

THE BOURBON NEWS.

Published Every Tuesday and Friday by WALTER CHAMP, BRUCE MILLER, Editors and Owners

The Doctor's Accomplice. BY C. H. BENNETT.

I WAS sitting in my consulting-room and wondering. I was young, well qualified, and not wanting in a modicum of confidence in my professional abilities...

My melancholy meditations were cut short by the din of my front door bell, and presently a gentleman was ushered into my presence.

"Dr. Hardman, I believe?" said the newcomer. "Allow me to introduce myself. I am Mr. Thomas Sharp, of Rose Villa. I live in your neighborhood."

After expressing my pleasure at making his acquaintance, I inquired if I could be of any service to him.

"You are a busy man, I expect, doctor," said he, and then paused, whilst I mendaciously hinted that such was the case.

"But possibly you will be able to find me a little time in a professional capacity?"

I informed him that, of course, I could do so.

"Well, I may tell you at once," he went on, pleasantly, "I am as sound as a bell myself, but I wish to engage your good services for my niece. She is young, and inclined to be delicate, I think, and wants a little toning up, and as I happen to know some particulars about you and your career, entirely to your credit, I am going to place her under your care."

I put in a few hurried words, expressive of my pleasure in undertaking the charge, and was going on to make some inquiries as to my patient's health and manner of life, but my valuable friend cut me short.

"You are the only son of the late John Hardman, of Blankley Hall," he interrupted. "I used to know your part of the country, and I know that you are the only surviving member of that good old Hardman stock. Never mind how I came to know it. I also know that your father came to grief over the X— bank failure, and that it has been an uphill game for you since, in consequence, I am pleased to see how well you are now getting on."

Mr. Sharp continued to ramble on in this strain for some time, giving me little information about himself, but to my astonishment revealing no little knowledge of my history. Our meeting terminated very cordially, and he departed after receiving my acceptance of a pressing invitation to dine with him at Rose Villa on the following evening.

Rose Villa turned out to be a very charming and well-appointed domicile. I had made a few inquiries indirectly through Polly (Polly was my smart little parlor maid), and it seemed that Mr. Sharp was a gentleman of means, with no ostensible profession, who had been for about two years in his present abode. His niece, a young lady of taking appearance, in Polly's opinion, was the only other member of the household, and they were not favored by many, if any, callers. So much for amateur detective work. My early impressions of Rose Villa and of Grace Farleigh, my lovely patient, were distinctly pleasing.

Mr. Sharp made a capital host; he was cheery and entertaining, and Miss Farleigh, a fair-haired, blue-eyed, handsome girl, was as gracious as she was beautiful. She was an accomplished musician, playing well and singing with a voice that for tone and sweetness is rarely equaled in any suburban drawing-room. They gave me that pronounced luxury, a really good dinner, and I spent a most enjoyable evening afterwards.

Miss Fairleigh and I became friends almost at once. I was drawn towards her as much by her half-drawn shyness and maidenly manner as by her rich beauty. That which appealed to my curiosity in connection with my visits to Rose Villa was my inability to fathom Mr. Sharp's motive in having retained my services for his niece. She enjoyed perfect health.

I was requested by Mr. Sharp to call daily, and I did so most conscientiously; but that Miss Fairleigh derived any benefit from my medicines (if she took them), I am not prepared to admit, though a check, which was forced upon me at an early date, was very acceptable, and I could not afford to quarrel with my bread and butter.

Three months passed away. I was absurdly happy. I suppose I must have been a "gone coon" from the first. I know that I was now over and ears in love with Grace, and, although I had not divulged my secret to her by an open proposal of marriage, she was not ignorant as to how matters stood with me from a cardiac view, neither, as I rightly gathered a little later, was her uncle.

I was only waiting for a "looking up-wards" in my practice, to plead my love with fervor and all the eloquence I could command. But the practice did not "look up." Indeed, things financial were becoming worse and worse with me. Bills rained down upon me with monotonous regularity, and I was becoming desperate.

One evening, after I had been dining with the Sharps, my host invited me into his study for a smoke. I felt that something was in the wind, and my surmise was not incorrect.

"You are looking gloomy to-night, Hardman," he remarked, after we had selected chairs and relapsed into comfortable attitudes. "You are in trouble—in trouble financially, eh? I know it, and you will find it to your advantage to be plain with me."

I hardly knew how to express myself, and confessed lamely enough that I was more or less on my last legs. He continued, without comment: "You are, also, I think, in love with Gracie. Is it not so?"

"It is quite true, Mr. Sharp."

"Then why don't you marry her?" My companion gazed into my face, a comical smile playing about his lips. His bluntness positively amazed me.

"I fear that what cannot support one would be a poor living for two," I said, after a moment's thought. "If I could afford to marry your niece, I would gladly do so to-morrow."

"You mean that?"

"Most certainly I do. I love her."

He arose from his chair and stood beside me, looking into my eyes steadily. "Listen, Hardman. Gracie is a lady by birth and education, she is also as good a girl as ever breathed. She has no relations in the world saving myself, and I may have to leave her at any time. I have made inquiries about you, and I know your past to be a clean one. Given a helping hand at the start, you would succeed at the finish. Tell me, how much would you require to buy a good practice, or to start in a fair way against ordinary opposition?"

"I was becoming more and more astonished. Was the man going to adopt me?"

"It would be possible to do the thing decently for £3,000, would it not?" he said, presently, for I had felt too taken aback to volunteer any suggestion. He waited for a reply.

"I could go into partnership with an old friend of my father for less than that," I answered. "Dr. Jordan offered to give me a share for £1,500, when I passed my 'final,' but I could not find the capital."

"Where does Jordan live?"

"In Birmingham."

"Is the practice a good one, and can you trust him?"

"There is no doubt about the practice, and Jordan is an excellent fellow, an old bachelor, and if he had not lost a lot of money when we did, in the same concern, would have been a rich man to-day."

Sharp laid a heavy hand on my shoulder. "Go and ask Gracie to marry you," he said, in a low voice. "I am sure that she will do so. On your wedding day I will give her £3,000, and I will give you £2,000 to-morrow, with which you can settle your affairs here and arrange with Jordan, the condition being that you ask no questions and undertake to marry this month."

"But, Mr. Sharp," I cried, "such magnanimity, I—"

"Go and ask Gracie."

He pointed to the door, waving aside my remonstrance, and I followed the direction of his finger as in a dream. That evening I left Rose Villa the bridegroom-elect of Grace Farleigh, and with a check for £2,000 in my coat pocket.

The wedding passed off very quietly. Only a fortnight had elapsed since my queer interview with Mr. Sharp, but in that short time a marvelous change had taken place in my affairs. I had purchased a share of Dr. Jordan's practice in Birmingham, had cleared myself of debt and was now the happy husband of the beautiful girl I loved.

I could scarcely believe it all. Why had this mysterious Sharp done so much for me? I was soon to be enlightened. The breakfast was over. The company had consisted of Gracie, her uncle and myself; we had entertained no wedding guests. My wife had gone upstairs to prepare for our departure. We were going to Paris for a fortnight, and then should proceed to Birmingham, our new home.

"I want to speak with you, Hardman," said Sharp. "We will go into the study."

He took my arm and we strolled into his snuggerly.

"You think I have been very good to you, then?"

He was leaning back in an arm chair and smoking the stump of a half-finished cigar.

"Well, why have I been good to you?" He paused, and I said that I could not tell.

"I have been good to you for Gracie's sake. I have been looking out for a husband for her for some time, but in our position it was not an easy task. I required a man I could trust, a gentleman by birth and nature, one who would love her and be good to her, one who had no meddlesome relations to interfere or advise. I think I have been successful."

I assured him that I should do all I could to justify his selection. He nodded, and went on speaking:

"I had no friends; although I had some money, it was not easy to find the man I wanted who would marry her, having only my word for her past and knowing nothing of my career; who would marry her without asking questions, as you have done. I heard about you, as a struggling practitioner, newly started; I took stock of you, as I have taken stock of others, who were found wanting in some of the qualities I required. I made inquiries about your past, and then I took you on trial. You have satisfied me, and I don't think you will regret the step you have taken."

I told him that I was more than satisfied.

"I am glad to hear it," he said. "And now you must promise me that Gracie shall never know what I am going to tell you."

I gave him the promise.

"Swear that you will never tell her, and that you will be the same to her always as you are to-day. She is a dear, good girl, the one person in the world who believes in me and cares for me. You are both provided for, and

after this day you will never see me again."

I stared at him, and he held out his hand to me.

"Swear what I have asked you; by all that you hold sacred, swear."

I took his hand and complied with his wish.

"Why shall we not see you again?" I asked, when he had resumed his seat.

He laughed; then, selecting a pen from a small collection on a writing table, he wrote on the back of an envelope and tossed the paper over to me.

"What is that?" he asked; and I looked upon it with amazement.

"It is my signature," I faltered. "An imitation of my signature."

"It is a forgery, is it not?"

"Yes, but I don't quite see the drift of the business."

"The business speaks for itself, my dear fellow," and he tossed his cigar end into the grate. "It is my business—I am a forger!" There was a pause. Sharp was smiling, while I felt as if some one was pouring ice water down the small of my back. "I could only murmur: 'You are a forger!'"

"Listen. You know, of course, that Gracie's mother was my sister. The Sharps were poor as church mice, and my father, a strict old parson, got me into a London office when I was a mere boy. I shall not drive about temptation and so on; be it enough to say that my talent for drawing and penmanship made me friendless for life before I was 17 years of age. To be quite plain with you, I spent the halcyon days of dawning manhood in Portland prison. Gracie knows nothing of this, and no member of my family heard of me for years, until I came to the rescue of my sister when old Farleigh died, for I was well off then. Farleigh was not insured, and left my sister badly off, and so I helped her out and paid for Gracie's education."

"The story goes that I made my money in America, but I am able to correct that statement for your benefit. On my release from prison I threw in my lot with two of the most daring criminals of the 'high grade,' and, although we had some narrow shaves in our time, we were never captured."

"Since Gracie came to live with me (her mother, as you know, died a year ago) I have often feared that by some odd chance I might be run to earth, and I set to work to get her settled in time in a position that she has always enjoyed. I would rather die than that she should know me for the villain I have been."

"Thanks to you, this will never happen now. In a few days you will hear that I have gone abroad. I shall die there (officially), and you will hear of me no more. It will be your part to assist me in deceiving Grace in this one matter. You have married a lady, and one who will do you credit."

A tap came at the door and my lovely young wife walked into the room. I was looking and feeling confused.

"I have been giving Jack some wholesome advice, my dear," said Sharp, coming to my rescue. Then, in a sterner voice and looking very hard at me: "He will love and cherish you, dear, as I have done. He has sworn to do so."

Grace threw her arms about his neck. This man had taught her to love him very dearly. The carriage was at the door, and Sharp would give me no chance of speaking to him again. Tears were glistening in his eyes as he watched his niece getting into the cab, but he did not offer his hand to me; he only laid it on my shoulder and whispered: "Remember."

Many years have passed away, and I am living in London again. My name is a household word in the world of medicine. Gracie and my daughters and sons are received with pleasure and respect in many a fashionable drawing-room. There are times, however, when, seated alone in my study, my thoughts wander back through a vista of years, and my conscience tells me that my success was founded on the compounding of a felony; that I am still, in spite of title, wealth and respectability, the accomplice of that strange man, who passed out of my life forever on the night I bade him farewell at Rose Villa so long, long ago.—Tit-Bits.

Light Summer Wraps. Little capes for visiting are made in fancy colors, such as sapphire silk trimmed with fine black lace, etc.

Small waterproof capes with yokes are useful for showery weather, and no hindrance to fast walking.

A novel traveling cape for a bride is made with contrasting vest fronts, and is cut gradually longer behind, so as to fall in deep tucking. The material is sand-colored cloth set on a yoke of the same, the trimming being crosswise stripes of the cloth sewed on in waves all around. The plaited white silk vest is trimmed with crosswise stripes of blue and yellow plaid silk, and is joined to the cape under the high, broad revers.

A cloth-winged Eton jacket gives a cape effect. One in chocolate-colored velvet, braided with fine black and gold braid, and with cloth wings, is a most ladylike wrap.—Housewife.

Cream Cookies. Use two eggs, two cupfuls of sugar, one cupful of butter, one cupful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, a pinch of salt and nutmeg flavoring. Sift some flour into the mixing pan; make a hole in the center, add soda and salt and stir well into the flour; add sugar and stir again; then butter, eggs and cream. Beat hard and mix with as small an amount of flour as will make the dough roll out. Roll to one-half inch thickness, cut out, lay cookies in a pan not touching each other, and bake in a quick oven. If you fail, it will be because the dough is made too stiff. I have used the recipe successfully for 27 years.—Housekeeper.

When you see a girl reading a book on etiquette you may know she is very bashful and is trying to find a cure for it.—Washington Democrat.

HISTORIC TELEGRAM.

His Sender Recently Retired on a Pension for Life.

One of the greatest services ever rendered by the telegraph was the transmission from Delhi of the famous telegram of May 11, 1857, which warned the Punjab of the outbreak of the Indian mutiny. The telegrapher, Brendish, who sent the message, has just retired from the service in receipt of a special pension equal to his salary.

Brendish and Pilkington were the two young signalers under Mr. Todd, the superintendent of the Delhi telegraph office. On Sunday, May 10, at four p. m., it was found that the line from Meerut was interrupted, and Mr. Todd started to find out the break. At the bridge of boats across the Jumna he was met by the mutineers the following morning and murdered. The lads, who were left alone in the office outside the Kashmir gate, saw the mutineers pass, and continued steadily telegraphing to Lahore all the news brought in by peons as to the doings of the mutineers in the city. Brendish went out at noon to see what was going on, but was desired by a wounded British officer to go in and close the doors. There for two hours the two, with the widow and child of Mr. Todd, remained, and at two p. m. Brendish went to the Umballa instrument and telegraphed the historic message: "The Sepoys have come in from Meerut and are burning everything. Mr. Todd is dead, and we hear, several Europeans. We must shut up. And now I am off."

The little party then made its way to the flagstaff tower, where the Europeans had congregated, and from there saw the blowing up of the magazine. That night they fled to Umballa. Before they left the tower Pilkington went back to the office to send a message for an officer. Every step of the way was taken in danger of instant death, but the daring mission was accomplished, for the message is recorded as having been received. As the last click died away the mutineers burst in and the signaler was slain. The effect of Brendish's warning message to the Punjab was that the regiments tainted with mutiny were disarmed before they knew what had taken place at Meerut and Delhi.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

LOST FOR 1,000 YEARS.

A Great Find of the Highly Prized Thessalian Marble.

The quarries from which the ancient Thessalian or verd marble have been discovered, and are again being worked by an English company. The quarries, which have been lost for more than 1,000 years, are in the neighborhood of Larissa, in Thessaly, Greece. The ancient workings are very extensive, there being no fewer than ten quarries, each producing a somewhat different description of marble, proving without a doubt that every variety of this marble found in the ruined palaces and churches of Rome and Constantinople, and likewise in all the mosques and museums of the world, came originally from these quarries. In fact, the very quarry from which the famous monoliths of St. Sophia, Constantinople, were obtained can be identified with absolute certainty by the matrices from which they were extracted.

In modern times verd antique marble has only been obtainable by the destruction of some ancient work, and it has, naturally, commanded extraordinarily high prices. As a consequence, a number of ordinary modern greens of Greek, French, Italian and American origin have been described and sold as verd antique marble. No one, however, who is really acquainted with the distinctive character of the genuine material could be deceived by these inferior marbles. Thessalian green is easily distinguished from any other green marble by the following characteristics: It is a "breccia" of angular fragments of light and dark green, with pure statuary white, the whole being cemented together with a brighter green, while the snow white patches usually have their edges tinted off with a delicate fawn green, radiating to the center of the white. The cementing material is also of the same fibrous structure.—Philadelphia Record.

Saw the Battle of Waterloo.

Mrs. Julia Zaszinski, who is now in her second century, being 101 years old, is one of the romantic characters of the west. "Grandmother" Zaszinski is remarkably strong and preserved for her advanced age, and is being well cared for by the Sisters of St. Joseph's hospital in Tacoma. She came to the sisters one cold day, several years ago, out of the street, and has made her home with them ever since. She was born in the land of Kosciusko, and when a child removed with her parents to Prussia-on-the-Rhine, on account of a desire on her father's part to keep his head on his shoulders after the triumph of the political party he had been opposing. She lived there until young womanhood, and saw the country devastated by war more than once. When a girl about 17 years of age she heard the cannon's opening roar at Waterloo, and from a tree-top, where she had climbed to keep out of the way of the soldiers, witnessed the last charge of the Old Guard and saw the closing act in the great drama of which Napoleon had been for years the star. Wellington and his staff stopped at her father's house on their way to the battle-field.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Full of Promise.

Wickwire—Have you been following Timmins' career lately? He has written several short articles full of promise.

Mudge—So have I, but I haven't been able to pay any of it yet.—Indianapolis Journal.

A Producer of Profanity.

Editor—Why did you introduce so much profanity in this story? Author—I wrote it with a fountain pen.—Up-to-Date.

THE ANIMALS SUFFER.

Curious Accounts of the Ravages of the Plague in Bombay.

Evidence of the intensity and virulence of the plague in Bombay is given by the curious accounts telegraphed to this country of the deaths of animals from the pestilence. Some weeks ago it was reported that the pigeons were dying of the plague. Now the rats are said for some time to have been plague-stricken, and to be dying in thousands in the native towns.

If those who are fighting the plague have time to attend to anything but the work of saving human life, we may expect more curious information on this point; for there is evidence that, when the plague was at its very worst in Florence, causing the death of 60,000 persons, the pestilence acquired some kind of cumulative energy by which it went on from man to animal, and at last involved the latter in common destruction with their masters. As it advanced "not only men but animals fell sick and shortly expired, if they had touched things belonging to the diseased or dead." Boccaccio himself saw two hogs on the rags of a person who had died of plague, after staggering about for a short time, fall down dead, as if they had taken poison.

In the "Lives of the Roman Pontiffs" it is stated that in other places multitudes of cats, dogs, fowls and other animals fell victims to the contagion. There is little doubt that the concurrence of human and animal death took place in other countries than Italy, though the chronicler, appalled by the loss of human life, only alludes to "murder" among the cattle as a concomitant of the plague. "At the commencement of the black death there was in England," says Hecker, "an abundance of all the necessities of life; but the plague, which seemed to be the sole disease, was soon accompanied by a fatal murrain among the cattle. Wandering about without herds, they fell by thousands." It is not known whether this murrain was due to plague itself or to some special animal epidemic. But it did not break out until after the plague was rife, and added enormously to the loss of life, because it was impossible to remove the corn from the fields, causing everywhere a great rise in the price of food, although the harvest had been plentiful.—London Spectator.

FIRST METHODIST SERMON.

Preached by John Wesley Over a Century and a Half Ago.

On the 7th of March, 1736, John Wesley preached the first Methodist sermon ever preached on this continent. It was delivered not far from the site of the present Christ church, Savannah, of which he subsequently was the third rector, and was addressed to a mixed assemblage. His congregation hardly exceeded 400 persons, including children and adults, reinforced, however, by 100 or more of the neighboring Indians. Wesley discussed in a most eloquent manner the principles of Christian charity as argued by Saint Paul in the 13th chapter of First Corinthians. He made a powerful appeal, and many of his audience were in tears. While he was not so impetuous in his delivery as in after years, his abilities at that time bespoke the great preacher and reformer.

If he was more scholastic in style than in after years, the fervor and force of his appeals were none the less felt by his hearers. Especially was this strikingly true when in the course of his discourse he adverted to the death of his father, who for 40 years or more had been the incumbent of the Epworth rectory. This venerable man was asked not long before his death: "Are the consolations of God small with you?" "No, no, no!" he exclaimed, with uplifted hands, "and then," continued Wesley, "calling all that were near him by their names, the dying patriarch said: "Think of Heaven, talk of Heaven; all time is lost when we are not thinking of Heaven!" This was spoken by Wesley in a tremulous voice, and his new parishioners at Savannah were for the instant almost swept off their feet by a tidal wave of religious enthusiasm. Tradition has it that several Indians who were present became so greatly excited, not only by Mr. Wesley's impassioned oratory—though they did not understand a word he said—but by his gestures, that one old warrior nervously clutched his tomahawk, fearing an outbreak in the strangely-moved audience.—Rev. W. J. Scott, D. D., in Ladies' Home Journal.

Land Leeches of Ceylon.

The land leeches of Ceylon are singular creatures. They have the power of planting one extremity on the earth and raising the other perpendicularly to watch for their victims. Such is their vigilance and instinct that on the approach of a passer-by to the spot which they infest they may be seen among the fallen leaves and grass on the edge of a native path, poised erect and preparing for their attack on man or horse.

On desecrating their prey they advance rapidly by semi-circular strides, fixing one end firmly and arching the other forward, till by successive advances they can lay hold of the traveler's foot, when they disengage themselves from the ground and ascend his dress in search of an aperture by which to enter. In these encounters the individuals in the rear of a party of travelers in the jungle invariably fare worse, as the leeches, once warned of their approach, congregate with singular celerity.—Chicago News.

In the Dime Museum.

Borneo Chief—Say, fellows, the bald-headed bearded lady lays over us all—she's a freak.

Circassian Snake Charmer—Freak nothing! Jist accidental; got her face lotion mixed up with her hair restorer, and the result was mortal.—Philadelphia Press.

A Believer in the Fitness of Things.

Teacher—Spell kitten.

Bobby—Pooh, I'm too big to spell kitten. Try me on cat.—N. Y. Truth.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH.

—Dr. Emma Wakefield is the first negro to be licensed to practice medicine in Louisiana.

—The largest library in the world is the National library of France, founded by Louis XIV., and which contains 1,400,000 books, 300,000 pamphlets, 175,000 manuscripts, 300,000 maps and charts, 150,000 coins and gold medals, 1,300,000 engravings and 100,000 portraits.

—French universities were partly decentralized and made more independent of the state last summer. One immediate result has been that donations and bequests by private individuals have begun to flow in. Gifts have already been made to the universities at Laon, Bordeaux, Nancy, Montpellier and Paris. Nancy has received 100,000 francs for research in physics and chemistry.

—Edward Everett Hale reached the seventy-fifth anniversary of his birth on April 3, and the celebration of that event, under the auspices of the Lend-a-Hand society, was a memorable one in New England. Dr. Hale, as Ian MacLaren said of him on returning to England, is the last survivor of the big American literary men of his earlier days, and few literary men have lived so large a life of usefulness.

—Italy has started a new idea in university education. A body of 350 students, from all the faculties and representing every Italian university, with many professors, spent the Easter vacation in visiting the chief German universities, including Berlin, Leipzig, Heidelberg and Munich, as well as Zurich, in Switzerland. In later years it is proposed to visit England and the United States. The excursions are gotten up by the University Association of Pavia.

VENTURES IN REAL ESTATE.

One Way of Buying Houses and the Risks That Purchaser Has to Meet.

"This comes in handy," said the mechanic, as he pocketed the \$18 due him. "In need of money?" asked his employer.

"Well, I've been buying another house."

"Another house?"

"Yes; it's the second I've bought. Of course \$18 don't go very far toward paying for a house, even the style I buy; but seeing the money is like making a good start toward paying for it."

"Belong to a building loan association?"

"No; I'm doing this on my own account. You see, a few years ago I had a little money put by, and I paid it down for my first house. It was a two-story house built for two families, and the reason I bought it was that I found a friend who was willing to take the second floor. He paid me \$12 a month rent, and I paid out less than \$20 a month, and in six or seven years I had paid for the house in full. Now I've got a couple of other good tenants, so I've bought another house like it and they're going to pay for it for me."

"Easy way to get rich, that," said the employer.

"Yes," replied the mechanic, with a grin. "But there is considerable risk about it, too. The whole secret lies in knowing how to get good tenants. After you've bought the house and have made some payments on it you're liable to get the cold shivers any time. Suppose your tenant should suddenly learn as much as you know? Why, he'd go right off and buy a house of his own and get somebody to help him pay for his house, instead of continuing to help you pay for yours. If you lose your tenant, there's all that money extra for you to pay. I've known more than one poor fellow who has lost every cent he's saved just by going into a speculation of this kind. That's why I felt good when I got my money. On the other hand, there are lots of men like myself who have accumulated quite a handsome little property in this way. Some of them are policemen, and they are in a specially good position to do it, because they have steady employment and good pay."

Houses of this character have been a favorite venture of operators in low-priced real estate about New York in recent times. It is estimated that along the lines of our street railway system more than 1,000 of such houses have been built within the last two years, and whole blocks have been erected here and there in other sections. Some solid blocks may be found now standing on ground where crops of potatoes were dug a couple of years ago. The cheaper of these houses are of frame construction, but there are others of a more elaborate construction, with fronts of brown stone and other decorative effects. They are superior to flats or tenements, while not costing much more, and each improvement in rapid transit makes them more accessible.—N. Y. Sun.

Would Have Been Unfortunate.

She was somewhat of a student of history, but she also had the reverence of a fashionable woman for a title.

"Did you know that we once came very near getting a monarchy saddled on this country with all the attendant nobles and titles and court etiquette?" she asked one day; and her brother looked at her in a quizzical way and replied:

"Fortunate we escaped it, isn't it? Some people would have had no possible excuse for going abroad then, would they?"—Chicago Post.

Lost His Independence.

They had met after some years. "How's Brown?"

"Pegging along the same old way." "He isn't his own boss yet, then."

"Well, I should say not. Why, man, he's married."—Chicago Post.

Congential.

"The Bizzlers seem to be a very happy couple."

"Yes; he stutters and she is deaf."—Chicago Record.