AMERICAN GIRL

She walked very fast, after she left the house. She wanted to reach Oldclough before one whit of her auger cooled down though, somehow, she felt quite sure that, even when her suger died out, her courage would not take flight with it. Mr. Dugald Binnie had not proved to be a very fascinsting person. He was au scrid, dictatoria old man : he contradicted Lady Theobald flatly every five minutes, and bullied his man servant; but it was not against him Lucia was aroused. She felt that Lady Theobald was quite capable of suggesting to him that Francis Barold would be good match for her, and if she had done so, it ded. "It is scarcely a joyous occasion, to was scarcely his fault if he had scoepted my mind." the idea. She understood now why she had been allowed to visit Octavia, and why divers other things had happened. She had been sent to walk with Francis Barold: he had been almost reproached when he he had been almost reproached when he of the name of Burmistone, myself. One of well entertained, and did not notice that had not called; perhaps her ladyship had the few decent fellows I've met. If I was she was being frowned down. There was been good enough to suggest to him that it was his duty to further her plans. She was as capable of that as of anything else which would seeist her to gain her point. The girt's cheeks grew hotter and hotter. her eves brighter at every step, because every step bought some new thought; her hands trembled, and her heart beat. "I shall never be afraid of her-again.

she said, as she turned the corner into the road. "Never! never!"

"Mr. Burmistone!" she said: "Mr. Burmistone !"

She wondered if he had heard her last words; she fancied he had. Hertook hold of her shaking little hand, and looked down it at the garden-party. at her excited face.

"I sm glad I waited for you," he said in the quietest possible tone. " Something is the matter.

She knew their was no use in trying to conceal the truth, and she was not in the mood to make the effort. She scarcely

She gave quite a fierce little laugh. "I am angry!" she said. "You have never seen me angry before. I am on my way to my—to Lady Theobald." He held her hand as calmly as before He understood a great deal more than she

could have imagined. "What are you going to say to her?" he

She laughed again. "I am going to sek her what she means I am going to tell her she has made a mistake. I am going t prove to her that I am no much a coward, after all. I am going to tell her that I dare disobey her—that is what am going to say to her." she concluded

He held her hand rather closer. "Let us take a stroll in the copse and talk it over," he said. "It is deliciously

steps took them into the shadeof the young oaks and pines, and there paused.
"She has made you very augry," he

And then, almost before she knew what whole of her story—even more of it than intended to do it, but she did it, neverthe-

she was doing, she was pouring forth the she had told Octavia. She had not at all "I sm to marry Mr. Francis Barold if he will take me," she said, with a bitter little smile,—" Mr. Francis Barold

done, as you have seen. I have no money of my own, but if I make a marriage which pleases him, Dugald Binnie will probably leave me his-which it is thought marries me, Lady Theobald thinks Mr. Binnie will be pleased. It does not even matter whether Francis is pleased or not-and, of course, I am out of the question but it is hoped that it will please Mr. Binnie. The two ladies have talked it over, and decided the matter. I dare say they have offered me to Francis, who has very likely refused me, though perhaps he may her clothes always have a look, some way. be persuaded to relent in time—if I am She's prettier than ever to-day, and is envery humble, and he is shown the advan- joying herself." tage of having Mr. Binnie's money added to his own—but I have no doubt I shall Barold observed it rather gloomily as he She was playing with great spirit, and have to be very humble indeed. That is what I learned from Lady Theobald, last angry, do you think-is it enough?" He did not tell her whether he thought

it enough or not. Her looked at her with steady eyes.

"You!" she said, with a little start. "Yes." he auswered. "Let me go to her Let me tell her that, instead of marrying Francis Barold, you will marry me. If you will say yes to that, I think I can yourself."

promise that you need never be afraid of her any more. The fleroe color died out of her cheeks

and the tears rushed to her eyes. raised her face with a pathetic look.
"Oh," she whispered, "you must be very

sorry for me. I think you have been sorry for me from the first." "I am desperately in love with you," he

auswered, in his quietest way. "I have been desperately in love with you from the May I go?" She looked at him, for a moment, incred-

ulously. Then she faitered : " Yes."

She still looked up at him, and then, spite of her happiness, or perhaps because of it, she suddenly began to cry softly, and forgot she had been angry at all, as he took her into his strong, kind arms.

CHAPTER XXIV:

her ten and toast in bed.

ie, a funeral-black moire antique, enlivened by massive firinges and ornaments Slowbridge. He had amused himself at of jet—her jewelry being chains and first, but in time he had been surprised to manuscles of the latter, which rattled as she find his amusement lose something of its moved, with a sound somewhat suggestive of bones

Mr. Dugald Binnie, who had received an

and had not seen him.

When Lady Theobald descended to breakfast, she found him growling over his news-paper, and he glanced up at her with a polite to where she stood. Once there, he pro-

"Going to a funeral?" he demanded. "I accompany my granddaughter to this this entertainment, 'her ladyship respon-

isn't," ejaculated Mr. Binnie. "Why don't it?"
you stay at home, if you don't want to go?
Mau's all right, isn't lie? Once knew a man he meant by it. She chose to seem rather sure this was the same man, I'd go myself. no reason why she should not find Lord When I find a fellow who's neither knave Lansdowne entertaining; he was an agreeanor fool, I stick to him. Believe I'll send to ble young fellow, with an inexhaustible find out. Where's Lucia ?"

What his opinion of Lucia was, it was paper, and over his dinner. The only time the first time he saw her in the dress she had Octavia answered. conied from Octavia's.

At that very moment a gentleman "Nice gown that," he b "Didn't get it here, I'll wager." It is an old dress I remodeled Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I Nice gown that," he blurted out "It is an old dress I remodeled." Lucia, somewhat alarmed. "I made it myself."

"Doesn't look like it," he said, gruffly. Lucia had touched un another dress, and was very happy in the prospect of wearing

"Don't call on grandmamma until after Wednesday," she had said to Mr. Burmi-tone. "Perhaps she wouldn't let me go. She will be very augry, I am sure."

" And you are not afraid?" "No," she answered, "I am not afraid at all. I shall not be afraid again."

In fact, she had perfectly confounded her ladyship by her demeasor. She bere her fiercest glance without quailing in the least or making any effort to evade it; under her most scathing comments she was composed and anmoved. On the first occasion of my lady's referring to her plaus for her future, she received a blow which fairly stunned The girl rose from her chair, and looked her straight in the face, unflinchingly, and with a suggestion of hauteur not easy to

"I beg you will not speak to me of that again," she said. "I will not listen." And turning about, she walked out of the room. "This," her ladyship had said, in sepulchral tones, when she recovered her

breath-" this is one of the results of Miss Octavia Bassett.' And nothing more had any message for my mother? I shall return been said on the subject since. No one in Slowbridge was in more brilliant

spirits than Octavia herself on the morning counted upon this at all, and it was exof the fete. Before breakfast, Miss Belinds tremely inopportune. "I don't want to be cool," she said. But | was startled by the arrival of another tele-Arrived to-day, per Russia. Be with you to-

morrow evening. Friend with me.

MARTIN BASSETT. On reading this communication, Miss Belinda burst into floods of tears. profession of reluctance to go. She said, at

"Dear, dear Martin!" she went. think that we should meet again! Why didn't he let us know he was on the way? should have been so anxious that I should not have slept at all." "Weil," remarked Octavia, "I suppo

that would have been an advantage. Suddenly, she approached Miss Belinds who is so much in love with me—as you kissed her, and disappeared out of the room know. His mother approves of the match, and sent him here to of an hour, looking rather soft, and moist, make love to me—which he has and brilliant about the eyes, when she did return. Octavia was a marked figure upon the

grounds at that garden-party. "Another dress, my dear," remarked will be an inducement to my cousin—who Mrs. Burnham. "And what a charming needs one. If I marry him, or rather he color she has, I declare! She is usually paler. Perhaps we owe this to Lord Lans-

downe." " Her dress is becoming, at all events," privately remarked Miss Lydia Burnham. whose taste had not been consulted about

"It is she who is becoming," said her sister. "It is not the dress so much, though

She was enjoying herself. Mr. Francis much that she did not seem to notice that edly. were standing about her and making them- Barold's eyes fixed upon her. selves agreeable; and she was apparently "Ho quite equal to the emergencies of the asked. occasion. The young men from Broadcaks

"I sav. Barold," they had said to him "why didn't you tell us about this? Jolly for a couple of months and keep it all to coldness than usual.

his eye fixed upon one particular point.

"Burmistone," he said, after having spoken his first words, "who is that tall girl in white 2" And in ten minutes, Lady Thechald,

Mrs. Burnham, Mr. Barold, and divers others too numerous to mention, sawhim standing at Octavia's side, evidently with no intention of leaving it.

Not long after this, Francis Barold found his way to Miss Belinda, who was

very busy and rather nervous. "Your niece is evidently enjoying herself." he remarked.

"Octavia is most happy to-day," answer ed Miss Belinds. "Her father will reach Slowbridge this evening. She has been not that I mind it, though. I've been looking forward to his coming with great having a lovely time." anxiety. "Ah!" commented Barold.

to those who don't know her well."

from Broadcaks, instead of loitering in find his amusement lose something of its zest. He glowered across the lawn at the group under a certain beech-tree, and as he did so, Octavia turned her face a little and

invitation, has as yet amiably forborne to saw him. She stood waving her fan slowly say whether he would accept it or not. He and smiling at him in a calm way, which had been out when Mr. Burmistone called, reminded him very much of the time he reminded him very much of the time he had first caught sight of her at Lady Theobald's high tea.

ceeded to make himself as disagreeable as possible, in a silent and lofty way. He felt it only due to himself that he should. He did not approve at all of the manner in which Lausdowne kept by her.

"It's deucedly bad form on his part," he "No need to dress yourself like that, if it said, mentally. "What does he mean by

fund of good spirits, and no nonsense about him. He was fond of all pleasant novelty, difficult to discover. He had an agreeable and Octavia was a pleasant novelty. He habit of staring at her over the top of his had been thinking of paying a visit to paper, and over his dinner. The only time America, and he asked innumerable questhe had made any comment upon her, was ions concering that country, all of which

> "I know half a dozen fellows who have been there," he said. "And they all enjoyed is tremendously." "If you go to Nevada, you must visit

the mines at Bloody Gulch," she said.
"Where?" he ejaculated. "I say, what a name! Don't deride my youth and ignorance, Miss Bassett,"

"You can call it L'Argentville if you would rather," she replied. "I would rather try the other, you," he laughed. "It has a more hilarious

sound. Will they despise me at Bloody Gulck, Miss Bassett? I never killed a man in my life." Barold turned and walked away, angry, and more melancholy than he could have

"It is time I went back to London." he chose to put it. "The place begins to b deucedly dull."

"Mr. Francis Barold seems rather out spirits," said Mrs. Burnham to Lady Theo-bald, "Lord Lansdowne interferes with his pleasure."

"I had not observed it," answered he ladyship. "And it is scarcely likely that Mr. Francis Barold would permit his pleasure to be interfered with, even by son of the Marquis of Lauderdale.' But she glared at Barold, as he pr and beckoned to him

"Where is Lucia?" she demanded. "I saw her with Burmistone, half ar

hour ago," he answered coldly. " Have you to London to-morrow, -leaving here early." She turned quite pale. She had not "What has happened?" she rigidly.

He looked slightly surprised. "Nothing whatever," he replied. have remained here longer than I intended.' She began to move the manacles on her right wrist. He made not the smallest

" If you will find Lucia, you will oblige

She was almost uncivil to Miss Pilcher who chanced to join her after he was gone. She had not the stightest intention of allowing her plans to be frustrated, and was only the other. She had not brought up Lucia under her own eye for nothing. She had been disturbed of late, but by no means considered herself baffled. With the assistance of Mr. Dugald Binnie, she could certainly subdue Lucia, though Mr. Dugald Binnie had been of no great help, so far. She would do her duty unflinchingly. In had not been very much in love with me, day." fact she chose to persuade herself that, if Lucia was brought to a proper frame of mind, there could be no real trouble with Francis Barold.

CHAPTER XXV. " SOMEBODY BLSE."

But Barold did not make any very ardent search for Lucia. He stopped to watch a game of lawn tennis, in which Octavia and Lord Lansdowne had joined, and finally forgot Lady Theobald's errand altogether. For some time, Octavia did not see him.

stood spart. She was enjoying herself so Lord Lansdowne was following her delightmight, and it is what I am going to talk he had avoided her, instead of going up to Finally a chance of the game bringing to her about. Is it enough to make one claim her attention. Half a dozen men her to him, she turned suddenly and found

"How long have you been there?" "Some time," he answered. "When you

"Lucia," he said, "I wish you would let had at once attached themselves to her are at liberty, I wish to speak to you." me go and talk to Lady Theobald." train. She seemed a little unprepared for th

repressed energy of his manner, which he good fellow you are, to come mooning here strove to cover by a greater amount of "Well," she said, after thinking a mom

> say he can wait." She went back, and finished the game

> apparently enjoying it as much as ever. When it was over, Barold made his way to He had resented her remaining oblivious

of his presence when he stood near her, and he had resented her enjoyment of her surroundings, and now, as he led her away, leaving Lord Lansdowne rather discon-solate, he resented the fact that she did nos seem nervous, or at all impressed by his silence.

"What do you want to say to me?" she asked. "Let us go and sit down on one of the arbors. I believe I am a little tired-

Then she began to talk about Lord Lans

"Very few people understand Octavia,"

"I like him ever so much," she said.

said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I "Do you think he will really go to America? "I like him ever so much." she said The morning of the garden-party arose bright and clear, and Slowbridge awakened said Miss Belinda. "I'm not sure that I in a great state of excitement. Miss follow all her moods myself. She is more that I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it follow all her moods myself. She is more that I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it follow all her moods myself. She is more that I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it follow all her moods myself. She is more that I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it follow all her moods myself. She is more that I wish he would—but if he does, I hope it follows:

"Do you think he will really go to America?" he inquired, hitterly. "Oh," she replied, "you haven't mean also that you won't be for a year or so—I mean, until we go back from Europe. Still, it's rather go back. Did I "Excuse me—"he began, in his all her orders might be completed, was so has very presty ways. I am very fond of overpowered by her labors as to have to take her. She is not as frivolous as she appears uncertain when we shall go back. Did I "Excuse metell you I had persuaded Aunt Belinda to manner. At Oldelough, varied sentiments prewalled. Lady Theobald's manner was chiefly distinguished by implacable rigidity.

This had chosen, as an appropriate festal sentiment where the prewalled. Lady Theobald stood gnawing his mustache and make her go. She'll get over the kind of girl you would have chosen to London.

The had chosen, as an appropriate festal stood gnawing his mustache and travel with us? She's horribly frightened, the prewalled. Lady Theobald stood gnawing his mustache and travel with us? She's horribly frightened, the prewalled. Lady Theobald stood gnawing his mustache and travel with us? She's horribly frightened, the premanner.

"You didn't respect me enough to think me worth marrying," she said. "I was not the kind of girl you would have chosen to being frightened after a little while."

Suddenly she turned and looked at him.

"Why don't you say somethin . " It is not necessary for me to say any thing."

She laughed "Do you mean because I am saying everything myself? Well, I suppose I am. I am—awfully happy to-day, and can't help talking. It seems to make the time go." Her face had lighted up curiously. There

was a delighted excitement in her eyes, puzzling him. "Are you so fond of your father as all that?'

She laughed again a clear, exultan laugh. "Yes." she answered, " of course I am as fond of him as all that. It's quite natural,

enthusiasm in all the young ladies of my acquaintance," he returned, dryly.

He thought such rapture disproportions to the cause, and regarded it gro They turned into an arhor, and Octavi sat down and leaned forward on the rustic table. Then she turned her face up to look at the vines covering the roof.

"It looks rather spidery, doesn't it?" she remarked. "I hope it isn't; don't The light fell bewitchingly on her roun little chin and white throat; and a bar of

the blonde rings on her forehead. "There is nothing I hate more than spiders," she said, with a little shiver, " unless," seriously, "it's caterpillars cater-pillars I loathe!"

Then she lowered her gaze, and gave her hat—a large, white Rubens, all soft curling feathers and satin bows-a charming tip over her eyes.

"The brim is broad," she said. "If anything drops, I hope it will drop on it, in-stead of on me. Now, what did you want to say?" He had not sat down, but stood leaning

against the rustic wood-work. He looked pale, and was evidently trying to be cooler than usual.

" I brought you here to ask you a quest-

"Well," she remarked, "I hope it's an important one. You look serious enough." 'It is important-rather," he respo with a tene of sarcasm. "You will probably go away soon?" "That isn't exactly a question," she com-

mented. "And it's not as important to vou as to me." He paused a moment, annoyed because he

found it difficult to go on; annoyed because she waited with such undisturbed serenity. But at length he managed to begin again "I do not think you are expecting the question I am going to ask," he said. "I do not think I expected to ask it myselfuntil to-day. I do not know why—why I should ask it so awkwardly, and feel—at such a disadvantage. I brought you here to ask you—to marry me." He had scarcely spoken four words before

all her airy manner had taken flight, and she had settled herself down to listen. He had noticed this, and had felt it quite natural. When he stopped, she was singularly large and bright and clear.

"You did not expect to ask me to marry you," she said. "Why didn't you?" It was not at all what he had expected He did not understand her manner at all. " I-must confess," he said, stiffly, that I felt at first that there were obstacles in the way of my doing so."

" What were the obstacles? He flushed and drew himself un. "I have been very unfortunate in my mode of expressing myself," he said. "

told you I was conscious of my own awkroused to fresh obstinacy by encountering wardness."
indifference on one side and rebellion on "Yes," she said, quietly, "you have been unfortuate. That is a good way of putting

Then she les her eves ress on the table

a few seconds, and thought a little. "After all," she said, "I have the conbeen very much in leve with me. If you Miss Belinds. "I thought it a charming you would never have asked me to marry

"I am very much in love with you." he said, vehemently, his feelings getting the better of his pride, for once. "However badly I may have expressed myself, I am very much in love wish you. I have been wretched for days."
"Was it because you felt obliged to ask

me to marry you ?" she inquired. The delicate touch of spirit in her tone and words fired his to fresh admiration, strange to say. It suggested to him possibilites he had not suspected hitherto. He

drew nearer to her. "Don't be teo severe on me," he saidquite humbly, considering all things.
And he stretched out his hand, as if take hers.

But she drew it back, smiling ever so faintly. "Do you think I don't know what the obstacles are?" she said. "I will tell you."

"My affection was strong enough to sweep them away," he said, "or I should "What—oh, what does this mean?" not be here." She smiled slightly again.

impressed by their seriousness,' as Aunt hasn't seen him for two years." Belinda says. I suppose they are pretty serious to you." "Nothing would be so serious to me as

that you should let them interfere with he's going to marry her, before we go my happiness," he answered, thrown back abroad. upon himself, and bewildered by her logical manner. "Let us forget them. I was a concered. At its close, Lady Theobald fool to speak as I did. Won't you answer found herself in an utterly bewilderd and my question?"

She paused a second, and then answered. "You didn't expect to ask me to marry

" But now-," he broke in, impatiently. " Now-I wish you hadn't done it." " You wish-

"You don't want me," she said. "You want somebody meeker—somebody who would respect you very much, and obey you. I'm not used to obeying people." "Do you mean also that you would not

"Oh," she replied, "you haven't respect-"Excuse me___" he began lin his loftiest

"You are going to give me a great deal, I suppose looking at it in your way," she went on; "but if I wasn't exactly what you ented, I had something to give, too. I'm roung enough to have a good many years to live, and I should have to live them with you, if I married you. That's something. von know.

He rose from his seat, pale with wrath and wounded feeling.

"Does this mean that you refuse me," he dem anded .- " that your answer is no?" She rose, tog-not exultant, nor confused. neither pale nor flushed. He had never seen her prettier, more charming, or more natural

" It would have been 'no.' even if there had n't been any obstacle," she answered. "Then," he said, "I need say no more.
I see that I have humiliated myself in vain, and it is rather bitter. I must con-

fess. " It wasn't my fault," she remarked. He stepped back, with a haughty wave of the hand, signifying that she should pass out of the arbor before him.

She did so, but just as she reached the entrance, she turned, and stood for a second, framed in by the swinging vines and their blossoms.

"There's another reason why it should sunlight struck on her upturned eyes, and be 'no,'" she said. "I suppose I may act the blonde rings on her forehead. well tell you of it. I'm engaged to somebody else."

CHAPTER XXVI.

" JACK."

They first person they saw, when they sched the lawn, was Mr. Dugald Binnie who had deigned to present himself, and was talking to Mr. Burmistone, Lucia, and Miss Belinda.

"I'll go to them," said Octavia. "Anna Belinda will wonder where I have been.' But, before they reached the group, they were intercepted by Lord Lansdowne; and Barold had the pleasure of surrendering his charge, and watching her, with some rather sharp pangs, as she was borne off to

the conservatories. "What is the matter with Mr. Barold?" exclaimed Miss Pilcher. "Pray, look at

him." "He has been talking to Miss Octavia Bassett, in one of the arbors," put in Miss Lydia Burnham. "Emily and I passed them a few minutes ago, and they were so absorbed that they did not see us. There is

no knowing what has happened."
"Lydia!" exclaimed Mrs. Burnham, in stern reproof of such flippancy. But, the next moment, she exchange glance with Miss Pilcher.

'Do you think-" she suggested. 'L it possible-It really looks very like it," said Miss Pilcher : "though it is scarcely to be cred-

ited. See how pale and angry he 100ks."

Mrs. Burnham glanced towards him, and then a slight smile illuminated her counten-" How furious," she remarked, cheerfully,

how furious Lady Theobald will be." Naturally, it was not very long before the attention of numerous other ladies was diserved that he took no share in the festivities, that he did not regain his natural air of enviable indifference to his surroundings that he did not approach Octavia Bassett until all was over and she was on the point of going home. What he

said to her then, no one heard. "I am going to London to-morrows-Good-bye. "Good-bye," she answered, holding out her hand to him. Then she added, quickly, in an under-tone "You oughtn't to think

badly of me. You won't after a while." As they drove homeward, she was rather silent, and Miss Belinda remarked it. "I am afraid you are tired, Octavia," she said. " It is a pity that Martin should come, and find you sired."

"Oh, I'm not tired. I was only-thinking. It has been a queer day!"

"So it has been," said Octavia-which you. You would have considered the ob- Miss Belinda thought rather inconsistent. Both of them grew rather restless as

they neared the house.
"To think," said Miss Belinds, "of my seeing poor Martin again.'' "Suppose," said Octavia, nervously, as they drew up, "suppose they are here-al-

ready!"
"They!" exclaimed Miss Belinda Who-But she got no further. A cry hurst from Octavia—a queer, soft little cry.
"They are here!" she said; "they are!

Jack Jack! And she was out of the carriage, and Miss Belinds, following her clesely, was horrified to see her caught at once in the embrace of a tall, bronzed young man, who, a moment after, drew her into the

Mr. Martin Bassett, who was hig, and sunburned, and prosperous-looking, stood in the passage, smiling triumphantly.

"M.—Martin!" gasped Miss Belinda

little parior, and shut the door.

Martin Bassett led her to a seat. smiled more triumphantly still. And then had come Lord Lausdowne, ent, "the game will soon be ended. I am who, in crossing the lawn to shake hands with his host, had been observed to keep Lausdowne, in course of time; but I dare at first, but I don't now. I suppose I'm the finest fellow in the West. And she

"Martin," Miss Belinda fluttered, "it

not proper— it really isn't."
"Yes, it is," answered Mr. Bassett; "for It was an eventful day for all parties

Binnie, more than to any one else, her demoralization was due. That gentleman you," she said. "And I didn't expect you got into the carriage in rather a better humor than usual. "Same man I used to know," he remarked. "Glad to see him. I knew him as

thunderstruck condition. As to Mr. Dugaid

soon as I set eyes on him."
"Do you allude to Mr. Burmistone?" "Yes. Had a long talk with him. He's coming to see you, to-morrow. Told him he might come myself. Appears he's taken a fancy to Lucia. Wants to talk it over. Suits me exactly, and suppose it suits her. Looks as if it does. Glad she hasn't taken a fancy to some haw-haw fellow, like that fool, Barold. Girls generally do. Burmistone's worth ten of him."

Half a speech, half a me Half a sleep—onward Into more food and tall Bode the one hundred "Come Pan-Americans; Come, and let's shake your see, on to stew and shake

Come Pan-Americans! One ran-Americans:
Did they reject the plan
Not though they all were
And their vesus sundar
Theirs not to make repl
Theirs not to reason wh
Theirs but to eat and fit
Their the natural cas. Into the natural gas Bode the one hundred

Banquets to right of the Banquets to left of then Banquets in front of the While a world wonder Strand at with word a Bravely they strive to a But eating shortens bre And men are talked to d Suffering one hundred

He stands upon the dizzy He ogles, grins and star No shame his little frame A face of brass he wears His clothes are quite the

He wears a showy fob. He calls himself a toughis And does the mashing j He never did a stroke of He gets his cash from "Who bangs the washtub l For this sweet Lardy-da He simpers like a silly che On ladies as they pass, And everybody writes him

A most consummate as

The Third Party I ain't a goin' to try your By tellin who done this I don't make no insinoos I jest let on I smell a re Thet is, I mean, it seems

But, of the public think I won't deny but wut I be An', fact, it don't smell My mind's too fair to lose An' say which party he There may be folks o' gre Thet can't sit stiddier o I'm an eclectic; ez to che Twixt this and that I'm

I leave a side that looks !: But, wile there's doubt, Ez to my princerples, I g In hevin' nothin' o' the I ain't a Wig, I ain't a To I'm jest a candidate, in

That's fair an' square an' But, of the public cares To hev me an'thin' in per Why, I'm a kind o' peri The right to be a cussed Is safe from all devices

It's common (ez a gin'l ru

To every critter born o

THE BONNET SEASON d write a horrid thing, no do a sonnet as to the way I wretched maiden's bonn is was, if I recall aright, the cl although its width kept rible proportion.

ged about, but couldn't around it, until I heard "Oh, ho! ah, ha!" the vill spare," the maiden at visibly she died, some h Now mimic tempests roared them, that is certain ; b

or stage was the descend murmurs all the house shiftings magic, and at s I guessed some climax h
Lalso judged from "Ain't h
hushed attention cent 'lovelies" maids repeat Bang-bang!" I heard a pisto

clamation—so I presum
wrought its tragic consum
Lknew they entered from thrilling bursts of feeli were birds and things ceiling.

ous sonnet; I paid my do selfishness and—bonnet! Watered Mil

The milkman who was generally does so under hat the water poured in in with the milk and cann except upon chemical analy gross ignorance. The mill its own fluid; all foreign t capitated if the mixture is for a couple of days. Any spot a dishonest milkman trouble. Let her take a long cleanse it thoroughly and le then, it is filled with milk stand in a cool-not cold hours, all the foreign fluid tated-that is, it will settle of the bottle. The soured fill the middle of the bottle Substance will be floating times the top will be a then will come a layer of a artificial device to make the then will come the soured i bottom will be the forei whole scheme of deception a glance at the bottle after single lesson in the radi inspection. This sort of w tifically satisfactory, but develop the fundamental f

not the milk is normal .-Louis Globe Democrat. Six Shots at an An Arizona comtempora its editor was fired upon th citizen who dissented from but whose six shots, disci tance of ten feet from the come within a foot of it, at theless, the shots who unvailing, as they wo mule and a \$50 dog, wi awkward marksman oo \$150. The citizen cont the town, and our encourages him in th suggesting that a man v with both hands, and shut he shoots, is of no account

At a Chicago Goe F First Fair Enthusiastlovable Go-the is! Second Fair Enthusis Gotte is just splendid! Third Fair Enthusiast-

alow about Goethe! Fourth Fair Enthusia right! Go-eth is our favo

-After you have b decency is harder than ev