Condensed General News.

Mr. Gladstone has issued his election address to the voters of Midlothian, giving the elements of the policy upon which he asks that constituency to return him to the house of commons to fill the vacancy caused by the fact of his accepting office. In this the prime minister will state: The new government will institute an inquiry into the entire land question in Ireland and into the question whether there exists any necessity for the introduction of any specially coercive measures in legislation for the Irish people; but the main policy of the government shall be to endeavor to reach the source and seat of the mischief generally admitted existent in that country.

Pierre and Jean Baptiste Vandal, who were sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the penitentiary for having taken part in the Northwest rebellion, have been pardoned. It is expected that the release of other prisoners confined for the same offenses will follow.

Thomas Morley, an escaped murderer, indicted for killing Marein Archer, of Orange county, Indiana, in 1882, has been captured near Little Rock, Ark.

A terrific explosion occurred recently at the Miami powder works, at Goes' Station, near Xenia, Ohio, where the large powder mills were blown to atoms and Gustav Snyder, superintendent of the works, so badly bruised that he cannot recover. The powder house of Shanley, Sarrell & Co., New York, exploded at shaft No. 22 of the new acqueduct, on the Fordham Landing road. The shock was felt for a radius of many miles in all directions, and the damage to the surrounding neighborhood was heavy.

The Ohio committees are still wrestling with the legislative deadlock.

A New York bay tug ran down a row boat and drowned five Austrian seamen.

The United States court in Indianapolis entered judgment in favor of the plaintiffs in the case of forty-two wholesale firms of New York, Boston, Chicago and other cities against Michael Fletcher of Lebanon, Ind. It was charged that Fletcher obtained $30,000 worth of goods from the firms and disposed of them without paying for them.

A vote in the house shows that the silver men have a large majority.

Senators Edmunds and Pugh, by direction of the committee on the judiciary, called upon the president to inform him that the committee would feel called upon to report against the nomination of Judge Merrick of the District of Columbia, who was appointed to the district bench last summer. The only objection to Judge Merrick was his age, for after a service of a little more than two years he would be retired upon a life pension, and the committee did not think the appointment of men of his age should be approved of by the senate. The president promptly replied that Judge Merrick was giving satisfaction and he did not see that his age disqualified him in the least. Therefore he could not justly withdraw his name.

Ellen Gehan, waiting maid of the late Mrs. Roebling, wife of the famous John W. Roebling, mechanical engineer, has brought suit to recover $50,000 from the Roebling estate, she alleging that Mrs. R. promised to leave her well off.

P. N. Smith, the attorney, shot at Elizabeth, Stearns county by R. O. Kempfer will not recover. Kempfer is forty-eight years old, and was formerly a resident of Madelia, Watawan county. When twenty-four years old he represented the Twentieth district in the legislature.

Archbishop Gibbons says that $500,000 will soon be raised for the proposed Roman Catholic university. Bishop Marty of Dakota is collecting money from the German Catholics.

The wife of Senator McPherson gave an elaborate and beautiful breakfast party to young ladies, in honor of her guest, Miss Dillon, the daughter of Prof. John F. Dillon of New York. Two tables were set with eight debutante's at one table and sixteen young ladies at a larger board. The tables were decorated with large central cushions of roses and other choice flowers and baskets of maiden-hair fern graced the ends of the tables.

Washington Star: A newspaper correspondent recently poked fun at a western congressman for a "spread eagle" burst of eloquence, and then found out that the passage was a quotation from Macaulay.

Snow fell to the depth of four inches at Nexcalings, four miles from the city of Mexico. This is the first snow that has fallen in that vicinity since 1856. The weather is much cooler than is generally experienced in that latitude.

The agreement between France and Germany regarding their respective possessions on the west coast of Africa and in the South sea has been submitted to the reichstag. The agreement contains an amicable understanding with respect to the rival claims of the two powers to the territory lying on Biafra bay, Germany surrendering her assumed sovereignty and protectorate over all that part of the country lying south of the river Congo, and France abandoning all claim to any territory north of that river.

Scott, clerk of Arrapahoe county, Colo., although indicted for falsifying the records and admitting it, has obtained bail and holds onto his office. He can't be dislodged until convicted, and Denver people are excited.

Capt. Hendson, who has arrived from Legiep, one of the islands of the Marshall group, relates the circumstances of the seizure of Legiep by Germany last September. He states the German vice consul, a captain and thirty armed men landed from a German war ship and raised the German flag against the protest of Dr. C. H. Ingalls, an American who is one of the three Caucasians engaged in business on the island. The party after being on the island forty-five minutes took the flag down and returned to the war ship, which proceeded to other islands in the group and repeated similar demonstrations on each of them.

Dr. Wood, ex-dean of Beach medical college, Indianapolis, who absconded recently, has not been heard from, but two of his wives have turned up. He owns vauable property in Haughville, Ind.

Near Colfax, Wash. Ter., Eugene Evans was shot and killed by Edward Crane.

Work has already commenced on the big tunnel in the Stampede pass on the Cascade division of the Northern Pacific. Fifty men are working at the mouth of the tunnel.

Solicitor General Goode is preparing a bill to be filed against the American Bell Telephone company to vacate and annul its patent. He says that the suit will be instituted as soon as the papers can be prepared, and that no decision will be reached in regard to the place of bringing it until all the papers are ready.

It is learned from a reliable source that the president has determined to let the question of naming a successor to Judge Advocate General Swaim, who is suspended from duty under sentence of a general court martial, remain in abeyance.

Edward Crowl has been arrested for forgery at Cleveland, Ohio.

The United States grand jury at Galveston returned a true bill against the four deputy sheriffs from Hill county, who beat the conductor of a Missouri Pacific passenger train, terrorized the passengers and interfered with the running of the train. They are charged with obstructing the mails.

Miss Amelia Hagerman of Cincinnati caught hold of a desperate burglar and ex-convict named Gorman, who was rummaging in the house, and held him until help came.

Police Justice Meech of Chicago brought suit in the circuit court to recover $27,000 from Rev. Dr. A. E. Kittridge, who, he claims, libeled him in his sermon. Dr. Kittridge is pastor of the Third Presbyterian church.

Lieut. Commander R. M. Cutts, while on on a visit from Mare island to relatives in San Francisco, was suddenly seized with internal hemorrhage, from which he died.

Seven hundred and fifty applications have been made for admission to the new Soldiers' home at Erie, Pa., which only holds two hundred.

Valentine Keyser, a prominent farmer of Wabash county, Ind., is thought to have been murdered. His charred body was found in the ruins of the house, which had been burned.

Forty of the sixty-eight Modoc and Sioux Indian children who for three years past have been receiving instruction at the expense of the United States government in the institute five miles south of Wabash, Ind., are now being prepared for return to the Indian Territory, having completed the course of study assigned them.

August Belmont, the New York banker, got judgment by default for $154,451, together with costs and disbursements, against Ben Holladay in Portland, Or. Some years ago Belmont sued Holladay in the superior court in New York city, and got judgment. Ben Holladay never settled it, so recently the suit was renewed in Portland.

Queen Victoria has received a present from the United States of a quarto volume (name not stated) bound in sealskin, with lining of damask satin, and a hand-painted inscription. The work is regarded as a triumph of American book-binding, and copies have been presented to the German emperor and to the emperor of Russia.

The Winnipeg councilmen propose to pay less for the electric lights of that city or else do without them.

Wallace Ross and Fred Plaisted say they will make an attempt next August to go through the Niagara whirlpool in a boat. They claim that Capt. Webb was drowned through an accident, and that the boat they have contracted for in the United States will carry them through safely.

A young man named James Isaacs, who lives on the Frazer river, has confessed that he shot his brother, whose recent mysterious shooting created a sensation in the province.

A dispatch from Victoria, B. C., says the snow blockade has been raised on the Canadian Pacific and all the trains are running on time again.

Queen Victoria has chosen as the date of the performance of "Mors et Vita," which she will attend at the Royal Albert hall, Friday, March 26, that being the eve of the third anniversary of the death of John Brown.

Commissioner Sparks records an opinion that the so-called "Texas Oklahoma Homestead colony," which promises for a fee of $2 to take a person into membership and provide him a homestead in Oklahoma, is a fraud.

Gen. Hazen, the chief signal officer, has made a contrat with Prof. King, the aeronaut, to write out his experience in making baloon ascensions and to prepare a treatise upon the atmospheric conditions above the clouds. He is to be paid $100 for the job.

P. M. Smith, a well known attorney of Elizabeth, Stearns county, was shot by R. O. Kempfer. The cause of the shooting grew out of a divorce suit pending, in which Mrs. Kempfer is trying to secure a divorce from her husband. Smith was acting as her attorney. It is supposed that Kempfer was delirous with drink at the time of the shooting. Kempfer met Smith at Burson's store, and without a word of warning, shot at him five times, three shots taking effect—one in a shoulder, one in the abdomen, which came out at his back, and one in the side. Kempfer was secured and is now in jail. Smith will probably die.

Peter H. Smith, a Tower City butcher, is missing, and his chief creditor, Mayor Sutphin of Duluth, is anxious about him.

The Tucson, Ariz., Star claims that the killing of Capt. Crawford by Mexicans was premeditated. The war department at Washington thinks it was purely accidental.

Hon. John D. Philbrick, formerly superintendent of the Boston schools, died at his country home in Danvers, Mass., of paralysis, in his 68th year. Mr. Philbrick was born in Deerfield, N. H. He was graduated at Dartmouth.

W. H. Jackson, private secretary of Louis Riel, has arrived in Chicago to secure aid for the prisoners still held for complicity in the Northwest rebellion.

James Howard McMillan of Detroit is the richest sophomore at Yale college and he spends $6,000 pin money a year.

Senator John F. Miller of California, now dying, is worth $6,000,000.

Ohio senators have agreed upon a plan of compromise at Columbus.

A desperate convict at Pittsburg seriously wounds two of his keepers, but is overpowered before injuring them fatally.

A Cleveland youth is charged with forging his mother's name to $60,000 worth of paper.

The normal school at Madison, Dak., succumbed to the flames.

James Donnelly and Tom Flynn, two well known heavy-weight pugilists, fought a short but bloody fight in a room up town at New York. Flynn was the victor.

Personal Mention.

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt prefers the cowboy of the west to the Indian. He says: "I don't go so far as to think that the only good Indians are the dead Indians, but I believe nine out of every ten are, and I shouldn't like to inquire too closely into the case of the tenth."

Edward Slocum of New Richmond, Mich., who received in pay as a soldier the first one dollar greenback issued, marked Series A, No. 1, and dated Aug. 1, 1862, still has the bill in his possession.

"You should visit the supreme court to-morrow," Justice Bradley is credited with having said once, "for there will be some interesting arguments made. Sidney Bartlett of Boston is on one side and Roscoe Conkling is on the other; and one of them is a great lawyer!"

The three Misses Drexel, who inherited $4,000,000 from their father, the banker of Philadelphia, have bought 200 acres of land near that city, on which they will found an industrial school for boys.

Rev. Richard Harlan, son of one of the justices of the United States Supreme Court, has been called to the First Presbyterian Church of New York. Mr. Harlan graduated from Princeton Theological Seminary last summer.

UNCHANGED.

If all the earth were barren should I care,
If all the birds forsook the sunless air?
I only know—
That if the day be dark, the day be fair,
My thought goes with thee everywhere.

Should seas forget to follow where
The moon's full charm rounds white and bare.
It matters not—
I only know that where thou art
Still turns to thee this throbbing heart—

Unchanged, and changeless, still to thee,
From time and through eternity.
I only ask—
That, when some day its pulse you miss,
Upon my dead face leave your kiss.

—MARGARET WHITE.

SNOWED IN.

Ada Carleton Stoddard in Harper's Young People.

One cloudy winter morning, not less than twenty years ago, there was an unusual commotion about a certain little old house standing far up on the St. John River.

Within, Mrs. Grace sat before the great fireplace in the fore-room, so bundled up in shawls and blankets and hoods that she could scarcely stir. In a warm corner of the hearth lay three or four hot bricks well wrapped in newspapers, and two home-made robes were hanging across a chair to warm—everything indicating preparations for a long journey. Without, Mr. Grace was hitching the old red mare into the thills of the still older red pung, that looked as if it might have come over in the Mayflower. His round, good-natured face wore a troubled expression, and he jerked at old Dolly's bit once or twice in an ungentle way which wasn't like himself.

The small part of Mrs. Grace's face that was visible among the folds of her home-knit hood showed the same look of anxiety, and her voice trembled a good deal when she spoke to the children, and gave Charly her last directions. There were four of the children—Dean and Emmy, and Joe and Charly—though Charly was not one of the Grace children. Mrs. Grace had taken her, a wee lame mite, when there was no one else to take her, and she often declared she couldn't and didn't love one of her own little ones better than she could and did love Charly. Emma and Dean and Joe were round, rosy little ladies, of 3 and 5 and 7 years, blue-eyed and yellow-haired. Charly was 11, and she was neither round nor rosy. Her face was thin, and her eyes were big and shadowy. And Charly was lame; there was a pair of tiny crutches always by her chair.

"I couldn't think of going," said Mrs. Grace, "if Charly wasn't the wise, patient little mother I know she is. I never was so worried in my life. But what am I to do?"

It was a hard question to answer, indeed, for the night before had come a letter to Mrs. Grace from her sister in a distant town saying that her mother—the children's dear old grandmamma—was very, very ill. "Come at once," the letter read; and it was a week old when Mr. Ringgold, who lived too miles above them, but was yet their nearest neighbor in the sparsely settled region, brought it from the postoffice five miles below. It was little to be wondered at that the tears filled poor Mrs. Grace's eyes, that her lips quivered, and her voice shook.

"I couldn't do it if it was not for trusting in Charly so," she repeated time and again, in tones that brought a glow to Charly's thin little face. "I know you'll take good care of them, dear. There's bread enough baked, and I've left the jar of doughnuts in the closet."

"Oh, good again!" cried Joe. "Can't we have all we want? Won't it be fun, Charly?"

"You must have what Charly gives you," said Mrs. Grace, "and attend to what Charly says. I've locked the pantry door so you can't bother her by running in and out. Now—" She looked at Charly as the outer door opened.

"I'll do just the best I can," said Charly, bravely.

"I know you will dear. Be good children, all of you."

"There's wood enough piled up in the entry to last you," said Mr. Grace, a little huskily. "We shall be back day after to-morrow night, sure. All ready, wife." And a few moments later old Dolly was jogging at her best pace down the snowy level of the river. It was thirty long miles to Dunbar Corner.

"I wish they were home again," said Joe.

"They will be before you know it," laughed Charly. "Now I'll tell you a story."

So the three little ones cuddled around Charly's chair before the open fire while she told them the wonderful tale of the "Three Tiny Pigs," and from first to last they listened breathlessly, though they had heard the same story many times before, no doubt. Charly had a wonderful gift for telling stories, Mrs. Grace often declared.

And Charly had a gift for something besides story tilling. When her stories came to an end she smiled.

"Bring me my box, will you, Joey, please?" Charly asked. Her poor little limbs were so weak and misshapen that it was with difficulty she could move about, even with the aid of her crutches.

Joe obeyed, climbing up on the wide four-posted bed in the corner, and taking from a shelf above it a square wooden box with a sliding cover. Dean and Emmy knew what was coming then.

"Dive me the kitty," pleaded Emmy.

"And me the mouses," said Dean.

"They're deers, goosey, said Joe, with a little scornful sniff. "Let me see all of 'em, won't you, Charly?"

Charly smiled in the brighest way, and pulled off the cover. Shall I tell you what were there? The daintiest little images under the sun, carved all in wood, and the largest one scarcely four inches high. It is true they were the work of a single awkward tool in untaught fingers, but if you had seen them I am sure you could not have helped exclaiming with Joe and Dean and Emmy, "Oh, Charly, how pretty they are!"

They were exceedingly true to life, too. There was the old house cat, which Emmy instantly appropriated—why, you could almost hear her drowsy purr—and there were Dean's "mooses," with their delicate branching horns, and a pair of rabbits eating clover, and cunning, creeping baby, and there was old Delly herself, standing with drooping head and lopped ears—lazy Dolly.

"I'd know her anywhere," laughed Joe.

Charly laughed too, and fingered her treasures lovingly. Her cheeks glowed and her eyes were starry.

"Do you think they're nice?" she asked—"as nice as some they have at the stores at Christmas time, Joey?"

"Nicer," returned Joe, in a tone expressive of great wisdom and experience—a whole heap nicer."

"Well," pursued Charly, "I'm going to make all I can, and when I get enough I'll send them to sell. Mrs. Ringgold said they ought to be half a dollar apiece."

"O-oh!" cried Joe, quite taken aback by this prospect of unbounded wealth. "What'll you do with so much?"

"I know," put in Dean. "You'll get cured, won't you, Charly?"

The quick tears sprang to Charly's dark eyes. "I will, if I can," said she, and she pulled Emmy to her, and hid her face in the baby's yellow curls. "Maybe I can't."

"Mr. Perks said you could if you could go to see Dr. Lester. He can cure everything."

"But it'll cost a great lot of money—maybe $100," said Charly. "I'd have to to make 200 of these, Joey."

"Well, you ain't going to wait that long," declared Joe stoutly. "Father says just as soon's this old farm pays anything, he's going to take you to Fredericton to see Dr. Lester. Maybe 'twill pay next summer; we're going to have a cow then. And we haven't been here long enough yet, you know."

"That'll be real nice," said she. "Now, after dinner I'll cut out something more."

"I think it's real fun," said Joe. But Charly only shook her head and smiled again.

Well that day passed, and the next, and all the time the sun did not show his face. The clouds hung heavy and black and dark came early, and weatherwise Joe, with his nose against the window-pane, prophesied a storm.

"I hope 'twon't come, though till father and mother are home," said he.

It did, however. When the children awoke next morning the snow was falling fast and steadily in large flakes. It had grown very much colder, too, in the night. Poor little Joe's teeth chattered spitefully even after he had raked open the bed of coals in the fireplace and built a roaring fire. The wind came up with the sun; it whistled and raved along the bleak river shore in a way that set the timbers of the old house to creaking dolefully.

"I don't believe they'll come to-night," said Joe, when dark began to fall.

"Won't they, Charly?"

"Oh, Charly, won't 'em?"

"Do you s'pose a wolf chased father an' mother?" asked Joe, with a dismal quaver, breaking in upon the narrative of the "Tiny Pig."

"A wolf couldn't catch our Dolly," said Dean, quickly. "She's too smart—and big."

Charly laughted. For the world she would not have acknowledged that such a possibility had occurred to her own mind.

"It's the storm that keeps them," she said, cheerily. "It's a dreadful storm, you know. They'll be here to-morrow—I know they will."

But to-morrow came and went—a long, dreary, freezing day, and the fifth morning dawned. How bitterly cold it was, and how the wind whistled through and through the house! The storm had ceased, but of this the children could not be sure, since the windows were banked with snow, and when Joe tried to open the outer door a white wall repelled him. Their store of provisions, too, was nearly exhausted, and that seemed worse than all the rest, until Joe came in from the entry with his arms full of wood and his eyes full of tears.

"That's every bit there is," he quavered. "Oh, Charly, why don't father come?"

"He will," said Charly, with a brave, bright smile, though her heart was like lead. "Now, we'll be real saving of this wood and only put on one stick at a time."

Oh, how cold the room grew—colder and colder, while time dragged on, and those last sticks were burning slowly away. They ate their last bits of bread then, and because Charly said she could not eat, there was a very little more for Emmy and Dean and Joe.

But Joe, though he looked wistfully at the frozen morsels, was struck with a sudden recollection. "You didn' eat any breakfast, Charly, nor any last night, because your head ached. Ain't you hungry?"

"Never mind," said Charly, cheerily. "I'll eat enough when they come home."

The bread disappeared then to the last crumb.

"I'm awful hungry yet," said Joe.

"So am I," echoed Dean with a pitiful pucker, "and I'm awful cold."

Charly hugged Emmy tighter and looked around.

There were the chairs—stout oaken ones.

"Can't you break up a chair, Joey?" she asked.

But he couldn't though he tried manfully—poor little Joe—with tears standing on his cheeks.

"Never mind," said Charly again. And then the forlorn little group huddled together over the dying fire. How cold it was! and how the wind rocked the old house and blew its freezing breath in through every chink!

"I'm s'eepy," murmured Emmy, drowsily. Charly looked at her in sudden terror. She had been sobbing with cold and hunger, and now her baby face looked pinched and her hands blue with cold. But the golden head drooped heavy against Charly's arm—and Emmy never went to sleep at this time in the day. A dull red coal winked among the ashes. Charly saw it and straightened Emmy up with a little shake.

"We will have a funny fire," said she, with a catch in her voice. "Bring the—box, Joey."

"Oh, Charly, no!"

"Yes," said Charly. "I can make plenty more. Wake up, Emmy."

And in a minute Emmy was wide awake enough to see a tiny bright blaze upon the hearth. They burned the box first and then the pretty carvings one by one. All too soon they were gone, and there only remained only a few ashes.

"I'm just as cold," whimpered Dean. "I'm sleepy, too, Charly."

"Well, you shall go to sleep," said Charly; "and when you wake up I know they'll be here. But we'll have some nice fun first. Who wants a doughnut?"

"Oh, Charly Grace, you haven't got one!"

"Yes I have," returned Charly with a triumphant little laugh. "I saved these out of mine." She stood Emmy on the hearth and hobbled as briskly as could be across the floor, placing two chairs, one at each end of the room. "Now you run a race around those two chairs till I say it's enough, and I'll give you one apiece. Run just as fast as you can."

At first the children demurred, they were so cramped and tired and drowsy; but the sight of three brown, delicious looking cakes which Charly produced from her pockets nerved them to action. Around and around the chairs they ran, Joe ahead Emmy in the rear, breathing out little clouds of steam. And Charly laughed and clapped her hands and cheered them on, until at last they stopped from sheer fatigue, puffing like three small locomotives, and with their pulses beating in a lively way.

Charly hobbled over to the bed. "Get in, all of you," she said; "then I'll give you your cakes. I know they'll be here when you wake up."

She tucked them in warmly, and then she went back to her chair. She put the end of her crutches upon two or three live coals and blew them into a tiny blaze. Pretty soon, when she had warmed herself a little, she would creep in beside Emmy. She listened to the deep regular breathing from the bed.

"They are going to sleep," she murmured. "I've done the best I could—the best I could."

The words echoed from the walls of the cold little room, and rang themselves over and over in her brain. How warm the place was growing and how dark. She thought she would crawl over to the bed and get in with Emmy and Dean and Joe. But she did not stir.

She sat there a still, a white little figure, with a pair of half-burned crutches at her feet, when less than an hour later a man with frosty beard and hair forced himself through the snowbank at the door. It was Mr. Grace, alone, for the storm had rendered the roads impassable, and he had tramped the whole distance from Dunbar Corner upon snowshoes. It was a long, wearying walk, no doubt, and he had been about it two days. But when he opened the door of his home he forgot it all. In less than a minute he had made kindling wood of one of the chairs, and in another one or two a brisk fire was roaring on the hearth, and Mr. Grace, in terrible fear, was rubbing Charly's hands and forcing some brandy from the little flask he carried down her throat. She opened her eyes presently, and looked up into the kind face above her in a bewildered way.

"Emmy—Dean—Joe—are—"

"All right—all right!" yelled Mr. Grace, nearly beside himself with delight; and then he went down upon his knees before Charly and cried, "We're all right, my dear."

And so, indeed they were. I haven't space to tell you all that happened—what Mrs. Grace said and did when she came, a few days later, with the welcome news that grandmamma was better, and heard what Mr. Grace had already heard from Joe and Emmy and Dean; how the story was told throughout the settlement over and over, and how Charly was praised on all sides; nor how the people of Grand Fork, the little village five miles below, got up a fair for Charly's benefit, which gave her enough to take her to Dr. Lester that very next spring. And though Dr. Lester could not entirely cure her, the weak little limbs grew so much stronger and better that she was able to walk without crutches, by limping a very little. When Dr. Lester, too, came to hear who Charly was, for the story of the winter's day had already reached his ears, he refused to take his fee, but, instead, added to the little roll of bills and put it in the bank—for Charly.

"She will want to go to school in a little while," said he. "I think she must study art."

"Why, what makes every one so good to me?" asked Charly with happy tears; "I didn't do anything."

"Didn't you?" asked Mrs. Grace, in return, kissing the glad litttle face—"didn't you?"

A Husband's Quandary.

From the Rockland Courier-Gazette.

"A scientific Frenchman says he has discovered a process for making artificial brains," said Mrs. Wigglesworth, looking up from the paper she was reading. "Artificial brains!" sniffed Mr. Wigglesworth, scornfully; that's just like those nonsensical Frenchmen, always fooling away their time making something artificial. What I want is real brains—none of your make-believe nonsense." Mrs. Wigglesworth, as she resumed her paper, demurely murmured that she had noticed it, too, but she never should have dared to speak of it herself. And Mr. Wigglesworth rubbed his head in a dazed sort of fashion, and wondered if he really had expressed himself just as he meant to.