Aggravating Man.

Mrs. Flitey—My husband's the meanest thing.. He had the rheumatism when he woke up this morning.

Mrs. Hitey—Well?

Mrs. Flicty—Well, that's a sure sign of rain, and I've got a lawn party on for this afternoon.—Philadelphia Press.

A Formula.

"Aren't you going to buy me one, mamma?"

"Buy you another new hat? That would be extravagant!"

"Oh, we could tell papa it was such a love of a hat I had to have it."

Took the Hint.

"I thought you were going to spend a week with your cousins over in Michigan."

"No, I didn't go. When I wrote to them about it they said for me to come right along and make myself at home—they woudln't consider me company."—Chicago Tribune.

Wanted a Test.

The Tramp—Yes'm. I've tried to cure the drink habit.

Mrs. Good.—You have?

The Tramp—Yes'm. I'm tryin' the faith cure now, an' I'd like to get a nickel to see if I could keep it without spendin' it for beer.—Puck.

Tommy Did It.

"Hello!" cried Noah as the animals were tossed into the toy ark, "here's something new!"

"Please sir," said the strange animal, "I used to be a leopard, but Tommy cut off my forelegs to make me a kangaroo."

On the Line.

Old Lady—Can you tell me, if you please, where I'll get the Blackrock tram?

Dublin Car Driver — Begorra, ma'am, if you don't watch yourself, you'll get it in the small of your back in about a minute.—Punch.

Crimson Glare.

Friend—Why are you star gazing at old Tippler's red nose?

Artist—I am getting inspiration for a great marine picture.

Friend—What will you call it?

Artist—Why, "The lighthouse below the bridge."—Chicago News.

Not the Grammatical Kind.

"hWat is a conjunction?" asked the teacher.

"That which joins together," was the prompt reply.

"Gve an illustration," said the teacher.

The up-to-date girl hesitated and blushed. "The marriage sevice," she said at last—Chicago Post.

Philosopic.

"Poor Boy!" exclaimed O'Hara condoling with Cassidy, who has been injured by a blast. "'Tis tough luck teh have have yer hand blowed off."

"Och, faith, it might have bin wurse," replied Cassidy. "Suppose I had me week's wages in it at the toime."—Philadelphia Press.

Lucky Shortage.

"Yes, my wife reads every blessed receipt she finds in the papers."

"Heavens; and does she try them all?"

"No, she doesn't. In fact she never tries a solitary one of them."

"How does that happen?"

"Why, she's always out of something."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Elaborate.

A placard posted throughout a country town announced the opening of a theatre as "under the management of Miss Blank, newly decorated and painted."—Tid-Bits.

No Assistance Required.

"It luks to me as if yez was thryin' to make trouble bechune me an' the folks up staire."

"Divil a bit! If Oi wanted to make trouble for anybody Oi'd do it for them thot's not so able to do it for thimselves!"—Puck.

One Well Paid Bank Clerk.

"I tell you, bank clerks are not sufficiently remunerated," exclaimed the broker quite forcibly.

"Oh, I don't know," said the bank president, with a sad smile. "Our last receiving teller got about $20,000 a year for six years."

Oh, That's Different!

Caller—The minister's son is following in the footsteps of the spendthrift, young Jenks.

Miss Prim—Isn't that scandalous?

Caller—Hardly as bad as that. You see he's a tailor and is trying to collect his bill.—Chelsea Gazette.

Prompt Revenge.

Pinching Bug—Those folks screened us out of the house and the piazzas.

Lightning Bug—Yes?

Pinching Bug—Then they have a garden party and me and a lot of my kinfolk broke it up.—Chicago Record-Herald.

The Pacemaker.

Woodby Booth—Who was the leading man in the company you were with last season?

Knight Stands—The advance agent.

Right!

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist?

Subject—Neither. I'm a furniture mover.—Tit-Bits.

The Tip to Golfers.

Puller—But what should I talk to my partner about?

Putter — Her splendid play, of course.

Puller—And if she is a regular duffer?

Putter—Tell her what lobsters the others are.—Brooklyn Life.

A PUZZLING CASE

That Has Attracted Wide-Spread Attention in Medical Circles.

From the Item, Lynn, Mass.

Thousands of dollars have been spent in doctors' bills by those afflicted with epilepsy and, very frequently, it has been in vain. It so often happens that the doctors do not strike at the root of the trouble. A cure which was easily effected, after physicians had failed to accomplish any permanent results, is that of Miss Annie R. Herbert, of No. 507 Western avenue, Lynn, Mass. After years of suffering from this terrible affliction she was made well by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She makes the following statement:

"I was the victim of epileptic fits and spasms of the nerves from the time I was two years old until I reached the age of seventeen, when Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People cured me. Ten well-known physicians of Lynn treated me at different times but none succeeded in helping my case. I have even been to the Lynn hospital, but the physicians there failed to cure me, so you can see it was a disease that puzzled a good many doctors.

"My illness at times caused racking headaches and an awful dizziness made my head swim. I had what the doctors called spasms of the nerves about four times a day. The blood would rush to my head and a feeling come over me so that I wouldn't know what was going on around me. The spasms left me very weak. During one year I had eight epileptic fits.

"At last when all the efforts of the doctors had proved in vain I tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and hardly three weeks had passed before I found they gave me great relief. I continued using them faithfully and in six months I was entirely cured and have had no return of my illness since" Signed,

MISS ANNIE R. HERBERT.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of April, 1901.

THOMAS F. PORTER,
(Seal.) Notary Public.

The pills which cured Miss Herbert are a specific for all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves, two fruitful causes of almost every ill to which flesh is heir.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, by Dr. Williams Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Illustrated.

"How do you manage to get rid of bores?" asked Snodgrass as he came in and took a seat by the editor's desk.

"Oh, easily enough," replied the editor. "I begin to tell them stories about my smart youngster. Now, only the other day he said— What! Must you go? Well, good morning!"

Yellowish.

The Visitor—Of course you know knothing of yellow journalism up here?

The Villager—Wall, the ad'ter of the Banner he now an' agen puts in items up side down so's to make the folks read 'em. I recken thet's sorter buff like, ain't it?—Detroit Free Press.

Semblance of Perpetual Motion.

Into a basin of clear water put a few pieces of camphor. They will commence a peculiar motion, traversing every part of the surface of the water, but may instantly be stopped by dropping into the water the minutest quantity of an oily substace.

FIRING THE FIRST SALUTE.

How Old Glory Was Honored by the French Frigate.

The little Ranger ran slowly between the frowning French frigates, looking as warlike as they; her men swarmed like bees into the rigging, and her colors ran up to salute the flag of his most Christian majesty of France, and she fired one by one her salute of thirteen guns, says Sarah Orne Jewett, in the Atlantic.

There was a moment of suspense, the wind was very light now; the powder smoke drifted away and the flapping sails sounded loud overhead. Would the admiral answer back, or would he treat this bold challenge like a handkerchief waved at him from a pleasure boat? Some of the officers on the Ranger looked incredulous, but Paul Jones still held the letter in his hand. There was a puff of white smoke and the great guns of the French flagship began to shake the air—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine; and then were still, save for their echoes from the low hills about Carnac and the great druid Mount of St. Michael.

"Henry Gardner, you may tell the men that this was the salute of the King of France to our republic, and the first high honor to our flag," said the captain proudly to his steersman; but they were all huzzaing now along the Ranger's decks, that little ship whose name shall never be forgotten while her country lives.

The captain lifted his hat and stood looking at the flag.

"We hardly know what this day means, gentlemen," he said soberly to his officers who came about him. "I believe we are at the christening of the greatest nation that was ever born into the world. The day shall come when America, republic though she may be, will salute no foreign flag without receiving gun for gun!"

CAPE MALEA HERMIT.

PATHETIC STORY OF AN ENGLISH SEA CAPTAIN.

Stricken While a Young Man by the Drowning of His Bride During the Honeymoon, He Lived for Many Years Among Ignorant Greek Goatherds.

About twenty-five years ago there was a young sailor who, by dint of hard work, integrity of character and firmness of will, reached at the age of 26 the summit of his ambition—becoming a master of what then would be called a good-sized steamship, some 900 tons register. Upon this accession to good fortune he married the girl of his choice, who had patiently waited for him since as boy and girl sweethearts they parted on his first going to sea. And with rare complacency his owners gave him the inestimable privilege of carrying his young bride to sea with him.

How happy he was! How deep and all-embracing his pride, as steaming down the grimy Thames he explained to the light of his eyes all the wonders that she was now witnessing for the first time but which he had made familiar to her mind by his oft-repeated sea stories during the few bright days between voyages that it had been able to develop to courtship. The ship was bound to several Mediterranean ports, the time being late autumn, and consequently the most ideal season for a honeymoon that could possibly be imagined. Cadiz, Genoa, Naples, Venice, a delightful tour with not one weary moment wherein to wish for something else. Even a flying visit to old Rome from Naples had been possible, for the two officers, rejoicing in their happy young skipper's joy, saw to it that no unnecessary cares should trouble him, and bore willing testimony, in order that he should get as much delight out of those halcyon days as possible, that the entire crew were as docile as could be wished, devoted to their bright commander and his beautiful wife. Then at Venice came orders to proceed to Galatz and load wheat for home. Great was the glee of the girl-wife. She would see Constantinople and the Danube. Life would hardly be long enough to recount all the wonders of this most wonderful of wedding trips. And they sailed, with hearts overbrimming with joy as the blue sky above them seemed welling over with sunlight.

Wind and weather favored them, nothing occurred to cast a shadow over their happiness until nearing Cape Malea at that fatal hour of the morning, just before the dawn, when more collisions occur than at any other time, they were run into by a blundering Greek steamer coming the other way, and cut down amidships to the water's edge. To their peaceful sleep or quiet appreciation of the night's silvern splendors succeeded the overwhelming flood, the hiss and roar of escaping steam, the suffocating embrace of death. In that dread fight for life all perished but one, he so lately the happiest of men, the skipper. Instinctively clinging to a fragment of wreckage, he had been washed ashore under Cape Malea at the ebbing of the scanty tide, and his strong physique reasserting itself enable him to reach the plateau. Here he was found gazing seaward by some goat-herds, who, in search of their nimble-footed flocks, had wandered down the precipitous side of the mountain. They endeavored to persuade him to come with them back to the world, but in vain. He would live, gratefully accepting some of their poor provision, but from that watching place he would not go. And those rude peasants, understanding something of his depth of woe, sympathized with him so deeply that without payment or hope of any, they helped him to build his hut, and kept him supplied with such poor morsels of food and drink as sufficed for his stunted needs.

And there, with his gaze fixed during all his waking hours upon that inscrutable depth wherein all his bright hopes had suddenly been quenched, he lived until quite recent years, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot," a living monument of constancy and patient, uncomplaining grief. By his humble friends, whose language he never learned, he was regarded as a saint, and when one day they came upon his lifeless body fallen forward upon his knees at the little unglazed window through which he was wont to look out upon the sea where his dear one lay, they felt confirmed in their opinion of the sanctity of the hermit of Cape Malea.—London Spectator.

MILLINERY MODES.

Showing the new English turban shape. A few plumes and a knot of straw will furnish the trimmings, and a little tilt adds to the stylish effect.

Output of the British Mint.

The recently issued report of the deputy master of England's mint shows that the ouput of new money was beyond all precedent in 1900. A total of 102 tons of standard gold, 234 tons of standard silver and 391 tons of bronze was coined into 107,689,513 pieces. In addition nearly 30,000,000 pieces were struck in the colonial mints. The output of the English mint amounted in value to about $78,000,000.

As a rule people are disappointed in compliments: they always expect more.

The Distinction.

"Yes, that's a pretty piece of bric a-brac. Where did you get it?"

"In Canada."

"What duty did you have to pay on it?"

"None at all."

"Smuggled it through, did you?"

"No, I just slipped it through. It isn't smuggling unless you're caught at it."—Chicago Tribune.

A New Species.

"I would like to sell you the entire works of Omar Khayam," began the the book agent glibly; "they are the finest things that ever came from a pen."

"Them's a new breed of pigs to me," commented Mr. Porkanlard, scratching his head doubiously. Are they anything like Berkshire's.—Ohio State Journal.

He Couldn't.

"Oh, Mr. Spoonleigh, pray rise. It is not right that you should kneel at my feet. Rise, I beg of you!" implored the fair lady.

But he didn't rise. His Irish did, though, and he replied solemnly:

"I'm afraid—er—Miss Grace—I'm afraid I'm kneeling on your—er—that is, you dropped your chewing gum, and, oh, Miss Grace, I'm stuck on you!"—Denver Times.

A Depraved Appetite.

"No, we couldn't have our usual ride on Sunday, and we were so disappointed!"

"What was the trouble?"

"Why, our horse got loose in the night and ate up his best bonnet."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Present Pace.

Servant—A publisher at the door to see you, sir.

Modern Author—Have him come in and wait; tell him I just began writing a book and won't have it done for 15 minutes.—Ohio State Journal.

Aggrieved.

"It was an outrage!" exclaimed the excitable young man with the very foreign accent. "The father of the young lady offered a marriage settlement of $100,000."

"It isn't much of a dowry."

"My dear friend; it is not a dowry at all. It is a tip.—Washington Star.

SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES.

Saved.

Scott—How did you like that cigar I gave you yesterday?

Burns—I liked it so well that I hadn't the heart to burn it.—Boston Transcript.

His Reason.

She—You played a very careless game, Jack. Why don't you keep your eye on the ball?

He—I can't keep it on both of you.—Brooklyn Life.

A Leader.

Papa—So, Robby, you're the president of your bicycle club. That's very nice. How did they happen to choose you?

Bobby—Well, you see, papa, I'm the only boy that's got a bicycle.—Tit-Bits.

Too Early Yet.

"The first game of golf was played in Scotland over 500 years ago."

"Wonder if they've found any of the balls yet that were used in the game."

The Chastisement.

Kind Lady—Why are you crying little boy?

Little Boy—Cos maw just made a example out o' me for my little brother's sake."—Ohio State Journal.

Why It Was Returned.

New Servant—I found this coin upon your desk, sir.

Master—I'm glad you are honest. I put it there purposely to test your honesty.

New Servant — That's what I thought.