

New News of Yesterday

by E. J. Edwards

Their Minds in Same Groove

President and Great Warrior Who Thought Alike.

Garfield, After Political Victory, and the Duke of Wellington, After Waterloo, Used the Same Words.

"There were many strange coincidences in connection with my association with President Garfield as a member of his cabinet," said Garfield's postmaster general, Thomas L. James, recently. "But I sometimes think that the most interesting of them occurred during an afternoon I spent with Gladstone at his country home at Hawarden."

"I went to the national Republican convention of 1880, held in Chicago, as a spectator. My personal impression was that either Blaine or John Sherman would be nominated for president. I did not see how it was possible for Senator Conkling and the others who were leading the battle in favor of Grant's third nomination to succeed. When I heard General Garfield's magnificent address, in which he placed John Sherman in nomination for the presidency, it seemed to me that in all the United States you could find no Republican more worthy of the nomination and election than Garfield himself. That, however, was only a passing thought, although, after Garfield was nominated, I recalled the vivid impression he made upon me by his address.

"Within a few hours after his nomination, Garfield's friend, Mr. Henry, whom Garfield afterwards appointed United States marshal for the District of Columbia, called upon me, and asked me if it would be convenient for me in the course of an hour or two to call upon General Garfield.

"Has he asked to see me?" I ventured to say.

"Yes; in fact, I have come directly from him to you," was the reply.

"Of course, I felt highly honored by the invitation, and in the course of half an hour was heartily received by Garfield. He had apartments in the

old Grand Pacific hotel. He led me to the sofa after I had congratulated him, sat down by my side, and entered upon a very chatty and cordial conversation. He was perfectly natural in his demeanor. He seemed to be unaffected by his triumph, and I even thought I detected a hint of either weariness or sadness in his tone or manner.

"By and by I felt that it was time for me to go, and as I prepared to take my leave I congratulated Garfield once more. He took my hand in his, and this time there was a sad note in his voice as he said: 'I am now discovering that next to the hour of defeat, the saddest hour is that of victory.' I pondered long over that strange remark, but I know now that in the moment of victory there often comes an overwhelming sense of the responsibilities it carries.

"Some years later I was visiting in England and was invited with my family and one or two American

Retort That Silenced Platt

Remark Vigorous—That Put Quietus on New York Senator.

Cold, Caustic Rebuke Received by the New Yorker, When He Was Gloating Over His Defeat of Arthur.

When Roscoe Conkling and Thomas C. Platt broke with President Garfield and resigned from the senate of the United States, they expected Vice-President Chester A. Arthur, who also hailed from New York, to join with them in attempting to persuade the New York state legislature to re-elect them as senators, as their state's endorsement of their opposition to President Garfield. General Arthur, however, felt that he could not with propriety take any part in the attempt of the ex-senators to seek vindication; in fact, he did not interfere in their behalf in the slightest way, and so

Afraid of "Innocents Abroad"

Why Its Publishers First Accepted Twain's Work.

Readers and Directors of Company Rejected It, but President Bliss Was Sure Public Would Like Book.

The late Charles Dudley Warner, who collaborated with Mark Twain in writing "The Gilded Age," in which the immortal Colonel Mulberry Sellers was introduced to the world, told me this story of how the book that gave Mark Twain a permanent place among American humorists came to be accepted by its first publishers.

"Out of a series of newspaper letters that he wrote while touring the Orient Mark Twain built his book, 'Innocents Abroad,'" said Mr. Warner, whose fame as a humorist of the refined type lives after him. "The book completed, it looked for a time as though its author would be unable to find a publisher for it. Finally—probably in a sort of desperation, but I do not know for a certainty how he came to do it—Mark Twain submitted the manuscript to a firm of Hartford, Conn., publishers, whose productions were sold exclusively by subscription; and looking back on it now it does seem the height of audacity for a comparatively unknown author of books to contemplate having a book of the extraordinary character of 'Innocents Abroad' sold by subscription.

"Well, in the course of time the manuscript of 'Innocents Abroad' was carefully studied by the salaried readers of the corporation and then reported upon very unfavorably—a circumstance probably due to the fact that the work was along entirely original lines; and in addition, I have always suspected that a great deal of its humor was not appreciated by the readers.

"With their report to the board of directors the readers turned over the manuscript of the book. There followed a lively discussion among the directors as to the propriety of accepting or rejecting the manuscript upon the report of the readers. Some of the directors criticized severely certain things in the book, and all, so

far as I have been able to learn, were at one period in great doubt about the wisdom of either accepting or rejecting it, but finally, by a practically unanimous opinion the board decided not to publish the book.

"The president of the company at that time was a Mr. Bliss, a quiet man whose face never revealed the real sense of humor that its owner possessed, though it did stamp him as a keen business man. He waited until his directors had agreed to reject Mark Twain's manuscript, and then delivered a little speech.

"Well, gentlemen," he said, "you have all had an opportunity to express your opinion as to whether or not our company should publish this work, and your collective decision, based upon your individual views, seems to be decidedly against the publication of it. Now that you have had your opportunity to publish this book, and have rejected it, I want to say to you that I shall immediately enter into negotiations with Mark Twain for the purpose of publishing the book on my own personal account. The humor of it is new, I'll admit, but I am positive that it will be cordially welcomed by the American people for this reason, if for no other. To me the reading of the manuscript has been a delight. I am willing to risk a considerable amount of my personal means to publish it, for I am satisfied that it will prove a most profitable venture for me. That is all, gentlemen."

"For a few moments after President Bliss finished speaking there was considerable embarrassment in that directors' meeting," continued Mr. Warner. "Then one of the board spoke up. 'Why,' he said, 'if the president of this company is of that opinion and sees a fair profit in the publishing of this work, I think the company ought to publish it.'

"So they decided to publish 'Innocents Abroad' and entered into the necessary negotiations with Mark Twain. Everybody knows what the result was. It was the hit of the time. It sold like hot cakes, and I have always believed it to be true that Mark Twain's royalty in the first two or three years after its publication aggregated \$100,000."

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"Beche de Mer" English

Traders in the South Sea islands have developed a language of which but little is known in this country. This is beche de mer English, which is now spoken by thousands of New Hebrideans and Solomon Islanders. In these islands scores of languages and dialects are spoken, and it is impossible for any trader to learn them all, so beche de mer English has been evolved to serve as a means of communication. Jack London, who has written a sketch of this language, gives an example showing how widely it differs from pidgin English, with which it is often confused. "There was once a sea captain who needed a dusky potentate down in his cabin. His command to the Chinese steward was: 'Hey, boy, you got top-side catchee one piece king.' Had the steward been a New Hebridean the command would have been: 'Hey, you fella boy, go look'm eye belong you along deck,

friends to a tea and lawn party at Hawarden. It was then that I first met Gladstone. He took me through the park, pointed out its beauties, especially the great trees, talked tariff for a while, and then asked me to tell him something about General Garfield—something of his personal characteristics and whether it was true that Garfield was all his mature life a student of the classics—Virgil, Homer, and the other great writers of antiquity.

"Mr. Gladstone was immensely interested when I told him of Garfield's habit of reading a page of some classic every morning while he dressed. Then, some association of ideas bringing the incident to mind, I repeated what Garfield had said to me in Chicago when I congratulated him the second time upon his nomination for the presidency.

"Gladstone was clearly startled. He stepped for an instant in his walk and turned his great, unfathomable eyes upon me. 'Did he say that?' he exclaimed. 'Why, that was exactly what the Duke of Wellington said after Waterloo!'"

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there began the Conkling-Platt animosity towards the vice-president which was intensified after General Arthur became president.

It was intense political hatred of his old-time associate that caused Thomas C. Platt, at the Chicago Republican national convention of 1884, to support James G. Blaine for the presidential nomination, though Blaine, also, was an old-time political enemy. Nevertheless between the two, Platt preferred to see the nomination go to Blaine, and because of Platt's support and political cunning Blaine triumphed over Arthur.

Platt always contemplated with great satisfaction the part he played in defeating Arthur at Chicago. On the evening of the day that he brought about this defeat he was in great good humor, and he did not hesitate to show it to the politicians who crowded about him as he sat upon one of the benches in the lobby of the Grand Pacific hotel.

In the midst of the congratulations that were being showered upon him on the successful outcome of the big politics that he had played, Senator Platt suddenly spied General Howard Carroll of New York city peering through the lobby. For years General Carroll had been an intimate personal and political friend of President Arthur's. Platt knew it, and he also knew that General Carroll was greatly depressed by the defeat of Arthur in the convention; nevertheless, Platt hailed him, and the general walked over to where the "easy boss" was holding court.

"Howard," said the senator with a manner that clearly showed the vindictive pleasure he was taking in his triumph, and in a voice loud enough for all to hear, "I think I have at last succeeded in ending the career of your elaborately dressed friend in Washington."

There was no need for Platt to specify further; everyone in the group knew of General Arthur's penchant for immaculate dress. But as the president's friend stood there, apparently alone in a circle of political enemies, and not daring to trust himself to make reply, a voice close by spoke up. "Senator Platt," it said, and the tones were clear and defiant, "you forget that General Arthur is president; you forget that you cannot erase his name from the list of presidents. And I tell you now, in your hour of triumph, that as time goes on he will stand higher and higher in the esteem of the American people, and his memory will be respected long after the name of Tom Platt has been forgotten."

It was the retort vigorous, and delivered with calculated coldness, it struck Thomas Collier Platt silent, in the hour of his triumph, with his political cronies and adulators grouped about him.

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House of Smacks. Cupid passed a railroad station and removed his hat.

"Know anybody in there?" asked his friend, Hyman.

"No, but that place is a great institution. More kissing goes on in there under the excuse of boarding departing trains than anywhere else in the world."

It's hot enough, anyway, but it's a good deal hotter when you let yourself think so.

MADE FROM MELONS

DAINTIES WITH WHICH ALL ARE NOT FAMILIAR.

Recipes for Sherbets From the Fruit and Preserves From the Rind—The Proper Way to Serve Canteloupe.

Tempting sherbets are made from both canteloupe and watermelon. There are preserves to be made of the rinds, perhaps in combination with another fruit or a vegetable. There are salads which may be concocted by adding to melons, cut into small cubes, a sprinkling of nuts and a spoonful of mayonnaise.

But first catch your melon. A ripe canteloupe can be told by an examination of the stem end. Break a small piece from this and see if the melon is fragrant. If it smells spicy the melon is ripe. It is a mistake to put ice into a canteloupe, as is generally done. This takes away considerably from the sweetness of the melon meat. The canteloupe should be served in a bed of cracked ice. A toothsome dessert is made by filling a canteloupe skin with vanilla ice cream and pouring over the ice cream a mild ginger syrup.

For Watermelon Sherbet.—Boil a pound of sugar and a quart of water together for 10 minutes. Add two tablespoonfuls of gelatine which has been soaked in a half cupful of cold water for an hour, then when dissolved, strain and pour into the freezer. Add one pint of orange juice and freeze. When nearly frozen add two cupfuls of pink watermelon dice, and let stand packed in ice and salt for an hour and a half.

In making canteloupe sherbet, soak one teaspoonful of gelatine in a half cup of cold water for an hour. Add one-half cup boiling water. When the gelatine is quite dissolved, add one cupful of cold water, three-fourths cup of sugar, and the mashed pulp and juice of a melon about the size of a cocoon.

Pickled canteloupes are not found on the average table. But they certainly deserve a place there. These belong to the sweet pickle variety. Select melons not quite ripe. Cut into oblong pieces, take off the rind and soft parts near the seeds. To every eight pounds of melon allow one pint vinegar and three pounds of sugar. Mix half a teaspoonful each ground mace and cloves and one teaspoonful each cinnamon, ginger and allspice. Tie in little piece of cheesecloth and scald with the vinegar. Cook the melons in the hot syrup until tender, then skim out into a bowl. Boil the liquor down and pour over the melon. Repeat this three or four times, and the last time heat the melon with the syrup. Put into jars and seal.

An excellent conserve of melon rinds can be made. Pare off the green part of the melon rind and all the pink, cut into inch pieces, shaping as desired and weigh. For five pounds of the rind allow one quart of water and a pint of vinegar. Scald the water and vinegar, add the rind and boil 10 minutes. Remove the rind with a skimmer and drain perfectly dry.

Place in the preserving kettle a pint of water and 3/4 pounds of sugar. Boil, skim, add the melon pieces and two ounces green ginger cut in slices. Cook until the melon is clear and tender, remove with a skimmer and put in glass jars. Boil the syrup 10 or 15 minutes longer, fill the jars with hot syrup and seal.

Victoria Sandwiches. Two eggs and their weight in flour and sugar, two tablespoons of milk, one teaspoonful of baking powder, one teaspoon vanilla. Beat the eggs and sugar well together for 15 minutes, mix flour and baking powder together and pass through a sieve. Then mix all well together and add the milk and pour it into round tins or soup plates well buttered, spread flat with a knife and bake for seven minutes, placing on the open grid shelf in the middle of the oven under the hot plate, and only have gas flames half an inch long. If it does not quickly brown in the oven, place it under the grill on top of the oven for two minutes. When baked place one round on the top of the other and spread jam between. Allow it to cool, then cut out in diamond shape and decorate with white icing, or pink, or two different colored jellies or jams on top.

Kidney Soup. Half an ox kidney, one carrot, turnip, onion, salt and pepper, two ounces of flour, one ounce butter, three pints of hot water, one tablespoon of mushroom ketchup. Cut the kidney into small pieces, also vegetables, fry all together in the butter for five minutes, then stir in the flour and seasoning, add gradually the hot water. Let it come to a boil, then allow it to simmer gently for an hour and a half. Pass the soup through a wire sieve, return to the stew pan, add the mushroom ketchup, and if the soup is not dark enough add a few drops of kitchen bouquet, let it come to a boil and serve with strips of buttered toast.

Vegetarian Croquettes. Blanch nut kernels by scalding and stripping off the skins. Set on the ice until crisp. Then pound or run through your vegetable press. Prepare an equal quantity of mashed potatoes; mix with the pounded nuts; work in melted butter and a few spoonfuls of cream, with pepper and salt to taste. Now beat in the yolk of an egg to bind the paste. Form in croquettes; roll in egg and cracker crumbs, and set on ice until stiff. Fry in deep dripping or other fat, and drain in hot colander from every drop of fat. Serve immediately.

Tutti-Frutti Cheese. Beat one package of cream cheese with a quarter of a cup of sweet cream, chop a dozen large table raisins, a strip of citron, six candied cherries, one candied apricot, a small piece of candied pineapple, a grating of lemon peel, a dash of nutmeg, and a teaspoonful of apricot brandy, and a teaspoonful of sugar. Mix well, then mould and chill, cut in small squares when ready to use and serve with buttered toast for afternoon tea or with luncheon dessert.

ALL ARE BORROWERS

MRS. CUMBACK TELLS OF HABITS OF NEIGHBORS.

Trails and Tribulations of One Who Tries to Be Accommodating—Loaned Dog Costs Her Husband \$14.

"Here's the coffee you so kindly loaned me, Mrs. Witherspoon," said Mrs. Cumback. "I don't make a practice of borrowing, but when I do ask a neighbor for a little accommodation I return what I borrow promptly.

"Now, Mrs. Wagstaff would be a model neighbor if she wasn't always borrowing and forgetting to pay back. A week ago she came over and borrowed six eggs. I hate to lend eggs. We buy our eggs from a farmer in the country and he brings them in while they are fresh, and all his hens are thoroughbreds, and he feeds them scientific rations, and of course, the eggs are superior. Well, I let Mrs. Wagstaff have the six eggs. I just simply can't refuse to accommodate a neighbor.

She said when she got them that she'd return them the next morning. The days went by, and she was in our house a dozen times, and she never mentioned those eggs. I always brought the conversation around to eggs, but she didn't seem to take the hint, so finally I spoke right out and asked her why she didn't return the eggs she borrowed.

"I have avoided that subject," says she, as cool as you please, "in order to spare your feelings. The fact is that they were all bad. Still, if you insist upon having good eggs for them," says she, "I'll send them over, but I thought it would be a kindness to drop the subject altogether."

"Actually, Mrs. Witherspoon, I was so mad that I couldn't say a word. The idea of such an insult, in my own house! And we go to such trouble and expense to get the best eggs in the state!"

"That's always the way when you try to accommodate people," replied Mrs. Witherspoon. "When we were first married my husband set it down as a rule that I should never borrow anything from the neighbors unless it was a case of emergency. I have stuck to that rule as well as I could, but of course a woman who does her own housework simply has to borrow now and then.

"A few days ago I needed an extra saucepan, and I ran over to Mrs. Gooseworthy's to get one. Everybody knows that Mrs. Gooseworthy is the worst borrower in this town.

"Her husband is just as bad as she is. Mr. Witherspoon used to have a valuable watch dog that he prized above everything and Mr. Gooseworthy even borrowed that, saying that he had a lot of money in the house one night and was afraid of burglars. He put the dog in the cellar where his wife had left a lot of poisoned meat to kill rats and in the morning the dog was dead. Mr. Gooseworthy came over and told my husband about it, seeming to think it a great joke.

"Mr. Witherspoon hit him and they fought all over the yard for an hour, and broke down my clothesline and trampled the clothes, and they spoiled all the grapevines and currant bushes and just ruined my bed of asparagus. And Mrs. Gooseworthy telephoned for the police, and an officer came and arrested Mr. Witherspoon, just as if he were to blame, and it cost him \$14.

"We didn't speak for a long time after that, but finally Mrs. Gooseworthy began her borrowing again. She had borrowed so much at our place that I naturally went to her when I needed a saucepan, and she let me have it cheerfully enough. When I went home I didn't need to use it for an hour or so, and then when I poured some water into it I found that it leaked. I took it right back and told Mrs. Gooseworthy her saucepan had a hole in it, and she said if it had I must have punched it myself, for when I got the saucepan it was as good as the day she bought it, and if I didn't buy her a new one at once she'd have her opinion of me.

"But I have my opinion of her, so why shouldn't she have her opinion of me? I am awfully liberal about such things, Mrs. Cumback."

He Got the Autograph. Ellis Parker Butler was a clerk in a Muscatine spice mill when Bill Nye came across his horizon, says Judge.

The night Mr. Nye showed at that town Butler occupied a seat in the first gallery—from the roof. The sad-eyed humorist pleased him so that he decided to write for an autograph. He wanted it for the front page of his stamp album. A carefully worded epistle brought no reply. Whereupon the industrious youth wrote another and another. No answers. Undaunted, he got a line on the route of his celebrity and developed an inspiration somewhat as follows: "Edgar Wilson Nye, Esq., Planters Hotel, St. Louis, Mo.: Dear Mr. Nye—I have been writing to you rather persistently. The reason is that I have discovered a new corn cure. I want to name it after you and use your picture on the box. I know that you are a busy man. If I do not hear from you soon I will consider that you have given your consent." By return mail came: "E. P. Butler, Muscatine, Ia.: Sir—Don't you dare to put my picture on any corn salve box! I most certainly do not give my consent to have the stuff named after me. I am commonly considered a good-natured man, but have a care! You'll know the reason if you don't."—Edgar Wilson Nye."

Children's Names Harmonize. Showkegan is a singularly poetical name, so it is not strange to find that people who live there have poetic names. Mrs. Hulda Green of that place has eight children, all boys. Each of them was given a name to harmonize with the name of the next younger child. The middle names of four of the boys end in the same syllable, while the middle names of the other four have a somewhat similar characteristic ending. The names of the children are Benjamin Delbert, Walter Herbert, Harrison Wilbert, Elmer Albert, Arthur Chester, Freddie Lester, Franklin Sylvester and Forrest Manchester.

The Result of a Ruse

By M. C. ENGLAND

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"Yes, it is rather warm."

Lillian Bently answered her partner mechanically as she sank into a chair after their dance. It had been the fifth waltz, and, so far, Paul Ormstead had not been near her. Heretofore he had always come to her first and claimed as many dances as she would give him, but tonight, for some reason, he had absolutely ignored her presence. She leaned back and her gaze wandered across the room to where he stood with Leah Elliott, his fair head bent above her, Leah's face, with its dark, vivid coloring, and deep, glowing eyes, raised to his. Her heart contracted painfully. Was he angry with her? She had done nothing. True, she had refused to go to the play with him the following Friday, but only because Tom Saunders, her partner in the last dance, was coming that night for dinner. Tom was an old friend, a very old friend, and often came to dine and spend the evening with her; yet for some reason Paul had seemed hotly to resent her refusal of his invitation when she told him the cause. How could he be so unkind—so stupid! She stirred restlessly.

Tom Saunders closed the fan he had been wielding and rose.

"Lillian," he said, "won't you come outside for a few minutes? You are pale and the air will do you good."

She assented listlessly and they passed out into the warm spring night and wandered slowly down the garden path.

"You must put on your scarf, dear," he said. "The night is warm, but it

friend? Somehow she couldn't bear the thought of that.

Friday afternoon, as she sat upstairs in her room, looking out over the warm spring landscape, the maid brought her a card.

"Mr. Paul Ormstead." Her heart beat tumultuously. What could he have come for, now? She had not seen him since the night of the dance, and she was very angry with him. She hesitated.

"Very well, Annette," she said, finally. "I'll be down."

When she came into the room Paul Ormstead met her with an assured smile. "I just ran in," he told her, "to see if you had changed your mind about tonight."

"And then I will send somebody to repair it."

"Yes; but I know mother will be disappointed. She said we ought to sell within an hour."

Mr. Bamford had seen several good-looking girls before. In this case, however, things were different. If they hadn't been he wouldn't have coughed and blushed and stammered out:

"Why—why, I am a real estate agent."

"Changed my mind?" she repeated coldly. "Certainly not! Why should I do that?"

He seemed nonplused.

"Now don't be angry, Lillian," he protested. "I thought maybe you would decide to let Saunders come some other night and go with me."

"Do you suppose," she asked, with increasing hauteur, "that even if Tom had disappointed me I would consent to go with you after—the other night?"

"Oh, that!" He laughed complacently. "I knew you would be put out about Leah. But couldn't you see, dear, that I only did it to make you jealous?"

"Jealous?" An angry light stole into her eyes.

"Why—er—yes," he stammered, less assuredly now. "You know girls never do know their own minds till something like that opens their eyes. If they think they're losing a chap, why, then—"

"And so you believed that when I thought I was losing you I would disappoint Mr. Saunders at any cost and accept your invitation?" Lillian's voice was dangerously soft.

Paul Ormstead fidgeted uncomfortably. "Oh, come now, Lillian, don't be hard on a chap. There's no harm in a little ruse like that. Lots of fellows do it. And, honestly, you're no idea how hard it was to keep away from you. Why, when I saw you go out in the garden with that Saunders chap I just couldn't stand it. I followed along to make sure he wasn't trying to flirt with you. You saw me do that, so you know I was thinking of you, even if I didn't appear to be."

Lillian rose, and there was no effort now to conceal the scorn and anger in her voice.

"Mr. Ormstead," she said, "I have never really known you until today, and I must confess that the acquaintance in which I have no desire to prolong." And she turned and left him.

From her window she watched him stride angrily down the path and out of sight. Some minutes later another form swung into view, coming up the road toward the house. It was Tom, dear Tom, for whom she cared very much, but whom she must hurt.

Must she hurt him? As she thought of Paul—the contrast—Tom's big, warm, generous nature, a strange sweet emotion surged through her heart. Suddenly her head dropped on her arms. She buried her face deep, revealing just the tip of a very pink ear.

"Oh, what a little fool I've been," she murmured. "What a stupid little fool!"

Declined.

"Have some of the Welsh rabbit, Bjönson?" asked Bjönson as he stirred the golden concoction in the chafin dish.

"No, thanks, Bjönson," returned Bjönson, patting his stomach tenderly. "I am unalterably opposed to all corporation taxes.—Harper's Weekly.

The Advice Seeker.

"When a man asks me for advice," said the good-natured person, "I always find myself getting into a discussion."

"Well," replied Mr. Sirius Barker, "most of us ask for advice because we would rather argue than work."

Born Aristocrat.

"Haughty chap, that fellow. He won't loaf anywhere but in a bank."

"He was that way from youth. As a kid he wouldn't play in any dirt worth less than \$40 a front foot."



From Her Window She Watched Him.

won't do to risk anything." Taking it from her, he draped it gently over her head and shoulders, then with a sudden movement took both her hands and crushed them between his own.

"Lillian—dear," he whispered, with a break in his voice.

Her eyes grew startled. She drew back.

"Why, Tom, what is it? What do you—"

"Don't you know, sweetheart? Surely you know that I love you—have always loved you? Lillian—"

"Tom, stop! You mustn't—I did not know—how could I? I never dreamed—"

His face grew white. "Wait, Lillian," he pleaded, "I don't want you to answer me now. I have taken you by surprise—I know only too well what you would say. But please wait—wait till Friday night, when I come. I know, perhaps, it is no use, but do just that one little thing for me. Wait, and tell me then. Will you promise?"

"I will promise, but—"

"Then that is all I want. Come now; we will go in."

As they walked back along the path Paul Ormstead strolled toward them, a cigar held casually between his fingers. Lillian thought he looked at her strangely as they passed, almost, she thought, with a flash of resentment, suspiciously.

"I'm tired, Tom," she said. "I believe I'll go home. Will you find my brother for me?"

The remainder of the week passed feverishly for Lillian, who dreaded the coming of Friday, when she must hurt Tom so dreadfully. She had never dreamed of such a thing, never thought of loving him—how could she when her heart was filled with another? But Tom was so good, so thoughtful. Would it make a difference? Would he cease to be her

Accommodation the Life of Trade.

It was an overcast, indeterminate sort of a day, but the drug clerk was cheerful as he whistled behind the prescription desk and chatted with a friend in the front shop. Presently a customer came in and made a small purchase.

"Fine day," he remarked.

"Great!" replied the clerk, enthusiastically.

The customer went out and was followed by another. He, too, made a small purchase and commented on the weather.

"Mean weather," he remarked.

"Beastly!" said the clerk, dolefully.

"Getting warmer," remarked a third customer.

"Hot!" said the clerk.

Ten minutes passed. Another individual drifted in from the outside world and made a purchase.

"Chilly, isn't it?" he said to the clerk.

"Cold as the pole!" agreed the clerk, with a shiver.

His friend had listened to these exchanges with interest.

"See here," he demanded, "what kind of weather do you think this is, anyway?"

"Same kind as the customer," replied the drug clerk.—Youth's Companion.

Careful Calculation.

"Mike," said Flooding Pete, "dere's a farmer up de road dat says he'll give you \$2 for a day's work."

"What's de use of temptin' me when you know I ain't got de time. You order understand dat out of practice like I am, it 'ud take me at least six weeks to do a day's work."

No Danger.

Mrs. Rhymer (at telephone)—Come quickly, doctor! Baby has swallowed one of his father's poems.

Doctor (at other end)—Do not worry. Soft food is the proper thing for babies.—Judge.