MR GENNISTER'S CHRISTMAS.

The Conversion of a Dry old Bachelor.

"WISH you a pleasant journey," Mr. Gennister, and a merry Christmas!"

Mr. Gennister turned slowly toward his new clerk—a fair, sunny-faced young fellow—with a cold and stony stare. "I do not expect to have a pleasant journey," he said. "And I do not believe in Christmas."

Young Mortimer, the new clerk, looked blankly at his employer and said no more. When the door closed behind Mr. Gennister's departing figure, Tom, the office boy, laughed. "Say, Mr. Mortimer, when you've been with him as long as I have, you won't be wishing him a pleasant journey—or a merry Christmas, either!"

"I'll wish him both!" young Mortimer said, sturdily. "And I hope he'll have a merry Christmas, in spite of himself."

Mr. Gennister's journey from the city to the suburbs of that small New England town was no more pleasant than he had foreseen. It was a long and tiresome journey, followed by a cold drive through the darkness, for it was nearly eight o'clock before he reached the lonely, old-fashioned house which once had been his home. For some reason, Mr. Gennister had never cared to part with this house, which through the entire year was left in charge of an old servant, who kept it always ready for his immediate return, though every year he went back to it for shorter periods and at longer intervals. But he had chosen to come to it now on the night before Christmas, to get away from the annoyance of the holiday fuss and the air of general festivity which he disliked so much, and which for some days would pervade the entire city. It was a nuisance, a foolishness, an interruption to business, and he would have none of it! And the sooner that Young Mortimer learned his opinions about such things, the better!

As Mr. Gennister approached his old home he noted with satisfaction the flare on the window panes, which told of a blazing log fire in his particular den. But his satisfaction was marred when he was greeted in the hallway by his old servant, all cloaked and bonnetted and with a tearful face.

"How are ye, Mr. Gennister, it's well ye are lookin', sir. But to think of yer havin' come home just when me duty is callin' me two ways I don't know what ye'll say to me, sir,—but me daughter over to Westley has been took ill suddintly an' Lem has drove over to fetch me, an' is waitin' at the back door this minute, sir—so I must be goin' at once. I've set out yer supper, sir, an' yer breakfast, too—all but the coffee—if ye'll just be good enough to make that for yerself? An' me niece, Ellen, will be over in the mornin', sir, for I've sent her a postcard in the mail, an' she'll take care of ye an' the house, sir, till I return."

"Very well, then, go," said Mr. Gennister. "I'll get along. Well, what else is the matter, Jane?" as he saw the tearful woman was not yet ready to depart.

"I'm very sorry, sir, but there's the bye! I wouldn't a had it happen for a good deal, for ye don't like childer, I know. But yer telegraph was delayed, an' I didn't know ye was comin' till—with all I had to do to git ready for ye, sir, it was too late to git the bye home. An' ye'd never a knowed that he was here, sir, if I hadn't been called so suddent away. An' I can't take him along wid me, sir, for over to Westley all the childers is down with the measles—"

"Who and what is he?" Mr. Gennister demanded, sternly.

"Me son John's littlest bye, sir, going on four year old—an' come over afore I knowed ye was comin' home, to spind Christmas day wid his granny. An', poor little soul, I've been that hurried an' upset that I've niver a thing to put in his stockin'—which he'll break his heart over in the mornin' whin he wakes up an' finds it impty!"

"Stop rambling and tell me what you expect me to do," Mr. Gennister said, grimly.

"Nothin' in the world, sir, for he's abed an' asleep, till in the mornin' he wakes an' finds stockin' impty an' his granny gone! Then he may cry a bit, but not for long. He can dress hisself—he's a smart little bye—an' if ye'll give him jist a bite of bread an' sup o' milk, he'll be all right till Ellen gits over, an' then she'll know what to do, an' ye'll niver dream, sir, there's a little bye in yer house. An' I humbly hope, sir, ye'll pardon me, an'—"

"Yes, yes, good-night," said Mr. Gennister, impatiently, cutting her short and turning on his heel.

He went up to his room to remove the stains of travel. And before he came down again he had heard the back door shut and a wagon drive away, and he knew he was alone in his house—alone, with the exception of a strange child!

Certainly Mr. Gennister was much annoyed, yet he was just enough to see that Jane was really not to blame. She could no more have foreseen being called away by her daughter's sudden illness than that he would telegraph her at the last moment before starting, instead of on the day before, as hitherto he had done.

He put on his comfortable lounging robe and went downstairs to find a bountiful supper spread out on a neat table before the open fire. Short as her time had been Jane had provided amply for his comfort. She had not neglected one thing which she knew he liked, although she had found no time to run to the village store for a top for her grandchild's stocking!

By the way, where was the boy? It might be as well to know in what part of the house he was sleeping in case anything should happen in the night.

So when Mr. Gennister had finished his supper he arose, a feeling of annoyance again coming over him, and because the back part of the house was usually cold, he put on a cap before he took up the lamp and started upon his quest.

He had poked his head into three empty bedrooms before he came to Jane's, in the middle of whose ample featherbed a wee figure was curled up, fast asleep. At the bed's foot a limp little stocking hung empty and forlorn.

While Mr. Gennister was looking at it the little figure squirmed and suddenly sat up. Two little fists rubbed open two sleepy eyes and then the small boy crept rapidly on all fours to the foot of the bed and felt the stocking—empty!

There was a surprised and pitiful quiver on the lip. Then the child raised his head and caught sight of Mr. Gennister's short, stout figure, clad in long lounging robe and cap, and the boy no longer felt either grief or doubt.

"O Santa Claus, fill up my 'tocking!" he cried, tossing up his arms. "Willie been good boy!"

Instantly—for some unknown reason—Mr. Gennister blew out the lamp. The silence was broken by a sleepy chuckle from the bed as the child snuggled back among the warm coverings. Then there was a mixed-up murmur of "Santa Claus—'tocking—good boy," followed by a contented, sleepy sigh, after which, with noiseless step, Mr. Gennister withdrew.

Back again in his warm sitting-room he sat staring at the fire. He—he of all men on earth—had been mistaken for Santa Claus! He laughed grimly—it was so strange a joke! Queer that even a child could believe such nonsense. What fools grown people were to teach them such rubbish—or to countenance it! How many children would be disappointed in the morning, how many heartaches would be caused by that ridiculous myth—that cruel deceit of "Santa Claus." Now, there was that little chap upstairs—

And Mr. Gennister felt sorry, felt positively uncomfortable as he thought of the bitter grief which would come to that child on his awakening.

At last he got up and put on his coat and overcoat. It was not a long walk to the village and he felt, since he had given Jane such short notice of his coming, that he owed it to her to get a few toys for the youngster — who was really in no way to blame for being there. But Mr. Gennister did wish that Jane had been less conscientious and had attended to providing for the little chap's Christmas — even if she had been obliged to leave those fragrant mince pies unmade!

He strode rapidly along and soon reached the small block of gayly-lighted shops. But he had not expected to find so great a crowd of shoppers and for a moment he was inclined to turn about and go back empty-handed—as he had come. Then he thought of the child's delight when he—Joe! Gennister—had been so absurdly mistaken for Santa Claus, and he went in.

Mr. Gennister submitted to the pushing and hustling of the holiday-humored crowd until he had succeeded in buying a Noah's ark, a box of ten-pins and a flag. Then to add to his discomfort the sudden thought came to him—suppose the child had awakened and was screaming himself into fits? or suppose a spark from the blazing logs should set fire to the house? Thereupon he made his way out and hurried home, feeling much relieved when he had let himself in and found all as quiet and as safe as when he had gone out, an hour before.

And now he really had to do the work of Santa Claus. Again he visited Jane's room, and having possessed himself of the little limp stocking, he returned to the fireside to fill it, when he discovered that even now he had nothing suitable to put in! It was absurd! What sort of things did they put into stockings, anyway!

So he thrust in the flag, with its stick extending far up in the air, and he poked Noah and some other of the ark's inhabitants into that seemingly bottomless abyss, and then he took back the still limp stocking to its hanging place, put the ark and box of ten-pins near it on the foot of the big bed, after which Mr. Gennister himself retired.

When he awakened next morning Mr. Gennister heard vague sounds of unmistakable delight, and presently when he went over and looked in at the door of Jane's room he saw a comical sight.

A very small boy in a flannel night "Johnnies," surrounded by Noah, his family and all his animals, was vainly trying to stand on his head—presumably for joy! But when he saw Mr. Gennister he regained an upright position.

"Gamma?" he said, inquiringly.

"Your grandma's gone away, but it's all right. I'll look out for you till Ellen comes. You know Ellen?"

The boy stared hard. "Who is oo?" he said at last.

"I'm Mr. Gennister—this is my house. Say, can you dress yourself? Well, then, get dressed and I'll give you some breakfast."

The boy jumped up and down. "Mitter Dennitter, Mitter Dennitter, Santa Claus bringed Willie all dese!"

"Yes, I see. Hurry, now; get your clothes on and come downstairs."

But the child was too wildly excited to be able to dress himself that day—and Mr. Gennister actually had to play the nurse!

Afterward Mr. Gennister played cook and made the coffee. Then the two breakfasted together with Noah and his wife, for guests, standing between them on the table.

But it was after breakfast that the fun really began. Evidently Willie had never seen tenpins before, so Mr. Gennister set them up and showed him how to play with them. And Willie enjoyed the companionship so much that after that he would not play alone with anything!

As long as Mr. Gennister sat on the floor and rolled the balls, Willie would fetch and carry and set up the pins and chatter in perfect delight. But when Mr. Gennister drew his chair up by the fire and tried to read, Willie insisted upon climbing on his knee and putting his chubby face between the reader's eyes and the printed page. Commands and persuasions were of no avail, and at last Mr. Gennister gave in and went back to his place upon the floor, and so it was that Ellen found them.

She was amazed, of course, and aghast that Mr. Gennister should have been so bothered by "the bye." And she immediately carried the child away to her own domain—the kitchen. But Willie had no mind to give up his newfound playmate, and watching his opportunity he slipped away from Ellen and reappeared at "Mitter Dennitter's" side.

Mr. Gennister put down his book and looked with some amusement at the persistent child. But Ellen had missed him, and quickly arrived upon the scene, whereupon Willie set up a howl and clung to Mr. Gennister with all his force.

"There, there—leave him with me, Ellen. He'll be good in here, and you go get the dinner," said the master. And the maid departed, marveling.

Oh, but Willie had a royal time that day, and Mr. Gennister had some good exercise—and some new sensations, too! They dined together as they had breakfasted, with Noah and his family. And then, after Ellen had everything washed up and put away, she appeared, all cloaked and ready to take Master Willie home.

It was difficult to persuade him to "be good bye" and go; he evidently was well content to stay where he was. But finally the idea of showing all the beautiful toys which Santa Claus had brought him, to "mommer, popper an' the chiller" prevailed, and Willie consented reluctantly to have them packed up and to go.

"Goo'-by, Mitter Dennitter; Willie come soon aden!" was his shrill farewell. Then silence settled on the bachelor's home, and with a sigh of relief Mr. Gennister picked up his book and settled himself before the fire.

But somehow he could not fix his mind on what he read, and his eyes would wander from the printed page.

"Hello! there's poor old Noah or one of his family! I wonder if you feel lonely, too?" he said as he picked up the forlorn little figure and set it before him on the mantelpiece.

"Welcome back, Mr. Gennister, and I hope you've had a merry Christmas!" was young Mortimer's greeting to his employer upon Mr. Gennister's return.

Tom, the office boy, laughed silently and looked up to see young Mortimer "annihilated;" but to his amazement Mr. Gennister, after his first habitual frown, smiled and actually seemed amused.

"Well, most unexpectedly, I did have, rather!" was the enigmatical reply.

Later in the day he said to young Mortimer: "You have children in your family, I imagine?"

Young Mortimer laughed.

"Well, sir, there are nine of us, and I'm the eldest of the lot!"

"Ah," Mr. Gennister said, thoughtfully, "that explains it. That makes the difference. I see now why you think so much of Christmas. I never had brother or sister—I grew up without having any young companions. And I see now that I have missed something out of my life."—Judith Spencer, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

"OH, SANTA CLAUS, FILL UP MY 'TOCKING."

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A TRAP FOR ST. NICK.

Young Mechanic—"Yer see, it's a trap. It jes' fits our chimbly, an' Sandy Claus kin git down all right; but when he climbs back he can't git out, an' I gits all his pack."

PUZZLE PICTURE.

A NOTED AMERICAN. WHO IS HE?

Cut out the pieces and paste them together so as to form a perfect picture.

PRIMITIVE MAN.

Professor Virchow Skeptical About the Neanderthal Skull—Has Discovered Various Deviations.

During the recent meeting of the congress of anthropologists at Metz, Prof. Virchow read an important paper on "Prehistoric Men and the Distinction Between Species and Variety." After pointing out that two kinds of change can be discerned in the human organism—namely, Blumenbach's innate variation, and, secondly, changes occurring during lifetime—the professor went on to say:

"The artificially caused change or deformation belongs, strictly speaking, to the science of pathology. There are, however, transitions; and it is, therefore, difficult strictly to distinguish the latter from an inherited or acquired change. The question of the descent of man has led to many controversies about the 'Neanderthal skull.' In many quarters it has been regarded as the prototype of a supposed original human race, called also 'Adamites.' The anatomist, Prof. Schwalbe, of Strasburg, has recently reexamined this skull, and declared it to be that of a prehistoric race, which inhabited a large portion of Europe, and was akin to the present Australian negro."

Prof. Virchow, however, maintained that this hypothesis lacks the necessary foundation, and proceeded:

"The fact that the skull exhibits some peculiar traits which may be considered, in part, as individualistic, and partly as pathological formations, makes the matter very doubtful. It is, moreover, impossible to infer from a single individual what a whole race may have been. Hence, the Neanderthal skull, and the fragments of skeleton belonging to it, cannot be accepted as the prototype of an original race. The doubt about the hypothesis is all the greater as a 'Neanderthal-like' skull formation is not infrequently found among people now living in different countries. It cannot be denied that the skulls of the Frisians in northwestern Germany and the neighboring districts of Holland show a certain similarity to that of Neanderthal. This might be taken as a proof in favor of the hypothesis; but some of those peculiar formations—for example, the flatness of the prominent parietal bone—cannot be looked upon as normal.

"Furthermore, the conclusions drawn from the examination of a few skulls are misleading. We must not be induced to build up anatomical arguments for racial differences on the uncertain basis of the Neanderthal skull."

Prof. Virchow had himself carefully examined the Neanderthal skull, and discovered various deviations, which he regarded as showing an abnormal development. He argued, therefore, that the said skull can hardly be accepted as the type of a race. This brought him to the principle that "a whole race cannot be reconstructed from a single skull, but only from a numerous series of objects which allow a reconstruction of average normal conditions." The professor then referred to the explanation recently given by Prof. Balz regarding the Ainos of Japan. Prof. Balz is of the opinion that this race of hairy men is a scattered remnant of the Caucasian race, and compares it with the Russian peasants. Prof. Virchow, on the other hand, maintained that there are marked differences between the two races, but that it is, at any rate, impossible for the present to arrive at any definite conclusion as to the origin of the Ainos.

Getting at the Facts.

"You say," said the judge to a witness, "that the plaintiff in this case resorted to an ingenious use of circumstantial evidence."

"That's what I said, your honor," replied the witness.

"What do you mean by that?" asked the judge.

"My exact meaning, your honor," replied the witness, "is that he lied."—Chicago Daily News.

Long-Lived Family.

At Buda-Pesth a man of 88 attempted suicide by jumping off a suspension bridge, because he found himself no longer able to maintain his father and mother, aged respectively 115 and 110. Police investigation found the man's story was true in every particular.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Too Many Home-Wreckers Abroad

By REV. DR. BRADDIN HAMILTON, of Newport.

There are too many home-wreckers abroad in the land.

Rev. Braddin Hamilton.

By home-wreckers I mean men who enter your home to steal your wife and women who enter your home to steal your husband. To put it another way—men who lead away the mother of your children, women who wreck the life of the father of your home.

You entertain these people, you introduce them to your friends, you offer them your hospitality. They reciprocate—these outwardly "perfect ladies" and "perfect gentlemen"—by disrupting your family—by tempting your wife or husband to break their marriage vows and to play false to themselves, their family, their children and their God.

USUALLY THE HOME-WRECKER IS THE "FRIEND OF THE FAMILY." Avoid them—these "friends of the family." They are dangerous. It is the educated, polite, well-bred thief who is the most dangerous of all. They are beneath contempt, these hypocrites who operate in the mask of friendship.

And the majority of these home-wreckers parade as church-members. CHURCH-MEMBERS! GOD SAVE THE MARK. Analyze for a moment the methods of the home-wrecker. He enters a home. He begins his campaign for his friend's wife. He is studiously gallant, so polished! So sympathetic! so confidential! so dependent on her counsel! Then comes the veiled attack on the husband: "How can he be away from you a moment!" "What a lucky fellow he is!" and more of the same, until his object is accomplished. And after the woman, tempted by flattery, succumbs, after she has deserted husband, home, children, he hauls her to the divorce court, this "friend of the family," so that the law may put the stamp of his ownership upon her.

A church-member! Do you think a man could be under the influence of a church and at the same time persuading some woman to desert her children, to be left orphans, worse than orphans—objects of pity and ridicule? Do you suppose a woman cares for the censure of a church, who so coldly is wrecking some man's life, getting him to turn his children adrift to be cared for by legal guardians and other sharks who have no interest in them only as to what they can get out of the poor little things.

YET THESE PEOPLE USUALLY ARE SENSITIVE ABOUT THEIR SOCIAL STANDING. If they get society's sanction, they do not care about the church's censure.

A HOME-WRECKER SHOULD NOT BE RECEIVED IN SOCIETY, nor in the homes of the land. The home life must be kept unsullied. If it is not, our noble country will go to pieces as rapidly as it came into prominence and prosperity.

VAGARIES OF FASHION.

Rough Goods Increasing in Popularity—New Cuffs and Embroidery.

The vogue for rough goods has not yet passed away; in fact, it is increasing. The newest materials are heavy and very rough, some of them showing a shaggy surface and others having a hairy outside. They are all classed under the generic name of zibiline, meaning a rough goods, but to the initiated there is a difference and the salesman will point out the inferiority of the loose, coarse, rough goods that soon wears smooth in spots and the finer grades that endure forever and live through storm and snow, dust and sunshine, says a fashion journal.

The Scotch suitings are very handsome and show a coarse, heavy grain which is very satisfactory. These suitings make up well and are very adaptable to form, as they keep their place perfectly and stay in the folds nicely. There is so little about them that can wrinkle that they show little or no wear, even after bad usage.

About cuffs one cannot say enough, for they have assumed with a jump an important place in the season's gowning. The Russian cuff, with its tight-fitting band, which shirts and belts the full sleeve is worn with street gowns and house gowns as well. This sort of cuff allows for a little bag at the back of the wrist, but is close-fitting to the hand and very neat. It is made of a Persian embroidery, or is seen in the new striped velvets, or in the velvet dotted silks, and is effective in any material.

Then there is the cuff no wider than your finger, of velvet, bringing the sleeve in sharply so that it makes a very full bag. This cuff is used with the sleeve that is very baggy below the elbow and cut off far above the wrist. Most of the elbow sleeves are finished in this way, just a narrow band of black velvet.

The elbow sleeve with its narrow cuff is so seldom becoming that it can never be a popular favorite. It should be reserved for those with slender but perfectly rounded arms and for young girls, but women who are doubtful of their outlines should not attempt it.

The embroidered cuff is one of the very new freaks of fashion. The sleeve which is finished without any cuff at all is embroidered for a depth of about six inches. In the embroidery little attempt is made at a definite pattern. Pink roses with green leaves embroidered the wrist of a sleeve that was made of tan-colored cloth. The gown, which was a reception dress, had the same embroidery upon the yoke. It was repeated around the foot, but in much more ambitious way, the embroidery reaching up on the skirt so as to be very deep at the sides and shallow in the middle of the front and in the middle of the back.

Embroidery appears to an alarming extent upon the fall gowns, when one considers the work that must be performed and the stitches taken to secure it. Gowns in white cloth are abundantly embroidered in colors, for dressy gowns such as are to be worn to house weddings and receptions. In the tans and pale colors of all kinds there is seen the same beautiful embroidery.

WOMAN'S SYMPATHY.

It Enthrones Her in the Hearts of Her Family as Queen of the Home.

The powers of wise appreciation of woman should be cultivated to include more than the children in the home. The brother or husband or father, who fights the battle of life, may need the helpfulness of sympthy and proper appreciation more than imagined. No man boldly asks for it; that is beneath his sense of pride; but he needs it and welcomes it. The wife who gives it ungrudgingly by entering into the difficulties of her husband's toil and worry proves a more important factor in his development and ultimate success than she might be if she labored side by side with him at the desk, in the shop, or in the field. Woman's mission in life is to encourage and sympathize; to show forth her steady confidence in the ultimate success of those she loves; to share with husband, father or brother the troubles and difficulties that constantly beset all in the struggle for existence; in short, to appreciate the spirit of every effort put forth in the right cause by giving praise where needed, and blame, it may be, when demanded. Discouragement has been the rock on which most men have failed, says A. S. Atkinson, M. D., in Ledger Monthly.

Many men have succeeded simply because their wives have appreciated their worth, realized the peculiar weak and strong qualities in them, and have then steadfastly encouraged them to continuous effort. They were not allowed to fail, because they were told that they possessed qualities that would in the end win. The world often fails to appreciate the value of a man because it has no time to stop and discriminate, but the wife or mother who thus fails falls short of her highest gift, her greatest opportunity.

The Fillet of Chicken.

Each chicken breast yields four fillets. The two large outside fillets and the smaller or minion fillets underneath. To remove them cut lengthwise down the center of the breast close to the bone, using a sharp-pointed knife. In this way the entire breast can be removed without spoiling the shape of the fillets and the two easily separated. There are a great many very delicate ways of preparing these choice bits.—Washington Star.

Egg Plant Fritters.

Boil the egg plant in salted water with lemon juice till tender. Then mash it well, add enough flour to it so that it may be molded, and to each cupful of the mixture add a beaten egg. Season with salt and pepper, put in a little melted butter, shape and fry in boiling fat.—Boston Budget.

Filling for Shoe Tips.

Hair such as is used for mattresses makes the best kind of filling for the tips of long-toed shoes. It is cooler than tissue paper or cotton batting because it admits of ventilation.—Detroit Free Press.

DANGER TO HEALTH IN SCHOOL.

Where Sanitary Conditions Are Not Properly Looked After, Parents Should Step In.

Many people who are scrupulously careful of the health of their children in the home are strangely indifferent to the conditions prevailing in the school. Hygiene in the public schools is a subject that is yearly receiving more and more attention, with the result that new school buildings in the larger towns and the cities conform generally to sanitary standards, but this is not true of many of the old buildings, and of many schoolhouses in small places. It is the duty of all parents to know how far they fall short, and why, and what is needed to make them healthy, says Youth's Companion.

The rules as to contagious diseases should be more strict, or rather, more strictly enforced, and parents should remember that danger may lurk in complaints often considered of slight importance. Whooping-cough, for instance, is thought by many people to be an unimportant and necessary trouble of childhood, which it is better to get over and have out of the way They do not know, or they forget, that while whooping-cough is not a dangerous disease for older children, it is dangerous and often fatal to very young children, and it is easily carried by the children attending school to the babies in the nursery.

Too much attention cannot be paid to the question of light in the schoolroom. Many children are made premature wrecks from unrecognized eye-strain, and school visitors often see small, helpless children sitting blinking in the sunlight which streams through a large window in front of them, making frowning efforts through the glare to read from a blackboard, and using up in a few hours the nerve force of a week Light should be abundant, and should come from the left side, so that no shadow is thrown on slate or book, as is the case when the light comes from behind or from the right.

Another most important matter is the properly constructed desk, which will prevent undue stooping, contortions, or impediment to correct breathing.

In considering the subject of ventilation, there should, of course, be some system in every school-room by which air can be introduced from outside and then allowed to escape without using the windows, which cannot always be depended upon on account of drafts and storms. These and many other points should be insisted upon by parents.

THERE WERE OTHERS.

Scene in a Georgia Courtroom Which Showed the Judge, If Not the Law, Was Respected.

Georgia has a stringent law forbidding its citizens to carry pistols on pain of forfeiting the weapons and paying a fine of $50 or being imprisoned for 30 days. Shortly after the passage of this enactment Judge Lester was holding court in a little town, when suddenly he suspended the trial of a case by ordering the sheriff to lock the doors of the courthouse, says the New England Magazine.

"Gentlemen," said the judge, when the doors were closed, "I have just seen a pistol on a man in this room, and I cannot reconcile it to my sense of duty to let such a violation of the law pass unnoticed. I ought, perhaps, to go before the grand jury and indict him, but if that man will walk up to this stand and lay his pistol and a fine of one dollar down here, I will let him off this time."

The judge paused, and a lawyer sitting just before him got up, slipped his hand into a hip pocket, drew out a neat ivory-handled six-shooter and laid it with one dollar down upon the stand.

"This is all right," said the judge, "but you are not the man I saw with the pistol."

Upon this another lawyer arose and laid down a Colt's revolver and a dollar bill before the judge, who repeated his former observation. The process went on until 19 pistols of all kinds and sizes and shapes lay upon the stand, together with $19 by their side. The judge laughed as he complimented the 19 delinquents upon being men of business, but added that the man whom he had seen with the pistol had not yet come up, and, glancing at the far side of the court, he continued:

"I'll give him one minute to accept my proposition, and if he fails, I will hand him over to the sheriff."

Immediately two men from the back of the court arose and began to move toward the judge's stand. Once they stopped to look at each other, and then, coming slowly forward, laid down their pistols and their dollars. As they turned their backs the judge said:

"This man with the black whiskers is the one that I originally saw."

Rolla Cheese.

Take the skirt of beef and cut into thin, narrow strips and lay them fat and lean on pieces of prepared tripe, with the rough side of tripe next to the meat. Season each slice with salt, pepper, a little chopped green ginger or chili peppers. Roll up in the tripe (the slices of tripe must be wider than the beef) tie the edges of the tripe together or sew them with a strong thread, making them into neat rolls. When all are made drop them into a stew pan of hot water and let them simmer gently until you can insert a small skewer readily. Then take from the water and pack them in layers in a wide earthen jar, strewing a few bay leaves, cloves and bruised mace between the layers. When cold cover with vinegar and water, put a board and weight on top to press them down. They are nice served for luncheon or tea, cut in thin slices. The spices between the layers of rolls may be left out if you desire a plainer mode of preparation.—Washington Star.

Button Onions.

Scald three pints of button onions, remove the skins and boil in salted water until tender. Cook them very slowly, so that they will retain their shape, drain and add one cupful of cream sauce. These are very delicate, and persons who cannot eat other onions can eat these.—Good Housekeeping.