

In Sheep's Clothing.



Capt. Ormond Steele

CHAPTER II—Continued.

"Why this rejoicing?" asked Lea Hedges, leaning in her horse before Squire Condit's gate, and addressing Ellen, who stood with more than the sunset glow on her fair cheeks.

"Oh, Lea! good news! good news!" called Ellen, running out and taking her friend's hand.

"There do not keep it back, Ellen, for my very soul yearns for news good, bad or indifferent; anything to break the monotony of this dull life. Ah, if I were a man I should make my own news and give the world a fresh and startling supply every day, but being only a woman, a weaker vessel, as the dominie says, who—"

Lea would have gone on at some length in her bantering, half-real, half-laughing way, had not Ellen Condit interrupted her by calling out:

"The Sea Hawk has just anchored in the harbor!"

"The Sea Hawk?" echoed Lea Hedges, and for the instant the color fled, under the excitement from her cheeks, and she sprang from her horse, the spirited creature making no effort to get away, though there was no restraining hand on the bridle.

"Yes, she has been in sight for an hour, and Ralph has signaled that he is coming ashore at once. Mother has just gone in to order supper, and every servant on the place is hard at work to give their favorite a welcome."

"There, Ned, go home and tell Black Joe to put you in the house, and—"

Lea Hedges threw the bridle rein over the pommel of the saddle, and the intelligent horse, with a snort that no combination of letters could convey an idea of, tossed up his head and walked away with comical dignity.

"You will come into the house and wait," said Ellen, enrolling her friend's waist, with her left arm, and making as if she were going to the house.

"No, my love, we shall take the other direction," said Lea.

"To the village?"

"No, to the shore. Let us greet the brave boys before their feet press the soil. Ten months since they sailed away, it has seemed like ten years."

"The Sea Hawk carried with her all the life and glow of the island. I pray that the pirates have torn none of them from us."

This was said as the girls hastened down to the beach, a few hundred yards below Squire Condit's house.

"The pirates have landed on the Sea Hawk," said Ellen, who, though as much rejoiced at the ship's arrival, had neither her friend's enthusiasm nor her fluency of expression.

I knew the pirates never could take her; they might destroy her, but she would go down with the flag flying and every living man at his post," said Lea.

"The people are cheering and the bells are ringing, Lea."

Aye, but the cheers are all too faint to express my feeling, and the bells tinkles when it should clash and clang, and boom. Hark, a gun from the ship! see the smoke rising from the port like a monster's breath on a frosty morning. There is music in that sound. How did men fight before the great cannon sent the warrior blood throbbing in their veins?"

Ellen Condit did not attempt to answer her friend's question. By this time they could see a boat lowered away from the Sea Hawk, into which six rowers and four officers got.

The boat shot away from the ship, and headed straight for the beach where the girls—now the center of a large crowd of whites and gaily attired Indians—were waiting.

From the stern sheets Capt. Denham waved his hat, and the people answered with a cheer.

The men at the oars threw all their strength into the quivering blades, till the boat at length broke evenly fairly to leap from the water.

While the captain's cutter was still several hundred feet from the shore he recognized among the throng the faces of Ellen, his adopted sister, and of Lea, his old playmate and friend.

He rose in his place and raised his hat, and the first and second officers did the same.

The crew were powerful, fierce-looking fellows, and, though there were not one man with gray hair or beard visible, all were in that golden prime of life when experience restrains the impulses of youth, without lessening its activity or vigor.

The majority of the crew was decidedly English, but accent and face told that the minority was composed of many nationalities; not an unusual thing in this day when England, in order to recruit her warships, sent press gangs on shore, and, if occasion required, did not hesitate to force into her service the sailors of merchantmen overtaken on the high seas.

When nations become robbers in self-defense, there is no doubt to be wondered at that pirates were plenty, as much for their contempt for law as their desire for plunder.

With one or two exceptions the officers were men between 30 and 40 years of age, and there was that in their manner that told of perils daringly met in the past; and the adventurous spirit in their stern, restless eyes showed that, like their beautiful ship, they were wanderers, impelled on and on by the spirit of adventure, which, though rife in that age, cannot be said to be peculiar to any.

Capt. William Fox, commander of the Wanderer, looked like a man in every way qualified for his duties. He was about 35 years of age, rather slender and of medium height, with hair and beard that would be called "golden" by the poetic and "red" by those of a prosaic turn. His eyes were blue, but with that steely glint that is rarely seen except in eyes of gray.

Capt. Fox must have been in these waters before, for when a yacht came alongside offering a pilot, he shouted down:

"I know the channel, and I can't fail if I keep the wake of the Sea Hawk."

He seemed the very personification of activity, but it was activity without nervousness. His short, quick commands were given with decision, and obeyed with the promptness and regularity of a mechanism.

After the anchors were down, and the sails furled, Capt. Fox said to a black-eyed officer, some years younger than himself:

"Come to my cabin, Mr. Frenaud. I wish to speak with you."

"Aye, sir," replied Lieut. Frenaud, took up his cap and following the captain down the companion-way.

The cabin of the Wanderer was quite in keeping as to neatness with the other parts of the ship, but the furniture was such as even an admiral could not have afforded. The place was crowded with works of art. The walls were covered with pictures, the most incongruous religious pieces being hung side by side with fierce battle pictures, and rude cupids placed in companionship with winged cherubs and hieroglyphic maps.

Through the open doors of some of the staterooms opening into the cabin the same lavish adornments could be seen, giving the idea of a floating art-gallery, rather than the quarters of officers on a ship of war.

And this lavish profusion of wealth was visible in the persons of the officers, certainly in the two who now retired to an inner cabin.

Their fingers were half covered with rings, in which gemlets of dearest tint and diamonds of purest water flashed, and the buckles on their shoes, or "pumps," as they were then called, were masses of the same gems.

After closing the door of the cabin behind him, Captain Fox pointed the lieutenant to a chair and sat down himself.

This done, he deliberately pulled off his pumps, and drawing a plainer pair from a drawer near by he put them on. He then removed his finger rings and threw them with the shoes he had taken off, into a box.

"We must put away these things for the present, Mr. Frenaud," said Captain Fox. "It is well enough to wear them at sea, where the sight of them will inspire our men to deeds of greater valor, but here they may create suspicion, and that is the very thing we must avert."

"Of course, sir," replied Lieutenant Frenaud, and he at once removed his jewelry, going into another room to re-deposit his pumps. Coming back, he asked:

"Shall I instruct the other officers, Captain?"

"No; I have ordered them to wear nothing that does not accord with their rank as officers in the service of the government," said the captain.

Captain Fox hesitated, and Mr. Frenaud nodded, and said:

"I understand, sir."

I expected that Captain Denham would have done me the honor of a visit the instant the Sea Hawk came to anchor.

"Gad, sir, he would have visited us before that if he knew who we were," said Lieutenant Frenaud, with a low laugh.

The captain frowned, bit his lips, and, evidently ill-pleased with his subordinate's reply, he continued as if he had not heard it.

"Perhaps I should not blame Captain Denham for this is his home, and the home of most of his officers and men, and it is natural that he and they should have wished to see their kinsmen and sweethearts."

have just come aboard, sir," replied the cabin boy, Don, speaking with a strong Scotch accent, and handing the paper to the captain.

"Ah, by the Spirit of Blake!" cried the captain, here are the village fathers come to do us courtesy. They shall have a royal welcome. Stay, Frenaud, and help me receive them. Stand by, Don, we shall need your services at once."

The captain's face and eyes lit up. He was all animation now.

His moods were like those of an Alpine sky, or would have been were they not the direct effect of his strong will.

He sprang into his private cabin, and in less than a minute he came out again in a dress coat, a regulation chaplain under his arm, and a straight stiff-necked belt to his hip.

He hurried on deck, where Squire Condit, in a blue coat with brass buttons, knee-breeches, silk hose, low shoes with silver buckles, and a well powdered wig with a pendent black ribbon, was looking about him with that air of awe a landsman shows when first he steps on board a ship-of-war.

Hedges, who had in his coat was bottle-green, color at that time affected by the medical profession—was dressed exactly like his friend; and save as to some difference in stature—the former being short and stout—they might have passed for twin brothers.

"I am Goodwill Condit," said the squire advancing to the captain with a bow, intended to be stately, and his right hand extended, "holding a commission under her majesty—whom may God preserve—as Justice of the Peace in the County of Suffolk, in the Province of New York."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Quinine as a Protection Against Cholera

Dr. Laurie, a physician well known in India, long ago asserted that he would stake his reputation on the efficacy of quinine as a prophylactic against cholera. A five-grain dose of this drug every morning while the disease is about, he held, a sure preventive.

During the epidemic of cholera in India last year, Dr. Laurie made certain investigations which resulted in the discovery of the presence in the blood, etc., of cholera patients, of a peculiar parasitic protozoan or microbe, although whether this is the cause or result of the disease has yet to be determined.

He found that this organism could not live in strong solutions of quinine, and he further found that the protective virtues of quinine were amply demonstrated during the epidemic. He now commits himself unreservedly to the opinion expressed by Dr. Laurie, and recommends the use of quinine as a prophylactic in addition to sulphurous acid. It has been his practice for years to administer one drachm doses of acid every three hours to all the inmates of a house in which the disease breaks out during the time the patient is in the house. He has given it in about 7,000 instances, and for the last three years he has not seen cholera occur in any case in which it was used. If quinine is really the effective prophylactic against cholera, that these eminent authorities have such excellent cause to believe it to be, this fell disease has lost its terrors, for nothing is easier and less harmful than taking a five-grain dose of the drug during the epidemic of the disease.

How Caste Affects Trade in India.

The trades in India are governed to a great extent by the castes, and, to a certain extent, each caste is limited to a certain class of trades. Thus a Brahmin may be a carpenter or a mason, but he may not be a waterman or a sweeper. If a chowkidar, for instance, belongs to the Brahminical caste, he has his own looking utensils, and a Mussulman would touch them under any circumstances they would be defiled, and before they could be used again would have to be purified by some mysterious and tedious process before the Brahmin could use them without himself losing caste.

A chowkidar could not be induced to use a sweeper's broom. It would be defilement for a Hindu to receive food or water from the hands of one of lower caste than himself, and drinking water may only be received from one of a higher caste. A carpenter will not take drinking water from the water carrier who supplies the kitchen, and a Brahmin must be employed for the special purpose of bringing water to the workmen. Each servant may get his own water, but need not bring any to the others, as they would not take any from him. They would dry up and blow away first.

Progress of Steam.

The Union Pacific, 1892, operates 10,928 miles of track.

NEVADA has 117 of a mile of track to the square mile.

The daily earnings of a passenger locomotive, 1892, are \$100.

ILLINOIS has, 1892, greatest length of railroads, 10,213 miles.

The average cost of a passenger locomotive, 1892, is \$8,000.

In United States, 1892, there are 202,786 miles of railroad track.

The Colorado Midland, 1892, ascends 11,530 feet above sea level.

NEW JERSEY has a quarter of a mile of track to the square mile.

The total assets of United States railroads are \$10,305,493,050.

RHODE ISLAND, in 1892, has least length of railroads, 312 miles.

In 1892 the estimated cost of United States railroads is \$9,000,000,000.

SIBERIA NOT A DESERT.

Its Valleys as Fertile as Those of West—An American—Great Railroad System.

Siberia, coupled as its name is with stories of Russian barbarity, is not the barren, terrible land of limitless deserts which fiction and the drama have pictured it. The building of the trans-Siberian railway and the extension of lines along the northern frontier of China will greatly change the entire drama of civilization.

The railroad from Vladivostok to the Ural Mountains will bring that great Russian naval station within fourteen days' journey of St. Petersburg, and along this route stations will rapidly grow into towns and offer opportunities for new and striking developments.

Russia's enterprise, says the Hartford Globe, stimulates that of China, not only as a matter of competitive action but for strategic reasons. The railways, now being surveyed and completed within the Celestial Empire are numerous, and to this end many foreign engineers are employed. Soldiers and convicts are largely employed as workmen, thus cheapening the cost of labor as far as possible.

The trans-Siberian railway extends to a length of nearly 5,000 miles, and it is expected to cost \$200,000,000. It is divided into six sections, each section comprising three or more divisions, and the contracts for building is given to these, thus employing a large number of contractors for limited distances.

It is a mistake to suppose that Siberia is a desert, or a glacier, or a mountain fastness, or incapable of being made habitable. The valleys are level plains, and said to be as fertile as the western portion of the United States, and it is not unlike the West in the variety of its resources—in minerals, timbers and in agricultural facilities. It is a marvelous treasure-trove of stored-up opportunities. Its wealth is practically unlimited. With the advantages of railroad communication and telegraph lines, a vast country is added to the world of civilization.

The cultivation of the land and the introduction of all the elaborate machinery of enlightened life will, as scientists depict, modify the rigors of the climate, although in Southern Siberia even this obstacle does not exist.

Days of Small Things.

Long before the Revolution a young printer in Philadelphia, when he had taken off his working apron at night, used to sit poring over his dozen of old volumes by firelight. He soon knew them by heart, and hungered for more. But books were costly, and he had but little money.

He had eight or ten cronies—young men who, like himself, were eager for knowledge. Ranging his books on a shelf, he invited his friends to do the same, that each of them might have the benefit of them all.

Ben Franklin thus laid the foundation of the first circulating library, and now one of the largest in this country.

Thirty years ago a kindly German pastor, moved to pity by the condition of the homeless orphans in the city in which he lived, took three of them into his own home, appealing to Christians for aid to feed and clothe them, and to educate them into useful, good citizens.

Three great orphan asylums in different cities of the West are the result of this little effort.

A good woman in Philadelphia, twenty odd years ago, asked two or three of her friends to join her in renting a little room where they could meet occasionally to drink a cup of tea, and consult together how to help other women whose lot in the world was harder than their own.

Out of that little room has grown the stately New Century Club with its collateral Guilds, Classes and Clubs of workingwomen, which have helped and strengthened many thousands.

Many readers who live in inland towns are bewildered when they visit the cities by the great libraries, hospitals, associations for charity, education or mutual aid, and wish helplessly they had the same helps to broader and higher life in their own homes.

Let them begin with a little effort, and persist in their good work. Some good will come from every attempt of this kind. The most firmly grounded institutions are those which grew out of poverty slowly, and were not built to order.—Youth's Companion.

How Words Change.

Language is the result of ages of growth. Word after word has been added to the previous stock—some of them new inventions, as new things have been discovered or brought into use, others but perversions or variations of terms already familiar. The process of word-making and word-transformation has been carried on, not by scholars only, but by the common people, with the natural result that many words have curious histories.

As a writer in Chambers' Journal remarks, "People must have words which they can understand and recall," and they are not scrupulous as to the means by which they obtain them.

Take the common word "titmouse," a chickadee. The first syllable means something small, and the two together ought to mean a little mouse. But the word was formerly "titmouse," "mose" meaning a little bird. Somebody—there is no knowing who—changed the name to "titmouse." The new form tickled the popular ear; by and by it was generally accepted; then the old and true form went out of use altogether, and the plural, which ought to be "titmouses," became "titmice."

Long ago in a certain article made of sturgeons' bladders came into use in England, it was known by its Dutch name "huzenblas," that is, "sturgeon-bladder." The term was a meaningless one to English ears, and by some means or other was transformed into the word which we all know, "singlass." The change was precisely like that which in some quarters has turned "asparagus" into "sparrow-grass."

In the same manner the old word "berry," which means simply a watermelon, was transformed into "beltry." It became the custom to hang bells in such towers, and by common consent a change of spelling followed.

What is the derivation of the word "berry"? Most readers would reply without hesitation that it must have been invented as the name of a certain familiar instrument made of steel, and about three feet in length.

In point of fact, however, the word meant in the beginning nothing but the yard, or court, in London, where the continental traders sold their steel.

In this yard, of course, there was some kind of balance for weighing the metal—a steel-yard balance. Language is full of such cases. "Blindfold" has nothing to do with the act of folding something over the eyes, but is "blindfelled" or struck blind. "Buttery" has no connection with butter, but is, or was, a "bottery," a place for bottles.

A "blunderbuss" was not an awkward or inefficient weapon, but on the contrary was so terrible as to be called a "donderbus," that is to say, a "thunderbox" or "thunder-barrel." The advance in the art of war is happily—or unhappily—typified by the fact that a weapon once so terrible has become an object of ridicule. Will the world ever find our present iron-clads and mortars nothing but things to laugh at?

Enemies of the Diver.

The diver, as the reader may imagine, gets many scares when below.

A fifteen-foot shark, magnified by the water, and making a bee-line for one, is sufficient to make the strongest heart quake, in spite of the assertion that sharks have never been known to attack a man in dress.

Neither is the sight of a large turtle comforting when one does not know exactly what it is, and the coiling of a sea snake around one's legs, although it has only one's hands to bite at, is, to say the least, unpleasant. A little fish called the stonefish is one of the enemies of the diver, continues a writer in the Century.

It seems to make its habitation right under the pearl shell, as it is only when picking them up that any one has been known to have been bitten.

I remember well the first time I was bitten by this spiteful member of the fishy tribe. I dropped my bag of shells, and hastened to the surface; but, in this short space of time, my hand and arm had so swollen that it was with difficulty I could get the dress off, being unable to work for three days, and suffering intense pain the while.

Afterward I learned that, staying down a couple of hours after a bite will stop any further discomfort, the pressure of water causing much bleeding of the bitten part, and thus expelling the poison.

One of the strange effects that diving has upon those who practice it is the inevitable bad temper felt while working at the bottom; as this irritability passes away as soon as the surface is reached again, it is only reasonable to suppose that it is caused by the unusual pressure of the air inside the dress, affecting probably the lungs, and through them the brain.

My experience has been that while below one may fly into the most violent passion at the merest trifle, for instance, the life-line held too tight or too slack, too much air or too little, or some imaginary wrong-doing on the part of the tender or the boys above, will often cause the temper to rise.

I have sometimes become so angry in a similar way that I have given the signal to pull up, with the express intention of knocking the heads off the entire crew; but as the surface was nearer and the weight of air decreased my feelings have gradually undergone a change for the better, until by the time I had reached the ladder and had the face glass unscrewed I had forgotten for what I came up.

Harbor of Great Waves.

The sea has in store one danger that the landsman never sees. Like the voyager he may receive a visit from a cyclone, but he knows nothing of the power and terror of the great waves. Unting in themselves the force of a flood and that of a tornado, they are appalling and resistless.

The experience of the Normannia, which suffered severe damage from the visit of one of these monsters of the deep, recalls that of other vessels. But this wave was slight compared with the waves that they have encountered. While it injured only several of the Normannia's crew, the wave that struck the Italian bark Rosina in October, 1888, swept every man aboard but one into the sea; he escaped only because he was an invalid below. A hundred persons lost their lives from the wave encountered by the steamer San Francisco in December, 1853, says the Rochester Courier.

The height of these waves can hardly be realized. The one encountered by the Umbria five years ago rose to the top of her mast-head, fifty feet above the sea.

Several waves measured by Capt. Kiddie of the Celtic, in January, 1875, rose to the height of seventy feet and moved at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour. Equally high waves were observed by Admiral Fitzroy, of the English navy, off the Cape of Good Hope. The appalling height of 100 feet was reached by the waves that Dumont d'Urville saw in the Southern Sea.

Of course nothing could withstand the weight and force of these masses of water. Under them the most powerful vessel ever built would scarcely be more than an eggshell. There is no doubt that many of the ships that have gone to sea never to return have fallen victims to their pitiless and resistless force.

As to the origin of the great waves there has of late been a most interesting speculation. It has been discovered that they are confined to the temperate latitudes.

In these latitudes it has been discovered further that the surface of the ocean is often struck during storms by powerful downward currents. The conclusion is drawn from these two facts that the waves in question were the products of these vertical currents. Students of this conclusion claim in support of this conclusion that the most powerful wind blowing over the surface of the sea could not raise a crest above twenty-five feet.

May They All Be Lucky.

The members of a club of rich young men in Venice are pledged to marry poor girls.

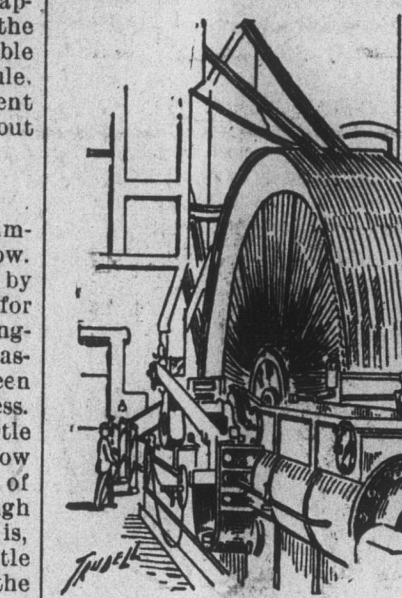
LARGEST ROPE DRIVE.

One Wheel Weighing Sixty-five Tons and Carrying a Power of 2,000 Horses.

The accompanying picture, reproduced from Power, shows the largest driving wheel in England. It is in use in the woolen mill at Darwen.

The mill was formerly driven by leather belts, but did not prove successful, and rope driving was resorted to.

The 85,000 spindles and preparation are driven by a 2,000-horsepower tandem compound engine, with cylinders 23 and 44 inches in diameter and 72-inch stroke, running at 54 revolutions per minute. The fly wheel is 30 feet in diameter, weighs 65 tons, and is arranged with 30 grooves for 1½-inch ropes. These ropes lead off to receiving pulleys upon the several floors so that each floor receives its power directly from the fly wheel. The speed of the ropes is 5,089 feet, or practically a mile a minute.



LARGEST ROPE DRIVE IN THE WORLD.

minute. It will interest every American to know that American rope is used on England's greatest wheel. A Lambeth rope 2 inches in diameter has run at a speed of between 4,000 and 5,000 feet per minute, day and night, for eight years without having apparently approached its limit of durability.

A READING CHAIR.

It is Very Comfortable and Can Be Made at Home.

The chair which we illustrate, after Cassell's Magazine, is an improved model of one long used by the Duke of Wellington at Walmer Castle. The back is so formed that a person can sit in the chair in the ordinary way or he can sit astride and lean his arms on the shelf with the book before him. The change of



A READING CHAIR.

position is a practical convenience which will be appreciated by many. This kind of chair is not manufactured so far as we know; but the figure will guide a maker in constructing it to order.

Literal Obedience.

Although the Scotchman's sense of humor may not be of the keenest—an impression which is bitterly resented, by the way—he is quick to turn an adversary's weapon against himself. A certain minister was noted for his avarice. One morning he had been driven by his man servant to the nearest station to catch the first train to Edinburgh. The obliging porter at once began to assist the man in disposing of the baggage, but the minister, thinking he would expect a tip for doing what was only his duty, told him somewhat snappishly to mind his own business.

Some months later the minister had occasion to go to Edinburgh again, and as usual was driven to the station in good time to catch the train. The morning was very cold, and there being no waiting-room at that time at the station, he went into the comfortably heated lamp room, where the porter was engaged in cleaning the lamps. Having seated himself, he planted his feet on the hearth, and became engrossed in a book. Presently his light rubber-shoes began to be affected by their near proximity to the fire. The minister felt the heat penetrating through his boots, and taking his eyes from off the book, saw that the overbores had nearly left him, and certainly would be of no further use. Looking up to the porter, he inquired if he had seen the rubbers undergoing the change, to which he replied that he had. "Then why did you not tell me?" he demanded. "Every one minds his own business here," was the dry response. A Scotch woman was returning by train from a market town, where she had made a few purchases. Just as the last bell rang a fussy gentleman, elegantly dressed, and with a man-mind-thyself-looking face, rushed into the compartment, flung himself hastily into a corner, pulled out an evening paper and proceeded to devour its contents. Hardly had he become seated when the woman timidly addressed him: "I'm vera sorry, sir, but—"

"I never listen to beggars," fiercely interrupted the gentleman. "If you annoy me further I'll report you!" Christy's eyes flashed, then twinkled; she said no more, and the choleric gentleman retired with an angry frown behind his paper. All went merry as a dinner-bell until the train arrived at Cromdale, when Christy, stepping out, again addressed the churlish individual in the corner: "I carena, sir, whether ye report me or no; but I want that pun' of butter ye've been sittin' on for the last sax m'ins!"

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Odd, Curious and Laughable.

Tea Table Talk.

BAKESTVILLE will have to be spelled with a capital F in future.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ascent of the balloon is generally a soar point with the aeronaut.—Binghamton Leader.

A NEW broom sweeps clean; so will an old one in the hands of a new janitor.—Union-Standard.

THE merchant finds that his hardest work begins when everything is done.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

THE Greeks solved the theater-hat nuisance by not allowing the women to go to the theater.—Detroit Journal.

SOME claim that the counterpart in the opposite sex of the grass widow should be designated the hay rake.—Philadelphia Times.

PAT—"Have yez an almanac, Molke?" Mike—"I have, no." Pat—"Then we'll have to take the weather as it comes."—Truth.

TOMMY—"What's the turkey strutting around that way for?" Jimmy—"Guess he's trying to look tough."—Indianapolis Journal.

By adding a few medical properties to the mulch the Columbian stamp might be utilized to crush the porous plaster trust.—Washington Post.

JALEBY—"I don't see why Smith calls Miss Harper's conversation intoxicating. Felton—I suppose because it's extra dry.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

JINKS—Gallon was dead to the world last night. Filkins—Did he have a storied urn? Jinks—No; just an animated bust.—Field's Washington.

REGGIE—"Van Harding has been expelled from the club." Ferdie—"Why?" Reggie—"He was getting too beastly bawdy."—New York Herald.

TOMMY—"Say, paw?" Mr. Figg—"Well?" Tommy—"When a hole in the ground is