

**Sarah Ann.**  
Upon the kitchen table, with her work unfinished, yet.  
Sat Sarah Ann, intent upon a thrilling novel.  
The baker and the grocerman knocked loudly, but in vain;  
Then kicked the paint all off the door, and went away again.  
The fire went out, and the light grew dim, but Sarah Ann read on.  
Intent upon the fortunes of Lord Algernon Fitzjohn.  
Whose proud and wealthy father designed his son and heir  
For the beauty of the season, the Lady Maud de Vere.  
She loved him, but Lord Algernon, much to his pa's distress,  
Disliked the Lady Maud and loved a modest governess.  
She came to where the beauty accidentally o'er-hears  
This willful lord proposing to the governess who fears  
She's unworthy of the honor, but she loves him as her life,  
And will do her very best to make a true and worthy wife.  
She still reads on, and as she neared the bottom of the page,  
She learned how Lady Maud became convulsed with jealous rage.  
Forgot herself, and, maddened by the sounds of rapturous kissing,  
Sprang forward—Sarah turned the leaf, the other page was missing!  
—New York Sun.

## THE SISTERS

"He will not leave the country yet," said Elizabeth. "What is it, Mr. Brion?" "I think I see what it is," broke in Patty. "Mr. Brion thinks that father was Mr. Yelverton's uncle, who was lost so long ago. King—King—Mr. Yelverton told us the other day that he called him 'King,' for short—and he was named Kingscote Yelverton, like his uncle. Mother's name was Elizabeth. I believe Mr. Brion is right. And, if so—"  
"And, if so," Patty repeated, when that wonderful, bewildering day was over, and she and her elder sister were packing for their return to Melbourne in the small hours of the next morning—"if so, we are the heiresses of all those hundreds of thousands that are supposed to belong to our cousin Kingscote. Now, Elizabeth, do you feel like depriving him of everything, and stopping his work, and leaving his poor starved coster-mongers to revert to their original condition—or do you not?"  
"I would not take it," said Elizabeth, passionately.  
"Poor—poor as if we should be allowed to choose! People can't do as they like where fortunes and lawyers are concerned. For Nelly's sake—not to speak of mine—they will insist on our claim, if we have one; and then do you suppose he would keep your money? Of course not—it's a most insulting idea. Therefore the case lies in a nutshell. You will have to make up your mind quickly, Elizabeth."

"I have made up my mind," said Elizabeth, "if it is a question of which of us is most worthy to have wealth, and knows best how to use it."  
"They did not wait for the next steamer, but hurried back to Melbourne by train and coach, and reached Myrtle street once more at a little before midnight, the girls dazed with sleep and weariness and the strain of so much excitement as they had passed through.  
So they began to work at the bureau with solemn diligence, and a fresh set of emotions were evolved by that occupation, which counteracted, without effecting, those others that were in Patty's mind. She became absorbed and attentive. They took out all Mrs. King's gowns, and her linen, and her little everyday personal belongings, and searched them carefully for indications of ownership, and, finding none, laid them aside in the adjoining bedroom. Then they exhumed all those relics of an olden time which had a new significance at the present juncture—the fine laces, the faded brocades, the Indian shawl and Indian muslins, the quaint fans and little bits of jewelry—and arranged them carefully on the table for the lawyer's inspection.  
"We know now," said Patty, "though we didn't know a few months ago, that these are things that could only belong to a lady who had been rich once."  
"Yes," said Elizabeth. "But there is another point to be considered. Elizabeth Leigh ran away with her husband secretly and in haste, and under circumstances that make it seem most unlikely that she should have hampered herself and him with luggage, or bestowed a thought on such trifles as fans and finery."  
The younger sisters were a little daunted by a moment by this view of the case. Then Eleanor spoke up. "How do you love to throw cold water on everything?" she complained, pettishly. "Why shouldn't she think of her pretty things? I'm sure if I were going to run away—no matter under what circumstances—I should take all mine, if I had half an hour to pack them up. So would you. At least, I don't know about you—but Patty would. Wouldn't you, Patty?"

"Well," said Patty, thoughtfully, sitting back on her heels and folding her hands in her lap, "I really think I should, Elizabeth. If you come to think of it, it is the heroines of novels who do those things. They throw away lovers, and husbands, and fortune, and everything else, on the slightest provocation; it is a matter of course—it is the correct thing in novels. But in real life girls are fond of all nice things—at least, that is my experience—and they don't feel like throwing them away. Girls in novels would never let Mrs. Duff-Scott give them gowns and bonnets, for instance—they would be too proud; and they would burn a bureau full of money rather than rummage in it for a title to money that a nice man, whom they cared for, was in possession of. Don't tell me. You are thinking of the heroines of fiction, Elizabeth, and not of Elizabeth Leigh. She, I agree with Nelly—however much she might have been troubled and bothered—did not leave her little treasures for the servants to pawn. Either she took them with her, or someone able to keep her destination a secret sent them after her."  
"Well, well," said Elizabeth, who had got out her mother's jewelry and was gazing fondly at the miniature in the pearl-edged locket, "we shall soon know. Get out the books and music, dear."  
While this was going on, Patty, at a sign from Elizabeth, set up the leaves of a little

tea-table by the window, spread it with a white cloth, and fetched in such a luncheon as the slender larder afforded—the remains of Mrs. McIntyre's chicken and ham, some bread and butter, a plate of biscuits, and a decanter of sherry—for it was past 1 o'clock, and Mr. Brion and Paul had evidently no intention of going away until their investigations were complete. The room was quite silent. Her soft steps and the brush of her gown as they passed to and fro were distinctly audible to her lover, who would not so much as glance at her, but remained sternly intent upon the manuscripts before him. These were found to be very interesting, but to have no more bearing upon the matter in hand than the rest of the relics that had been overhauled; for the most part, they were studies in various arts and sciences prepared by Mr. and Mrs. King for their daughters during the process of their education, and such odds and ends of literature as would be found in a clever woman's common-place books. They had all been gone over at the time of Mr. King's death, in a vain hunt for testamentary documents; and Elizabeth, looking into the now bare shelves and apertures of the bureau, began to think how she could console her sisters for the disappointment of their hopes.  
"Come and have some lunch," she said to Paul (Mr. Brion was already at the table, deprecating the trouble that his dear Patty was taking). "I don't think you will find anything more."  
The young man stood up with his brows knitted over his keen eyes, and glanced askance at the group by the window.  
"We have not done yet," he said decisively; "and we have learned quite enough, in what we haven't found, to justify us in consulting Mr. Yelverton's solicitors."  
"No," she said, "I'll have nothing said to Mr. Yelverton, unless the whole thing is proved first."  
Never thinking that the thing would be proved, first or last, she advanced to the extemporized lunch table and dispensed the modest hospitality of the establishment with her wonted simple grace. Mr. Brion was accommodated with an arm-chair and a music book to lay across his knees, whereas Patty placed the tip-bits of the chicken and the knobby top crust of the loaf, waiting upon him with that tender solicitude which he had grown accustomed, but which was so astonishing, and so interesting also, to his son.  
"She has spoiled me altogether," said the old man fondly, laying his hand on her bright head and she knelt before him to help him to mustard and salt. "I don't know how I shall ever manage to get along without her now."

**CHAPTER XXXVII.**  
**DISCOVERY.**  
It was between two and three o'clock; Mr. Brion reposed in his arm-chair, smoking a little, talking a little to Elizabeth who sat beside him, listening dreamily to the piano, and feeling himself more and more inclined to doze and nod his head in the sleepy warmth of the afternoon, after his glass of sherry and his recent severe fatigues. Elizabeth, by way of entertaining him, sat at his elbow, thinking, thinking, with her fingers interlaced in her lap and her gaze fixed upon the floor. Patty, intensely alert and wakeful, but almost motionless in her straight back and delicately poised head, drooped over the keyboard, playing all the "soft things"; and Paul, who had resisted her enchantments as long as he could, leaned back in his chair, with his hand over his eyes, having evidently ceased to pay any attention to his papers. And, suddenly, Eleanor, who was supposed to be washing plates and dishes in the kitchen, flashed into the room, startling them all out of their dreams.  
"Elizabeth, dear," she exclaimed tremulously, "forgive me for meddling with your things. But I was thinking and thinking what else there was that we had not examined, and mother's old Bible came into my head—the little old Bible that she always used, and that you kept in your top drawer. I could not help looking at it, and here"—holding out a small leather-bound volume, frayed at the corners and fastened with silver clasps—"here is what I have found. The two first leaves are stuck together—I remembered that—but they are only stuck round the edges; there is a little piece in the middle that is loose and rattles, and, see, there is writing on it." The girl was excited and eager, and almost pushed the Bible into Paul Brion's hands. "Look at it, look at it," she cried. "Undo the leaves with your knife and see what the writing is."  
Paul examined the joined leaves attentively, saw that Eleanor was correct in her surmise, and looked at Elizabeth. "May I, Miss King?" he asked, his tone showing that he understood how sacred this relic must be, and how much it would go against its present possessor to see it tampered with.  
"I suppose you had better," said Elizabeth.  
He therefore sat down, laid the book before him, and opened his sharp knife. A sense that something was really going to happen now—that the secret of all this common and natural to every civilized family would reveal itself in the long-hidden page which, alone of all the records of the past, their mother had lacked the heart to destroy—fell upon the three girls; and they gathered round to watch the operation with pale faces and beating hearts. Paul was a long time about it, for he tried to part the leaves without cutting them, and they were too tightly stuck together. He had at last to make a little hole in which to insert his knife, and then it was a most difficult matter to cut away the plain sheet without injuring the written one. Presently, however, he opened a little door in the middle of the page, held the flap up, glanced at what was behind it for a moment, looked significantly at his father, and silently handed the open book to Elizabeth. And Elizabeth, trembling with excitement and apprehension, lifted up the little flap in her turn, read this clear inscription—  
"To my darling child, Elizabeth,  
From her loving mother,  
Eleanor D'Arcy Leigh,  
Bradenham Abbey, Christmas, 1839.  
Psalm xv., 1, 2."

There was a dead silence while they all looked at the fine brown writing—that delicate calligraphy which, like fine needlework, went out of fashion when our grandmothers passed away—of which every letter, though pale, was perfectly legible.  
"This, added to our other discoveries, is conclusive, I think," said the old lawyer, standing up in order to deliver his opinion impressively, and resting his hands on the table.  
"At any rate, I must insist on placing the results of our investigation before Mr. Yelverton—yes, Elizabeth, you must forgive me, my dear, if I take the matter into my own hands. Paul will agree with me that we have passed the time for sentiment. We will have another look into the bureau—because it seems incredible that any man should deliberately rob his children of their rights, even if he repudiated his own, and therefore I think there must be legal instruments somewhere; but, supposing none are with us, it will not be difficult, I imagine, to supply what is wanting to complete our case from other sources—from other records of the family, in fact. Mr. Yelverton himself, in five minutes, would be able to throw a great deal of light upon our discoveries. It is absolutely necessary to consult him."  
"Let us look for that secret drawer, at any rate," he said. "I feel pretty certain there must be one now. Mr. King took great pains to prevent identification during his lifetime, but, as my father says, that is a very different thing from disinheriting your children. If you will allow me, I'll take every movable part out first."  
He did so, while she watched and assisted him. All the brass-handled drawers, and sliding shelves, and partitions were withdrawn from their closely fitting sockets, leaving a number of holes and spaces, each differing in size and shape from the rest. Then he drew up a chair in front of the exposed skeleton, and gazed at it thoughtfully; after which he began to make careful measurements inside and out, to tap the woodwork in every direction, and to prise some of its strong joints asunder. This work continued until 4 o'clock, when, notwithstanding the highly stimulating excitement of the day's proceedings, the girls began to feel that craving for a cup of tea which is as strong upon the average woman at this time as the craving for a nobbler of whiskey is upon the shall I say average man?—when the sight of a public-house appeals to his nobler appetite. Not that they wanted to eat and drink—far from it; the cup of tea was the symbol of rest and relief for a little while from the stress and strain of labor and worry, and that was what they were in need of. Elizabeth looked at her watch and then at Patty, and the two girls slipped out of the room together, leaving Eleanor to watch operations at the bureau. Reaching their little kitchen, they mechanically lit the gas in the stove, and set the kettle on to boil; and then they went to the open window, which commanded an unattractive view of the back yard, and stood there side by side, leaning on each other.  
Thus they talked by the kitchen window until the kettle bubbled on the stove; and then recalled to the passing hour and their own personal affairs, they collected cups and saucers, sugar-basin and milk-jug and cut bread and butter for the afternoon repast. Just as their preparations were completed, Eleanor came flying along the passage from the sitting-room. "They have found a secret drawer," she cried in an excited whisper. "At least, there is a drawer, but a double partition that was to have been glued up; and Mr. Brion is sure, by the dull sound of the wood, that there are things in it. Come and see!"  
She flew back again, not even waiting to help her sisters with the tea. Silently Elizabeth took up the tray of cups and saucers, and Patty the tea-pot and the plate of bread and butter; and they followed her with beating hearts. This was the crisis of their long day's trial. Paul was tearing at the intestines of the bureau like a cat at the wainscot that has just given sanctuary to a mouse, and his father was too much absorbed in helping him to notice their return.  
"Now, pull, pull!" cried the old man, at the moment when the sisters closed the door behind them. "Break it, if it won't splinter!" wood resounded through the room, "there they are at last! I thought they must be here somewhere!"  
"What is it?" inquired Elizabeth, setting down her tea-tray, and hastily running to his side. He was stripping a pink tape from a thin bundle of blue papers in a most unprofessional state of excitement and agitation.  
"What is it?" he echoed triumphantly. "This is what it is, my dear," and he began in a loud voice to read from the outside of the blue packet, to which he pointed with a shaking finger—"The will of Kingscote Yelverton, formerly of Yelverton, in the county of Kent—Elizabeth Yelverton, sole executrix."

**CHAPTER XXXVIII.**  
**THE TIME FOR ACTION.**  
Yes, it was their father's will—the will they had vainly hunted for a year ago, little thinking what manner of will it was; executed when Eleanor was a baby in long clothes, and providing for their inheritance of that enormous English fortune. When they were a little recovered from the shock of this last overwhelming surprise, Mr. Brion broke the seal of the document, and formally and solemnly read it to them. It was very short, but perfectly correct in form, and the testator (after giving to his wife, in the event of her surviving him, the sole control of the entire property, which was unentailed, for her lifetime) bequeathed to his younger daughters, and to any other children who might have followed them, a portion of thirty thousand pounds apiece, and left the eldest, Elizabeth, heiress of Yelverton and residuary legatee. Patty and Eleanor were thus to be made rich beyond their dreams of avarice, but Elizabeth, who had been her father's favorite, was to inherit a colossal fortune. That was, of course, supposing such wealth existed in fact as well as in the imagination of this incredible madman. Paul and his father found themselves unable to conceive of such a thing as that any one in his senses should possess these rare and precious privileges, so passionately desired and so recklessly sought and sinned for by those who had them not, and against every abjure them voluntarily, and should every natural temptation and moral obligation be to do otherwise. It was something wholly outside the common course of human affairs, and unintelligible to men of business. Both of them felt that they must get out of the region of romance and into the practical domain of other lawyers' offices before they could cope effectively with the anomalies of the case. As it stood, it was beyond their grasp. While the girls, sitting together by the table, strove to digest the meaning of the legal phrases that had fallen so strangely

on their ears, Mr. Brion and Paul exchanged *sotto voce* suggestions and opinions over the parchment spread out before them. Then presently the old man opened a second document, glanced silently down the first page, cleared his throat and, looking over his spectacles, said solemnly, "My dears, give me your attention for a few minutes."  
Each changed her position a little, and looked at him steadily. Paul leaned back in his chair, and put his hand over his eyes.  
"What I have just been reading to you," said Mr. Brion, "is your father's last will and testament, as I believe. It appears that his surname was Yelverton, and that King was only an abbreviation of his Christian name of eluding the search made for him by his family. Now, certain circumstances have come to our knowledge lately, referring, apparently, to this inexplicable conduct on your father's part." He paused, coughed, and nervously smoothed out the sheets before him, glancing hither and thither over their contents. "Elizabeth, my dear," he went on, "I think you heard Mr. Yelverton's account of his uncle's strange disappearance after a certain unfortunate catastrophe?"  
"Go on," said the young man. "I will come back presently."  
"But where are you going?" his father repeated with irritation. "Can't you wait until this business is finished?"  
"I think," said Paul, "that the Misses King—the Misses Yelverton, I suppose I ought to say—would rather be by themselves while you read that paper. It is not just like the will, you know; it is a private matter—not for outsiders to listen to."  
Elizabeth rose promptly and went towards him, laying her hand on his arm.  
"Do you think we consider you an outsider?" she said, reproachfully. "You are one of us—you are in the place of our brother—we want you to help us now more than we have ever done. Come and sit down—that is, of course, if you can spare time for our affairs when you have so many important ones of your own."  
He went and sat down, taking the seat by Patty to which Elizabeth pointed him. Patty looked up at him wistfully, and then leaned her elbows on the table and put her face in her hands. Her lover laid his arm gently on the back of her chair.  
"Shall I begin, my dear?" asked the lawyer hesitatingly. "I am afraid it will be painful to you, Elizabeth. Perhaps, as Paul says, it would be better for you to read it by yourselves. I will leave it with you for a little while, if you promise faithfully to be very careful with it."  
Elizabeth wished it to be read as the will was read, and the old man, vaguely suspecting that she might be illegally generous to the supposed representative of the Yelverton name and property, was glad to keep the paper in his own hands, and proceeded to recite its contents. "I, Kingscote Yelverton, calling myself John King, do hereby declare, etc."  
It was the story of Kingscote Yelverton's unfortunate life, put on record in the form of an affidavit for the benefit of his children, apparently with the intention that they should claim their inheritance when he was gone. The witnesses were an old midwife, long since dead, and a young Scripture reader, now a middle-aged and prosperous ecclesiastic in a distant colony; both of whom the lawyer remembered as features of the "old days" when he himself was a new-comer to the out-of-the-world place that counted Mr. King as its oldest inhabitant. It was a touching little document, in the sad story that it told and the severe formality of the style of telling it. Kingscote Yelverton, it was stated, was the second of three brothers, sons of a long line of Yelvertons of Yelverton, of which three, however, according to hereditary custom only one was privileged to inherit the ancestral wealth. This one, Patrick, a bachelor, had already come into his kingdom; the youngest, a briefless barrister in comfortable circumstances, had married a farmer's daughter in very early youth (while reading for university honors during a long vacation spent in the farmer's house), and was the father of a sturdy schoolboy while himself not long emancipated from the rule of pasture and masters; and Kingscote was a flourishing young captain in the Guards—when the tragedy which shattered the family to pieces, and threw its vast property into Chancery, took place. Bradenham Abbey was neighbor to Yelverton, and the Yelvertons of Yelverton. Cuthbert Leigh had a beautiful daughter by his first wife, Eleanor D'Arcy, when this daughter was 16 her mother died, and a stepmother soon after took Eleanor D'Arcy's place; and not long after the stepmother came to Bradenham, Cuthbert Leigh himself died, leaving an infant son and heir; and not long after that Mrs. Cuthbert Leigh married again, and her new husband administered Bradenham—in the interest of the heir eventually, but of himself and his own children in the meantime. So it happened that Elizabeth Leigh was rather elbowed out of her rights and privileges as her father's daughter; which being the case, her distant cousin and near friend, Mrs. Patrick Yelverton, mother for the ill-fated brothers (who lived, poor soul, to see her house left desolate), fetched the girl away from the home which was hers no more, and took her to live under her own wing at Yelverton. Then the troubles began. Elizabeth was young and fair; indeed, all accounts of her agreed in presenting the portrait of a woman who must have been irresistible to the normal and unappropriated man brought into close contact with her. At Yelverton she was the daily companion of the unwedded master of the house, and he succumbed accordingly. As an impartial chronicler, I may hazard the suggestion that she enjoyed a flirtation within lady-like limits, and was not without some responsibility in the matter. It was clear also that the dowager Mrs. Patrick, anxious to see her first-born suitably married and settled, and placed safely beyond the reach of designing farmers' daughters, contrived her best to effect a union between the two. But while Patrick was over head and ears in love, and Elizabeth was dallying with him, and the old mother planning new furniture for the stately rooms where the queen was to reign who should succeed her, Kingscote the guardsman—Kingscote, the handsome, strong-willed, fiery-tempered second son—came home. To him the girl's heart, with the immemorial and incurable perversity of hearts, turned forthwith, like a flower to the sun; and a very short flourish had but half run out when she was as deeply over head and ears in love with Kingscote as Patrick was with her. Kings-

cote also loved her passionately—on his own testimony, he loved her as never a man loved before, though he made a proud confession that he had still been utterly unworthy of her; and so the materials for the tragedy were laid, like a housemaid's fire, ready for the match that kindled them. Elizabeth found her position untenable amid the strenuous and conflicting attentions bestowed on her by the mother and sons, and went away for a time to visit some of her other relatives; and when her presence and influence were withdrawn from Yelverton, the smothered enmity of the brothers broke out, and they had their first and last and fatal quarrel about her. She had left a miniature of herself hanging in her mother's boudoir; this miniature Patrick laid hands on, and carried off to his private rooms; wherefrom Kingscote, in a violent passion (as Elizabeth's accepted lover), abstracted it by force. Then the master of the house, always too much inclined to assert himself as such, being highly incensed in his turn at the liberty that had been taken with him, marched into his brother's room, where the disputed treasure was hidden, found it and put it in his breast until he could discover a safer place for it.  
They behaved like a pair of ill-regulated schoolboys, in short, as men do when love and jealousy combine to demage their nervous systems, and wrought their own irreparable ruin over this miserable trifle. Patrick, flushed with a lurid triumph at his temporary success, strolled away from the house for an aimless walk, but afterwards went to a gamekeeper's cottage to give some instructions that occurred to him. The gamekeeper was not at home, and the squire returned by way of a lonely track through a thick plantation, where some of the keeper's work had to be inspected. Here he met Kingscote, striding along with his gun over his shoulder. The gamekeeper had discovered his loss, and was in search of his brother, intending to make a calm statement of his right to the possession of the picture by virtue of his rights in the person of the fair original, but at the same time passionately determined that this sort of thing should be put a stop to. There was a short parley, a brief but fierce altercation—a momentary struggle—on one side to keep on the other side to take, the worthless little bone of contention—and it was all over. Patrick, sent backward by a sweep of his strong brother's arm, fell over the gun that had been carelessly propped against a sapling; the stock of the gun, flying up, was caught by a tough twig which dragged across the hammers, and as the man and the weapon tumbled to the ground together one hammer fell, and the exploded charge entered the squire's neck, just under the chin, and passing upward to the brain, killed him. It was an accident, as all the family believed; but to the author of the mischance it was nothing less than murder. He was guilty of his brother's blood, and he accepted the portion of Cain—to be a fugitive and a vagabond on the face of the earth—in expiation of it. Partly with the idea of sparing pain and disgrace to his family (believing that the only evidence available would convict him of murder in a court of law), and partly because he felt that, if acquitted, it would be too horrible and impossible to take an inheritance that had come to him by such means, in the overwhelming desperation of his remorse and despair he took that determination to blot himself out which was never afterwards revoked. Returning to the house, he collected some money and a few valuables, and, unsuspected and unnoticed, took leave of his home, and his name, and his place in the world, and was half way to London, and beyond recall, before the dead body in the plantation was discovered. In London Elizabeth Leigh was staying with an old Miss d'Arcy, quietly studying her music and taking a rest while the society which the stricken man could not carry out his resolve without bidding farewell to his beloved. He had a clandestine interview with Elizabeth, to whom alone he confided the circumstances of his wretched plight. The girl, of course, advised him to return to Yelverton, and bravely meet and bear whatever might befall; and it would be well for him and for her if he had taken that advice. But he would not listen to it, nor be turned from his fixed purpose to banish and efface himself, if possible, for the rest of his life; seeing which, the devoted woman chose to share his fate. Whether he could and should have spared her that enormous sacrifice, or whether she was happier in making it than she would otherwise have been, only themselves knew. She did her woman's part in helping and sustaining and consoling him through all the blighted years that he was suffered to live and fret her with his brooding melancholy and his broken-spirited moroseness, and doubtless she found her true vocation in that thorny path of love.

(To be Continued.)  
**A Solid Knock-down Blow.**  
The whale blows water while at play; Trees blow in every clime; The sweetest flowers blow in May, But wind blows all the time.  
There's lots of blowing in this world. Sufferers from catarrh blow their noses, and quacks blow about their "cures." Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy is the only infallible one. Its proprietors back up this claim by offering \$500 for every case they fail to cure permanently. This is an unanswerable blow at humbuggery, coming from men of sterling reputation and ample capital. Nasal Catarrh cannot resist the potency of this Remedy. It stops discharges, leaving the senses acute, the head clear, and the breath normal. Of all druggists, 50 cents.  
**Lost Confidence.**  
"No," says Mrs. Sharp to her husband, "you cannot fool me; it was 1 o'clock this morning when you came home."  
"Now, Mary, it was surely not later than 12 o'clock."  
"I say no; for I was awake when you came and looked at my watch and it was just 1 o'clock."  
"Well, all right, Mary, if you believe your old nickel plated 95-cent watch more than you do me I have nothing further to say."  
Mrs. Newwed (handing tramp several biscuits)—Here my poor man, are some of my home-made biscuits. You will find them aw and axe in the washshed. Tramp closely examining the biscuits)—Are they as bad as that, mum?