

Meadow Brook

BY

MARY J. HOLMES

(Sunny Bahá Farm)

CHAPTER X.—(Continued.)

For an instant I felt a thrill of pride, to know that there was yet aught in me which could interest him, but "twas only for a moment, and then there came up before me thoughts of the stranger, and I shall not attempt to explain, the doctor's power over me was from that moment an end; and though I still liked him, it was as a would like any friend who advised a regard for me.

Of the stranger I often thought, wondering who he was and whence he came; but no one knew, and all that I could learn was that Herbert saw him the next morning standing on the steps of a hotel, and chancing the same afternoon to be at the Worcester depot, he saw him enter the cars bound for Albany, and heard from one of the by-standers that he was a Georgian, and had probably come to Boston after "a run" or "a visit."

Being true-bred daughter of freedom-loving Massachusetts, this intelligence of course had the effect of cooling my ardor somewhat, and wishing in my heart that every one of his negroes would run away, I banished him for a time from my mind.

After many inquiries, and much consultation with her particular friend Mrs. Ashley, my aunt at last decided to send me to a private school; while Anna, after a two weeks' siege with dressmakers, was introduced into society, where, if she was not a reigning belle, she was at least a favorite; and more than once I heard the most flattering compliments bestowed upon her, while it was thought to be "a pity that her sister was so plain and unpretending in her appearance."

CHAPTER XI.

Aunt Charlotte, Anna and myself were sitting in the parlor one morning, about four weeks after our arrival in Boston, when the door bell rang, and the servant ushered in a young lady, who I readily guessed was Ada Montrose, for there was about her an air of languor, as if she had just arisen from a sick bed. All doubt on this point was soon settled by my aunt's exclaiming, as she hastened to greet her, "Why, Ada, my child, this is a surprise. How do you do?"

The voice which answered was, I thought, the sweetest and most musical I had ever heard, and yet there was in it something which made me involuntarily shudder. I do not know that I believe in presentiments, but sure I am that the moment I heard the tones of Ada Montrose's voice, and looked upon her face, I experienced a most disagreeable sensation, as if, in some way or other, she would one day cross my path. She was beautiful, yet do what I would, I could not rid myself of the idea that she was my evil genius, though how in any way she, a proud Southern belle, could ever affect me, a plain school girl of fourteen, was difficult to tell. She was, as I afterward learned, twenty-two years of age, but being rather diminutive in size, and affecting a great deal of childish simplicity, she passed for four or five years younger, and, indeed, she herself gave her age as eighteen.

Divesting herself of her warm wrappings, which she left upon the floor, and shaking out her long curls, she informed my aunt that she had come to spend the day, saying, by way of apologizing for not having sent her word, that "she had ventured to come without an invitation, she felt herself perfectly at home." Several times I fancied she seemed to be listening for something, and when at last I heard Herbert's voice in the hall and saw the deepening flush on her cheek, I was sure that she felt more than a common interest in him. In his usual good-humored, off-hand way he entered the room, tossing into my lap a letter from her brother Charlie, and telling Anna that her beau hadn't yet written; then, as his eyes fell upon Ada, he started back in evident surprise. Soon recovering himself, however, he said, as he took the little snowflake of a hand, which she offered him:

"Why, Ada, who knew you were here?"

"Not you, or you would have come sooner, I reckon," said she, looking up in his face in a coquettish and coy way, which brought a frown to Anna's brow. "Maybe I shouldn't have come so soon," he replied, laughingly, at the same time stealing a sidelong glance at Anna.

"Here, sit right down by me," said Miss Montrose, as she saw him looking for a seat. "I want to scold you for not calling on me oftener when I was sick. Why didn't you come, he neglected I tell. Why didn't you come, he neglected I tell."

And she playfully pulled his hair, following her hand to remain some time among his wavy locks. This was a kind of courtesy entirely new to me, and I looked on in amazement, while Anna, more disturbed than she was willing to acknowledge, left the room. When she was gone, Ada said, letting her hand fall from Herbert's head to his arm, "Tell me, is that the Lee girl who attracted so much attention at Anna's party?"

"There was a look of gratified pride on Herbert's face as he answered, 'Yes—the same—don't you think her pretty?' They had probably forgotten my presence—Ada most certainly had, or else she did not care; for she replied, 'Pretty enough for some tastes, I suppose, but she lacks polish and refinement. Is she at all related to you?'"

"My step-father's niece, that's all," replied Herbert, while Ada quickly rejoined in a low tone, "Then, of course, I shouldn't have to constrain her."

"Probably not," was Herbert's answer, which I interpreted one way and Ada another.

Her next remark was a proposal that Herbert should that afternoon take her out to ride; but to this she made some objection; whereupon she pretended to be angry, leaning back on the sofa and muttering that "she didn't believe he cared a bit for her, and he might as well confess it at once."

Here the dinner bell rang, and offering her arm to the pouting beauty, Herbert led her to the dining room, where she was soon restored to good humor by my aunt, who lavished upon her the utmost attention, hampering every whim, and going so far as to prepare for her four

different cups of black tea, which had been ordered expressly for her, and to which she objected as being too hot, or too cold—too weak or too strong. It took but a short time to show that she was a spoiled baby, good natured only when all the attention was lavished upon her, and when her wishes were paramount to all others.

Dinner being over, Herbert, taking his hat, went out into the street, in spite of his mother's whispered effort to keep him at home. This, of course, vexed the little lady, and after thrumming a few notes upon the piano, she announced her intention of returning home, saying that "she wished she had not come." At this moment the door bell rang, and some young ladies came in to call upon Anna. They seemed surprised at finding Ada there, and after inquiring for her health, one of them said, "Do tell us, Ada, who that gentleman was that came and went so slyly, without our ever seeing him? Mrs. Cameron says he was from Georgia, and that is all we know about him. Who was he?"

Ada started, and turning slightly pale, replied, "What do you mean? I've seen no gentleman from Georgia. Where was he? and when was he here?"

"As much as three weeks or more ago," returned Miss Marvin. "Mrs. Cameron got somewhat acquainted with him."

"Mrs. Cameron!" repeated Ada, turning alternately red and white. "And, pray, what did she say?"

"I fancied there was a spice of malice in Miss Marvin's nature; at least, she evidently wished to annoy Ada, for she replied, 'She said he was ugly looking, though quite distingue; that he came in the afternoon, while she was in the public parlor talking with a lady about you and your engagement with Mr. Langley.'"

"The hateful old thing," muttered Ada, while Anna turned white as marble, and Miss Marvin continued, "When the lady had gone he begged pardon for the liberty, but asked her if she knew you. Of course, she told him she did, and gave him any further information which she thought would please him."

"Of course she did—the meddling widow!" again interrupted Ada, after which Miss Marvin proceeded—"Mrs. Cameron didn't mean to do anything wrong, for how could she guess that 'twould affect him in any way to know you were engaged?"

"And she told him I was engaged! It isn't so, I ain't!" exclaimed Ada, while the angry tears dropped from her glittering eyes.

"What does that mean then?" asked Miss Marvin, laughingly, pointing at the ring on Ada's finger.

Her first impulse was to wrench it from her hand and cast it from her, but she remembered herself in time, and growing quite calm, as if to attribute her recent agitation to a different cause, she said: "I wish people would attend to their own affairs, and let mine alone. Suppose I am engaged—is that a reason why Mrs. Cameron should discuss the matter with strangers? But what else did she say? And where is the gentleman now?"

"Gone home," answered Miss Marvin, glancing mischievously at her companions. "He went the next morning, and she said he looked very much disturbed, either at your illness or your engagement—the former probably—and that is why I think it strange that he didn't stop to see you, though maybe he did."

"No, he didn't," chimed in Miss Marvin's sister, "for don't you know she said he went to the theater?"

All this time my interest in the unknown Georgian had been increasing, and at this last remark I forgot myself entirely, and started forward, exclaiming, "Yes, he was there; I saw him and spoke with him, too."

The next moment I sunk back upon the ottoman, abashed and mortified, while Ada gave me a withering glance, and said, scornfully, "You spoke to him! And, pray, what did you say?"

An explanation of what I said would, I knew, oblige me to confess the fainting fit, of which I was somewhat ashamed, and so I made no reply; nor was any expected, I think, for without waiting for my answer, Ada said to Miss Marvin, "Mrs. Cameron, of course, learned his name, even if she had to ask it out-right."

"Yes, she made inquiries of the clerk at the hotel, who wouldn't take the trouble of looking on the book, but said he believed it was Field, or something like that," returned Miss Marvin.

As if uncertainty were now made sure, Ada turned so white that in some alarm her young friends asked what they should do for her; but she refused their offers of aid, saying, "It was only the heat of the room, and she should soon feel better."

"And is it the heat of the room which affects you, Miss Lee?" asked one of the girls, observing for the first time the extreme pallor of Anna's face.

"Only a headache," was her answer, as she pressed her hand upon her forehead.

She was fearfully pale, and I knew it was no common thing which had thus moved her, and when not long afterward the young ladies left us, I was glad, for I felt that both she and Ada needed to be alone. The moment they were gone Anna left the parlor, while I, frightened by the agonized expression of her face, soon followed her; but the door of our room was locked, and it was in vain I called on her to admit me, for she only answered in a voice choked with tears, "Go away, Rosa; I would rather be alone."

So I left her and returned to the parlor, where I found Ada weeping passionately, while my aunt, who had not been present during the conversation which had so affected her, was trying in vain to learn the cause of her grief.

"Nothing much," was all Ada would say, excepting that "she wanted to go home."

In the midst of our excitement Herbert came in. He had repented of his ungracious refusal to ride with Ada, and now the carriage stood at the door, but she refused, saying petulantly, when urged by my aunt to go, that "if she

couldn't ride when she wanted to, she wouldn't ride at all."

"Where's Anna? She'll go, I know," said Herbert, glancing round the room, and adding in a low tone, which reached my ear only, "and I'd far rather she would."

When I explained to him that she had a headache, and did not wish to be disturbed, he exclaimed, "What ails all the girls to-day? Anything the matter with you, Rosa? If there isn't, put on your bonnet and I'll show you the city, for I am resolved upon riding with somebody."

As my aunt made no objection, I was soon ready and seated by the side of Herbert in the light vehicle, which he drove himself. I think he exerted himself to be agreeable, for I never saw him appear so well before, and in my heart I did not blame my poor sister for liking him, as I was sure she did, while at the same time I wondered how he could fancy Ada Montrose. As if divining my thoughts, he turned suddenly toward me and said: "Rosa, how do you like Ada?"

Without stopping to reflect, I replied promptly, "Not at all."

"Frankly spoken," said he; and then for several minutes he was silent, while I was trying to decide in my own mind whether or not he was offended, and I was about to ask him when he turned to me again, saying: "We are engaged—did you know it?"

I replied that I had inferred as much from the conversation which I had heard between her and Miss Marvin, saying further, for his manner emboldened me, that "I was surprised, for I did not think her such a one as he would fancy."

"Neither is she," said he, again relapsing into silence. At last, rousing up, he continued, "I must talk to somebody, and as you seem to be a sensible girl, I may as well make a clean breast, and tell you all about it. Ada came up here from Georgia last spring, and the moment mother saw her she picked her out for her future daughter-in-law. I don't know why it is, but mother has wanted me to get married ever since I began to shave. I believe she thinks it will make me steady; but I am steady enough now, for I haven't drunk a drop in almost a year. I should, though, if Ada Montrose was my wife. But that's nothing to the point. Mother saw and liked her. I saw her, and liked her well enough at first, for she is beautiful, you know, and every man is more or less attracted by that. They say, too, that she is wealthy, and though I would as soon marry a poor girl as a rich one, provided I liked her, I shall not deny but her money had its influence with me to a certain extent. And then, too, it was fun to get her away from the other young men who flocked around her, like bees round a honey jar. But, to make a long story short, we got engaged—heaven only knows how; but engaged we were, and then—"

He paused, as if near a painful subject, but soon resuming the thread of his story, he continued: "And then I stopped writing to Anna, for I would not be dishonorable. Do you think she felt it?"

"The question was so unexpected, that I was thrown quite off my guard, and replied: 'Of course she did; who wouldn't feel mortified to have their letters unanswered?'"

"'Twas wrong, I know," said he. "I ought to have been good enough to tell her how it was, and I did begin more than a dozen letters, but never finished them. Do you think Anna likes me now, or could she like me, if I was not engaged, and she knew I'd never get drunk again?"

Could he have seen her when first she learned that his affections were given to another he would have been sufficiently answered; but he did not, and it was not for me, I thought, to enlighten him; so I replied evasively, after which he continued: "As soon as I was engaged to Ada, she began to exact so much attention from me, acting so silly, and appearing so ridiculous, that I got sick of it, and now my daily study is how to rid myself of her; but I believe I've commenced right. Can I make a confident of you and feel sure you'll not betray me to any one, unless it is to Anna?"

I hardly knew how to answer, for if it was anything wrong which he meditated, I did not wish to be in the secret, and so I told him; but it made no difference, for he proceeded to say: "I shall never marry Ada Montrose, never; neither would I break her heart if I shouldn't, for she's more than half tired of me now."

I thought of the dark stranger, and felt that he was right, but I said nothing, and he went on: "Sometimes I thought I'd go up to Sunny Bank, tell Anna all about it, ask her to marry me, and so settle the matter at once; but then I did not know but she might have grown up raw, awkward, and disagreeable, so I decided a plan by which I could find out whether or not she was right hand off, I believe, to save me from a drunkard's grave, and when I wish to win her consent to any particular thing, all I have to do is to threaten her with the wine cup."

"Oh, Herbert! how can you?" I exclaimed, for I was inexpressibly shocked.

"It's a way I've got into," said he, laughing at my fearful face. "And when I suggested that Anna should spend the winter here, I hinted to the old lady that if she didn't consent, I'd go off with a party of young men on a hunting excursion. Of course she yielded at once, for she well knew that if I joined my former boon companions I should fall."

"And so we are indebted to you for our winter in Boston," said I, beginning to see things in a new light.

"Why, no, not wholly," he answered; "mother consented much easier than I supposed she would. The fact is, she's changed some since she was at Sunny Bank. She's joined the church, and though that in my estimation don't amount to much, of course, she has to do better, for it wouldn't answer for a professor to put on so many airs."

It was nearly dark when we reached home, and as the lamps were not yet lighted in the parlor, I went immediately to my room, where I found Anna lying upon a sofa, with her face buried in the cushions. I knew she was not asleep, though she would not answer me until I had thrice repeated her name. Then lifting up her head, she turned toward me a face as white as ashes, while she said, motioning to a little stool near her, "Sit down by me, Rosa; I must talk to some one, or my heart will break."

Taking the seat, I listened while she told me how much she had loved Herbert Langley—how she had struggled to overcome that love when she thought he had slighted her, and how, when she saw him in his own home, he had returned upon her with all his former strength, until there came to her the startling

news that he was engaged to another. "I cannot stay here," said she. "I am going home. I have written to mother—see," and she pointed to a letter which lay upon the table, and which she bid me read. It was a strange, rambling thing, saying that "she should die if she stayed longer in Boston, and that she was coming back to Sunny Bank."

There was the sound of footsteps in the hall, and Herbert's voice was heard at the door, asking for admittance. He had often visited us in our room, and now, without consulting Anna's wishes, I bid him enter, going out myself and leaving them alone. What passed between them I never knew, but the supper table waited long for Herbert, and he was finally removed, my aunt thinking he had gone out, "to see Ada, perhaps," she said, and then she asked me how I liked him, telling me she was to be Herbert's wife, and that she hoped they would be married early in the spring.

I made her no direct reply, for I felt I was acting a double part, a treble part in being thus confided in by three; but I could not well help it, and I hoped, by betraying neither party, to atone in a measure for any deceit I might be practicing. After that night there was a great change in Anna, who became so lively and cheerful that nearly all observed it, while Herbert's attentions to her, both at home and abroad, were so marked as to arouse the jealousy of Ada, who, while she affected to scorn the idea of being supplanted by "that awkward Lee girl," as she called her, could not wholly conceal her anxiety lest "the Lee girl" should, after all, win from her her betrothed husband.

(To be continued.)

SOME POINTED QUESTIONS.

Put Yourself in the Other One's Place and Answer.

The great task of sound ethics is to stimulate the social imaginations. We must be continually prodding our sense of social consequence to keep it wide awake, says a writer in the Atlantic Magazine. We must be asking ourselves at each point of contact with the lives of others such pointed questions as these:

How would you like to be the tailor or washerwoman whose bill you have neglected to pay?

How would you like to be the customer to whom you are selling these adulterated or inferior goods?

How would you like to be the investor in this stock company which you are promoting with water?

How would you like to be the employer whose time and tools and material you are wasting at every chance you get to loaf and shirk and neglect the duties you are paid to perform?

How would you like to be the clerk or saleswoman in the store where you are reaping extra dividends by imposing harder conditions than the state of trade and the market compel you to adopt?

How would you like to be the stoker or weaver or mechanic on the wages you impose?

How would you like to be the business rival whom you deprive of his little all by using your greater wealth in temporary cut-throat competition?

Conscientious Official.

"There is nothing like the authority of even the lesser officials on the continent," said a tourist who had just returned from Europe. "In Germany the least clerking in the employ of the government assumes the right to interfere with your smallest private affairs."

"When I was in Paris," he says, "I had a little joke with a friend of mine about an old felt hat I wore on our walking ous. A month or so after, when I was in a little town in Germany, it happened that my part of the joke was to send the hat to him. So I tied it up and took it to the postoffice, a small box of a place with one old German in attendance. He asked me what was in the package."

"Merchandise," I said.

"What kind of merchandise?" he asked, and then put more and more questions, until I told him it was an old felt hat.

"How much is it worth?"

"I thought this was part of the regulation, so I told him it was not worth anything."

"And you are going to send it by mail?"

"Yes."

"When it has no value?"

"Yes. But it has a certain kind of value."

"How much?"

"Nothing that I can estimate."

"Then it is not worth the postage, and you had better not send it."

"But I want to send it."

"It is folly, mein herr, and I cannot allow it."

"So I had to go to an express office and send it that way. Now that is a paternal government for you."

Overtime.

Grumpp—Is there such a thing as a "plainsman's union?"

Register—I never heard of one, Why?

Grumpp—I thought if there was one I'd like to call it to the attention of the young woman next door and get her to join. She works at her piano more than eight hours a day.—Philadelphia Press.

Snuff Using Is Increasing.

The snuff users of the United States have increased in number about 6 per cent a year for several years, taking the annual consumption of snuff as the basis of calculation. The aggregate weight of pinches of snuff taken last year was 18,000,000 pounds.

There Are Exceptions.

"It is said that all persons' sons turn out to be worthless. Do you believe it?"

"Oh, dear, no! Some persons have no sons, you know."—London King.

Automobiles and lynching parties travel at a break-neck pace.

Success is the only road on the map that leads to prosperity.

OLD FAVORITES

John Burns of Gettysburg.

Have you heard the story that gossips tell of Burns of Gettysburg? No? Ah, well!

Brief is the glory that hero earns. Briefer is the story of poor John Burns; he was the fellow who won renown—The only man who didn't back down When the rebels rode through his native town;

But held his own in the fight next day, When all his townsfolk ran away. That was in July, sixty-three, The very day that General Lee, Flower of Southern chivalry, Baffled and beaten, backward reeled From a stubborn Meade and a barren field.

I might tell you how, but the day before, John Burns stood at his cottage door, Looking down the village street, Where, in the shade of his peaceful vine, He heard the low of his gathered kine, And felt their breath with incense sweet; Or I might say, when the sunset burned The old farm gable, he thought it turned Into the milk fall, red as blood, Or how he fancied the hum of bees Were bullets buzzing among the trees, But all such fanciful thoughts as these Were strange to a practical man like Burns.

Who minded only his own concerns, Troubled no more by fancies fine Than one of his calm-eyed, long-tailed kine— Quite old-fashioned and matter-of-fact, Slow to argue, but quick to act. That was the reason, as some folks say, He fought so well on that terrible day.

And it was terrible. On the right Raged for hours the heady fight, Thundered the battery's double bass— Duffled music for men to face; While on the left—where now the graves Undulate like the living waves That all that day unceasing swept Up to the pits the rebels kept— Round-shot plowed the upland glades, Sown with bullets, reaped with blades; Shattered fences here and there Tossed their splinters in the air; The very trees were stripped and bare; The barns that once held yellow grain Were heaped with harvest of the slain; The cattle bellowed on the plain, The turkeys screamed with might and main.

And brooding barn-fowl left their rest With strange shells bursting in each nest. Just where the tide of battle turns, Erect and lonely stood old John Burns. How do you think the man was dressed? He wore an ancient long buff vest, Yellow as saffron—but his boots, And, buttoned over his manly breast, Was a bright-blue coat, with a rolling collar.

And large gilt buttons—size of a dollar— With tails that the country-folk called "swailers." He wore a broad-brimmed, bell-crowned hat, White as the locks on which it sat. Never had such a sight been seen For forty years on the village green, Since old John Burns was a country beau.

And went to the "quiltings" long ago. Close at his elbows all that day Veterans of the Peninsula, Sunburnt and bearded, charged away; And strappings, downy of lip and chin— Clerks that the Home Guard mustered in— Glanced, as they passed, at the hat he wore, Then at the rifle his right hand bore; And hailed him, from out their youthful lore, With scraps of a slangy repertoire: "How are you, White Hat?" "Put her through!" "Your head's level," and "Bully for you!"

Called him "Daddy"; begged he'd disclose The name of the tailor who made his clothes, And what was the value he set on those; While Burns, unmindful of jeer and scoff, Stood there, plucking the rebels off— With his long brown rifle, and bell-crown hat, And the swallow tails they were laughing at.

'Twas but for a moment, for that respect Which clothes all courage their voices checked, And something the wildest could understand Spake in the old man's strong right hand; And his corded throat, and the lurking frown Of his eyebrows under his old bell-crown; Until, as they gazed, there crept an awe Through the ranks in whispers, and some men saw

In the antique vestments and long white hair The Past of the Nation in battle there; And some of the soldiers since declare "That the gleam of his old white hat afar, Like the crested plume of the brave Navarre, That day was the oriflamme of war. So raged the battle. You know the rest:

How the rebels, beaten and backward pressed, Broke at the final charge and ran. At which John Burns—a practical man— Shouldered his rifle, unbent his brows, And then went back to his bees and cows. This is the story of old John Burns. This is the moral the reader learns: In fighting the battle, the question's whether You'll show a hat that's white, or a feather!—Bret Harte.

TOBOGGANING INTO A BEAR.

Dangers of Bear Hunting on an Icy Northern Island.

A member of the Wellman polar expedition of 1898-9, Paul Bjoervig, is described by Mr. Walter Wellman, in "A Tragedy of the Far North," as a man of superior courage, of unexampled fortitude and of inspiring character. If there was a bit of dangerous work to do, he was sure to be the first to plunge in. He sang and laughed at his work. If he went down into a "porridge," half ice and half salt water, and was pulled out by his

hair, he came up with a joke about the ice-cream freezer.

One day three men were out bear-hunting on an island. Two of them had rifles, the other had none. The last was Bjoervig. They found a bear, wounded him, and chased him to the top of a glacier. There Bruin stood at bay. One of the hunters went to the left, another to the right. Bjoervig laboriously mounted the ice-pile to scare the beast down where the others might get a shot. But one of the hunters became impatient, and started to climb up also. On the way he lost his footing, fell, and slid forty or fifty feet into a pocket of soft snow.

At that moment, unfortunately, Bjoervig frightened the bear. Leaving the summit of the ice-heap, the beast slipped and slid straight toward the helpless man, who was floundering up to his armpits below. Apparently the man's life was not worth a half-kroner. In a few seconds the bear would be upon him, and would tear him to pieces. The brute was wounded, furious, desperate.

Bjoervig saw what he had to do. He did not hesitate. He followed the bear. From his perch at the summit he threw himself down the precipitous slope. He rolled, fell, slipped straight down toward the big white bear. He had no weapon but an oaken skee-staff, a mere cane; nevertheless he made straight for the bear.

Down the hillock slope he came, bumping and leaping, and yelling at the top of his voice. His cries, the commotion which he raised, the vision the bear saw of a man flying down at him, frightened the beast half out of his wits; diverted his attention from the imperiled hunter to the bold pursuer.

This was what Bjoervig was working for. The bear dug his mighty claws into the ice and stopped and looked at Bjoervig, but Bjoervig could not stop. The slope was too steep, his momentum too great. He dug his hands into the crust of the snow; he tried to thrust his skee-staff deep into the surface. It was in vain. Now he was almost upon the bear; the beast crouched to spring at him. Another second and it would all be over. Crack! the rifle spoke. The man down below had had time to recover his equilibrium. Another shot and the battle was over. Bjoervig and the bear rolled down together.

"You saved my life," said the man with the gun, when Bjoervig had plucked himself up.

"No, no," responded Bjoervig, whipping the snow out of his hair, "you saved mine."

Money in R. Roading.

A New York boulevard car was going north one day recently when, with a sudden jar, the current was thrown off and the passengers were bumped rudely together. The car came to a standstill. The motorman, says the New York Times, threw open the front door and ran back to the conductor on the rear platform.

They exchanged a few words, then both ran through the car to the front platform. Every passenger sat mute with surprise. Suddenly the car started and then backed. Then it started again, and once more backed. Then it stopped. Off jumped motorman and conductor, and as the astonished passengers looked out of the windows they saw the two men down on their hands and knees trying to crawl under the car. Presently, with an exclamation of delight, the motorman, covered with mud and grime, slowly emerged. Entering the car and holding up for inspection a ten-dollar bill, he said:

"Excuse me passengers, for jarring you and keeping you waiting, but I came near running over this ten-dollar bill, and I had to do it and leave it for the motorman on the car behind me."

Charged His Mind.

It is a wise father who knows just which story to tell in regard to his own child. Jackson, like other men has a horror of infant prodigies as exploited by their proud papas. The New York Times tells of his meeting his friend Wilkins, who greeted him with "Hello, Jackson! What do you think my little girl said this morning? She's the brightest four-year-old in town. She said—"

"Excuse me, old man!" exclaimed Jackson. "I'm on my way to keep an engagement. Some other time—"

"She said, 'Papa, that Mr. Jackson is the handsomest man I know! Haw! haw! How's that for precocity, eh?'"

And Jackson replied, "Wilkins, I'm a little early for my engagement. That youngster certainly is a bright one. Come into this toy store and help me select a few things that will please a girl of her taste, and I'll send them to her, if you don't mind."

The Autoist on Horseback.

Automobileist—I wish this confounded thing would run out of gasoline.

A Hean Man.