

congratulating your husband on having won a noble woman."

Now this was very unjust of Dick. He had no right to think ill of Gladys, even if she had chosen another, since he himself had never given her an opportunity to choose himself. But lovesick men are often unjust.

Gladys had led him a pretty dance all evening, but I question if he was not getting even in the end. It was certainly her turn now to grow pale.

"Dick," she said, "you surely don't believe I am married!"

He moved towards her. "Tell me," he said hoarsely, "have you been deceiving me in this as in other things? Are you married? Who is that man Burton? Why are you called Mrs. Burton?"

There is something in the exhibition of strong feeling that silences ridicule, even in the mean, and Gladys was certainly not mean. She might easily have kept him longer on the rack, and I have no doubt some of her sex will say she ought to have done so; but she did not. She began to explain almost piteously:

"Mr. Thompson and I acted in theatricals on hallow-e'en, and they have called us Mr. and Mrs. Burton ever since. He was married last month to Miss Hampton, and thought that you meant her when you congratulated him. Papa called me Mrs. Burton as I came in, and I saw you start and I knew you, so I thought I'd— But after all," she said, moving away, and assuming her old easy manner, "what I thought doesn't concern Count Von Engel. Please take me to mamma, and then you can go away as soon as you like."

Dick followed and stopped her. "Was that true that little Edith said?" he queried.

"What is that to you?" she retorted. "You have no right to ask such a question."

"No right?" he said, indignantly, "when I love you?"

"You haven't said so," she said coyly.

"Oh!" said Dick, "I thought I had made fool enough of myself for you to guess it. Well, I say it now. And now will you answer me. Was Edith right?"

"Yes," whispered Gladys.

Hold on! I've reached the limit of my space, just when matters are beginning to grow interesting. Oh! well the reader can supply the rest from his or her own experience. I have had none. Kisses, and whispers, and perhaps tears, with a marriage bell in the distance, are after all like a dinner party—interesting to those partaking, but only tantalizing to the onlookers.

THE TRUE STORY OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S HATCHET.

A PLAIN STORY IN SHORT SENTENCES FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

Sam Washington never became famous. Circumstances were against him; so was his wife. Other things weren't a circumstance to her. Sam married young, and had a family and a big farm. He had to let his brother George become the father of his coun-

try. Sam was its uncle; he's called Uncle Sam, now. Sam got into as many scrapes as George did, but he didn't have a chance; he was never found out. No one asked him to tell the truth. The cat was always in the cellar when he hooked cream. He dug over that very cherry-preserve, where George struck a bonanza and made himself and his hatchet famous, before George did.

Some people have a great respect for truth; they must have, they keep such a respectful distance from it. George had no such reverence for it. Truth wasn't sacred to him. He'd slash it around on week-days just like Sunday. He'd just as soon say "I did it" when nobody was around as when he was found out. He liked it; he was fond of seeing other people feel bad. People don't like such vandalism. That's why so few have followed his example. Sam's tools weren't sharp enough to carve out his own fortune. He had to use the old axe. His father never gave him a new hatchet. It was favoritism that brought George to the front. George was the child of fortune; he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth—and a hatchet in his hand. He didn't have to carve out his own fortune. Fortune was his father. Sam was only a son of old Washington. He afterwards became a son of temperance, and was made G. W. P., but he wasn't one then. Sam did his level best, but he didn't have any chance with only an old axe. He worked at that cherry-tree for most an hour but couldn't get it down, and was just wondering what he would do about the blamed thing when George came along, swinging his hatchet and looking for something to tell the truth about. He saw his chance and the tree at the same time, walked into it and had it down in less than two minutes. Sam flung his axe over the fence upon the wood-pile and sat down on a stump to watch George. The old man came along just as George straightened up. "Who's been a-cutting down that there cherry tree?" he thundered. George knocked the chips off the axe, and before Sam could get in a word, he said "Father, I can't tell a lie, I did it." Of course he couldn't; it wouldn't have done any good to lie about it. That would only have been making a virtue of necessity. Then the old man fell on George's neck with tears (if it had been Sam, he would have fallen on him with a switch) and slobbered over him, and said what a good boy he was, the he hoped Sam would follow in his foot steps. Sam said he did—beforehand. But he hadn't any proof; he was sitting on the stump chewing a straw, without a hair turned, and the axe was over on the wood-pile. His father smiled, he didn't believe him, said he supposed he was an axe-essay-ry before the fact—the old man would have his joke. "Anyway," says he, "you were an accessory before the fact, for you let George cut down the tree; guess I'd better lick ye." That hurt Sam awfully—not the licking, he was used to that,—but the injustice; he didn't have any chance. He never recovered after it. He lingered on a while and married a wife, but she took his father's place and licked him, too. So Sam crawled into a corner and died. The jury brought in a verdict of "death from exposure," and George was made his executor.

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