



Bird and Man. The early bird may catch the worm. All right, all right, but say, have you noticed the man who goes to work about midday—Who opens up his siddie—About half past one—Is the one who carries home the most. Of that which dangles men.

"PAW" IN A SERIOUS FIX He and "Maw" and "Georgie" and the "Pup" Go House-Hunting, With Unsatisfactory Results.

Paw and Maw were Hunden Housers nearly all Last week and they are a look in paw's Eyes that makes you think he expects something nice. Happen almost every time before he could notis it. I went along a few times becos Aunt Grace sed she would stay with Little Albert and the baby, but she told us she wouldn't have the pup around Becos she didn't believe he was to be trusted. Enny mors Than a thursty poleman in the Kitchen when they were things to Drink in the Ice box. So last Thursday me and the pup went along Becos paw Got home early in the Afternoon. Maw told paw about a House she saw the Day before where there was sunshine in Every room. After they Hung the Door bell nearly Half a hour they was a hired girl Come to the Door and told us we Couldn't get In becos the lady had a cold. "When'll she be Here?" paw ast. "The girl sed she didn't, and paw got To talk about the House, and they Didn't see the pup when he Scooted past the girl and got In. Becos he didn't seem to Say anything about it Becos paw told me once that it was Bad manners to interrupt when Grown people are Talkin. In about a Minute and a Half we herd a Scream up stairs and pretty soon the Lady of the House Came down with the Baby in her arms, but not becos she wanted to show us the sunshine in Every room.

"That turrable Dawg out of here," she says, and me and paw went up See if the pup would Listen to reason. Maw and the lady went in a Back room and waited and paw ran in Where the pup was and started to kick him out, but the Pup got under the bed and Backed up in the corner Where he could think about it without getting his thots upset. Paw knoit down on his nose and Elbows and tried to coax the pup out, but it wobbled Enny way. The pup humped up in the corner and Looked distrustful. Then paw Creep under the Bed so only His Laigs stuck out, and was agoin to Drag the pup out by the throt.

In about a Half a Second after that paw was howling for help and the pup was making quite a Fuss, too. The man that lived There saw the trouble was Going on and Came up Stares without asten enny questions. When he Saw paw's Feet sticking out from under the bed and the pup, he didn't seem to care to whether he better Stay and Try to find out what was gon on or not. Then maw came runnin in and Grabbed paw by one laig but that didn't seem to make the man understand it enny better Than he did before. Maw pulled at one foot and I cot hold of the other, but we couldn't budge paw, so after while the man we was with took hold of the Bed and pushed it Over to the other side of the room. That left paw and the pup out Where we could get at 'em. The pup had a Holit of paw's Coat collar and maw's apron, and was a Bull Dawg, and the man says:

Water Is Tried. "Water'll make him quit. That's the only way to make a Bull Dawg give up." So he got a pitcher full of water and poured it on paw and got a Little on the pup, too, and pritty soon paw Got up and says:

"Gimme a Towel!" The man handed paw a Towel and paw wiped the Water out of his ears and Eyes and kicked the pup down stairs. Then the man says:

"Of course I 'spose it's all rite, but if you have time now I wusht you'd tell me what all this means."

"We herd you had sunshine in Every room here, didn't we?" and we said We'd come to see About it.

"Well," the man says, "if I was Looken for sunshine I don't think I'd hunt under the Bed for it. I'll wusht you're sure it Couldn't be ennywhere else."

Paw refused to argue about it, and on the Way home I says to maw:

at once, promised to think it over, had him stay to the noon dinner, and trotted out the hard cider. Smelled a Rat. Now, Jerry rather smelled a rat, although his conscience hurt him for mistrusting the eloquent missionary, but he recovered from the attack when the visitor, after handing out lots of information about Cape Nome, where Arctic oceans come from, said his brother had sent him several thousand dollars' worth of gold dust, which he had transformed into a parrot-like bird, and, needing cash, desired Jeremiah, as a business man, to advise him. "Sell the thing to a circus," said Jerry. The stranger threw a plying smile upon his head and then explained that the gold had been cast into a brick-shaped mass, adding: "There's \$7500 worth of gold in it, but I'll take \$5000 ready money," just the magnitude of Jerry's bank deposit. It was a strange coincidence. Jeremiah asked to see the brick, but it was down town; he would not care to endanger its safety by luging it around, nor would he ask Jerry to buy. Perhaps some bank was in need of it. "I can have it tested, I suppose?" inquired the grocerman. "Certainly," responded the missionary: "We'll go to the Government assay office and it will be tried by the assayer in your presence."

So Jeremiah agreed to meet the missionary at the bank Thursday morning, and both were on time, the stranger with the brick in a satchel large enough to accommodate a hodful. Jerry caught on to this at once, and nothing drew \$5000 in \$500 and two \$100 bills, stuffed them carefully into his pocket, took a chew of his tobacco and then left the bank with the missionary.

"I'm sorry, but the Government assayer is out of town; shall we wait till he gets back?" remarked the missionary, apologetically. "No, it made no difference to Jerry; any assayer his friend recommended would do, at which reply the missionary could not resist. Jerry, not having \$10000 with him, and looked upon the grocerman as a swindler for possessing but a paltry \$5000. Jerry Pockets the Brick. The brick was tested at a jeweler's, and being pronounced pure in heart and of good financial standing, Jerry, putting it in his pocket, accompanied the missionary to a Van Buren-street hotel to complete the transaction. It was evident the good man was disturbed, and he hinted two or three times regarding the danger of carrying so much money in one's clothes, but Jerry merely remarked, "I'd like to see some one take this from me. If he does, he can have it." It was rather queer that the religious man's room smelled of smoke and liquor, but Jerry said nothing. The missionary stood aside to let Jerry enter first, but the latter pulled the other ahead and into the apartment, closed the door, opened the threshold, with the open door at his back, the grocerman drew his money from his pocket and thrust the roll into the crook of his arm. "Nip," shouted the confidence man, quite unceremonially. "Come here, Jim." The missionary, dropping the satchel, went behind a curtain in the dark corner of the room. The grocerman, who was about to rush Jerry, when the latter coolly remarked: "I'll kill the missionary if you move an inch further, and then I'll kill you. I won't even let you change bricks on me."

This was no theater play, and the confidence men realized it, and as Jerry backed out of the doorway, they gazed and used extracts from Southey's "Lionel Lincoln" conversation never recorted to in refined or polite circles. Jerry locked the brick, which was really worth \$7500, in a safety deposit vault.

When the missionary counted over the bills Jerry had given him, he found they were built of stage money, for the grocerman had fixed it in such a manner as to be unrecognizable. The hand of the man behind the gun didn't tremble a bit. "Obdient to call the confederate emerged from behind a curtain in the dark corner of the room. The grocerman, who was about to rush Jerry, when the latter coolly remarked: "I'll kill the missionary if you move an inch further, and then I'll kill you. I won't even let you change bricks on me."

One, an Orchestra, Had to Be Carried to the Graveyard. Half a dozen preachers were standing in a group in the Methodist Book Concern building, on the other day, when the Rev. S. L. Baldwin, recording secretary of the Missionary Society, joined them. In the course of a Sunday evening service in a church of which he was pastor two keys of the organ got out of order, and became fastened down in such a manner that they could not be raised. To make the situation more serious, it was found impossible to shut off the power that kept the bellows supplied. At this juncture somebody was sent down in the cellar to disconnect something there that would give relief from the distress, but as the two mutinous keys were near each other, the discord made the time seem an age before silence was restored. When Dr. Baldwin was asked what he did in that emergency, he said he waited until the organ finished its voluntary and then proceeded with the services.

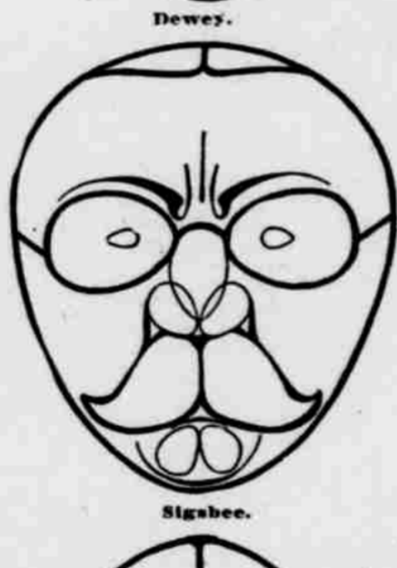
That, said the Rev. Dr. James M. Buckley, reminds me of another unruly church organ, only in this instance it was not an organ, but an orchestra. This did not require the services of a player, all that was needed being a man to wind the machine at all, the church dedicated it. It was wound up as far as it would go and began to play what was thought would be music for the opening hymn, but it was not that kind of a machine. In fact, it generously went on and played every one of those 100 blessed tunes. "It was good music, but the minister wanted it to stop, and he waited a while



nice pair rubber boot. He lost his job on de Webster Mill for cot de slab. He los' wan day's pay, which ban was dollers feesty cent. He los' bees wife, for he ban got married nex' wk. "My moder she los' ma broder Joe and I had for loaf two day for gon bees funeral."

HIS CONFIDENT MANNER. Could Have Had the House If He'd Asked for It. "Take a look at that man." The head of the house had just returned from the kitchen and was talking to an old friend whom he had left in the library. "Notice his carriage; head well back, step firm, shoulders squared and his whole air suggestive of important business. They just called me to see him. As a result he has a half dollar of my money, a hat and an overcoat that is yet good for a season or two."

impatiently in the hope that it would. But it didn't, so an attempt was made to stifle it with plugs in various parts of its anatomy. Still the thing played on, running from "Coronation" to "Jesus, Lover of My Soul," and "Greenland's icy Mountains" with appalling celerity and ease. Everybody was aghast, and renewed efforts were made to choke off the thing, but it seemed to be alive and out for a good time. Pieces of carpets and old books were fed to it without stint through its many mouths, but it kept right on playing as if hungry for more. "Just as it began on 'Blest Be the Tie That Binds,' several strong brethren seized it and, after partially smothering its cries and groans with cloths, took it out doors and into the graveyard in the rear of the church. There they set it down in the



shade of some tall monuments, still playing and occasionally relieving itself of a resonant snort that fairly shook the tombstones. With much poorly suppressed titling the services went on, but occasionally as the rebel machine reached some high notes or swelling passages the sound would penetrate the church, and this continued until the music-box ran down after playing the 'Doxology.'—New York Press.

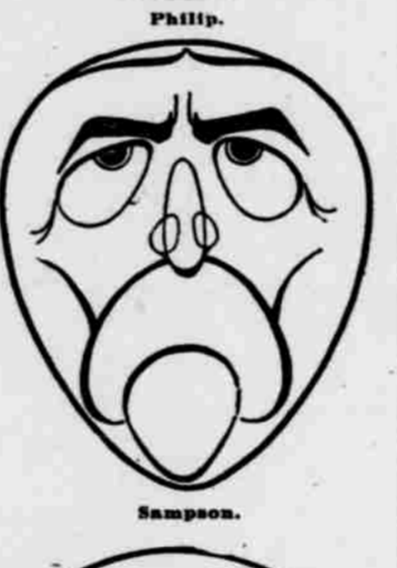
Why M'sieu Provancher Lost Faith in an Old Maxim. M'sieu Provancher was just fixing the feedbags on the nose of his horse down in Haymarket Square.

ONE OF THE HORSE EDITOR. There were some things on which He Was Not Posted. The horse editor was entertaining, or rather being entertained by, a gentleman of considerable manner and a desire to air his knowledge, most of which was about subjects of more or less literary character, seeing that he was calling in a newspaper office. The horse editor was pleased and at intervals looked over toward the literary editor, who occupied a desk in the far corner, as much as to say, "Get on to the action of the kind of people I mix with." The literary editor wasn't showing any sign, but he heard the talk over at the horse editor's desk. "I think," said the visitor, "that literature is the finest thing on earth, and I'd rather be a great writer than to own a bank. When Whittier wrote: 'Life is real, life is earnest, And the grave is not its goal; Dust thou art, to dust returnest Were not wisdom's words, who'd heed, He preached a sermon equal to the best of the chaps that hang around the pulpits in high-class churches. And how close to the center Longfellow hit when he said: 'But you heard him talking. What do you think of him?' 'What would you think of a man who would come in here and tell me that Maud would run a mile in two eight and a quarter to a high sulky and a salivator had trotter in one thirty-nine?' 'I'd think he was a blamed chump.'"

"That's the difference between you and me," said the literary editor. The horse editor had a conference that evening with his wife, and the next day he asked the literary editor to come out and have a drink.—Washington Star.

"PROGRAM" OR "PROGRAMME"? Fisher's Interference Puts Stop to Impending Battle. As the orchestra finished the last note of the ragtime melody, the girl in the plush coat touched the girl in the lace bodice on the shoulder. "Excuse me, but would you please let me glance over your programme? I forgot to take one as I came in."

"Hog pardon!" exclaimed the girl in the lace bodice. "I say would you let me take your programme? I forgot to take one as I came in." "My which?" "Your programme." "Your programme, you do not call this a programme?" "Of course not." "Well, what do you call it?" "A programme, P-o-o-r-a-m-m-i."



glance over the morning paper. The pie smelled like the pie he used to get at a restaurant in the city. He praised the roast till he got a slice, told the cook that she ought to set up as an exclusive caterer and then asked for me. He did not white or cringe, but talked just like a solid business man, looked me straight in the eyes and captured the goods and chattels I've mentioned. That chap knows the world and can live easier without work than you or I can with it.—Detroit Free Press.

How to Choose Turkeys. "You have some fine turkeys this morning," said the schoolmaster to the poultryer. "Yes, sir, all fresh from Norfolk today." "What is the price?" "You can take your choice, sir; I have them at all prices." "Well, I want to give my boys a treat. But I don't want them too tender. There are a dozen here. Pick out four of the toughest." The poultryer obeyed. "There, sir, you have four of the toughest birds in my shop." "Thank you," said the schoolmaster. "I'll take the other eight.—Weekly Telegraph.

"Blute yer pardners! Let'er got! Balance all an' do-se-dod! Swing yer sids in alter Green again! Right an' left an' swing away! Gents to right an' swing or cheat! Get at them that jest an' talk!

"Ladies, permit me to say that if you will only adjourn until the fall of the curtain the audience will be able to pay more attention to your interesting discussion."—Chicago News.

When Paderewski Plays. We went down to the city for Washington's Birthday, An' I went to hear a feller Called Paderewski play Upon a big pianos.

I Didn't Want 'Em, Anyway. "I want some frogs' legs, please," said a young woman in a Filbert-street car market yesterday morning. "Want 'em alive?" asked the man, brusquely. "Mercy no!" exclaimed the young woman. "We'll kill 'em for you while you wait, if you want 'em," continued the dealer. "Let me show you, anyhow." He led her to the rear of the establishment and there were the frogs hopping about in a damp cage. "How much are these?" asked the young woman, shuddering. "Two dollars a dozen," was the reply. "Gracious! I'm not a millionaire, I never paid anything like that before," said the fair marketer. "But you never get to alive frogs," explained the man. "We can give you all you want frozen in cold storage. That's the kind you would get in a restaurant or hotel. I'll show them to you."

An Easter Egg. I am an Egg, An Easter Egg, Behind how beautiful My outside is, In glittering gold, Or silver and white, And burnished bronze, In Tyrian purple, And in vermilion dye; In rainbow hues Set mildly, All so woven intricately In curious chaotic chimes; In blended tints and shades; In all manner of Or prismatic wonders, I please the eye.

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A Dance at the Ranch. From every point they gaily came, the broncos' unshod feet Pat at the green sod of the range with quick amiable beats!

That Dreadful Button. He Wanted the Doctor, and He Wanted Him Quick. "Martha," asked Mr. Fraley, appealingly, "didn't I give you that shoe button I was going to ask you to sew on my shoe?"

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They All Bring Spring. While roaming in the woods one day, I asked the question, half in play, Who can tell when Spring begins? Straightway the answer came: "I can!" And Robin Redbreast cocked his head.

His Handicap. He would not let both be poor; 'twas then he won her. She cheered him when the days were drear and soiled to help him through; She taught him the way from books that he had failed to learn in youth;

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