

PIERROT BLOWS SKETCH AND STORYETTE

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE. |

HE was rather a pretty girl, sunburnt as to her hands, freckled as to her ractive in a hat as in a girl. She sat down,

unburnt one. "I've read so much about irls who lunched on a pickle and an éclair hat it's rather pleasing than otherwise to cream on top of it. Pie à la mode, I believe they call it. And, besides, one does meet h queer people here, horrid most of them,

ife, and an old man and his wife, father and

dise you please.' But the old farm-t to be tempted. He didn't want buggles and was trying to get rid orses as it was. But I call that dishonest, don't you?" waiter returned, and the sun-lost interest in her fellows for being, and the other girl did what one was done. Finally linch was

ne and that will take me home to

having at last found her money and med her gloves she paid for her lunch virtuously went her way.

d the scribe remembered a child's comany kinds of birds; some are different." And it struc

TEACHERS' PENSIONS IN GERMANY.

New Law of the Empire to Provide for Veteran Educators.

Germany has just taken an important step educational legislation by adopting a law

CHERUBS AT PLAY.

NOTHER and father were obliged to go away to be gone over Sunday, nose, but, withal, good to look at. She wore a white sailor that had once in charge of Harry and Polly and what charge of Harry and Polly, and what its youth been fair, but now, like its wearer, it was sunburnt, and sunburn is not as atit was sunburnt, and sunburnt is not as atit was atit w dearest children that ever lived, according the puffs spun this yarn: oulled off her gloves, studied the menu, and naughty in their lives; so Aunt Ollie cheerwhen the waiter had gone to fill her order | fully accepted the care of the little angels. | thought our right there was none to dis- a smile over his grave face. He may have | not possible that the prophet in all of his talked. And the girl that was with her, She was an artist and thought it would be pute, unless it be among newspaper men. enjoyed things inwardly, but if he did he highest enthusiasm could have thought of he and Aunt Polycarp were married in the whose face and hands were as white as her | quite an advantage to her to have such an opportunity to make studies of the little cherubs, whom she pictured as sitting on stools all day with the most angelic countenances imaginable.

They had been naughty at luncheon, and

ome here and see girls ordering meat and otatoes, while men, sensible creatures that afraid, however, that they were going to be they are, eat such lunches as that one at the next table is devouring. You can't see sick, for she certainly understood from what her sister had said that they had never been him, but I can. He's got a glass of beer and a great big piece of pie with a chunk of ice not one of the kind of people who could man-

She wished to be as mild as possible with them, so she had them sit one on each side o speak a word to each other.
The children sat down very demurely, and eemed disposed to be peaceable. Harry eemed to think he ought to keep up a con-

"Were you ever in Jerusalem, Aunt Ollie?" he asked. dear," replied she, painting away

"No, I think not."
"Was mamma ever in Jerusalem?"
"No, I never knew anybody that was there." replied auntie rather impatiently.
"Don't you suppose that man across the street was ever there?"

never get this thing done if this keeps up."
"Now children, you may go out and play
if you'll promise to be good."

sumpin."

"All right, in a minute," answered Auntle, and immediately forgot all about ft.

"Auntie," came Polly's voice again, "please come down, sumpin's fell into sumpin."

What is it, dear; what has fallen into what?"

"You come and see. I tell you sumpin's fell into sumpin, and you better come down."

"Well. I will; just one minute," and Auntie worked busily for five minutes longer, and at last with a sigh laid down her brush and went to see what had fallen into what. Proceeding leisurely to the back yard, where she heard the children's voices, she saw Polly looking over the edge of the slop barrel, apparently much interested in its contents.

any slaw.

Thy, I never heard anything like that!"

Limed Auntie. "Surely you must be

w! that's just like a girl," put in Harry. "She means when they sing the Lord's Prayer and everybody says, 'Incline our hearts to keep this law.'"

AN IDEAL SUMMER HOME.

Working Girls Can Now Enjoy Saratoga Life at Martha's Rest.

"Martha's Rest" is the name of a new vacation home opened this summer at Saratoga and is the first attempt that has ever een made to place the benefits of these amous waters within the reach of self-sup-

A CASE OF NERVE.

TE SAT in the hotel smoking room. The air was blue but the men were happy-happy and reminiscent. He stretched out his legs, thrust his

But the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw was put up by a man who was neither a drummer nor a reporter; but merely an overworked bank clerk who had applied for overworked bank clerk who had applied for ticket, arguing that he might want to return by a different route. And then, as a matter of course, he found that he had spent his money not wisely but too well; so that he was hundreds of miles from home, ticket-less and friendless, and well nigh penniless. His check-book was useless, for no one knew him and he must be identified.

"All this I learned later on. My acquaint-

ance with him began on the train on one of the Southern roads when he asked me to already been 'touched' several times that trip, so, expressing every confidence in his probity, declined the honor he would do me. He tried several other passengers with a like result. Then he gave it up, but made us all promise not to interfere with any game he tried to play.

"Good Heavens!" thought auntie, "I'll never get this thing done if this keeps up."
"Now children you may so out ord rive the condense to the c They promised willingly, and went off howling and stamping in their excess of joy. Auntie soon got so interested in her work that she forgot that the children were in existence. Pretty soon her peace was disturbed by Polly's voice calling.

"What is it, dear?" she answered no account? And now he had lost his had and would catch his death of cold. It was

heard the children's voices, she saw Polly looking over the edge of the slop barrel, apparently much interested in its contents.

"What is it, Polly?" she asked, walking up to the barrel and looking in.

Her horror cannot be pictured when she discovered the "sumpin" to be Harry, who was patiently waiting to be rescued, and was passing the time pleasantly engaged in nibbling a crust of dry bread which had not been much injured by contact with the other contents of the barrel.

The next day being Sunday, Aunt Ollie of course sent them to church, but did not accompany them herself; nurse was quite competent to take charge of them, she thought. Harry came back quite cross, but Polly was in a gay good humor, due, so nurse said, to the fact that she had abstracted Harry's plece of chewing gum from his pocket, where he had it carefully put away, and chewed it all morning, to keep her awake, she said. At dinner Harry refused to say grace, so Polly volunteered. "I know a good one," she said, and forthwith she began to chant: "Lord have mercy, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to eat this slaw."

"Why, Polly! what was that; what did you say?" exclaimed Aunt Ollie.

"Why, Ital's what they sing in our church all the time," explained Polly. "I think it's awful funny to say in church, for they never have any slaw."

"Why, I never heard anything like that"

"And," said the drummer, throwing away the stump of his eigar. "I thought so, too, for that was the prettiest game of bluff I ever saw, and I speak from a large and va-ried experience."

MOST DIFFICULT PIANO COMPOSITION. Result of the "Figaro's" Symposium on the Subject.

Springfield Republican: The Paris Figuro recently published a curious symposium by the most famous planists in Paris on the sul ject, "Among all known musical compositions written for the piano, which is the most difficult of execution?" It is obvious that no conclusive answer could be reached, for no two pianists would find just the same difficulties in the same selection. Yet it is interesting to note that there was a large majority in favor of Balackiereft's "Islamey," a "fantasie oriental Russe," which Francis Plante, perhaps the leading pianist of France, declares to be preëminently the most difficult of all compositions. It is known to few American musicians, but it is safe to say that there, will be a large and immediate demand for it among amateurs. The other selections mentioned were Besthoven's op. 57 and op. 106; Bach's Chromatic fantasie and fugue; Brahms' variations on a theme of Paganini; Chopin's ballades, first, third, and fourth, and the finale of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's "Etudes" and twelfth rhapsody; Schumann's tions written for the piano, which is the most indees, first, tolk'i, and tourin, minor; Liszt's of his sonata in B flat minor; Liszt's "Etudes" and twelfth rhapsody; Schumann's sonata in F sharp minor and his "Etudes symphoniques"; Saint-Saëns' "Allegro appassionata." a sonata by Thaiberg, and one by Weber. Allogether, it is a queer list. Market for Everybody.

BUELL'S ONLY LAUGH.

EN, DON CARLOS BUELL, who by a timely arrival with 20,000 troops turned the tide of battle at Shiloh and made a Federal victory possible,

feiting part of his furlough and another from confinement to camp during the jolly hop season, and both from an unknown number

mistake," said the yearling, make no mistake, said the yearing, now a civilian. ey smoked and talked. Footsteps ard in the hall.

'ellows getting back," said the yearre was a tap at the door—that unmis-de military rap which means "Stand,

, I'm coming," or opened and in walked, not the

THOUGHT HIS MOTHER DROWNED.

But She Walked in While He Was Preparing for the Funeral. Fall River, Mass., July 26 .- It was reported yesterday that a woman named Mrs. Ann Mulvey had been drowned. The body was

Mulvey had been drowned. The body was identified by three neighbors and her son as that of the woman named, and every preparation was being made for the funeral.

While the son was cleaning up the house last night preparatory to the reception of the body from the undertaker's Mrs. Mulvey walked into her home loaded down with groceries. For a minute the son was transfixed what he supposed was an apparation if she what he supposed was an apparition if she was his mother.

Mrs. Mulvey thought her son had been

ZEK. x., 13: "As for the wheels, it was cried unto them in my hearing, O wheel."

BIBLE AND BICYCLE.

Nowhere in the Bible is woman men-"For dead cold 'cy nerve I had always | through his Mexican war service the best | appearance and their work was as it were a

for many years to come, and only as this article may at times reach a narrow pass in its rugged roadway will the moral phase be its rugged roadway will the moral phase be crowded into prominence—to be thrown over parlor the other night to receive their friends;

o. Was there not the same trouble liden days? Jeremiah xviii., 3 says: I went down to the potter's house.

his is to be a moral guide of the bicycle in the purpose of this article has been ged since it began—but there is a duty the coming generations—if this thing s up. Just watch the expression—at

tremities.

a bicycle but a wood-and-iron metathe fashionable breakneck race for lar? If persons rush madly through, is it not just a little practice—a playnst them, and a noise of a great rush-

A singular and a tractive relic of the custon

Dancing in the Cathedral of Seville.

ebrated their golden wedding. They have walked side by side along the uneven path of life for fifty years. Fifty years-with their checkered shine and shade-grateful when the way was smooth beneath their feet, and padearest children that ever lived, according to their mother, and never did anything naughty in their lives; so Aunt Ollie cheer-fully accepted the care of the little angels.

"For dead cold 'cy nerve I had always through his Mexican war service the best joke of quarters or mess would fail to send their work was as it were a proposed the interval was another to their work was as it were a proposed the care of the little angels.

"For dead cold 'cy nerve I had always through his Mexican war service the best joke of quarters or mess would fail to send their work was as it were a proposed the care of the little angels."

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The dead cold 'cy nerve I had always through his Mexican war service the best joke of quarters or mess would fail to send the care of the little angels. little old church among the Virginia hills. It The moral position of the bicycle is going to be discussed in the pulpit and the press now it is evening; the shadows are lengthen-

> questions arising from the subject are of bosom was araped the same lace that greater than ordinary complexity. Here bedecked her wedding gown, but the heart have a new and might.
>
> And its general use by the sexes. Untractatistician shows an increase in elopements and divorces—we shall, in truth, not require immediate legislation against the wheel. Still, civilization comes along in a hurricane, giving here an opportunity for comfort, there an opportunity for speed—and, permit the suggestion, that speed with a peculiar adaptability of separation of the speeder (as it were an easy way of dodging), may not seem a trifle to the rigid mamma. You know Judges v. 28, says: "The mother of Sisera looked out at a window and cried of Sisera looked out at a window and cried of sisera looked out at a window and cried of sisera looked out at a window and cried of sisera looked out at a window and cried of the lattice, ... why tarry the list not a moral with the precious gifts, they wondered, had Time for them in his keeping. Now, alas! life if the lattice, ... why tarry the list not a moral with the sign of the process of the passing years. Over their heads hung the passing years. Over their heads hung with the passing years. Over their heads hung with the passing years. Over their heads hung with processing years. Over their heads hung with processing years. Over their heads hung with the passing years. Over the

ng arbutus; we saw it in the woods yester-

As she spoke through the doorway came a

and I."
"Ah, yes," Uncle Polycarp said softly, "I remember, dear Ruth is dead."
Just then some nieces came up to the old man and he smiled upon them and came back from the past to the present. Ah me! how many who came to that first weeding were absent from this golden wedding. There absent from this golden wedding. There was Aunt Polycarp's father, who gave the bride away, and her gentle mother; they have

fashioned lovers sat alone, hand in hand.
"It was sad after all tonight, dear; I missed them all so much," she said.
"Yes," he answered slowly, "but somehow I fancy they were not so far away. If they love us as they did in the dear old days, surely they came to our golden wedding." they love us as they did in the dear old days, surely they came to our golden wedding."

I fancy that when the guests from the shadow-land heard Uncle Polycarp say this they were pleased, and drew nearer yet, and stroked the gray heads tenderly; for love is deathless and knows neither time nor change, and as this faithful pair sat hand in hand, dreaming in the dim light, over their hearts brooded a peace, sweeter then they had ever

RECORDS OF AN INDIAN FIGHT.

ginia Field.
Gate City (Va.) Special to Richmond Dispatch: While plowing in a field on the south side of this county, ten miles southwest of here, a few days since a boy unearthed a rock which may be of considerable historic an inch thick and about ten inches in length.

of the early settlement in this vicinity of any such battle having been fought at the place. Yet, John Sevier, afterwards Tennessee's first Governor, was leading the red men a merry round about the date carved on the stone, and

he may have been here and some of his men may have left the record.

It is evident that at some time in the reign of the large-bore flintlooks a considerable amount of shooting was done around the fter showers and picking them up from the

THEIR GOLDEN WEDDING.

ON THE HUBBELL HILL. HE had the most beautiful eyes that ever looked love into a mother's face.
They were hazel eyes, white lidded, dark lashed, liquidly brilliant, too although their expression was one of gentleness. This gentleness her admirers found very appealing. And as many admired her

she had golden brown hair that clustered in

AST week Aunt and Uncle Polycarp cel-

the precipice of obscurity as soon as possible. Why should not such a stupid side as the moral one of the bloxcle be postponed?

Woman has seized upon the wheel with such delight and in such numbers that all such delights are such as a force of the such as t

"Not yesterday, dear, you forget," Aunt Polycarp whispered, "but see, George is

white-haired man, bent and tottering with the weight of years; he carried in his hands a bunch of arbutus which he gave to the bride. "In memory of that day fifty years ago," he said, "when we gathered it for you, Ruth

been sleeping peacefully for years in the shadow of the little, ivy-clad church. And Uncle Polycarp's best man, who went to the war and never returned; and the fair bridemaids—Ruth was not the

the fair bridemaids—Ruth was not the only one of that bright band who laid down the burden of life and passed into the land of shadows. And yet how full of hope and happiness were they all fifty years ago. Yet all went merrily in the little house in spite of the absent. When the hour grew late the guests departed one by one, the flowers drooped, the lights burned low—Aunt and line! Polycary's golden wedding day was drooped, the lights burned low-Aunt and Uncle Polycarp's golden wedding day was nearly done.
In the flickering candle-light these old-

dreaming in the dim light, over their hearts brooded a peace, sweeter than they had ever known, even upon that glad May day long ago, and more precious than joy or hope. And who shall say it was not the gift of those passen guests who came to Aunt and Uncle holycarp's golden wedding?

MARY ELIZABETH WALSH.

telic of John Sevier Plowed Up in a Vir-

bund to the south and east and west illowed-vast surges of yellow Ind green.
Rosemarie is buried on a hill, m said one day.

nearer God."
passed. May came. One calm even-ran excitedly to his mother. graveyard," he panted, "is on fire,

ooked up the hill and noted the flames

is so high!" he answered. "It