

UNITED AT LAST

MISS M E BRADDON



CHAPTER XXIII—Continued

James Wyatt paced his room in the darkening shadows, deep in thought. He had sent a poisonous barb to the heart of the man he hated, and he was glad. There was not a petty slight of days gone by, not a small insolence, for which he had not paid himself handsomely by to-night's work; but it was not to avenge the trifling slights and small insolences, not to uplift the wounded crest of his own self-esteem, viper-like, that he had stung his enemy. His hatred of Gilbert Sinclair had a deeper root than wounded pride. Disappointed love was its source. But for Gilbert Sinclair he might have been loved by the one woman whose regard he valued. Clara Walsingham's constancy to her old lover was the offense that made Gilbert loathsome to his quondam friend, and it was to gratify his own jealousy that he had aroused the demon of jealousy in his rival's breast.

"He shall know the flavor of the anguish he has caused me," thought Wyatt, "if his coarse soul can suffer as I have suffered. I will make him know it. Whether his wife is guilty or innocent, matters nothing to me. The pain will be his. If he were man enough to blow his brains out, now, there might be a chance for me with Clara. So long as he lives she will cling to the hope of winning him back. Where is she hiding, I wonder, and what is her scheme of life, while I am wearing my life out for her sake?"

Mr. Wyatt had not seen Mrs. Walsingham since that interview, which she had refused to keep faith with him, flinging her promise to the winds. He had gone to Half-Moon street on the following Saturday evening, determined to make peace with her at any sacrifice of his own dignity, with the slavish pertinacity of a man who passionately loves. He had driven up to the door, expecting to see the lighted windows shining out from the wintry street, to hear Herr Klavier's eager coughing, the sound of the hum and twitter of many voices, as he went up the narrow flower-scented staircase; but to his surprise the windows were all dark, and a sleepy little maid-servant came to the door with a sputtering tallow candle, and informed him that Mrs. Walsingham had gone abroad, the maid-servant knew not whither.

"Was there no direction left for forwarding letters?" asked Mr. Wyatt. "No, sir, not as I know of. The bagmen, please, won't have the letter of the 'one might know'."

Mr. Wyatt went to the solicitor, who politely refused to give his client's address.

Perhaps she has gone into a convent," thought James Wyatt, at his wits' end, and this disappointment added not a little to the bitterness of his feelings toward that profitable client of his, Gilbert Sinclair.

Staples, the butler, came in with the lamps, shut the door, and cleared the tables, and brought his master a cup of coffee, all in an orderly and respectable manner that was well worth his sixty pence a year. Mr. Wyatt was a man who would not have kept a bad servant a week, and never parted with a good one.

The postman's knock sounded on the ponderous door while Mr. Wyatt was sipping his coffee, and Staples came with several letters on a silver waiter.

James Wyatt spread them out before him thoughtfully, as if they were cards, and he was calculating their value. Handsome, creamy envelopes, thick and aristocratic, with armorial bearings on the seals, and a business-like, and unpretendingly expressive. One narrow little envelope, thin, green, and shiny—this was the first he opened.

The letter it contained was written in a small, scratching hand, unmistakably foreign, little curly tails to all the d's, a general carelessness in the y's, a paucity of capitals.

"Why do you not let me see you, or write to me? Is it not that it is cruel, or so much of a nuisance?"

It was to me a nuisance, I dream you that I shall content to be a servant for always, after what you have promised? But do not believe it. I have too much spirit. It must that I talk to you of all that leisure, the eyes in eyes, that I may see you if you are true, if you have good intentions to my regard. Write me, and very quickly, my friend, it must that I have of your news. Always yours, MELANIE."

This comes from an innocent flirtation—your passer in a stupid country-house," said Mr. Wyatt, crumpling the letter savagely. "This girl will worry my life out. I was a fool to amuse myself with such a dangerous flirt. And if I were to be frank with her, and tell her to go about her business, she might make matters unpleasant for me. The law comes down rather heavily on anything in the shape of conspiracy, and that little affair at Schoenesthal might be made to assume that complexion. And the law never comes down so heavily as when it gets its hoof on a man who has plenty to lose. Your British jury, too, has no liking for a man who turns his superfluous capital to good account by lending it to fools. No, I must keep that Schoenesthal business out of the law court at any cost. Melanie must be pensioned, and sent back to her native valley, or her native slum—for I should think such an artful young person must have been born in some festering city alley rather than among vineyards or orchards."

Mr. Wyatt went to his writing-table, and answered Mrs. Melan's letter without delay—briefly and cautiously.

frivolity among more agreeable people than his serious and business-like fellow-servants. Lord Claryville was eating ices and playing dominoes under the colonnades of Venice, with thoughts of moving to Tyrolean mountains when the weather grew too warm in the fair sea-girt city.

So Gilbert, not being able to get at Lord Claryville, turned his wrath to keep it warm, and went straight home to Davenport Park, where Constance was leading her calm and happy life, seeing hardly anything of what the world calls "society," but surrounded by the people she had known since her childhood—the good old rector, who had christened her the devoted little doctor, who had watched her so patiently when her doll eyes had barely recognized his familiar face; the schoolmistress, the old pupil, the gray old gardeners, and sunburned game-keepers; the gaffer and go-does who had been old when she was a baby, and seemed hardly any older for the twenty years that had passed over their heads since their domestic life; the more shriveled, perhaps, bows more deeply wrinkled, shoulders a trifle more bent, but exactly the same appreciation of tea and tobacco, half crowns and new neckerchiefs, the fashions and the rector's sermon.

Never had spring seemed to her so beautiful as it seemed this year, when she led her little girl through the woods and showed her the newly awakened robins, and told her the names of the birds that peeped and sang and hopped in the warm light of the sun. The child's lips began to shape isolated words—mum, mam, and blirie, fowers for flowers—divine language to the mother's ear. Never was she so happy and more fondly loved, Martha Briggs, nothing doubting, hugged this little waif to her honest heart; and even Melanie, who had a curious inward revulsion from the child, had to pretend a most enthusiastic welcome for the little one's restoration. Once, inspired by some familiar spirit of evil, she could not resist dropping a little poison into her mistress's cup of joy.

"Do you feel quite sure there has been no mistake, mam?" she asked. "I sometimes fancy our darling could not have been saved. I saw her carried away by the current, carried past me like a straw, and it has never been quite so long as I have been rescued."

Constance looked at her with eyes on fire with indignation. "Am I sure that this is my child?" she cried, clasping the baby to her breast. "Am I sure of my own name, or my life? If all the rest of it were a dream or a shadow, I should know that Christabel was real and true. Who can deceive a mother?"

"You were so ill when the little girl was brought home," suggested Melanie, with an air of conscientious doubt.

"Not too ill to remember my Christabel. We knew each other, did we not, darling? Our lips clung together as if we had never been parted. Not know my own child, indeed! Never care to suppose such a suggestion again, Melanie."

After this Mrs. Duport was discreetly silent on the subject of this present Christabel's identity with the Christabel of the past, but the time was to come when Constance's faith was to be tested by a ruder shock.

Gilbert went home that evening after the two thousand savage, with his mind full of scorpions. Goblin's success meant nothing to him. He hardly remembered the name of his horses, and won a race for the first time since he had kept horses. He had counted on James Wyatt's fidelity just as he had counted on his horse or dog—a creature bought with his money, fed and housed by him. "Wyatt was a dog," he thought. "Wyatt was a dog to stand by him; and as to those various slights which he had put upon his confidential adviser at divers times, almost unconsciously, it had never occurred to him that there could be any grudge on the part of such small stings, the venom whereof was to react upon him."

If he had heaped favors upon the man, if he had been the most unselfish and devoted of friends, he could not have been so false. James Wyatt's treachery more keenly. He was angry with himself for having been so easy a dupe, for having given any man power to get the better of him.

The whole thing is a planned revenge, he thought. Wyatt knew how I would get to see Sir Cyprian back at Davenport."

And Wyatt had flung a fire-brand into that revelation about the pretended German doctor. Could it be, Gilbert asked himself, or was it a malicious invention of Wyatt? Lord Claryville had lent himself to such a deception? Even Lord Claryville might have been hoodwinked by his daughter's lover.

"I won't accuse her, not yet a while," he said to himself. "It will be better to keep quiet, and wait. I have been too often angry. I have given her too much license. That innocent face of hers would deceive Satan himself. And I have allowed myself to think that there was no guile in her; that, to him, she was a true friend, and she has never wronged me. Hard to find, after all, that I have judged her too leniently."

It was after midnight when Mr. Sinclair arrived at Davenport, and he had to ring for the servants to let him in. In his return he found the house unlooked for. He did not see Constance until the next day, and by this time had regained the mastery of himself. The position of affairs between himself and his wife, since Mr. Sinclair's recovery had been a kind of armistice, neutrality. Gilbert had never alluded to that awful day on which he had raised his hand against his wife, nor had Constance. Doubtful whether she remembered that unhappy occurrence, and deeply ashamed of the brutality into which passion had betrayed him, Mr. Sinclair wisely kept his own counsel. To apologize would be to make a revelation. His remorse showed itself by increased civility to his wife, and a few deferential words to her, for which she was duly grateful. Gentle, submissive always, she gave her husband no cause of offense, save that one ranking sore which had begun to gall his passion had let it power to satisfy—the consciousness that he had never won her heart. The smoldering fire needed but a spark of jealousy to raise a fatal flame.

Constance expressed herself much pleased at Goblin's success, when Gilbert announced the fact, with very little elation, on the day after the race. They were dining together on a table in the spacious paneled room, which seemed so much too big for them. These ceremonious late dinners were Constance's aversion. In her husband's absence she dined early with Christabel, and spent the long afternoon walking or driving, and came home at twilight to a social tea-party with Martha Briggs and the baby.

"I didn't think you cared about race-horses," said Gilbert, as if doubting the sincerity of his wife's congratulations.

"Not in the abstract; they are such far-off creatures. One never gets on intimate terms with them. They are like the strange animals which the Emperor Commodus brought to Rome—articles of luxury. But I am very glad your horse has won, Gilbert, on your account."

"Yes, it's a great triumph for me. If I can win the Derby I shall be satisfied. Racing is confoundingly expensive, and I've had quite enough of it. I think I shall sell Goblin and the whole stud after Epson, and then I shall improve the great barrack of a place in the North and settle down. I'm sick of this part of the world. It's too d—civilized," added Mr. Sinclair, forcibly.

"Do you mean that you would leave Davenport?" asked Constance, with astonishment.

"Yes, I ought to have told you, by the way—Davenport ceases to be mine after mid-summer-day. I've sold it."

"Sold Davenport?"

"Yes. I have never really cared for the place, and I had a good offer for it while you were ill. Things were not looking very well in the North just then, and I was in want of money. I dare say you'll be pleased when you hear who is the purchaser," said Gilbert, with an uncomfortable smile.

Constance seemed hardly to hear the latter part of his speech.

"To think that you should have sold Davenport—the dear old place!"

"I thought you didn't care for it."

"Not just at first, perhaps. It seemed too big for me. I liked shabby old Marchbrook better. But I have been so happy here lately, and it is so nice to live among people one has known all one's life."

"Yes, old associations are sweetest," sneered Gilbert, the demon jealousy getting the upper hand.

"But, after all, the place itself matters very little," said Constance, anxious to avoid anything that might seem like upbraiding—no wife so conscientious in the discharge of her duty as a good woman who does not love her husband. "I should be just as happy in any cottage in the neighborhood."

"Especially if you had a friend settled here," said Gilbert. "You haven't asked me the name of my successor; but perhaps you know?"

"How should I know?"

"You might have means of obtaining information."

"Who is the person, Gilbert?"

"Sir Cyprian Davenport."

He watched her closely. Was the announcement a surprise, or did she know all about it, and was that look of grave astonishment a touch of social comedy?

She looked at him earnestly for a minute, and grew somewhat paler, he thought, as if the very sound of his rival's name was a shock to her.

"Indeed! he has bought the old place to California and from Chicago to New Orleans, here settled in the Lake Circuit Court at Crown Point, the other day. When Martin Costello, at the November term, 1893, of the Lake Circuit Court, was tried, found guilty of riotous conspiracy and sentenced to two years in prison. It was the first time in the history of the United States that any one ever received a penitentiary sentence for prize fighting. When the cases were called for trial only three of the numerous defendants were in court. They were George Silver, the referee of all the fights that took place at Roby; Billy Woods, and Sol Smith, all the others being represented by their attorney, John Peterson of Crown Point. A proposition was advanced by the defendants that if all the riotous conspiracy, and prize fight cases would be dismissed against all the defendants, Dominick O'Malley, Solly Smith, and Billy Woods would plead guilty of assault and battery. This was finally agreed to by the prosecution, and O'Malley was fined \$1,000 and Smith and Woods \$300 each. These cases have cost the county in round figures about \$4,000, and in return the county has received \$8,100, including the forfeiture of Costello's bond. There is an end to prize fighting at Roby for all time to come."

Minor State Items.

A HORSE kicked Harry Bush's knee cap off at Anderson.

SHELBY COUNTY is being raided by a band of burglars.

THE apple butter and cider harvest was a failure at Oakland City, this year.

CHAS. COWMAN, a Big Four brakeman, was killed by the cars at Terre Haute.

WM. BRANN, prominent Rushville citizen, was stricken with paralysis. Will die.

SLAKING LIMB splashed in the face of Israel Blair, Crawfordsville, blinding both eyes.

A FARMER near Chesterton claims to have raised over sixty bushels of wheat to the acre.

A SEA serpent is a Christiana Lake novelty now. Said to be fifty foot long and as big as a barrel.

THOMAS RYAN's crop of oats and wheat was burned near Union City by a fire started while threshing.

BURGESS cracked Merchant Jager's safe at Cynthiana, and took \$120. Also carried off \$1,200 worth of goods.

WILLIAM ARDERY's barn, with contents, was burned by a tramp in Bartholomew County. Loss, \$2,000.

A PAVING ordinance passed by the Noblesville Council will compel the L. E. & W. to lower their track twenty inches. Company is fighting it hard.

THE Adams County Bank, at Decatur, has been reorganized with a capital stock of \$175,000. James K. Niblick is president and R. K. Allison cashier.

A HORSE driven by Mrs. Wm. Rinear, Franklin, took fright, and jumped from a bridge. Mrs. Rinear was badly injured, the horse killed, and the buggy splintered.

DR. JOHN A. SEATON, a prominent specialist of Fort Wayne, was found dead in bed, death resulting from heart disease, and was not anticipated. He was an old soldier, and a well-known Pythian Knight.

AT Muncie, Michael Grady was attempting to run a large L. E. & W. engine into the roundhouse, when he lost control of it and the engine was dumped into a deep turntable pit. Grady was pulled from beneath seriously injured. The engine was badly demolished.

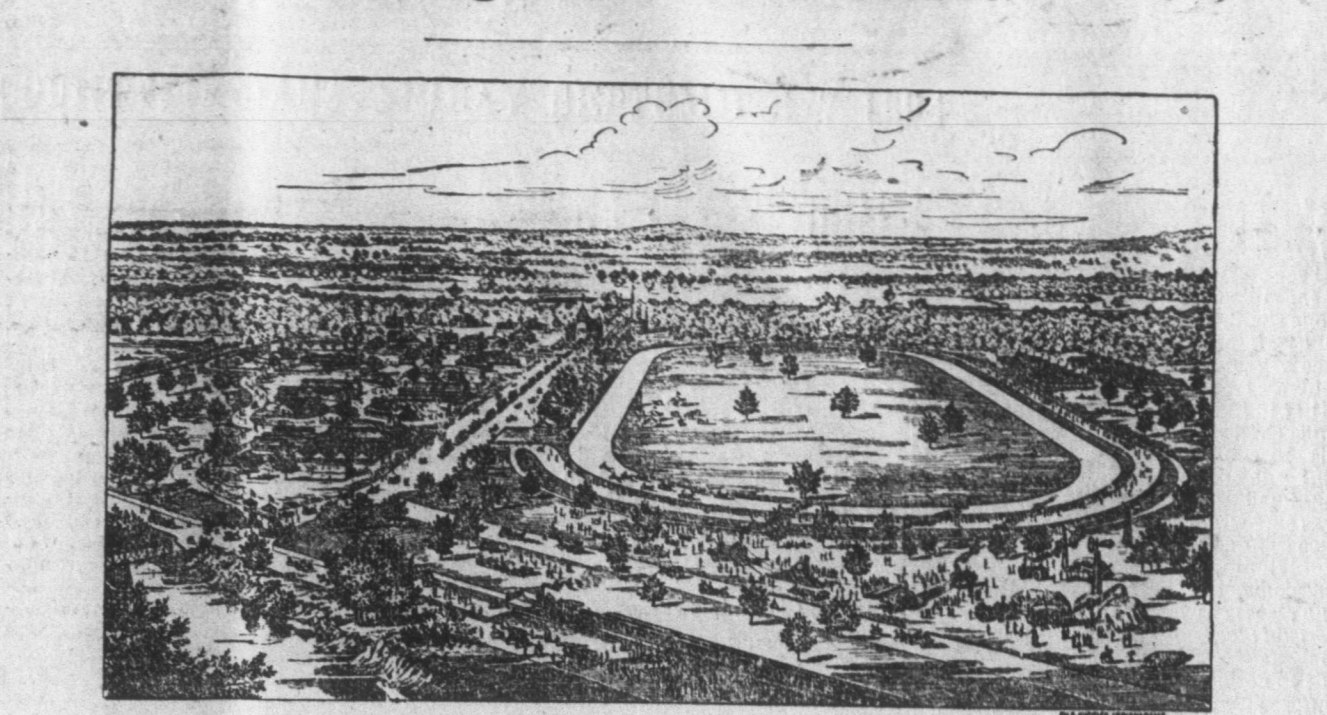
AT Mier, south of Wabash, a traction engine ran over a gas pipe leading from a well belonging to the town of Converse, burst the pipe, and in escaping gas exploded badly injured W. S. Pence, owner of the engine, and Tep Marks, riding with him. Marks cannot survive and Pence is frightfully burned.

JAMES RYAN, aged 64 years, a section hand on the Chicago division of the Big Four, received fatal injuries at Indianapolis, by being struck by an engine. He was walking on one track and stepped on another to avoid an approaching engine. Another engine on the control track struck him, knocking him with great force to one side. He lingered for several hours and died. He leaves a wife and eight children.

ALMOST as many orators as raw recruits shoot too high.

THE INDIANA STATE FAIR GROUNDS.

Beautifully Situated and Splendidly Improved Modern Buildings—Fine Race Course.



The above cut gives the reader an excellent bird's-eye view of the new Indiana State Fair Grounds at Indianapolis, upon which the State Fair will be held on September 17 to 22 inclusive. The new grounds are located northeast of the city on the banks of the White River, and reached by pretty drives and the electric cars on the Citizen Street Railway. The trip to the grounds is through the most interesting part of the Capital City, and one of the pleasant features of a visit to the State Fair. The Electric Railway has made special arrangements for the rapid and safe transportation of the thousands, and commodious and neat stations have been constructed at the grounds. The fair can also be reached on the Lake Erie and Western Railroad. The buildings erected last year are all commodious, modern, and tasty. They are so situated as to afford the visitor the very best means of a comprehensive examination of exhibits. The race track is one of the finest in the world. It was here that Nancy Hanks made her famous record of 2:04 in 1893. The races this year will doubtless be more than interesting.

AROUND A BIG STATE.

BRIEF COMPILATION OF INDIANA NEWS.

What Our Neighbors Are Doing—Matters of General and Local Interest—Marriages and Deaths—Accidents and Crimes—Personal Pointers About Indianapolis.

Roby Cases Settled.

The celebrated Roby prize fight cases, which have attracted the attention of the sporting world from Maine to California and from Chicago to New Orleans, were settled in the Lake Circuit Court at Crown Point, the other day. When Martin Costello, at the November term, 1893, of the Lake Circuit Court, was tried, found guilty of riotous conspiracy and sentenced to two years in prison. It was the first time in the history of the United States that any one ever received a penitentiary sentence for prize fighting. When the cases were called for trial only three of the numerous defendants were in court. They were George Silver, the referee of all the fights that took place at Roby; Billy Woods, and Sol Smith, all the others being represented by their attorney, John Peterson of Crown Point. A proposition was advanced by the defendants that if all the riotous conspiracy, and prize fight cases would be dismissed against all the defendants, Dominick O'Malley, Solly Smith, and Billy Woods would plead guilty of assault and battery. This was finally agreed to by the prosecution, and O'Malley was fined \$1,000 and Smith and Woods \$300 each. These cases have cost the county in round figures about \$4,000, and in return the county has received \$8,100, including the forfeiture of Costello's bond. There is an end to prize fighting at Roby for all time to come.

THE 4-year-old child of August Schultz was burned to death at Bedford. His clothing, under very mysterious circumstances, either caught or set on fire. Before the child became unconscious it claimed two naughty boys had set it on fire. This is all that is known about the accident.

A YOUNG woman of Flora has given birth to two monostrifolies, which have created the greatest excitement in that place. The children, if such they may be called, have all the appearance and characteristics of human beings, even to the voice and covering of hair. The mother is a very comely and fairly intelligent young woman.

WHILE the funeral cortege of Mrs. Anna Chez was on its way to the cemetery at Shelbyville, two powerful horses attached the mineral water wagon of Rehm became frightened on an adjoining street and ran along through the procession, scattering the cabs and buggies in every direction. A number of persons were badly frightened and somewhat injured.

EDWARD DARTON, aged 65, a convict in the State Prison South, died at that institution recently. He had been confined in the prison for nine months, being sentenced for complicity in the White-capping of his wife near Salem, Washington County, about a year ago. The trial at the time attracted widespread attention. Although Darton did not assent to whipping his wife he stood by and witnessed the deed without attempting to interfere.

ISAAC G. BOTTS, M. L. Fuller and J. W. Sinclair, all Delaware County farmers along the Mississippi River below Albany, a small city east of Muncie, have entered suit against the Albany Strawboard Company for \$15,000, complaining that this company, by allowing the refuse from the factory to be dumped into the river, has damaged them to that extent. They claim their lands have been damaged to the extent of \$15 per acre, their water privilege \$500, and in all to the amount of \$15,000.

THE fifth annual Barrett reunion was held near Knightstown last week. Members of the family numbering about 400 were present from Indiana, Ohio, Kentucky, Illinois, Michigan, and West Virginia. Interesting talks were made by President George W. Williams, Rev. Elisha Earles, Prof. Eli Butler, James H. Carr and others. New officers were elected for the ensuing year as follows: Asa M. New, President; A. V. B. Sample, Secretary; Isaac Barrett, Treasurer. All kinds of amusements were on the program. The brass band from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Orphan Home furnished the music. The next meeting will be held at Greenfield.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD son of Edward Gartry was drowned in the Connersville hydraulic.

A HUGH tooth, supposed to have belonged to a mammoth, has been plowed up near Vincennes.

EDWARD GRIMES of Richmond, was instantly killed at Greenfield, by being struck by a west-bound freight train while lying asleep on the cross-ties.

GEORGE SHRIDER, aged 30, of Muncie, was killed at New Castle while attempting to board a passenger train. His right leg was ground off just below the hip and he died within an hour.

GEORGE REED, who murdered Ben Henderson at Terre Haute, for \$6.25, seems utterly unconcerned about his fiendish crime and freely says that he might kill another man for money, though not for so small a sum.

THE petrified body found in a ditch near Goschen has turned out to be a fake. The two men who claimed to have unearthed it, purchased the specimen in the East. They realized over \$200 a day off of their "museum."

THE 6-year-old daughter of J. R. Broadfield, a hardware dealer, while playing in a laundry, had a vessel of hot lye spilled over her head and shoulders. The caustic liquid burned her frightfully. Her recovery seems impossible.

PATRICK PADGEN has filed a suit against the United Window Glass Company at Orestes, asking \$10,000 damages for injuries sustained while working in a trench twenty feet deep, when one of the walls caved in on him, crushing him.

WILLIAM PIERCE, near Metamora, in Franklin County, was hauling a load of stone, when his horses ran away and he fell under the wagon wheel. His backbone was broken and he died in two hours. He was 60 years old and leaves a family.

BERT STEVENS of Elwood, has sued the American Tin-plate Company, asking \$8,000 damages for injuries sustained by him while at work June 27, 1893. He was caught in a line shafting and nearly killed, one of his arms being permanently injured.

The body of Edward Gartry, the 8-year-old son of Mrs. John Gartry, a widow, was found near his mother's home floating in the Connersville hydraulic, dead, he having, it is supposed, fallen from one of the bridges and drowned just a few minutes before found.

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THE Center of England. An oak tree which stands in the middle in the highroad leading from Leamington to Warwick is said to mark the center of England. How long ago it was planted is not known, except by computation of its girth, which is about 12 feet and shows the tree to be between 300 and 400 years old. Tradition has warranty for the importance it gives to this ancient oak. The bole would be cut in two by straight lines drawn from Berwick-on-Tweed, to Southampton, Carlisle to Felsea Hill, Birkenhead to Deal, St. David's Head to Lowestoft, Land's End to Ingheldwell's Point, Devonport to Saltfleet, Bridport to Hornsea, Portland Bill to Scarborough, Loughmounet to Saltburn, the Needles to Sunderland, Brighton to Lytham, Hastings to the north of the Lee, Greenwich to Abergelle, Hythe to Conway, Dover to Bangor, and Harwich to Aberdwy. These are all places on or near the coast and do not exhaust the list.—Boston Transcript.

THERE are times when a weak ruler is more dangerous than a strong enemy.

SPECIAL legislation may produce eclipse but can't make sunlight.

RUSSIAN railways have ladies smoking cars.

SAPPHIRES are mined at Franklin, N. C.

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—The Week's Humor.

Let Us All Laugh.

"Don't forget, then Ann, that your master is a colonel." "Oh, I adore soldiers, ma'am."—Tid-Bits.

YOUTH (defiantly)—Mine is no idle boast. Maid—It isn't like anything else of yours, then.—Detroit Free Press.

"Did you ever go to Bins, the tailor?" "Yes. Got two suits from him. One dress suit. One law suit. Very expensive man."

CLERK—"Are you going to discharge me, then?" Druggist—"Yes; I think we can dispense without you."—Harvard Lampoon.

WIFE—"Don't you believe the gas meter is defective in some way?" Husband—"It may be, but I notice that it is able to fill the bill every month."

SNE—"You are awfully young to be called colonel." He—"Well, I have been in eighteen engagements and the girl and I fought in every one."—New York News.

EASTERLY—"I suppose the cyclones you have out here often lift everything right off of a farm." Westerly—"Er—yes; everything except the mortgage."—Buffalo Courier.

SMITH-JONES—"How do you manage to keep up your mental energy so well?" Smith-Brown—"My wife gives me a piece of her mind every morning before I start to work."—Harlem Life.

TOMMY—"Paw, I heard a man say that Mr. Batts was a self-made man. What is a self-made man?" Mr. Tinkle—"A man who knows how to buy a dollar's worth of work for 50 cents."

LOVE in a cottage is becoming a board of health affair. Although bread has thus far been exempt, diphtheria bacilli have been found in the cheese and kisses.—Philadelphia Ledger.

STILLINGFLEET—"What would you do with a tailor who never has your trousers done at the time he has contracted to deliver them?" Wield—"Sue him for breeches of promise."

The sarcastic girl always says lots of brilliant things in the course of her career, but she doesn't usually get married as young as the majority of her high school classmates do.—Somerville Journal.

Mrs. SKELETON BANG—"What new dishes have you had since you have your new cook?" Mrs. Tinkle—"A whole new dinner set and several extra places besides, and she's only been here a week."

NURSE—"Look at the awkward little rascal! Tryin' to put his tath- in' ring in his eye." Pod Mother—"It is not awkwardness at all, Mary Jane; it is instinct. He takes it for a monacle."—Indianapolis Journal.

"KRAUSE will have it that he made a speech of two hours' duration at the meeting, but I see it only takes up the space of half a column in the papers." "Ah; but, you know, Krause stammers."—Humoristischer Blaetter.

STUDIOUS BOY—"What is the meaning of 'market value' and 'intrinsic value'?" Father—"The 'market value' is the price you pay for a thing; 'intrinsic value' is what you get when you sell it to a second-dealer."—Tid-Bits.

AMY—"I remember your friend Clara married Mr. Nicotine so as to reform him. He was such an intemperate smoker. How did she succeed?" Joe—"Perfectly. He gave up tobacco entirely—and took to drink."—Arkansas Traveler.

"Fort!" he exclaimed. "Well, I should say so. And the least exertion wears me all out." And while his wife toted a crying baby around he wandered downtown and walked eight miles and forty-two laps around a billiard table.—Minneapolis Journal.

WHEN a young man returns from a picnic and says he had a good time, after rowing boats and pulling lilies for summer girls, and eating lunch in a pasture with the bugs, it is just as much a lie as though he said he caught the hundred fish or killed a bear.—Atchison Globe.

"He—I love you, dearest, and I never shall love you one whit less. It shall be my purpose as long as I live to make you happy and contented." She—"Yes, yes; I've been married before. Let us come down to something practical. How much are you going to allow me per week for spending money?"

"I WONDER if it is necessary to balance books in business?" said Mrs. Smith, addressing Mrs. Jones. "I don't know; but why do you ask?" answered the latter lady. "I was thinking if it was absolutely necessary they ought to do away with it, for my husband never stays down to his office at night to balance his books but he comes home drunk."—New York Press.

COST OF Growing Wheat. The United States Department of Agriculture has issued a summary based from estimates of 25,000 farmers of the West and Northwest and of 4,000 experts of the department on the cost of growing wheat. The average cost per acre for the region covered is \$11.69, while the average for Wisconsin is more than a dollar higher, or \$12.93. Ground rent is the heaviest single item, and estimated at nearly \$3 per acre. The principal items of cost have remained about normal during the past four or five years, being slightly higher where any change is noted, owing to increase of cost of labor during the prosperous times from 1890 to 1892. During that period, however, the price of wheat fell nearly one-half. As a result either wheat production must be restricted or a large part of it must be done at a loss.