

Two of a Kind. And the worm that is early gets caught;

And if you're a worm, you must stay closs in bed When they knock at your door you must

have nown:
Oh: "You'll starve if you do!"
Well the bird'll starve, toe.
And there'll two "Simple Simons" be gone.
—Indianapolis Press.

JOSIAH ON HIS TRAVELS

Mr. Chowder, "O' Gum Holler, Ripley County," Makes Things Hum at a Rural Railway Station.

He was tall and thin. An expansive mouth, whose corners were corrugated and discolored from much tobacco chewing, occupied a no inconsiderable portion of his face, which was extremely thin, also, and tanned to the hue of old leather. His oversized ears loomed up prominently at the sides of his muskmelon shaped head, like wings spread for hurried flight. From the top of his high-crowned beaver hat to the soles of his dusty top boots he was pleasantly suggestive of new-mown hay, and, as he sauntered leisurely down the platform in front of the rural Indiana railway station the ubiquitous small boy, "tumbling to" the little wisp of straw-colored whisker adorned the tip of his chin, bleated like a goat and clung with reckless abandon to the long talls of his rusty coat, just for the fun of hearing his vociferous flow of native profanity and seeing him strike out awkwardly with his huge blue cotton

Entering the waiting-room, he flung his antiquated carpet-bag into a vacant seat and advanced to the ticket agent's win-

dow, red-faced and perapiring.

"Toung feller," he said impressively.

"Toung feller," he said impressively.

"No, sir," replied the see who was not wanting in so ther fellow was not wanting in so ther fellow was the bruils bruisee."—Chicago Tribune. the agent, shaking hands. The 'Squire beamed.

"You said I was the biggest fool in town," exclaimed an irate citizen to his neighbor, "and you've got to apologize."
"All right, all right, "responded the offender. "Til apologize. You are not the drap o' a hat, an' drap the hat hisself."
"A first town," and still the man was not said I was the biggest fool in town," exclaimed an irate citizen to his neighbor, "and you've got to apologize."
"All right, all right, "responded the offender. "Til apologize. You are not the biggest fool." And still the man was not satisfied.—Detroit Free Press. "A fighting family, ch?" said the agent, with a perfunctory show of interest. "You bet," he beamed again. c'u'd rassel some, too, 'specially me,"

'Yes, siree! I've throwed ev'ry cham peen 'rassier this side o' Mason an' Dix-

The erent replied negatively, gently intimating that he might possibly be of other service to the redoubtable 'squire, who, adopting the conveyed suggestion, 'What time does that ha'f-pas' twelve

"At 12:30," replied the agent.

"At thirty minutes past 12."
"Hem! What time is it now?" "Sure?"

"Clock's all right, then?" Best in town 'Hem! Never have no accidents?"

'How d'ye know?"

all accidents a year in advance. Whenever anything is going to happen to a train he posts us a bulletin and we take measures to avert the impending evil, No hopes of a wreck today. "Goshfry! I'll have to ask that astrol-oper how long 'twill be afore our Man-

dy'll ketch a man. Bet that'll stump him. Waller

"D'ye carry dogs?"

'An' cats?"

"Yes, any kind of livestock. We are especially partial to having Ripley County hogs in the passenger coaches."
"Goshfry! If I'd a-knowed that I'd a-brought along the spotted sow an' pigs.
What d'ye charge fer a ticket."

ye, a-standin' there an' a-gapin, at me that a way. "Gimme a ticket!" He hopped up and down excitedly, endeavoring to lay violent hands on the agent, who at the first manifestation of hostility had retreated beyond his reach. "Gimme-a-

'I can't sell you a ticket unless I know where you wish to go," explained the agent in thunderous tones.

Where-do-you-wish-to-go?" with red-faced emphasis.

States His Designation.

"Oh!! Why'n thunderation didn't ye ask that afore! Why, to Indynap'lis, o'

course. Hurry up, ye dern pesky crit-Two dollars fifty, please?"

"Here!" he stammed the amount down on the shelf. "Gimme my ticket. Hurry up-hurry! There, dern ye, ye've made me miss my train! What ye been a-eat-in-snails? Gif a hump on ye, er I'll come in there an' waller yer good."

He seized the ticket at last, grabbed up his carpet-bag and university and

up his carpet-bag and umbrella, and, after shaking his fat at the agent and giving vent to some weirdly constructed adjectives, boiled through the doorway. The next moment he was bowling do the track at top speed, his red bandana handkerchief hanging at half-mast from his rear pocket, fluttering in the wind created by his own motion, like a flagrant ensign of anarchy, and the irreverent juvenile contingent on the depot platform

cheering him to the echo.

The agent came out just in time to see him reach the railing of the last car with

Then he balanced himself and has blue cotton umbrella triumphantly. 'Us Chowderses is some punkins,"

yelled, gleefully. "'F I'd a missed this train I'd a-shore come back an' wallered ye. I aln't never had my back dirtied in all my life."—New York Herald.

She-What was the happiest moment of He-Well, I think it was one evening last week when I entered the parior of my boarding-house and saw a strange

Ideal Happiness.

sign on the plane. She-Indeed! And the sign? He-Closed for repairs.-San Francisco

Domestic Woes.

ing broken china ever since our new cook was installed.-Chicago News.

Trying to Say Something Funny. 'David, they've sent us a whole gallon

of ice-cream by mistake."

"All right; we'll eat it, and pay for the half gallon we ordered. Then, the next time we feel like having ice-cream we'll go pay for the other half gallon."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Gossip. "Annie Nibbins is the meanest kind of

gossip."
"What variety is that? "She's the kind that doesn't tell anything herself, but gets you to tell all you know."—Chicago Record.

Distinction.

HE FEELS THANKFUL BECAUSE HE

CAN FEEL

IN THE WRONG ENVELOPES.

Declining an Invitation. Benator Chandler, of New Hampshire is known as one of the most exact and painstaking of men. He rarely makes mistakes, and has little patience to spare for those of others. But the wily and from his sporting sheet. careful Senator was recently guilty of a blunder which cost him much trouble to rectify. It was nothing more or less than exchanging envelopes upon two letters written about the same matter. The story, as related by his very dear friends,

runneth thus: Once upon a time Chandler received an invitation from Senator Frye to go up to one of the Maine lakes and enjoy a spell Mrs. Suburban—Our new cook uses such broken English that we can scarcely understand a word she says.

Mrs. Suburban—Our new cook uses such of hunting and fishing. Politics would, of course, come up during the quiet evenings. Senator Chaudler had other plans, and thereupon he indited two letters, one to his wife, which ran to this effect: "My Dear Lucy: I have received an invitation from Frye to-go up with him into Maine for a hunting and fishing trip; but I shall not accept. Frye is a temperance crank and never has anything for him-self or friends to drink, and therefore I have got out of the thing as diplomati-cally as I can. There is not much enjoyment under the circumstances. The letter then ran on to detail other

domestic confidences.

The letter received by Mrs. Chandler ran merrily along these lines: "My Dear Frye: I received your invita-tion and am very sorry that I cannot accept. You know Mrs. Chandler is very disagreeable about such things, and so I must decline. Some other time, when I can get up a good story to justify the

The first intimation which Senator Chandler had of his error was an indig-"You have a good deal of assurance to Chandler had of his error was an indig-come to me for charity," said the man of the house, "with your face all bunged berating him for his ungaliant conduct in nant missive from the wife of his bosom to scrub every Saturday?" berating him for his ungaliant conduct in "Yes."

BOB- TAILED DOG - WELL,

THERE'S SOMETHING TO BE

CURE FOR "SNAKES."

Hubby in Football Armor. "Well, what now?"

"What for?" "To please me." .Without another word he left the room, When he returned his limbs were en-

"Now, your chest protector, Tom."
"See here-" "It is no trouble. There it is under the table."

cased in white pads.

He fished out a yellow object and attached it to his person. "Now your shin guards." Say-

He laced on these protectors while she watched him. "Get those arm guards, Tom."

"I have not the time to-" "Then I will get them and assist you in putting them on." She had the guards on his arms before he had time to protest.
"I guess I might as well submit. What next?"

"Here is the rubber to shield your nose."
"Is this all?"

"Don't forget your ear protectors."
He adjusted the last of his armor and waited further orders. She mussed his hair with her hand to make him look all the more formidable. "What now?"
"Tom, do you know the little woman

HE'S THANKFUL HE'S

MALIVE

KILHING

FOR ON

THANKS-GIVING

DAY HE

BECOMES

MORTA

to come, but sent a note of regret. Be-"Tom, I wish you would put on your fore reading the note Chairman Cumfootball pants."

> mings, "Mr. Colson was out West. stopped off at a town which was the loafing place of a large number of cowboys when they were off duty. These roughlooking fellows, with revolvers strapped to their sides and wearing belts filled with cartridge, met Mr. Colson, and asked him to take a drink. He declined at first, but they insisted, and he went along with them. When the party reached the saloon the biggest of the three called out: What are you going to have? The other two said, 'Whisky,'
> "'Give me whisky, too,' he said.
> "'What's yours?' he added to Mr. Coi-

son.

"Water," answered Mr. Colson.

"Water, eh!" exclaimed the big fellow.
"See here, stranger, you drigks what them other gents drinks, or I'll spring a few leaks in your swallow."

"He drew out his revolver and handled to mouacingly.

'You didn't dictate to these gentlemen what they should call for, did you? said Mr. Colson.

"Well, you can't dictate to me, either. My drink is water. I always thought you would be .oo much of a gentleman, Dave, to question a man's right to choose his own drink when he was your guest."

on a business trip.

Miss Gaussip—Aha! I knew it! I always did suspect there was something wrong

there.
Miss Kidder-You're mistaken. She goes
that's all.-Philadelphis

A New Trick. Old Fogy Proprietor-Why did you treat that shabbily-dressed woman so coolly? Sharp Clerk-You noticed I sold to her,

"Yes."
"And the article didn't really suit her." "I noticed that."
"She bought it because she thought I thought she couldn't afford to."—New York Weekly.

Literally So.

at your old occupation."
"Oh, yessir. Me.an' de whitewash bresh am still in podnership. m still in podnership.

"So I see. And how's business? Is it ooking up?

"Dat precisely what it am, sah. I's kalominin' de cellin' er de Baptis' Chu'ch."

Restor Courier. -Boston Courier.

One of the First. "Yes, he is one of our first citizens."
"He doesn't look it. I should judge from
his appearance that he is a very ordinary

person."
"He is, so far as that's concerned, but his name is Abner Aarons, and it's mighty seldom that anybody comes before him in the directory."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Quite Protracted.

"We are just holding a love feast," said young Mr. Linger, audaciously to Mr. Frisble, when that father of an engaged daughter put his head in the parlor door-way at 11:35 P. M.
"I thought it must be a protracted

"I gess," paw sed after the elsckahen was eleckted, "I'll haft to get a new pair of shoes now, being McKinley's in. Look at these. You couldn't expect a person

"Oh nawthin much," paw anserd, "only if Bryan would of got there mebby we mite of all had to Go barefooted beccu things would of shut down," "Then what made you be for Bryan"

maw ast him. "Me for Bryan?" paw says. "I never

vas-not fer a minute." "Then what made you cal him the peerless Leader and the tribbewn of the

Tom used to go to school together, fellers. | meeting," said the old gentleman, as he they are no sense in worrying about what name you'd of given it if it would of grew up to be a cow. That makes me think about the shoes again. I guess I'll not get Cangeroo this time becox they mits Dolly Dimples-Do you ever hear a curious buzzing sound in your ears, Mr. Ever-

> Ma's Willing. "All rite," maw told him. "Get enny

have thought I heard something rattle inside.

Dolly Dimples—Thank heaven! Perhaps there's seporthing in it, after all.—Ohio State Journal. kind you like, only be sure they Fit. Don't be foolish like I was when I got

Goodheart-I think you libeled that friend of yours from Chicago. I took him out to luncheon today, and he didn't eat with his knife at all. would nearly be run over by a street car that would haft to get made in a shop they haven't broke the ground for yet." Sneerwell-That's strange. What did So maw didn's worry enny more and be maw didn's worry entry more and the next Day the shoes came and paw put Them on that nite, for the stock-holders of a Led mine paw got in on the Ground floor by the skin of his Testh be-com a frend of his was kind and thotfull in the nick of Time were going to meet and See if they better put up enny more and See if they better put up enny n

> Handy being a man and not trying to make naitcher ashamed of herself become she had such poor tasts."
>
> It was pritty late when me and Little

and telling her not to wake the nabers. Then maw came out in the Hall and commenct to weap, and when she met paw downstairs I herd her telling him: "My poor children. This is terrable. Here they haft to bring you home in a hack and then you come trying to meak in Like a thief in the nite Becox you are afrade to Look your Loved ones in the Face and paw now you let Me smell y

a pair of shoes got flung in a corner and they talked a Long time without much exattemunt so I couldn't hear what it was about, but after while when they were coming up stairs paw sed:

"That's all rite. Go and rong a man by telling him he made a Beast of him-self and Then try to take the Sting out with a Few soft words but it Takes m about half-way up stairs, and Yelled: "Gee Rossalum!" and then give it a kick with his other foot that he forgot he didn't have a shoe on.

So after it got quiet again maw says:
"If it would of saved your sole and kept
you from getting the new shoes I'm almost sorry the election didn't turn out
the other way."—Georgie, in Chicago Times-Herald.

Br'er Sundown's Philosophy. Bewah o' a pusson dat smiles w'en he's

lokin' fo' a colluh-button! Ah notice dat de woman dat uses sharp words generally gits 'em in edgeways. yo' palace cah great

graveyard, Ah has tuh wonduh whar all de wicked pussons 're buried. De rottenes lookin' scarcrew o' a tree in de woods mebbe chock full o' honey.

Doan jedge by appearances.
Some pussons think o' trouble so much ahead o' time dat wen it does come dey ain't prepared fo' it.
Dey's many fine fish holes in dis kentry. but de larges' fish seem tuh be cotched out o' a little brown jug o' cohn juice. Hit's mighty easy fo' a pusson tuh swar

Prejudiced View

"Paw, what is an "independent paper?"
"An independent paper, my son, is one that usually tries to throw its influence in favor of some political party in such a way that nobody will suspect it."

Senator Chandler Mixes Matters in Use to Which Wifey Sought to Put Temperance Advocate Gives Lesson

in Drinking Etiquette. The Rev. Thomas Colson was booked to speak at a Prohibition meeting the The lion with long mane and muscle other night where William T. Wardwell growled his disapproval at being taken was the chief attraction. He was unable

mings said he would tell the crowd a true story about Rev. Mr. Colson.
"Several years ago," said Mr. Cum-

"'Well, string me up if it ain't Tom Colson!" exclaimed the man, who had recognized his boyhood friend. 'Me and

SOME THINGS TO BE THANKFUL FOR. THANKFUL



WE ARE THANK FUL WE ARE READ AND



Something In It.

Mr. Evergreen-No, but sometimes

A Libel.

NOT YELLOW,

green?

"Yer boy back from town?" asked the

Another Scandal, But-

Well, if I ain't glad to see you! I want to apologize to you, Tom, fer what I said, and I want to say to you fellers that you'll change yer order and drink what Dolly Dimules—Do you ev More for His Money.

Tom drinks, or pop goes the glasses."Detroit Free Press,

neighbor.

"Yep," answered Farmer Corntossel.

"Got back last aight."

"How'd he git along?"

"I dunno's I kin complain. He done bettenr'n I did. His gold brick weighs at least a pound an a quarter more'n the one I bought year before last."—Washington Star. ington Star.

When Frost Is on the Whiskers. There's a sting when Winter's comin' makes ! The Demmycratic papers—they hem, an' haw,

His Apology.

"Who is this person" asked one of the tuneful nine. "She claims to be a rela-tive of ours, but I don't know her."

"She's suffering from a hallucination. She presides over magazine poetry and she thinks she's a muse!"—Puck.

said the sister-muse.

"Poor thing!"

Keeps of Uncle Levi busy handin' out the overcoals,
Starts the healthy blood to dancin' mighty An' then go on explainin', an' makin' some lively through the veins.

An the lips seem prone to pucker fur to whistle merry strains.

There's a quickness in the action, there's a sparkle in the eyes,

An' the joyous soul seems swellin' up to twice its normal size,

An' existence means a placement of the action of the seems and the seems and the seems are seems as placement of the seems and the seems are seems as placement of the seems and the seems are seems as placement of the seems and the seems are seems as placement of the seems of the s

snappy-dream,
When the frost is on the whisters an' the
breath has turned to steam. As the breezee come a sweepin' on their They come with give an' glory, an' headlines

bleached-out face,

Reinstate the nerve that Summer hotty tumbled off its base,
Fires of energy seem burnin' in the furnace
o' the breast
Chasin' that oi' bird o' languor from its lany
Summer nest.

An' show by facts an' figure just how she
had to go.

But, gee-mun-nee! In Bowarsville the reason
isn't hid—
We know that just what hit us was the
Land
Silde

Summer nest, An' a feller seems enveloped in a happiness supreme
When the frost is on the whiskers an' the The country's just as happy—she's just as breath has turned to steam. Sets the quickened thoughts to driftin' to the

Where the frost-king was a whettin' rasor My land! Down here in Bowersville, when Where the frost-king was a whettin' rasor edges on the breeze.

An' the black an' bronze of turkeys was a ripenin' in the trees.

Where the quali was pipin' music on the of rail fence that stood Since of Adam was a yearlin' up against the bird'ry wrond.

the hick'ry wood—
these pleasin' recollections come a
troopin' as a dream troopin' as a dream When the frost is on the whiskers an' the breath has turned to steam, the merry apple-parin's an' the huskin'

Of the merry apple-parin's an' the huskin been galore.

An' the jolly country dances on the big of harn floor.

When the eyes o' gals 'd sparkle same as jewels in the face.

An' the hearts o' all the fellers 'd keep floppin' out o' place.

Thinkin' o' these early plessures starts a longin' in the breast.

Fur to hit the trail a leadin' back toward the ol' home neat; a Through the brain of every truant from the home these memories teem.

When the froet is on the whiskers an' the hiveath has turned to steam.

Ere the Was it too late-too late? He toiled and struggled through trying days, And weary and worn at last sank down, and they laid him away at the edge of the

As He Left Them. As He Left Them.

His toys are lying on the floor,
Just as he left them there;
The painted things for keeping store,
The little broken chair;
The jumping pig, the whistling ball,
The duck, the gun, the boat,
The funny teching Chinese doll,
And bucking billy gost.

The cuckoo with the broken wings, The Jack, spring from his box. Here lie his knife, his tangled string, When the Landslide Slid.

- Slide 8114. Republican newspapers is full o' shouts an'

the breezes come a sweepin' on their frost-bejeweled wings bry cussed one seems armored with a thousand needle stings, they bring the faded color back into the high brack letters: "Twee caused by so-an'-so," show by facte an' figures just how she

good an' grand-She'll go on just as praceful, right at the same old stand. We got no cause to worry about the reason great Thanksgivin' Day.

To the big ol'-fashioned farmhouse in the east.

There ain't no use to figure on what has just

> We know that what upset us was, the Slide 5114.

-Baltimore American

Land

Was It Too Late? In San Francisco a poor devil of a news-paper reporter worked for the shank end of a living. When he died the city buried him in the potter's field. He was Asa Packer, nephew and namesake of the great coal and transportation king and heir to one-fourth of Judge Packer's \$20,000,000. The poor reporter had been in his grave several months when his great fortune came.-News Dispatch.

With little to blame, if less to praise. there, The riches for which men strive and cheat, They, burrying, brought to lay at his feet, Finding he slumbered and didn't care,

Men said, recalling his splendid worth, And tears in the potter's field were shed And many a men, with low-bowed head Sighed over the little pile of earth? .Was it too lafe-too late?

ne'er Put hate in his heart or embitter him

there—
He sleeps—and maybap his dreams are sweet!

—New York Press.

is missed the prize for which men But the ways of the fair-day frie

"Madge An' Me." My Sister Madge an' me, we just have lots A lady shouldn't paint, they say, an' say.

"The reason why we lost it is somethin' like There's not a game we haven't played, I don't needs several coats upon her face this way".

And also needs a barber.

But sometimes when we've had them all, an' long for something new,
We'll just att down an' think about the things we'd like to do. I'd like to be an ostrich, 'cause if I was, you see, I needn't ever worry 'bout dessert a-hurtin'

It in our yard; a cage all full of monkeys (without the 'Hands Off' bard). An' Madge, she'd like to be a queen, an' rule a great big land. wear a golden cornet, an' a-spectre in (She says that's right, an' means a kind of golden came, you know; But I say it's a person who knows what

An' then I'd like to have a thing where you just turned a crank, An' all your clothes went on or off; an' then An' all your clothes went on or on, an interior I'd like a bank

(A real one, full of clerks an' things), an' Madge, she'd like to stroke

Pa's Sunday hat the other way; an' me, I'd like to smoke,

An's Madge would like to see a ghost (she's frightened at a mouse!)
also she would like to live inside a candy house;
An' seems to me I'd like to be a mason,

an' lay brick.

once I said, I'd like to swear, but
Madge, she said, "Why, Dick!" There's lots an' lots of other things that we would like to do, Of course, I haven't time to go an' tell them

all to you;
But some time when you're tired, an' your
other games are done,
Try the game that Madge an' I play; you'll
find it lots of fun.

-New York Herald. The Sleeper. Above the cloistral valley, Above the druid rill,

There lies a heavy sleeper

All the long days of Summer The low winds whisper And the soft voices of the Make murmurous reply.

Round this sequestered slumbering place Beneath the cool hill grass. All the long nights of Winter The white drifts heap and heap To form a fleecy coverlet Above the dreamer's sleep.

Ah, who would break the rapture
Brooding and sweet and still,
The great peace of the sleeper
Upon the local's full?
—Cliston Scollard, in Atlantic Monthly.

Liberty's Sad Plight.

Her red chiffon's an awful sight;

If she should see a passing hat, It's two to one she'd nab it; She has no bonnet; we know that, No more hat than a rabbit.

Poor girl, she has a lonesome time

Yearn not for our caresses,
Your posing stant is hard to beat;
We'll try to get you drawes.
—Salt Lake Tribune.

Stand there, dear girl, with key feet

Wen dey passin' roun'
De long string harp
En de glory crown?
Hes you fit en fout'
Whar de Captains shout?
Oh, what you gwine ter de w'en de light

You may hol' on tight, But Saian gwine ter drap you in de lonesom night! —Atlanta Constitution.

The waiting forests pray. Unheard, unseen, a presence rare Halloweth the dim day. And they who loved and died.
Stealing abroad, in silence go
Close by the wand'rar's side.

All the high trees stand still; Makes the tall aisles to thrill.

—New York Press.

Carpe Diem. The swine are squealing in the pen-In swine are squaring in the penI wonder why?
Oh can they read the minds of men,
And do they know
A fatal day is nigh
When they must go?
Ah, do they equeal
Because they feel
Sick and sore at heart and sad?
Or is it something they have had

is it something they have had eat, or is it greed of more That makes them pierce the air? Ah, well! Their griefs will soon be o'er,
And, free from cars,
They'll swing from hooks

Unmindful of the passer's looks And what he thinks. The turkey gobbles in the yard As blithely as he can; He scrapes his wings upon the ground. And tries as hard And tries as hard
As possible to show to man,
What time he struts around.
That happiness is in his heart;
And that he doesn't fret
With what we call a vague unrest,

Or mope around or let Forebodings creep into his breast He proudly plays his part, Although Next week he may hang in the mart-May grace some butcher's stall-Sans gobble and sans feathers and, in is sans all!

The closing hours away, While appetite and bristles yet Remain,
And while all day
The farmer who presides as Fate
Leans on the gate
Far down the lane!
Ah wiser turkey, gobble on,
Thy gizzard still in thine,
And at the dawn
"The still for thes

The still for thee
To see
The red sun shine—
Thou hast a' wing on either side
And still thy wattles wattle where
They give thee greatest prid
So why
Become a prey to care
Since, after all,
Nor thou
Nor I

Shall know one day before or when or how

Tis still for thee

The axe may fail!

-S. E. Kiser in Chicago Times-Herald. The First Fire. The first fire of the season warms my hearth Like a bright moth that long ensheathed ha

lain, Shaking its wings of many an Orient stain,

Shaking its wings of many an Orient stain, It leaves the princing oak log's sturdy girth Presh with the new old gladness of the earth Remancent, it springs forth: and I am fain (Having beheld the Summer droop and wase), To think that here she has her true rebirth. Ay—the sweet spirit of the Summer down! For, when beside the fire I close my sees, I hear so many sounds that I have known In summer shade or under Summer skies—The whier of insects in the fields new mown. The call of hirds and happy leaf-draws agglet!



"Well, Sambo, I see that you are still the stood within the door, and while the knob at your old occupation."

"Oh, yeasir. Me, an' de whitewash bresh if felt the fluttering heartbeats in my breast, am still in podnership." She stood within the door, and I without, So close I are each quivering little pout.
Why should I say the fond "good nightp"
I thought
To print it on her lips, or thereabout.

She, waiting, stood within, and more and Intense my love the longer pandered o'er, Till, bold as love can make the heart, as

"PAW" BUYS NEW SHOES

made my plea, and then-she shut the door!

Ignores "Maw's" Advice and Causes. Much Subsequent Entertainment for the Entire Family.

to go on wairing such things." "I didn't say ennything to discurridge you about it," maw told him. "Go ahed and get some new ones! But I don't see what McKinley's getting in has to Do

peeple and nearly fite with the captun becox he sed you set up a foltz godd in become he sed you set up a foits good in the house?"
"What's the use thrashin' over old straw?" paw anserd. "After the giue gets spilled on the carpet they are no use putting the pieces Together to see what name was blone in the Bottull. That's one grate Trubbie with you, maw. When the calf's dead and they've Got it skinned they are no sense in worrying about what

be Too thin For winter.'

my new ones and—"
"Say," paw says, "what's the use telling a man that's got Years of Discression a Thing like that? Don't worry soi mutch. Don't borow truble, maw. Don't fret becox the haby mite grow up and get married some day and have a child that

munny or not. "They're just like a pair of old Gluvs," aw sed when he had the shoes on and tarted out. "That's where it comes in

Albert herd maw putting up the windo and hollering out:
"Paw, what's the matter?" So I snuck out in the Hall and took a peck and they was a Carridge turning away that brot paw Home and paw was standing on the frunt steps with his Shoes in his hands, looking up at maw's windo

About that time I herd a slam like if

than that to Heal the breward bart and the next time I go to buy a pair of shoes and the blame fool of a clerk sprinkies powder in them they are going to be——" I gess I no what he nearly sed, but he didn't say it become he stept on Little Albert's iron locomotive that was left

Yo' cayn't buy tickets tuh heaben, but dolluhs tub charity 'll keep de wheels o' Ebery time Ah read de tombetune in a

off stealin' watuh-milyuns w'en de snow is on de groun'. Summer is de tims o' busted resolushuns.—Peter T. Shevlin, in Philadelphia Inquirer.

The early bird catches; the worm, we are told, and the worm that is early gets caught:

Bo if you're a bird you must rise ere the gold

Of the morning flames up, or catch naught!

With the first hint of day.

To must hurry away.

To where annelld idiots are caught!

oney knock at your door you must cover your head And be deaf as a stone till the knockers have flown! Oh! "Too'll starre."

on's line, an' I ain't never had my back dirtied in all my life. Want ter try me a

When's the train due?"

'Sure there won't be none today?" An' existence seems a pleasure, life a ginger-Astrology's Atd. We have an astrologer, who predicts

"Where-to?"

"I-. Goshfry! Hurry up, dern ye!

Here comes my train. Hey! What alls
va a-standin' there an' a-gapin, at me

His low and silver cup-Recause I'm tired of following Around to pick them up. —Chicago Times-Herald. a flying leap, and scramble, baggage and all, onto the rear platform of the wrong

up from fighting. You're nothing but a holding her up to his friends as a dis-

agreeable woman. Senator Frye, fortunately for Chandler, held his peace, as he did not know wheth-"No, sir," replied the seedy vagrant, who was not wanting in spirit. "The other fellow was the bruiser. I'm the er or not the epistle was loaded, and fancied that the contretemps might be merely one of Chandler's little jokes, which would have an ending disastrous

it could be made an ideal home.

Dixmyth-How so?

"Bo she says. And, Tom, if he sees any more of them it will frighten him into signing the pledge."

"Well, how is he going to see them?"
"Look in the gises."
"What-" "Yes, I mean you must go up in Change Is Needed.

Dixmyth—How do you like your new coarding-house?

Hojax—By reversing the order of things to could be made an ideal home.

Toom. One glimpse of you will make him swear off for life. Soon after he sees you give that awful college yell. It may cause him to jump out of the window, but it will cure him. Will you do this?"

"Well, I guess not! What would the Hojax—What it requires is less hair in the butter and more in the mattress.— Chicago News.

fron togs.-Chicago News.

team say if they heard their captain was scaring drunks?" And he rushed out to remove the grid-

"Well, her husband is on another bend-

"Well, the last time he went on a spree

he saw sights. Not snakes, but hig de-

mons with long hair and strange noses."

er. He's up in bed now."

"Did, ch?"

"He ought to be at work."

Miss Kidder—They say young Mrs. Pret-tyman is a quiet little home-loving wom-an, but I happen to know that she enjoys

Seek-Weil-Inat's strange. What did you have to est?

Goodheart—Oyster stew.—Philadelphia

Her malden locks need trimming, and Her ludyship confesses She'd like some one who has the sand

An' I'd like to buy a German band an' keep She needs a union suit or two:

> She'd like some dainty lingerie Some shoes, enameled leather; A waterproof also, and she Could laugh at any weather.

Oh, whar will you be In de fiel' en town One er dese days W'en de sun go down W'en de mints all shout En you stan' in doubt, One er dese days w'en de light go out?

Oh, whar will you be Wen de moon go blind, En de driver er de cheeryout Upon a lonely hill. In de fuse en fight All the long eves of Autumn The loving shadows mass

All the long morns of Springtime The tear-drope of the dew Gleam in the violets' tender eyes. As if the blossoms knew. we perene and slo

She wants a clock to dazzle

The other girls and make them blue—
Her tailor-made's a frazzle.

ENVOL

Oh, whar will you be

All the high trees stand still: Scarcely the shy wind, drawing through, Makes the tall sinles to thrill.

All worshiping they go; Through the cathedral of the woods

Or why

alghe!
—Bdith M. Thomas in Harper's Basar.