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Race Record 2:15. Sire Madison Wilkes. 2:24 3-4  
By George Wilkes, 2:22; dam, Lily Mascoe, by Young Tommie.  
Linden was foaled July 2, 1896, is a rich bay in color, stands 15 1/2 and weighs 1075 pounds. He is of the general type of the many branches that are most thoroughly taught by the best teachers that the country affords. Competent assistance for business men. Graduates furnished with good positions. Car fare free to students. For Catalogue, address,  
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## THE CHAPERON.

Joan was writing letters on pale pink note paper. She had finished three and there were nine more to be done. "If it wasn't for my new moulin, I would try to bear it so steadily," she said, and snuggled a line with her sleeve; "but the thought of the wasted labor in these frills will embitter my whole existence—both!"

The concluding expletive was called forth by the sight of the snuggler. "Ella said 'The what I mind most the pineapple one was really beyond everything.'"

In the armchair there was a wet handkerchief and a crumpled girl in a short frock. "It's wicked," she said, "it's cruel. The only pleasure of my holidays, I've dreamed about it every night. And school next week. No boats, no anything!"

"Bother!" Joan had smudged another sheet. She pushed the desk away pettishly. "I'm not going to write any more of the horrid things."

"If only you weren't such prudish," the girl in the armchair said. "Do you imagine you're in a box and all Australia is leveling its opera glasses at you—wouldn't care?"

"You're only a silly girl, Thea—think of the people we've asked—why, the Delaney girls would faint at the idea of a picnic without a chaperon. There's no help for it. Do you think I'm not as disappointed as you are?"

The picnic they had planned and dreamed of, cooked for, lived for, must at the last moment be declared off. The lady who was to have chaperoned the party had been inconsiderate enough to sprain her ankle just when all arrangements had been completed.

Try as they would, they could not fill up the place and among all their acquaintances in the district there was not one married lady obligingly disengaged enough to come and play propriety for them on short notice.

Their father and mother had gone for a Christmas trip to Tasmania, and given permission for the picnic, only provided it was entirely chaperoned. Clearly, they could not go without a lady of a certain age, more especially as it would be a public holiday, and the Parramatta river would be alive with holiday makers.

"I'd like to know what good they do," she said in a voice so withering that even her tears checked themselves. "Why, the holiday at the Gresham's picnic, there were three chaperons; but it did not prevent our Jack from squeezing Nellie Alton's hand, for I saw him."

"Our Jack" entered just in time to catch the last sentences and to project a sofa cushion at the speaker. "Sheep dog, at your service," he said and mirrored across the room. He was dressed in a long skirt of his mother's with a fashionable jacket left unbuttoned and a box of black lace around his neck.

There was a gray, amazingly natural looking wig on his head and surrounding it a black jet bonnet with an intricate and long tassel. A veil and pair of eyeglasses, and a languid smile completed his "get up."

Thea fell upon his neck, regardless of the diffident security of the bonnet. "You darling," she sobbed. "Oh, you dear boy, you, trump, you brick Jack!"

And that is how it happened that the party was chaperoned by a clean shaven boy of 22. They introduced him as Aunt Emmeline, and he bowed beautifully or shook their hands silently and murmured correct little society nothings.

But at first Aunt Emmeline considered had been unfairly used. The girl had said Esther Harless, present goddess of their brother some what unstable affections, could not possibly come, as she had caught the measles from her little brother and was in bed.

But when the morning came and the people began to assemble at the big house on the hill, it walked Esther in a cool, white, and a sailor hat. Joan introduced them. "My dear friend, Esther, Aunt Emmeline."

"I heard you had the measles, my dear," Aunt Emmeline said, in a thin, old voice. She retained the hand, in its white suede glove, with all the solicitude of a chaperon of 40 years' standing.

"Oh, no, it was Edith who caught them—my sister, not I," Esther said. She managed to get her hand away and moved across the veranda, to be instantly surrounded by the officers and the bank clerk.

Aunt Emmeline stood in moody silence, her back to the fireless grate. They came in, all arms and legs and beaming smiles. "Where's your corker?" she said. "Why, what's the matter, Jack?" The last word was whispered. "O, confound it all," Aunt Emmeline said, and pushed up her veil, regardless of consequences.

## HERE AND HEREAFTER.

It is not as hard to see the right as to want to see it. Every compromise with evil is an appeal to hell to come to heaven's rescue. It is a common saying that God has little use for a discouraged man. Many a man who claims that charity begins at home lets his wife saw the wood.

Believing and trusting are the two things necessary to the banishment of all doubts and difficulties. The man who has no use for the golden rule in a horse trade, had better be watched every where.

Who stoops to compromise takes the responsibility for results off of God's shoulders and places it on his own. Of two evils, deliberate wickedness chooses both, expediency chooses the less, and straightforward righteousness chooses neither.

The pleasantest things in the world are pleasant thoughts and the great thing in life is to have as many of them as possible. Are there doubts, trials, here? Is the work hard? Think of the things that are above. No doubts, no difficulties up yonder.

Usually the greatest boasters are the smallest workers. The deep drivers pay a larger tribute to the sea than the shallow brooks, and they empty themselves with less noise. Life is short, and we have never too much time for gladdening the hearts of those who are traveling the same dark journey with us. O, be swift to love, make haste to be kind.

Prayer should accompany all Christian work. Pray before you plead, and pray while you plead. This is absolutely essential to the truest, highest success. As good Dr. Guthrie says, "Man can as well live physically without water as spiritually without prayer." Experience teaches us that the praying worker is the successful worker.

All She Wanted. A Scotch woman was returning by train from a market town, where she had made a few purchases. Just as the last bell rang a fussy gentleman elegantly dressed and with a "mind himself" looking face, rushed into the compartment, flung himself hastily into a corner, pulled out an evening paper and proceeded to devour its contents. Hardly had he become seated when the woman timidly addressed him. "I am very sorry, sir, but—"

"I never listen to beggars," fiercely interrupted the gentleman. "If you annoy me further, I'll report you." The woman's eyes flashed, she then twinkled. She said no more, and the old gentleman retired, with an angry frown, behind his paper. All went merrily as a marriage bell until the train arrived at Coleridge, when the "aid wife," in stepping out, again addressed the churlish individual in the corner. "I can't say, whether you report me or no, but I want that pound of butter you've been settin' on for these last six miles."

"Pearson's Weekly." I overheard the following conversation on a Market street car yesterday between a couple of young men: "I told you that fellow Moore was a scoundrel and I told him yesterday." "You did?" and the other commenced looking his friend over for evidence of a conflict. "What did he say?" "Oh, I didn't listen to him. Told him he was a liar, a thief and a scoundrel, and that I would punch his nose if he said a word to me."

"What did he do?" "Nothing; he said 'so-so.'"

"Nothing; he said 'so-so.'"

"I don't know. I hung up the telephone."

A Compliment Indeed. He—I'm going to pay you," the highest compliment a man can pay to a woman. "He—I know it, but I came away without my pocket-book—can you lend me a dollar until to-morrow?"

Different Causes Assigned. "Never caught a thing!" declared the old man. "Never got a decent bite. Got up before daylight and rode and walked 40 miles, spent \$3 in fare and \$5 for sandwiches and rum and never touched 'em. Fishin' ain't what it used to be, anyhow," he continued, mournfully. "I used to go down New York's most anywhere and bring in a good mess. Now you can't bring anything but a jag. How do you account for it?" I inquired, sympathetically. "The bicycle," said he. "What's that in the world has the bicycle got to do with it? 'I don't know—everybody says it's the bicycle, you see, the bike has just everlastingly knocked the spots out of fishin' an' everything else—so they say. Few year ago it was the Sherman law. Then it was the McKinley law. Next year it will be silver. Just now it is the bicycle. Spium discouragin, but I spose we've got to stand it.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Her Guess. "Now, Eleanor, you weigh 120 pounds and the weight gauge on the hammock registers 300 pounds. Where did that other 170 pounds come from?" "From—New York, I think."—Life.

Clear case. "Do you ride a wheel?" asked the eldest of the doctors on the Insanity Commission. "Yep," answered the subject. "What makes 'em?" "I never noticed." The verdict was unanimous—dementia.—(Cincinnati Enquirer.

Brown: I never see Mrs. Snook now. I used to be sweet on her, but she was quite uneducated—had not even learned the rudiment of grammar. Smith: Hadn't she though? I hear she knew enough to decline an ass, though.

Dainty Dora—"Sussie says she'll never wear her bloomers on that horrid Mr. Goldie's yacht again." Sweetest Susan—What's the reason?" "Why, she says that just as soon as he saw her coming down the dock he called out in a real loud voice to the crew to let loose the spanker."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Yes," said the principal of the young ladies' seminary to the proud parent, "you ought to be very happy, my dear sir, to be the father of so large a family, all the members of which seem to be so devoted to one another." "Large family! Devoted! What you mean by that?" "Why, yes indeed," said the principal, beaming through her glasses. "No less than eleven of Goldie's brothers have been here this winter to take her out sleigh-riding, and she tells me she expects the tall one with blue eyes again to-morrow."

## A Note of Warning.

O, that I could speak so loud that all would hear what a warning I have seen as a doctor, suffering that is caused by careless neglect, the loss of the sense of excitement there's no living being whose kidneys are not at times overworked.

There are three other boats, and Jack had seen that the good rowing men were equally distributed in them. In his own, however, the bank clerk was a very poor oarsman, and the squatter a good deal out of practice, so they were left somewhat behind.

Just past Hunter's hill a great sailing boat came bearing down upon them and a steamer was close behind, but no one had noticed such details until it was almost too late.

The bank clerk grew pale and splashed frantically with his oars and the girl with the steering lines lost her head and forgot which side she should pull.

The young Delaney girl with beautiful white teeth stood up in her place and screamed. Esther gave a little gasp and clung to the friendly arm beside her.

But Aunt Emmeline thrust her roughly aside and almost fell across the boat to the middle seat. She swept the bank clerk out of his place into a feeble and astonished heap, seized the oars, and with a couple of powerful strokes swung the boat round out of danger.

Afterward the bank clerk had a confused remembrance of being called a "confounded young idiot," and he resented it with an air of dignified surprise toward the chaperon for the rest of the day.

Aunt Emmeline resigned the oars to the squatter when they were in clear water again, and seemed much troubled because she had burst her black kid gloves. She smiled at the surprise of the party at her act, and said simply she had been used to the management of boats since her earliest youth.

"The man was dying for a smoke. If she could have talked to Esther she would have sacrificed the desire, but as it was she merely anathematized the squatter and kept fingering the cigarette in her pocket, she had carefully put in her pocket until she could resist no longer.

Would you like to come out in a boat with me, my child?" she said, at last, gently, to Thea who was feeling somewhat exhausted after a prolonged attack upon cream cakes.

Everyone remarked how well the old lady pulled and Ella eyed a relieved far-look from the shore.

Aunt Emmeline rowed at a rate that would have fairly electrified the picnickers could they have seen. Then she gave the oars to Thea, subsided into the bottom of the boat, lighted her pipe and had a luxurious smoke, and then she turned in just as the boat was about to start.

It isn't many others would do what I've done for you girls," she said, as Thea pulled back again some hours later.

Two or three of the girls, Esther among them, had strolled some distance away and were standing in the bowlder, idly throwing stones in the dancing water and watching the circles.

A frightened scream broke the hot, quiet air over the river. Two of the girls were running frantically about and the third was struggling in the water. They all knew by the sailor hat bobbing about that it was Esther.

The squatter gave an answering shout and started running at a great rate, taking off his coat as he went. But Aunt Emmeline shot along in front of him. Her skirts were gathered up in a rough bunch under one arm, her bonnet hung down her back, and she waded with her glasses tumbled off, her hair wadded about and fell in a gray mass over her shoulders.

Jack knew himself to be no mean swimmer, but the skirts tangled his feet and the tight jacket held his arms. The squatter was only a few yards behind. Jack stuck out wildly and made rapid pace. But somebody seized him under the arms and he struggled for a moment to free himself from the jacket.

It was one of the officers, a better swimmer than either of them. "My—dear—madame," he panted, holding him in a firm grip and trying to swim back with him, put your hand on my arm—"

"Drown your grandmother!" spluttered Jack, swallowing a pint of water, as he freed himself. "Can't you see who I am?"

## Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria. When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria. When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria. When she had a Child, she gave them Castoria.

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