

The Good Old Days Oh, for the days when shirts of mail Oh, for the days when shirts of mail Were quite the proper thing.

When every time you took a siep, You heard your armor ring:

When you could not remove your cost, Without a mankey wrench,

And fools who slapped you on the back With pain their flets would clench.

Hi. for the days of iron "pants," (Or trousers, as you please) When they were quite too well put up To bag much at the knees; When you felt sure within your plates, Your bucklers and your grieves And when the does would bite your legs

You chuckled in your sleeve And from gloves as well, When by the pound you bought your garb-Those good days, truth to tell.

Those good days, truth to tell,
When by the ald of rivets big
You fastened on your duds,
And spender buttons did not drop
With end and selemn thuds.

—Baltimore American.

## BUYING THEIR FALL HATS

Martyrdom of Intending Purchasers at Hands of the Tyrants Who Rule in Millinerydom.

wearing their Summer and last Winter hute.

First possible purchaser to floorwalker -I wish to look at plain black hats. Floorwalker-Certainly, madame; take a seat, madame. Miss Panne, are you engaged? Show this lady some gay red

First posible purchaser-I wish to see

pian black hats.
Floorwalker, sirily — Oh, certainly;
bright blue hats, Miss Panne.
Miss Panne gildes swishingly across the
room; returns with her arms full of peacock blue, nile green, burnt orange, royal curple, solferine, shrimp pink, pure white, old rose, turquoise, cerise, magen-a and automobils red hats. The customer—I said plain black hats.

Second possible purchaser to haughty saleswoman, holding in her hand a young henroost of a hat-I'm a member of the Audubon Society, I tell you, and I want no but with birds' feathers upon it-not even a goose quill. Show me something that isn't feather trimmed,

Flight of Andobouite.

Haughty saleswoman salls off; returns with a setting ben turban in one hand and a Mrd of paradise poke in the other, and save as Audubonite bolts for the They're not belonging to the Audubon Society this senson.

Ploorwalker prostrates himself before a Floorwalker, between salasms-State

Federation millinery? In a special room all to itself, madam. No one allowed to come within ten yards of it unless she can show membership in at least seven clubs and wears the minimum number of badges-107. Miss Velours will take (Ande to Miss Velours, Treat ber white, She's Mrs. S. Ervinia Second-the-Motion, seventeenth vice-pres-ident of Sorosis and she's good for six-teen bonnets at least-one for each session of her ben party up at Albany next

chaser on the shady side of 60, with graying sandy hair, turned-up nose, wart on chin; the customer is seated before a mirror; upon her head is a rakish cartwheel in cerise velvet and turquoise tulle, with white plumes daugling over one ear-Beautiful, madam; beautiful! And such a simple little hat! We call it our rainy-day hat; so suited to wet weather and that sort of service, you know. They're not wearing fancy hats in the rain this season. Not every woman could, of course, stand so severe a style, but you, madam, can of course, wear any-thing. Yes madame. Paid or charged?

Anything to Suit. Haughty saleswoman to possible purchaser whose head nestles into a hat with all the ease of a round peg in a square hole-not comfortable, madame? Well, you know they're not wearing comfortable hats this season. Really, I should hate to suggest a single alteration. However (sighing), if you wish, we can turn the hat inside out. (Turns it inside out.) We often do that when cranks-I mean customers, complain, Or we can stamp on it (jumps up and down on the hat several times.) This not only on the bat several times.) This n enlarges it, but alters the shape. like, of course we can make it still larg er by adding a bay window in front and putting a cupola on top. Some cra-cuscomers prefer a porte cochere in front and a balcony at one side. Any carpenter will tell you that's all this hat

Floorwalker to a customer who asks to chaser; a regular circus of a hat is on the doubtful purchaser's head; on her face an expression as though she half suspected she was the fright che is—i.e. the get a vell and then you can see how the hat really looks on you. You can never tell how any hat is going to look until you see it with a vell, you know. There (throwing the glamor of a bit of dotted net over the reidened ness, the freekled cheeks and the uninteresting eyes), now you can see for yourself how becoming that hat is. (Ties veil with a fatching knot in the back. Still sees min. gied doubt and suspicion on the face be-hind the vell.) Of course it isn't every woman who looks well in a vell; so few (with a sigh.) But-yes, madame. Oh, by this vening, most assuredly, madame. Paid or charged?

Haughty saleswoman to possible pur

OFFICE DEVIL PLAYS GOLF. Subsequently Narrates Experiences

to Admiring Auditors. The office devil went out to the golf links during the championship tournament of the Newspaper Golf Club and was permitted to make one round of the course. That night the devil, between the moments when he was flercely shooting around the office yelling "copy," sat on one end of the desk and told about his wild adventures on the golf links. "Hully gee!" said the office boy, as he

ought ter hav seen yer uncle wid der funny bats. Every time I took a swipe at de bali I dug up about a bushel of grass and stuff, and de committee made a josh about running me in for tearin' up their

"I had a horrible time starting. I'd yell 'come four er 'leven' or what 'tis dat you holler, and den I'd spit on my hands and I'd make a holy swipe at the ball and, see! I'd just tip it on de top and it'd go about a half column. Everybody was a givin' me de horse laff, so I quit a holler in', and all of a suddint I swiped dat ball, and gee! you ought ter a seen it sail; and it hit one of committee's wifes rite in and it hit one of committee's wifes rite in de back of de neck. And, say, I thought de old girl was dead. She got up and kicked around and wanted om to make me quit playing, but Bill and all de gang stood by me, and dey said: 'Ah, any-body'd make a accident. Gwan, Jimmy,'
"And so I chased up after the ball and hit 'em again for keeps. I got it agoin' again and dis tire. I see the same of the

again and dis time I got inter one of dem Place—Any large millinery establishment.

Time—The present.

Persons—A number of haughty salestwomen; a lordly floorwalker; a number of weary-looking possible purchasers wearing their Summer and last Winter

"My ball got inter one of dem again and dis time I got inter one of dem again and dis time I got inter one of dem again and dis time I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got inter one of dem again and distine I got interest.

"My ball got down dere in de hole, and it made me mad, and I got them bats wid de iron business on de end and I whacked away at de ball for keeps. I'd keep a hittin' clods and a saliin' em over like I was tryin' to throw things at the gang on the other side. "Purty soon I walloped de ball one, and,

"Party soon I walloped de hall one, and, gee whiz! it went a whoopin" over dat bumper and it away out in de tail grass. I tried to carry it into bounds, 'cause I tink yet it was a fowl ball, but de gang shys nit, dat I have fer swipe it out in de weeds. And, say, I jest cut hay like a lawn mower out dere in de weeds before I finely send de ball out were I cud get a fair swipe at it.

"Den I tuk another crack at de ball, and I hope to die if I didn't send de ball.

ta and automobile red hats.

The customer-1 said plain black hats.

Miss Panne, addressing the ceiling—
the and I was wading rite in wen de old girl wot I hit in de back of de nek said:

The fittle how will down the hats.

The fittle how will down the hats and I was wading rite in wen de old girl wot I hit in de back of de nek said:

stairs.

And the devil disappeared down the hall.—Chicago Times-Herald.

THEY STAY WITH HIM. Chicago Man's Expensive Exper-

ience With Fruit-Jar Mania. "Why is it," saked the tired man, who had just finished moving into another fiat,

Why is it that a woman will never throw away a glass fruit jar?" The entry clerk didn't know, and said so. Besides, he was not a married man, spat reflectively through his teeth at a cockroach that was trying to carry away "Now, I've been married 12 years," said a lunch basket. "say, it was a pionic. Yer the tired man, "and the first year we were and therefore was not expected to know. married my wife bought four dozen glass

fruit jors, half of them two-quart size, the others quarts. "Well, the first time she filled all 43

"We never can any more fruit. We buy fresh fruit the year around or go without. And yet my wife will not part with those fruit jars. They never break. We could not sell them for 50 conts the lot, for every other woman in Chicago is maintaining a collection of the same kind of jurs in luxurious idleness. And yet they tell me the factories are turning out millens of 'orn every year. Great Scott'! I

PRESENTS FOR HIS WIFE.

It Was Her Birthday and He Wanted Her to Enjoy 1t. "Halloa, old man, what have you in all those bundles?" asked a gay, airy young bachelor of a careworn solemn-looking young man as they met in a suburban ratiway train.

ing hats to fit this season, you know. Just let me get you a magnifying glass. There, you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you see it doesn't look small. If it feels you shill with us.

"We have had those fruit jars if years, and not one of them has been broken. I calculate they have been shipped 700 it calculate they have been shipped 700 in them at different times, and that their storage at old months has cost \$50.57 to the otal.

The you know, or over one ear or down your later look it was all on secount of dem bumpers foot man feel it was all on secount of dem bumpers look it has a trylin't us. It was all on secount of them has been broken. I calculate they have been shipped 700 in them at different fiat, and the fruit jars if thits pac the pretty things she has given me."--London Tid-Bits,

> GOT THE WRONG "FRIZZES." Sleeping-Car Porter Makes Slightly Embarrassing Mistake.

"Now, remember they are in the yel-low satchel."

"Presents for my wife," was the senten-tious reply. "It's her birthday." "Guess dis am it," he said. slipping "Well, what are you bringing your wife satchel. He put his hard in the satchel

As the porter passed througt the car lions of 'em every year. Great Scott! I she called him aside. There was a whis-wonder who buys 'em,''-Chicago Tribune.

> "Cyan't miss dem, ma'am." "You won't let any one see you?"
> "No, ma'am!" "The major is sitting in that car." "He won't see me, ma'am,"

"Well, here is the key."

The porter took the key and passed through to the next car.

"Guess dis am it," he said, slipping the thin key in the lock of a yellow

HER DAD SUGGESTS AN EASY WAY OUT.



Cholly-I can't find words to express my love for your daughter, sir, Her Father-Figures will do

source, and we concluded to get along pursued the bachelor. with canned peaches and such like. The 48 fruit jars I packed away in the darkest corner of the cellar.

"The following Spring we moved from the little town where we lived to Cen-tralia. We packed the fruit jura, of course, and there were three barrels of

"We lived in Centralia a couple of years, moving twice, repacking those 48 fruit jars both times. Then my business com-pelled us to move to the state capital. The fruit jars went along. We moved back to Centralia at the end of a few

girl wot I hit in de back of de nek said:

That little boy will drown himself. Come back. And all de gang give me de horse, and den I tumbled dat Bill had been stringin me.

"I got 'nuther ball and, on de dead, dat 'un went into the drink, and so I got tough and carried de nex' one round de drink, and, honest, it went backward and the drink, and the fruit jars and the drink, and, honest, it went backward and the drink, and, honest, it went backward and the drink, and, honest, it went backward and the drink and the fruit jars and the drink, and, honest, it went backward and the drink and the fruit jars and the drink, and the fruit jars and the drink, and, honest, it went backward and the fruit jars and the drink and the fruit jars and the drink and the fruit jars and the drink and the fruit jars moved to Chicago.

Springfield. That made two more trips for the fruit jars, moved to Chicago.

Springfield. That made two more trips for the fruit jars, moved to Chicago.

Springfield. That made two more trips and the fruit jars, moved to Chicago.

Three years ago we—that is, my family and the fruit jars, moved to Chicago.

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Springfield. That made two more trips and the fruit jars and the fruit jars

jars with fruit. The next year fruit was in that package from your tailor's?" gaily and pulled out a bunch of hair. Then

"Trousers," was the answer. "What?"

"Yes, I repeat-trousers. Just you liswife got me three or four beautiful lace handkerchiefs, such as women carry at afternoon teas and such places, and a black veivet hat with high fenthers, one of the three-story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They will be stage in the theater. They will be stage in the theater of the stage in the theater. They will be stage in the theater of the stage in the to put these on before dinner. The porter reached the platform in time to meet an irst tragedian.

"Not a step!" he thundered, in tones that almost lifted the porter's cap. "What have you done with my whiskten. I had a birthday last November. My black velvet hat with high feathers, one of the three-story kind that obstruct your view of the stage in the theater. They looked mighty well on her, and she asked me if I wasn't having a nice birthday.

"Well, I didn't mind that very much, but when the stage in the control of the stage in the stage of the stage of

back to Centralia at the end of a few months, and a year later returned to Springfield. That made two more trips for the fruit fars.

he relocked the ratchel.

"Heah's yo' frizzer, ma'am!" "Don't speak so loud,"

"Laws," muttered the por'er, "Ah went in de wrong satchel!"

Just then a lady passed toward the

"Dah's yo' whiskers sah," grinned the porter, "on top ob dat lady's haid!"—Chicago News.

"Anything else, ma'am?"
"That's all, I believe. I just have a

whist for some sale, so one day, meeting him in a sine, she sald:

"Excuse me, parson, but would you mind my cutting about an inch off your wristbands, as I think it very unbecoming to a clerical man."

"Certainly," said the parson, and she took from her pocket a pair of so and cut them to her satisfaction. Having finished, the parson said:

"Now, madame, there is something about you that I should like to see about an inch shorter."
"Then," said the good dams, handing him the scissors, "cut it to your liking."
"Come, then, good woman," said the parson, "put out your tongue."—Spare Moments,

HER THIRST HIS UNDOING. He'll Drink No More "Sticks" in His

Ginger Ale. Every Saturday he and she came to the same restaurant and sat at the same table. He was her husband and her ideal. She allowed him to smoke now and then, but she abhorred drinking. Two glasses of ginger ale stood at their The weather

sides, respectively. The w torrid and she was thirsty, The watter stood by the table with a face that betokened a child-like innocence. He had, with expectation of the usual tip, which was handsome, smuggled some whisky into the glass of the husband before it was brought to the

She swallowed her ginger ale and then

"Hubby, I'm so thirsty. Let me have a sip of yours." Before he could prevent her, she had sipped it, and a cloud that betokened more than an average thunderstown

came over her brow.

She guthered her skirts together, and saying "We will go home," she swept out of the room, giving the waiter a withering clanar.

"Colorado Springs G withering glance.
Her husband followed with a plaintive "Goodby" to the waiter.
The latter smiled a sickly smile and

cursed his luck,-New York Herald.

For Once She Knew. A party of young men were taking din-

ner a few nights ago at a fashionable cafe, when one of them, who is somewhat of a jester, called the waiter and said: "John, go and call Main —. If a wom-an answers it will be my wife. Tell her that I instructed you to say that I am in the police station for a few hours and will not be at home for dinner. Say to her that the possibilities are that I shall not be at home tonight. Understand me. In society. She was quite well awa

John winked a couple of times in a knowing way, bowed deferentially, and suggested: 'Supposin'-"Supposing nothing sir. If she asks who is talking tell her it is the turnkey at the central station, and she'll never know who told her the ile."

The waiter chambled away and was presently seen to be having a good deal of fun with himself. The jester inferred that it might have something to do with

his case and called him over,
"What's amusing you John?"
"Wouldn't like to tell you, sir—at least, right here.

"I guess these fellows understand-let orst of it. She got her sister to give
me after-dinner coffee cups, and my
to make me a lot of lace doilles,
was all I got for Christmas.
morrow is my wife's birthday. In

The parson showed too much linen at his

"guess these fellows understand—let
"er go."
"Missus says to tell her husband she
is glad he is so nicely located for the
night—she knows where he is for once."—
Cleveland Leader.

Well, you are wedded, and around your life Twine two great joys; for some one calls you wife, And child lips murmur "mother" and you

After long years of sorrow and heart strife. Smile up into the eyes that meet your own strong, sheltering arm arou thrown, say, "My husband?" and with love words while And say,

Away the hours, no longer dark and lone. You feel the clinging of your child; you feel His arms about your neck; his kines steal Away the sigh which trembles to your lips When faithful memory doth some face reveal! From; out the fading past! \* \* \* But tears

Are not for your sweet lips-for such sweet What earthly joy can now your joy eclipse? For, choosing well, your love could be but wise!

And yet, I figure that upon your brow There is a liffut-formed shadow resting now; The bended head droops lower, till at last Tour weeping face in your pale hands you

And give yourself to grief! \* \* \* Is it not A voice calls to you from the long ago-A hand is stretched toward you from the And joy is lost in bitterness and woel

You wonder why the tears your eyes should You whisper to your breaking heart: "Be I know you love me not, strange child of pas-But the heart means with yearnings un-

sufficed-Vague yearnings which the world can never women love but once, and if dealed That first, sweet love, they live unsatisfied, And cling to it as to the cross of Christ. Wherein their bleeding hearts are crucified!

And this is life! \* \* \* Heaven's mercy us, sweet!
He it that you and I no more shall meet.
Until the grass is green above the breast
and God's white dalsies grow at head and

feet! Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution. The Man Beneath the Bed.

What coemic whim has fathered his Or made his tribe exist, Cannot be told by Solon old or learned ethnologist; He seems a dream, yet myriads deem. Him to life's vigor bred, And by the score are looking for The man beneath the bed. Inoutring mind of womankind

This runnered personage.

And though with will they're hunting still, Their efforts have but led To hope uncrowned; they've never found. The man beneath the bed. This is a time when acts sublime Are due to sex of Eve, And who shall say, in coming day And who small say, in coming day Wild deed they may achieve? Will one of her, to Christopher Columbus' genius wed, With meed of seal, and yot reveal The man beneath the bed?

My Simple Simian Cent.

walked along Broadway one night, I'd not a penny left. Indeed, mine was a pretty plight, Of money all bereft. An ape-like trump accosted me;

My single, simple, Simian cent— "Tis all that I have left! It's worth a million to me, now, For all the rest is spent.

It goes like wildfire to the wind; But when it all is spent,

I've had consumption, rheumatis, eumonia and the gout, endicitis, heart disease Appendictis, heart disease And apoplexy stout; But though I die before my time, On one thing I'm intent; Pray bury with me-'tis no crime-

have heard low words and scented

Your soft, uncertain murmurings but hide The mirthful mockety of an untouched heart. When on my lips your clinging kieses smart, 'Tis Pleasure's Self you love; and how, be-

That futile, phantom god, can man hold part? Ob, haunting dream of living leveliness, Oh. royal rebel to the rules of love,
Love not at all, or love all else above!
And yet—ah, though you loved me even les
Still—still must I my houset passion prove
—B. W. St. Hill in November has a lower of the love of the

I wonder if I'm homesick, that I so long to Once more the gold and crimson of the maple trees,
To see bright leaves outlined against the Auturn wides,
Or full strong awept by Indian Summer breeze.

long, bright year,

Where petals of white blossom are its snow,
And yet I long to see the maples all afferme—
I wonder—am I homesick? Hardly do I
know.

Lessons in War. Wunst my pa he Says I musseen't never hit A boy that's litler'n me

Ain't right, you see.

So, when I went to school one day And got a playin' marbles with A little boy named Charley Smith, And winned all his away,
He up with all his might And by the school. And hit me right Square on the eve And made me cry-

And then Almost before I thought, nearly hit him back agen. My pa he sed I bet I'd smashed his bead!

And then, one other day, When Willie James Snuck up and took my knife away,
And called me names,
And sed I'd never get it back.
I up and I give him a crack
With my fist, right
On the mouth—with all my might!
'Cause be ain't littler'n me,

You see. But his pa never told him not To hit littler boys 'n him, I s'pose,
And so first thing I knew I got
Struck on the nose!
At first I thought
I fell
Way down a deep, deep well.

Or tumbled from a roof somewhere—
Higher'n sinsy in this here town—
And went a-tumblin' down,
Down through the air,
And it was twenty hundred million times more worser'n when That little Smith boy he

sighs

Break breathless at your lips—have watched your eyes

Deepen and droop and melt in maddening fashion

Before the hunger of my glad surmise!

Four soft, uncertain murrourings but hide

The mirthful mockety of an untouched heart.

The mirthful mockety of an untouched heart. As me! And ma she cried When I went home, and drew Me close up to her side-And I cried, too!

And then one other day When me
And Eddie Spriggs were fire department he
Wouldn't play.
He's the horse'n I
Was drivin', so First thing you know We got to fightin'! My!

wasn't strong at all.
And he's littler'n me, too! And I hit
Him on the cheek'n made him bawl
And when wo're through
I wasn't hurt a biti Boys' pas might know a lot About most things, but I

It was that my pa he

rold me not Hit Hitler boys'n mel I guess he never fought With higger boys 'n him before

And soon I heard soft whispered tones, Then ghostly cheering, murm'ring sighs; And sometimes laughter, now low monns, Then earnest questions, stern replies.

Then martial notes I knew so well, When lo! the place was filled with light:

Wife and Comrade. Do you call my face a rose,

Front the frost and face the anows I was never rose nor star, One's too near and one's too far, I'm no pebble and no pearl, But a living, loving girl. But a living, leving girl. Mouth to keep Touch with you while you're asleep. Eyes to kindle when you're glad. Hope to climb where you would cree Tougue to comfort when you're sad

Call me wife, and comrade, dear, Call me wife, and comrade, dear,
Call me neither star nor rose—
Then the day I need not dread
When the snow falls on my head,
Then my soul to yours shall be
Changeless, though my beauty goes,
And the eyes I love not see
Youth and grace forsaking me
As the Been forsaking are
When the wind of Auturns blows.

fine sits in robes of white arrayed, With eyes sevene and tender; Above her head the starry flag Displays its streaming splendor. The North a gallant lover came and at her door slighted; To him beneath the paim and pine Her solemn troth she plighted. The ring that seals forevermore, Their bearts and hands was me From guns that my on giory's field
In rust and roses folded.
On, don't you hear their wedding march?
In fair and stormy weather
"Dittle" and "Tankes Doodle" blent
In one sweet tune together.
—Minus Irving in Leetle's Weekly.

My 01d "T. D." Up two flights, then three doors back, In a bachelor's den hangs an old ploe rack. Its owner says, "Ah yes, 'tis a useful thing.' While his voice has a sort of a lover's ring, As he gases fondly at each face, That glows on him from the chimney place. Faces of men half hid by scowis, Reads enveloped in monkish cowis Others bearing from mouth to ear Smiles ne'er changing from year to year. He takes from the beds the briar gem, And the meerschaum bowl with its ambe

Noting its color with silent glee, Then puts them saids for the old Tor. To " "Here is a friend I've had for years; Here is a friend I've had for years; It has known my joys and shared my tear and often I've wondered if in the bowi Ien't hidden away another soul. That speaks to me as I bear life's yoke, and comfort sends in the rings of smoke, and scothes all sorrows, and bids depart The feelings of doubt from out my heart; and I find that darkness all gives way To traft and light send the heart of the send of th And I find that darkness all gives way. To truth and light and the cheer of day. Burdens grow lighter and trials cease, And a something whispers of hope and peace. Till all seems bright in the world again, And I gain more love for my fellow men. Ah! what happy hours I've spent with thee, Thou truest of friends, my old T. D.

"You may take the meerschaum with And the briar, too-for not one whit And the briar, too for not one was:
Will I miss them after a day or two;
But without the other I could not do,
For some bond holds us—don't you see?
I never could part with my old T. D.'
A bond of friendship that seems to grow
With the years that come and the years tha

With the years that come and the years these goA something mingling our lives in one.
Old tasks performed, new works begun,
And somethines musing I sit and think:
What binds us fast in this friendly link?
While then, in answer it seems to say,
'Old pal, we both have been formed from clay.'
Then I understand how it comes to me,
This love I bear for my old T. D. "

—Dan W. Gallagaer in New York Sun.

01' Jae' Fros'. Who sweetens up do simusta truit? Of Jac' Pros'! Who gibs de ash a new fall suit? who give a san a new rail suit?
Of Jao' Fros!
Who brings de wainut tumbijn' down,
Who makes de chestaut rich an brown,
Who yellabs up de punkin's gown?
Of Jao' Fros'!

Who paints do summe fish red?
Of Jac' Fros'!
En spinsh his paint brush obehhead?
Of Jac' Fros'!
Who butum de dogwood wid his bran,"
Who quiets up de insec' ban'.
Who colohs up de timbah lan'? Of Jac' Fron'!

Who bites de pic'animy's toes? Of Jac' Free'!

wrist for her liking, so one day, meeting

Forget all my fond de

"She will not know me!" He breathed a sig "My maid of the many graces, When to my counter she comes to buy Her silks and her satins and her laces "She will forget summer days so dear,

Forget all her yows when she sees me here Her salesman! but 'tis fate's portion." "He will not know me!" Her heart was as "My lad of the fond devotion. There at his club, amid laughter glad, "Re'll forget those days at the ocean

"He will forget how we walked the sand, To me no more he is drinking, He'll pass me by in his carriage grand With its silver harness clinking." He selzed his hat, for his heart was sore,

And fled from his post of duty flat down to lunch, still living o'er Glad days with his flummer beauty. He ne'er could forget those times of fun-

HUBBY OBEYED ORDER

But Now He Sleeps and Takes H Meals Away From Home, While Wife Tears Her Hair.

A plain and sensible husband and i ther, who was making a modest live that her husband's means were not sufficient magnitude to permit an extr ordinary dazzle in that glittering gala of gayety, glamour and gentility, but s banked on her matrimonial alliance at least one of her two beautiful dam ters with an aged millionaire who w ready at any moment to marry pretty girl who would accept him. Naturally enough, it was not be

pected that any young and pretty g could love any old thing like he was, b then he was so rich that love might w be asked to take a back seat. Now, the husband of this ambitic lady and the father of the two beautif daughters was foolish enough to thi

that love mixed with matrimony bett than money did, and he was averse the machinations of his wife to dispose either of the daughters to the million at a price. One day the lady, in ne plea ant humor, spoke to her husband on to subject of his opposition. "I should think," she said, "that yould have some ambition for you daughters. You have never been able furnish them with the means their bea ty, accomplishments and position des

do a parent's duty by at least one

them, you must oppose my efforts a seek to thwart my purpose. I shou think you would show some sign of a preclation of the attention and oald us by the wealthy gentleman wh "Forgive me, my dear," responded the man comes this evening I will obey you and show some sign of appreciation." Upon this the wife was greatly mel fiel, and the husband went down town his store, returning in the evening a litt later than usual, but quite cheerful. At 8:00 o'clock the wealthy gentlems

"It is the sign I promised for the get tleman," he said, handing it to his wif and she read upon it in large letter "Please Call on Us Before Purchasi Thereupon the lady fell into a state madness, from which she has scarcel yet recovered, and the husband is takin his meals down

called, and shortly after the lady ha gone in to meet him the husband follows her, bearing in his hands an artistical

painted card a yard square.

his meals down town and sleeping in the store.—Washington Star. Chinese Like Americans Best. Up to the beginning of the prese troubles, it has been a somewhat remar able fact, according to the Philadelp Inquirer, that no American citisen, tra eler, business man, diplomat or missio ary, has ever been murdered in China I the Chinese. This can be said of the chi sens of none of the other great power which have had constant and long-co-tinued intercourse with the Sast. This it is said, is not a mere coincide ecident. The Chinese like Americans. course, the statement is made with reservation that they do not like a foreigners as a resident of China, b as compared with the people of the gre European powers, they like the Amet cans. Whenever they sak a man of who nationality he is, and his answer is the he is an American, they at once excial "We are friends."

Serubby Set.

"Br'er Johnson," said the elder of one of the colored churches to the recen appointed pastor, "what does yo' t'ink o de congregashun?"

Well, Br'er Jones, sence yo' ask m-I mus' say dey is er acrubby lookin' set.'
"Why, what does yo' mean, Br'er Johnson? Dey has mo' campmeetin's and get 'ligion oftener dan mos' eny congregat in de town."
"Bat's jes' it, Br'er Jones, dat's jes' it.
Dey has done wore out de seats of dey
pants backslidin' and de knees er prayin'

fer fo'gibness."-Life. The Modern Inquisition. Little Willie-Say, po, wint does cleave

Pa-It means to units or such a Little Willie-Then if a butcher cleave It means to unite or stick together, a bone does he stick it tigether, pa? Pa-Why-er-I guess it does my

eparate, my son.
Little Willie-And when a man separat from his wife, does he aleave to her, pa?
Pa-Young man, it's time you were in hed.—Chicago Newa,

Not n Bit Small.

look at hats under \$155 is They're not wearing hats under \$165 is this season. Haughty saleswomen to doubtful pur-

chaser upon the apex of whose topknot topples a hat the size of a dime-Too small? Oh, no, indeed. They're not wear-

I don't know what he meant

I'll-never spend it! Never lend it! Simple, Simian centi I've made a dozen fortunes since-

I still retain thro' thick and thin My simple, Simian cent. (Repeat chorus.)

My simple, Simian cent. (Bepeat chorus.)
-P. K. M. in New York Herald. Masque of Love.

Deepen and droop and melt in maddening

bruwn,

preshed by my dress, as in the long ago.
To walk upon the fallen rainbows of the trees—
I wender—am I homesick? Hardly do I
know. To hear the runtle of the withered leaves of

He got
Growed up—'n I won't enny more!
'Cause when you hit a littler one
He runs 'n bellers, too—
And hittin' others ain't no fun
When they hit hardern you! -Grace Hibbard in the Springfield Republican. -S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Revald.

With the Battle Place. stood alone in the quiet dusk, Beneath an arch of the vaulted room,

And watched the brilliant colors fade At the stealthy touch of the creeping glosaw the deep'ning shadows rest On stately busts of hunored dead, And where the lofty columns stood Tall phantom pillars rose instead

I heard the sound of the cannon's rear Come wafted faint from I know not where, Then best of hoofs, the swish of flags And crash of sabres filled the air. Dim phantom forms swift passed me by And misty horses reared and fell; Red drops of blood and tattered flags,

No sign whate'er to make me think I had aught but dreamed of that battle Except some silken tattered flags
From niches gazing down serene.

Dorothy King in Boston Transcript.

With the time of roses pear?
Find a truer name than this
For the brow and lips you kies.
For you knew that roses die
In the Autumn of the year.
And beside you, love, must I

When the wind of Autumn blows, Soul on soul looks in and knows All that's best of You and Me. —Nora Hopper in Westminster ( The New South.

Who makes de possum run agnin?

Of Jac' Fros'!

Who gibs de ocon a wintah skin?

Of Jac' Fros'!

Who makes de soulrril bahk en houn',

Who makes de rabbit prowi aroun',

Who puts de floetness in de houn'?

Of Jac' Fros'!

Who kivahs white all outedoahs? Of Jac' Fros'! Who makes dat rheumatism creep, Who makes ye' curi up by de heag En calls foh kivah in yo' sleep? Ol' Jac' Pres'!

-Victor A. Hermann in Philadelphia Inqui