WEDNESDAY, APRIL 6, 1892.

papers of that city: your readers be kind enough to tell me what to do for a canary bird that has lost its voice?" Keep it, dear madam, care for it tenderly, and be thankful.

ETHEL OSBORNE, the unhappy London society woman self-convicted of perjury, has been sentenced to nine months' imprisonment at hard labor. The deplorable scandal has served at least to show in Captain Osborne, who has loyally and gently sustained and cheered his wife throughout the whole affair, a gentleman such as London society seldom offers for the admiration of the world. The trial and its end have also demonstrated that English law is inflexible and remorseless-when the culprit does not wear a title.

THE New York Court of Appeals has rendered an opinion which shows that married women in that State are still in bondage. A women fell down a coal-hole and sued for damages, recovering \$500. The defendant asked for a new trial on the ground that the woman was working for her hus band, and that the court had taken into account her loss of wages. The Court of Appeals reversed the decision and sent the case back for a new It held that the services of wife belonged to her husband, and she cannot recover any wages even if she holds his written promise to pay. He cannot compel her to perform any work for him except household duties, and if she does any other she can not compel him to pay for it. There fore, all the plaintiff is entitled to recover is such sum as will compensate her for personal injuries, but nothing for loss of wages.

SCHWEINFURTH, the unspeakable leader of that refuge at Rockford impiously called "heaven," is defendant in the Circuit Court to a charge of alienating the affections of a Chi-cago matron, and will be called upon to defend a suit for \$50,000 damages The false prophet announces as his line of defense the "shewing up" of the husband's character. That hus band, the plaintiff, is a man of wealth and comfortable income, whose home has been ruined by the influence of the bogus christ. His wife has gone from him in a manner worse than His daughters are poisoned death. with the baneful doctrine, and all the earth holds dear for him is sink ing in the bottomless slime of that "prophet's" following. The mormons at Nauvou were never more dangerous to society than is George J. Schweinfurth. Within or without the law there should be some method of whipping him out of the country. The admitted right of all men to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences grants to no man immunity in this wholesale debauching of women.

Two cirizens of Chicago have returned to this country after an enforced absence of twenty years. When they went abroad in 1872 they embarked in extensive financial transactions, making the Bank of England base of operations. After a period of prosperity their catheir base of reers as financiers were abruptly ter-minated, and they were compelled to resort to the business of oakum picking, which was not so agreeable as bank plucking, though attended with less risks. They would be picking oakum at this time if it had not pleased the British Government to grant them tickets-of-leave, which have enabled them t) secure greatly needed recreation. It is possible, of course, that Messrs. George and Austin Bidwell have sincerely repented of the crimes which con lemned them to penal servitude for life in British All things are possible, and their repentance way be included among the possibilities. But noth-ing in the conversation of the Bidwells points to penitence. Austin B. well is reported as even boasting of their crimes, and he takes pride in the fact that "they taught the great moneyed institution of the enemy of their country a lesson one certainly would desire to interfere with henest efforts by these men to accomplish a reformation of their lives, or to atome as far as possible for the mistakes of the past. But it is not out of place to suggest, that under all the circumstances they would do themselves and their cause no harm by being a trifle more mod-est when speaking of the operations which have made them notorious An affected modesty, no matter how patent its insincerity, would become them better than the boasting in which they indulge.

[Written for the Friendship (N. Y.) HEGIST 28.]

Edith Wilder's Journal.

By METTA E. S. BENSON,

Author of "Barbara Dare," "Her True Friend," "The Venur's fave Af-fairs," "The Missing Ring," "Love's Sacrifice," etc.

CHAPTER II.

Unsuccessful in our search, we firee Orances ful in our search, we shee at the low gate and paused there a moment in consultation. While we stood thus Bert Hall, a neighboring boy, came rushing up the street, but in hand. At sight of us he cried out: "th, Mrs. Jordan, Charley has fell in the river."

She was off like the wind. I followed her, and at the corner of the second street saw a man approach her, hearing in his arms a little limp, dripping figure. I hope never to see again such an expression of despair as was upon the face

in his arms a little limp, dripping figure. I hope never to see again such an expression of despair as was upon the face of Mrs. Jordan when she gathered her unconscious boy into her arms.

"O, God, my baby, 11y baby!" she moaned between her sisses.

The man brushed away a tear with his large, rough kand. "Give me your direction," he said in a voice so gentle that it seemed to have been given to him by mistake, "and I II find a doctor for you at once. I'm sure he il come round again, lady, for I caught him as he went down the second time."

"O, thank you, sir! and may God b'ess you for your kindness." Even in th's moment of toture her true lady-lood asserted ligelf, and this kindly countesy welled up from her agonized heart.

Clasped closs in one of the wer dimpled hands we found a bit of twine with a bent pin attached to the end. This fold the story. Chariey had been fishing.

While I write I bedie it is insumma in the next room talking of his in is an low, chizing voice, that holds in its undertones a great fear and a great thank ulness. I never though the core have critible a thing it is to be a mether; to have God hend do yn to you out of His infinitude a white, immertal earl. Ven held the plastic, internetiale thing in ven between the citible a thing; it is to be a mether; to have God hend do yn to you out of His infinitude a white, immertal earl. Ven held the plastic, internetiale thing in ven bedien to well may be with will. Indeed, I am learning a great many things beside the art of unking diessed.

year will Indeed, I am beareing a great many things beside the art of melting diseases here in this little household. I am beare ing how beautifully and bravely two frail women can perform the'r life-work—bearing burdens designed for broader and stronger shoulders with a quiet kind of dignity that ennobes them; with a sweet, womanly graciousness that impresses me more than I can reveal.

Monday afternoon Joyce came, bring-ng with her a dress pattern of the love-iest blue silk, just the hue of her eyes, low exquisitely beautiful she is in her

How exquisitely beautiful she is in her dawning young ladyth ad.

"Mama Vo.ney," she said to Mrs. Jordan, "has her work done at Madam Forney's, upon Main street, but I preferred to come here, because of Dith, I suppose. You may make it as you please, so that it is not prim, but with plenty of grace and flutter. Dith, if you are ever a real dressmaker I hope you will understand the fitness of things, so few do. Now I would like my dress when fin. Now I would like my dress, when fin-ished, to resemble in a certain sense this flower," touching with her jeweled fin-gers a sweet, red rose that reeped in at

"You would like it to accord with yourself," I responded, "just as the rose harmonizes with the leaves by which it is surrounded.

"Why, Dith, that is just the idea. but it sounds almost like a book to hear you say it. Don't turn into a writing genius and so spoil my little dressmaker," and her low, joyous laugh floated through the room

her low, Joyous laugh floated through the room.

Joyce has such a pretty, queenly bearing: I am so shy and silent. If I could only tell my best thoughts—but I connot. When the occasion demands them they flee to some secret place of my soul and leave me dumb. I am so dissatisfi d with poor Ittle Edith Wilder. Will she ever approach nearer my ideal of womanhood, or will she shrink and cower all ker Ilife! This is in part the outcome of your work. Mrs. Chilsom. You might have helped me, but you hindered, instead.

instead. * * * * Somehow I am very much interested in a young lady who boards 'ust across the way. Mrs. Jordan thinks her a music teacher, for she is a wiy nearly all the time and always carries a roll of music with her. I often hear the sound of her piano at night, and sometimes fail askep with the fall, rich tones of her voice stirring the air about me into charming waves of sound. I cannot understand waves of sound. I cannot understand why I think so much about her, but it comes to me in a vague sort of way, that her life and mine are to meet and blend, like two harmonious tones of music struck in the same chord. I am afraid this book is coming to be what the old maple was at Mrs. Chilsom's—a something to tell my foolish fancies to; a place wherein to law my dreams a something to tell my foolish fanc a place wherein to lay my dreams.

Aux. 24.

Edna Vincert. What a pretty name it is, and it belongs to the young lady who boards over the way. She came in this morning to talk with Mrs. Jordan about a dress she is to have made. I had felt so sure I should like her. and I do. She is a little below medium height, Auster 24.

with soft black hair that waves back from her face, and leaves a short fringe of natural curls about her low forchead. Her eyes are black, with an intense scin-tillating 1 ght in them which is their charm and that individuali es her.

Defore she left she crossed to the win-dow where I was sitting, drawn there by the fragrance and beauty of the roses.

"Oh, how Tovely they are!" she exclaimed, benefing her face to them.
"And the air all about them is fall of their poetry." I answered stirred out of

my shyness by her caressive act.

A look of swift, glad surprise flashed

A look of swift, gual surprise named into her eyes; "I understand," she said, "the poetry of perfune." She put out one strong, white hand, and touched mine, at the same saying in a low voice; "I predict we are to be friends,"

It has been a long time since I have written in my 'ourna'. The work hurries so that I have been too tired at night for anything hut sleep.— I find there are a

great many Mrs. Chilson's in the world, albeit, they come - the a love's albeit. great many Mrs. Chisons are the world, albeit, they come—tha a lovely, siken murmur, like an anger with its wings. ³ Their work must be done upon time, and without tlemish. Tired eyes achi-ing shoulders, and delicate nerves that

under constant tension become infinitesi-

under constant tension o comment points of tortune, are things they do not consider.

To-day as I was sitting by the window sewing, Mrs. Voney and acque rode by in a pictry lasket phaeton, drawn by a span of shining black points. Joyce blew a kiss from the tips of her daintify

gleved fingers, and Mis Volney deigned me a very formation.

My heart was fail of het anger at sight of them. I was so tired and nervous I could not keep the tear back.

Here, in the quet of my from, moved by better emetions. I am heartily asimmed of that childish contours of temper.

December 85.

Mr. Benton came in last evening with a brimming, asket of "Christmas Gifts."

'I am coung to eat my Christmas Gifts, "I am coung to eat my Christmas din ner with you," he said, depositing his burden upon the floor, 'I shall come early, and stay late, and make you all the trouble I can," and he was gene, leaving behind him the sound of his laughter. This morning he came white yet the crispiness lingered in the air, before the sunchire had melted the frest work from the trees, and took Mrs. Jerdan end tharley for a dash also it be city.

Mrs. Abbott, insited Miss Vince to hartleke of our Christmas cheer ar 'sli in all we had a very njoyable time. Mr. Penton is a men of grivid neture and habits and he filled it a bone, in he is and laughter.

laughter. i eight o'elock now, Miss Vincont

has gone; that's this actop in the ocon beyond, whose door stands ajar, so that I can see Mrs. Albutt as she sits reading in an old family Bible that is so much her companion; and I clow stairs are Mrs. Jordan and Mr. Benton, their voices coming up to me in a pleasant mur-

I am trying so hard to be true in all ways—to Le real, and carnest, and brave: but there will be times, like this one, when a feeling of i-olation enfoids me in its desolating clast, until I grow afraid of lefe tiself; afraid of the great earth, and the vast space which is all about it, and that reaches out and cut, into a limitless somewhere. I am so small in comparison that I can only cover my face and cry out like a little child frightened at the dark. How strange it is that one can feel so solitary when the world is fall of heings like one-cif. I wonder what it would be like to be all in all to just one among the many millions? I am trying so hard to be true in all

ArMI. 12.

The wedding was a very quiet affair.

Mrs. Jordan looked realty handsome in a
dress of brone-e-green sik, and a fragrant
cluster of pale jink blossoms among the
white lace at her throat: Mr. Benton was
in his hap vest mood. Charve bubbling
over with delight; but Mrs. Abbott was
very quiet, sal almost. It was the
change she shrank away from. It is so
matural for old hearts to cling to accustomed ways and faces. And yet I
knew that with it all she was glad, for
Mr. Benton is a well-to-do-man. Mrs.
Benton has engaged work for me from
among her patrons, which will take at
least three months to perform. I am to
sew at the house of these ladies for one
dollar a day—ix dollars a week. The
query is—what cell I do with so much
money? Beside, Mrs. Benton has very
kindly offered to come for me each
Saturday night, and return me to my
work on Monday morning and so I shall
not be quite adrift upon the world.

I am delighted with this new mann of labor. I have more responsibility, but the charm of novelty makes the hard work seem less wearying than at Mrs. Jordan's.

Jordan's.

Jordan's Camp, at whose house I have been for more than a week, says I an a real artist in my line of work, and my future success is a certainty. Bear heaven! the stutter mass hold something better them. success is a certainty. Dean neason, the future mass hold squething better that cutting, and plaining, and planning than folks o satin and fails of lace, and takes of fashion. Without doubt Mis. Camp believed she was giving what would seem to me the highest mend of praise.

would seem to me the nignes; mend of praise.

We are such two-fold creatures, the world never knows us but in part.

We reveal to those we love best, and at rare intervals, thoughts and emotions that lie too deep for the common herd; but into the "holy of holies," no footfal save our own, or the sweet angels whom He sends, ever break upon the saccessielence.

I have slept under this woman's roof; I have stept under this woman stool; have sat at her table; we have been brought into hourly contact; and yet she has no faintest conception of the sweet atmosphere of feeling in which I dwell; or the visions that constantly flit before me, exquisite in coloring as one of Titian's divine pictures. She only knows that in my hands fine fabrics and bits of depart training. elegant trimming grow into forms that delight the eye.

delight the tye.

Charley has just laid above my writter
words a bunch of pretty pink blossoms,
with the scent of the woods still linger-

ing upon them.

"Please, Dithy, don't write any more.
It seems so big, and just heaviful out doors to-day. What's the matter with us, that we can't go for a walk?"

I laughest a little over his unconscious since. Esside, this is the fifth mark he

havings the sing. Beside, this is the fitth ones are havinsisted upon since our return from church. I cannot refuse him, however, for the world is beautiful to-day with the world is beautiful to-day with the world in the sound; and tocolor, and scent, and sound; and to-morrow I shall be compelled to remain within doors.

O, these wonderful June days! How the great underpulse of the dear old earth throbs with the rapture of its full, free life! I am no longer homeless, Miss Vincent and I have made for ourselves just the cunningest little home in the world. It is only one of the wings the world. It is only one of the wings of a rambling red-brick house, that has held its place for more than a quarter of a century, while the city has grown and broadened until the shadows of the pinnacles and towers of stately mansions are roses and grand old trees, and a fountain with green moss clinging to its stone, work, and the circuites of the broad, flat stones of which the walk is constructed encourage the growth of the same green lichens. All these things lend 4 peculiar charm to this place I now call home.

call home.

Home! What tender n canings press
into that brief Anglo-Saxon word! At
fir tit seemed a ! t le odd for two girls to set up housekeeing all by them-selves; but now I look upon it as the most ratural thing to do. If girls are driven to self support, why should they

driven to self support, why should they not income hone and est. It is certainly be true than a boarding license at being dependent upon another for an abid up none, however willing test other may be.

The nome of size Vincents gitthough is among the hist of vernous, and shous a graduate from the Saminary of the same State. With time American independence she has sense to the land of strangers to win her feature. In one way he will succeed, to sin has emerge, enterprise, participates; the ability technolic herself an avenue of couplay. open to herself in avenue of coupling months of the city steadily. And look of the will the open the devine, look to count to device the country neren mark

You meta broke to comic," I sold, when the had to'd fre her stery durin

when the heat tool fine here stry during one of our quiet talks. "It was my dreams that led me, more than my spirit of heavery," she repaired, i'll need to watch the sun as the great hills tose up and hid it from view, and fancy that semething I cauttril was wanting for me for off-hevoud the meantains. I have thought of late," and I knew by her voice, that her face had saddered a little, "that should I find in-this unknown komething of me dreams sit round we'v soon fade away as did those mould rely soon tade away as did those beautiful superts."

'As, but after the darkness of night, ne was the morning agen," I interthere

osed.
"True, Edith, and if the night of dis "True, Edith, and if the right of disappointment ceases I believe I can be I rave enough to war trustingly for the day-dawn, be it grief or joy, which the dear God may send."

day-dawn, be it grief or joy, which the dear God may send."
"And you will accept as from Him, whatever comes." I questioned.
"Why, yes, would not you?"
"I do not know. It must be I am a natural sceptic, for I cannot understand what the personality of God can be like, nor in what sense He can be mindful of nor in what sense lie can be mindful of the events, glad or grand or pitiful, which crowd themselves into our every

which crowd themselves into our every day leving."

"No man, not even the wisest, can understand what the personality of God is, Ealth. By searching I cannot find Thee out, is as true to-day as when the words were first written. But that in some namer He does care for us, I do firmly believe. Nor do I heed further proof of the Father's tender watch-care than the rare, sweet, to a man sympathy which He gave to the meest traftes."

She arose and crossed to the plano, and presently the room was full of the low, sweet strains of Frethover's match-less music. I closed my eyes and seemed to feel the soul of the great master throbbing through the divine harmonies, as her finger-called them forth from the white keys. There is the sing of true music in Miss Vincent's playing. She seed the composer's mood, until she is harme becauther own depths by the waves of some indefinable canotion.

Something of this I said aloud when at last the music crosses, and aloud when at last the music crosses, and a leven I fancied was waiting for me beyond the mountains, and this much I shail never lose."

I think I understand the premonitions of coming leavented.

I think I understand the premonitions of coming loss, by which she is shaken. Fred Hammond is a till finely-formed young man, with the haughty air of a prince royal, and clerk in one of the city's finest stores. He is utterly self-contained (if the word means to contain only self), and I do not like him, although I should not care to say as much to hiss Vincent, for she imagines just now that she cares a very great deal for him; and I can understand, too, how it happens that she does care for him in a tender way that borders upon love. His life came into conjunction with her own in the days of hef lonelines, when all liftout her were new, strange faces. Beside, he can be a very pleasant compagion when he chooses, and he chooses to be I think I understand the premonitions

that to Miss Vincent at this

Mrs. Volney and Joyce of afternoon. They have seeing sewing, and therefore seeing sewing and therefore seeing sources part of every day. It is too good to be true, for I see her dom of late, and in September at to a young ladies's chool to reyear. Mrs. Volney scema very her, and it is not strange at all is, for Joyce is wondrously beauties, for Joyce is wondrously beauties. Edm (I am notto call har kar cent any more) has I cheed to course of reading for my feel moments, and is also to teach me thing of music.

Mean while the one inherent situatore is to lie antoucher. But grow and strengthen—dreams of each added year of my life the grow and strengthen—dreams of each added year of my life the grow and strengthen—dreams of each added years of some special produce upon canwas. Sometimes not but rebel against the pittles in

color, and expression that I logg produce upon canvas. Sometinal not but rebel against the pittes a stances which hedge me in and re-ti is indeed, a cruci fate which we allow me the cultivation of my talent."

talent."
In these high, abnormal mone forget my gift for dressmaking at have mustered so thoroughly the work is engerly sought after. As it is not at all a despicable treat it brings me clothing, books the forts of this quiet home next, and thing, now and then, for those fortunate than myself.

I have found out a new way to Volney's which considerably the the distance. In going this wale upon one of the oldest streas of city, and one morning, as I pass my work, I saw a white faceat and windows of an old tenement loss face, half child, half woman, as we child's clear soul shining in the eyes. That pain-stricken, patent face! I have carried the memory a about with me for days—as one and face! I have carried the memory a about with me for days—as one can a loved picture next his heat. I memory, and the old flag which came along with the first sixt was another life that which came along with the fire signification, that this was another life that somehow to make a part of myon. I have read, or heard some one seril four tives are like blocks of packers that fit, piece by piece, and with the one missing the pattern would not one missing the pattern would not prefect. This morning I esthered bounget of roses—red, white and papink and with the dow still upon the petals—gathered them assaging. I must speak to the owners the

ITO BE COTTINGED,!

STRANGLED TO DEATH

A Regulaker, Once Bantiful, Sett a Untimely Edd in Berlin.

BERLIN, April 4 .- The dead books woman was found in a sack in them of a villa in the Kaiser Wilhelm she last night. She had been strangled a the marks of fingers were still appear on her throat. She was identified at ragpicker who was a well-to-do peasant daughter, and lived with her fater the country until about thirtees yes

she ran away with a captain in the reserves named Schall, and left in shortly after her arrival in Berinder student whom she subsequently desire for an attache of the Russian leasted for an attache of the Russian leasted, She lost her beauty through dissiption, and for the last eight years been a ragpicker. She left her room to clock in the morning, and was it seen alive afterward, as far as haves learned, by anybody who knew her.

A Notable Foneral.

A Notable Funeral.

TROY, N. Y., April L.—The found of Miss Mary Benedicta Murphy, caspiter of Edward Murphy, Charman of the Democratic State Committee, occard yesterday's afternoon, and the complete of the Committee of the Com one mile, was packed with people. Stator Hill, Lieut.-Gov. Sheehan, Mare Grant, Richard Croker and many public officials were present.

Russell Harrison Admitted.

Russell Harrison Admitted.

WASHINGTON, April 4.—The Press Committee has readined their forest action in admitting Mr. Russell R. Herrison to the priveliges of the press galler ices of Congress. Mr. Harrison appearable fore the Committee and fully, and a the satisfaction of the Committee swered every question in regard to a swered every question in regard to charges preferred against him shall be specifically denied every charge may support the satisfaction and the satisfaction are satisfaction and the satis

The "Wild West" Show Still on Top-

The "Wild West" show Still on Tep London, April 4.—Copies of America Incompanyers have reached here containing a cable item stating that "Buttab bill" wild West Show at Kensington had be lapsed." Major John M. Burke wild represents Hon. W. F. Cody and May represents Hon. W. F. Cody and May Salisbury, stated to a reported yesteriff that the item is untrue.

A Town Fired by Incendiaries

A Town Fired by Incendiaries

PANAMA, April 4.—The town of Culston, on the line of the Nicaragia Cank, was set on fire by incendiaries on the night of April 1. The cand lastrefi and shops, the English church missis and shops, the English church missis and several houses were burned. Depersons were burned to death. Financial loss, \$20,000.

Numinated as Trastee of Cornell ITERCA, N. Y., April 4.—Judge Groff.
B. Turuer of Auburn has been nonstated Trustee of Cornell University, succeed President David Starr Jordan Stanford University, whose term experiting processing the president of the presiden

JOKER'S BUDGET,

S AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Last Word Impossible to Keep oth Alike -No Excuse -- Two cipes, Etc., Etc.

THE LAST WORD.

THE LAST WORD.

attle to his wife)—You don't seem to the courage of your convictious.

7. Frattle—I'd like to know how get at that conclusion.

attle You say, o'l'here's no use na." and then you talk some more.

IMPOSSIBLE TO REEP.

ukane-You have a fine new watch,

e. aswell--Yes; isn't it a beauty? It

\$150. Joes it keep time? ' Keep time? No; time flies as fast as fre I bought it."—[Pittsburg Chron-

BOTH ALIKE.

I look guilty,"
The brooch from Attleboro sighed; The broach from Attieboro signed, look guilty,"
The thief who pocketed it replied.

NO EXCUSE.

fother—My dear, you were very rude ing Professor Astralle s.call as While was explaining the principles of the phy you constantly interrupted him

h questions. http://dich.but.mamma, I didn' ow what he was talkin' about. Mother---Neither did the professor, my

TWO RECIPES.

Say, Raysredge, how did you nage to get so thin? Raysredge --Helping dad test his "Fat eventative." How did you manage to

so stout?
) Boese—Helping my dad.
{avsredge—What was he doing?
) Beese—Nothing. -{Puck.

SOCIAL GRAVITATION.

Returned Tourist —What became of at fool, Saphead, who had more money an he knew what to do with? Business Man - I don't remember him fas he much of a fool?

'as he much of a com-"Perfectly blotte" "I presume he has dropped in-ety ("See York Weekly.

WE WELL STREET

In all she says. I quite concur.

Not wish to disagree;

I of while it may be dear to her
It smuch more dear to me.

DIDN'T RAT THEM.

An American lady visiting Paris we ominually interested in the smart littless in white caps and aprons who diver the wares of the pastry cooks. Or any she said to one of these boys where nd brought her some cakes:

ad brought her some cakes:
"Ah, I suppose you get the benefit is of these cakes yourself sometimes."
"What do you mean, madame?"
"You eat a cake now and thon?"
"Eat then? Oh, no, mad me, the poldn't do. I only lick 'em as I conoug."—(Youth's Companion.

LOSING HER GRIP. Mrs. Witherby.—Mrs. Plankingt esu't dress so well as she used to, de

Nrs. Bunger—No, since her husba signed the pludge she hasn't the hold him that she used to have.—(Cloak I

DEPENDENT GEORGE. Ethel-Do say yes, papa. Geo an't live without me.

Closefist-I doubt if he could with THE VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.

Young Callow-Do you think it more trouble for a husband to manage wife than it is for a wife to manag-Benedick-I don't know, but if an

periment of that kind is tried in family there is likely to be tree enough for both. THE FLY IN THE OINTMENT.

Tramping Jake-It's getting to be bard work to pick up a livin in country. Et it wuzn't so fur away go to Central Ameriky. A man chave to do nothin there. Whole c try's covered with bananas. Nothing do but lay under a tree all day an Rusty Rufe-Got to pick 'em off'r

trees, hain't ye? "Course."
"I knowed ther wuz some drawb;
"Chicago Post.

REWARDED

"I stole a kiss from you last ere,"
He said to her; "alack,
It was a theft for which I griove— I come to give it back. foure very good, indeed," said s Pray keep it for your honest;

-New York Pro A MARTYR TO CANDY.

-You did not give m whipping you said you would.
Father--Why, what a strange be

are to want a whipping.
Tommy-Well, I thought I shou e candy you always give me afte Unce a Week.

SHE WAS ON.

"There's trouble in sight." gray-haired eld funny man as he out of the window toward a body who might have been policemen.
"Is there?" re-ponded his aged
who hid written many of his bee
for him and was up to his tricks