Right at Last

"You look as white as a ghost," said Lord Pontelere. "What's the matter?"

Royce laughed softly.

"Nothing," he said. "The place is beastly hot, it always is. Yes," he added, languidly, "she is pretty, very pretty. What do you call her?" and, yawning, he picked up the programme.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Mordaunt Royce leaned back in his stall and looked on at the performance with a listless, languid air, his eyes half closed, but his acute brain was hard at work.

It was John Ormsby; there could be no doubt of that! He never forgot a face, and hers had been too firmly impressed upon his mind to permit of his being mistaken. Yes! The Queen of the Fairies, the Miss Ida Trevelyan, was Joan Ormsby, who had run away with Stuart Villiars, and who, Royce was convinced, was the heiress to the Arrowfield estates and immense wealth.

The stage entrance to the Coronet was in a back street at the side of the building, and Royce, after waiting to see that no one was observing him, made his way thither, and stood in the shadow near the grimy little door.

Joan had gone straigth to her dressing room from the stage, and changed her costume, and Emily came to her presently in the state of satisfaction which always belonged to her after the performance.

"Went beautifully to-night, dear; better than ever, I think! And not a seat in the house!"

As they left the theatre one of those "gentlemen" who haunt stage doors, and endeavor to force themselves upon the actresses as they emerge from the theatre, stepped forward, and, with an insinuating smile, lifted his hat.

Pale and stern Joan shrank back, and the next moment they would have escaped, but before she could move, or the "gentleman" make any further effort to detain them, a tall figure stepped out from the shadows, raised its arm, and the exquisite went spinning with a dull thud against the wall, down which he slipped as if he had been a thawed icicle, and lay sprawling on the pavement.

Mordaunt Royce raised his hat.

"Pray don't be alarmed!" he said. "I hope he has not frightened you."

"Oh! it's you, Mr. Royce, is it?" said Emily, with a sharp little laugh; "oh, no; we are not very much frightened; but we're very much obliged to you, all the same."

"It was very fortunate that I happened to be passing," said Royce, "and I can never be too grateful for the chance that sent me here."

"We were looking for father," said Emily, hurriedly. "He is generally waiting for us; but I suppose the roads are so slippery that he couldn't get a cab."

He hesitated a moment. "You will not think I am to be of some slight service to you if I beg you to let me accompany you, Miss Montressor?"

"Very well," said Emily, "but I can't think what it is that has kept father."

They were walking on, but Joan stopped and glanced at the man, who had advanced to a sitting position by this time, and was regarding the group with tipsy gravity.

"Is—is he hurt?" she said in a low voice.

Royce went up to the man and stirred him up with the toe of his boot.

"Get up and go home, you idiot!" he said, sternly; then he rejoined Joan and Emily. "Oh, no," he said, "I think the tumble has done him good. I wish I had hit him a little harder!"

"Have you seen the pantomime, Mr. Royce?" said Emily.

"Yes, to-night," he answered, "and was delighted. I am afraid to say how charmed I was with your part, Miss Montressor, lest you should think I wanted to flatter you."

"Oh, don't mind! I'm used to it!" said Emily. "But my part! What about Miss Trevelyan's?"

"There is no occasion to speak of that," said Royce, quietly and gravely, "seeing that all London is talking of it." Then he adroitly shifted the conversation to other topics.

"Here we are; this is our street," said Emily, presently. "You need not come any further, Mr. Royce, and we are awfully obliged to you, aren't we, Ida?"

"Yes," said Joan, quietly.

"I shall scarcely believe you, unless you will permit me to see you safely within doors," said Royce, pleasantly.

A servant opened the door. It was not the old workshop home, for prosperity had come to the Harwoods with Joan's success.

Emily burst into the parlor. The old man was sitting in an armchair with his leg stuck up on another chair.

"Father! What is the matter?"

"Nothing very much, Emily," replied the old man, blinking at them through his spectacles. "I was just going for a cab, and slipped down the steps. It's so frosty, you see," he added, apologetically.

"And you've broken your leg!" exclaimed Emily.

"No, no, only sprained it, my dear," said the old man, cheerfully. "It's nothing very much, but the doctor says that I must keep quiet. I'm sorry I can't rise up. I hope you'll excuse me," and he nodded to Royce.

"This is Mr. Royce, father," said Emily. "He kindly saw us home."

"Much obliged to you, sir," said the old man.

"The obligation is on my side, sir," said Royce; and he crossed over to him and inquired about his leg.

The table was laid for supper, and Emily looked from it to Royce.

"You'll stay and have some supper, Mr. Royce?" she said.

He accepted the invitation with a bow. Fortune was clearly on his side. But for the two accidents—of the attack by the drunken exquisite and the slipping down steps—he might have waited for months before he could have gained an entrance to the house. The supper was plain enough, but Royce noticed that it was elegantly served. Joan had taught them something of her own refinement. He was an acute taetician. Some men would have fallen into the mistake of paying her marked attention. He scarcely addressed her, devoting himself apparently entirely to Emily and the old man, and only by chance, as it seemed, did he speak to Joan.

He got up to go at last.

"I hope your leg will soon get better, Mr. Harwood," he said. "But I am afraid you will not be able to use it for a day or two. I shall take it as a great favor if you will permit me to see Miss Emily safe in her cab when she leaves the theatre until you are able to go on duty again."

"Oh, Miss Emily can take care of herself!" said the young lady.

"I know that," said Royce, with a smile. "I asked it as a favor. I pass the theatre about closing time on the way home from my club," he added, unblushingly, "and I shall look out for you."

The old man expressed his thanks, and Emily nodded, but Joan said nothing.

He shook hands with the father and daughter, just clasped Joan's extended fingers respectfully, and then took leave of them.

When Joan got upstairs to her own room—a pretty little apartment, daintily furnished—the handsome face of Mr. Mordaunt Royce haunted her, and his voice rang vaguely in her ears, not pleasantly, but with a persistence which refused to be put aside.

She looked at herself in the glass with a faint shudder, and, holding up her right hand, regarded it with a doubtful smile.

"I can feel his fingers round mine," she murmured, half annoyed, half perplexed by the idea; "and as if they were not to be shaken off!"

Then there flashed upon her mind the remembrance of the man she had loved. She would have given her soul for him—would have asserted his truth and faith in the face of Heaven; and he had been treacherous and false, and striven to ruin her, body and soul!

"All men are wicked and base," she murmured, a flash upon her face, her lips set tightly. "Why should this man, Mordaunt Royce, be any different from the rest? I hate them all—all save one! —and him I should hate more than all others!"

CHAPTER XXV.

Mordaunt Royce found himself in the moonlight, with a strange sense of bewilderment.

Something had happened to him! He had discovered Joan Ormsby, and the game by which he was to win two millions had begun! Yes; but something more than that had happened to him! What was it? In all his life he had never felt so strangely; his usually clear brain seemed clouded and misty; he could not sketch out his course as was usual with him—his mind refused to work, as it were.

He tried to work out his scheme as he paced along the now silent and deserted streets, but he could not succeed in concentrating his attention upon his plot, because there rose before him the face of the girl he was going to entrap. Her beauty had taken his senses and benumbed his brain!

The following evening, about eight o'clock, he went down to the Crescent and called upon Mr. Harwood. He knew that the girls were at the theatre, of course, and he felt that Joan would appreciate his delicacy in calling while they were out.

The old man was pleased to see him, and much honored by a visit from such a "swell" as Mr. Mordaunt Royce; and Royce put on his most genial manner, and smoked a cigar, and drank a little whiskey and water, chatting with the old maskmaker as if he had nown him for years.

He sat with him for an hour, then when he rose to go, he said:

"Well, I hope you will soon be better, Mr. Harwood. I'm afraid you'll get rather moped and sore kept a prisoner in the house. When you can bear to be moved you must let me take you for a drive. I've got a very easy phaeton that won't shake you. You must go down to Richmond with me and have a bit of lunch. It's as pleasant down there in the winter as it is in the summer, almost."

"Really, you're very kind, sir," said the old man, gratefully. "But I shouldn't like to take up your time——"

"Time!" laughed Royce, genially. "I have so much of that I don't know what to do with it, and I shall be much obliged to you for helping me to kill it. And by the way," he added, with his hand on the door, "perhaps you can persuade the young ladies to join us. They would probably enjoy the drive. They could wrap up well, you know. I'd take care they were back in plenty of time for the theatre."

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said old Harwood. "They'd be very pleased — leastways Emily would," he added, rather doubtfully. "I don't know about Miss Trevelyan."

"Why not Miss Trevelyan?" asked Royce, pleasantly.

"Oh, well—you see—she's different," said the old man, confusedly. "She is so very quiet and —reserved like."

"Ah, well," said Royce; "tell them that you won't go to Richmond without both of them go with you and stick to it—you'll find Miss Trevelyan will give way then. Good-night!"

Every night the tall, handsome figure of Mr. Mordaunt Royce assisted the ladies to their cab; scarcely more than two or three words were spoken, sometimes Joan did not speak all beyond the simple "good night" and "thank you," and he did not mention the drive to Richmond.

He was too clever to lose all by being precipitate. Emily thought he had forgotten all about it, or had changed his mind.

But in about a week's time, when the weather seemed to have set in clear and fine, he called at the Crescent, at the same hour as that of his former visit, and reminded the old man of the trip.

"You are well enough now," he said, "and the fresh air will benefit you more than all the tonics in the doctor's surgery. Tell the young ladies I will drive around for them at twelve o'clock to-morrow." And with a nod and a smile he went off.

At twelve o'clock a stylish phaeton, with a pair of horses in first-class fettle, drove up to the door.

Joan, dressed in her plain black frock, came to the window and bowed as the handsome, well-dressed gentleman on the box raised his hat.

"Not ready yet!" he exclaimed, as he shook hands with her.

"I am not going," said Joan.

"No!" he exclaimed, and the smile died out of his face. "Not really! I am very sorry."

"I think we'd better all stop at home," said Emily, desolately, surveying her small form, clad in its sealskin, in the looking-glass. "Ida is a nasty, disagreeable thing, I am sorry to say, Mr. Royce."

"Oh, Miss Trevelyan had a right to please herself," he said, gently. "But she would have enhanced our pleasure by accompanying us. Have I"—he stopped and looked round with an affectation of having been deeply wounded — "have I offended her in any way?"

"No, no! Oh, no!" said Joan, quickly, the blood mounting to her face. "It is not that, indeed it is not. But that I never go out—that I would rather—"

"We'll all stay at home," said Emily, ruefully. "We're very much obliged to you, Mr. Royce, and we hope you'll be able to eat our share of the lunch as well as your own."

"Thanks," he said, sadly. "Of course, I shall not go!"

"Oh!" said Joan, troubled and remorseful. "Do not talk like that. I will go if you are all so kind as to wish it so much,' and she ran upstairs.

Even as she put on her hat her mind misgave her. Presentments are things to laugh at—after they have proved false! But while one is laboring under them they seem serious enough.

So Royce's face was all smiles when she came down again. He assisted the old man into the vehicle as carefully as if he had been an army nurse.

"Who'll ride with me on the box?" he exclaimed, looking at the two girls.

"Not I!" retorted Emily. "I am too nervous. I should fall off. Ida, dear—"

Joan disliked a fuss, and without a word she let him help her climb to the seat.

Royce was a skilled driver, and for the first two or three minutes he paid all his attention to the horses; but his brain was in a whirl, his heart was beating wildly at the thought that he had her close to him, that he should have her to talk to, to look at, for an hour or more.

He kept clear of the main thoroughfares, not wishing that anyone he knew should see them, and remained almost silent until they had left the park and the big streets far behind, then he said, forgetting himself in his suppressed excitement—

"How good of you to give way! You have made us all very happy, Miss Joan ——"

He stopped abruptly, as Joan, with a sudden start and pallor, turned and looked at him, and for a moment his heart stood still. Had he revealed the knowledge of her secret? In an instant his ready brain came to his rescue.

—"I was going to call you Miss Joan of Arc," he said, with a smile. "You were so resolute and firm, you know!" and he laughed.

Joan's eyes fell from his face and she drew a breath of relief; the sound of her own name had thrilled her like an electric shock!

CHAPTER XXVI.

It was a pleasant drive down to Richmond. The day was charming, just one of those wintry days which seem to put on the cloak of summer and from behind it laugh at the idea of frost and snow. The streets were filed with sunshine, the sky was clear and blue, and the river, as they saw it from the bridges, a sparkling belt of silver.

Emily was in her brightest humor, and from her perch beside the old man, passed comments upon the landscape and the people for the benefit of the two in front, which made Royce laugh, and even caused the rare smile to appear on Joan's face.

When they got to the hotel Emily was, in a well-bred fashion, quite hilarious. She had never enjoyed anything like the drive; "the country was beautiful, quite as nice in the winter as in the summer," and she was ravenous, she declared.

The old gentleman was conveyed upstairs to a room overlooking the river, and which was possessed of a balcony, upon which they could smoke their cigars without annoying the ladies; and the waiter, who was more dignified than a bishop, and quite as civil, with a most respectful bow, announced that luncheon was ready.

Royce had telegraphed down instructions early in the day, and the meal was served in as complete a style as if the chef had had a week in which to prepare it.

It was an admirable lunch; not that elaborate, extravagant one, full of ostentation and overrunning with champagne, which gentlemen are in the habit of giving to actresses; but a carefully ordered meal, replete with elegant little dishes and trifles, such as a gentleman of taste might offer to two private ladies.

Royce was attention itself, but as careful of Emily's comfort as of Joan's; indeed, he talked more to Emily and her father than to Joan, but now and again he spoke to her, but always with that softened inflection of voice which he knew so well how to modulate.

To Emily's sharp-sighted eyes that he was in love with Ida Trevelyan was as plain as a pikestaff; but Joan was quite unconscious and unsuspecting.

She thought that all his attentions were being paid to the bright little thing with the naive ways and golden hair, and that the outing had been planned and undertaken entirely on Emily's behalf.

That little person was very happy. She liked pleasure as a butterfly likes flowers, and she gratified her friends with a childish gusto which would have befitted a girl of forty.

"Why can't life be all Richmond luncheon?" she required to be informed, as she daintily picked at the hothouse grapes like a canary. "Why shouldn't we be happy every day in the week?—that's what I want to know! It seems as if we were meant to be happy, and why is it we can't?"

Royce smiled. A faint, a very faint sigh quivered on Joan's lips.

"A very pertinent question, Miss Emily," he said, his white teeth just showing under his moustache in the way that Emily once declared she didn't like; perhaps she had got used to it by time; "an extremely proper question. I suppose the answer is, that if we are not always happy, it's pretty nearly always our own fault."

"It isn't my fault that I don't have a Richmond lunch every day," retorted Emily, pertly.

He laughed.

"Some people's ideas of happiness are so widely different from others. But as you fix yours upon a good lunch by the river——"

"And a drive."

—"And a drive, suppose we start a society for the encouragement of daily luncheons at Richmond, and get the Archbishop of Canterbury to accept the chairmanship. But—who knows?—perhaps even a daily banquet at the 'Star and Garter' wouldn't make some people happy."

"Then they'd be unreasonable, and ought to be put in a lunatic asylum!" said Emily, decisively.

Royce turned his dark eyes upon Joan.

"I wonder whether we should have to put Miss Trevelyan there?" he said, in a low voice. "And I wonder—but I am afraid to go on."

(To be Continued.)

TOY HOUSE TO BE KEPT UP

Even Though Girl for Whom It Was Built Has Married and Moved Away

The bijou toy house for children which for many years has gladdened the hearts and excited the interest of children passing the home of Thomas Lynch, Dearborn avenue, is to be kept in repair and renovated. The wedding recently of Miss Leila Lynch, for whom the model house was constructed when she was a small girl, revived a desire of Mr. Lynch to keep intact the miniature dwelling which had brought so much joy to members of the family. Miss Lynch is now Mrs. J. F. Stevens and her home for the present is at Washington, D. C.

The little home, about ten feet long and eight feet wide, situated in the yard adjoining the Dearborn avenue address, is or was complete in its appointments. It is a replica of a modern house, but now sadly in need of repair and fresh paint. A verandah which formerly made a pleasant lounging place for the small residents of the house, has fallen away in ruins. Electric light and gas connections are broken and the inside of the dwelling is one of chaos. Much of the appointments of the apartment, however, remains to demonstrate its former glory and completeness.

Three rooms comprise the lower floor, with stairs leading to a tower, from which a view of the neighborhood can be obtained. A bedroom contains a bureau and mirror, with a closet and chairs. There is a small sewing machine and piano in the living room with a table and couch. A gas burning grate formerly provided heat for the apartment, while electric fixtures testify to modern lighting effects. Real windows with shades, an electric door bell, small dinner dishes and other accompaniments of a perfectly ordered household were enjoyed by the small owner and guests. A flagstaff surmounts the tower top and a small yard surrounds the house encircled by an iron fence.

"It sure was some house, wasn't it?" commented the coachman of the household to a visitor as he crawled out of the door and fastened it with a string. "It's a shame to see it go to pieces." It is to be repaired, however, and kept in shape.—Chicago Daily News.

SHE COULD NOT HOLD CUP OF TEA

Doctors Agreed Toronto Nurse Had Bright's Disease.

Dodd'c Kidney Pills Cured Her After Five Years' Suffering—Felt a Benefit After First Box.

Toronto, Ont., Dec. 26.—(special.)—Mrs. Alberta Goffin, a nurse, living at 40 Wright avenue, this city, has been interviewed in regard to her reported cure of nervous or Kidney Trouble by Dodd's Kidney Pills. She states that the report is true in every particular.

"My sickness," Mrs. Goffin says, "was caused from a nervous breakdown, and what the doctors called incurable Bright's Disease brought on by cold and long weeks of nursing. I suffered for five years.

"I was treated by three doctors and was a patient in two hospitals, but gradually got weaker. Reading the experiences of other sufferers like myself led me to try Dodd's Kidney Pills. At that time I was so weak and nervous I could not hold a cup of tea without spilling some of its contents.

"I felt a benefit after taking the first box of Dodd's Kidney Pills, and eight or nine boxes cured me so completely I can now walk a mile without fatigue."

If you haven't used Dodd's Kidney Pills yourself almost any of your neighbors will tell you they always cure Kidney Disease in any form.

ART VALUES.

(Puck.)

Advance Agent (of McBooth-Rantington Co.)—We'll require 20 supers for the mob scene in act three.

Manager (Paptown Town Hall)—Gee whiz! Can't you get along with less 'n that number?

Advance Agent—Not a one less.

Manager (sighing)—Well, you're goin' to put an awful crimp in the box office receipts!

Cured Eczema and Dandruff

"I am pleased to inform you that I have been cured by Cuticura Soap and Ointment. Since I was a boy I have suffered with dandruff, not only from the itching but from its disagreeable appearance in a scaly form all over my head. I had to brush it off my clothes all day long. I used every kind of preparation supposed to cure dandruff, also soaps and shampoos, but it seemed to me that, instead of improving with these remedies, the dandruff increased, even my hair began to fall out and the result was that two months ago eczema developed on my scalp.

"I suffered so from this that as a last resource I thought I would try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. They had the most gratifying results for I had used only one box of Cuticura Ointment and a single cake of Cuticura Soap when I was cured, the eczema and dandruff were gone and my head perfectly clear.

"I can assure you that so long as I live no other soap than Cuticura will be used by me and all those near to me. I will also add that I will always use Cuticura Ointment as a dressing for the hair. I feel that you should know of my cure and if you desire you may use this as a true testimonial which comes from a sufferer of thirty years' standing. I will be happy to tell any one of my experience in order to assist those who may be suffering from the same disease." (Signed) J. Acevedo, General Commission Merchant, 59 Pearl St., New York.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment afford the speediest and most economical treatment for itching, burning, scaly humors of infants, children and adults. As in this case, a single set is often sufficient. Sold throughout the world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Boston, U. S. A., for 32-page Cuticura Book on treatment of skin and scalp.

THE PHILOSOPHER SAYS—

That the chief evidence against a woman's having a sense of humor is the man she marries.

That the overbusy chauffeur really needs arrest.

That if sermons were not quite so long, sinners would not sleep so easily.

That life's banquet would be of better quality if we did not have to wait until the end of the feast to get our desserts.

That there are times when a piece of pie in the head is worth two in the stomach.

That she is the best wife who can mend her husband's ways, no matter if she does neglect his socks.

That the shafts of Cupid are sometimes pointed with barbed wire.

That the wise man is he who lets his friends' misfortunes touch him deeply without letting the friends do the same.

That late hours turn the early hours stale.

That the panes made out of glass necks make a gloomy outlook.

That the wise jockey spares his own horse and devotes his time to beating his rival's.

That he who rides on the crest of the wave of prosperity must watch out for the perils of the undertow.

That it is better to stand for principle than to run for office.

That it is a poor candle that burns both ways.

That it is better to have but one mind in the family even if it is your mother-in-law's.—Harper's Weekly.

"I'VE MOTHERS GET SO TIRED."

(By Frances Gilbreath Ingersoll.)

We mothers get so tired.
We wonder if life is all to be like this; if we must always worry over Johnny's shoes, or father's coat, or the winter's coal, or where the rent money is coming from—and then the wrinkles, and toil-worn hands, and care furrows hurt so much worse when we are tired—life seems so little worth while when we look back upon those things we meant to do and to be; and we think how far we have "failed" in the realization. Life—to us—seems such a sordid thing beside the "other woman's."

But when twilight comes; when the restless, boyish feet are still; when mischievous little hands are quiet; when baby lips drowsily murmur "dood nigth, muvver," as litle arms slip from about our neck—then, then we know that that other woman, whose life is all ease and silken luxury, would give it all for just one such twilight hour; would give all her priceless jewels for, just once, to feel encircling baby arms about her neck—and we know we are rich beyond compare.

And we think of the time when the lads and the lassies will grow—because of us—good men and women. God willing—then we know, too, that life can hold no greater possibilities, no greater opportunities, than are ours.

And as we put away the little muddy shoes, and fold up the mussed little garments, the care and worry and fret are are all forgot; and we lie down in peace, thanking God for the humble toil and sowing that will bear such golden harvest in the "by-and-by."

WASHIN' DAY.

(Irene Staley Woodcock, in Woman's Home Companion.)

It's washin'-day at our house,
An' this is how I tell:
It comes right after Sunday,
An' it has a sudsy smell.

An' father's in a hurry,
An' mother's tired out,
An' ev'ry one's jes' awful cross,
An' don't want me about.

So I take Teddy an' my doll,
An' we go off an' play
That ev'ry day is Chris'mas,
An' the' ain't no washin'-day.

GLORIOUS BEACON IS AMERICA

Boston Light, Built by England in 1715 of Rough Boulder Stone.

The outer light of Boston harbor is Boston light, eight miles below the city, and at the very outer end of the channel that ocean liners follow. It stands on Little Brewster Island—a pile of rocks partly grassed over in its gentle hollow on the sheltered side.

Three families live there—those of the head keeper and his two assitsants. In all the inhabitants number a dozen souls, besides two dogs, a cat and a raccoon. There are five children, and a teacher is provided by the town of Hull in conjunction with the State.

The school is kept in the third storey of the head keeper's house, says the Boston Common. There is a large, light room looking out in all directions upon the sea the children do their studying and recite their lessons.

The light itself is said to be the oldest in America—built in 1715 by the Government of England. It is of rough boulder stone, hooped with iron bands, and its clean, whitewashed form is a landmark and a seamark far and wide.

A rusty iron railway for carrying coal leads up from the water side to the engine house, there is an engine and boilers in which steam is kept up continually to operate the siren fog horns. Their great trumpetlike forms protrude through the wall of the building on the seaward side. In foggy weather one can hear from the open windows the far-off mooing of the fog horn on the Boston lightship seven miles away as the keepers on the lightship can hear this one at Boston light.

An old cannon lies on the ground near the lighthouse; it was provided by the Cunard Steamship Company before the fog horn was installed to give signals. It is unused now. But in addition to the great revolving light in the tower there is a set of red and white range lights that give the location of anchorage for vessels in the channel. If they see red it means that they are out of their proper location, but if white they are safe.

Sounding the Toxin.

Milk from excited or irritated cows is, according to the latest scientific opinion, more harmful than that which contains diseased germs. The blood of an excited animal throws out poisonous toxins that are most insalubrious.

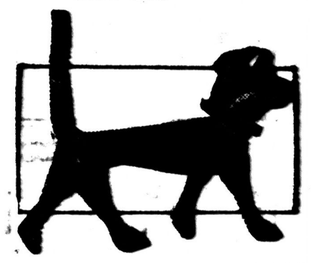
O milkman, be candid, and tell me, I pray,
If your wares are with toxins infected;
If Clarissa, the cow, when you milked her to-day,
Was unruffled, sedate and collected.
Did she wake in a temper and scornfully laugh
At the short-horn who came from Strathneffer?
Did she spurn the advances of Clarence, the calf?
Did she quarrel with Harold the Heifer?
For, if so, to her produce no time I'll devote,
But rely for my tea upon Gilbert the Goat.

O my Butcher, please state if Susannah the sow,
Whom you recently turned into bacon,
Wore a look of ineffable peace on her brow,
If her nerves were unstrung or were shaken.
Oh, had Oswald the ox, when you severed his tail,
Been a martyr to mental disquiet?
Was there anything known about Constance the quail
Which would make her unfit for my diet?
Pray explain, ere his bans on my platter I pile,
Whether Patrick the pig met his death with a smile.

O my dairyman, tell me, I earnestly beg,
Lest my prospects of breakfast be blighted,
Whether Hetty the hen, on evolving her egg,
Was upset, overwrought or excited.
O my Grocer, bring news about Sam the Sardine,
When he swam as a child in the ocean,
Was his character tranquil, his outlook serene?
Was he swayed by blind gusts of emotion?
For if so, with a relief that is deep and acute,
I must really confine my attentions to fruit!

While the heart of Louisa the lettuce is dead,
And can harbor no poisonous acid,
Clementina the cabbage, though losing her head,
Is by Nature proverbially placid.
And though Bill the banana (whose coat one must strip)
Provides suitable food for the glutton,
And Orlando the orange, though prone to "the pip,"
Is more wholesome than Mildred the mutton,
Without fear of bacilli my tastes I may glut
Upon Percy the pumpkin and Nora the nut!

—London Observer.



LE CHIEN VERT, FASHION'S PET.

Le Chien Vert.

That's his name, Le Chien Vert—which is parlez francais for green dog, and grass green at that.

We introduce this dog to the public of Hamilton because you've got to get used to him sooner or later. For the chances are that he will come to adorn your own household before long.

Le Chien Vert is made of wood, and is an exact imitation of the big green wooden dog that adorned the Old Town Tavern at the Brussels exposition. He made a hit with the ladies, and now 49 factories in Belgium—more or less—are running double shifts night and day turning out this green wooden dummy. Society butterflies steaming home from the "Kontunut" have brought him over here, and he promises to supplant the curly-tailed pug, the tabby cat, the more recent doll, and the Teddy bear as the household pet and bosom companion of the ladies, particularly those of the crusty upper crust.

CORNERED.

Mrs. Strong—John! Do you hear me?
Mr. Strong (meekly)—Yes, love.
Mrs. Strong—There is a little corner torn off your pay check this week. What did you spend it for?