HER CELEBRATION, - By C. B. Lewis.

In the parish at Bay City the Rev. Hiram Burt had had the hearty co-operation of most of his flock in carrying out Thanksgiving festivals, Christmas trees and the life, for the benefit of the children and the poor. But he had not been located at Wellsville many weeks when he discovered that here was a woeful lethargy about such matters. When he began to talk up Thanksgiving contributions for the poor, there was half-heartedness or total indifference, and as he thought of a Christmas tree bearing a hundred or more presents for the Sunday school children in order to incite new interest and ambition his heart grew heavy. He kept pounding away, however, and it was not until a few days before Tranksgiving that he realized he would have to give the idea up.

The minister was sitting in his study one day when Aunt Mary Frazer was announced. Aunt Mary was a little old woman sixty years old. She lived in a little old house and supported herself on an income of $2 per week sent her by a relative. She had belonged to the church for years. Now and then some good soul sent her a lot of groceries, a ton of coal or a new dress, but she did not consider herself an object of charity. On the contrary, she felt herself "almost as good as anybody," and she had come to call on the minister as other folks had called. He had noticed her and been told that she was good-hearted but rather eccentric.

Aunt Mary had made a ten minute call and was on the point of departing when Deacon Hope was announced. She thought of one more thing she wanted to say, and therefore slipped into the parlor, next to the study, to wait for the Deacon to go. It was a full hour before he went, and she left five minutes ahead of him. There was a long and confidential conversation between the minister and the deacon, every word of which was overheard by the eaves-dropper. The two men believed alike about church work and church interest in charity, and the deacon had been sent around to do some more "sounding."

Aunt Mary's wrinkled old face had a look of resolve on it as she left the minister's house,and she went straightway home and changed her dress and put a new edge on the butcher knife by drawing the blade across the stove-pipe. Once upon a time she kept chickens. That is, a flock of half a dozen had foraged for themselves during the day and come home to a poor old coop at night. One by one they had given up the ghost, until only a poor old rooster was left to wonder how he was to pass the winter. Aunt Mary had had no thought of killing him for a feast. She had none when she was sharpening the knife. He was to be killed for another reason, and killed he was, and the body was hardly cold when she changed her dress again and took a walk of half a mile in the gathering darkness. Her errand was at the house of perhaps the richest man in the congregation. She had always looked upon the house as a palace, and upon its owner as something above this mortal clay, but she was not afraid to ring the bell and ask for the master. Her errand justified a display of nerve. Seated in the library she found the man she had come to see, and as he looked at her with wonder in hs eyes she laid the dead body of that old rooster on his desk and said:

"That is for you. I'm awful sorry I can't do more, but I am poor, you know. If you boil him for a day or two I think he will be tender enough."

"W-what does this mean?" he demanded.

"It's a chicken for your Thanksgiving dinner."

"But I don't understand. Why do you bring it here?"

"Because I heard Deacon Hope telling the minister that he had called on you to ask you to contribute to buy chickens for the poor, and you said you would be lucky if you had any chicken for yourself. I'm sorry you have lost all your money and become poor, and I'm willing to help you all I can."

The rich man turned red and white and hitched around uneasily, and it was a minute or two before he could send Aunt Mary away with her rooster under her arm. She would not go until he had assured her that he thought he coul manage some way to scrape up a chicken for the family dinner.

The next call was made at the house of another man reputed to be wealthy. He had the highest priced pew in the church, and drove to and fro in his carriage. He wasn't at home, but his wife received Aunt Mary and had considerable curiosity concerning her errand. Into the richly furnished and brilliantly lighted parlor was ushered the little old woman and the half-frozen body of the half-starved rooster, but the caller was not abashed.

"It seems too awful bad that all these beautiful things have got to be sold," said the caller after a look around.

"Why, what do you mean?" Aunt Mary was asked.

"House and furniture and horses and everything to be sold! I know how you will feel and I pity you. You won't have enough left to buy Thanksgiving dinner, but I have thought of you. Here is the last chicken of my coop."

There were ejaculations and exclamations and demands for a clearer explanation, and Aunt Mary humbly said:

"Deason Hope asked your husband for money to buy Thanksgiving chickens for the poor, and your husband said that if his debts was paid he couldn't buy an old hen for his own dinner. I heard the Deacon tell the minister this."

Aunt Mary got out with her rooster, but she left a very indignant woman behind her. The husband probably had a very bad half hour that evening. The third call was at the house of one of the trustees of the church. His wife wore diamonds and had her own carriage, his two daughters were richly dressed and he had a son at college. He was home when Aunt Mary was admitted. He knew her to be poor, and at sight of her took a dime from his pocket and extended his hand. She looked at the coin and then said:

"Brother Blank, I thank you, but I know how things are with you. I heard Deacon Hope telling the minister all about it this afternoon."

"What did you hear him telling?"

"You know the minister wants to raise a fund to buy chickens for the poor on Thanksgiving. Deacon Hope called on you about it, and you said you couldn't give a dollar. You said you had notes coming due, and relatives to take care of, and was sailing mighty close to the wind. You said—"

"By thunder!" exclaimed the trustee, "but if Deacon Hope has been telling anything of the kind I'll punch his head!"

"And knowing you to be so hard up, and knowing how disappointed the girls would be not to have any Thanksgiving dinner, I killed my last chicken and have brought it over to you. It's a rooster, and he is old and tough, but your wife has a whole week to boil him in."

It has already been recorded that the trustee exclaimed, "By thunder!" What further he said will not be recorded here. He was surprised into it, and was, no doubt, sorry for it afterwards. However, his face was so red when he escorted Aunt Mary to the door that he could have made a saving of gas by turning out the hall light.

The woman with the rooster had one more call to make. She had begun to like her errand. This was a call at the home of the man who had presented the church with new cushions, and a memorial window. He had also had the spire repaired. He also spoke of it now and then as "my church." He also had a great deal to do about getting an old minister out and a new minister in. As he owned four-fifths of the street railway he was on Easy street. It was after eight o'clock when Aunt Mary reached the house. A card party of twelve people had assembled, and as her ring at the bell was not answered and she found the hall door unlocked she walked in. Nobody stopped her and she continued on into the parlor.

"Why, Aunt Mary, but what are you doing here!" exclaimed the hostess, who was the first one to see her.

"You must excuse me, but no one answered my ring, and I did not wish to carry this chicken home with me," replied the woman as she held out the rooster.

"Chicken? Chicken? What do you mean?"

Every one in the parlor had laid his cards down to listen. Some were even standing up to see. Poor old Aunty found the situation embarrassing, but she had come to say something and felt that she must say it.

"You—you know the minister wanted to raise money and send some—some Thanksgiving chickens to the poor?" she faltered. "Deacon Hope saw you today to see how much you would give and you said you had enough to do to buy codfish for your own dinner. He told the minister what you said, and that he guessed you were hard up. I was there and heard it, and I went right home and killed my last chicken. Here it is. He is a rooster and pretty old and tough, but mebbe you can make him do. I've been poor all my life and I know how to feel for others." It was a bombshell. No one spoke. Some of the people hardly breathed. They looked from Aunt Mary to the host and hostess, who were turning all sorts of color, and then they looked at each other.

"Will any of the rest of you take it?" asked Aunt Mary as she extended the fowl. "I believe all of you told Deacon Hope that you were hard up."

The woman was gently conducted down the hall and left on the front steps, and a ten-dollar bill was left in her hand at the same time. When she had departed the card party resolved itself into an indignation meeting. The hour was not so late but that Deacon Hope was sent for. He replied that he hadn't played a game of euchre or poker since he joined the church and shouldn't take it up now. He was interviewed next morning, however, and so was the minister. It was said that the total number of callers was about thirty. It was said that the minister and the deacon had to do a great deal of placating and excusing and explaining, and each and every individual that called left a check or a roll of bills when departing.

"How could you do such a thing, Aunt Mary?" asked the minister that evening as he called at her cottage and found the rooster hanging up beside the front door to get a freeze on.

"Do you mean telling the folks what I did yesterday?" she innocently replied.

"Yes."

"Why, I felt so sorry for them, you see. Didn't any of them get mad, did they?"

"Um! Well, even if they did we have money enough on hand to buy 200 chickens and lots of other things for the poor. Some of the people have already contributed to a church Santa Claus, and I presume others will come in. I called to say that you will get something better than that old rooster for Thanksgiving, and that there will be a present for you on the Christmas tree, but if I were you I wouldn't go 'round talking any more."

"It hurts their feelings to think I know that they have had to come down to poverty, I suppose?"

"Well—er—that may be it. At any rate, the subject is a delicate one."

"Then I won't say another word, and if I pass any of 'em in the street or see 'em in church I won't act as if I thought I was a bit better than them. As for the old rooster, I guess I'll give him to the cats. Cats want Tranksgiving same as human beings."

Aunt Mary didn't suffer from cold or want of food or clothes that winter, and the church has had celebrations on every possible occasion since and made a great success of them.

A PRECONCERTED ACCIDENT -- - By Jeanette Walder

(Copyright, 1906, by May McKeon.)

"It's good to see you once more, Arthur!" Naoma Lake ran across the room, holding out both hands to the strong, dark young man who came forward to meet her. Her delicate face was alight with real joy.

"Good!" he echoed, taking her extended hands and drawing her to him. As he bent his face to meet hers she shrank back, flushing painfully. Then a smile flickered across her face and she disengaged her hands, motioning him to a seat.

For a moment he studied her. "Forgive me," he said, ironically. "You kissed me good-by, you remember?"

"I was young, five years ago," she laughed as she sat down.

He threw himself into a chair opposite and drew his hand across his forehead.

"Perhaps we ought to be introduced?" he suggested, cheerfully.

At this her laugh rang genuine.

"Tell me about yourself," she commanded.

He shook his head. "Nothing—same old story. But tell me about yourself. There is something—I know. I went to seek my fortune; you already had yours in your face."

She could not meet his eyes. "Same old story." She only attempted to laugh this time. "There's nothing to tell." There was a tremor in her voice.

He studied her face again.

"I've got a machine out here," he said, rising; "come for a ride."

She sprang up with impulsive acquiescence. Then her gray eyes clouded suddenly. "Oh, I can't."

"But you want to," he asserted.

"Yes, I want to, oh, so much, but—I have an appointment."

"It's been a long time since you rode with me. You need a change. Let the other fellow wait."

"The other fellow—you know, then?"

"I don't know anything,' he growled. "Get your hat."

She obeyed.

As they went down the broad walk to the drive an elegant white car chugged up behind the machine that was waiting for Arthur Boyd.The occupant jumped to the ground before his chauffeur had time to bring the car to a dead stop, and came to meet Boyd and Naoma. He was well proportioned, blonde, and dressed with absolute correctness.

Arthur Boyd looked at Naoma. Her face was changing color.

"Is this your appointment?"

The blond man, with a faint, insinuating smile, was slowly, suavely lifting his hat. He raised it just high enough to expose a slight baldness, then settled it carefully upon his head again.

"Mr. Hampton, Mr. Boyd." Naoma's self-control was perfect now.

Arthur Boyd received an expressionless handshake.

"You are ready in good time." Hampton spoke to Naoma in a voice that was as genteel as his dress. "I just left the decorator at the house."

These words sent a chill over Boyd. He drew back a little.

"But I can't go just now." Naoma's voice was firm. "Something quite urgent has turned up unexpectedly. You'll excuse me a little while?" She smiled up at Hampton.

"I'd excuse her forty times a day to get that smile," thought Arthur Boyd, as he advanced again to her side.

But Hampton drew himself up and his face grew pink. He flashed a savage look at Boyd. "It will be impossible for the decorator to wait. I'm very sorry," he said to Naoma in the same genteel voice. Then he took her arm, with the air that all was settled.

But Naoma drew back and surveyed him in frank astonishment.

"The decorator can wait better than—than this new appointment. I must ask you to excuse me."

The pink in Hampton's face changed to crimson and he breathed hard. "Naoma, what is this that's important enough to interfere with a plan that was made weeks ago? I demand an explanation."

The girl was angry. "Come," she said to Boyd, and he felt that things were evened up by the look she gave the recent recipient of her intimate smile.

She was trembling a little at Boyd's side when they chugged away, drowning the noise of the big white car that was flying in the opposite direction.

"Why did you do it?" he questioned, after they had gone a half mile in silence.

"I wanted to," she replied.

"Wanted to quarrel with him?"

"Oh, no!" with widening eyes.

"Wanted to ride with me," he asserted.

"I—I hadn't thought about it." She glanced up at him and he met her puzzled expression with an illuminating look. "Yes," she said simply, "I did."

There was a long silence. When they had passed into a quiet country road, he spoke again. "Can't you tell me more about it?"

"Oh, I forgot, didn't you know?"

"Well, I should say not."

"Fred—Mr. Hampton—is my fiance. Uncle's going back to India again, and you know I can't live in that climate, and he didn't want to leave me alone, and so—and so preparations are being hastened for—for—"

"For your wedding," Boyd finished. Then he stopped the machine, fussed over the feed tank for a few minutes and started on again.

They had gone only a few rods when tehre was an explosive sound and the machine stopped short. Boyd got out, looked under it and tinkered at it here and there in a desultory fashion.

"Guess we're stuck," he remarked, as he watched Naoma's face keenly. He seemed satisfied with what he saw there. "Shall we explore this mossy dell while we're waiting for a tow?"

"By all means!" She was on the ground almost before he could help her.

"Isn't this glorious," she cried, after they had walked a short distance and she placed her hand on Boyd's shoulder as she jumped upon the low, flat rock. Her eyes were just on a level with his. As they looked at each other, a shadow came over the hapipness of her expression.

"I'm afraid I've gotten you into trouble," he suggested.

"Oh, no,' she replied wearily; "we'll make it up. We fall out periodically."

"Has there ever been a man in the case before?" He tried to make the question seem careless.

"No!" A new intelligence came into her eyes. She dropped her hand from his shoulder.

"Do you want to make it up"' He put the question calmly, quietly, but something in his face made her hesitate, made the bright color come into her delicate cheeks.

"Ye—" she couldn't say it—"No!"

Suddenly he swung her off the stone. For an instant she rested in his arms and her face met his without shrinking.

As they went back to the road she looked up at him half reproachfully.

"Why did you stay away so long?"

"Because I couldn't have you."

"Couldn't have me?"

"I couldn't ask you to marry a beggar."

She smiled indulgently. "But how is it different now?"

"Oh, I've turned out about a million and a half in that Arizona land deal and a few other irons I've had in the fire for the last year or two."

They had reached the disabled auto by the roadside.

All at once Naoma laughed gleefully. "It's the first time I ever saw a machine run itself out of the road before it broke down."

Boyd's eyes had a mischievous twinkle. "Didn't you realize that we'd turned out? I guess the thing's rested up now and we can go back," he continued as he helped her in.

When they had started, Naoma was thoughtful. "I shouldn't think you'd want a wife that could turn a man down at the slightest excuse," she mused.

"I shouldn't want her to do it more than once," he laughed.

THE GOVERNOR'S DAUGHTER - - By C. D. Mackay

She stood on the porch of the great colonial house, the wind ruffling her light hair, one hand toying with her riding whip. Around a corner of the driveway she caught a glimpse of the stable boy bringing her saddle horse; but it was not at him she looked. Her gaze was concentrated on a tall figure coming up the drive, a young man in a dark suit very much the worse for wear. Neatness could not hide the fact that his coat was much worn at the edges. Nevertheless he carried himself with a certain assurance, which the sight of Juliet Arlington, standing erect and expectant by the door, did not in the least diminish. He mounted the steps. Juliet stopped playing with her riding whip, and looked at him inquiringly. He raised his hat.

"Governor Arlington is at home, is he not?" he queried. Tis tones, like his eyes, were very direct.

"I really don't know," said Juliet, with polite indifference.

Nothing daunted, the young man reached forward a thin, determined brown hand and rang the bell.

Juliet gave a sideiong glance. "He looks," she thought, "as if he would stride up to the house of fate itself, knock on the door and demand if opportunity were within."

She turned suddenly. "I beg your pardon," she said, "but I believe I made a mistake just now. My father went for a short ride before breakfast. Yet I remember that he came back by a side entrance. I think he is in his study. Do you wish to see him?"

She waved aside the servant who had come in answer to the bell, and led the way herself, her trim heels tapping now on the bare polished floor, now sinking into rugs so soft that they made no sound. At the door on the right of the hall she paused, touched it lightly with her knuckles, and in response to the deep voice within inquiring, "What is it, Juliet?" answerer, "A caller to see you, father," and flung wide the door. The young man thanked her and entered.

When she returned at luncheon, eyes and cheeks glowing brightly from exertion, she found her father in a very happy mood.

"You look," said Juliet, bending over him, "as if you had found a gold mine!"

"Better than that," he replied. "I've found just the young man I want for private secretary."

Juliet laughed. "Don't you mean," she said, slipping into her chair, "that the young man found you?"

The Governor chuckled. "I guess you're right," he answered, "and he did it without a mite of pull." He looked past his daughter, through the window, where a stretch of woodland could be seen, mellowing toward autumn.

"Most people find you that way, father, dear," said Juliet, with an appreciative glance.

"The best ones do," he mused, a light on his rugged New England face. The Arlingtons, father and son, had been governors of that state whose granite hills are not more firm than the hearts of its people. And the wives of the governors had been women of tact and breeding, who lived quietly and frugally in the great colonial house, but who rose to state occasions with a hospitality that was as lavish as it was brilliant.

"And you're very like them, Juliet," the Governor was fond of saying. "If your mother was alive she would be proud of the resemblance. The way you rule this house and preside over it shows you have a steady heart and head, and your discernment of character is really wonderful in a girl of twenty-two."

"What is the young man's name, father?" went on Juliet, breaking in on his reverie.

"Eh? Oh, you mean my private secretary? Faxon's his name. John Faxon. Comes of a good family, but very poor. Worked his way through college, and now he's ready for a job."

"I see," said the girl slowly.

The house was very gay that winter with guests coming and going, and Juliet came to rely on John Faxon almost as much as her father did. He was always ready to smooth away obstacles to make the most of difficult situations. He was courteous, clever and reserved.

The Governor's daughter was surrounded by suitors. She was the belle of every dance and dinner and driving party. But, though rumor engaged her first to this one and then to that, she made no sign.

"When do you intend to give away that cool, young heart of yours?" her father questioned. "And to whom?"

"To the right at the right time," answered Juliet serenely, and tripped away to see the floral decorations of the dinenr table, for she was entertaining a large house party, and it was not her custom to leave the details to servants. She was the last to retire that evening, and as she stood in the great hall at the foot of the wide staircase John Faxon lit her candle for her. Then he lingered, watching her as she went up the stairs, the candle's glow making a soft halo for the pale gold of her hair and the delicate beauty of her face. Half way up she paused and looked over the banisters. Her lips were smiling, her eyes were dazzlingly tender.

"Good-night," said Faxon, half beneath his breath, still watching her.

"John Faxon," she said quietly, "haven't you anything else to say to me?"

His face showed a battle between pride and love, and pride assumed the mastery. He shook his head.

"Nothing else," he answered coldly. But the look of adoration that he gave her haunted her dreams that night, and for many nights after.

Outwardly their life went on exactly the same. Faxon neither sought nor avoided her. Both went quietly about their duties; the incident that had so stirred them seemed utterly forgotten.

Winter melted into spring, and late one evening Juliet came in from a long ramble in her garden. The essence of the flowers seemed still to cling to her, dewy and fresh and ineffable. Moonlight streamed in the windows of the great hall as she entered it. She went to the quaint mahogany table for her silver candlestick, and was aware of John Faxon standing in the shadow. Mutely she held out the candle toward him, and he essayed to light it for her. His hand trembled, and three matches went out before he could accomplish it. He was very pale, but the governor's daughter was quite col and undismayed.

"Thank you," she said as he handed it to her. She looked adorable in the half-light.

"Good-night," said John Faxon, bowing.

Juliet paused.

"Have you nothing else to say to me?" she asked him.

"Nothing else," John answered. He spoke with difficulty.

Juliet dimpled bewitchingly, set down the candlestick and leaned toward him "Don't you think it's time you had?" she queried, laughing.

"Juliet!" he cried, "you know that I worship you—that I adore you! And you know, too, what has held me silent all this time. I have nothing on earth to offer you but a poor man's love.

"Is love so cheap a thing that you speak of it bitterly?"said Juliet Arlington. "And as for proverty—your life is not lived yet, John Faxon. My grandfather was a Governor, my father is a Governor, and unless I am the first Arlington woman to be mistaken in a man, my husband will some day be a Governor, too."

"With your help, Juliet," laughed Faxon brokenly. She was in his arms now, her head upon his breast.

"Blest me, what's this?" cried her father, entering, and peering through the gloom.

"It means," flashed Juliet, before Faxon could speak, "it means that a candidate for my heart has been elected after a most exciting campaign."

"The right man at the right time," quoted the Governor softly, and held out his hands to them both.

THE UNDER PARTNER, - - By D. M. Henderson, Fr.

The sun came over the mountain, lighting up all the land. Stumpy, biting his under-lip savagely to stop it quivering, stood staring up the narrow pass that lost itself in the gray early morning mist, Angeles's scrawl in his hand:

Stumpy you sed you all ways had hard luck which set me to thinkin' do look es if you air a Joaner. I ter hev luck afore we was pards so guess i will play a loane hand agen, am off fur the hills an hey took the pro an will buy yore share in him i hits pay dirt.

ANGELES DICK.

Stumpy took his partner's desertion him in his usual quiet way. The surprise, the stings of pride, and keen disappointment in him who had been almost his god were followed at last by the period of self-abasement which always followed his strokes of "hard luck."He wondered how he could have deceived himself into thinking his companionship meant anything to Angeles.

It was during such a period that he made the remark which had set Angeles to thinking. The evening before the partners had reached the source of the stream they were ascending and found nothing. The bits of gold they had gathered downstream remained their sole gleanings after a week of feverish search. They threw down their picks in despair, and it was then that Stumpy had sadly shaken his head and sworn that he was born unlucky.

If Stumpy had thought himself unlucky then, he considered himself a thousandfold more now. To have a pard, to taste the joy of comradeship, to have huge, daredevil Angeles single him out—that to him was a stroke of fortune beyond finding all the gold of California. But to be condemned as the source of his partner's bad luck, and to be cast off by him—— That which Stumpy had held to be the one lucky episode in his life had now developed into the sorriest misfortune of his sorry career.

He went mechanically about preparing his meal. When he had eaten he took his pick and in a half-dazed way started on a prospecting tour of the neighborhood, paying small heed to where he dug or to the result.

About a mile farther up country from the spot in which the partners had thought the beginning of the stream he chanced upon the dry bed of another stream. It came to him slowly that this might be a branch of the first, the part between this spot and the place where it emptied into the first stream having possibly run dry and become hidden by the long grass. He resumed his search with more interest, following the bed for nearly a mile. Suddenly he bent down, clutching eagerly at a substance his pick had loosened. Among the quartz and dirt in his hand he beheld gold. He struck around the spot wildly, and wherever he struck the yellow substance met his eyes.

Stumpy's luck had turned.

The next morning found him setting off to find and bring back Angeles.

Merrily whistling, Stumpy went limping through a wood. He had passed a camp-fire an hour back, its ashes still warm, and he was expecting to see Angeles ahead of him any moment. As he reached the end of the woods his whistling stopped with a suddenness that caused the bird whose song he had drowned to stop too and peep down upon him.

The sheer wall of a deep canon bounbeen journeying parallel to it. A stretch ben journeying parallel to it. A stretch of open country now lay before Stumpy's eyes, with the canon dividing it. What brought him to a standstill was the sight of Angeles lying perilously near the precipice not far from the wood. He was crouching behind the dead burro, gun in position, and surrounding him were a gang of redskins. He had been attacked by "bad Indians" and there brought to bay.

Even a slow mind thinks quickly in a crisis, and several things flashed across Stumpy's brain in the moment he stodd transfixed. He thought of Angeles's desertion of him, and he remembered what Angeles had said in the note about playing his hand alone. And then he thought of the clear way of escape behind him, and the fortune awaiting him at its end.

Then the Indians began their attack and he saw the doomed Angeles picking out his man. He drew bead.

The startled foe retreated to consider the mystery of the shot from the woods. Several separated from the main body and entered the wood above Stumpy's hiding-place.

He knew he would soon be discovered if he stayed.

Stumpy broke cover. His lameness was forgotten in his haste, and it retarded him little. The Indians stood staring at the slight figure that limped swiftly across their front, and Angeles so far forget himself as to stand up. Then the Indian nearest Stumpy dashed after him, aiming as he rode, and it seemed as if Stumpy's race was to end there. But Angeles had recovered his wits, and the redskin paid for the moment of incaution with his life. The bullets were flying thickly about him as Stumpy fell breathlessly behind the burrow and poked his gun out beside Angeles's.

"Ye durned fool," was Angeles's greeting, in shamed, sullen tones; but the admiration his little partner's ear detected beneath the remark was his ample reward.

There was no despair in the eyes that watched the oncoming foe—no despair, for there had been no hope. Only a miracle could have averted the end they knew awaited them, and knowing their foes and their isolation, neither loked for the miracle.

The burro before them, and the long grass in which they lay, shielded them well, and three times the Indians came on and were repulsed. But although each of their shots told, the enemy seemed scarcely to diminish. At last Angeles was forced to borrow ammunition from Stumpy, and both saw that the end was but a matter of minutes.

Words choked Angeles that may have been a prayer to his partner for forgiveness, but the squeeze Stumpy gave his hand saved him further embarrassment.

Nearer and nearer again came the Indians, thicker and faster sped their bullets, but no answering volley came. There were wild whoops when the meaning of the silence dawned upon them, but a long while passed before the band ventured to approach the riddled bodies.

When the victorious foe looked down upon them, Angeles's great hand was closed over Stumpy's, and the white furrow of a great tear was in the grime of his cheek; but Stumpy was smiling.

GET UNDER COVER.

Bones—Why are you crawling under the machine? There's nothing the matter with it!

Jones—I know it, but there comes Brown. If he sees me with this auto he'll expect him to pay him the money I owe him!—Detroit Free Press.

ABSENCE OF MIND.

An American woman tourist was lunching in a London restaurant. Opposite her at the same table sat an English woman. The American wanted to talk.

"Say," she began, in a friendly tone, "this is a fine city of yours."

The Britisher inclined her head frigidly and called for a lemon squash.

"Real friendly the citizens, too," proceeded the woman of the flowing veil.

The citizen opposite her did not indorse this sentiment.

The tourist was not deterred. She proceeded to air her opinion of Westminster; she had been so struck that she had given it a whole hour.

Her listener, still frigid, gave all her energies to the sugaring of her drink. The lady of the veil broke off suddenly to lean across the little marble table and say, more confidentially than ever before:

"Say, are you aware that's a salt shaker you have in your hand?"

GOT IT WARM.

A New England man says that one night last winter, when the thermometer fell below zero, his wife expressed her concern for the new Swedish maid who had an unheated room.

"Eliza," said she to the girl, remembering the good old custom of her youth, "as it is bitterly cold tonight you'd better take a flatiron to bed with you."

"Yes, m'm," said Eliza, in mild and expressionless assent.

In the morning the girl was asked how she passed the night. With a sigh she replied:

"Well, m'm, I got the iron 'most varm before morning."—Harper's Weekly.

Ian MacLaren tells an amusing story with regard to bogus degrees. A sweep prosecuted a resident in the suburbs of Edinburgh for debt. The presiding judge called the sweep to give ed him was: "What is your name?" evidence, and the first question he ask-

"Jamie Gregory, LL.D., sir."

"What! Doctor of Laws? And where on earth did you get that distinction?"

"'Twas a fellow fra' an American university, an' I swept his chimney three times. 'I canna pay ye cash, Jamie Gregory,' he says, 'but I'll make ye an LL.D., an' we'll ca' it quits.' And he did!"

The billiard tournament which has been in progress for some weeks in the Neptune Rowing Club rooms was concluded on Saturday night, when E. W. McCready defeated R. E. Walker in the finals, thus winning the session. Mr. McCready as scratch man was to make 100 points, and Mr. Walker 60. The tournament was well contested throughout.