

THE DUKELET.

"Who are those people on the shore?" implored the duke's fair bride. "My creditors, my creditors," the little duke replied.

AN INTERLUDE.

By R. RAMSAY.

Love for an hour or a day, sir, Will do for a girl of Japan.

Elizabeth had been humming the half-bitter song that never would suit her voice. (Only a gay thing like Kitty Marshall could imitate the flippant way that was the right way to sing it.)

She listened a minute, while the pages fluttered down from the piano and the song died on her lips. A slight color tinted her pale, handsome face as she walked to the window, and leaning her arms on the sill, looked down, smiling.

"Bobby," she called. He tried to smile, riding past in a desperate hurry; but she saw the fury in his face. In another minute he had burst into the room as if shot from a catapult—his way. There was so ringing of bells with Bobby. He and Miss Lancaster had known each other all their lives, and he came to her as he would to an elder sister in all his straits and rages.

"What's the matter?" she asked, holding out her hands to be shaken. "Another quarrel?" He rushed at her and squeezed them tightly.

"It's all over!" he cried. "Tell me about it," she said compassionately, but hardly startled. It was not the first time Elizabeth had had to patch up a quarrel between Bobby and the girl on whom he had fixed his fancy. After half-an-hour's comforting he would ride back to make it up. . . . At least, that was what had always happened until tonight.

"She's such a baby," he cried, plunging into the heart of things. "I can't make her understand—I can't make her see—No, Elizabeth, it's no good saying it's half my fault!" "All your fault, Bobby," she interrupted, mildly.

"That's your kind-heartedness, but if you saw her—if you only heard her! It's enough to drive a fellow mad. So I said I wouldn't stand it. And so she said, as we couldn't agree, hadn't we better part—and—and—" He was beginning to stammer.

"My poor boy," said Elizabeth, "she did not mean it." "Well, I told her it was the only wise thing she had said since we had been engaged. And then she laughed. And I said, 'What are you laughing at?' And she said, 'At you.'"

He broke off, almost choking with anger, and there was a solemn pause. A hush had fallen over all the garden, and the last bird was singing painfully in the trees. Elizabeth smiled half sadly, half tenderly, there was nothing in all the world as motherly as her face.

"Don't, Bobby, don't!" she said, laying her hand on his. He started. "Don't what?" he asked, hoarsely. He had been staring at the floor, but now he lifted his eyes to hers, hot, excited, and very young. (He was three years older than she, but perhaps she had learned harder things—and he would be a boy to the very end, as she knew). "Do you think I mind? It was an awful mistake, and I'm a confoundedly lucky fellow to have got out of it in time. Because—"

He caught her hands again impulsively, and gazed right into her eyes. "Because I've found out that I was a fool, Elizabeth—you're the dearest soul in all the world—and you can't be angry. You've forgiven me so much; all my life you've had to scold me and forgive me things. You'll forgive me

that? I know it's confounded cheek, but I will say it—it was just a ridiculous fancy I had for Kitty. I know now it was you I loved all the time." Elizabeth grew suddenly white as death. The quaint, old-maidenly, motherly air forsook her, and left her undefended.

"I'm sure of it," he went on eagerly. "But just because it's been always so, I didn't understand. That was why I couldn't agree with her. There was something wanting, something wrong—always—always! And I was a blind ass and did not guess!"

"Don't be so rash," she said, with a little sad smile of yearning; but, alas! it was hard to be prudent while her heart beat so fast. Her voice, unsteady, pleading, took on a quick ring of triumph.

"Why, Elizabeth—you—you—it's in your eyes!" He flung his arms around her passionately, and she felt the clasp tighten until his heart beat wildly against her cheek. Her eyes were shut under strange hot kisses, and for a little while she was dumb.

"Bobby, are you mad?" she murmured at last, breathlessly, lying up on his breast. "Mad?" he cried. "I was mad, my darling. When I think how dear and kind you've always been, comforting, helping me all my life—my dearest, my guardian angel—I can't imagine how I could ever dream—oh, you don't know what a heavenly rest it is to find out that I'm in love with you!"

"My boy—my boy!" she said, wistfully, looking up in his face. Her eyes were dim with tears and fear and wonder.

"I'll go to your father at once," he said, stammering. "Elizabeth, do you hear? I'm going to—to—to tell him. I want all the world to know that I'm yours, and you are mine. . . . I want them all to see!"

"No," she said. "Don't go tonight. Perhaps—tomorrow." "Why," he asked impatiently, and she tried to smile bravely up at his eager face. He believed that he loved her then. . . . Ah, yes, he believed it. Dared she not—

"I want to keep it to myself, tonight," she said. "Ah, my dearest, you don't know—you can't guess what it means to me. Have patience, and let me have it to dream tonight with all but myself shut out."

He laughed, unwillingly giving in to her whim; and she pushed back the hair from his hot forehead. He was hardly able to undertake a solemn palaver with Mr. Lancaster (who was a J. P. and gruff) in the present whirl of his brain.

"Well, I'll ride over tomorrow morning—with the—with the early bird," he said gaily. "Elizabeth, will you be awake? I'll be up with the lark to come and claim you."

They looked into each other's eyes—he with gallant laughter, and she all wistful. "Good-by," she said. "Good night, you mean. It's never to be good-by."

"Kiss me, then, Bobby, and say good night." She went with him to the door, and watched him ride away under the darkened trees. Her eyes were dazed with happiness, but the wild flush was already dying in her cheek—fading into its haughty pallor.

On the stair she met her mother, and paused to let her pass. Mrs. Lancaster looked her curiously. "Has anybody—Elizabeth, who has been here?" Elizabeth saw the sharp glance at her transfigured face.

"Only Bobby." And then she reached her own room and fell on her knees, hardly praying—what dared she ask?—her heart filled with the rash happiness that had come to her. It was all hers for one night, at least, and she would go to sleep with his kiss burning on her cheek.

Bobby did not come in the morning. The day after there came a letter, impulsive, boyish, and—like him. Dear, dear Elizabeth—you were right—you are always right! I find it was all my fault and my poor little girl was not to blame. I can't think how I could have been such a brute. But she has forgiven me, though I don't deserve it—and it's to be in September, because when we're married we can't possibly quarrel like that, you know. And, she says, will you be a bridesmaid? I was quite off my head last night. How you must have laughed at me! But I'll never forget your kindness, my guardian angel. She says the bridesmaids are to be dressed in pink—

"His guardian angel!" said Elizabeth, with a bitter smile. "I wonder he does not ask me to be his sister!" Alas and again alas!—New York Evening Journal.

Fretful Dad. "This son of mine is always up to something." "Boys will be boys." "I wouldn't object to that. But he wants to take a female part in a college play."—Kansas City Journal.

"Hair cut, French or English style, 6 cents. Franco-British style, a great success, same price," says a notice exhibited by a Shepherd's Bush (London) barber.

LITTLE MEN and LITTLE WOMEN

Cause For Tears. A little girl sat on the curb, Her curly head low bowed, And sobbed as though her heart would break, In accents long and loud.

"What is it dear?" I said to her, And gave her curls a touch, "What makes you sad on this bright day? Why do you weep so much?"

The child looked up thro' streaming tears "Because, because," she sighed, "Please tell me," I repeated low, "Why you so loudly cried."

"Because I want another foot," The little maiden sobbed; "While in the April breezes all Her golden ringlets bobbed."

"Another foot! my darling child," I said in much surprise, "Nobdody has more than two feet, Or hands, or ears, or eyes."

"I know, but I live in that flat, And tho' it's nice and neat, Whenever I play out of doors I must play in the street."

"And so I want another foot," The child again sobbed hard— "To-day I heard my papa say 'Three feet would make a yard.'" —Washington Star.

My Tears Are Hanging Out. One day a little boy named Arthur was crying in the kitchen. It was just dinner time and his mother told him to go to the table. He started to go in the dining room and ran back, saying: "Oh, how can I go in with my tears all hanging out!" —Dorothy B. Stan, in the Brooklyn Eagle.

A Physician's Messengers. Carrier-pigeons are doing the work of telephones in one of the towns of Maine, as between an enterprising physician and his patients. Having first trained forty birds so that they would always come home, the doctor served them out to his regular patrons; and now, when Willie Smith has a cold or Grandma Jones gets a bad fall, or any calamity threatens, a note is tucked under a pigeon's wing, and the bird makes straight for the little opening over the doctor's door.

An interesting development attending this experiment is the reform of all the small boys who had been addicted to stone-throwing. Older people soon realized that an accurate shot might kill or cripple one of the doctor's messengers.—Christian Register.

How Dot and Jack Won a Friend. Up among the green leaves and blossoms of a cherry-tree was a tiny home, and in it lived Father and Mother Robin with their four babies. It was a most beautiful place for a home, but one thing troubled Mother Robin very much. Every morning, while she was feeding her babies, two little people, with bright blue eyes, would stand at the foot of the tree and watch the little family at breakfast.

"I believe she is afraid of us," whispered Jack to his little sister one day. "Then we'll go away," said little Dot, "and wait until she knows us better."

So away the children scampered, but they were still very much interested in the old cherry-tree. Soon after the children were playing near the tree, when they saw Mother Robin flying round and round.

"Let's see if we can help her," said Dot. The children ran to the tree, and there on the ground lay a baby robin. It had fallen from the nest and could not fly back. Jack climbed up into the tree, and brave Dot picked the little bird up and handed it to Jack, who laid it very tenderly in the little nest. From that day the robins and the children were the best of friends.—Jennie B. Smith, in Kindergarten Review.

And He Woke Up. Once there was a little boy named Needle, and he had three cats. With these cats he played all day, and even in his sleep he thought about the good times he had. I'm sure one night they were thinking of him, for as soon as he fell asleep they came to him, with several of their cat friends, and begged for more fun. Needle was in for all the good times that were coming to him. So he was out of bed in a minute, and they played that the cats were tigers and he was a big hunter man with a shotgun. "Mewow," cried one of the cats as it sprang on Ned. "Pop-pop" went the gun, and away rolled the make-believe tiger, shrieking with laughter until its sides ached. Then the next cat tried his luck at eating Ned, until, quite exhausted with laughter, they all lay sprawling on the ground.

"Let's play horse car!" exclaimed Tabble, and to Ned's "Oh, yes, let's!" they all set to work, and in a twinkling they put the chairs behind his best hobby horses and made a very nice car. Taking a peep in the car here is what we saw: Old Tim reading his morning paper, with Blackie, his wife, by his side. She was singing a lullaby to the baby. Miss

Mouser and Miss Kitty were making love to each other in the corner, and Mr. Ratcheter sat on the middle seat smoking a pipe.

In came the conductor, and, walking up to Mr. Ratcheter, said, "Excuse me, sir, can't yer read?" Mr. Ratcheter had seen the sign. "No smoking," but he was a burly fellow and rather stubborn. "If yers can't throw that 'er pipe away I'll put her off this 'er car," persisted the conductor.

Then ensued a fight, and such a scene! Mr. Slypuss collected all the fares and pocketed them during the confusion, and Mr. Sneakem unhitched the horses and rode away with them. Cat policeman ran into the car and tried to put the smoking cat off. But lo! the car fell to pieces; the passengers jumped into nowhere, and Needle, screaming, sat right up in the middle of his bed and woke up!—New Haven Register.

Bessie and the Flowers. Bessie went into the garden to play. It was the big flower garden, and many, many of the blossoms were just coming into beautiful bloom. Bessie loved to look at the blossoms, but she did not consider their rights, so she began pulling them off and throwing them on the ground. After she had destroyed a great number of the most beautiful blossoms that had been smiling so sweetly at her, she heard a voice saying just at her elbow: "Now, little girl, since you have killed so many of my beautiful and innocent comrades, how do you feel? Are you glad to look at those dying blossoms lying about on the ground? Were they not much more pleasing to your eye when they were living and nodding in the breeze and smiling toward blue heaven? And how sweet was their fragrance, too, for it floated about in the air making it delicious to the human nostrils. Ah, little girl, do you know how wicked it is to wantonly destroy these dear flowers?"

"But how can they be dead when they never breathe?" asked ignorant Bessie. "Flowers don't live—they can't walk."

"Yes, we do live, little girl," explained the voice which came from a tall tiger lily. "We all live and grow. We eat from the soil and drink of rain and dew. We come from tiny seeds and grow into flowering plants to make the world more beautiful. Did not your mamma want us here? If she had not loved us she would not have had the gardener plant us and tend us so industriously. And here within a few minutes you have destroyed the lives of flowers that have been growing all through the spring, putting forth their fresh, soft leaves and blossoms to help make this garden a place of beauty and purity. See how those little blossoms on the ground are withering under the sun's rays? Ah, within another half hour they will be entirely dead. But had you not pulled them from their parent stem they would have lived many, many days, to add beauty and love to this world. And before their natural death other sister and brother blossoms would have been on the same stem with them to take their place when their term of life was expired. Now, little girl, do you realize the injury you have done to the helpless, though helpful flowers?"

Bessie stood quite still for a minute, then she replied: "Yes, I've been a naughty girl this morning; but I shall never, never kill another flower just for the fun of pulling it off the stem. Of course, if mamma says to gather some flowers for the dinner table or to carry to a sick friend that will be different. Then, with your permission, good Mr. Tiger Lily, I'll gather a few of the full-blown blossoms, for they wouldn't live much longer, anyway."

"Flowers love to be gathered to adorn the dining table and to make the room of a sick person cheerful," said the voice. "They are then put into nice fresh water and do not die for ever so long a time, and their being in the water prevents them from suffering. Indeed they enjoy themselves very much when doing good. It's only when being ruthlessly destroyed—as you destroyed so many of them this morning—that they suffer."

"Well, never again will a dear little blossom suffer at my hands," declared Bessie. "And if I could put these poor heads back on their necks again I'd do so." And so saying she picked up the withering blossoms from the ground and held them tenderly in her hands. "I know what I can do, though," she added. "I can put them in a bowl of fresh water and set them in a cool, shady place in my room, where they may feel happy in adding their fragrance—what isn't already destroyed—to the delicious morning air."

And then Bessie ran to her room, placing the half-wilted flowers in a dainty bowl of cold water. And almost immediately they began to open up and look refreshed and happy. "Oh, you dear things," exclaimed Bessie. "I shall love you always after this morning's chat with old Tiger Lily."—Washington Star.

Pa often talks about a man mer, who lived long. Pa seems to think that he can't somehow beise. The only things he ever do a harp and sing his I'll bet he couldn't of sto Jim Jeffries very long.

Another man pa thinks wa Michael Angelo. You'd To hear pa talk a while, could put Hans Wagn blink. It seems that he could scold and do a lot of handy. I'll bet you, though, he w been one-two-three wit Burns.

The greatest man that ever li thinks, was Shakespeare, could stuf. The ink all right, I guess, and kna lot about 'most everything. Pa says that Shakespeare's gifts far ahead of any other man. I'll bet you, though, he wou'd stood much show in the ring Gans.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-P



"You used to travel a great Senator Brown." "Yes," answer the great man regretfully; "that my pass-time."—Judge.

Stella—"Can you dress income?" Bella—"Yes; but dressing within a berth in ing-car."—Harper's Bazar.

Bobbs—"How did you go Paris? Do you speak French?" "Only enough to make myself understood."—Philadelphia Record.

Passenger—"How do you feel, my good man, when the giant waves come tumbling over the ship?" Old Salt—"Wet, ma'am—werry wet!"—Judge.

"My boy," advised the Polonius with chin whiskers, "stand by the flag." "I'll do it, dad." "And don't let the office go wholly unprotected."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"He has no job." "Father, I am determined to marry the man of my choice." "Very well. But don't fix on my home as the boarding-house of your choice, that's all."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Mrs. Uptown—"I trust that we shall get along very nicely, Nora. I am not at all difficult to suit." Nora (new maid)—"No, ma'am; that's what I thought the blessed minute I set eyes on the master."—Harper's Bazar.

Cholly—"I overheard you remark, Miss Pepprey, that Gus Sappy and I were great chums, but I assure you you were mistaken." Miss Pepprey—"Oh, no; it was you who was mistaken. I said 'great chumps.'"—Philadelphia Press.

Stinkins—"You say that little man was formerly the light-weight champion?" Timkins—"Yes." Stinkins—"How did he lose the title?" Timkins—"Oh, he didn't lose it. He merely sold his grocery and retired."—Chicago Daily News.

"Don't complain," said Uncle Eben, "if you find dat somebody has an ax to grind. You's lucky dese days if, when you gits through turnin' de grindstone, he doesn't han' you de ax an' speck you to do his choppin' for 'im."—Washington Star.

"Louder! Louder!" shrieked the delegates. "Gentlemen," protested the presiding officer, "I can assure you that the disappointment of those who can't hear isn't a marker to the disappointment of those who can."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Tourist—"Looks like pretty good soil around here. What crops do the farmers grow in this section?" Native—"That all depends, stranger." Tourist—"Depends on what?" Native—"On what sort uv seed they puts in an' the weather."—Chicago Daily News.

She—"If a man loves his wife as much as she loves him, he will stop wasting his money on cigars if she asks him." He—"Yes, but if his wife loves him as much as she ought to, love a man who loves her enough to stop it if she asks him, she won't ask him."—Pack.

Makeup of British Army. Among those offering to enlist in the army last year it was found that 27,921 unskilled men came forward, against 13,022 skilled tradesmen, in addition to 15,223 men classified separately, such as fishermen, bontmen, stewards, barrgen and clerks. About one-fourth of each category was rejected, the unskilled having a slight advantage in the numbers passing. In the army Englishmen predominate; there are 178,240, against 3,588 Welshmen, 18,129 Scotsmen, 22,836 Irishmen, 9,014 Colonials and 25 aliens.—Westminster Gazette.

The sexes having made pledges to keep out of debt, the women near Maud, Okla., are doing the farm work while the men are cutting railroad ties.