

NELLIE'S LEAP YEAR PROPOSAL.

The Story of a Little Girl Who Brought About a Wedding.

"Really, Catharine, I don't wonder at Mary's surprise at your behavior. You forget that you are Frank's widow. You are too forward."

"Forward!" cried Mary. "Indeed, you would have been shocked last night, mother. There was Mr. Vance urging her to sing and acting as if Herbert Halstead was her only friend, when it was only a married woman."

"You may sneer," I cried, checking my tears. I was now thoroughly angry. "But I tell you, if no one should ask me to marry him, I believe I should ask Mr. Halstead, and—he'd have me!"

"Ladies home, Nell?" "I'm home," she said, "and I desire mamma'll be in soon."

"Well," she repeated, "you see, they does scold mamma, so they does. To-day morning they maked mamma cry, to-morrow (she would call yesterday to-morrow) they scolded her because she wouldn't sing, and then they said she was forward. What's forward?"

"Forward, indeed!" ejaculated Herbert, under his breath. "If it had been some others, now. But Nellie, how about leap year?"

"I hid my face in my hands, 'You've asked me to marry you, and I must answer the day; and I say now, at once. Let's give them a good, thorough surprise. Let's guess how they have treated you. Come, now, get ready this fairy, this blessed little darling that has brought me my happiness, and we will go to your own minister."

"Not at all, Miss Julia," said Herbert. "My wife and I just called in to receive your congratulations and to leave little Midget here for a few days."

A NEW DANCE.

It is a Waltz, and is known as the Jubilee. Devotees of dancing will be glad of the new waltz, the "Jubilee." It is certain to win a triumph—just as certain as society dons her dancing shoes.

American Prayers for the Queen.

"The prayers of the righteous availeth much," quoted a genial South Dakotan to the reporter yesterday, prefacing a little story in a manner befitting the day.

HE LOSES THE FEES.

New York Press: "I see that a man has been buried alive out West, Doctor." "I can hardly believe it!" "But the papers say so."

A WELCOME RELIEF.

New York Weekly: Sea Captain—There is no hope! The ship is doomed! In an hour we shall all be dead!

HE'S STRONG POINT.

My wife she cannot cook at all, Roadie beef she's sure to spoil.

LIMITED CONVERSATIONAL POINTS.

Smith—Well, if you can't bear her, whatever made you propose?

A QUESTION OF KNOWLEDGE.

Her Adorer: May I marry your daughter, sir?

HE'D NEVER HEARD IT.

Kate Field's Washington: "Jones, did you ever hear the 'Song of the Shirt'?"

JAPAN SHAKES UP.

The Third City in Japan Badly Damaged by an Earthquake. A London cable says: Despatches from Japan state that shocks of earthquakes have been experienced in that country.

Later—A private telegram, dated Hiogo, received here to-night, confirms the report conveyed in former telegrams that a disastrous earthquake shock has occurred in Japan.

A RECTOR'S CREDITY.

A Dublin cable says: Startling testimony was given to-day in the trial of Rev. Samuel Cotton, a rector at Carnogh, County Kildare, who was charged with criminal neglect and ill-treatment of the children in Carnogh Orphanage.

THE STOKING OF LAKE ONTARIO WITH FISH TO BE CONSIDERED.

The United States Government has decided to establish a hatchery on Lake Ontario just as soon as New York State can enact protection laws, and engineers the past season have been inspecting the shore for a location.

YOU MAY SEE A MILLION.

A concession has been granted to M. Stepanni to erect a Moorish palace at the World's Fair. One of the many attractions which he proposes to exhibit in this palace is \$1,000,000 in gold coin in one pile.

HEAR MRS. SNAPPER WAS RICH.

"I thought Mrs. Snapper was rich," "So she is," she keeps her own carriage. "Keeps her own carriage? That is rather strange."

THE AVERAGE ATLANTIC STEAMER IS MANNED BY ABOUT 150 MEN.

The average Atlantic steamer is manned by about 150 men, as follows: Thirty-two deck hands, 4 officers, 9 petty officers, 32 firemen, etc., 8 engineers and 65 stewards.

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BURNS NOT A SHRIMP.

An Edinburgh Magistrate Maintains That He Was a Religious Man. Bailie Colston, of Edinburgh, in a recent address on Burns, said: Robert Burns was essentially a religious man, and having thoroughly dissected Scottish life and character came irresistibly to the conclusion that the peasant religious life of his countrymen was the grand secret of his country's greatness.

But there the evening is not ended, and the assembly does not disperse. There is a duty still to be discharged: The cheerless supper done, wi' serious face, They round the ingle form a circle wide;

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

I wish I were a busy As the cunning little bee; I wish I were a sparrow brown, To fly from bush to tree.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

I wish I were the sunlight, To sparkle every day; I wish I were the roses, So fragrant, bright and gay.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

I wish I were the silver moon, That's gleaming up on high; I wish I were the tiny stars, Those flowers of the sky.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

Even wish I were my doll, With golden hair a curl; I wish that I were anything, But a naughty little girl.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

—ELLA BENTLEY (aged 10 years), in "Harper's Young People."

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

An interesting writer for the New York Times has been visiting in the regions of the working poor in New York city trying to learn what it costs them to live.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

He discovered that these people pay more for their common kindling wood than the millionaire does for the hard hickory logs that he sits and watches sputtering on his open hearth, and that they pay as much again for their coal as does that same millionaire.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

The wife of a workman would come with only 30 or 40 cents with which to purchase her supplies for the day. With that amount she would buy meat, vegetables, flour or bread, a hod of coals and a bundle of wood.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

It was 2 or 3 cents' worth of this and 5 cents' worth of that. Stuff usually sold by the pound was sold by the ounce, and coal and wood instead of being sold by the ton and the wagon-load, were bought here by the basket and bundle.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

They bought 25 to 30 cents a pound, and very much less by the tub. They paid 1 cent an ounce for wash-water. First-class grocers are glad to deliver it at your door for 3 cents a pound.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

For wood people in the tenement houses paid 2 cents for a little bundle of soft pine, about a dozen sticks four inches long, and averaging about an inch and a half in thickness. It is the poorest kind of fuel, and in fact is fit for nothing but kindling.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

The man who buys his wood by the wagon-load or the cord would get more fire out of a half cent's worth of his supply than the people of the tenement houses get out of these two cent bundles.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

Her Father: What do you want to marry for? You don't know when you're well off.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

Mrs. Jocelyn—Don't you miss your husband very much, now that he is away? Mrs. Golithly—Oh, not at all. You see, he left me plenty of money, and at breakfast I just stand a newspaper up in front of his plate, and half the time forget that he really isn't there.—Puck.

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

Kate Field's Washington: "Jones, did you ever hear the 'Song of the Shirt'?" "No, (hic) Billings, I never did. Fact is (hic) I didn't know a shirt could (hic) sing."

THEY WERE THE ROSES.

Mrs. George Gould is said to care nothing for society, but devotes all her time to her home and children. She does her own marketing, keeps a set of books showing her household expenses, and altogether proves herself to be a model housewife.