

Old Conway pounced upon ours at once. Of course, said Mrs. Conway, and her two home-keepers had been banking for our house for years, for, though we did "only rent it," we had lived there for thirteen years, and, oh, the additions and improvements we had made to it! We had doubled its value, I am certain. We beautified it, inside and out; we lavished our artistic tastes upon the panels; we adorned the walls; we had the floor puttied, painted and polished, and Teddy had actually painted the most beautiful border and corner-pieces of oak leaves and acorns round the entire sitting room. And now, to give it all up! Oh! those hateful Townsends.

What added to the distress was the fact that the only house we could find in all Dolliver to rent was a little two-story cottage, quite a distance from all the neighbors to whom we had become attached, and in a locality we detested.

However, there was no help for it, and as I said before, we had an awful time. It was bad enough to know the dear, old home was lost to us, and that the Conways were to enjoy all our labors of love on the walls and floors; it was sufficiently exasperating to be compelled to take up our abode at Jenk's Corner, a locality we abominated, but these were only the beginning of our tribulations.

The day we were to move was hot—oh, so hot! and the dear mother having done the work of about three men, the previous week, and weighing at her best times about ninety-four pounds, broke down with a blinding nervous headache. Martha, a treasure of a servant, had already laid herself up by spraining her wrist, in moving a trunk, so there were Teddy and Jim and I to "do" the moving.

Teddy is my elder sister Theodosia, and Jim is Jenima, my youngest sister; I am Thomsine, always called Tom in the bosom of my family. We are all young, we are all blondes, we are all small, and we are all pretty. We have incomes of our own of three hundred dollars a year, and the dear mother has about twelve hundred a year, so we can live very nicely, indeed, in a quiet place like Dolliver.

When mother patiently fainted away just as the first furniture van drove up to the door, Teddy and I detailed Jim for active duty in the hospital department, and promised to have mother's room made ready the first thing. In the meantime, she was made comfortable in Jim's room, and Martha undertook to superintend the loading of the vans, while Teddy and I scampered off to the new house, to see to receiving the furniture.

It was clean as a new pin; that was one little ray of comfort, and we hung up our hats, and put on the biggest of aprons and Lady Washington caps, and were ready for action.

Even in my misery I noticed how unusually pretty Teddy looked. Her hair is the purest gold color, and makes hundreds of little rings round her face, and she has a color like a wild rose on each cheek. But on that day, the excitement, the hurry and the indignation combined had made her blue eyes blaze, her cheeks brilliant as carnations, and every little curl bristled defiance of the Townsends and our wrongs. But more was to come.

Up drove the first van with one man. Both Teddy and I were at the door, and exclaimed:

persons as carefully as her own sons, had she ever had any, could have done. Jim stared, as well she might, and Martha muttered "Holy Moses!" as she made a dive for the kitchen.

Teddy paid the men; Jim and I did the last few things necessary before resting; and then we all gathered in mother's room.

Such a clattering as followed, the dear mother laughing and talking as merrily as any of us.

"But, oh, what guys you two are!" cried Jim. "Tom, you've torn yourself, as usual, wherever there was the smallest opening for a rent, and your cap is hanging half way down your back, while your hair defies description. Teddy always does keep nice, somehow; but now—even Teddy will bear an application of soap and water."

"Same to yourself," said Teddy. "I guess you sent all the mirrors away before washed your face. You've got what Martha calls a 'smooch' right across your nose."

"Don't be personal, young ladies," said mother, in a tone of extreme gentleness, "but perform your ablutions, and see if Martha can make out a tea."

In a fortnight we had settled down in the new house, but we did not occupy ourselves as of old, in beautifying our home. We were advertising far and wide for a house such as we wished, and we hoped to purchase one. The price of the one we had left was beyond our reach, but we thought we could hear of one at a more reasonable rate.

During this time of waiting, feeling as if we really had no home, we had gone out but little. Mother was not well, and the heat was very oppressive, while Martha's lame wrist threw considerable of the house-work on our hands.

But one evening there came an irresistible invitation from mother's dear old friend, Mrs. Raymond, of Chester Grove, to a garden party and a dance.

"You will stay all night, of course," she wrote, and I will send the carriage for you at two o'clock. Be sure you all come. I cannot spare one of you!"

But we did not all go. Mother was not equal to the eight-mile drive, and Jim stayed with her. We all wanted to stay, and finally drew lots, and it fell to Jim.

"I'm not really out, anyhow," said that young person, philosophically; "and, as you and Teddy seem awfully slow about leaving the family nest, perhaps it is just as well that I am not brought forward just yet."

"The effect will be overwhelming when you are," said Teddy, laughing; but secretly we all thought Jim the beauty of the family, for, with the golden hair, she had soft brown eyes and dark eyelashes.

It was with the utmost serenity that Teddy and I accepted Mrs. Raymond's invitation to stroll about the grounds a little with her, and see some new neighbors only lately come to live at Chester Grove.

We were arrayed in the finest of linen lawns, white, with a small blue figure, with blue belts, and white muslin shades, hats with blue bows. Blue neckties, knots of blue in our curls, and blue-trimmed white gloves constituted our costumes; and I can answer for Teddy's being exceedingly becoming.

Strolling leisurely along, we met two gentlemen in white linen suits and straw hats; we heard Mrs. Raymond say:

Allow me to introduce the Messrs.

and antique United States coins existed somewhere. One of the sources of this supply was found to be at Neoga, Cumberland County, Ill. Recently a heavy letter was received by mail at the Indiana prison at Michigan City addressed to Pete McCartney, one of the most notorious of Treasury counterfeiters. The letter was from McCartney's wife, who had so often engineered his escapes from prison. In the letter was inclosed a coin of the date of 1893 wrapped in a blue ribbon. The clerk submitted the coin to an expert, and it was found under a microscopic examination to be a clear and well-executed counterfeit. Chief Bell, of Washington, was notified of the discovery and the movements of McCartney's wife at Neoga were watched. It was found that she was in league with the counterfeiters, and at last the mint was located in the garret of the house of one of the citizens of Neoga who lives on the outskirts of the city.—Chicago Herald.

A Toy for the Chinese Emperor.

About two years ago they presented a complete miniature railway to the Emperor through Li Hung Chang, and the line, which is about three miles long, is laid down within the Imperial city. The young Emperor is very much interested in his works, and spends a great deal of his time riding to and fro the beautifully appointed little engines.

He was greatly struck with the toy railway and its influence upon the recent decree has been very considerable. The old reactionary party among his advisers were adverse to the miniature line being laid down within the precincts of the sacred city, and it was very near being returned to the donors. But the Government was afraid lest it should give offense to the French, who are greatly feared and respected since they burned and sunk the Chinese fleet.

At first the high authorities would not allow any foreigners to have a hand in laying down or working the model railway. The result was that when they started the little engine they could not stop it, and great consternation was occasioned to the occupants in the palace by their inability to control the strange contrivance of the foreigners, which dashed along the line till it was pulled up by coming in contact with a mound of earth.

Since then, however, a French driver has been procured, and the Emperor is a frequent traveler upon the cars.

Pet Chickens are Dangerous.

"Pet animals," says Dr. F. Saum in the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, "and even chickens will often cause disease and spread infection. Some people let dogs sleep with them and see nothing wrong about the practice, forgetting that the favored canine may have smelt and even lain upon infected rags and refuse during the day. Pet dogs and birds confined in sick-rooms with patients suffering from infectious or contagious diseases frequently spread the disease to other members of the families. Careless nags about chickens is also a cause of a good deal of sickness at this season of the year.

"In the country there is nothing so healthy as a chicken, but when kept in close confinement or allowed to range in dirty stables and alleys they become regular disease-spreaders. I know of several cases of serious malarial affections caught in this manner, and at least one of typhoid."

the change it brings," said Mr. Bjerkings in a tone that showed he knew. "Yes," assented Mr. Bejones, "and the worst thing about a vacation is the change it costs."—Somerville Journal.

SARCASM.

Housekeeper—"You needn't stop here. We've got nothin' fer ye. Breakfast was over an hour ago. Clear out now." Tramp—"I didn't expect no breakfast this time a day, mum, I only hoped mebbe I'd be in time fer family prayers.—Good News.

AN OMINOUS SIGN.

Wife—"Oh, John, I don't think you will live very much longer." Frugal Husband (a sick man)—"Has the doctor told you anything about my condition?" Wife—"No; but he handed me his bill to-day."—Life.

KISSING THE BOY.

Small Boy (who has been undergoing imprisonment in a dark closet, where he has discovered and slyly eaten nearly a whole jar of preserves)—"I was very naughty to run away, mamma; and I think you did just right to punish me the way you did."—Harper's Bazar.

UNCLASSIFIED.

Census Enumerator—"Have you any children?" Old Plainsman—"Yes, two." Census Enumerator—"Sons or daughters?" Old Plainsman—"Neither, confound 'em! They're both dudes."—Life.

WISHED HE HADN'T SAID IT.

"So you've been married, old man, while I have not?" "Yes." "Well, I congratulate you on having shaken off that she-dragon of a housekeeper of yours at last." "Oh, don't make no mistake, dear boy, she's the woman I've married!"—Chatter.

THE RESULT OF HOLDING TWO OFFICES.

"I think I will take a vacation the next three weeks, remarked the Secretary and Treasurer of a private corporation to the President thereof." "But you returned from one only two weeks ago." "True; that was my vacation as Secretary; I wish to go now as Treasurer."—New York Sun.

SHE WAS ENTERPRISING.

New Arrival—"How is it that all the girls refuse to associate with Clara Beachly?" Habitue—"She spoiled our fun for the whole season." "Indeed!" "Yes. She got engaged to the only man in the place before the season was a week old."—Money.

SQUELCHED.

A little lawyer, giving evidence, was asked by a gigantic counsel what was his profession. He replied that he was a solicitor. "You a lawyer! Why, I could put you in my pocket." "If you did," was the ready response, "you'd have more law in your pocket than in your head."—Mail.

A DIFFICULT ARTISTIC FEAT.

"Didn't you tell me once, Mr. Skins-

"Another saucer of ice cream." "How long did it take you to down that one?"

"I couldn't touch it. I don't want to look at ice cream again for ten years."

"Bessie," said the young man, tenderly, "my own darling, I feel that the time has now come when I can ask you the question that has trembled on my lips so long."

He took her unyielding hand in his, and—but this scene is too sacred for spectators. Please retire.—Chicago Tribune.

KNOCKED OUT AGAIN.

A Detroitier who sells a patent well-pump throughout the State was in one of the Southern counties a few days ago, and driving up to a large, fine farm-house he said to the owner, who stood at the gate:

"I've got the best pump here in the world."

"Yes," was the calm reply.

"I want to put one in your well."

"Yes." "I'll let you have it on two weeks' trial, and pay you half-price for your old one."

"Will it work without a well?"

"Of course not."

"Then you'd better go on."

"Why, haven't you got a well?"

"Nary well. We get water from the spring down there, half a mile away. I've lived here twenty-nine years, and allus meant to dig a well, but just about the time I get ready long comes some jack and hollers 'pump!' and makes me mad and I give it up. Drive on stranger—you've knocked me out for another year."—Detroit Free Press.

Measures a Hair of Your Head.

"I can tell you the exact diameter of any hair in your head," remarked the proprietor of a store on Fulton street where delicate apparatus of all kinds is made and sold. The reporter certainly had no objection to seeing a demonstration of this, and he readily consented to the extraction of a single hair from the already scarce growth of his "crowning glory."

After a few perhaps unnecessary preliminaries the hair was extracted from the head of the partially bald reporter, and then began the performance of measuring it. It is surprising to see how quick this is done, however, with the aid of a micrometer. The micrometer is a very simple apparatus made of steel, but it does not lose any of its wonderful qualities by reason of its simplicity. The hair was found to be .0025 in diameter.—New York World.

Her Murder Related in Her Epitaph.

Here is an exact copy of an inscription on a head-stone in a cemetery at New Boston, N. H.:

Bevilla daughter of George & Sarah JONES murdered by Henry N. Bargeant Jan. 13, 1854. Aged 17 years & 9 mos.

Thus fell this lovely blooming daughter, By the revengeful hand—a malicious Henry When on her way to school he met her And with a six self-cocked pistol shot her.

The above was copied from the stone itself by a Lowell party who visited the cemetery. The shooting is well remembered by the inhabitants of New Boston and the surrounding towns. The stone has fallen and lies in the grass at the head of the grave.—Lowell Courier.

along the ducks flew out all among the line. These were welcomed by the white drakes, which were tossing on the water "with loud and clamorous cooing." A farmhouse on the island was tenanted in like manner. The house itself was "a great marvel." Ducks were hatching on the turf walls which surrounded it, in the window embrasures, on the ground, on the roof. The house was fringed with ducks, and a duck sat in the scraper. Then a grassy bank close by was cut into squares, every one of which was occupied. A windmill was packed, as was every available object on the island—mounds, rocks, crevices. This was an eider-down farm. So tame were the ducks as to allow the farmer's wife to stroke them as they sat on their nests.

Of course there is another side to this pleasant picture, as we see when we learn how the "good lady" of the island repays the confidence of the birds. And here it is by another observer: "The eider down is easily collected, as the birds are quite tame. The female having laid five or six pale, greenish-olive eggs, in a nest thickly lined with her beautifully down, the collectors, after carefully removing the bird, rob the nest of its contents, after which they replace her. She then begins to lay afresh—though this time only three or four eggs—and again has recourse to the down on her body. But her greedy persecutors once more rife her nest, and oblige her to line it for the third time. Now, however, her own stock of down is exhausted, and with a plaintive voice she calls her mate to her assistance, who willingly plucks the soft feathers from his breast to supply the deficiency. If the cruel robbery was frequently the case, the poor eider duck abandons the spot never to return, and seeks for a new home where she may indulge her maternal instinct undisturbed by the avarice of man."—Cornhill Magazine.

A Remarkable Railroad.

The most remarkable short line of railway in the world is probably the submerged railway at Oulton, near Bilbao, Spain. It runs down an evenly sloping shore in double line to a distance of 650 feet, and has been constructed by a Spanish engineer for the sole purpose of facilitating the shipment of iron ores. The only car is a massive iron tower on wheels in the shape of a pyramid, rising seventy feet from the track. Upon the platform of this tower the ores are placed, and thus they are conveyed to the vessel—the pyramidal car, whose wheels are always under water—returning automatically as soon as its cargo has been mechanically shot into the ship's hold.—Commercial Advertiser.

Simple Substitute for Sea-Water.

A warm salt bath is very refreshing to any one suffering from exhaustion of travel or of a long shopping expedition—which is as trying to mind and body as anything that can be undertaken by a woman. Away from the seashore a very simple substitute for sea water is a cup of rock salt dissolved in warm water and added to the bath. When the salt is irritating to the skin, take a warm bath and sponge off with a mixture of violet or lavender water and alcohol, about half and half, and rub briskly with warm friction towel. Such a bath prevents the exhaustion and the cold which follow a sea-bath.—Chicago News.

take one copy!"—Fliegende Blätter.

"A new female pursuit in the larger cities is collecting bills." This is encouraging. The old female pursuit in the larger cities was to run 'em up."—Norristown Herald.

Farmer Way—"All my pigs broke out last night and the constable put them in the pound." Farmer Wise—"Take care of the pens and the pounds will take care of themselves."

"Sh!" exclaimed Tommy, listening at the door. "There's company in the parlor." "How do you know?" inquired Willie. "Mamma's calling papa 'my love.'"—Chicago Tribune.

Palstaff asks "What's honor?" as though it were hard to tell; but let one woman sit behind another in church, and she'll tell what's on her in less than two minutes.—Harvard Lampoon.

We all know the men who like to make Crusd jests, and think them innocuous; But give me the one who can always take a joke at his own expense.—Judge.

Would-be Facetious Teacher—"Boys, here is an old saying that if you give a nan an inch, he will take an ell. Now can you tell me what would be the result if you were to give a man a foot?" Small but Bright Boy—"He would kick."—New York Tribune.

Strive as we may we never can Tell who are happy, who forlorn; The cutest little shoe of tan May hide a very painful corn.—Chicago Evening Post.

"The time I've lost in wooing," a young man said, "I do not regret, for I had the fun and I gained the experience. But I grudge the time I habitually lose in trying to remember to spell Cincinnati with two 'n's and one 't,' and not with one 'n' and two 't's.' The exercise gives no pleasure, and leaves me no wiser than I was. It is wasted effort."—Life.

Fruits Prematurely Plucked.

"At present the trouble is to get things to eat," said a prominent caterer of years gone by. "Fruits and vegetables, especially the earlier varieties, are brought from a great distance, and in order to carry well are picked green. Ripened artificially off the trees, vines and plants, they not only lack flavor, but are positively unwholesome. Take the first tomatoes, for instance. You look in vain for a ripe one, and the taste is frightfully unnatural and unsatisfactory. It is the same with peaches, pears, apricots, plums and smaller fruit. So far as meat is concerned, beefs are driven for miles and miles, and when killed many of them are bruised, thin and diseased. When they are brought in cattle cars they are crowded together so closely that they cannot move without trampling on each other, and suffer terribly from lack of water and food. Sheep and swine are in the same category. Under such conditions it is no wonder that much objectionable meat is offered for sale. In the past, fruits and vegetables came near at hand and were gathered when ripe, while the beef, mutton and pork were from this State, and were of a quality that we can say nothing of. Such a change has changed the quality of the meat."