

TO-DAY
BY MRS. NAPOLEON B. ROSSA
The flowers by the lone wayside
Look smiling to the sun above;
They live their lives, are satisfied,
Nor question God's pervading love.

Dr. Elfenstein's Mission
A Remarkable Romance.
BY EMILY THORNTON.
CHAPTER I.
A STRANGE SUMMONS.
In his unusually pleasant office on Broadway sat Lemuel Gray, a middle-aged man and successful lawyer, in deep thought.

CHAPTER II.
MR. LEON RAPPPELVE.
The rain was falling in torrents as the train came thundering to the station, and upon stopping, the usual crowd hurried out, and passing through the waiting-room to the street beyond, were soon lost in the gloom.

It is no wonder, then, that a sigh escaped him, as he turned to greet the sweet-looking lady about fifty years of age, who entered the room, holding an envelope in her hand.
"Here is a telegram for you, Earle. What can it be?"

CHAPTER III.
MR. RAPPPELVE'S PROPOSAL.
"Dr. Elfenstein," said Mr. Gray, "my client and friend, Mr. Leon Rapppeleve, is, as you see, extremely ill. His sufferings are so great that he has defenuded me to explain his motive in sending so unceremoniously for you to visit him in his home. Our friend is a lonely man, having no relatives living to whom he wishes to leave his large fortune. He has dictated his last will and testament, and he desires to sign it before he may be unable to do so; it was necessary for him to see you personally previous to placing his name to the document in which, I may add, you are deeply interested."

CHAPTER IV.
MR. RAPPPELVE'S PROPOSAL.
"You are surprised, naturally," again resumed Mr. Gray, "and probably wonder what Mr. Rapppeleve knows of you. I will explain this at once. Your father was George Elfenstein, a well-known banker; in years gone by he did Mr. Rapppeleve a never-to-be-forgotten service. His arrival in this country was followed by a long and dangerous illness, when he lay alone among strangers, almost neglected, and he attended to his wants like a brother until he was entirely convalescent."

His bed had been occupied as usual, but he had probably been murdered, or very badly wounded, as, while no traces of his body could be found, evidences of a contest were on every side.
"Blood was upon the bed and floor, the window-seat was covered with it, as though he had been dragged through it, and then by means of a rope let down to the ground below."
"The rope still hung to the balcony. From the grass to an ornamental lake not far distant were irregular patches of the same human gore."
"Beyond that, nothing was ever discovered!"

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THE JOKER'S BUDGET.
TESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.
His Regular Rate—Couldn't Keep Him—As Usual—An Athletic Girl—Displeasing—Craffy—Etc., Etc.

NOT THE PROPER QUESTION.
Mr. Boggs' Answer Was Criminating Under the Circumstances.
Old Boggs is very deaf—so much so that he relies more on watching the speaker's lips in conversation than he does on his ears. He was on his way home one night not long ago while the wind was blowing very hard and a loosened sign came down and cut quite a gash in his forehead. The next morning he started to walk down town, his thoughts running on the wind of the night before, and, presuming that most everyone else was thinking and talking of the same subject. An opposite corner he saw a policeman with whom he had a passing acquaintance and he went over to speak to him.

THE MINISTER'S BLUNDER.
The New Yorkers are telling one another of a good joke on Rev. John Wesley Brown, rector of St. Thomas' Church, previously rector of St. Paul's in this city. His part in the ceremonial of the Paget-Whitney wedding was to read the service. Either he had marked the wrong place in the prayer book or the singing disconcerted him; at any rate the wedding party was amazed to hear his rich, full voice utter the words: "I am the resurrection and the life." "Heavens and earth!" ejaculated Bishop Potter in a whisper behind him. The rector at once awoke to the fact that he was reading the burial service, and, after one breathless second, he proceeded with the proper ritual.

HIS REGULAR RATE.
"Isn't this rather too generous?" said the clergyman, looking at the \$20 gold piece in his hand.
"It's what I always pay," loftily replied the Sioux Falls man who had just been married.

COULDN'T KEEP HIM.
May—They tell me your engagement with Charley Gumpfeigh is broken. How did it happen?
Carrie—It is no great mystery. The fact is he was too free to keep, that's all.

AS USUAL.
Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch?
Witness—I had my sweetheart's picture in it.
Lawyer—Ah! I see. A woman in the case.