

The post's life is case in Lent— You may depend upon it; On Easter rhymes no time is spent— For sonnet rhymes with bonnet -Detroit Free Press.

COULDN'T SHAKE HIM. Bronco Ensy to Ride as Featherbed

With Proper Precaution. A crowd had begun to gather. Appar ently the man, an entire stranger, had never tried to ride a bucking bronco before. The animal threw down its head, elevated its hind feet, and wriggled backward. Then it reversed the process. Still the man, with a look of desperation on his face, hung on.

"Bet \$5 the beast throws him," ex-

claimed a voice.

There were no takers.

"Bet \$5 it downs him in one round!"

shouted the voice. Still no takers. The maddened animal meanwhile

tinued to buck, while the rider, with firmly-set jaws and gleaming eyebalis, still hung on with the energy of desperation. When the bronco stood on its hind feet he clasped it around the neck. When it stood on its head he leaned back in the aud.e and grasped the animal with one and by the tail. When it sprang suddenly to one side he wrapped his long legs about its body and held on like an octo-pus. And when it jumped up in the air and came down stiff-legged on all fours he went along and came back, somewhat shaken—but unshaken. Presently the animal began to tire. Its lunges became less

"Bet \$5 the man wins!" exclaimed the

"Bet 10 to 1 on the man!" said a dozen

No takers. The bronco was conquered. "Gentlemen," said the stranger, after he had recovered his breath. "It may surprise you to learn that this is the first time ever tried to bust a bronco. I believe usting a bronco is the technical term for the operation. If I am wrong, some one of you will please correct me. It is com-monly supposed to require a great deal of skill and a long course of previous practice. It may occur to you, perhaps, that I have done it on a bet. Nothing could farther from the truth. Woa, you benst! Stand still!

"To subdue a bucking bronco, gentlevious preparation. It is one of the lings in gymnastics, if you only know how. No unusual strength or activity is needed. The process is so simple that I hesitate to mention it. It consists solely in the use of a device-if device it may be called-by which I am enabled to remain in the saddle, no matter how hard the animal tries to throw me. You no-ticed, doubtless, that I never left the saddle. I sat in this saddle as if I had grown to it. Well, gentlemen, I had.
"Before I mounted this animal, now so
meek and abject, I applied to my trou-

sers a small quantity of liquid glue. A few minutes only were required to harden it thoroughly, and it would take the combined strength of several men now to drag me off this wretched ruin of a once proud bronco, unless the surcingle or my suspenders should give way. You may have thought it was really necessary for me to clasp my legs around the anima and to grasp him by the neck to save my being thrown, but it was not I was stuck on him, as it were,

"Now, understand me, friends, I do not commend the use of liquid glue in horseback riding as a steady practice. It would be to expensive in the matter of trusers. I have only used it in this instance as an object lesson, to show you the remarkabl adhesive qualities of this preparation, which I manufacture myself, and call Holdum's Celebrated Sticktight. It is pu up in bottles of two different sizes, retail-ing, respectively, at 10 and 25 cents, and remember that I guarantee each and every bottle. If you are not satisfied after pur-chasing it, the money will be cheerfully

"I am now going to my lodgings, which are in a quiet street, only a block or two away, where I have this unequaled prepa-ration for sale, and where you will see me make an effort to separate mysel from this poor creature, in which effort I

And he rode away, followed by the en tire crowd,-Chicago Tribune.

NO MORE PARADES FOR HIM. One Experience of Mardi Gras, Clad In Armor, All He Wanted.

They were discussing Mardi Gras celebration in the days of old Memphis. "That was the first time I was ever in a parade, and I hope the last," said a well-know rathroad man. "Jim Brown and I had been selected as guards of honor, or some such thing, and we were going to do the thing up right. No costume in Memphis was good enough for us. We sent off to New York and had two suits of arm

and came out as knights of old. "I never will forget that night. As we rode along in the procession the light was reflected from the tin armor, and made us feel that we were the whole thing. the corner of Gayoso and Main streets my partner fell off his horse, and it sounded like the bottom had fallen out of a tin shop. The mules in the float behind got scared, and came near running away afraid if I got off my horse help him on that I would have to stay off. Spectators helped him, however, and the parade proceeded.

"When it was over we climbed severa flights of stairs to my rooms to get rid of the armor, which had become unbear able. As I walked I made as much noise as a tinware peddler. When we reached the room I tried to relieve my partner patented, and neither of us knew combination. We sent for the men who boy was looking for him, we spent the

The man arrived in about two hours.

but the fasteners were a riddle to him. He ran over to the restaurant, and in a few minutes came back with a canopener, hatchet and pair of shears. He went to work, and after chopping and cutting and shearing, relieved us from our coat of tin. It was then about 3 o'clock in the morning, and too late to go to any of the balls. I think the several hours I spent in that harness trying to get out were the most miserable of my life. No more parades for me, partner."-Memphis

PUT THE WAITER TO FLIGHT. Experience Taught the Drummer

How to Deal With Him. A large man, whose jolly, smoothshaven visage somehow called to mind pictures of those medieval monks who are always painted in close proximity to casks of wine, walked into a restaurant in the business district last evening and ordered a steak a la Creole. In due time it arrived and was deposited, piping hot, on the table, whereupon the large man proceeded to tuck a napkin under his collar and attacked the dish with a quiet

gusto that was exhilarating to with He had disposed of perhaps a third, and was working his way steadily through the remainder, when his waiter sauntered up from behind and leaned confidentially over his shoulder. "Steak all right, sir?" he asked, in a tone of professional solicitude. "Eh?" exclaimed the large man, looking startled, "what's that?" "I just asked whether the steak was all right,'

replied the waiter.

The large man laid down his knife and fork. "What do you think is the matter with it?" he inquired in an anxious undertone, "Why-why-nothin', I guess, why way nothing to get disconcerted. "I was only asking, you know."
"But what prompted you to ask?" urged the other. "I insist upon knowing what excited your suspicion that this was not what it should be?" dunno," muttered the waiter miserably;
"I just asked, that's all."

"But I had made no complaint," mused the large man, knitting his brows and facing around in his chair. "There's some mystery here, sure. Did you ask as a mat-ter of private curiosity or as a".— Be-fore he could conclude the sentence the waiter broke away and fied headlong to the kitchen. The large man chuckled and resumed his attack on the steak.

"It's like this," he said later to a man who had witnessed the incident and was curious about it. "You see, I'm a drummer, and I live mostly at hotels and about such a life that wear on a man, and one of them is the way some waiters keep worrying you all through a meal for fear you'll forget they're on earth when it comes time to settle and tip. There is no earthly reason why any waiter should ever inquire whether a dish is satisfactory. If it isn't the guest will notify him, and he's there to remedy it. So when one of them begins asking me confidentially whether this or that thing is all right I usually squelch him with the little formula you have just listened to. It never falls to put 'em to flight."— New Orleans Times-Democrat.

"WHO SINT THOT PICK!"

Very Pardonable Curiosity of the Widow Houlihan,

Dennis Houlihan, a public contractor and an ex-alderman, died. He had come over from Ireland when a boy, and from the bottom rung of the ladder had climbed through a series of failures and successes until at last he was rewarded with riches in reasonable amount and political prefer ment beyond the dreams of his ancestors. The funeral was made notable by the many beautiful floral offerings sent by the business and political friends of the de-

When the widow came in for a farewel look at her honest spouse she had enough of feminine curiosity left to glance up, between the spasms of her lamentations, at the floral designs that surrounded the

"Arrah, Dinny dear, of yez cud on'y see th' purties that they hev brung yez!" she moaned. "O me! O my! Here be a pillow o' daisles. Dinny boy, fer yez to' shiape on in paradise. An' here be th' jar thot 'ill let yez in ter glory. sniffie, sniffie.) An', O me! O my! Here be th' golden harrup made o' posles, Dinny dear, but they didn't now as yez wux th' musician on th' accordion, at all, (More sniffle.) Yez 'lll hev t' learn

th' harrup, Dinny boy."

The widow's curious eyes continued to take in the adornments of the mourningroom with a tearful appreciation of the onors done her "Dinny" in the hour of eath. Suddenly she espled near the foot of the casket a large anchor of lilles. Not having nautical knowledge enough to un-derstand the poetic significance of the emblem, and being particularly sensitive as to the subject of origin, she lost her temper and forgot her grief in this impassioned inquiry: Free Press.

Careful Buyer.

There were only four neighbors Tucker's general store, at the crossing of the plank ridge and the state road, when Silas Slosson entered.

"How be ye, boys?" he said collect ively. "How be ye, Si7" was the reply. How's the ol' lady?"

"Baout th' same; don't see much change."

Slias crossed the store to the counter behind which stood Tucker, his face wreathed in mercantile smiles, his fat hands pressed against the varnishless

"Whattel It be, Mistur Slosson?" "Haow much ye gittin' fer C sugar?" replied the prospective customer.

"Six cents." "Six cents."
"Phew-w-w," whistled Slias, "gone up, ain't it? Didn't hev t' pay no sich figger fer t' las' I bo't." inquired Tucker with sur-

prise. "Haow much 'd ye hev t' giv?"
"Five cents an' a half."
"Thet so? Haow much ye want?" "Paound."-Detroit Free Press.

"Went home Thursday night and found ny wife ill. Symptoms alarming. Dosed her best I could. Friday morning she was no better. Felt worried. Wife dull and stupid. No life to her. Started for doc tor. Struck by happy thought, Turned ck. Cure complete. What was it?"

"Simple as pie. Just said, Too bad yo Simple as pie. Just said. Too bad you have to be sick on bargain day, my dear.' She bounced up. 'What' she cried, 'how stupid of one to forget.' In five minutes she was up and dressed and frizzing her

"Wouldn't it have been chesper to have fetched the doctor? "By Jove! I guess it would!"-Cleveland

Will Let Well Enough Alone Bobbs-I see that a man has invented a typewriter that you just sit down and talk and it writes out everything you say. Dobbs-I guess I'll keep mine. She esn't write everything I say, and I'm

HORRIFIED BRIDEGROOM. Ludicrous Revelation of Surgical Operation on His Bride.

"Some of the queerest experiences of a doctor are pretty certain to be connected with the administration of anaesthetics," said a physician chatting the other day with a newspaper friend, "and apropos of the subject I recall a little story that I don't mind telling, as the incident occurred long since and in another city. "A dozen years ago, when I was ten

porarily located in St. Louis, I was called

one day to the old Lindell Hotel, to give chloroform to a young woman who was about to undergo a slight surgical operation to remove a morbid growth in the ear. The patient, as it developed on my arrival; had been married only a few days before, and was in the city with her husband, on their bridal tour. Although quite handsome, she was no longer exact-ly in her first youth, and she was very much averse to having her husband pres-ent at the operation. However, he in-sisted, and she finally agreed that he should stay, but I noticed that she seemed very nervous and preoccupied.

"The operation, as I said before, was trifling. She took the chloroform easily, and all went well until she was just regaining consciousness, when she opened her mouth and out fell a set of false teeth. She had said nothing about that detail, and the truth was that she had hoped poor woman, to pass through the ordeal without the fact of her wearing such things being known to her husband. But the effect on that individual was entirely unexpected. He gave one horrified glance, and then rushed at the old surgeon and seized him by the throat. 'You infamous scoundrel!' he yelled, 'you have broken my poor darling's jaw!

"At that stage of affairs I beat a retreat. I never did learn exactly what the husband thought had happened, or what sort of explanation was offered. New Orleans Times-Democrat.

PAT GAVE GOOD WEIGHT. His Master's Customer Got All There

Was Due Ilim. Apropos of the ready comprehension and native wit attributed to the sons of Erin. this stands out in bold opposition. Patrick was a clerk in a suburban grocery store. It was a busy season and the grocer was waiting upon two or three cus-tomers at the same time. He was in a hurry, and everything had to be where he could get it without much trouble, or he would be delayed and probably lose money, so when he found that the pound weight was gone he was bothered.
"Patrick," he called out, "where's the pound weight?

"The pound weight, is it?" said Patrick, complacently. "Sure, an' its Misther Jones that has the pound weight."

"Widder" Greene's Farewell.

"I'm goin' to die," says the Widder Greene,
"I'm goin' to quit this airthly scene;
'Tain't no place for me to stay

Such works and ways is too much for me, Nobody can let nobody be. The girls is flounces from top to toe,

And that's the bull o' what they know

There ain't a cretur but knows today I never was a lunatic any way, But since the crazy folks all go free

I'm dreadful afraid they'll hang up m

There's another thing that's peaky hard-I can't step into a neighbor's yard

But what the paper'll have it in. We're pleased to say the Widder Greene Took dinner a Tueoday with Mrs. Keene.' Or, 'Our worthy friend Mrs. Greene has gone

To say 'How be you?' or borrow a pin,

Down to Barkhamstead to see her son.

Great Jerusalem! can't I stir Without a raisin' some feller's fur?

No more'n if this was Judgment Day.

And as for meetin'-I want to ewear

Like everything else under the sun. 'used to be so solemn an' slow,

Now it goes like a gallopin' steer,

High diddle diddle! there an' here.

Praise to the Lord from men below,"

No respect to the Lord above, No more's ef He was hand an' glove With all the creturs he ever made.

And all the lige that ever was played

If good old Parson Nathan Strong

Out of his grave would come along.

An' give us a stirrin' taste o' fire Judgment an' justice is my desire.

That makes this world or t'other complete

But law, I'm old! I'd better be dead When the world's a turnin' over my head;

Crary creturs a-murderin' round— Honest folks'd better be under the ground.

No more'll be pestered by Widder Greene,"

From "The Lost Creek Lyre."

starts a newly married couple down the

Your nuptial path with big jack roses, And over coat with honey dew

The ripe, red lips beneath your noses.

And wake ye muse inspired of heaven.

the last issue of our high-altitude con-

Another old-time resident Hath gone from trouble with his liver.

And went, we trust direct to heaven, Leaving the body still and dead, At twenty minutes past eleven. (Mountain time.)

Ladles All.

To the chamberlady, "I'll break your head For breaking that urn I prized so high,"

And the chamberlady said, "Twasn't I! Twas the cooklady broke it!" but she denied

Averred that the scrublady broke the urn-

And there they wrangied and stamped their fee Till the old beggarindy across the street Told the peanutisdy and lady who

That the indice engaged in the noisy fray -Behaved in a quite unladylike way, And the colored raginary from garbage bar'l Remarked, "It's scan'lous way ladice 'il quar'l!"

-Denver Evening Post

-Denver Post.

This touching obliuary verse appears in

The editor of the Lost Creek Lyre thus

Taint all love an' sickish sweet

Sperits talkin' like tarnal fools,

So fare ye well! this airthly scene

rosy path of wedded bliss:

May Cupid's hand forever strew

May not a cloud of discord rise

To darken your felicitation, And may there never be no files

Upon your sweet domestication

Thanks for the dollar ye blew in

temporary, the Lost Creek Lyre:

The soul from out its prison fled

The houselady in her anger said

Was selling apples a nick for two

Another from our ranks bath went

Across the so-called mystic river-

(Receipt for which is hereby To rouse ye editor's giad grin

Bibles kicked out o' deestrict schools,

Why, even Old Hundred's splied and done

There ain't no privacy, so to say,

The men is mad on bonds and stocks, Swearin' and shootin', and pickin' locks; I'm real afraid I'll be hanged myself, Ef I ain't laid on my final shelf.

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In such a world as 'tis today;

stayed in the store. How did Mr. Jones ge it?"
"An' shure, didn't yes tell me to be

perlite to the rigular customers? "Well, thin, Misther Jones comes in to the store for a pound of tay. An', says he, whin I axed him what quality of tay he wud have: "Whativer yez give me,' says he, 'give me the weight.' So I put the pound weight in the package of tay, perlite like, an' it's himself that's gone with it."—Memphis Scimitar.

FOREGONE CONCLUSION. He Didn't Know That She Had

Stacked the Cards. a gesture expressive of firm relution, as if the affair were quite settled, the Countess Madeline pointed to her lacquered Japanese cabinet that shimmered in the lamplight and said very

Open one of those three drawers, Valentine, and he sure that you choose the right one. Each drawer contains an andressed to me for the past six months. If you open that which contains the answer 'Yes.' I will be yours and will marry you as soon as you please. But take care that you do not get the wrong answer, for if you do you will never see me

"Alas!" said Valentine, "there are two chances to one against me. How cruel you are, my darling!"

said the Countess, "if I marry you I can at least lay the blame on fate. The young man hesitated a long time. His hand wandered from drawer to drawer, not venturing to touch any, and his heart sank with the fear of cho At last he shut his eyes and wrongly. opened a drawer at hazard.

Oh, rapture! the little piece of pink pa-per, when unfolded, disclosed to his glad eyes the exquisite word "Yes." In ecstaey he clasped the blushing Madeline in his arms and covered her face with kases.

She did not deny him.

Valentine, being but a bashful swain, never knew that he had bucked up against a foregone conclusion. The three drawers that had held his cards of fate had been "stacked."-Collier's Weekly.

Bill Fletcher's Brains.

Bill Fletcher a lineman for the Michigan Telephone Company, doesn't like to wear a hat on hot days. A kind-hearted old lady saw Bill one hot day near Saline So she went into the house and got one of her husband's old hats. "It's too bad you haven't got a hat; take this one,' said she; and, not wishing to offend her, Bill accepted the proffer. When the job was completed, he went to the door, and, thanking her, said that he could not keep "But you must keep it," she the hat. said. "You will bake your brains out if "Mr. Jones has it? What do you mean Bill. "I haven't got any brains. If I by saying that Mr. Jones has the pound had I wouldn't be digging postholes." weight. I thought that the pound weight | Criterion.

CHASED HIM A MILE.

Political Speaker.

"And he did.
"On the closing night he said, almost at the beginning of his oration: 'I am glad to see so many here tonight who come from the little green island beyond the sea, the land of Tom Moore and Father Prouty, of romance and of verse. Americans can never be too grateful to the Irish race for what it has performed in the New World. The names of Patrick Henry and Generals Montgomery and Sheridan will go ringing down through the corridors of time. And America has often tried to express her gratitude. When the great famine threatened death to Ireland, she sent provisions by the shipload across the sea, and here in this, our city, where American ingenuity has invented the street sweeper, which does the work of 50 Irish formerly performed this task, we have kindly and appropriately called it the steam paddy.

"There was a shout, a yell, a crash and

THE WRETCH!

Tailor-Made Gown, "You remember," he was saying, "th day I missed the word in the spelling, and you didn't go above me because-you

missed it, too." She didn't even lean toward him. She

didn't go over to the window and beat a nervous little tattoo on one of the panes with her delicate fingers. "And then," he went on, "those summer days when we, with aider rods and pin hooks, used to go fishing for minnows

in the little creek. You used to wear such funny little gingham aprons then." She didn't give a little laugh in her throat, but he didn't seem to notice it. you don't wear something over your head "And do you remember the day I-I this hot weather. "Oh, no, I won't," said asked you? How I found you up in the apple tree and kept you there almost an hour-until you promised? How you reminded me that the limbs of that particu-

Unfortunate Milesian Allusion by a

Dr. James Walker, a well-known physicfan of San Francisco, in discussing the necessity of tact in political life, tells the

following incident: "We had a candidate one year for reelection, a Congressman. It was a very close fight, and everything depended upon holding all our voters together. The campaign was to end with a mass meeting. where the candidate was to be the chief speaker. The committee had discovered that the enemy had made a slight inroad upon some of the Irish voters, and varned the speakers to be extremely care ful in all their references to the Emerald Isle and its people. The Congressman when spoken to, drew himself up proud

ly and said: Leave it to my discretion, gentlemen will not offend them. I will charm

the meeting was broken up forever. I be-lieve that the infuriated Milesians chased the candidate a mile."—Philadelphia Post.

But She Knew Just How to Get Tha

POEMS WORTH READING

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To Mr. Markham. When Edwin Markham wrote the "Man With the Hoe," a poem requiring a woodcut reproduction of a great painting, and thereby stumping the country papers we bowed down and published his poem as worthy to be printed in space not needed for some local observation. But now that Mr. Markham is going down into his barrel for copy and is putting on the market any old rubbish, we have lost a great deal of our admiration for the viliner of the agriculturist. Markham slings a few disjointed sentences together, collects cablegram rates and waits

for the next inspiration. If a Philadelphia publisher had ordered a poem on "A Sorrel Mule." for instance. he would have been supplied by return mail with something like the following for which we unhappily cannot find bidders at any price:

THE SORREL MULE. The color of the sky at sunset-or of leaves Just tinged with Autumn's splendid bue A mane like grass which bows before the

scythe.

And bristles on his tall like stubble fields;
His voice the deep hourse beliew of the sea;
Tolerance and equity were scated in his mich
And in his heels is where Jove's lightning sat. He mused and meditated, paused awhile, And flicked an insect from his deep-s arred side And grazed upon the herbage round his feet Oh hybrid! twenty centuries are bond in thee; Fleet Arabs spurning dew upon the plains; Wild assee ramping on the Grampian Hills; While you plow the furrows on the field,

A quadruped until into oblivion There sinks with you the finis of your race. O man! O mule! O ineffectual blend! What deep eignificance we find in this. -Pocahontas Times.

To Her Mirror.

My love has said that I am fair, He finds me fair to view; My love has praised my golden hair, Has praised my eyes of blue He vows that I am beautiful I only know I am content

Because I please my love. And if he swear that I am fair. I would not fairer be And if he praise my golden hair, 'Tis praise enough for me;

And if I do but please my love, The all I ask to know; And thus I am all maids above, in that he tells me so, My dear love tells me so. My love has said I am his fair,

My lover loves me true; My love has stroked my golden hair, Has kissed my eyes of blue; He vows that I am worshipful All other maids above, In very sooth it must be truth, Since I have won my love.

> And if he swear that I am fair I could not fairer be: "
> And if he kies my eyes and hair 'Tis sweet content to me. And if I can but charm my love Naught else I seek to know; And thus I am all maids above Decause he loves me so.
>
> My true love loves me so.
>
> —Mail and Express.

Did It Ever Occur to You! Did it ever occur to you. When the sun shone clear, you did not fear, To lay your umbrella aside,

That in less than an hour up came a shower, And dranched you clear to the hide! Did it ever occur to you,

That a woman's long skirt, sweeping up the You happen to walk behind, Step on it and tear it, accidentally (you swear it).

Yet she gives you a piece of her mind? Did it ever occur to you,
That if you thought for a minute, and there
was anything in it.
You could, for a month or two, Write rhymes like these, and earn money with

Did it ever occur to you? -8. S. B. in Philadelphia Inquirer. The Choristers

There's a little band of singers Every evening comes and lingers Neath the window of my cottage in the trees And with dark they raise their voices, While the gathering night rejoices, And the leaves join in the chorus

Then the twinkling stars come out To enjoy the merry rout, And the squirrels range themselves upon a log; And the freflies furnish light, That they rend their notes aright—

The katydid, the cricket and the frog. All the night I hear them einging: Through my head their tunes are ringing-Strains of music straight from Mother Nature'

Now the katydid and cricket. From the deep of yonder thicket; Then the croaking frog off yonder drones hi part. and by the moon appears,

As the midnight hour nears, And her smiles dispel the low ring mist and fog: Then the mirth is at its height, And they glorify the night. The katydid, the cricket and the frog

-Atlanta Constitution

Don't Know Whom He'll Meet. A cunnel of the Blue Grass
Lay grouning on his cot;
There was lots of woman's nursing, As he tossed and tumbled there,

With the handle quite inviting For his fingers long and spare Then there came a pale reporter. Who beheld the ready gun As it caught the shining splendor Of the glory of the sun; And he paused and mutely wondered O'er the wherefore and the why, lill the proud and haughty cunnel Caught the question in his eye.

Feebly then he raised the weapon, And he rattled as he said: "Sah, a cunnel of th' Blue Grass Is a gentleman when dead; o I hang fas' to mah gun, seh"-Here his pulmes censed to beat-"Cause I don't know whar I'm goin'-An' I don't know whom I'll meet!"
--Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Faces in the Street. They lie, the men who tell us in a loud, de

That want is here a stranger, and that misery's unknown; where the nearest suburb and the city

proper meet My window still is level with the faces in the prifting past, drifting past To the beat of weary feet— While I sorrow for the owners of those faces the street.

And cause I have to sorrow, in a land so young and fair,
To see upon those faces stamped the look of Want and Care:

I look in vain for traces of the fresh and fat and sweet
In sallow, sunken faces that are drifting through the etreet-Drifting on, drifting on, To the scrape of restless feet;

I can sorrow for the owners of the faces in th street. -London Daily Mail. College Graduate.

Although a beggar clad in rage, Refinement on his features sate "Pray lift me from the mire," he said,

The blitter blows of unjust fate; the thousand stings of tortured pride, That plagued this college graduate. I thought of these; and then I said,

I thought of all the kicks of life.

"Friend, take this coin; it is not great; But with it goes the blessing of Another college graduate." He took the coin, and I could see

How bitterly desire and pride Were struggling in the bosom of The beggar standing by my side. I clasped his hand. "Comrade," I asked, "What college gave you your degree He brushed a tear away and sobbed, "A barber's college, if you please -San Francisco Wave.

and how you implored me to go behind the woodshed until you got down? And-"
"Harold," she interrupted, with no tears in her voice worth speaking of, "while shopping today, I saw the most adorable tailor-made and-and-"

"Oh, yes," he broke in, almost savage-ly, "you can have it, I suppose. When-ever a man's in good humor you." She put her arms around his neck and

kissed him. "You're a dear, good, old, cross bear,"

And then, like many another wretch of husband under like circumstances, he tried to look pleasant and think swear words at the same time.-Philadelphia Inquirer.

KNEW HUMAN NATURE. Maine Lawyer's Insight Helped Him

in Real Estate Deal. good lawyer learns many lessons in the school of human nature, and thus it was that Lawyer Hackett did not fear to purchase a tract of land which had been lawed" over for years.

Some of the people wondered why he wanted to get hold of property with such an incubus of uncertainty upon it. Others thought that perhaps he wanted some legal knitting work, and would pitch in red-hot to fight that fence line question on his own hook. That's what the owner of the adjoining

land thought. So he trouble when he saw Hackett across the Sald Hackett: "What's your claim here, anyway, as to this fence?"
"I insist," replied the neighbor, "tha

your fence is over on my land two feet at one end and one foot at least at the "Well," replied Hackett, "you can go ahead just as quick as you can and set your fence over. At the end where you say I encroach on you two feet set the fence on my land four feet. At the other end push it on my land two feet."

"But," persisted the neighbor, "that's twice what I claim." "I don't care about that," said Hackett. There's been fight enough over this land. want you to take enough so you are perfectly satisfied, and then we can get tiong pleasantly. Go ahead and help

The map paused abashed. He had been ready to commence the old struggle tooth and nall, but this move of the new neighbor stunned him. Yet he wasn't to be out-done in generosity. He looked at Hack-"Squire," said he, "that fence ain't going to be moved an inch. I don't want the land. There wan't nothing in the fight,

Lewiston Journal. Matter of Precaution.

anyway, but the principle of the thing,

State Senator Frank W. Maynard, of New Hampshire, has just returned to his home in Nashua from Louisville, Ky., where he attended the annual convention of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange. He arrived in Kentucky just after the shooting of Mr. Goebel, and witnessed the excitement which followed. During his stay in Louisville he was in troduced to Colonei Jack Chinn, and he tells an amusing story of their meeting. "We were introduced," said Senator Maynard, "by a mutual friend, and I no-ticed that Colonei Chinn extended his left

hand to me. At the time I thought it a bit queer, but after I saw him do the same thing with several other men I came to the conclusion that he was left-handed. the King got hold of a bell rope, so he Perhaps my face indicated my surprise at his manner of shaking hands, for he turned to me a few minutes later and re- running with all his might, and the King

shake hands with my left hand? Well,
we have grown accustomed to that durmoment he said: ing the past few days. You see, we like to keep our right hands close to our pis-

tol pockets just now."-Boston Globe. Literary Evening in Georgia. An exchange prints the following inter-

esting announcement of "A Literary "We are pleased to announce that a literary evening will be given on Wednes day next for the benefit of the new school bell, which has just arrived by freight and which was duly paid by the trustee The new bell, which is a thing of beauty and a noise forever, is certainly worthy o a literary evening—the best that we can get up. There will be a hot supper and recitations from Byron; ice cream and from Bill Arp's writings and baked pos sum: also dancing to the music of the town band, which has recovered from the pneumonia. A large attendance is

expected."-Atlanta Constitution

In the course of the fearful march of the Irish Fusiliers from Dundes to Ladysmith the men were much fatigued, owing to the rough fourney.

One man in particular stumbled along as if walking in his sleep. An officer "Sir." asked Michael, "what country is

this at all we're marching over?"
"The Natal table-land, my man," was "Bedad, sir," said Pat, "I think the table's turned upside down and we're walking over the legs of it."-Answers.

What's in a Name.

There is more truth than poetry in the following: Call a girl a chick and she smiles; call a woman a hen and she howls. Call a young woman a witch and she is pleased; call an old woman witch and she is indignant. Call a girl a kitten and she rather likes it; woman a cat and she hates you. Women are queer. If you call a man a gay dog, hound or a cur, and he will try to alte the map of your face. He doesn't mind being called a bull or a pear, yet he will object to being mentioned as

cub. Men are queer, too .- St. Paul Globe She Caught On. "This love letter that you wrote me, she said, and then paused inquiringly.

"Well, what of it?" he asked.
"I notice," she answered, "that it h been manifolded." it all!" he exclaimed as he jammed his hat down on his head started for the door. "I never did believe in giving a woman a business education."-Chicago Post.

140 Lady-After you have cut the wood I will show you the buildog-Sandy Pikes-What! By the knight of

hobos, I'm off.
Lady-Wait! When you have finished cutting the wood I will show you the buildog-toed shoes you may have.—New York Evening World.

Completely Subjugated. Philadelphia Press.

"Poor old Henpeck leads a dog's life with his wife." "Well, why on earth doesn't he apply for a divorce?

'He says he wanted to, but she wouldn't



Hallf

Hall to the man who makes the speech-But often, far away, There is a greater, out of reach, Who tells him what to say. -Washington Star. .

PYTHIAS PLAYED IN LUCK.

Damon, However, Took Chances on the Cable Breaking. "Pa," asked a North Side boy, "who was Pythlas?"

"Oh, he was a fellow who lived long, long ago in a country where there was a cruel King. This King had sentenced a man to death, and the condemned asked to be allowed to go home and say good-by to his wife, but the King wouldn't let him out because he couldn't give ball. Along about that time Pythias stepped up and said he would consent to be executed in the other fellow's place, if the latter didn't return on time. So they let him out for four hours and Pythias put on the handcuffs.

"Along about 15 minutes before it was ime for Damon, who was Pythias' running mate, to return, Pythias began to have that tired feeling. At 10 minutes before the hour set for the beheading Pythias stood on his other leg and said: I'll bet \$3 Damon's wife'll keep him so ong at the door saying good-by that he won't get back in time.

"But nobody would take the bet. Then the King and the people he had invited got out behind the Courthouse, and Pythias was led around so there wouldn't be any delay when the performance was to It was then 3:58, and Pythias began begin. It was then 3:58, and P to think he was up against it.

'This is the last time I'll ever do anybody a favor of this kind,' he said. 'It's beginning to look that way,' says the King. He was a ruler who enjoyed a joke. "In about a minute more the time limit would expire. Pythias was beginning to feel like a man who lives in the suburbs and is two blocks from the station when the last train is due. The executioner ran his thumb along the edge of his ax and

could register all right when the thing was done; but just then Damon came back, arked:
"You have noticed, perhaps, that I that he was pardoned right there."

"Gol, pa, wasn't it lucky for Pyth'as that the cable didn't happen to break or the bridge didn't get swung when Domon was coming back?"-Chicago Times-WHEN SHELDON IS EDITOR.

Points on How to Run a Truly Good Newspaper. "During the temporary absence of the circulation lier, we desire to state that

tual count."

"Ten-dollar suits at Wagstaff's for \$4 99, this week only. (N. B. We have personally exmained these suits and find they are not worth 30 cents.-Editor.)" "A very bad man was arrested last even-ing for doing something wrong. We pubish no crimes in this paper, therefore

the circulation of this paper is 2500 by ac-

will merely state that he good and go back to work. Last week he was foreman on this paper."
"Wanted-A woman for general housework. Time allowed for Bible reading

and prayer meeting."
"One of the reporters of this journal was assaulted by a stranger vesterday afternoon. He turned the other cheek. Later on the stranger was taken to City Hospital, where they took him in ... "Mr. Howe, editor of the Atchi "Mr. Howe, editor of the Atchison Globe, who is temporarily filling Mr. Sheldon's pulpit, while he is engaged with this journal, will preach on Sunday upon

The Printer's Devil.' "Use Smith's pills. They will reduce your head to its normal size. has had occasion to use these pills and found them all that is claimed.)" Wanted-A Christian young man to saw wood. One who goes to Sunday School

preferred. No pay, but good society."-St. Paul Globe.

Ready for the Firing Party. It was a snowy, windy night, and Private Malony, on guard, quickly got chilled. The snow drifted into his sentry box until, in sheer desperation, he moved that rude shelter to a sloping position in the lee of a buttress of the wall. From a locker at the foot of the flagstaff he abstracted a large Union Jack, and, strapping this around him, he crept into the bo The time seemed dreadfully long, and

awakened later by the flash of a lantern n his eyes. Looking up, he found the visting rounds, and the Sergeant eying him with astonishment.
"What's the meaning of this?" demand-

resently Malony dozed off to sleep, to be

listurb himself. "Shure," he replied, "I thought ve'd left ne to freeze to death, so fer convenience I jest laid meself out in this ould coffin', an' bedad ye can plaze yerseif about callout the firing party an' going on with

Ample Apology.

the funeral."-Answers.

A hereditary rivalry exists between the Black Watch and the Rifle Brigade, and t is a menace to the peace of these two regiments to be stationed in the same town. A soldier of the Black Watch at theater, in passing a private of the ritle Brigade, stepped heavily, and, perhaps, intentionally, upon the foot of the latter. Up sprang the rifleman. "You stepped on my foot!" he hissed,

metacingly.
"Well," said the Highlander, apologetically, "I did my best to leap ower it, but a Hielanmon is only human, e'en when he's one of the Black Watch. I'm na a kangaroo."-Weekly Telegraph.

time in damning everybody and every-