

A VAGABOND HEROINE

By ANNIE EDWARDS.

CHAPTER VIII. 10

Continued.

Suppose the outraged saint should come some night, and, standing beside her bed, lay an icy, retributive hand upon her face? To meddle with these holy persons' beads, for aught she knows, may be the mortal of crimes; and—crime, or no crime, I will do it!" decides the girl, with the spasmodic coward's courage of her sex. Now, may fortune be her best friend, she goes from floor to floor while the sacrilegious act is being carried into effect.

The cranky fastening of the glass door gives a groan as she opens it, causing Belinda's guilty conscience to quake again; but no ear save her own hears the sound. She unclasps the necklace, shivering as her fingers come in contact with the clammy wax throat; then bears away her booty, her legs trembling under her at every step upstairs. She takes it to the light of her solitary candle; admires its mock effulgence; clasps it, trembling, around her little, warm, soft neck; surveys herself on tiptoe in the tarnished mirror above the chimney-piece; and where is conscience now, where remorse? Admirable satisfaction, why is it that conscience and remorse hold their peace as long as the taste of the apple continues sweet between our teeth?

She surveys herself, well-nigh awestricken by her own fairness. She feels that to be the possessor of real diamonds she would cheerfully become Mrs. Augustus Jones and start for Clapham to-morrow. Now nothing is wanting but a fan and gloves. The fan can be had; a huge gilt-and-black structure of the date of thirty years ago, which lies for ornament on the mantel-shelf; and of this Belinda possesses herself. But the lovers? Bah! some unimportant details are bound to be wanting at every rehearsal! When the prologue is over, the play played out in earnest, the lovers, it may be supposed, will come of themselves.

She struts up and down the room, her train outstretched, her fan in motion, her eyes glancing complacently at the mignon little figure the glass gives her dusky back. "If Captain Temple could see me—" If Captain Temple could see me now? thinks vainly. "If he knew I could be anything but ragged, and hideous, and a gamin." And if he did know this, what would Captain Temple care? says another sterner voice than that of vanity. "Of what account is the whole world to him by the side of Rose and Ross's beauty?"

A sudden leaden weight sinks dead on Belinda's heart. She is nothing to Roger Temple; holds no more place in his present than in his future. She seems to stifle. The saint's paste diamonds must surely be very heavy, so painful is the choking feeling in her throat. Turning abruptly away from the sight of her finery and of herself, she extinguishes the candle; then goes out bare-armed, bare-necked, in her diamond necklace and train, upon the balcony.

It is now past midnight, and something like cooler air begins to stir across the sleeping country. Balmly sweet is the air; every floor of the vast old house has its balcony, every balcony its flowers; the sky is all a quiver with stars; mountains, river, plains, are lying in one great hush of purple sleep. Belinda rests her arm against the iron balustrade, and, gazing away westward toward the rugged line of Spanish coast, muses: Spain or Clapham?

She has learned much since she asked herself the same question this afternoon; unknowingly has passed the traditional brook, perhaps, where womanhood and childhood meet; for very certain has accepted Mr. Jones, elected in cold blood for Clapham—Clapham, respectability, riches. And yet—and yet, if Maria Jose (or some one else) were to appear before her just now, and—

Click! click! goes the sharp sound of a vesuvian close, as it seems, beside Belinda's ear. She turns with a start, and there, on the adjoining balcony, stands Roger Temple. Roger may breakfast with Rose, but it would be the acme of indiscretion for him to lodge under the same roof with her. Thus the widow, very well versed in the minutiae of surface morals, decides. And so—from Seylla to Charbydis—fate, and the landlord of the Hotel Isabella together, have contrived to lodge him under the same roof with Belinda. The Maison Lohobogue has two flights of stairs, in these modern times has indeed been converted into two distinct houses, one of which is rented by the people of the Isabella as a succursale, or wing for overflowing guests, during the bathing season.

Belinda sees him, grasps the whole dramatic capabilities of the situation in a moment, but gives no sign. I have said that nature has endowed the child with abundant imitative talent; everyday association with the Basques, the most excitement seeking, play loving people in Europe, has stimulated the talent into a kind of passion. Now, she feels, is a magnificent opportunity for her to act, with a purpose. A glance at Roger Temple's face convinces her that she does not recognize Rose's vagrant, out-at-elbows daughter under the disguise of civilization. Now she will have a rare opportunity of arriving at a truth or two; now she may even test the practical worth of a "lifelong fidelity," see if this devoted lover cannot be led into a passing flirtation—moonlight, loneliness, the certainty of the crime remaining undetected, favoring.

With an unconsciousness the most perfect she resumes her former attitude, and after a minute or two of silence sings, in that undertone for which we have no word in English

when she chooses to smile, in the world."

"I should think her a vile temper, judging by her expression; and as to her manners! I have been here some time, senior. I know the girl by sight, and by reputation. She plays boys' games with boys; robs hen-roosts after dusk, with that dog of hers; she to-ks—swears, some people will tell you—like a gamin of the streets, and—"

"And for each and all of these small oddities I like her the better," interrupts Roger warmly. "Belinda is just the kind of girl to grow into the most charming of women, in time."

"A charming woman! After the pattern of the other lady who is not so young, her stepmother?"

"No, not after that pattern precisely, senior. Your vast experience must have taught you surely that there are more kinds of charming women in the world than one. Belinda has been neg—allowed to run a little too wild hitherto; but circumstances, I am happy to say, will place her under my guidance now."

"Will they—will they, indeed, Captain Temple?" interposes Belinda mentally. "We shall see more about that by and by."

"She will live in my house, will stand to me in the position of a daughter, and I mean to reform her."

"Ah, heavens, how praiseworthy! How Christian! Reform Belinda? With the aid of a prim English governess and a staff of attendant pastors and masters, of course?"

"Well, no," answers Roger. "I have no great belief in prim English governesses, neither are pastors or masters very much more to my taste. I shall reform Belinda, as much as she needs reforming, by kindness alone. It strikes me that what the poor little girl wants is not sternness, but love."

Belinda turns her head away with a jerk; her throat swells, the big tears rise in her eyes. If he had said anything but this, if he had called her ugly, wicked, any hard name he chose, she could have borne it better.

"Belinda should be extremely grateful for your—your pity," she remarks, as soon as she can command her voice enough to speak. "For my part, I don't in the least value that kind of regard."

"No? And what kind of regard do you value, may I ask?" says Roger Temple, his tone softening.

"Ah—what kind? When I have known you a little longer than ten minutes I will tell you."

"The day we visit the Alhambra together, for instance?"

"Perhaps, meantime, in Belinda's name, I thank you a thousand times for the pity you are charitable enough to bestow upon her. Goodnight, senior. I leave you to think over your fine projects of reformation alone."

And with a mocking reverence "Lagrimas" salutes him; then, assuming the air of a princess at least, and with a grand sweep of her rustling silken train, leaves the balcony.

She quits him, I say, with the air of a princess; the moment she is out of sight, turns, peeps through a rent in the dilapidated Venetian blind, listens with eager, breathless curiosity to find out what Roger Temple will do next.

Captain Temple for a minute or two keeps silence. Then "Senora, Senora Lagrimas," he cries softly.

But no answer comes to his appeal. "Only one word—do you live here? Is there any chance of my seeing you again to-morrow night?"

Belinda is mute as fate.

"I shall listen for your voice to-morrow 11 o'clock. If you do not take pity on me I shall remain out here all night, remember, heartbroken."

"So much for all engaged men, I say," thinks Belinda. "Oh, if I was really wicked—if I was half as bad as they give me credit for—could we not have a comedy in earnest out of all this?"

She retreats toward the middle of the room, and, under her voice, sings another verse of the serenade.

Then she steals back to the window to listen; her heart beating till she can hear its beats, her very fingertips tingling with excitement, so carried away is she by this role of temper that she is playing—the fascinating role (save one, perhaps) of the whole little repertory of woman's life!

"The balconies are not very far apart, senior," remarks Roger presently. "It would be quite possible for a desperate man to leap from one to the other."

To be Continued.

Missing Islands.

It is reported that the Nimrod, the stout little ship that carried Lieutenant Shackleton and his men to Antarctica, has accepted a commission that will lengthen her homeward voyage by a few weeks. She is going to search for some missing islands. They are on the map, but whether they are actually in existence is very doubtful. A group bearing her own name—the Nimrods—was searched for in 1851 and could not be found. Another, the Emerald—not our Hibernian sister—has not been seen since 1841, when it was described as possessing "lofty, high peaked mountains." "Dougherty Island" has not been sighted for half a century. Possibly the convivial mariners of a bygone generation, surveying the horizon through capacious tumblers, occasionally fancied they saw islands as well as sea serpents.—London Chronicle.

A Long Pipe.

The longest pipe in the world is that which extends from the Oklahoma oil wells to New York harbor. At the present time the oil field of Oklahoma is the most active in the United States. It is not likely that the line will be put to immediate use for conveying oil over the whole distance. The completion of the system is regarded rather as a provision for emergency, and to meet the future conditions, when the Pennsylvania and West Virginia fields shall have been depleted.—Scientific American.

Not Counted.

There are 30,000 reformed spellers in the United States. This does not include those who have their own private system of spelling.—Washington Post.

MODOCS' EXILE ENDED.

They Return Not to the Lava Beds of California, But to Oregon.

The Modoc Indians in Oklahoma are going home—not to the lava beds in California, whence they were taken to the Quapaw Indian Reservation nearly forty years ago, but to the Klamath Reservation of the Modocs in Oregon, where they will get lands in exchange for their allotments in Oklahoma. It is a peculiarity of the Modoc that he desires to die on the spot where he was born. The Modocs have been homesick ever since they went to Oklahoma, and their return to the Northwest is the result of their constant appeal to the authorities at Washington.

The removal of the Modocs to Oklahoma followed their defeat after their bloody campaign against Government troops in the lava beds, where they were commanded by Captain Jack. They assassinated and butchered all except two of the peace commission sent to them by the Secretary of War. When the Modocs reached Oklahoma there were thirty-nine men, fifty-four women and sixty children, many of whom were sorely wounded. Among them were such notable leaders as Scarface Charley, Steamboat Frank and Shacknasty Jim. Their arrival in Baxter Springs is well remembered by old citizens. Age and disease have cut down the Modocs until only sixty remain. Nearly all their old leaders have died.

In going to the Klamath country, from which they fled when they entered the lava beds of California, these Modocs will be among the Klamath Modocs, whom they thoroughly hate and despise because of the arrogance of the Klamath band. The Oklahoma Modocs were moved from California to Oregon, only to have their Oregon kinsmen say to them: "You can stay here, but it is our country. Your horses can eat the grass, but it is our grass. You can catch fish, but they are our fish."

This was more than Captain Jack and his people could bear, and they stole away and returned to their old haunts in California. When the Federal Government tried to make them go back to Oregon the Modocs began fighting, and sought refuge in the inaccessible lava beds. A commission was sent to treat with them. The commission established its camp about two miles from the retreat of the Modocs in the lava beds and midway was pitched a tent at which the council should be held.

No sooner had the commissioners assembled in the tent than they found that death was at hand. Captain Jack suddenly shot General Canby, adviser of the commissioners. Canby's throat was cut and his uniform stolen. The Rev. Eleazer Thomas, a commissioner, also was slain and his body robbed and mutilated. Two of the commissioners escaped.

The United States Government then put a large body of troops in the field, and the Modocs were pursued night and day until they surrendered. October 2, 1873, Captain Jack, Black Jim, Boston Charley and Schronchin Jim were hanged at Fort Klamath, Oregon, for the murder of Canby and Thomas. Soon afterward the California Modocs were taken to Indian Territory.—Baxter Springs Correspondence, Kansas City Times.

Vanity.

According to a story told by former Governor Stokes of New Jersey at a recent banquet, vanity is not confined exclusively to the female sex of the human species.

In a small town over in Jersey, Mr. Stokes said, there is a corner grocery where you may buy anything from a twenty-foot ladder to a pearl necklace. Adhesive plaster, sauerkraut and toilet articles are also sold, and in case of necessity you may get a haircut or a horse shod in the back yard.

Some time since a farmer stopped in the store to get some horse liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a sick cow, and two or three days later he came back with a life-sized kick.

"Look here, Abner," he complained, "I wish you would be a little mite more keener how you treat yourself back of the counter. 'Tother day ye give me cologne instead of hoss liniment, and gosh-dast if I didn't put it on that sick sow afore I found out what it was."

"It didn't hurt her any, did it?" broke in the groceryman.

"Can't say that it did," answered the farmer, "but ever since she has had that sweet smelly stuff on her she hasn't done a darned thing but jes' look at her reflection in ther duck pond an' sigh."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Sankey's Story.

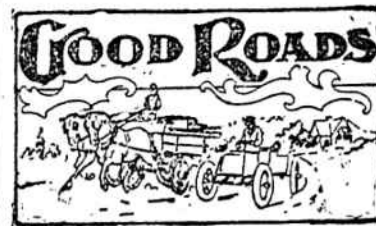
A story, told by the late Ira D. Sankey on himself, has been revived since the evangelist's death. One day he entered a Swiss shop and asked to see some music boxes. The salesman graciously showed him a number but none was what he wanted. "Have you none that play sacred music?" he asked. "Why," answered the salesman, "we have some that play a kind of a half-way sacred music." "What?" inquired Mr. Sankey. "Oh, these Moody and Sankey hymns; I can't imagine what the people see in them, but we sell thousands of the boxes that play them. We have enormous orders for these boxes," continued the salesman, "from every part of Europe," and then he added, apologetically, "It's a matter of business, you know, with us."

Gold Output.

The Westralian gold output from 1886 to the end of May, 1909 amounted to 19,504,095 ounces, and dividends amounting to \$87,756,649 have been paid to stockholders during that period. There are 4000 stamps in Western Australia in use and the machinery employed at the mines is valued at \$20,000,000. Over 20,000 men are employed in the mining industry.

Fido's Portion.

"Did you give the scraps of meat to the dog, Norah?" "You forgot, mum, that we'd give 'em eatin' meat, mum. But of give 'em basic 'th carrot tops an' perstary parins."—Los Angeles Express.



What One States Does for Roads.

Just before his departure for Paris to attend the International Conference of Road Builders, Samuel Hill, of Seattle, Wash., president of the Washington Good Roads Association, told an interviewer in New York: "The building of good roads is the most important question that confronts the American people to-day. Every man, woman and child must use the highways at some time, whether afoot, on horseback, in a road wagon or in automobiles."

Mr. Hill, who has spent much of his time and money in the work of public road improvement, is one of three delegates the State of Washington has sent to this international conference to get information and ideas that will prove of value in the important work which the State is doing.

Not only has Washington put her convicts on the roads and had them there for some years now, but she has established a chair of good roads in her State university, the first institution in the country to provide such a course, and Samuel C. Lancaster, professor of good roads in the Washington University, is one of the three delegates to the Paris conference. The other is R. H. Thompson, City Engineer of Seattle.

With 125 students last year and 200 at the beginning of the present term, the good roads department of the Washington University is one of the most popular in the institution. It not only educates young men in this important work, but serves as a bureau for the dissemination of valuable information relating to construction and maintenance of public highways.

Some of the things Mr. Hill said in his interview, published in the New York Herald, will be of particular interest and value in Georgia just at this time, when the State is about to enter upon the era of substantial progress which good road building involves.

Discussing the tremendous aggregate cost of bad roads to the farmers and, in a general way, the work now being done in his State, Mr. Hill said:

"When I became interested actively in the subject about four years ago I made up my mind that I would ascertain just what it cost one of our farmers to haul along the roads for one mile garden truck and other material weighing one ton. For on the farmer principally falls the burden of our bad roads. I learned that because of the poor roads the United States lost, with the setting of the sun every day, nearly \$3,000,000, which might be saved were the roads in proper condition. Just think of that! And yet not a cent has come from the federal administration for the betterment of these roads. Some States, as Washington and a few others, have appropriations, but not in proportion to the calling necessity. Then we began to get busy in our State of Washington."

"We put the convicts at work and we found the process was a great success. Each convict netted to the State \$4.03 for each day of work, which amounted to something. And not one convict turned out to this task tried to escape. North Carolina led in this system of convict labor, and that was fifteen years ago, and now it has eighteen hundred miles of macadamized roads built by convict labor, and only two per cent. of the men employed in this way tried to escape. In Washington the majority of our roads are constructed over mountains and at a maximum grade of five per cent. This convict labor did not interfere with union labor, either, for with the construction of the roads there was more work for the union men in other branches of the task."

"Let me tell you of our method in Washington. We build our roads usually about one hundred feet wide. First, we have in the middle a strip about sixteen feet wide. On the bottom we take from the screen cubes of rock about two and a half inches. This rock is put down wet, and a ten-ton steam roller goes over it from the sides, to make it cement and rise high in the middle. Then comes rock one-half the size of the other, and then the rock three-quarter inch cubes. Over this is poured tar, melted to about 180 to 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and over all this is thrown the fine pebbles. Then the steam roller gets to work again. Parallel to this strip we make a path of light material, designed for horses and vehicles; alongside that comes a bridge path, for equestrians only, and then comes another strip of grassy lawn, with flowers and trees. We maintain that strip in all strictness."

There are suggestions and information here worth considering. They come from a man who is well qualified to speak and who has seen and actively participated in the work in his own State similar to that which Georgia now has to do.—Atlanta Constitution.

The Eternal Feminine.

Queen Elizabeth, in a characteristic rage, had proclaimed the doom of the courtier. "Off with his head!"

The culprit courtier was heard to mutter something to himself.

"What said the catiff?" demanded Elizabeth.

"May it please Your Majesty," faltered one of the guards, "his words were: 'Pretty rough. It is becoming—'"

The virgin Queen plumed herself; her eyes sought her mirror.

"Ha! Pretty ruff! Truly, the fellow hath good taste, and it were a pity— Let sentence be suspended. We have need of men of good judgment and sound discretion about us. I will hear further what he may have to say."—Harper's Monthly.

Once Respectable.

"Bushman," once a respectable term, has now sunk to the lowest depths. In the early Australian newspapers such advertisements as "Wanted, a good bushranger," were quite common. The word then was synonymous with "bushman," one skilled in knowledge and experience of bush life. But now a "good bushranger" would be as ridiculous as an honest burglar, for a bushranger is the superlatively bad man of the antipodes—a bank robber, a despoiler of gold escorts and mail coaches and the terror of the countryside.

The Main Difference.

"Papa," asks the little boy, "how do men and women pick out the hats that will be most becoming to them?"

"A man, my son," explains the fond father, "selects his hat by the size, and a woman chooses hers by the price."—Chicago Evening Post.

The Hen as an Asset of the Suburban Home

By M. ROBERTS CONOVER.

In her relation to the average suburban home, the hen must be considered merely in the capacity of an egg-producer. For breeding purposes a larger extent of ground is necessary than can be spared from a small plot.

A flock of six or eight hens will, with little extra food, subsist upon the kitchen waste of a small family of four people who endeavor to live within the ordinary bounds of economy, and for this consumption of otherwise waste material will yield satisfactory returns in eggs.

This kitchen waste usually consists of fruit and vegetable parings, bones (which must be crushed), occasional scraps of meat, odds and ends of cereal or stale bread, crushed eggshells, etc., and this diet is sufficiently varied to keep the fowls in healthy laying condition. This fare may be occasionally augmented by grain or meat scraps from the butcher's, such additions being used to balance inequalities of the regular diet.

For successful results with poultry in limited space, the breed is an important question. Leghorns and Monarchs are excellent layers of fine large eggs, and are among the best for the suburban dweller who wants regular contributions to his table. The cockerel may be dispensed with, as it is better to buy young pullets in condition to lay, when the first set becomes too old for the best production, rather than to breed chickens in small quarters.

A convenient coop for housing six or eight of these hens is six feet long, four feet wide and four and one-half feet high. This gives room for nests and for a feeding place in stormy weather. Such a house, if made with a peaked roof, should have its longest slant toward the south, with a window set in to admit sunlight. Tarred paper makes a warm, durable covering for the roof.

The perches are round poles, about two inches in diameter, arranged ladder-fashion toward the back of the coop, the lowest being two feet from the floor. These are held in place by cleats at the ends so that they may be removed frequently and washed with kerosene, white wash or some other insecticide.

The nests are made of straw in which is one tablespoonful of flour of sulphur, for the dust bath, and boxes of shell and grit should be convenient for the hens.

The nests are of easier access if arranged at the rear below the roosts and protected by a drop-board. The eggs are gathered by raising the hinged sections. A few tobacco leaves among the straw in the nests will prevent lice.

But a vital consideration is room for exercise upon ground which is kept sanitary, for unhealthy conditions will decrease the productiveness of a flock of fowls just as it impairs their health. With poultry wire five and one-half feet high, construct three parallel runs fifteen feet long and four feet wide, one directly in front of the coop, the other two extending beyond either side. Sow one with clover, another with oats and the third with rye. When one crop has attained a height of three or four inches, the hens are turned into the pen and allowed to use it for two or three weeks. At the end of that time another pen is assigned them and the first resown. At the end of three more weeks the second pen is unfit for further use and the fowls are passed on to the third, the second being resown. In the meantime the first pen is again fresh with tender verdure for the reception of the flock when the third pen has become a barren waste. This method allows a thorough purification of the soil in nature's own way, and prevents disease. A little chickweed sown with the oats or clover is relished by the fowls.—From House and Garden.

Night Skies as Inspiration.

The suns and constellations of the glorious galaxy sparkle and scintillate gloriously upon us. The domain of this glorious galaxy is situated at present in the south and southeast and extends from brilliant Capella, near the zenith, to more brilliant Sirius, toward the horizon. Queen Capella sparkles near the top of the constellation Auriga, while below her twinkle the inseparable Twins in Gemini, gleams the ruddy eye of Aldebaran in Taurus and glimmers the hazy group of the Pleiades. Below Gemini and Taurus glows the waning sun Betelgeux and sparkles brilliant Rigel in the famous and ancient constellation of Orion, and between Betelgeux and Rigel twinkle the three "belt stars."

Eastward of Orion glitters the lonely gem Procyon in Canis Minor, and, lowest of all, scintillates that incomparable jewel, King Sirius, in Canis Major. Six suns and six constellations—and the greatest of these are Sirius and Orion, Sirius like a living, fiery sky diamond, Orion sparkling in the firmament like a gigantic fragment of sidereal jewelry.—Communication in New York Tribune.

On a Street Car.

"Forgot to wind my alarm last night."

"And so overstept yourself, eh?"

"No, sir. Would you believe it, the surprise of not hearing it go off woke me quick as a wink!"—Boston Transcript.

The Margin That Saved Him.

"You own an automobile, I suppose?"

"No; I would like to, but I've always been just a little too poor."

"Just a little too poor? Man, you don't appreciate how lucky you are."—Boston Transcript.

Did He Get It?

A sailor had just shown a lady over the ship. In thanking him she said: "I am sorry to see by the rules that tips are forbidden on your ship."

"Lor' bless you, ma'am," replied the sailor; "so were apples in the Garden of Eden."—Everybody's.

Up to Him.

"See here," asked the cautious stranger, "if I decide to stay here for a week how much is it going to cost me?"

"You can answer that best yourself!" replied the clerk of the Florida hotel. "How much have you got?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

A Wrestler.

"Have you no occupation, my man?" asked the lady at the kitchen door.

"Yes'm," replied the tramp; "I'm a wrestler."

"A wrestler?"

"Yes'm; I wrestle with poverty, mum!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Or Move to Philadelphia.

"Dingley is awfully out of sorts since the Administration turned him down."

"What does he say about it?"

"He says he wishes the waters of oblivion could roll over him."

"Then why doesn't he run for Vice-President?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Critical Moment For Hubby.

Mrs. Newbridge—"John, dear, why are some grocers called green grocers and some not?"

Mr. Newbridge (feeling that he must maintain his reputation for knowledge at any cost)—"Er—the green grocers, darling, are the inexperienced who start in by selling on credit."—Boston Transcript.

The New Baby.

Teacher—"I shall not keep you after school, Johnnie. You may go home now."

Johnnie—"I don't want ter go home. There's a baby just come to our house."

Teacher—"You ought to be glad, Johnnie. A dear little baby—"

Johnnie (vehemently)—"I ain't glad! Pa'll blame me—he blames me for everything."—Lippincott's.

With the Funny Fellows



In the Meat Line.

The butcher sat in his lonely shop, His cleaver and saw were still, The packing houses were all shut down, There was nothing there to kill.

The cattle, hogs and sheep ran loose On the Western plain and farm, For life to them was a grand sweet song, With nobody near to harm.

The birds went wandering o'er the lea In the twilight and the dawn, With never a thought of future things, For the meat boycott was on.

—W. J. Lampton, in New York Tribune.

No Joke.

"If an old maid says 'No' when he proposes, is she playing the coquette?"

"No, she's playing the fool."—Cleveland Leader.

Very Likely.

Patience—"What is she doing with all the alimony she's getting?"

Patrice—"Oh, she's saving it so she can support another husband."—Yonkers Statesman.

Taking a Chance on Him.

"What was you askin' for the widder's bonnet, mum?"

"Well—er—I thought ninepence."

"'E's very ill, mum; I think I'll risk it."—The Tatler.

Out of the Frying Pan.

Beacon—"So Henn-Peck wants to go to Congress, does he?"

Hill—"Said he'd be willing to go most anywhere to get away from home a while."—Boston Herald.

Lucky Dog.

"Here's a remarkable gold coin I want to show you, old man."

"Eh! This is an ordinary half-eagle. What's remarkable about it?"

"It belongs to me."—Boston Transcript.

Precious.

Marks—"Why in the world did you put your lunch in the safe?"

Parks—"S-sh! Keep it quiet, old man; but that unpretentious looking little package contains a boiled egg."—Boston Transcript.