor dressmakers delighting in them. We will never dispute that there is nothing more elegant than a sealskin cloak, but there is no refuting the fact that there are other cloaks just as stylish to-day: A great many women save every penny, doing without many needed articles of dress, and suddenly bloom out in a resplendent sealskin. Of course this is not so foolish as to save and deprive one's self for diamond earrings, but it is a horse of the same color. Sealskins and diamonds only look well in the company of silken robes, easy carriages, and a well-up-

The long fur-lined cloth wraps for ladies and gentlemen are almost as expensive and more unique. Whether our winters are growing colder or our purses longer, the large and, it must be acknowledged, costly wraps are growing more general. We need not philosophize upon the topic, only be thankful for what the gods provide, and wear 'em. In the matter of fur and fur-trimmed hats there are not many novelties. The turban shapes are popular, and seem to be almos



WINTER PROMENADES.

unrivaled. As they are small, jaunty,

The coachman's cape is again in vogue The ambient air, the brown limbs of as an accessory to the long cloth coats the trees, richly tinted leaves softly now affected by young ladies with a falling to the ground, all were conven- pedestrian turn of mind and habit, tionally depicted. But in the fore- These comfortable cloaks are worn in ground was the graceful outline of a cloths of the most novel designs, the female figure in the rich flush of ma- dark coloring of the body of the cloth ture womanhood, and it was her gown alone subduing their appearance, for they come in startling figures and de-It has been a pretty well-established cided plaids, only exceeded by the torule in draperies that the plainer ma bogganer's costume. And, to be quite erials and darker colors should be up to the mark, they should be lined sed upon the lower part of the figure, with wadded satins of the brightest viz.: We will wear a heavy velvetskirt hues, cherry and mahogany reds and with cashmere overskirt; or, over a radiant orange being prime favorites.

These gay wraps form bright, warmlooking spots on the streets on a leaden-skied, sullen, snowy-ground day in

Bronze kid, patent leather, glace and suede kid in natural shades are made into half shoes to which society has taken most kindly, thereby ruining the slipper trade. The new boot is shown in all the favorite cuts, and as they are more comfortable to keep on, to walk and dance in, slippers are very generally scorned. Gaiter tops are not a success. They are clumsily fitted and magnify an ankle inordinately. A tendency is shown to buy them, on economical principles, but purchasers infurnish. French-heeled walking boots ideal street boot is made of Dongola | though, till we told him the story." skin, patent tipped, laced or buttoned. shoe. It gives the foot a symmetrical black silk skirt we might use pink appearance and is certainly comforta-

ovation! and one, those ladies were foot smaller and prettier in appearance doubt they will abundantly utilize sure, some women who enthuse over reform boots, but their trade is far Fashion Items

LECTERNS have been dragged into ing in a Russian gown which looked the sitting-room and library to hold the like it had just stepped out of a frame.
The colors yellow and black were minthe unstable little affairs sold by book-CHERRY STONES which thrown on an

open fire, fill the house with a delightglimmered under the glow of jeweled ful perfume, are sold in drug stores at \$5 per pound to the elegants who make their homes at the clubs. DESSERT PLATES are tinted a light green, over which inch grass is spread.

Butterflies, dragon-flies, blue-bottles, and tiny humming-birds are pain among the blades of green. For an escritoire of teekwood or nahogany a large lion of Russian sil-

ver standing on a base of rodenite is a new design in paper-weights, for which the modest sum of \$100 is asked. A HANDSOME brooch represents chrysanthemum in dark-brown enamel. with yellow center. On a lower petal of the flower is a diamond, so set as to

seem falling off as a drop of dew. RUSSIAN coats for theater wear are circular in cut, with flying fronts lined with satin. The materials used are white or bright colors of broad cloth, long-nap plush, uncut or printed vel-

vet, Sicilian rep, and moire. WHITE kid gloves stitched in con servative style are demanded for wedding-wear, but the genteel prefer a tan

numberless threads of gold and silver further along. But the hats! Well woven on a wide linen band. The the hats are harrowing. There is no clasp is two bears, one of silver and the denying it. On seeing some of them other of gold, each with his teeth and one can not forbear the thought that claws fastened in the hide of the other, SMALL book-cases, averaging five feet, are selected by house builders un less the dwelling is very large. They are protected by doors or draperies

and ornamented with jardinieres, urns Long coats of crimson, scarlet, blu and ecru cloth may be stylishly fin milliners alone limits their exuber ished with a collar and muff of monance, and that seems inexhaust ble, and key. Some of the fur has hair five inches long, which, falling about the shoulders of a red coat, is very pleas

handsomest design recently seen was

UNBURIED BONES. The Trouble a pirit Made Until His Dead

amokin (Pa.) Dispatch.] son, on his way to his home in Michigan self in Al Blodgett's saloon. Whoopee! from North Carolina, stopped at Dr .- You hear us, old cuss; now come on. bar, a Pennsylvania town, where he lived when a boy. While there he lived with his uncle, whose name is Finch. In the family were William and Edward Finch, grown-up sons of the old gentleman. The senior Finch is a spiritualist, but the boys are not at all abued with any ideas of the kind. During Gibson's stay with the family he learned this strange story from one of the consins, and so circumstantially were all the facts related that he could and dispassionate a description as he not doubt the entire truthfulness of the tale. On a nail in the room which he shared with his cousin hung one of those familiar accessories of the lamp, bearing the legend, "Scratch my back," concerning which young Finch relates this strange tale:

match the letter side would be out. though I was positive . at I had left the sandpaper side out. If you will notice the board could not swing that way of its own accord. One night I came up here to dress for a dance and turned the board around. The lamp hal not been filled that day and in the midst of my dressing it went out. I the wrong way, and before going down I turned it back. 'Stay there, nowyou!' I shouted as I went off. When I came back the thing had been turned back, with the lettering out. I got down to the dining-room in my stockthere was no one else in the house. As I was telling them the story we heard a noise in the hall, and on going out there what should we see but my shoes sliding down stairs. 'Don't touch 'em!' called my father. 'The spirits have they landed I picked them up and threw them both to the upper landing. where they rested as much as a minute and then began slowly to move to the over the edge and again came down, pausing on each stair. When they got within reach I grabbed them again, and taking one shoe by the toe I brought it down hard between two of the banister supports. I could not pull it out i stuck so fast, but the moment I let go it flew off to go to the dance that night. "We set up in our chairs until morn-

ing, but I guess we all went to sleer There is a girl, as you know, who comes in to get our meals. Well, next morn ing, as she was washing the dishes, she saw some marking on one of the plates. She couldn't wash it off and so she brought it to father. It said 'Philade's phia general hospital,' and as he looked at it it gradually faded away. 'Boys,' called my father, 'there's something un turbances. We must find out what it is and bury it."

"So we went to work searching tl house. In a back room we found a box belonging to Cousin Phil Nickerson who had been staying with us. He was studying medicine in Philadelphia and had got tuckered out and came up liere for rest. I too's a fence paling and knocked off the top of that box, and there were a lot of bones and a grinning skull. On the inside of the lid were the words, 'Philadelphia general hospital,' just as they had been on the plate. Well, we buried those bone down in the east lot, and from that time sist on a fit that dealers are unable to to this I never had any more troubl with my shoes, or match-scratcher are considered very bad form. The Phil was pretty mad about the bones,

doubtles; spent a sleepless night, was given to nervous starts, was sitting in a by a woman, began to cry. The man, moving irritably, said:

this. I know that the show windows object of woman's life is to gaze at ribthat there are, somewhere, within tender range of motherhood, some influences that would induce a woman to keep a suffering child at home."

The child cried the louder, and the irritable man flounced and squirmed. The woman cast at him a glance of beeeching meekness, and, with endearing words and soft cooing, tried to soothe the child. "All efforts-all but the right one-

are tried," the man muttered. "Mad-

The woman started and looked a "Will you permit me to ask you a nestion?"

"Yes, sir."

The man, with nervous fervor, continued: "There are many things which I do not understand, and which I have ceeded. The branch was then sawn determined shall not wear me out with into convenient pieces and loaded their puzzling complications, but there in a cart men-why you persist in bringing that of people who have never done you any harm? This, I admit, may be an unreasonable request, an l before flying off, as I see you are about to do, I request that you take a sensible view of the matter."

"I will get off the car, sir." "Oh, no; I do not ask you to do that. I admit that I may be presenting a ridiculous phase of American inquisitiveness,-but to tell the truth. I am a pepties ought to be hanged without annoyance of clergy-admit all that, you see, but I simply want to know-come now-come don't cry. Didn't ask you to cry; asked you a simple question.

"When I tell you," said the woman you won't be able to understand. My little girl is-is-dying, and I am going to beg her drunken father to com home and see her. She has been begging all night to see him, and as this little child won't stay with anyone but me, I had to bring her with me.' "Great God, madam, I-"

"Oh, you don't owe me an apology sir. I know that it is very annoying to hear a child cry and I must get off here. No, I don't need any assistance, Arkansaw Traveler.

Says the accomplished editor of the Arizona Howler: "This thing of New York editors calling each other 'Ananias' and 'Judas' makes us tired. Why rip up the record of these old partie

burt the ornery old Jimplectite a great deal more by calmly telling him as w do now that he is a Fool from Foolville, Fool County, and that we are going to A land locater named Benjamin Gib- lick him the first time he shows him-

> THE PRONOUN "I." A difference of opinion seems exist as to whether in newspaper correspondence the correspondent shall let himself be seen or shall keep himself hidden. One writer lays down the law that the correspondent must eliminate himself wholly, or so far as is possible

about which he is writing. To this writer the correspondent's use of the personal pronoun "I" is wholly objectionable the apartment.

est to his subject. Probably both of these writers be lieve themselves to be authorities in the matter, but as their opinions are dia metrically opposed to each other, the correspondent is left finally to decide for himself what is best and most ap oticed that the board had been turned propriate in his particular case. Ob servation should teach him. done is undoubtedly the best thing for the average correspondent to do, if he would have his wares acceptable to the buyer. The correspondent who has nervous, and, lighting my lamp, I went won for himself distinction may be law unto himself, perhaps, and do ing feet. There was a bright light in pretty much as he chooses, but the orthe hall, and my father and brother the style in vogue, and a little observation must teach him what that is.

It is the habit of several of the more eminent among the contemporar newspaper correspondents to use the pronoun "I" in their published letters, and this habit and the infusion of their got 'em'. I didn't believe this, and as personality, undoubtedly lend a greater interest to their letters. Persons not only like to have scenes and persons described to them, but they like to know what the person who witnessed cdgs of the top stair. Then they tipped the event, or met the celebrity, thought at the time. They do not always like to take the trouble to form an opinion themselves, but like to have it formed for them by another. So there seems to be no really good reason why the correspondent should

not put some of his own personality

into his printed correspondence. In deed it is doubtful if any correspondent of whatever standing could write a let ter of any great length and variety of topic without investing it with some thing of the quality called personality but, while he can hardly avoid putting something of himself into his writing it is not necessary that he should say "I." Obviously this would be inappropriate in some cases. In the case of correspondent of note, whose letter pronoun "I" may be used with propri ety. It may also be used, though les properly, by a correspondent of lesse note, provided that his name be printed under his article. In the undersigned however, the writer of which may be any one, and certainly is no one of in terest to any very large number of readers, the use of "I" is manifestly i bad taste. The writer of an unsigned article should therefore keep his "I's" out of his manuscript, and so make i unnecessary for them to be eliminated

SACRED B) TREE OF CEYLOY. continuous drought of eight months street car when a very small child, held On the 4th day of October the inhabi-"I don't see why women drag their rain. The same night, apparently besickly babies out in such weather as fore the invocation, the storm broke are very attractive and that the main and rain. The main branch of th ons and such stuff, but I should think stem of four feet; but whether ent information may be of interest to semi-sentiment being; it is "worshipful" a part of it dies it receives last and rites it is cremated. This ceremony took black, arrived at the tree. They covkerchiefs, tying the end at the back of their hal, and with a small cross-cut saw divided the broken branch. Two

"prepared is one thing which I would like very the purpose with white clothmuch to know, and that is, why do wo- ceiling, etc." Thus it was borne in solemn procession to the Thuparama child out such a day as this, imperiling Dagoba, where the cremation its own life and shattering the nerves of the local chief priests is wont to be held. The ashes were reverently carried to the tank of Tisawews hard by, and there dissolved. Le roi est mort vive le roi! the remnant of the tree now received its appropriate treatment. Women bore water for the bath ing of the bleeding trunk, and on the following night the Pirit service, for the exorcism of evil spirits, was solemnly performed at the time-honored site, where the remaining stem, though probwretched dyspeptic -and . all dys. ably unsightly now, will in time flourish. -London Athenæum.

> In the Colorado desert, near Idaho there is a large bed of rock salt, and the Southern Pacific Railroad, in laying the track to the salt bed, has been bliged to grade the road for 1,200 feet with blocks of these crystals. This is he only instance where the road-bed is laid and ballasted on salt. The sea, which once rolled over this place, dried up and left a vast bed of salt nearly ifty miles long. The supply is inexhaustible, and the quality excellent -Scientific American

THE AGE OF PAPER nouncement has been made that a paper coffin has been invented and put upon the market. A man may now build his ouse of paper, eat his dinner from paper plates, wipe his face with a paper handkerchief, buy his wife a paper piano, and go to his grave in a pi coffin. The coffin may be paid for

Johnnie. from his writings, giving as impersonal

Another writer advocates the frequent use of the pronoun, holding to the opinion that the more of his per "I had often noticed when I came home at night and went to scratch a sonality the correspondent infuse into his writings the better, and contending that it gives more life and inter

buried. That's what makes these dis-

by the editor .- The Writer. The sacred bo tree of Cevlon, the ost ancient and authentic relic of Gautama, and probably the most aged tree in the world, has been shattered in a storm. The facts, as related by dear. more than one local correspondent of with business cares, and who, having The district of Anuradhapura suffered this year, as it frequently does, from a tonts were bidden by beat of tom-tom to assemble at the bo tree and pray for with violent wind, lightning, thunder. sacred tree was severed, leaving only a this is the height or circumference is not stated. What remains of our presstudents of ritual. The bo tree is a and "ever victorious;" wherefore, when similar to those paid to kings and priests, the most honored of mankind place with full honors on Oct. 6. Farly in the morning two men called kapuwas ("cutters") arrayed in suits of ered up their mouths with black hand-

> tom-tom beaters supplied the music of their craft while the ceremony pro-"I don't care if he did." "And in the night a burglar walked right in and-" sure?" ou that I did lock it?"

A ROADSED OF SALT.

a piece of paper, and the death published on another pice. There are faw things more useful than paper. —Philadelphia Eccord.

PERVERSITY OF WOMAN'S WILL.

She Consents to Her Daughter's Marria Becduse Her Husband Objects. Scene L.-Place, parlor. Time, 12 midnight. She in his arms. He hugging her with an elaborate intensity damaging to the strings of her uphol-

He-Darling, I love you better than life. Be mine, sweet one, forever. Be my wife, angel of my existence-will you, pet She (softly murmuring)-Yes, dear

Nineteen double sesthetic distilled kisses in one minute by the clock. Grand tableau. The cats sing in joyful unison on the fences in the rear. Scene II .- Place, family sitting room. Time, 12:45 a. m. She blushing by

H. WOERZ the stove. Her mother, rather wrathy, sitting in the straightest back chair in Mother-Good gracious, Clara, what made him stay so late? I have been

sitting up waiting for you until I'm half dead for sleep. Why it's nearly one She-Well, ma, don't blame him. It was all my fault. (Ah! the dear girls:

they always defend the men they love until they legally get him.) Mother-Why, Clara, what makes you look so funny? So you love this young man? She (blushing more so, and speaking

with the verbal difficulty of heartfelt emotion)-Yes, dear ma, and he loves me, and I promised to-night to be his Mother-Good gracions sakes alive. child! Why, he is too poor to marry

you. What does he make a week now? She-Twelve dollars, ma; but, oh! his prospects are so bright, and we are both young and can wait, and will, ma. Mother-Well, you can never marry him. He is too poor, Clara. She weeps, not only in a wholesale

manner, but with elaborate bysterical ornaments. Mother (relenting a little)-Well, go to bed now, my child. It's very late. I will talk to your father about this

The cats sob in painful harmony of the roof of the extension.

Scene III. -Place, bedroom of the head of the family. Time, 1:15 a. m. The mother in bed and husband asleep deeply and snoring musically. Mother (to husband)-Say, father,

John Denny has proposed to our Clara. Old man stands the assault for a moment, and then, waking up, exclaim orofanely: - "Oh, it's you is it? Pretty time to get in bed with cold feet. What the devil do you want now?" The mother-Aint you ashamed o ourself to talk that way to me? I say that John Denny has proposed

Sarah. He's too poor. Do you know what he makes a week now? The mother-Only \$12. Old man-Oh, he's too devilish poor She can't marry that church mouse.

Old man-You don't tell me so

our Clara, and she loves him, too.

The mother (now taking sides with ner daughter)-Daniel Webster Jones, I want to ask you what salary you were getting when you cried and blubbered for me some twenty odd years ago? Old man (in a November tone of voice)-You know, Sarah Jane, I told you then, and you have not forgotten it. The mother-Well, tell me row,

Daniel. You hear me! Old man-Oh, \$8, per week. The Mother-Well, you got me in time, and I guess our Clara can have the roung man she loves. He now heat you by \$4 a week. We give our con-You hear me, Daniel? Old man -Yes, yes, dear. All right.

Now go to sleep. It's late. Good night, The cats executed a regular break down of hilarity on the outer window ledge of the bathroom. -London Rar

It is this kind of a wife that makes some men old and gray before their "William," she says, after William i curled snugly up under the blankets for the night, "did you lock the front

"Yes," says William, briefly. "You're sure you did?" "Yes, sure."

"And you slipped the bolt, too?" "Yes." "You know you forgot it once, and it gave me such a turn when I found it out in the morning. I didn't get over it for a week. We haven't much anybody'd want to steal. I know, but I don't want the little we have taken, for

"I tell you I attended to the doors." "Well, I hope so, for goodness' sake. on attended to the basement doors?' "Yes, I tell you."

"Because if you hadn't you or I, one or the other, would have to get up an i attend to it now. I read to-day of \_" FOR "I don't care what you read." "It said that a man down on B. st orgot to-"

"I don't believe it." "I've a notion to get up and see it you have locked that door. You're "How many times have I got to tell

"Well, you thought you locked it: Mexican at time you left it uniocked." that time you left it uniocked." "Will you be quiet?" "I don't care, William, you know yourself how careless you are, and-"
"See here, Mary Jane, this has got

o end right here." But it doesn't end there; and it doesn't end for an hour, and William arises in the morning with the lines on his brow a little deeper, and the hope-less, desperate look still in his face.— Tid-Bits.

Gabe Beckley, the "dog's friend," is one of the noted characters living in Philadelphia For over thirty years Gate has made a comfortable living by treating and handling sick dogs. success has been so great that dogs have been sent to him from all parts of the country for treatment, and his services as a dog doctor are in constant de mand. Gabe lives in a pretty little two ctory brick dwelling. He says: "I guess I have treated more dogs than any other man in this country. When I was a young man I made a specialty of breaking dogs for field-work, bu now I confine myself to doctoring and handling. A dog is very much like a human being, and you can generally judge a man's character by the actions of his dog. If the man is surly and disagreeable the dog soon finds it out and follows the example set by the master, and a good-hearted, noble fellow's dog is sure to be the dog overybody will.

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