

A YELLOW WATER LILY.

THE sea gulls are not afraid of that girl, and when she dives, they hover above the spot where she went down like a great gray cloud, and when she comes up they whirl about over her head—to me it is positively uncanny.

Ethel Gray dug her little boot into the smooth sand and looked out thoughtfully with eyes blue and limpid as sunlight Monterey bay. "You Americans," drawled a good-looking Englishman beside her, "especially you Californians, must always have some sort of a sensation—if you have none, you make one."

"So it is," said her cousin, Will Hayes, fresh from college, "ie bath and the tailor, 'so it is, but she is a beauty! I would give ten years of my life to know who she is."

"Don't, Willie," said Ethel, with fine scorn, "you are too painfully young already."

"But what is all this about," asked a dark-eyed girl, who had been the beauty last season herself. "Is it strange for a woman to be beautiful?"

"Oh, very, you know," the Englishman answered honestly.

gone down," and then the eager watchers saw the flash of white arms and the gleam of a golden head going like a bird through the water; others were making their way to the place where he had been seen to sink, but Miss Morse was the first, and as Harmon, half dead, came again in view she stretched forth her hand and caught him, and a great cry went up and then they went down together.

A few minutes later another about rang out. "They have found him!" and strong arms brought him to the shore and laid him down tenderly in his main strength and beauty, quite dead.

HE GOT EVEN.

A Strong Bluff That Went With the Conductor.

The game of "bluff" in honest hands is seldom a winning one, yet an honest young man evened a loss one day last week through the first bit of "bluff" he had ever tried in his life.

He hailed from New England and ignorant of New York railroads was making a trip to Mamaroneck on the New York, New England and Hartford line. Promised by the conductor that he should be warned when nearing the station, he realized nothing until he reached Stamford, when the forgetful official turned up to inform him regretfully that he was a dozen miles beyond his destination.

"And shall I have to pay my fare back?" he inquired. "Don't exactly see how you could get back any other way," was the reply.

With a sense of unjust treatment, the young man purchased a ticket and rode back in the next train.

He made the same trip again two days later. This time he knew just where his station was, but falling into a sound sleep he let himself be carried past it, until by strange coincidence he found himself again at Stamford.

With an air of injured independence he boarded the next train back.

"See here, conductor," he said, addressing that functionary. "I've been carried through the stupidity of another of your blooming conductors twelve miles out of my way, and if you suppose I'm going to pay you for taking me back you are pretty far out. You may call for any fare you please. I'll not pay it. There's a lot more than that due for my inconvenience."

"All right, sir," answered the conductor meekly, completely overawed by the apparent depth of resentment confronting him.

"I'm even with that company," murmured the provincial youth blandly when he had stepped off the train.

THIS IS IN ENGLAND.

Where a Man Isn't Allowed to Put Flowers on His Mother's Grave.

The other day an Anglican clergyman prosecuted a young woman for trespassing on his churchyard and damaging "his" hay growing therein by visiting her sister's grave and placing flowers thereon.

DESTROY BAD MONEY.

ARTICLES CONSIGNED TO THE MELTING POT.

Some of the Devices Designed to Fool the Good People—Lead Is the Prevailing Material, But Some More Valuable Metals Are Found.

Seventeen boxes and thirteen big money bags of the coin productions of counterfeiters, gathered by the secret service officers during the last eighteen months, were destroyed recently in the furnaces at the navy yard.

The great treasure, which would have paid the salary of the head of the treasury department two or three times over if it had been the true coin of the realm, was watched as if by sluegh hounds from the time it left the keeping of the secret service till it was transformed into a molten mass by a committee of three tried treasury employes, who annihilated \$50,000 worth of bad paper money in Uncle Sam's macerator and burned a lot of paraphernalia important to that branch of the counterfeiting business.

The collection that rattled into the fireproof receptacles was as varied as the rats that followed the pied piper out of Hamelin town.

One ingenious imposition upon the public which went into the white hot melting pot was about 1,000 stick pins, excellent imitations at first sight of \$5 gold pieces.

There was also a number of solder silver dollars which had evidently been captured by giving the maker a surprise, for the mouths of the mold were still attached to the coins. They were bungling pieces of work in the art of coin fashioning, and the fact that they were moulded was sufficient to make them light.

There were a number of foreign pieces also in the collection, one of which was of Spain, and bore a likeness of the head of Princess Eulalie. The best workmanship in the collection was in the number of silver dollars, which were made in the windy city, and put the officers to task more in the detection than any other counterfeit scheme for years.

There were a number of stamped and electroplated with the white metal, each dollar having 20 cents' worth of the good stuff.

The ring of these dollars was all right, as was their weight and appearance, and there was no way in which they could be detected save by cutting into them. It is hard telling how long the fraud was undetected or how many of the bogus dollars there are circulating at present around the marts of trade.

The ingenious scheme was first detected in the sub-treasury in Cincinnati, and the perpetrator is now serving five years' time.

What May Be.

The battle was on. Shells went screaming through the rigging of the foreign fleet and wicked missiles of steel plowed up their decks.

"We win! ha, ha!" shouted the powder-begrimed chief gunner.

"Wh-a-a-i's the matter there?" sang out the captain through his trumpet.

And the answer was wafted back through the powder cloud:

"Didn't ye see me soak 'em on that unsuspected plate?"

DON'T SELL YOUR FARM.

The Advice Given to All Owners by an Eastern Financial Authority.

During the last year a great many persons have come into possession of Western farm properties through foreclosures, says the United States Investor. As the present owners, to a large degree, are residents of the East, their only desire is to rid themselves of these holdings as soon as possible.

A word of caution to such persons may not be out of place. Real estate values in the West are greatly depressed as a result of last year's panic.

The financial depression in the United States will undoubtedly keep immigration down to a low point for a considerable period.

A great deal is being said at this time regarding the sharp competition which the American farmer is going to encounter in the future as the result of the opening up of new agricultural regions in various parts of the world.

Eve's Apple.

Mrs. McSycophant, the wife of Parson McSycophant, a Texas clergyman, happened to be present when the class was being examined by the aforesaid clergyman.

"You bet they did," replied Tommy.

If All the Planets Were Gold.

A celebrated English authority, in a well-known work entitled: "Observations on Reversionary Payments," makes the following wonderful calculations:

"We have not," admitted the prime minister. "His attorney has shown us that all his property is in his wife's name."

"What the dickens has that got to do with it?"

"Why, it makes him execution proof, don't you see?"

The "Grapple" Plant.

The "grapple" plant, a botanical oddity which grows only along the edge of the Kalahari desert, has the general resemblance of an immense star fish.

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LAY A YELLOW WATER LILY.

years ago she was drowned while bathing. His whole life has been saddened by it. I wish he could get over it."

"So do I," said Ethel, emphatically. Then they sat watching the bathers when suddenly Mrs. Carson spoke again.

"Why there is Albert Harmon in the surf," she said. "He swam well years ago and he does now, but I have not known him to take an interest in it for years."

Thinking of that time, she again grew silent, looking with earnest eyes across the blue waters, listening to the soft beat of the waves on the shore.

"I am going in," she answered, and the same intensity was perceptible in her voice, "but not yet, and then she turned her head slightly and looked straight into Mrs. Carson's eyes.

"I am going in," she repeated in a voice so low that it came to Mrs. Carson's bewildered senses like the hiss of a serpent, "but not yet."

How long a time passed before she could look away from those yellow lights Mrs. Carson never knew, but presently she was conscious of a great tumult and heard the cry.

"He has gone down. Harmon has

