

POOR TIRED MOTHER.

BY MARGARET ELLINGER.

They were talking of the glory of the land beyond the sky.
Of the light and of the gladness to be found in Paradise.
Of the flowers ever blooming, of the never-ceasing songs.
Of the wand rings through the golden streets of happy white-robed throngs.
And said rather, leaning cozily back in his easy chair,
(Pathos always was a master hand for comfort everywhere):

"What a joyful thing 'twould be to know that when this life is over,
One would straightway hear a welcome from the blessed shining shore!"
And Isabelle, our oldest girl, glanced upward from the bed
She was painting on a water-jug, and murmured, "Yes, indeed!"
And Marion, the next in age, a moment dropped her book.
And a "Yes, indeed!" responded, with a most ecstatic look.

But mother, gray-haired mother, who had come to sweep the room,
With a patient smile on her thin face, leaned lightly on her broom—
Poor mother! no one ever thought how much she had to do,
And said, "I hope it is not wrong to agree with you."
But she was to me that when I die, before I join the West,
I'd like just for a little while to lie in my grave and rest.

—Harper's Weekly.

A DYING CONFESSION.

BY LILY M. CURRY.

There was no color in the outer world that day—no vivid color. The leaves, which lingered still upon the trees, were languid and saffron-hued from the lasting drought. The sky was clouded over and the atmosphere chilled with the whisper of approaching rain.

I had been thinking hard about my trouble. Long before dawn I had wakened from horrible dreams of Mignon—dreams that she was false; long before dawn I had tossed from side to side upon my bed, and felt my eyeballs burning and my heart beating madly. I had tried then, desperately, to compose myself, to master my emotions; but I could not, for always as I closed my eyes, she came before me, brilliant and beautiful, taunting and terrible. She came and crazed me with her superb glance, her scornful lips.

As I lay waiting for the dawn, I reviewed the past. My thoughts traveled swiftly back to the day of our marriage, half a year before. Since then what wretched fears, what helplessness terror had come to be my portion! In making her my wife, I had hoped to make her heart mine own forever; and now it seemed to me that she could laugh to look upon my dead face.

When daylight came at last, I arose and saw myself within the mirror—a ghastly, haggard, desperate creature. And suddenly I felt that she had wrecked my body and my soul. I said to myself that this should last no longer; that I would know the worst and abide by the knowledge.

She would return that day; she had been two nights absent, on a visit to friends of hers (whom yet I had not seen), up in the country. At least this was the story she had told me. I had not sought for proof or disproof of her words. I had not dared to seek for it.

She would not arrive until evening; and the day yawned before me like a terrible chasm. I wanted neither food nor drink, but wandered aimlessly about our apartments—our home, which might have been a little paradise, far above the ebb and flow of the stormy town. Our home, which I had cared to make so dainty she might love me for the task. Alas!

There was no color in the outer world, but ever in the space where I walked singly to and fro, the flames of purgatory danced before my sight.

I could not choose but doubt her, now that I had found that letter among her private papers—found it in my frenzied search the night before. A letter from a former lover.

I read it many times that morning; it was brief, yet full of meaning.

"I love you; I am wretched when away from you. I cannot rest until we meet again."

That was how it read.

I felt no compunctions at having searched her desk. Why had she been false to me? Had I not been faithful and kind and loving? Had I not cherished her according to my vow?

It was now a long time since I had first noticed certain peculiar little actions of hers—important tossings of the head, restive sighs, and curves of the lip, which seemed to say, "you weary me with your assiduousness, your jealous care. I love you no longer."

And then her latest actual complaint: "Why do you torment me so? Have I no individuality? For pity's sake, be rational!"

Rational! With that petulant voice ringing in my ears!

I continued to wander about our rooms. At times her face came before me—the face most dear to artist's eyes—beautifully shapen, faultless in coloring, having the classic features of Greece and the marvelous eyes of Italy—eyes made fit to dizzy all men who should behold them. And all around that face were rings of soft brown hair that reddened in the sunlight.

As the day dragged wearily along, I thought of various methods by which to assure myself of what I must know—or die. And so at length I framed my resolution.

I would not go to meet her at the station, but, instead, remain at home, concealed, that she might believe me gone. I would place a note upon the center table, underneath the chandelier, in the little parlor. This note would promise my return the following day. Her actions upon finding this would tell the story.

Where to conceal myself!

Somewhere in the little parlor, where she would enter and discover my note. I made a slow circuit of the room, inspecting carefully each separate article of furniture, and considering what, if any, shelter it might afford.

I started from the door leading into our bed-chamber, and passed leftward from the same.

First came Mignon's writing desk, a pretty little ebony affair, in which she treasured many things, as well I knew. Some old photographs were there, some faded flowers, some scraps of

poetry clipped from magazines,—some letters! I had not replaced the note I had found. It still burned over my heart,—burned as it were a living coal.

I looked for some time at the desk; I saw things with wondrous distinctness. There was dust—minute particles of dust upon the ledges. I rubbed it off with my bare finger.

Next was the window. I pushed aside the Turcoman curtain and looked down upon the street. How dull and cold the whole world seemed! How empty! Before the window stood the little chair she often sat in; just a little willow rocker with a square of painted satin. My heart ached harder as I fancied her sitting there.

Past these stood her piano. Past this the music-rack, with all her songs upon it. Ah, me!

Next, standing diagonally across the corner of the room, the curious old clock that I had brought from my studio at her request. I put my hand upon the door, as if to open it. Then I stopped and wondered if one could not stand with ease behind the antique time-piece.

Then I passed on.

Between the windows on the third side of the room was the lounge upon which I had so often lain and heard her singing in the twilight; sometimes she had come to sit beside me, and lay her small, soft hand upon my hair.

I turned another corner and came to the door, through which she must enter. Past this were chairs, and a little stand heaped with cabinet photographs, her own among the rest. A chiffonier with bric-a-brac in the fourth corner, and so I came again to the door of the bed chamber. After a time I thought again of the old clock, and returned to examine its position.

I drew it out a little further and slipped in behind.

The room grew dusky; the afternoon was slipping away.

I walked up and down the room; up and down, up and down—thinking. I had not broken my fast the lifelong day. My mouth seemed parched, my tongue swollen. I felt the shadow of approaching calamity.

As it grew dark I went out to a florist's and bought a little bunch of flowers, carnations, with surrounding sprays of mignonette.

Coming back, I stopped and spoke to the janitor of the building, giving him a message for my wife, who must soon arrive.

I went up hurriedly after this, for there was no time to lose. I put the sweet and spicy blossoms in a tumbler of water, and set the tumbler on the center-table, underneath the chandelier. I had a vague notion that the little offering might touch her heart and cause it to yearn for me, who loved her so. I wrote my note hastily, telling her I had been called away, but would return to-morrow. I placed the note beside the flowers. I lit one jet of the gas above, and left it burning dimly.

It was time for her to come. I grew each moment more feverish and impatient. I felt, besides, a faintness from long fasting. I went back through the bed-chamber to the dressing-room for a swallow of ice-water. There was some fruit in a dish upon the table. I thought perhaps a taste of this might cool my throat. I took an orange and hurried back to the parlor, slipping into my hiding-place behind the clock.

Why did she not come? It was past the time now, and I began to imagine all terrible things. I fancied that she had come, had met the janitor at the entrance, had received from him my message and taken advantage of my absence to return or send word to some lover. The thought fairly choked me. My throat was painfully parched.

I took out my large pocket-knife and began to cut the orange. My hands trembled constantly.

At length I heard footsteps. This waiting was torture, but I endured it. The gas burned dimly. The spicy fragrance of the flowers upon the table seemed to fill the room. I stood motionless, listening for the sound of her latchkey. I still clutched the orange and the open pocket-knife.

I held my breath.

She entered alone, and let the door swing carelessly after her; it did not close entirely. She gazed inquiringly about, then advanced toward the table.

"Flowers!" I heard her say. "Carnations—mignonette!"

I saw her take my letter in one hand, while with the other she reached up to turn the gas higher. The chandelier was high, and she was not very tall, so that she did not reach it at the first effort. Her lithe form and beautiful, uplifted face seemed to draw me toward her. I longed to rush out and clasp her to my heart. Heavens! what demon held me back?

She balanced there on tiptoe.

"I wonder if he will come?" I heard her say. Then I heard something else—a soft sound, as if the wind had pushed ajar the door she had not fully closed.

She did not turn; she did not seem to hear; her slender fingers were upon the gilt of the chandelier.

What happened next was swift and strange—and all in silence. A man had stepped within the room, closing the door noiselessly, and darting forward, encircled her head with his hands, blinding her eyes ere she had seen him.

Something heavy dropped from his arm to the floor. But not a word was spoken.

She did not scream or struggle; it seemed to me there was a smile upon her lips, as if—she knew—her lover.

The gas went suddenly out.

Just for a second then I felt myself crouching like a wild beast. In that second I seemed to know an eternity of hell.

She was in her lover's arms, and I—I sprang out to where they stood.

"Fiend—devil!" I cried out, and struck at him with the knife, in the darkness.

I heard a low moan; something fell to the floor and some one crept to the door and groped for the latch.

God! What was this? A terrible fear seized me. What had I done?

The door flashed open. I saw him fleeing from me down the lighted hall, and Mignon quivered at my feet.

I lit the gas; how, I know not. I

closed the door. But when I looked upon her lying there, her white face froze my very heart's blood.

"Oh, God be merciful!" I tried to whisper.

I had a terrible fear of touching her. I was growing cold from head to foot. I clung to a chair for support.

Her eyes unclosed; she looked up and, seeing me, tried to smile. She moved her lips, but uttered no sound.

Then I saw her slowly drag herself toward my feet, until she could reach up and clasp my knee.

"Oh, God!" I moaned, with frozen tongue.

She smiled at me, though her eyes were dimmed with death. Her lips parted for one soft, sighing syllable.

"Love—"

And she fell back and was still.

I knew that she was dead—that I had murdered her instead of the coward who had fled and left her to die. I could move now; all was over. My pretty wife, my Mignon, lay dead at my feet and I could move.

I dared not bend as yet to lift her. I saw the bundle he had dropped. I stooped and lifted it—it was heavy. I opened it with trembling hands and looked stupidly at the contents. Then I began to shriek aloud for aid, for all the world to come and know that she was murdered.

They came in at my wild cries; they lifted her tenderly, as I had had no strength to do. They took the sack from my hands—the sack of burglar's tools!

And still I shrieked.

The blood-stained knife was on the floor. They seemed to think it had been his.

Mignon was dead. They laid her upon her bed, and crossed her hands and set some candles on the table.

I dared to look upon her now, she lay as white and peaceful as a lily.

"Oh, Christ!" I said. "If I have wholly wronged her?"

The night wore on. It was at day-break that I took from my pocket the accursed letter which had spoken her false. I stood before the window with that letter in my hand. I remembered that it had no date. Why had I not examined the envelope—the postmark? I would do so now.

I could not speak, breathe without great pain. When I realized what I had done, I cried loudly for death. The postmark was old; the letter was an old one, written to Mignon ere she became my wife.

I had slain a blameless one, an angel.

I stood staring out of the window. It was raining silently in the silent street below. The gray dawn grew grayer. Mignon was dead!

Reminiscences of Herzegovina.

There were about twenty-five of us, and for eight days not one of us ate anything except boiled mutton. Every night a sheep was killed; a fire kindled inside a tent to keep the blaze from the watchful eyes of the Turk past whose stations we were running; and the flesh of the sheep, before it had been an hour dead, was cut into lumps and thrown into a cauldron of boiling water.

After three days of this diet I could stand it no longer, and for the next five days I rode down the country without tasting a bite of anything. I had a little rum-and-water, but that was all. Hunger is the worst on the second day. On the third day you cease to feel hunger, and you begin to lose flesh, but I kept going. Splendid savages were some of those insurgents; although some were perfect gentlemen, others were magnificent brutes. Peko Pavlovitch was one of the latter. He could neither read nor write, stood about six feet six inches, wore armor on his body, and although personally most courteous to me, was the purest savage I have ever seen in a white skin. I was sitting beside him when a soldier came with a flag of truce from Moukhtar Pasha asking for permission to send victuals to the beleaguered fortress of Govanisko. Peko Pavlovitch could not read, but he looked at the paper while the contents were being interpreted to him. He then tore it into fragments, flung the pieces into the messenger's face, and waving his hand with a savage expression declared, "That is my answer." The messenger went down stairs. Before he reached the landing I heard a groan. The man was killed. Another specimen of Peko's mode of warfare which I witnessed was an unfortunate Turk, whose back Peko had scored with his knife and ripped off three long strips of skin with his hands. The poor wretch was more dead than alive.

Sending a Kentuckian to Death.

The difficulty with some people to comprehend the distinction between a mandatory and an advisory railway commission is very amusingly illustrated in an anecdote related by a very witty member of the Kentucky bar. A criminal judge had before him a hardened and notorious criminal, who had been found guilty of a crime for which the penalty was death. The judge, on pronouncing sentence, told the prisoner it afforded him extreme pleasure to pronounce upon him the severest penalty of the law, and the Sheriff would be directed to take him from the Court House to the jail, and thence, on a given date, at a given hour, to be taken to the jail yard and there be hanged by the neck until he was dead, dead, dead.

The Judge then asked the prisoner if he had anything to say why the sentence of death should not be pronounced against him.

"Well, not much," said the prisoner, with imperturbable sang froid. "All I have to say to the court and everybody connected with it is that, if it affords them any pleasure to have me hanged till I am dead, dead, dead, then this court and all connected with it may just go to hell, hell, hell."

"Ah!" instantly exclaimed the Court, "in the Court's case the order is mandatory, but in that of the prisoner it is only advisory. Mr. Sheriff, let the sentence be executed."—Nashville American.

A woman has held the office of Justice of the Peace in one of the mountain towns of Kentucky for the last ten years without legal authority.

Mishaps of a Day.

"What's in a name?" asked the poet. Mr. William Algernon Day would have answered, "Everything."

It is not considered in accordance with the laws of social etiquette to pun on any one's name, but the opportunity is seldom allowed to pass. Mr. Button is introduced to a mixed company, and some person is sure to ask jocularly: "Button, button, who's got the button?" Mr. Penny is assailed with the inquiry, "Is he a bad penny returned?" Mr. Goodenough is asked why he need not be any better than he is. Mr. Ham is pleasantly reminded that he is "rather fresh." The victims of these names smile and endure, but it becomes very wearying—very.

Mr. Day would gladly have exchanged names with any of those gentlemen. It seemed to him that people were never at a loss for a pun on his cognomen. It took the most serious turn, however, when he fell in love with Miss Van Bergen, who had a terrible younger brother. This appalling infant saluted him with the freedom of a prospective relationship. He was forever on hand with his "Good Day," "Every Day," and when forgetful for a moment of the combination he asked his charmer to "name the happy Day," a muffled voice responded from under the sofa: "Smother Day!"

He made a point out of that source of his misery, however, when he called on his future father-in-law to ask for the fair hand of his daughter. The lover seized on the post-prandial hour as the most felicitous for his purpose, and found Herr Van Bergen seated in a rocking-chair, flanked by a sideboard on which some generous Rhine wines gleamed. It was raining, and the ambrosial locks of the young man were gilded with drops of soft water. The pater did not recognize him.

"My name is Day," he stammered.

"Ach! and a werry wet Day you are, mine friend."

"No, sir," answered the lover, standing up to the rack like a man, and glancing parenthetically at the array of bottles, "I'm a very dry Day, just now."

The old man roared, and they drank each other's health and toasted the future Mrs. Day.

At the wedding which soon followed there was some embarrassment, caused by the best man getting off his balance and wishing them "many happy returns of the Day," but all ended well, and nothing occurred to mar their felicity until their first Sunday at church. Then, by one of those strange coincidences with which life abounds, the minister had chosen for his text the verse: "Sufficient unto the Day is the evil thereof." But this was not all. By a series of fatalities the choir sang:

Oh, happy Day, that fixed my choice,
And when they reached home the bride declared she would not attend that church again. She personally resented the want of intuition which made such blunders possible.

Mr. Day had heard of the man who was

Hog by name and hog by nature.
But Hodge by act of Legislature.

He at once made up his mind and never ceased his efforts until he had reached legislative halls and had the prefix O attached to his name. When a punster attempts to climb that amended handle he is thrown every time, and a happier family than the O'Days it would be hard to find.—Mrs. M. L. Bayne, in Detroit Free Press.

Bored with Whist.

Fashion and etiquette compel people to endure a great deal of discomfort. A dozen persons will sit for hours at a ceremonial dinner-table and watch the courses come and go, long after their appetite has been satisfied. Though each has been bored, all assert that they have had "a charming time." A writer in Chambers' Journal tells how three distinguished gentlemen and a princess were once bored at an aristocratic game of whist.

On one occasion when Washington Irving, Bancroft, and Everett were chatting over diplomatic reminiscences, the last-named told how, after he and the Neapolitan Ambassador had been presented to her Majesty Queen Victoria, Lord Melbourne intimated that they would be expected to join in a game of whist with the Duchess of Kent.

"I play a very poor game, myself," said Melbourne; "in fact, I scarcely understand it, but the Duchess is very fond of it."

"And I," said the Neapolitan to Everett, "am a very bad player, and should I chance to be your Excellency's partner, I invoke your forbearance in advance." To which the American envoy replied that he knew very little of the game himself.

As he put it, three dignified personages, clad in gorgeous attire, were solemnly going to play a game none perfectly understood, and for which none of them cared in the least.

Upon reaching the Duchess's apartments the Ambassadors were formally presented, and then, at her invitation, sat down to play.

As soon as the cards were dealt a lady-in-waiting placed herself at the back of the Duchess, and the latter said: "Your Excellencies must excuse me if I rely upon the advice of my friend here, for I must confess that I am a very poor player."

This was almost too much for Everett's gravity, a gravity undisturbed for the rest of the evening, since he found playing whist under such conditions inexpressibly dull work.

A Change in Ship Building.

It has not yet been generally noticed that in the stagnation that has settled upon the industry of ship building there is a change—probably a temporary one—in progress. The latest list of the monthly additions to the registry of British vessels shows that change. It is evinced in the fact that the vessels now being added to the registry are of a very small tonnage compared to those which were added a year ago. In the month reported on last by the registrar, 62 iron and steel steamers were added to the registry of the United Kingdom, but the net registered tonnage of these was only 28,698 tons—not 500 tons each on the average, which is far below that usual at the time we

have referred to. Of wood steamers, four were added within the month, the net tonnage being 53 only, while of iron sailing vessels, the 5 that were added were of 5,521 tons net, and the wooden sailing vessels added were of 1,683 tons net. It is clear from these figures that while the iron and steel and wood steamers included many of very small tonnage—river tugs and similar vessels—the tonnage of the sailing vessels was larger. Hence the deduction is fair, that the vessels which are now being built are small steamers for special purposes, and large iron sailing vessels. It is a fact that gives ground for belief that there will be soon a revival in the demand for steamships, because the loss is going on, and practically the building of large steamships has for the present ceased. The vessels which are idle must by and by be called into requisition, and then we shall find that there will be orders for new ones to meet the loss that seems to be increasing with the increase of the fleet of steamers, and with the transfer of a considerable part of the tonnage from sailing vessels to steamers.—Engineer.

A Monkey's Fear of Firearms.

He was greatly frightened at a gun that I shot off one day at some sparrows. He hid at once in the straw of his cage, and never left it till the gun was hung up again. After that I had only to touch the stock to make him hide again, when nothing could be seen in the straw except a pair of sharp eyes watching all my motions. Just a touch of my finger or of a cane upon the cock of the gun was enough to deprive him of all quiet. I used to carry on my watch chain a little pistol, on which a percussion cap would make a tolerably loud report. The monkey had not yet found this out, and, sitting on my knees, would amuse itself with licking the silver barrel. One day, in his presence, I put a percussion cap on the nipple of the pistol. The monkey observed my movements with great attention, but without seeming disturbed by them. But when the cock, being raised, made two clicks, Molly dropped his eyebrows, while he continued sitting quietly. When the explosion took place his fright was unbounded. Crying loudly, and full of anguish, he fled from my knees, ran across several rooms, leaped out of the window, clung to a water-pipe, slid down to the street and hid himself in a ditch in a neighboring garden. His nervousness lasted a long while, and I had to take off my watch chain to appease him. From that day he was in such fear of the little pistol that to take hold of the chain was enough to make him disappear in the straw. But he very soon learned by experience that the source of the detonation was not in the chain, but in the pistol, and could easily distinguish it from the other appendages of the chain, of which he was not afraid at all.

The closer my fingers approached the formidable object, the greater became his anxiety, and with his eyes riveted upon the instrument, and with tensed ears, he would dance continuously in the cage, all ready to go under the hand, for greater security, that the cage door was well shut; and one day, when the bolt had not been pushed in, he leaped out from the cage, which did not seem safe enough for him, and went and hid himself under the bed in the next room. As I gradually removed my hand from the pistol, I would receive chuckles of approbation; and, with his lips pushed forward and the muscles of his ear moving by jerks, he would manifest a very great joy.—Popular Science Monthly.

Freshmen and Sophomores.

A party of Sophomores in a well-known college last year visited, at night a dormitory where three Freshmen slept, and dragging them out of bed, took them to the highroad and informed them that they must sing and dance, one by one, until bidden to stop. The ground was covered with snow, and their victims wore only their night-shirts.

The first lad who was brought forward fought like a tiger, and provoked his tormentors to make his punishment longer than they had intended. The second cried like a girl, and begged for mercy. His torture was prolonged even more than the other. The third, a slight, erect boy, surrounded by a dozen burly young fellows, looked at them with a smile of contemptuous amusement.

"I should think," he said, quietly, "you were too old for such childish sport. I will neither sing nor dance. You can, of course, do what you please to me, being twenty to one. But I warn you that if you lay a finger on me, you shall be arrested and punished to-morrow like any other bullies who break the law."

"I felt," said one of the students afterward, "like a very small boy standing before a man."

The same feeling, and perhaps the unexpected appeal to cold law, sobered and daunted the Sophomores. At any rate, the Freshman was permitted to return unharmed to his dormitory.

Very few men are called upon to bear any severer test than the Freshman year usually proves to a boy. It is ordinarily his first release from the restraints of home. He feels his new manhood, and is vain of it, while his fellow-students, in numberless torturing and cruel ways, seek to "take the vanity out of him." Whether he bears the ordeal like a weak boy, or a manly man, depends very much on his home training. If he has been taught to fear public opinion, and to attach supreme importance to trifles, he will be miserable. If, on the other hand, he has been given a character lofty enough to look down on passing annoyances, he will soon gain the respect even of his tormentors.—Youth's Companion.

An American microscopist, who has been investigating the causes of certain frantic movements of the common house fly under the stimulant of strong light, has discovered that the fly is often the victim of a disease of the brain arising from the presence of myriads of minute insects. These parasites, though perfect insects, are so small that 10,000 can be packed in a fly's cranium. The disease sometimes becomes epidemic, and millions of flies perish of it in a season.

HUMOR.

The diamond pin of the Wall Street broker is being worn this summer by the wife of the pawnbroker.

"Treat you to a mug of half-and-half," said the pugilist, as he struck the other fellow in the face, making it black and blue.

The wife of a preacher in Georgia takes turns with him in preaching. When his parishioners see the old gentleman digging worms in the back-yard they know that it is his day off.

A cyclone in Kansas carried away a bank building, but, as the cashier had departed in an opposite direction the day before, it wasn't thought worth while to hunt after the bank.

A juvenile inquirer was looking at some of those pictures of angels in which only heads and wings are visible, and, after a few minutes' reflection, he gave voice to his thoughts as follows: "Well, mamma, how do they sit down?"—Savannah News.

"How are times with you?" asked an old resident of Austin of a colored barber. "I nebber seed 'em so bad, boss." "You don't have 'em to do?" "I reckon not, boss. Times am so hard dat outer ten men, eleven don't get shabed at all, and all de rest shabes 'emselves."—Texas Siftings.

"I hear you've had a promotion. Glad to hear of your good luck." "Good luck! You don't call it good luck to be taken into partnership, do you?" "Well, yes, I should think so. It gives a man a better chance to accumulate a fortune." "Not when he was cashier in the first place."

"Tut," said Blossom, "have you ever been baptized?" "Yeth, I have been baptized. I remember all about it." "Do you?" said Blossom. "Did the minister put water on your head, like he did on Baby Johnnie's?" "No-o-o," said Tut; "the doctor he juth scratched my arm and rubbed something on it. It didn't hurt a bit."

In the shop of a boulevard pastry cook in Paris a young masher questioned the freshness of a tart. The shopkeeper was touched to the quick, and remarked severely: "I made tarts, young man, a good while before you were born." "I don't doubt it," was the reply, "and this must be one of them."

A popular London comedian had in his service a short time since a servant whom he had taken, out of charity, from the work-house. One day she was very insolent to her mistress, whereupon the comedian told her that if it occurred again he should certainly send her back to the place whence she came. "I won't go there," she replied, "on any account. If the worst comes to the worst, I'll go on the stage."

JONES: "Ha! ha! Life will now be worth living. I might show this item of news to my next-door neighbor. He can't fail to take the hint. The paper says some genius has invented 'noiseless' violins for practice, and they are already on