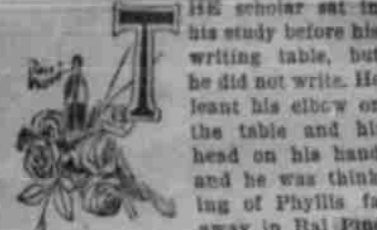


Spangle

WHO MAKETH ALL.



His scholar sat in his study before his writing table, but he did not write. He leaned his elbow on the table and his head on his hand, and he was thinking of Phyllis far away in Hal Pinnel with her husband.

Presently Jakes opened the door and said: "There's a young woman, sir, asking to see you; shall I say you're engaged?"

"A young woman, Jakes?" queried the scholar. "What sort of a young woman, and from whence?"

"Well, sir," and Jakes closed the door behind him. "I do think she's from the circus as is on the village green."

"From the circus?" repeated the scholar. "What can she want?"

"She won't give no name nor yet no message, sir. Shall I say that you're engaged, sir?"

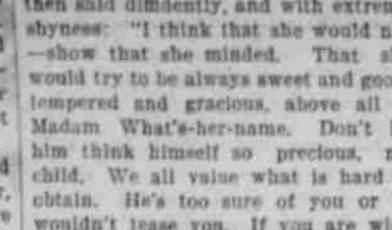
Jakes considered it the "height of impudence" that a hussy from the circus should dare ask to see his master, and longed to send her about her business.

The scholar pondered, then he said, half to himself: "Phyllis would like me to see her—she was always kind. Jakes, you can show her in."

Jakes departed, much displeased, and presently ushered a young woman into the room and shut the door after her carefully, and in a fashion that said as plainly as possible: "Well, I wash my hands of this foolhardy proceeding."

PRESIDENT OF CUBA.

GENERAL MASSO ELECTED TO CHIEF MAGI STRACY.



He Has All His Life Been a Master of Spain and Her Policy—son of a Noted Patriot, His Mother a Congo Negress.

GENERAL MASSO, the newly elected president of the Cuban Republic, has all his life long been a defender of Cuban independence, and his countrymen are heard frequently to say that no better fitted man for the presidential office could be found, and that no man has accomplished services to the island which could better entitle him to the honor.

His father was a half Spaniard and the mother a Congo negress. Despite the partial Spanish descent there is not a drop of blood in Maso's veins that flows in sympathy with the Spanish cause.

"I don't know what she did," answered the scholar gently; and indeed it was true, for the engagement had come upon him as a bolt from the blue while he was thinking of Phyllis as still in pinafores.

"Was she very 'ard to please?" persisted the girl.

"I quite agree with your father; and he must be a most sensible man, and I wish I knew him. Believe me, a circus lady can be just as useful a lady as any other if she will only try, and I am sure you'll try."

"Good-bye," said the girl; "I'm glad I came, though you are so ignorant about love poshins!"

"I'm very glad you came," said the scholar heartily; "and, believe me, you need no 'love poshins,' you are quite charming enough without!"

The girl flushed up to the roots of the furze-bush. Then the scholar said: "Would you like to see my collection of books?"

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

SOME GOOD STORIES FOR OUR JUNIOR READERS.



"Where are all the little men, where each little lady? Some are in the sweet green fields, some in woodland shade, some about in painted boat glide along with easy motion, some are building sandy towers by the big, blue ocean, far away shouts at play, are the only sounds I hear."

"Yellow leaves are falling now, summer time is over, they will soon return to me, every little rover, girls and boys, with pleasant noise, happy little voices humming, they will gather round my door—listen! they are coming! laughter sweet and hurrying feet, are the merry sounds I hear."

Jimmie and Jennie were on the Coney Island boat. Their Uncle Jack had taken them for a treat. Uncle Jack allowed Jimmie and Jennie to lots of places when he came from a voyage.

"You must get some schooling, of course," Uncle Jack said, "but now and then you'll have a holiday and you shall go to sea with me." Jimmie was sure he would like it all the time, but Uncle Jack said no one knew how his ideas might change as he grew up.

"Well, as I said, Jack and the children were on their way to Coney Island, and so were a lot more people. Uncle Jack had carried three seats well forward up into the sharp point of the boat where the water seems so close, and then he had gone to get a nice chair with arms for a poor looking woman with a sick baby in her arms and a little boy holding to her dress.

"I've found it always the case," said he, "that when a woman says a trunk is light, look out for it! These are the words of a baggage expressman and he ought to know. He had gone to a house in the suburbs in response to a hurry call and found the house in a great bustle. This lady was going to leave town in an hour and her trunk was upstairs and had to be brought down and loaded into the wagon. 'It's not very heavy,' she said to the man, 'whereat he spat on his hands and called in his helper. He had all he could do to lift one end."

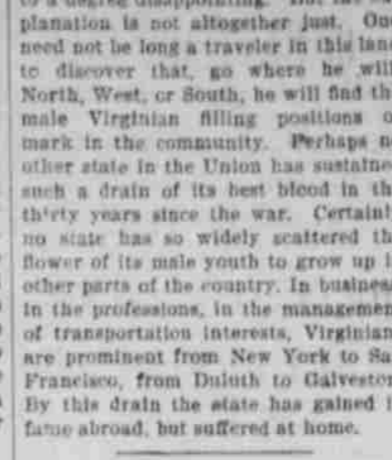
"What a Woman Says About a Trunk." "When a woman tells you a trunk is light, look out for it! These are the words of a baggage expressman and he ought to know. He had gone to a house in the suburbs in response to a hurry call and found the house in a great bustle. This lady was going to leave town in an hour and her trunk was upstairs and had to be brought down and loaded into the wagon. 'It's not very heavy,' she said to the man, 'whereat he spat on his hands and called in his helper. He had all he could do to lift one end."

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OLD GLORY OF THE F. F. V.'S.

Virginia Womanhood Is Unchanged, but the Men Are Degenerating.

From the St. Louis Globe-Democrat: On a night of last week the annual ball, the season event, was given at White Sulphur Springs, Virginia.

Just at that moment the pale little boy who was with the poor woman for whom Jack had brought the chair began to cry: "Mamma, buy me a cake," he said. "Ate your bit of bread, honey," said the woman, "I don't like bread, buy me cake, buy me pie, buy me bananas," sobbed the boy. "I'm hungry, mamma, I don't like dry bread."

"Hold your tongue, Patsey," said the woman in a loud whisper. "Mamma has no money, but car fare. Sure it's for the say air to do us good, I brought ye; be alay; look at the ships; see the big waves."

"I want a cake," sobbed Patsey. "I want bananas. See, they've got some." "Behave yourself and ate your bread," said the mother.

"Jennie, you can have your company to lunch if you want it," whispered Jimmie.

"Such poor, shabby folks," whispered Jennie.

"Rich folks don't need it," said Jimmie, "we've got enough for all."

"Then Jennie put down her pride and turned to the woman: "Please, she said, 'we've got too much for ourselves. Uncle is so generous. Won't you help us eat it up?'"

The woman hesitated; her face turned red; at first she seemed about to refuse, then she altered her mind. "You are very kind, Miss," she said. "Patsey is a little pig, and I never thought to bring more than a bit of bread. He'll be glad of a cake, bless you." Then Jennie smiled, and taking some paper divided all the nice things into four portions, and turned the chair so that the boy ate as only a hungry boy could. At first the poor woman would not take a bit, but Jennie was so polite that she took her share after a while, and said: "It is really a refreshment, little human eye."

WHAT A WOMAN SAYS ABOUT A TRUNK.

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GEN. MASSO.



Girls We Take an Interest In.

UP-TO-DATE Designs

Received at

INC. M.

Writes Letters to Himself.

John Beckwith, the warehouseman, received a letter the other day addressed in a round business hand and bearing the Oakland postmark. He glanced at it, rubbed his forehead respectively a moment, and then, without opening the envelope, tore it into bits.

"Why did you do that?" asked his partner. "That might have contained something of importance."

"No, it didn't. I wrote it myself." "Are you in the habit of writing letters to yourself?"

"Yes, I have to. Now, if I hadn't written that yesterday and mailed it, I would have forgotten that bunch of braids, two dozen pearl buttons and five yards of hair cloth that I've got to go up town and buy right now. Once, though, I wrote a letter to myself about something I wanted to remember and forgot to mail it for two weeks."—San Francisco Post.

Hot Out the Sun.

At Princeton theological seminary recently a young preacher persuaded a fellow student to listen to him while he rehearsed a sermon. The preacher's embryo began. His subject was "Light." With a violent gesture with the right arm he said, "Hot out the sun." With a similar frantic movement of the left arm he roared, "Hot out the moon!" Then with a combined gesture, made up of both arms, he belted, "Hot out the stars!" But it was enough. The auditor arose to leave with a hoarse, cruel whisper, "Turn off the gas!"

A Paradox Explained.

"I hate that girl," said the sallow young lady with the diamond ring, to herself, as she gazed with jealous eyes at the prettiest girl in her room. "I hate her because I have a fellow-feeling for her."

What a strange and incomprehensible contradiction is woman. But the blindfolded young man to whom the sallow young lady was engaged heard her not, and the game of blind man's buff went on until he had caught the prettiest girl and she had screamed real loud.—Truth.

Europe meet one sets to. "The peace of then they all return to plan more warships and bigger guns to use dressmaker down to stated Mrs. Wright. "She said, 'Oh, dollars to explain."

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