Mr. O'Rafferty On Civil Service.

Informs Mr. O'Toole Why He Didn't Join Chicago Police.

"Is it so, Mr. O'Rafferty, these sumyures Ol do be heerin' iv yez finin' th' p'lace force?" asked Mr. O'Toole, as he encountered the wise man on the steps of Chicago's City Hall.

"Ol dinnaw, Mr. O'Toole, fwhether 'twill be so or not," replied Mr. O'Rafferty. "Me intintions up ontil yistherday wur Incloined that way, but this marnin' a wee bit iv a damper was placed upon me hoigh-flown notions.

"Yez see, Mr. O'Toole, Ol made up me moind t' lave th' likker bisniss and fine th' p'lace foorce, So Ol made inquoiries fy th' Ahlderman ly th' warrud. 'Twas he who infarramed me that Oi wud have t' undhergo a civil sarvice txammynation, an' diricted me t' a profissor who cud coach me in th' quistions fwhich wud be axed iv me be th' ixammynin' boord, "Takin' th' Ahlderman's p'int, Oi

cabiled on th' professor. "He was a young laddybuck, wid a pair iv crooked bolcycle ligs attrached t' a

"Indade, Mr. O'Toole, he's nick was that shmall an' schrawny Ol ixpicted lyry minyute t' see it give way t' th' hift iv he's txcaidingly lar-rge an' holly-lookin' Yale sthuding hid. But on closer obsarvation Or saw thro' the maricle. He's hid was hild in place be manes ly he's ahkinny jowls ristin' complacintly atop iv th' shnow I wholte coof fwhich insureled be's shkinny nick.

"Twas Rather Odd.

"it samed quare, Mr. O'Toole, that sich a shkinny little ar-rticle ty man shud know so much consurnin' th' quistions t'

be axed iv big, sthrappin' min.

"At anny rate, Oi tould him th' r'ason iv me cabil an' banded over the tin dollars fwhich he charged.

"Satein' me 'longsolde iv he'sslif, he comminced t' question me, as he sid, jist as th' civil sarvice iv manurages and outside the state of the state of the same state. as th' civil sarvice ixammyners wud quis Mr. O'Rafferty,' sex he, 'fwhat does

th place foorce riprisint?"
"Are're yex a dummy intolrely?" sex
Oi. "Th' place foorce riprisints a lar'rge body iv daicint an' rayspictible Olrieh gin-tlemin,' sez Oi, 'an' a few scattherin' Garmans an' wan or two Ammerycans,' sez Oi, 'wid Billey Pinkerton's min on hand t' do ahil th' dirthy wurruk,' sez

"A shmotle passed over th' profissor' Chonsise colored face at this, Mr. O' an' OI tho't OI was doin' splindid. 'How many burricks ar-re there in a wahll chwinty fate hoigh, chwinty fate long an' wan fut wolde, th' burricks bein' two be foor be eight inches? sez he,
"Ol cudn't fr th' wurrul iv me see
fwhoy th' divil a p'laceman shud be runnia' about counthin' th' burricks in ivry vahil on he's bate, Mr. O'Toole, online he

intinded lavin' th' foorce an' bacomin' a buildin' inspechtor. But, annyhow, hav-in' carrid burricks f'r manny lar-rger wahlls. Of was able t' give th' laddybuck he's answer

It All Depends.

" This accordin'," sez Oi, 't' how close yes watch th' conthractor an' he's min,' sez OL 'Av yez kape thim undher th' glim ly ye'er oyes,' sez Oi, 'tn' wahll will hould ahll th' burricks fwhich he has dapposited on th'e perairie 'longsolde an' a few ixtry londs baysoldes,' sez Oi. But iv yes lave thim go 'long widout watchin',' sez Oi, 'th' blag'ards will fill up th' insoides iv th' wahil wid th' carpinthers' tin-penny nails, raisin' cake lift over fr'm th' newly marrid wurrukmin's ich, ould tin cans dayposited in th' vicinity be ixtramely worrid dogs, bur-rick dust, scanthin's an anny other ould thing fwhich have bin lift bayhoind be th' billy an' nanny goats ly th' neighbor-

'That bein' so,' sez Ol, 'twud be ixtramely harrod t' answer ye'er quistion widout countin' th' burricks wan be wan, an' as that wud naycissitate th' down if th' wahl! seg Oi, Oi'm afeared th' burricks would not be counted." "Th' profissor wiggled about enaisily on he's sate f'r afwholle, an' thin sez he

"'Mr. O'Rafferty,' sez he, 'av yez wur on th' foorce,' eez he, 'an' wur confronthed wid a labor riot,' sex he, 'fwhat wud yez 'In that case,' ser Ol, 'me ixpairiance

have tayched me t' lave th' min have their rooction out. Mealf going' t' th' outskirts iv th' crowd an batein' in th' hids iv th' l'eders, sez Oi, 'Not th' l'aders iv th' riot,' sez Oi, 'f'r they ar-re br-rave, but misinfarrumed min, but 'tis th' l'aders ly th' min fwhin no danger is about," sex Ot. "Th' laddybucks who cabll thimslives aggitators, ahlways houldin' soft jobs in th' unions,' sez Oi, "tiffin' th' min t' kape out iv polytics, but ahlways hobnobin' wid th' polytical l'aders thimsilves ontil a chanst arrolves fr thim t' sill out th' mine,' see Of.

About the Philippines. " 'Now, Mr. O'Rafferty,' sez th' profissor, 'fwheere an' fwhat ar're th' Fillyfane Olsiands, an' be who ar-re they con-

'Yez misundherstand me, profesor sez Ol. "Tis on th' city p'lace foorce Ol. Roll on Nisgara, roll on! wish t' sarve, an' not as a p'ace disthurber undher th' impty-hided gin'r'le in

th' Flilyfane Oislands,' sez Oi,
"'But, me man, sez th' profissor, 'these

ar're ahll-impoortant quistions, fwhich yes'll undoubtedly be axed he th' civil sarvice (xammynin' boord.)

"That bein' th' case,' sez Oi, 'in my opinyun an' fr'm fwhat Oi've heerd an' rid in th' pa-apers, sez Oi, 'th' Fillyfane Oisiands ar're a parcilly ciclands sitty-wated juist nare enough t' Choina t' sick-en anny daichnt an' rayspictible Ammery-can gintleman wid th' shmell it optum, chop suey an' yoki mal, ses Oi. Their infoorcemins upon th' Unoited States, sez Oi, 'was a par-rt iv th' \$30,000,000 far fate fwhich we paid t' Spain f'r th' privi-lige iv worritin' her wid our display iv strinth,' ses Oi. 'Of late,' sez Oi, 'th' oislands have bin undher th' conthrol iv a par-rty iv git-rich-quick ar-rmy min. who have taken lyrythin' in soight save the grasy male sacks off th' shkinny boacks ly th' naygur lnhabbytints,' sex

"Ol cudn't say fwhat it was, Mr. O'Toole, that riled th' profesor. But, annyway, he rose fr'm he's sate, handed me boack me tin dollars, an ses he:
"Mr. Rafferty, sez he, 'me tolme be's too vally'ble t' be wastin' wid th' lotkes

Y THINGS IN PROSE

impoortant quistions by the ixammynin' boord, sez he, an' yez haven't answered wan by thim corrictly. Yez may be able to run up a laddher wid a hod iv burricks Sun. moighty loively, sez he, 'but yez'll niver make a p'laceman,' sez he.

O'Rafferty Moralizes.

"But iv th' profissor was reight in he's

enough it dhroive anny man crasy,
"Baychune oursilves, Mr. O'Toole, Oi
think th' p'lacemin shud be tayched how
it' capture dishurbers it th' p'ace, and
lave alone t' sthrugglin' Fillyfane Oislands an' th' burricks in daycint taxpayers' wahils," JUSTUS GOODE.

Didn't Find Her Honey.

A young married woman from the South who was visiting New York a few days ago with her husband left him in their hotel room one morning while she went on an errand. She was not accustomed to big hotels, nor to big New York, but she got back without mishap in half an the guests: hour and knocked at the door. There was

"Honey, let me in!" called the young woman, redoubling her exertions. "Honey,

honey, let me in!"
She rattled the knob and shook the door and pounded with both fists, but there was the silence of the grave on the other side. The young woman's voice rose to had two; hut it's so good I believe I half a cry. "Honey, aren't you there? I want to

get in. Honey, open the door!"

iv yez. Of've asked yez some iv th' most | door a deep, bass voice, with a resentful note in it.
"Madam," it said, "this is not a bee-live. This is a bathroom,"—New York

Just a Way They've Got. As a matter of fact, Janet was born

exactly two years before her brother quistions, Mr. O'Toole, 'tis aisily sane Fred. Therefore, in the natural course fwhoy th' p'lacemin do be batein' th' of things, when he was 10 she was 12, and fwhoy th' placemin do be batein' th' of things, when he was 10 she was 12, and hids iv rayspictible cityzens an' contilly shlapin' on their bates. Shure t' aven sthudy up on sich ijjyotic quistions wud be 14, she still confessed to sweet 15. When Fred boasted 18 years, she timidly acknowledged herself just over 19. Fred came home from college, and had a party in honor of his flat birthday, Janet said to her friends: "What a boyish fellow Fred is! Who would think he is only a year younger than I?"

When Fred declared himself 25, and old enough to get married, Janet said to a gentleman friend: "Do you know, I feel very jealous of

Fred getting married. But, then, I suppose twins always are more attached to one another." And two years later, at Fred's wedding, she said with a girlish simper, to

the got back without mishap in half an lour and knocked at the door. There was no response.

"Let me in, honey," said the young five years old they brought him in to see me, his baby sister! I wonder if he thinks of it now?"—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Little Johnnie Heard From. Mrs. Bilkins (sweetly)-Do have another

plece of cake, Cousin John,

will have anothe?.

"Honey, aren't you there? I want to the in. Honey, open the door!"

Then arose from the other side of the make a pig of yourself.—Brooklyn Life.

ONE OF THE PRESENTS.



"How did yez get that eye?" "Of cilibrated me birt'day the other avenin'."

Maxims for Some Occasions

Wise Sayings for Everyday Application; An' You Desire.

"Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow-" the cook will go on a strike. "Every cloud has a silver lining-" but usually it is made of German silver. "Everything comes to him who waits-"

ocluding despair and decay.
"The darkest hour is just before dawnat least it seems darker when you are trying to find the keyhole. "A squeaking door bangs a long time-and no one ever thinks to oil it.

"One swallow does not make a Sumner-" no, nor a meal. "It is a long lane that has no turn

and sometimes it does not turn at all; it just ends abruptly at a precipice. "A soft answer turneth away wrathbut it is just as well to be prepared and keep your hand near your pistol pocket, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again-" even if you have to impress it

"Virtue is its own reward-" at least it is the only apparent one up to date. "A good conscience makes a soft pil-low-" as does alo the knowledge that you have tomorrow's rent money.
"Where there's a will there's a way-

with a club.

usually the wrong one.
"Love laughs at locksmiths—" but sometimes it laughs on the other side of its mouth, and has a mighty hard time in the divorce court trying to find a skele-ton key that works as easy as that love lock did.

"'Tis better to give than to receive-"
this holds good even to a blow.
"Forbidden fruit is sweet-" but you're very apt to choke on the seeds.
--Ella Costillo Bennett in San Francisco Chronicle.

Pat's Idea of It.

"A few Sunday's since," said a young Catholic clergyman from up the state, "I took occasion to remind my congregation, which is located in a mountain town, that I needed some money for necessities in connection with the church. With Winter coming on.' I said, 'we will need plenty of coal. The church must be kept warm, both for the comfort of the congregation and the preservation of

the building. The collections during the services today and next Sunday will be devoted to the coal fund.

"Just at this point Ned Flannigan, one of the oldest parishioners, who occupied a front pew, began to laugh. I was rather indignant, and when church was over I burted out of the secritary and took hurried out of the sacristy and took lannigan is task for laughing. "'What do you mean by such conduct,

Flannigan? I asked.

"Faith, I couldn't help laughin, Father, he explained. That was a purty good sthiff you give the people about the coal. What would you want coal to hate the church for when 'tis hated be steam?' "-Philadelphia Record.

Sick for Cash.

"That boy of mine has got to turn over new leaf," declared the well-known citizen, who it is doubtful really knows how much he is worth, "It isn't so much a question of money as it is teaching him its value. He has been away most of the Summer, and the letters he has written home have been short but to the point-"Growing tired at last of his repented

demands upon my purse I caused replying to them. Inside of two weeks I received three more demands, but ignored them all. Then he wired me, and I made no 'Send money quick. Am sick," he wired

again "'With what?' I telegraphed back, "'With waiting for cash," he answered

"He got it. But I am going to have a talk with him when he gets back. It is time that he was doing something else besides spending money,"—Detroit Free Press

She Got One Right Away.

"No, I never have a bit of trouble with my husband," remarked the frail little woman with the intelligent face. fact, I have him right under my thumb,"
"You don't look very strong," doubtfully commented the engaged girl. "You mistake me, my dear. It's a mental, not a physical, subjection."

"Would you mind teiling me how—"
"Not a bit! Always giad to help any
one steer clear of the rocks. First of ali,
you must know that a man in love is the
biggest sort of a fool, and says things that make him almost wild when he hears 'em in after life. I realized it, and from the very beginning of our courtship I

whenever my husband gets a little bit ob streperous I just turn on a record or so. Heavens! How he does rave! But he can't deny it. They always will, though, if you don't have proof positive."

"Thank you." gratefully murmured the engaged girl. "Til get a phonograph this very day."—London Tit-Bits.

Let Her Ring! A drama in one act. Characters-A beli,

a bell boy, another bell boy, and a mun up stairs. Bell-Ting-a-ling-ling.

Bell boy-There goes the bell. It's your Other bell boy-Nothing of the sort. Go

yourself. Bell boy-I won't. Other bell boy-Neither will L. Bell-Ting-ting-ting-a-ling-ling.

Bell-Ting-ting-fing-a-ling-ling.
Bell boy-You had better go.
Other bell boy-It's your turn.
Bell boy-My turn nothing. You had
better chase yourself up stairs.
Other bell boy-You just sit there and
see how fast I will go.
Bell-Ting-a-ling-ling-ting-ting-a-ling!!
Bell boy-Let's play a game of euchre
and see who goes.
Other bell boy-All right.
Bell-Ting-a-ling! ting-ting!! ting-ting-a
ling-ting!!!!!!

kept a phonograph in the room, and every ling-ting!!!!!! speech he made was duly recorded. Now, Very slow curtain.—New York Herald.

A HOT DEY IN ALGIERS.



sallow young woman, "Did you mistake him for a book agent?"

remarked, 'I am afraid you are mis-

taken "What!" exclaimed the listeners

the maiden lady's burned nose. The maid answered the door, you know." "What did you say?" inquired the flutfy-haired girl.

"I must have stammered a little, but 1 remember saying that I thought he was "And he?"

"He said he wished he were."
"Impudence!" ejaculated the sallow young woman. "You really should tell once, for as long as you are wear-

opher defiantly holding up her hand; "It's the accident insurance man's." Her companions looked at each other in neechless surprise; the fluffy-haired girl inally managed to inquire:

"Since one week after he came out to inquire about the injuries of the malo--lady. Wasn't she a dear to poke her nose into the fire?"-Chicago News.

Diary of a Football Player.

October 19.-We defeated Wilmington College, 17 to 0; Great game, Neither side scored in the first half, and it looked ticklish. Their full-back was fine, but finally we managed to break both his legs, and that evened things up. Five minutes af-ter the second half began we landed the ball on their six-yard line. I was given the ball for a tandem against tackle. Their guard grabbed me by one foot and stopped me. The ball was still a foot from the me. The ball was the fourth down. Our center and it was the fourth down. Our center and full grabbed me and stretched my leg until the ball was over the line. Thought sure I would have to quit, as one leg was a foot longer than the other, but the coaches stretched my other leg to fit and I could run 100 yards two seconds faster than ever, owing to increased stride. I run forty yards for a touchdown a few minutes later. Had a funny accident. Had my teeth shurpened for the game so I could hold in the line without being seen. In the first half I tried to fasten my teeth in the end's leg and hold him. Got them tangled in the padding of his trousers, and when he started to run he pulled an even dozen. Then, having disarmed me, he bit one of my ears off. I call that taking un-fair advantage. Team came through the game in line condition. No one hurt.-R.

Had Cause to Be Alarmed,

"Woman, overboard?" There was immediately a great commo hands, and crying beseechingly:

The noble sailors thought of their own dear ones at home, and risked their lives to save the woman. They succeeded, and took her to the cabin of the swooning

paid them for their efforts.

A few moments later he recovered, thrust his hand into his wife's pocket, pulled out a heavy purse, and, with evi-

"Look here, old woman! Next time you want to lean over the ship's side, let me hold that purse. You scared me almost to

POEMS WORTH READING

Can do so many things; He's getting ready long before The choir stands up and sings: He's pressing buttons, pushing stops; He's pulling here and there, And testing all the working parts While listening to the prayer,

He runs a mighty big machine, It's full of funny things; mass of boxes, pipes and tubes, And sticks and slats and strings; There's little whistles for a cent, In rows and rows and rows; I'll bet there's twenty miles of tubes.
As large as garden hose.

There's scores, as round as stovepipes, and There's lots so big and wide, That several little boys I know That hardly make a toot, There's every size up to the great Blg elevator chute.

The organist knows every one, And how they ought to go; fe makes them rumble like a storm, Or plays them sweet and low; At times you think them very near; At times they're soaring high, Like angel voices, singing far Off, somewhere in the sky.

As big as any house, And make it squeak as softly as A tiny little mouse; And then be'll jerk out something with A movement of the hand, And make you think you're listening to A military band.

He plays it with his fingers and He plays it with his toes And if he really wanted to He'd play it with his now He's sliding up and down the bench, He's working with his knees He's dancing round with both his feet

As lively as you please I always like to take a sent Where I can see him go; He's better than a sermon, a He does me good. I know; I like the life and movement and I like to hear him play He is the most exciting thing. In town on Sabbath day. —George W. Stevens in Toledo Times.

"Roll On, Ningara." Aye, let thy torrents tumble down Like waterspous unpent,
With swoop and swish and swirl and sildeA sight one can't forgot—
A wondrous, awful, thrilling and

Stupendous bunch of wet, Roll on. Niagara, roll on! What do you care for me?
Yet I love you because you're not
Just working for a fee.
You do your duty every day,
With never-failing drip, While guides and drivers on the shore Keep hustling for a tip.

Roll on, Niagara, roll on! The grandest sight on earth. Cut loose your soul-inspiring ro I want my money's worth. Yes, crash and dash and smush and lash. With billows fiercely tossed, Do all the funny stunts you can, For I must count the cost.

Roll on, Niagara, roll ont Thou marvel of all time,
(Excuse me while I get my purse
And give the guide a dime.)
Boll on, eld cataract immense, I like you well, and, say, Il give a dollar more to You roll the other way!

The Rummage Sale.

The ladies planned a rummage sale, They buzzed like busy bees; They rushed around in eager style, All bound to raise a handsome pile For worthy charities.

They gathered their old pettic Their worn-out waists and skirts; They put in Bessie's pinafore. The last year's hat that papa wore,

They hurried here, they hustled there, With all their might and main; They took Aunt 'Liza's plush coat down And Cousin Sarah's wedding gown,

The ladies' hearts were full of gice, But, ah, a horrid man Cried cut: "Beware of deadly bugs That lurk in ancient rags and rugs;" And trouble then began. "Look out!" he cried, "for germs shide

every petticoat! The ladies rose up wrathfully, And in a chorus said that he They said he was a nasty thing To try to halk them thus, Their stuff, they vowed, was clean and nice, As cheap as dirt at half the price,

Too late, too late, he understood; He dared not face them all, And, like a hunted stag the man, All wet with perspiration,ran To where the woods were tall.

They dared him and they badgered him, They called him underwized; The town was stirred up o'er the fuss He raised who feared the germs, and thus The sale was advertised.

The people flocked from near and far They bought and bought and bought, And when they closed 'twas whispered that The ladies were astonished at The prices things had brought.

Long live the man who hollered "Germa!" And when the ladies fair Get up a rummage sale again May be be still on duty then day he be still on sours.

To raise his little sours.

-Chicago Record-Herald.

In Roneymoon Days. There's billing and cooing and kiss upon kiss.
There's long sips of nectar and deep draughts
of biles. And some one writes "Mrs." where once alse wrote "Miss."
For hearts are ablaze
h all of love's fire, while lips frameth

speech

each,
And somebody's "dovte" and some one is
"peach," In honeymoon days. There's something be says calls her sweet blushes out, And she vows he is "naughty" with prim little While they both thank their fortunate stars,

Where amorous phrases are linked each to

without doubt. That there's no one to see When a waist is encircled and some one's held tight. And somebody kisses her breath away quite, While some one just lets him with "ohs!" of delight, In honeymoon days.

June marks the beginning, and how the days

Time drage rather wearly on through July, And long before August has thought to pass by Departed's the haze That velled them from view, and they've lifted the ban That shut out the world—a most sensible plant But ah, Folly lords it o'er maiden and man, In honeymoon days.

-Detroit Free Press,



Wash Mullins cussed, an' said as how He played de four for low. Coon Snipes, his pardner, cussed mo' loud, An' said he knowed 'twere so; Gup Baan reached out his big long arm An' snatched up Mullins' tricks, Den Brickyard Sam, an' Wash an' Gup

Got in some lovely licks. Den each man drawed his gun right quick, An' jumped behind his cheer; An' purty soon de room were full O' smoke instid o' air; lit out thru' a winder sash What wasn't riz at all. An' me, an' glass an' rash an' blind

All fined in in de fall. De police come, an' lock'd de door An' sont de coroner; Who comed, a-smekin' o' his pipe (He didn't live so fur). He fotch along some jury men. Who seed dey all were dead, An' den set down an' writ a lot, An' dis is what der said:

'Dis writin' witnesses dat Wash, An' Coon, an' Sam an' Gup Come'd to ther death from nach'ul causes Playin' Seven Up." An' den dey wr't de census man To change de 'rig'nal score. By jist four niggers, mo' or less, Who wouldn't play no more.

Dead Children.

-J. M. WADDILL

Deep in nor eyes There is a look that does not live In any other woman's eyes, Nor in the eyes of any man. A wistfulness unsatisfied A light that fades with years Yet never quite goes out; A light that warms And makes her beautiful; A mother of dead children, she Has in her eyes The pathos of earth's heritage The pity and the pain.
-William J. Lampton in New York Sun.

Oh, my jokes are very funny
When I'm sending them away;
I can almost see the money
That the editor will pay. But instead of being jolly Every note of fun they lack. And they're rather melancholy— When my jokes come back, —New York Heraid.

A Slight Difference.

Bully's Letter.

They wrote me about yer marriage, I think it wun Jimmy Legris, He says the groom is a high-toned chap An' nothin' a-tail like me; He says that you wun as purty-Well, o' course he give you a puff, But if Jimmy had written twict as much He couldn't said half enough.

I'm writin' to ask a favor, Nell, I want you to let me keep The letters an' things you sent me When you was little Bo-Peep An' me the lovin' shepherd lad. Believin' yer heart was mine. In the days when the flowers was bloomin' An' the weather wun over fine.

For a feller like me to do; But they mean a awful lot to me An' they can't mean much to you I've kept 'em, hopin' to make my pile, An' when I got rich at last I'd uv gone to a Eastern college An' p'r'aps-but all that's past. wanter keep yer letters, For they are my only books;

I know this ain't the proper thing

Besides, they're too yeller to send you-I've spoiled their original looks. I've read 'em over so often You'd never be able to tell That the blurred little line at the botton "Yours forever, Nell."

I s'pose you fergit the stickpin You give me one day wit' a kies, Sayin', "Billy, I made a promisso Never to part wit' this Till I met the man I really loved " I'm wearin' it jest the same To remember the drunken greaser As once made free wit' yer name. An' then, them kodnk picters, The ones wit' the jacqueminot r Taken when you wur gittin' well, Dressed in yer ridin' clothes.

They're gracin' the walls o' my cabin, I christened it "Heaven" one day; Ah! wo: would be left o' my heaven If the unxels wus taken away! So, leave 'em all to me, Nelly,

A Family Matter. She sewed a button on my cont,
I watched the fingers nimble;
Sometimes I held her spool of thread,
And sometimes held her thimble.

"I'm glad to do it, since you're far From eister and from mother; "The much a thing," she said, and smiled, "As I'd do for my brother." The fair head bent so close to me My heart was wildly beating; She seemed to feel my game, looked up, And then our giances meeting, She flushed a ruddy, resy red,

And I. I bent and kissed her,
"Tis such a thing," I murmured low,
"As I'd do to my sister," -Brooklyn Life. Haunted. As I sit at fall of evening,

Musing 'fore the open fire.

'Joying thoughts as light and fitting
As the blazes of the pyre. As the blazes of the pyre, Lot appears to me a figure Standing in the flickering light, And I say in trembling accents, "Art thou come again tonight? Speak! who are thou? what thine errand?" Answer comes without delay: T'm Jim Brown, the tailor's son, sir; Here's that bill. Pa wants his pay!"

-Detroit Free Press.

Love's Message.

n the dows of night have fallen, and the stars fond vigil keep, When the cares of day are over, and the world is hushed in sleep. Then I think of a Summer's gloaming beneath the tender sky, When we stood beside the sea, dear love, and

whispered our "good-bye." weary months have come and gone in changing restless scene, Fund thoughts of you still linger in the land "Might-have-been" The sweetest memories in my life will ever

cling to thee. Ob. Time may roll onward and seasons may change, And this life with its dreams fade away But the heart that is faithful, the love that is true,
is true,
Will live on forever and aye, sweetheart,
Will live on forever and ayet

I wander o'er the hills, dear heart; I hear the senguli's cry; The breezes softly sing to me a sad, sweet The crested waves are sobbing as they mur-

mur on the shore"My fondest one, good-bye-good-bye-good-bye for evermore. And my heart is full of sorrow, and my life is full of pain, is full of pain, For I long to hear your voice, dear love, and see your face agains Our lives are now divided, but your spirit

comes to me, in the silence of the night I dream and think of thee. Oh, Time may roll onward, and seasons may change, And this life with its dreams fade away; But the heart that is falthful, the love that

s true, I live on forever and aye, sweetheart, Will live on forever and aye!
-Violet A. Griffith, in The Sketch, By en By.

Den steady, En ready When de storm break in de sky; Stendy, En rendy, En you'll reach home by en by!

En a-kiverin' er de groun' You boun' ter ketch de rainbow W'en de worl' tu'n roun' Den steady, W'en de light fall from de skyt

Ef you des keep on a-gwine

En you'll reach home by en by! -Atlanta Constitution, Her Reward. I tell the cook just what to cook And how to cook it, though I feel her fixed, indigment look-

As if she did not know! The table's furnishings, And lay some roses, here and there, Among the spoons and things.

And then he comen! "Oh, helio, dear!. Dead tired. Turn down that blaze, No letters? Any company here?
Where is the dog?" he eays.
--Madeline Bridges, in

My prettiest waist I don, and dress My hair in dainty trim.

Prising my own attractiveness



Not Tom's Ring at All. Was the other fellow's, and

It Was All So Very Sudden! "You know Tom," began the girl phi-

sopher, twisting a new ring about her third finger. "Yes," exclaimed the other two in chorus, "when is it to be?" "You know Tom," began the other again,

who would tell things in her own way or not at all. "And you know there was a fire at our house, in which the old maiden lady on the third floor had her nose settously burned. What I am going to tell you is related both to the fire and to Tom. "It was the evening after, and I was practicing at the plane, trying to appear as though I was not awalting him. For-merly, when waiting for the man whom was going to marry, I would have been eading a book. But they all seemed to see ough that. They knew very well that the book was a ruse, and that I was just making up my mind what to say after the first greeting. So I ceased reading, and nowadays practice on the piano."
"It is hard to know what to say after that first greeting," remarked the fluffy-

haired girl.
"Is 117" asked the sallow young woman nnocently.

The Usual Thing. 'Yes," replied the philosopher, "One is apt to grow red and look silly. Then he ilways says, 'Well, what are you laughing for?' and you always reply, 'Nothing at all,' and then you giggle. He laughs in little jerks, and asks how you are. You say 'All right. Hasn't it been a perfectly lovely day? I used to get a book just be-fore he came, and think out things to say during such trying moments, but now it play the bumble-bes song, or something which is not too noisy, for I always manage to hear every footfall on the veranda. That evening after the fire I was sing-

'What risks you take," ventured the saf-"So I failed to listen for the footsteps as usual," proceeded the speaker. "I had just reached a high note, and was endeav-

oring to get that vocal quiver that is so

fetching, when some one directly behind my chair coughed slightly. It was so sudden that I forgot all about the line of action I had planned. I had intended to be cool to him, for, you see, I was most-er-cordial the evening before. You should

never be too cordial to a man twice in succession, you know." "I know," answered the fluffy-haired girl, with a conclusive no Awfully Sudden. "But it was awfully swiden," said the

"No such good luck, or good behavior, edd. 'Oh. 'Tom!' and I am afraid I left ome of my new powder on his coat. Ha he backed away several steps, and, remov. hands gently from his shoulder,

The philosopher nodded vigorously and bit her lip as though she was about to hugh or cry."It wasn't Tom at all," she finally gasped weakly, "but an accident insurance man who had come to see about

ing his ring-

Tother Fellow's. "But it is not his ring," said the philos

H. Back in Chicago Tribune.

tion on deck. The husband rushed frantically about, tearing his hair, wringing his "Oh, save her-save her! She is my

husband, whose look of gratitude fully re-

dent relief, said:

death!"-Answers,

Ef you des keep on a-honds' Dat de times 'il mend You boun' ter ketch de rainbow At de roun' works 'end. The letters an' picters an' things, They're only the broken feathers That fell from my wild dove's wings When she fluttered away from my boson An' flew to a softer nest; Yet they're all the world to a cowboy here in the Wes -M. B. Kirby in New York Herald.