"You know, my dear Herbert," said my aunt Martha, "that in the precari-ous state of my health, with my life hanging as it were, upon a thread, it behoves me to see that all my affairs are in order."

'Certainly," I responded, with duti-

ful but difficult gravity.

My aunt was only a little past middle age, weighed eleven stone two, had a color like a prony, and a waist which measured twenty-eight inches—was, in truth, in full health and vigor, and likely to live to a ripe old age; so that her favorite fiction that she was the victim of a hopeless and mysterious maiady, and might at any moment shuffle off this mortal coil, was without the slightest foundation in fact. Never-theless she derived much enjoyment from the illusion, and delighted in the contemplation of her own premature decease, and in perpetually going over all the details of her interment and other cheerful accessories of the supreme event.

She was a dear old soul, and I was indebted to her for much of the happiness of my childbood and the easy enjoyment of my youth. I owed her both affection and duty, and paid them heartlly; but I must confess I found it difficult to respond becomingly to the constantly-recurring claims on my sympathy with reference to this death bed bogy of hers. The perpetual cry of "Wolf!" had hardened me, I suppose.

"These anniversaries are solemn things," my aunt observed, shaking her head and sighing profoundly. "I can-not disguise from myself, Herbert, that I shall in all probability never see an other birthday. Before the second of March comes round again I shall most likely be mouldering in the silent tomb."

"Whirr-r r—gurr-r-—boom—boom—bang!" sounded from the dim corner immediately behind my seat.
"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, spring-

ing to my feet, and turning round so as to face the enemy, "What on earth was that? Suncthing exploded!" My aunt sa still, perfectly unmoved

and placid. "That, my sear boy," she explained, "is your grandfather's clock,"
"A clock!" I echoed, "Is that all?

I thought it was an infernal machine.

What, in the name of all that's diabolical, is the matter with the thing?"

"The chime is out of order," aunt Martha replual. "The clockmaker says it is worn out; but it used to have the sweetest, clearest tone. I remember it when I was a child." when I was a child."

"It's a hideous discord now!" I're marked, with some animus, for I was a good deal ruffled at having made such a donkey of myself in my first alarm

"I am very fond of the old clock," said my aont plaintively. "It is associated with the happiest days of my life, and its chime—altered as it is—brings back my dear father's voice. He was a martinet with regard to punctuality, and that dear old clock kept time for the whole house. It has always since been in my hed room. I liked to

rtist week. It-if' - whiten the mean

dom't steer to with a special fitting of other assortion of the end, itemes and it standards to section to move the

the Prince of Webs! In "I don't wonder-the brutel" I mutor next day, or whenever he likes. Can't boy, and ricaven biess you and see him now!" I called out from my you safe back again!" dressing-room in answer to a summons

tered resentfully.

"I have felt the change," continued my aunt. "at my ago one feels everything. But I am trying to wean my self from earthly things, Herbert, and, as I said just now, I am anxious to see that all the forms are the said to see that all the forms are the said to see the that all my affairs are in order and prepared for what may come at any mo-ment. I have done my best, I think" -modestly-"to save everybody trou-ble, and have explained my wishes as clearly as I can, both in writing and verbally "

"Yes; you have nothing to reproach yourself with on that score," I acqui-

esced, with veiled frony.
"It will be for you, Herbert, to see that they are carried out faithfully," concluded my aunt, complacently accepting my remark, "You may trust me, aunt Martha,"

1 replied.
"Yes, my dear boy, I know I can.
You are n y heir, of course, Herbert, as
I have often told you. Everything is left to you, excepting the legacies to the servants, poor things, and a provision for my niece, Phyllis Mortimer, my poor sister's only child. I have never seen her; her father quarrelled with me after poor Annie's death, and then he after poor Annie's death, and then he died, and the girl grew up amongst her own relatives on the other side of the water. Queer sort of people they must be, I fancy, or they wouldn't live at such a place as Calais. They evidently shared Philip Mortimer's prejudice against me, and of course I could not force myself upon the child after her father's death; if we had been reconstituted. father's death; if we had been reconciled before that, it would have been different. However, Phyllis is my own sister's child, the only one left of our family excepting yourself, and I have thought it right to remember the relationship and to test the sister. tionship and to treat her as my niece in my will. I have left her one hundred

and fifty pounds a year." "I am very glad to hear it, aunt Mar-tha," I said heartly.

"Yes, my dear boy; I knew you would approve," my aunt rejoined. "And now there is only one thing unsettled, and that is—the clock. I am afraid" looking anxiously at me—"you would not care to have it, although,"—with a tender glance at the abominable instru--'-it chimes only twice in the day -at twelve o'clock and at six. I could not bear to think of its being put away in a garret or sold to a second-hand dealer, or anything of that sort, Herbert. If you could have it in your chambers——" chambers-

Now I had furnished my chambers with what I considered exquisite taste, I had carefully eschewed Queen Anne monstrosities and rhubarb colored abominations, and stood pledged before my friends to an anti-wethetic creed. I glanced ruefully at the ugly heavyframed machine. What a blot it
would be amongst my French mirrrors
and satin covered chairs, and how the
fellows would chaff! And then that
horrible chime! I should be the laughframed machine. What a blot it
was evidently suspected of an intention
"Thank goodness you've come, Mr.
Herbert!" she exclaimed, whilst the
tears coursed each other down her furhorrible chime! I should be the laughrowed cheeks. "She does nothing but

Aunt Martha saw my decision in my face, and sighed. Evidently her last

liope died out in that sigh,
"The clock has a history, Herbert,"
she said, "It b longed to our ancestor Sir John Mordhurst, in the time of Queen Anne, and is the last relic of our past grandeur. Sir John's grandson, Sir Nevil, ran through everything; he and his son cut off the entail, the estate was sold, and the son died unmarried. The title went to a distant branch; but they were poor people, and did not care for the empty honor; so the family died out. My father was descended from them in the female line; and the clock came into his possession from his mother, and he taught us all to reverence it. I prize it above all my other relics, and so did Anne—in fact, it was about the clock that the Mortimers and I quarrelled. Philip Mortimer claimed it—for Anne—and I flatly refused to part with it. My father left it to me; he had no opinion of Philip Mortimer, and he know I loved the clock and should take good care of it, which I have done,"

"Perhaps," I suggested, "Miss Mor-

"Yes," responded my dear old aunt,
"I have been thinking of that. Girls
have more reverence than young men, and more sentiment too. Poyilis must have heard her mother speak of the clock, and for her sake she would value

"It would be a sort of olive-branch,"

I suggested insinua ingly.
"Exactly," agreed my aunt. "And I should like to think"—here the dear old lady became somewhat involved-"when I am in my coffin, that I was at peace with all the world, and especially with poor Anne's child,"
"It would be only right to leave it to my consin," I urged, with decision.

"Yes, I think it would be right," assented aunt Martha, with an air of re-lief. "I shall send for Preston in the

morning and make a codicil to my will."

Then the cheerful rattle of cups heralded the entrance of tea, and enabled me to change the subject of conversa-

"Thank goodness," I said to myself, an hour or two later, as I drew on my overcoat in the hall, assisted by my aunt's venerable butler and factorum Peters, "I have arranged that matter of the clock, and without hurting the old lady's feelings tool Miss Mortimer's are another matter; but they don't con-

"Herbert!" called my aunt from the doorway of the drawing-room.

I stopped back from the already-opened hall door, "Heaven bless you, my dear boy!" exclaimed the good soul fervently. 'Remember, it' my symptoms should come on to-night, and the worst should happen—it is angina pectoris, I have not a shadow of a doubt-before I have had time to execute that codicil, you will hand the clock over to your cousin Phyllis! Promise me, Herbert!"

"I promise faithfully," I answered, with fervor; and then I kissed the ru-

stopped out into the first east-wind-

from my man, one evening shortly after my aunt's birthday. "It's perfectly impossible!" I reiterated, applying my double hair-brushes vigorously, and so

overpowering an expostulatory murmur from Morice outside the closed door.

dreams, all prompting me "how sweet young Hero was." Una Lancemere was certainly uncommonly pretty, and

the remembrance of her big innocent

blue eyes and rose tinted complexion

had made me more particular than usual in the choice of the batton-hole which

waited now in a glass of water on my

dressing-table.

"Beg pardon, sir," said the voice of the irrepressible Morice once more at the door; "but it's Miss Overcon's but-

ler, sir, and his message is very pertick-

"All right, Morice; i'm coming in a minute!" I returned graciously, as I put the finishing touch to my white tie,

and emerged from my sanctum in all the glory of my best war-paint—a mes-

sage from aunt Martha was not to be

"Well, l'eters, what is it? All right at home, I hope?"

"No, Mr. Herbert; I am sorry to say my mistress is very ill—very ill in-deed!" replied Peters. "She was took

at about half-past six with the heart-

I was to bring you at once; but she hardly expected you would find her alive, I was to say."

"Good heavens, Peters," I exclaimed,
"is it as bad as that?" I had forgotten for the moment my aunt's creat.

for the moment my aunt's craze,
"Yes, sir; it's very bad," answered

the old follow, shaking his head dole-fully. "Shall I call a cab?"

"Yes, yes—at onco! Stay a moment!
Send Morice to me," I said, dashing to
my writing-table and scribbling a hasty

"Excuse—bad news at last moment

liver this note at once, and desire them to put it into Lady Lancemere's hands immediately! My coat—here—quick! Ready, Peters!" And I was off, with-

out even a regretful thought for Una Lancomere and her blue baby-eyes.

"Here, Morice; take a hansom, de-

sudden illness-many apologies,

neglected.

ing-stock of the club. No, I could not ask for you; there's something on her stand it, not even for aunt Marthal mind, and she can't be easy till she's mind, and she can't be easy till she's seen you."

My aunt was propped up in bed, looking certainly paler than I had ever seen her, but, so far as my unprofessional experience went, not exactly at the point of death.

"I am glad you have come, Herbert," she murmured weakly. "It is over for this time, Doctor Porter says; but my This evening's shock is the beginning of the end. It is a solemn warning to me, Herbert, a very solemn warning and I must be prepared for a sudden call a very solemn call it must be prepared. when 1 was so ill just now, I pictured the whole scene, the confusion, your distress, Herbert."

I bowed my head, whilst a queer choking sensation in my throat pro-vented my usual parrying repartee.

"And I felt," continued my aun "that, in all the circumstances, the one thing left me to be anxious about—thing left me to be anxious about—thing clock, you know—might be ove looked or forgotten at that time. It was on my mind in that agony, Herbert; and now I am determined, whilst I have attended to attend the poor thing in strength, to settle the poor thing in its new home before I go myself." Sin spoke as if the clock were a living crea-ture. "It will be an effort, Herbert, she went on, the tears filling her eye "but I shall feel happier for it. And delays are dangerous. I want you to take the clock at once over to Calais, find out your cousin Phyllis, and delly it into her own hands. Then come ba and report to me how she received it

"Do you wish me to go now?" I inquired, looking, now that my alarm woover, a little regretfully down at my

dress-suit.

"Yes," replied my aunt. "I will not risk another day; that terrible spassomay return at any moment, and in roy

weakened state——"

'Yes, yes," I interrupted hastily taking out my water. 'It is nearly nine o'clock—I have missed the even ing mail; but I can go in the mornin cross by the early boat, and come back in the afternoon. I shall get back by dinner-time—that is," I amended, pulling myself up in my glib program by a sudden remembrance, "if I have no delay in finding Miss Mortimer. You

have her address, I suppose?"
"Well, no, I haven't; but the Mortimers have been for some years at Cala's You might find out at the English bankers', I should say, or the Consuperhaps."

perhaps."

"Oh, it will be all right!" I replied
"I shall have no difficulty in unearthing
them, I have no doubt."

"I don't see any necessity for your
hurrying back so quickly, Herbert,"
observed my aunt, whose spirits were rising; "you might stay and—and ma your cousin's acquaintance, and tell me all about her, whether she is like Annio or has the Mortimers' nose—a short snub nose, quite different from our family Roman—a very common nose, in fact. I hope Annie's child has escaped it; and-er-Herbert, I should like

hear how the family receive the clock That was the real secret; aunt Martin

relic than the unknown above

have the sourcematerer . A

y. You will man it the hold of hos

standing over a remarkable-looking black box, a cross between a child's col-

fin and a violin-case. This he handed,

with the gravity of an undertaker, mit

nevertheless it took me quite by sur-

prise; so did the utter failure of my

French to convey any impression what-

ever to the mind of the gendarme who

"Oui, ou! oui, le mieng—une cloche,"
I explained, resisting the official's intempt to possess himself of aunt Mar-

tha's black box, which I had carefully

secreted under my travelling ulster. "Il n'y a pas de consequence," I concluded, with a wave of my disengaged hand and a proud impression that I was

speaking French well and fluently-

The man however was not to be "

pitrated, he put me aside with more force than politeness, whilst he poured out a torrent of perfectly unintelligible

speech before which my feeble effort

He evidently regarded me with suspicion, for he beckened to a couple of his comrades stationed at the top of the ladder, and pointed, to my intense

The men glared at me. The eldest

and apparently most important of the three demanded something of me in an uncompromising tone which made my

British blood boil—

"La clef! Ou est la clef?"—("The key! Where is the key?")

He might have been speaking Greek for anything I knew to the contrary. I

was reaping the just reward of sins against the much-despised "Froggie"

"La clef!" imperatively repeated

I shook my head desperately. Just then I remembered with dismay an ac-count I had lately read of an accom-

plished lady-smuggler who was found to have secreted some hundreds of yaths of valuable lace in a child's coffin. I

went down like a reed before a moun-

tain stream.

loudly-"une clochel"

of my schoolboy days.

official.

spasms, sir—worse than she had ever seen her, Susan Miles says. I went for the doctor, sir; and then, by my mistress's orders, I came for you. She said trees to bring you at once; but she in the doctor, it is the interest of the miniature sarcopnages in its 'decent black.' I was not, after all, to effect the unobtrusive landing on which I had counted.

"C'est une cloche," I repeated mot.

n'y a nas de consequence, mussoor!"

barred my pate to the gangway.

which was too suggestive of the escort of a fondon pickpocket to be agreeable. Suddenly, as the one drop wanting to fill up the cup of my humiliation, the diabolical instrument thought fit to strike.

"Whire-re-gurr-r-boom-boom-bring!" sounded with distinct and hor-rible clamor from the interior of the

alminess of despair to the next phase of he cidiculous drama.

One word, repeated several times, came to me distinctly out of the con-fused Pabet of sounds. It bore a sort of German-cousinship to the English

suggestive of an intention to drop the fangerous importation into the harbor o be calmly borne. Roused to the defence of my charge, I sprang forward, thaking off the detaining grasp on my

Idiots! Fools!" I exclaimed hotly

'Can't you see-My indignant glance rested at this upon any blue coated gen-upon a brown-robed alim he who, hanked on either side by a and, stood on the edge of the that, moved by something-I do not who - 'mysterious affinity," I The young lady colored deeply, and pulling one of the lads forward with her, took a step nearer to me, and said.

in a very trembling and timid voice-"Can we explain anything for you? You cannot speak French perhaps;

But I harrie, whom she had evidently been holding by main force, would not. He hacked? contumaciously, and left her alone, covered with confusion.

"You are very good," I exclaimed will tall these fellows that this ox of mile, which seems to alarm emidable than an old clock."

With a brave effort she rallied her our ce and spoke some sentences in seemed to know her; he bowed politely, a d listened attentiyely. The hand which had her sunshade trembled perappliedly, and the color, came and went placetted and seed on bearing.

diamete ges ine the unlacky And cause of all my croubles.

I a "World you ame" training the beauty training to a sky to the contact.

not the faintest objection, 'I brounding the key at once. dismissed. In the hall I found I eters etanding

et eated hurriedly, and disap-

overpowering an exposure from Morice outside the closed door.

It was already 7:35 p. m., and I was hurrying through my tollet for a dimner at eight sharp at Sir George Lancemere's. Sir George had three pretty daughters, and Lady Lancemere was dispo ed to be exceedingly gracious, and I was getting a little tired of my bach I was getting a little tired of my bach that they really began. I ought, I saw then my difficulties, according to my difficulties, vidual i n officious hands were exlieve me of my burden, and t, in what was now changed

triumphal progress, towards the neuros cab stand. speedily set on my way to the English Consul, from whom I soon learned the address of Mrs. John Mortimer, the aunt with whom Miss Mortimer resided. I was determined to rid myself at once of my compromising at once of my compromising so drove straightway to the

A trim white-capped maid, who restored my of my necessarily brief inquiry—in French—for 'madame, and swered the little bell which I found at a door on the first floor, and ushered me into a salon bright with gilding and into a salon bright with gilding and land a salon bright with gilding a salon pageful woman came forward to receive me, and, after my few words of explan-ation, called softly through a door—one of several which I had thought led into

cupboards 'Phyllis, come here, dearl''
There was a little rustle of feminine garments, a quiet footstep, and my in-terpreter of the pier stood before me. Then there was, after all, something in 'mysterious affinity!'

"London, March 24th, 18-"My dear Nephew,—It is now a fort-alight since you left here, and I have had nothing more from you than the very short note in which you announced your arrival at Calais with the clock, and told me that you had succeeded in finding Phyllis Mortimer. I have been looking for the longer letter which you promised me, and I am beginning to fear that you have been taken ill, and are laid up in a foreign country, with only a French doctor, and I the cause. Do, my dear boy, write, if only a line, to relieve my anx-

icty! Accept my best love, and believe me, my dear Herbert,
"Your very affectionate aunt,
"MARTHA OVERTON.
P. S.—His Phyllis Mortimer taken kindly to the clock, and what is she like?"

This was the epistle which reached me and overwhelmed me with remorse

I ran lightly up the uncarpeted wooden stairs, and rang the little bell which be-longed to the Mortimers' apartments. Sophie smiled a welcome, according to sounded with distinct and horrible clauser from the interior of the black case.

The man in charge of the box dropped it with a footive shriek of terror, the spectators scattered in alarm. I felt a determined grasp tighten upon my shoulder, and resigned myself with the calonies of despair to the next phase of

At first I thought, with a chill sense of disappointment, that the room was empty; but, as my eyes grew accustomed to the dimness, I discerned the glimmer of a white dress near the window, and

"but unfortunately, cousin, I still require an interpreter."

I played my trump card boldly on the eet and fresh as an English rose, and inspiration of the moment, and, my eyes which met mine as eyes being now accustomed to the light, ovely gray eyes which met mine as eyes being now accustomed to the light, though the same and sympathetic caught at the back of the velvet-covered

chair near her.
"Phyllis, my darling," I exclaimed, seizing her little trembling hands in an

said-I do not believe she said anything; portion of his body a cancer will come but her little head sank down upon my shoulder as I bent over her, and, when my arm stole round her waist, she did one. For this reason he has an hour not repulse me.

"When did you first begin to think about it?" whispered Phyllis shyly, an

hour later.
"When?" I laughed. "I really cannot tell. I believe it was when you o much, contains nothing more but than an old clock."

A brave effort she rallied her and spoke some sentences in to my persecutor. The man to know her; he bowed politely, the dear dattentiyely. The hand her sunshade trembled persuant the color came and went the large of the color came and went the large of the color came and went to the color came and we

She hastened away when Mrs. Morti-

confront the hostess alone.
"X on here, Mr. Overten!" cried Mrs Morthaet, in surprise, los inground for waiting for you, Mrs. Mortinger, I have t humor the cranks and pity home, but

toks you to wait ig for you, but, consider, them waiting a long waitin, them waiting a long waitin, the distribution of this ball-light?" she waiting a long to this ball-light?" she exchanged, as she turned up the duplex The boys, hungry after their enter-

indicated the key at once. The boys, fungry after their effective oner, it would have saved a deal of trouble. I am more you than I can say, and I polegize very sincerely for the it we given you."

In boys, fungry after their effective fainment, had retired unceremoniously to the dining-room.

"No; I have not been alone," I replied; "Phyllis has been with me," She looked up quickly. "Phyllis has promised to be my wife, Mrs. Mortimer; will applied to the my wife, Mrs. Mortimer; will applied to the dining and the content of the

to aunt Martha as follows-

"Dear aunt Martha, - I am quite well, and propose staying another week at Calais, unless you want me very badly. And I have altered my mind about the clock; I am going to undertake the charge of it, and of something else too—of my cousin Phyllis! Phyllis declarge she will nearly mill nearly mill nearly mills. "I remember once being at one and eating some dish, I forgot the name of it, which was very good, but after which I was sick for a week. Now declares she will never part with the clock, and I delcare I will never part with her; so, as the two must go together, what can I do?

"Seriously, my dearest aunt, wish me joy. I have won the dearest, sweetest little girl for my wife—as you will say when you see her. And I owe my treasure to you. Yes, you have crowned all your other goodness to me by this last gift—for it certainly comes from you. Send us your blessing, and believe al-ways in the grateful love of

"Your affectionate nephew, "HERBERT OVERTON. "N. B.—Phyllis has the Overton nose.

Five years later, My aunt is alive and well. She confided to me, about six months after my marriage, her suspicions that the heart spasms were "nothing but indigestion;" and a consultation with a specialist proved that she was right. I believe that my wife was responsible for the suggestion which has renewed dear old aunt Margaret's youth and given her a new lease of life. and given her a new lease of life.

The clock stands on a handsome bracket in our hall. Aunt Martha has considerately refused to take back her gift, declaring that, as she is an almost daily visitor at our house, the treasured relic is as much her own as ever.

· Numerous Tenants.

William Scully, an Englishman, recently arrived at Lincoln, Illinois to look after his landed interests, which in this country exceed 200,000 acres. Mr. Scully's wealth is estimated at \$30,000,000. He has over 300 tenants in this country."

The lord intends that our wealth shalf be our servant, not our master.

Some Cranky Bathers.

"There are tricks in every calling it seems," said the proprietor of a fast-ionable Turkish bath establishment in

New York. "What peculiar tricks are in your business" inquired a reporter.

"In the message operation much deception is frequently practiced by the operator. In the first course after learing the sweat bath a hand-rubbing is given with warm water. T is is a very delicate and soothing performance, and when rightly administered places the bather in a splendid condition to receive the flesh-brush. Expert operators can with well-feigned labor slight their work and leave the bather in doubt whether the performance is satisof German-consinship to the English of a white dress near the window, and then, as it floated towards me, a voice which made my pulses throb in an utterly unprecedented manner said softly:

"Mr. Overton! I — My aunt—

"Mr. Overton! I — My aunt—

"Mr. Overton! I — My aunt—

Did not Sophie tell you that they are all induced in the manner. It does not hurt, but at the area of the manner. It does not hurt, but at the same time it is not as beneficial as a greater of the manner. gine of destruction, which had missed for the moment, but might presently fulfill its deading mission.

A provincent on the part of an indiscovery of the moment on the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the moment of the part of an indiscovery of the part ping operators. The popping is in the quire an interpreter."

She laughed a little low laugh which I had learned in the short fortnight to think the sweetest music I had ever heard.

The population is in this in massage as flourishes are in writing, entrely superfluous, but still ornaniem tal when produced by experts. Some old operators can carry on a conversa-"It is my misfortune, not my fault," I went on. "And I think, even if Sophie's meaning had been plain, I should still—on the strength of my relationship, you know—have persisted in trying to gain an entrance to-night; for I was very anxious to see you. I have received a summons home. I must go back to England to-morrow."

I believed my truma card holdly on the tion by means of these pops. I remember I had two operators who had attained to this proficiency. A millionaire was stretched on one of the message ed tone, telling of his cheap customer, and predicted no tip. The millionsire did not tip, but the cheap clerk did, much to the surprise of his customer.

"But these attendants or operators deserve great credit for their skill and frequently their forbearance and good nature. Customers are often exacting seizing her little trembling hands in an instant, "I cannot go without telling you that I love you! Can you—will you—give me a little love in return?"

I do not know to this day what she said—I do not believe she said anything; portion of his holy a concern will correct the scatters. one. For this reason he has an hour consumed in scrubbing that particular place. He doesn't pay any more either. These are some of the drawbacks experienced."

"You often have some queer custom-ers, do you not?"

"Yes, plenty of them, from the fullfledged crank to the monomaniac and mild idiot. An old lady imagines that by a regular course of sweating she cam change her disposition and ideas entire-

'In every seven years,' she said, 'we take on a new form, and I propose a system of sweating to do it in a year or less time.' Poor thing, she stays in the in her cheeks—such an exquisite color mer, followed by her boys, came tramp. het room until the perspiration rolls on her. But it is doing her good, and her ing up the staircase, and I was left to ideas are evidently improving. A young ideas are evidently improving. A young cripple thinks his withered arm will grow out again, and takes a bath every day. I could mouthon many other The attendants soon learn to

Jay Could on Lauren.

said Mr. Jay Gould to a gentleman who was talking to him the other day. "They are about the simplest thing one can eat, and I find that the simpler my food is the better for my head. At horse I plied; "Phyllis has been with me." She looked up quickly, "Phyllis has promised to be my wife, Mrs. Mortimer; will you give her to me?" "Indeed I will" she answered, with tears in her oyes. "We have known you only a short time; but I have heard of you often, and I find that the simpler my food is the better for my head. At home I do not care for what you call fancy dishes. Plain meats and vegetables, good bread and butter, good milk, someonially a short time; but I have heard of you often, and I know that I can trust the dear girl to you."

"And you have been a mother to her." I said good for an another to her." I said good for an another to her." I said good for the land of the plaintof their horror and proontents for their inspection; of irrepressible laughter—in and heartly, in spite of my lalong the pler. The indimumand raised his hat with mean and their land then I went home and wrote their horror and proontents for their inspection; "And you have been a mother to her," I said gratefully. "She has told me all you have done for her."

Payllis came down, when the boys had gone to bed, to say good night—which I need hardly say was not good-which in the land them."

I have never lost my fondness for the country food I used to be accustomed to in my boyhood, and I think I could relish one of those 'mide in the land them." although 1 should probably eat it at a different time."

"What do you do when you go to some of the elaborate dinners?" "Those are terrible things, those heavy dinners," said Mr. Gould, with a smile. "I remember once being at one when I go to them I take a little soup if it is plain, a piece of roast meat or game and some prain potatoes, if I can get them. If not, some peas or in fact any vegetable, provided it is without sauce, for I have found that these sauces, which they put on what would otherwise be good, spoll the food—at least for me. For the rest of the time I sit at the table, play with something on my plate and pass the time as well as I can.

"I do not myself believe that any man can stand the strain of a large business unless he lives upon the sim-plest food he can get. Men who train for feats of physical endurance and that they are obliged to be careful in their diet, and when the strain is mental, it has been my experience that the same rule applies. I do not mean to say I do not like some of the dishes which I cannot eat, but I find that I cannot eat them with impunity, Fortunately I am not sufficiently fond of them to make it any sacrifice to give them up. My idea of a good breakfast is a piece of steak, a mealy baked potatoe, some graham bread and a glass of milk, and I find that I can get along very well when I have it. Your complex dishes of high flavors are very good, but they are not business.

No further comment than this from & man who has demonstrated the power man who has demonstrated the power of brain in the work of the world is necessary to show what the real importance is of proper food to any person who works. Whether he is an artisan at three or four dollars a day, or a millionaire who sways the fortunes of corporations by the touch of a fluger on a telegraph instrument, the truth remains that the American citizen makes his way by his work, either of brain or of hand. And the first question he has to consider is the kind of fuel he shall conconsume in keeping the machinery in consume in keeping the machinery is