

For five and thirty long, long years, Then meekly yielded up her life, or she was a circuit-rider's wife -Chicago Tribun

reaveled through this vale of tears

OVERLOOKED THE CLERGY. ould be Protected Against Buying

Hendy-Made Sermons. hat bill which a clergyman introed into our state Senate as a check the growing industry which provides dents with ready-made orations and ays and compositions is attracting e unpleasant attention in the East, ere they don't understand us. The le bill is all right as far as it goes, it isn't elastic enough. The clerge meant well. He thought he was d a service for literary aspirants, But, rgy. No doubt some of them need pro-tion from these bureau cormorants and n these syndicated sharks. Think of temptation it is for an enervated par-to step into one of these hand-me-

wn sermon shops and say: What have you in about 20-minute

Ornate?"
No, just simple and soothing."
Lemme see. We got in a fresh lot of sorted harangues yesterday. Jimmie, and me the proofs of that matter on the ok. You want it conservatively or-

Yes; mildly progressive."
I know. Here, how's this? Hold on, t's a 30-minute talk. Tell you what do. I'll saw out this long paragraph on 'the duty of the state' and credit with the weight." weight?

The weight?"
Yes. We sell 'em all by the weight of There, that's 11 pounds metal. Two - dollars - seventy - threeats, please. So many parsons like to ike off the printed slips to distribute ong their hearers that we find the met-plan the best one." But isn't that a little high?"

But isn't that a little high?

Not for that grade. We've got some
-bollers here, regular insomnla chasthat I could let you have for half
money. But they ain't what you
at. You've been fishing a preity good
cle out of the bar'l, I've no doubt, and ey'd be too much of a come-down. Of urse, you understand that this is not be released until March 11, and that preached in what

"Very well. Wrap it up, please." Thank you. Your address on this card. e will send it up by our 1 o'clock de-ery. Anything cise?" 'I'd like a little talk on the duty of the

ur, or some kindred subject, for our iday evening gathering." "Certainly. Take this catalogue home th you and look it over. There are Duties of the Hour there, you will tice. Good day. Call again."—Cleve-nd Plain Dealer.

BLEW OFF AND SETTLED. pay Passenger Accidentally Lo

entes on Western Farm.

"The wind blew a passenger off my ain when I was railroading in the Westn country," said a conductor now on ar But I didn't know it until three years

ter the occurrence," he continued. "He as ticketed for Southern California, and veral times during the day he asked e questions. Soon after his last ques-on I missed him from his seat. Later day he was still missing, but hi recoat was on the back of the seat.
"I asked other passengers if they had
en him leave the car. No one remem-ered it. I searched the train, but failed and him. I then took his coat, and it in, making a report on the case he company held it for some time, and hen no inquiry was made, the company dvertised the coat in the hope that the systemy might be solved. There was no This only spurred the company renew its search, and I know that se al hundred dollars were spent in an efe, railroad companies have souls, in olte of an opinion held by some to the

ditor. Such a one heard of the incident and printed it in his paper. Curiously th, one of his subscribers, who ren he story, was the man who lost the coat, and he presented himself at the company's proved his property and got it. story was that he imbibed pretty ly, and stepped out on the platform to fresh air. The wind was blowing a swept him from the car. As he was k the fall did not hurt him. I do ay this, however, as favoring too free in

nd stopped in a farmhouse near by, where e found a bargain in farm land, and pur-chased. He canceled his far Western rip and settled on his newly acquired surchase. This was his story, I have

old mine."-Chicago Tribune PEARS FEATHERS WILL GROW.

diana Colored Man Drends Result From Egg-Film Grafting.

Eighteen months ago Scott Smyth, col d, was horribly burned by the bursting f a coal oil lamp, at Indianapolis, Ind. illed medical attention by many physians falled of relief, and, as a last reort, it was recently decided to try the crafting process with the skins of freshly aid eggs.

After the portions had been cleansed ith antiseptic lotion, the eggs were careully broken; the yolk and albumen were led out, and then the filmy skin was aken out and placed over the injured portions. Examination today disclosed hat the fine capillaries of the blood had

and that, to all intents and purposes, the skin of the egg was now a part of Smyth's body, susceptible to heat and cold to touch. The blood circulated through the new skin as it did through the old, but the new skin retains its original velvety whiteness, and it may be that the pigment which colors a negro's skin will not enter the new

Smyth is much alarmed over the situation, fearing that feathers will appear where the new skin has formed, and he is constantly watching the progress of the affected parts with the aid of a hand-glass, looking for feathery sprouts.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

LOOKED GREEN, BUT WASN'T. Kentucky Mountaineer Fools Whisky Connoisseurs.

"That reminds me of a very singular incident" said a New Orleans clubman, who had listened to a story. "It illustrates how little reliance is to be placed in connoisseurship in matters touching the palate. "About a dozen years ago a very green

looking mountaineer from the Manchester

region turned up one day in Louisville with a barrel of whisky. The barrel was home-made, bound with hoops evidently hammered out in a farm forge, and the date, '1861,' was scrawled on the top with a hot poker. According to the moun-taineer he had found it under the floor of a cabin once occupied by his uncle, who was a noted moonshiner. Before the chap had been in town an hour news of was a noted moonshiner. Sefore the chap had been in town an hour news of the discovery flew around and he was besieged by would-be purchasers. His apparent stupidity, the artiess fashion in which he told his tale, and the unquestionable antiquity of the barrel itself all disarmed suspicion, and there was so much eagerness to acquire the prize that nobody thought of investigating. The only doubt expressed was as to the condition of the liquor, a good many holding that it must have 'gone back' and spoiled in such a lapse of time. That was settled in the storeroom of a certain fashionable club, where the bung was removed with reverent care and a little of the precious fluid was taken out in a siphon. It was pronounced superb by all the experts present, and the mountaineer was given \$400 for the barrel, which was about \$16\$ a gailon, and considered a great bargain.

"For a year or so that '61 whisky was a star attraction at the club; then an envi-

star attraction at the club; then an envi-ous rival made a quiet investigation and unearthed a funny story. As it turned out, the only thing genuine in the affair was the barrel, which the guileless moun-taineer has really discovered under a floor, in the manner described. It was entirely empty when found, and he proceeded to fill it up with some mellow 4 or 5-year-old stuff which he secured in the neighborhood. The whisky was really good for the kind, but it is amazing that it could have masqueraded as an ante-bellum plant, and fooled some of the best judges in the country. The club people were bitterly mortified over the episode."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

NOT CRAWFISH; LOBSTERS. She Wasn't Accustomed to the Delicious Crustneenn.

"I witnessed a most remarkable incident today," said a "horsy" looking man to a friend on the corner of Main and Madison

"What was it?" inquired the friend, "Why, I was taking dinner at one of the swell restaurants uptown when a stylishly dressed young woman came in and took a sent at the table opposite me. I noticed that she bore herself with an air that was not one of ease; seeming to be a person who was not used to as much as her attire signified. At a second glance it released until March 11, and that one sermon bearing this number is person whose family had lately come into the epossession of money, a gave her order to the waiter I was satis-fied I had made a correct surmise. ""What's yo' order, ma'am?" asked the

You may bring me a dozen lobsters, she answered "A puzzied look came over the waiter's

' 'Did you say lobsters, ma'am'

"'A dozen?" 'Why, certainly!' with an injured air.

How dare you ask such an impertinent "It wuz such a stravagant awduh, na'am,' the waiter replied; 'but I'll git em right away."

'em right away.'

"In a short while four waiters came solemly stalking in, all bearing a tray of lobsters, which they deposited in front of the young woman without the sign of a smile. When she realized the blunder she had made she hastily rose and fled from the place."-Memphis Scimitar.

MUST HAVE BEEN ROBBED. Or Maybe It Was Due to Her Way

of Keeping Books. She decided that the only way to run louse economically was to keep a set of books, so she made all necessary pur chases, including a bottle of red ink, and

It was a month later when her husband sked her how she was getting along, "Splendidly," she replied.

"The system is a success, then?"
"Yes, indeed. Why, I'm \$60 ahead a eady. "Sixty dollars!" he exclaimed, "Heavens and your lavender,
And dream, 'mid their bygone graces, of the
wonderful days that were.

—Saturday Evening Post.

You'll be rich before long. Have you tarted a bank account?" 'No-o; not yet.' "What have you done with the money?"

"Oh, I haven't got the money, you know. That's only what the books show

But just think of being \$60 ahead?"
"Um, yes. But I don't exactly
"And all in one month, too!" "Of course; but the money? What ha

"I don't exactly know," she said, doubt fully. "I've been thinking of that, and I think we must have been robbed. What do you think we had better do about it?" He puffed his pipe in solemn a moment, and then suggested:

"We might stop keeping books. That's easier than complaining to the police."—Woman's Home Companion.

Announcing the Smith Baby's Arrival -Response of Joneses.

When the first born arrived in the hous of Smith, of Brooklyn, the proud grand mother went out and had some small cards engraved with the name of the infant, after the fashion of the day. Next she rounded up all the cards of Smith and Mrs. Smith and, having purchased many yards of pink ribbon, proceeded to make up little triple-card packets to send by mail to all the relatives, by way of tification. First came the cards of the rent Smiths, to which was tied with a bow of the pink ribbon the very tiny card

of Miss Smith.

Among others to whom this form of notification was sent were the Josiah Q.

Joneses, cousins. Mr. and Mrs. Jones
have been married many years, and have no children. In the course of time ar rived the acknowledgments of the Jone

cousins by mail.
"Why, they've sent cards," cried Mrs. Smith, in great excitement, when the epistle was handed in by the postman

peered curiously through the envelope, when she recognized the address, instead of opening it at once. "It's Cousin Maria's writing. And I do believe there are three cards; two big ones and a little one. Do you suppose it's possible that they..."

Here she desisted from hypotheses and opened the envelope. Inside were three cards, without doubt—two large ones and one very tiny one. The large ones were the regular visiting cards of Mr. and Mrs. Josiah Quillaby Jones. The tiny card was attached by a little bow of pink ribbon. In big and boldly-inked characters it bore

TOO MUCH FOR HIM.

Couldn't Stand "Uncle Tom's Cabin' Five Times Running.

"I was out at the front of an U. T. C. ombine," related my Triend, the expretty well ahead posting bills, occasionally slipping back to help out the company, when some one of the talent

went off on a spree.
"One cold day we were posting bills on a long board, right where the rake of the wind caught us. We were hurrying. But, cold as it was there, an old man, leaning on his cane, was boring dark brown holes in the snow with tobacco juice, and watch-

"At the top of our bills we hung the banner streamer-a long strip of paper, with the words:

with the words:

"Googer's Grand Consolidated Band."

"That went above all, and we put it on the board first. When it was on, the old man spelled it out slowly.

"Wal, thar, fellers," said he, Tm darned ef I ain't glad to see one show come to town that ain't one of them blamed "Uncle Tom's Cabin" things. We've had "Uncle Tom's Cabin" here in this place for the last four shows, and we're getting blame sick of that play, now I tell ye. Have to go to 'em, 'cause we have to have a leetle fun durin' the Winter—but it does seem as though these

Winter-but it does seem as though these play actors might git up suthin' else. So I'm glad to see that your crowd has got spunk—'
"While the old man had been talking. we were hustling. The next strip was one piece. We put it on by sticking one end and throwing it right across the board. It unrolled as it went, and these

were the words it bore:
"'And Uncle Tom's Cabin Company.' "The old man gazed on it with his jaw dropping.
"Wall, I'll-be-jiggered-to jiggerty."
said he, and he stumped away through
the snow like a rotary plow."—Lewiston

His Testimonial, "How do you like your new typewriter?"

inquired the agent. "It's grand," was the immediate reply.

'I wonder how I ever got along without "Well, would you mind giving me a lit-

"Well, would you mind giving me a little testimonial to that effect?"
"Certainly not! Do it gladly." So he rolled up his sleeves, and in an incredibly short time pounded out this:
"After Using the amtomating Backaction a type writ, er for thre emonth and Over. I unhessittattingly pronounce it pronoce it to be all even more than the Manufacturs Claim? for it During the time been in possession e i. th ree month it id has more than paid for itself in the saving of it an diabor.—John ‡ Gibbs."
"There you are, sir."
"Thanks," said the agent, and most quickly he went away.—The Columbian.

Old Daguerrotypes.

once were brave as the best; And, like the queer old jackets and the walst-coats gay with stripes. They tell of a worn-out fashion—these old da-

Quaint little folding cases, fastened with tiny

ough the misty glasses they gare at me,

sitting here ning the quaint old cases with a smile that

will smile no more, little pictures, for heart-

less it was, in truth, To drag to the cruel daylight these ghosts of

vanished youth.
Go back to your cedar chamber, your gowns

Out in One Inning.

He was rather fond of posing, in his college cap and gown; In several universities he'd won superb renown;

home economy, And a treatise on the bronchial tubes, anothe

He'd theories on everything, from earthqu

to biology. He'd talk with you on placer mines, or la

work or philology; could write on Christian Science, or o faience or on history, to him the world of learning held not

But he met a girl from Louisville, who'd never

of knowledge;
But she gave him just one little look that
bowied him out completely,
And then she calmly tripped away, a-smiling

Ah, for that man of theory, it was a sad un

doing; He wanders round dejectedly, Miss Louisvill

pursuing. Tis not because she turns him down-if hear

ing is believing—
But he has no rule to fit the case, and that is
why he's grieving.

Chicago Record.

Type-Sticking.

All night the sky was draped in darkness thick Out from the clouds imprisoned lightning

With energetic click, The ranks of type into battalions crept, Which formed brigades while dreaming labor

And ere dawn's crimeon pennons were unfuried

Into the printer's stick

-Chicago Record.

been to college, even gone to boarding school to win a stor

ie had out one book on physice at

single mystery.

GALLIFFET AND HIS FISH. Carp From Napoleon III's Preserve

Makes Heap of Trouble. In the etats de service of General Galliffet, the present War Minister of France, there is a curious note which should endear him to the hearts of all fishermen. After paying a just tribute to his abilities, the note reads:

"But unfortunately, he selects extraordi-

nary companions."

Thereoy hangs a fish story. Long ago, in the days of the Second Empire, Galliffet was the aide-de-camp of Napoleon III. At St. Cloud his quarters were just over the imperial bedroom. Everything around him was very grand and very gloomy. The window of his room looked upon the pond that washed the walls of the chateau. The water was clear, and the surrounding scenery was beautiful; but the young Lieutenant felt like a priscombine," related my friend, the ex-theatrical man. U. T. C. stands for Un-cle Tom's Cabin. "We were playing the jay places. Nother fellow and I kept pretty well ahead posting bills, occathe young man's eyes snap and set his

heart a-throbbing.

The big fish was the private property of the Emperor. Consequently, for Galliffet it was forbidden fish. But it was such a fine fellow! The resistance of the soldier's conscience was useless. It surren-dered unconditionally. The remaining part of the campaign against the carp was simple enough. Gailiffet went to his trunk, brought out his trusty line, to which he fastened a hook and an artificial balt. With his accustomed skill he cast the line. The carp was hooked and hauled in through the window.

through the window.

Here the Lieutenant's fun ended, and his trouble began. The fish landed upon a table, overturned a large globe filled with water, and carromed from that to a magnificent vase, which it also upset and smashed to pieces upon the floor. Then it began to execute a genuine pas de carpe among the smithereens.

The Emperor, hearing the strange racket overhead and seeing the water dripping through the ceiling, was astonished. He

through the ceiling, was astonished. He rushed upstairs to find out what was the matter. Galliffet heard him coming and endeavored to grab the carp and throw it out of the window and thus destroy the evidence of his poaching in the imperial pond. But the slippery thing was hard to hold; so he tossed it into the bed and covered it up with the bedclothes. When the Emperor entered the room he noticed immediately the quivering bedclothes. He pulled them down and uncovered the floundering fish. His Majesty's face as-sumed an almost jimjamic expression, which gradually faded into a faint smile. He took in the entire situation, saluted and left the future War Minister to meditate upon the mysteries of a fisherman's luck,—New York Sun.

NONE LIKE AN OLD FOOL. now Upsets the Equilibrium of a

Detroit Household. They had their packing done and their oat engaged for the Bermudas, but the trip had been deferred for two weeks. The last day of February will long be remembered because of the big storm. This resident, whose chief business is to collect money from various sources and place it to his own credit, remained at home and was about as complacent under the confinement as a newly cased hyena. It finally struck him that there was an unusual number of men and boys working about the premises, and he investigated.

Having gained information, he began to deliver himself.
"Fine state of affairs! Continual per-

formance! Endless chain! By the time they have cleaned the walks it is time to clean them again. See here," to his wife, "do you take me for the board of works? "do you take me for the board of works?

Are you under the delusion that I must dissipate my fortune in paying snow shovelers? Where did you round up such a gang? Did it suggest itself to you that if it kept on snowing long enough and this force remained with us, you would drive us into bankruptcy? Who's the big chap on the next waik? There's a worker for you. Regular snowplow."

"That's our new neighbor. He cleans "That's our new neighbor. He cleans his own walks, but he's young and

"Meaning that I'm superannuated and on the retired list. Well, I guess not. Here, pay off your snow brigade and tell them to disperse quietly. When the snow let's up I'll do the cleaning."

He went at it as though he were shut in He went at it as though he were shut in and working to escape suffocation. There were never less than two shoveifuls of snow in the air at the same time. Gradually he reduced the pace till two feet ahead looked like a mile and snow seemed heavier than lead. He is now swathed in handages, and the pungent odors of all kinds of liniments pervade the block. He vows that it is all the result of his wife's extravagance and stands without the danextravagance and stands without the dan-ger lines when she tells him that there is no fool like an old fool when he tries to get skittish.-Detroit Free Press.

ONE ON THE GENERAL Volunteers Did Not Have to Wate for Bridge Plans.

Buller's experience in crossing the Tuge la River by fording it and pontooning it recalls a few incidents happening during the Civil War. The Northern armies were made up of men belonging to all trades and professions, and when a bridge was destroyed by the Confederates, it was an easy matter to find bridgebuilders to re-

build it.

The Brigade General in command of a brigade of regulars once came to a stream and was forced to stop because the bridge had been burned by the retreating Con-federates. He sent for the Colonel of a Pennsylvania regiment of volunteers and

"I have ordered my engineers to draw plans for a new bridge. Have you any men in your regiment who can build

"I think so," replied the Pennsylvanian. "I'll sec." Two hours later the Pennsylvanian re-turned and said:

"I found a lot of bridge builders in my regiment, sir, Well, send them over with orders to re-

port to me. I will put them under the orders of my engineers and they can rebuild the bridge." "Very well, sir," replied the Pennsylva-nian. "I'll have to send across the river for them. They rebuilt the bridge last night and are now in camp with my regi-ment on the other side."—Omaha World

Herald.

HER FIRST TERRAPIN. It Failed to Spenk as It Passed Her By.

Earlier in the year an English lady came to make a visit to the capital. On her way across the water she met a number of Washingtonians. A certain Senator was among them, and knowing that it was the Englishwoman's first visit to America, he begged to be allowed to show the capitol to her when she should come to Washington. When she came he invited several persons to meet her at a luncheon in the Senate restaurant. It was an en-tirely American menu. That same even-

ing the Englishwoman was describing the day to some American friends. Of course they wanted to know how she liked the American dishes. The oysters, she said, were very nice, indeed.

"I enjoyed everything," she said, "but I was disappointed because there was no terrapin. I have heard so much of your American terrapin, and I really wanted to try it. I think I ate a little of everything they brought on, except one thing. It was something dark and fat-looking, served in a small dish. It looked rather dreadful, so I didn't try it. I was waiting for the terrapin; but there was none."

"Why," said one of the American friends, "that dark, fat-looking stuff was terrapin."

GETS BACK AT HIM. Serves Him With a Dose of His Own

"Ah, yes, yes!" pleaded the young edltor of the Tombstone Magazine, as he knelt at the feet of the beautiful heiress, Bromo Moneyton. "Do not so cruelly kill the hopes that I have cherished

The exquisite girl moved slightly away so that she could get a good view of his attitude. She looked coldly, pityingly, almost mockingly, at him. Then she spoke in calm, measured tones:

ful examination, I find that you do not fulfill all the requisites for acceptance. In short, you won't do."

A cold chill seemed to strike and clutch

"I wish, however," she went on, "to thank you for so kindly submitting your-self, and at the same time to remind you that the refusal does not necessarily imply a lack of merit."

recognized in what she said the regular rejection form of the Tombstone. "In judging the acceptability of a hus-band," she continued, "many questions of individual plan and policy must be

then drew herself to within an inch of her

verses you have been steadily refusing for the last year and a half!" she bissed in his ear, as she swept from the room .-Kate Masterson in Life.

COULDN'T FIND 'EM.

school board.

"This is Smith, the janitor of the ---Street School, and I have made up my mind to quit my job." "What's the trouble?"

something was really wrong, and decided to find what it was and correct it. "In what way are you slurred, Smith?"

on the board, 'Find a common multiple, Well, I don't know what it is like, but

phone to laugh. When he had recovered his composure he came back. what made you give up your

of them miserable things are lost, and I get the blame for swiping them. S I am going to quit. Good-by."-Memphis Scimitar.

Nature Prolific in Red-Haired Girls,

this country in 1893, is red-headed. Red-haired Italians are fairly numero n Italy. They are most numerous in the northern provinces, where there is the greatest infusion of German blood. And there is no girl in the world prettier than a red-haired Italian or Spaniard, except

be a red-haired American. in Ireland a red-haired girl is made miserable by being called a "Dane." epithet is a legacy of a thousand years or more-from the time when the Danes did override the coasts of Britain.

married with the inhabitants, left descend ants with gleaming brain thatches.

The Turks are a light-haired, blue-eyed race and their children are everywhere scattered about Asia and Northern Africa. And where there aren't any red-haire

incoming International passenger train. when within 10 miles of Laredo, recently. The train was coming down a steep grade running 40 miles an hour, when the Pullman rear coach, because of spreading of the rails, left the track, ran the length of two telegraph poles outside of the cross-ties, was jerked back across to the other side of the track, and ran for some dis-tance at an angle of 15 degrees on a 20foot embankment. When a cuivert 20 feet across was reached, the Pullman returned to the track and crossed on the cross-ties, cutting nearly every one of them in two pleces. Four telegraph poles beyond the culvert was a switch, upon which the Pullman regained the rails, just as the engineer succeeded in bringing his train to a standstill. The Pullman was full of

terrapin."
The Englishwoman looked very much

disappointed.
"Really?" she said. "Was it, really?
Was that terrapin? I'm so sorry I didn't
try it. I fancied they'd bring it on whole,
reasted, like goose."—Washington Post.

Bitter Medicine.

that you would one day be minef"

"I regret," she said, "that, after a care

his heart in an icy grip. Her words sounded strangely familiar.

"Be merciful, Bromo!" he moaned. He

considered. It frequently happens that a man unsuited to the tastes and inclinations of one girl may come within the scope of some other. A more careful study of my peculiarities would have informed you more thoroughly of the gen-eral character of offers desired. I wish, however, to thank you for the privilege of considering you, and will promise you a prompt decision on the value of all fu-

"Enough! Enough! Bromo," he gasped, groveling on the rug. "What is your nom de plume?"

She glared mercilessly into his eyes,

"Roxine Radiator, the poetess, whose

Memphis Janitor Gives Up Job Under

"What do you want?" said the member.

"I am honest, and I won't stand being slurred. If I find a pencil or a handkerchief when I am sweeping I place it on
the teacher's desk. Every little while,
though, the teachers or some of the pupils, who are too cowardly to face me, give
me a slur."

The member of the board thought that
something was really wrong, and decided
to find what it was and correct it. slurred. If I find a pencil or a handker-chief when I am sweeping I place it on

he asked. "Why, a little while ago I saw written

looked from cellar to garret, and I can't find it." The M. S. B. had to get away from the

job," he said.
"Well, last night, in big writing, on the blackboard. I found this: "Find the greatest common divisor," and I said to myself.

MUST HAVE THEM.

and Art Assists. The geographical distribution of headed girls is, fortunately, wide. They can be found in every inhabited quarter of the world.

The so-called dark races are frequently glorified by glowing locks. The Spaniards are swarthy as a race, but the purestblooded Castillans frequently show traces of their Visigothic blood by blue eyes and red hair. The Infanta Eulalie, who visited

In a similar manner the Norsemen, who invaded Sicily centuries ago, and inter-

girls by nature—as among the Moors and Arabs—the glowing locks are commonest of all. The women all dye their jetty tresses to a most lovely red with henna.— St. Louis Republic.

Antics of a Palace Car. A remarkable accident happened on the

passengers, and not one of them was hurt.

—Galveston Daily News.

A. Carnegie, Philanthropist.

While you tote all the woel -Chicago Times-Herald, TROUBLES OF ONE MONAGHAN.

Barber Chair Broke Under Him and He Wanted Relief. A very excited little man, with a week's growth of beard on his chin, forced his way up to Magistrate Cornell, in the Jef-

ferson Market Police Court. "Of'm an Olrishman, yer Honor," he began, wiping his forehead with a red handkerchief.

"So I hear" remarked the Magistrate, with a smile. "My name's Monaghan, yer Honor, Pathrick Moraghan," resumed the little nan, not noticing the smile.

"Is that so?" said the Magistrate, in his

most polite tone. "Very glad to meet you, Mr. Monohan." "Monag-ghan, if ut please yer Honor. An' Ol shtreedaddled into a Dago barber shop this afternoon-"

"You what?" asked the Magistrate. "Ot shtreedaddled into a Dago shop to git me beard cut off, if it place yer Honor, an' blamed sorry Oi am for 't new. They sat me in a chair and thin drew the back from unther me, an' Oi fell with the gloriour r-result that ther whole thing bruk down an' Oi was fer sittin' an the flure in the midsht av the ruins."

"Well, well," said the Magistrate, sympathetically.

"The worrst is yet to come, if it plaze yer Honor," the little man resumed. "The Dago shuk his fisht in me face and yelled, 'Yer bruk it,' 'You did it yerself,' Of sex, Some months ago one of the janitors of a purplse. 'You pay a dollar fer damages,' sez the Dago, an' Ot replied that ages, sez the Dago, an 'Ol replied that Ol would be an oyster the day Ol'did it. Thin he was afther takin' me overcoat, which was hangin' on the wall. Of rose from ther ruins, av coorse, to defind me roights as a citizen, but they were four Dagos in ther shop, if it place yer Honor, an' Ol'm here."

an' Ol'm here."
"He had no right to take your overcoat," said the Magistrate. "I shall give

at the last moment he turned back.
"Yer Honor," he said, "if ut plase yer
Honor, if it be that the Dago returns the

"Certainly not," said the Magistrate, and Monaghan went away happy. The summons was returnable yesterday, and all day the court officers looked eagerly for the barber and his injured customer, but neither appeared. Some of the police-men suggested that, in view of the four Italian assistants in the shop, he probably took friends along when he served the summons, to help the barber make up his

HEARTLESS WRETCH. And It Was the Only Sister She Had

mind .- New York Sun.

"But, my dear-

in the World. "I didn't tell you, did 1, Mildred," said Mr. Cavil to his wife, "that I saw your sister Jane downtown this day week?" "No, you didn't, Charles Augustus Cav-II," replied Mrs. Cavil. "Why didn't you?"

"Well, you see-"
"Yes, I see. You meet the only sister I have in the world, and instead of coming straight home and telling me about it, as any respectable husband would have done, the same day, you keep the matter secret any respectable husband would have done, the same day, you keep the matter secret a whole week, and then ask, carelessly, if you have mentioned the fact that you saw her."

"Don't but me, Charles Augustus Cavil. I have no doubt that she sent me a mes-sage by you, and you not only failed to deliver it, but by this time you have for-gotten what it was about. Tell me if this isn't the case."
"My dear, it was this way-"Don't tell me it was that way, Charles Augustus Cavil. I know exactly how it was. You simply didn't care a straw

whether I knew that you had seen sister Jane or not, or you would not have waited a whole week to tell me you had seen "But I didn't say I saw her," Mr. Cavil said at length. "Then I'd like to know what you did

say, Charles Augustus Cavil." "I asked you if I told you that I saw her," explained Mr. Cavil. Well, why didn't you tell me?"

"The reason I didn't tell you was be-cause I didn't see her. That's all." Mrs. Cavil gasped and was speechless.

Frightened Her.

"Ethel," 'said Jack Smith, as he placed his arms around his wife and looked down into her eyes, "I have a confession to make to you, and I want you to promise, before I begin it, that you will forgive A wild fear took possession of her. She

and would have fallen if her husband had not held her up. Her face became livid, and she could only gasp, "Tell me-tell me the worst!"
"I did a man out of a cold hundred to-

placed a little white hand upon her heart,

day," he said. "I confess I took advantage of him, but I trust my darling will make allowances in view of the sore tempta-

The color came back into her cheeks, her lips parted in a glad, sweet smile, she rested her head against his breest, and looking fondly up into his eyes, said: "Oh, Jack dear, how you frightened me! I thought you were going to tell me that you had kissed some horrid woman."— Collier's Weekly.

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wrinkled and gray.

POEMS WORTH READING

Only a Rurnished Hair. Up in the attic I found them, locked in the cedar chest.

Where the flowered gowns ile folded, which Down beside a lady—no

They were closely huddled up

vestigated.

Harm in that! She was rather young and fair.
With a wealth of burnished hair
That was colled in careless ma

Others may have been entranced, Others may have slyly glanced; But he merely took his paper out and read.

money made to tempt one to lift up the latch and look; ings of purple and velvet, odd little frames cling the faded faces brought from the days Then ajar: Heads were swayed this way and that, and sometimes the one who sat There beside him, as they sped upon their Grandon and grandma, taken ever so long ago

In the car;

way, Brushed his choulder with her hair, Mother, a tiny toddler, with rings on her baby But he didn't know or care—

He was reading what had happened through
the day! hands Painted-lest none should notice-in glittering There was one who sat at home,
And he knew,
She would meet him at the door—
Happy two!
What were other women's charms
While she stood with waiting arms! unts and uncles and cousins, a starchy and Lovers and brides, then blooming, but now so

Ah, he loved each raven tress upon her head! With a true heart and serene He rushed in where she was queen— But the happiness they had, alast is dead! Oh, he told her all the truth,

Oh, he told her an anone
On the Bible, but she fumed,
And she tore!
On had found a burnished hair ng on his shoulder ere He had stepped across the threshold, and to

He can neither say nor do

Aught to make her think him true—

Shun the women and the cars that jolt and -S. E. Kiser in Chloago Times-Herald.

All faint and far away I hear The calling of the drum Its rhythmic thrumming, drawing near, ever pleading: "Come!"
The colors are waving—
My heart throbs with craving

As nearer

The Call of the Drum,

Its melody grows, as the sound comes and goes.
"Come! Come!"
Is the call of the drum. Now brave and grand, and near at hand I hear the calling drum. The fing, by gallant breeze fanned,

beckening: "Oh, come! We'll rush to the clamor Of strife, with its glam And swelling. And telling

The drum sings in giee as it passes
"Come! Come!"
Is the song of the drum. Still faint and far away I hear The ever-calling drum, Now singing low, now ringing clean, In its insistent "Come." With tones sweet and hollow Through the day

Is the call of the drum.

Who wasn't doin' nothin', but they seem To have a spite agin me, I can see, An' I don't git no chance," said the weed

"O' course, If I was both'rin' anybody-but I ain't; Ain't bonin' favore an' ain't makin' any ble I'm peaceable an' quiet an' jest try To git along the best I know; I wasn't even planted, but jest growed as others are: but the less I ask,
It seems, the more I git it in the neck

An' I don't git no chance," said the weed Jest see that dude, the cornstalk. Coddled till It makes one tired to see. Why, do know, He'd die if he's not babled so! Gee-whis! If I but had that show—or half the show That he has! Wouldn't I grow? I guess yes

But I don't git no chance," said the weed.

To the Chicago River. O River, urban River, flowing on your sout? ward way,
What excuse have you for being? What on
earth have you to say?
You are flowing, flowing, flowing, with your

not fit to drink.

awful stuffy stink.

O River, cursed River, with bacilli, bugs and

day be serving terms! They have given us the ha-ha; we have got the hinky-dink, not fit to drink -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

Blessed Is He.

I drink to the man who ne'er woos-aye, no

The man who saws buttone and mends— The man who can live without women around. Here's joy to my bachelor friends!

He has none to keep but himself-happy And always enough to pay bills! He gives to the grocer a merry ha-ha! And squanders no shekels on frills. He walks not at all in the dark, stilly night,

With colicky offering in arms, Which squalls with a sest that is dreadful

He knows when he talks to himself he To yell so that he will be heard; He knows when he talks to himse

So here's to the bachelor-blessed is he, Who has none to keep but himself-The man who emiles grimly while Cupid purback His worn and frayed goods on their shelf.
—Ohio State Journal

"Don't Git No Chance."

"It's rough.

I tell you, an' tough. Pive times
I've taken root, this Spring, an' tried to grow,
But ev'ry time I git a start, along
That smarty comes a brandishin' his hoe—
An' chop! An' there I am again. They might,
I think at least test let a feller he

I'd top the fence in no time. Spread? On, my an' smile? I'd pay for care, I would, an' be

But you are not good to look at, and you are O River, stockyards River, with your dredging boats and things, I would fly from you forever if I had a pair of

You will drive us all to madness and to des peration's brink.

For you are not good to look at, and you are not fit to drink! germs.

Those who turned you loose upon us should to

get To chuckle the very last word.

You say it is a blessing To be poor, and so you go Ahead and do your level best To have the poor continue blest,