ELYS AUTOMATIC HOUSEMAID THE ODDISTORY OF A FREAK

BY ELIZABETH W. BELLAMY.

Norder for a man to have faith in such an invention, he would have to know Harrison Ely. For Harrison hid in the such an amazingly dull in Latin difference of Bridget and Juliana difference of Bridget and Juliana and their properties that I was eager sition. However, I assumed a bold in the properties of a "Household front, and said, jocosely:" know Harrison Ely. For Harrison Ely was a genius. I had known him in college, a man amazingly dull in Latin with ideas of his own that could not be expressed in language. His bent was purely mechanical, and found expression in innumerable ingenious contrivances to facilitate the study which he had no inclination. His selfacting lexicon-holder was a matter of admiring wonder to his classmates, but it did not serve to increase the tenacity of his mental grasp upon the contents of the volume, and so did little to recommend him to the faculty. And bis self-feeding safety student-lamp admirably illuminated everything for him save the true and only path to an

It had been years since I had seen him or thought of him, but the mem-ory is tenacious of small things, and the big yellow envelope which I found one morning awaiting me upon my breakfast table brought his eccentric personality back to me with a rush. was addressed to me in the Archime-dean script always so characteristic of him. combining, as it seemed to do, the principles of the screw and of the inclined plane, and in its superscrip-tion Harrison Ely stood unmistakably

'It was the first morning of a new cook, the latest potentate of a dynasty of ten who had briefly ruled in turn er our kitchen and ourselves during the preceding three months, and sucanother under the compelling influ-ences of popular clamor, and in the face of such a political crisis my classfailed to receive imminte's letter mediate attention. Unfortun of our culinary throne began her reign with no conspicuous reforms, and we received in gloomy silence her pre-liminary enactments in the way of greasy omelette and turbid and flavor-less coffee, the yellow screed of Har-rison Ely looking on the while with billious sympathy as it leaned unopened against the water-bottle beside me.

As I drained the last medicinal drop As I drained the last medicinal drop of coffee my eye fell upon it, and needing a vicarious outlet for my feelings toward the cook, I seized it and tore it viciously open. It contained a letter from my classmate and half a dozen printed circulars. I spread open the former, and my eye fastened at once. upon this sympathetic exordium:
"Doubtless, my dear friend, you have
known what discomfort it is to be at

the mercy of incompetent domestics-But my attention was distracted at this point by one of the circulars, which displayed an array of startling, cheering, alluring words, followed by plentiful exclamation points, that, like a bunch of keys, opened to my enraptured vision the gates of a terrestrial Faradise, where Bridgets should be no more, and where III-caoked meals should become a mechanical impossibility. The boon we had been sighing for new presented itself for my accept-ance, an accomplished fact. Harrison Ely had invented "An Automatic Household Beneficent Genlus.—A Practical Relization of the Fabled Familiar of the Middle Ages." So the circular

Returning to the letter, I read that Harrison Ely, having exhausted his means in working out his invention, was unable to manufacture his "ma-chine" in quantity as yet; but that he had just two on hand which he would sell in order to raise some ready money. He hoped that I would buy one of his

and Greek and even in English, but and their predecessors that I was eager to stake the price of a "Household Beneficent Genlus" on the success of my friend's invention. So, having grasped the purport of the circulars and letter, I broke forth to

my wife: 'My dear, you've heard me speak of arrison Ely-"
"That man who is always so

That man who is always so hear doing something great, and never has done anything?' said she.
"He has done it at last!" I declared. "Harrison Ely is one of the greatest geniuses the world has ever seen. He has invented an 'Automatic-Electric Machine-Servant."

My wife said. "Oh!"

There was not an atom of enthusiasm in that "Oal" but I was not to be daunted.

"I am ready." I resumed, "to invest my bottom dollar in two of Harrison Ely's machine-servants." Her eyes were fixed upon me as if they would read my very soul. "What do they coet?" she mildly asked.

"In comparison with the benefits to be derived, little enough. Listen:" I seized a circular at random, and began to read: "The automatic household genius, s

veritable domestic fairy, swift, silent, sure; a permanent, inalienable, firstclass servant, warranted to give satis-

faction."

"Ah!" said my wife; and the enthusiasm that was lacking in the "Oh!" made itself eloquent in that "Ah!"

"What is the price" she asked agay.

"The price is all right, and we are going to try the experiment.

"Are we though?" said she, between doubt and desire.

"Mast assuredly: it will be a saying

"Most assuredly; it will be a saving in the end. I shall write to Harrison Ely this very night."

The return mail brought me a reply stating that two Electric-Automatic Household Beneficent Geniuses had been shipped me by express. The letter enclosed a pamphlet that gave a more particular account of the E. A. H. B. G. than the circulars contained. My friend's invention was shaped in the likeness of the human figure, with body, head, arms, legs, hands and feet. It was clad in waterproof cloth, with a hood of the same to protect the head, and was shod with felt. The trunk contained the wheels and springs, and in the nead was fixed the electric battery. The face, of bisque, was described as possessing "a very natural and pleas-ing expression."

Just at dusk an oblong box arrived

by express and was duly delivered in our hall, but at my wife's urgent en-treaty I consented not to unpack the machines until next day.

"If we should not get the knack of managing them, they might give us trouble," said this wise wife of mine. I agreed to this, and, having sent away Bridget with a week's wages, to the satisfaction of all parties, we went to bed in high hopes.

Early next morning we were astir, "My dear," I said, "do not give your-self the least concern about breakfast; I am determined that Harrison's invention shall have fair play."
"Very well," my wife assented; but she prudently administered bread and butter to her offspring.

I opened the oblong box, where lay the automatoms side by side, their hands placidly folded upon their waterproof breasts, and their eyes looking placidly expectant from under their waterproof hoods.

front, and said, jocosely:

"Now, which is Bridget, and which is Juliana—which the cook, and which the housemaid?" This distinction was made clear by

dial-plates and indicators, set conspic nously between the shoulders, an open ing being cut in the waterproof for tha purpose. The housemaid's dial-plate was stamped around the circumferance with the words, Bed, Broom, Duster, Door-bell Dining-room Service, Parlor Service, etc. In like manner the cook's dial-plate bore the words that pertained to her department. I gave myself first



"setting" the housemaid, as being the simpler of the two.
"Now, my dear," said I, confidently,
"we shall see how this Juliana can
make the beds."

make the beds."

I proceeded, according to the pamphlet's directions, to point the indicator to the word "Bed." Next, as there were three beds to be made, I pushed in three of the five little red points surrounding the word. Then I set the "clock" connected with the indicator, for a 30 minutes' job, thinking it might take about ter minutes. The bed. 1 did. take about ten minutes to a bed. I did not consult my wife, for women do not understand machinery, and any sugges-tion of hesitancy on my part would

have demoralized her.

The last thing to be done was to connect the indicator with the battery, a simple enough performance in itself. but the pamphlet of directions gave a repeated and red-lettered "caution," never to interfere with the machine while it was at work! I therefore is-sued the command, "Non-combatants to saterproof hoods.

I confess the sight gave me a shock. the rear!" and was promptly obeyed. inary omelettes!" I groaned.

What happened next I do not pretend to account for. By what subtle and-mysterious action of electricity, by what unerring affinity, working through a marvelous mechanism, that Electric-Automatic Household Beneficent Genius whom-or which, for short-we called

to explain, I merely narrate. With a "click" the connection was made, and the new Juliana went upstairs at a brisk and businesslike pace. We followed in breathless amazement, In less than five minutes, bed number one was made, and in a twinkling the greedily!" second one was taken in hand, and number three also was fairly accom-plished, long before the allotted 30 minutes had expired. By this time, familiarity had somewhat dulled that awe and wonder with which we had gaped upon the first performance, and I beheld a smile of hopeful satisfaction on my wife's anxious countenance.

Our youngest a boy aged 2 was quick

Our youngest, a boy aged 3, was quick to feel the genial influence of this smile and, encouraged thereby, he bounced into the middle of the first bed. Hardly had he alighted there when our au-tomaton, having finished making the third bed, returned to her first job, and before we could imagine mischief, the mattresses were jerked about, and the child was tumbled, headforemost on the

Had the flesh-and-blood Juliana been guilty of such an act, she should have been dismissed on the spot; but, as it was, no one of us ventured so much as a remonstrance. My wife lifted the screaming child, and the imperturbable machine went on to readjust the bed with mechanical executive.

At this point a wild shout of mingled are listed as well and the removement and terror areas.

exultation, amazement and terror arose from below, and we hastened down-stairs to find our son John hugging his elbows and capering frantically in front of the kitchen door, where the electric cook was stirring empty nothing in a pan, with a seal worthy a dozen eggs.

My eldest hopeful, impelled by the
spirit of enterprise and audacity chair acteristic of 9-year-old boys, had ventured to experiment with the kitchen automatom, and by sheer accident had

the battery and the indicator, and the machine, in "going off," had given the boy a blow that made him feel, as he expressed it, "like a funny-bone all "And served you right-" cried I. The thing was set for an hour and a half of work, according to the showing of the dial-plate, and no chance to stop it be-Had fore I must leave for my office. the materials been supplied, we might have had breakfast; but, remembering the red-lettered "caution." we dared not supply materials while that indefatiga-ble spoon was gyrating in the empty

effected a working connection between

from upstairs:

"Papa, you better come, quick! It's
a-tearin' up these beds!"

"My dear," I sighed, "there's no way
to stop it. We'll have to wait for the
works to run down. I must call Harrison's attention to this defect. He ought
to provide some sort of brake."

We went upstairs again. The B. G.
Juliana stood beside the bed which she
had just torn up for the sixth or sevfrom upstairs

pan. For my distraction, Kitty, my daughter of 7 years, now called to me

had just torn up for the sixth or sev-enth time, when suddenly she became, so to speak, paralyzed; her arms, in the act of spreading the sheets, dropped by her sides, her back stiffened, and she stood absolutely motionless, leaving her job unfinished—the B. G. would move no more until duly "set" again. I now discovered that I was hungry. "If that Fiend in the kitchen were only about something substantial,

"Never mind," said my wife; "I've a Bridget's indicator for kitchen-cleaning pot of coffee on the kerosene stove."

Bless her! She was worth a thousand
Beneficent Geniuses, and so I told her I did not return until late, but I was

Juliana, sought its appropriate task, is "Like flends!" my usually placid help-the inventor's secret. I don't undertake meet replied, so vehemently that I was to explain, I merely narrate. With a slarmed. "They flagged at first," she proceeded, excitedly, "and I olled them, which I am not going to do, ever again. According to the directions, I poured the oil down their throats. It was hor-

> "Very well," said Anna Maria, "You can do the oiling in future. They took a good deal this morning; it wasn't easy to stop pouring it down. And they



worked-obstreperously. That Fiend in the kitchen has cooked all the provisions I am going to supply this day, but still she goes on, and it's no use to say "Don't be absurd." I remonstrated.

"The thing is only a machine."
"I am not so sure about that!" she retorted. "As for the other one—I set it sweeping, and it is sweeping still!" We ate the dinner prepared by the kitchen Fiend, and really, I was tempted to compliment the cook in a set speech, but recollected myself in time to spare Anna Maria the triumph of saying, "I told you so!"

Now, that John of mine, still in pursuit of knowledge, had spent the day studying Harrison Ely's pamphlet, and he learned that the machines could be set, like an alarm-clock, for any given hour. Therefore, as soon as the Juliana had collapsed over a pile of dust in the middle of the hall, John, unknown to us, set her indicator to the broom-han-dle for 7 o'clock the following morning. When the Flend in the kitchen ran down, leaving everything in confusion, my much-tried wife persuaded me to give my exclusive attention to that machine, and the Juliana was put safely in a corner. Thus it happened that John's each was sustained interference escaped detection. I set a lofty sense of duty.

at 7:30 the next morning

"When we understand them better, I said to my wife, "we will set their morning tasks for an earlier hour, but we won't put it too early now, since we must first learn their ways." "That's the trouble with all new serv-

ants," said Anna Maria, The next morning at 7:30, precisely, re were awakened by a commotion in the kitchen.

"By George Washington!" I claimed. "The thing's on time!" I needed no urging to make me forsake my pillow, but Anna Maria was ahead of me.

"Now, my dear, don't get excited." exhorted, but in vain. "Don't you hear!" she whispered, in terror, "The other onel—swe-cep-ing!" And she darted from the room.

I paused to listen, and heard the patter of three pairs of little bare feet across the hall upsta'rs. The children were following their mother The next sound I heard was like the drugging of a rug along the floor. I recognized this peculiar sound as the footsteps of the B. d. Then came a dull thud, mingled with a shout from Johnnie, a scream from my wife, and the terrific cries of the two younger children. I rushed out just in time to see John, in his nightclothes, with his hair on end. tear downstairs like a streak of light ning. My little Kitty and the 3-year-old baby stood clasped in each other's arms at the head of the stairs, sobbing in terror, and, half way down, was my wife, leaning over the railing, with ashen face and rigid body, her fascin-ated gaze fixed upon a dark and strug-

gling mass in the hall below.

John, when he reached the bottom of the stairs, began capering like a goat gone mad, digging the floor with his bare heels, clapping his hands with an awful glee, and shouting. "Bet your bottom dollar on the one that whips!"

The Juliana and the Bridget were

fighting for the broom!
I comprehended the situation intultively. The kitchen-cleaning, for which the Flend had been "sent," had reached a point that demanded the broom, and subtle, attractive affinity, which my friend's genius had known how to produce, but had not learned to regu-late, impelled the unerring automaton towards the only broom in the house. which was now in the hands of its fellow-automaton, and a struggle was inevitable. What I could not understand-Johnnie having kept his own counsel — was this uncontrollable sweeping impulse that possessed tho

However, this was no time for investigating the exact cause of the ter-rific row now going on in our front hall. The Beneficent Geniuses had each a firm grip of the broom-handle, and they might have performed the sweep-ing very amicably together, could they have agreed as to the field of labor, but their conflicting tendencies on this point brought about a rotary motion that sent them spinning around the hall, and kept them alternately crack-ing each other's head with a violence that ought to have drawn blood. Considering their lifelikeness, we should hardly have thought it strange if blood had flowed, and it would have been a relief had the combatants but called each other names, so much did their dumbness intensify the horror of a struggle, in the midst of which the waterproof hoods fell off, revealing their startlingly human countenances, not distorted by angry passions, but resolute, inexorable, calm, as though each was sustained in the contest by

"They're alive! Kill 'em, quick!" shricked my wife, as the gyrating couple moved towards the staircase.

"Let 'em alone," said Johnnie-his sporting blood, which he inherits from his father, thoroughly roused-dancing about the automatic pugilists in delight, and alternately encouraging the

one or the other to increased efforts. Thus the fight went on with appalling reckless courage on both sides, my wife wringing her hands upon the stafrease, our infants wailing in terror upon the landing above, and I wavering between an honest desire to see fair play and an apprehensive dread of consequences which was not unjusti-

In one of their frantic gyrations the figures struck the hatrack and promptly converted it into a mass of splinters In a minute more they became involved with a rubber plant—the pride of my wife's heart—and distributed it im-partially all over the premises. From this they caromed against the front door, wrecking both its stained glass panes, and then down the length of the hall they sped again, fighting flercely and dealing one another's imperturbable countenances ringing blows with the disputed broom.

We became aware through Johnnie's excited comments, that Juliana had lost an ear in the fray, and presently it was discernible that a fractured nose had somewhat modified the set genial-ity of expression that had distinguished Bridget's face in its prime

How this fierce and equal combat would have culminated if further prolonged no one but Harrison Ely can conjecture, but it came to an abrupt termination as the parlor clock chimed 8, the hour when the two automatons should have completed their appointed tasks.

Though quite late at my office that morning, I wired Ely before attending to business. Long-haired, gaunt and haggard, but cheerful as ever, he arrived next day, on fire with enthusiasm. He could hardly be persuaded to refresh himself with a cup of coffee be-fore he took his two recalcitrant Gentuses in hand. It was curious to see him examine each machine, much as a physician would examine a patient. Finally his brow cleared, he gave a little puff of satisfaction, and ex-

claimed:
"Why, man alive, there's nothing the matter-not a thing! What you consider a defect is really a merit—merely a surplus of mental energy. They've had too big a dose of oil. Few housekeepers have any idea about proper lubrication," and he emitted another little snort, at which my wife colored

"I see just what's wanted," he resumed. "The will-power generated and not immediately expended becomes cumulative and gets beyond control. I'll introduce a little compensator.

fil introduce a little compensator, to take up the excess and restite the flow. Then a child can operate them.' It was now Johnnie's turn to blush, "Saip 'em right back to the factory, and we'll have 'em all right in a few days. I see where the mechanism can be greatly improved, and when you he greatly improved, and when you get 'em again I know you'll never consent to part with 'eml'

That was four months ago. The "Domestic Fairles" have not yet been returned from Harrison's laboratory, but I am confidently looking for the fam'liar oblong packing case, and expect any day to see in the papers the transpart of the syndicate which Elympsers and the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which Elympsers are seen as a second control of the syndicate which is a second contro prospectus of the syndicate which Elv informs me is being "promoted" to manufacture his automatic bousemaid. (Copyright by Short Story Pub. Co.)

Ten Minutes With The Funny Men. SOME OF THE QUIPS AND JESTS FROM PENS OF THE NEWSPAPER HUMORISTS



Terse Tales From Humorous Pens

SELF-DEFENSE.

Daniel H. Grady, a young lawyer of Portage, is one of the best story tellers in Wisconsin, and many times his gift has helped win a hard-fought

lawsuit. Some months ago Mr. Grady was trying an assault and battery damage suit, appearing for the plaintiff. The defendant had struck the first blow, but set up self-defense because the other fellow had responded and in the fight which followed more than held his own Mr. Grady, in discussing the Mr. Grady, in discussing the case, said that in actions of this kind it was customary to set up the defense of self-defense. Then he told this story to illustrate his point:

A man named Høgan ran a saloon down in Chicago near the Rush Medical College. One night a bunch of stu-dents fixed up a cadaver and brought it into the saloon and stood it up After all had had a drink the boys

walked out, leaving the dead man standing at the bar.
"'Yes owe me 50 cents, said Hogan, adressing the cadaver. The cadaver said nothing, and Ho-

gan, who was quick tempered, walked around and smote the dead man on the jaw, knocking the body down. Then the students rushed in and one of them knelt down and pretended to listen to the cadaver's heart. A scared look came into the student's face as signin' he rose to his feet.
"'You've killed him, Rogan,' he said and rar

"Hogan stooped and listened and then a cunning light came into his

"I admit I hit 'im, byes,' said Hogan, 'but I had to do it. The spalpeen drew a knife on me."—Detroit Free

JUST HIS LUCK.

The lady bather had got into a hole, Nor could the young man on the end of the pier, but when she came up the first time and he caught sight of her face he shricked:

A burly Tisherman sauntered to his

"Wot's up?" he hoarsely cried.
"My wife! Drowning! I can't swim!
Twenty pounds for you if you save

ent the fisherman was in the sea. In another moment he was out of it, with the rescued lady bather. Swelling with expectation he ap-proached the young man again.

Well, what about that 20 quid?" be But If the young man's face had been ashen gray before, it was deadly pale as he gased upon the features of the

"Y-e-s. I know," he gasped. "But probably familiar we when I made the offer I thought it music, art or history, was my wife who was drowning, and History.

now-now it turns out to be my wife's

mother!"
The fisherman pulled a long face.
"Just my luck!" he muttered, thrusting his hand into his trousers' pocket.
"How much do I owe you?"

MISUNDERSTOOD

F. H. Elliott, secretary of the American Automobile Association, was talking about an unjust automobile law to a New York Sun man.

"This law is due," he said, "to a mis-understanding of the automobilist's character—an unfortunate misunder-standing that reminds me of Dr. Cutler. "Dr. Cutler was making his rounds in his electric runabout one merning when he had the bad luck to bump into and upset a pedestrian. The doctor looked behind, and seeing the man still supine on the road, he turned his run-about and came back, intending to stop

beside the poor fellow and help him.
"But the car shot a yard or two be-yond the mark and hit the man again just as he was getting up. With a groan he fell back and the horrified doctor turned his runabout once more and this time approached with greater

toward his unforunate victim, an ex-cited spectator shouted from the side-

Look out, he's coming at you Thereupon the man scrambled up and ran away as fast as a painful limp would let him."

BULK.

The curious person had opened a conversation with the fat woman in the sideshow, says the Chicago Tribune. "Are your parents living?" he asked, "Yes, sir."

"Have they a large family?" "Rather large, sir," answered the fat woman. "I'm the family,"

BOOKED IN HISTORY.

A young girl who attended a dance, but had not been formally introduced into society, found herself confronted with the serious responsibility of entertaining her first young man caller, according to the Chicago Evening Post. He had asked permission to call after having danced with her, and an appointment was made for several even-

ings distant.
The girl had no worldly education. and was considerably flustered over the prospects of having to keep the conversation up to a gentle boll. Her friends assured her that conversation was not difficult once started, but that there must be some reliances on standard topics when an acquaintance was just forming. The young man was college-bred, they pointed out, and

That was an inspiration, and she began to read it with avidity.

The evening came, and with it the young man. He presented her with some long-stemmed roses, told her she looked charming, referred to the pleasure he had had in dancing with her,

and rattled on with the rest of the usual opening chorus.

Then he paused, leaned back and crossed his legs.

The girl changed color several times, choked momentarily and said: "Wasn't that a perfectly terrible thing about Mary Queen of Scots!"

FOOLS AND THEIR CURIOSITY. As a result of a wager, says the Cleveland Plain Dealer, the following

advertisement was recently printed in form nothing, but send me 25 cents in stamps. Perhaps there is a little sur-prise in store for you. Address 244,

Evening Ledger." Evening Ledger."

The impudence and apparent candor of this cool appeal met with immense success. Stamps poured in for several days. No fraud order could stop it. Had the bet not been won and lost in short time it might be running yet.

HAD EXPERIENCE.

"Be truthful," said the teacher.
"Always," asked the boy.
"Always," answered the teacher.

"Never tell a lie?"
"Never."
"Not even a white He?"

"Not even a white lie."

"Not even a white lie."

"Huh!" ejaculated the lad, scornfully. "It's a good thing for you you sin't a boy with my dad for a father."

"Why?" asked the teacher.

"Because." replied the boy, "if you was my dad's little boy, an' you heard what he sald about Aunt Eliza comin' to visit us with her children, an' Aunt Eliza had asked you if you weren't all Eliza had asked you if you weren't all glad to see her, an' you told the truth, like I did, you'd think there was a place where your trousers was mighty thin after dad had finished with you." He went back to his desk, and as he sat down with great care there was an expression on his face that showed the great lesson of truth had been, at least

in a measure, lost on him.-Tit-Bits. SUPPLY IS UNFAILING.

President Johnson, of the American League, was pointing out to a sporting editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat

editor of the St. Louis diobe-Democrat the wonderful money-making possibil-ities of the baseball business. "Baseball is ingrained in our people," he said. "They give their time and money to baseball, though the heavens fall. There's a spice of truth in the story of the boss who said to his office

boy:
"Well, Henry, I don't see how you'll get to any of the games this season, as

n an acquaintance
The young man
sy pointed out, and
with literature,
The replied My grandfather
has married again, much against the
wishes of the family."

Quips and Flings

"Life isn't worth living," sighed the sad-featured man. sad-featured man.
"I quite agree with you," said the solemn-looking stranger.
"Ah, then you, too, are a pessimist," said the sad-featured man.
"No: I'm an undertaker," replied he of the solemn visage.—Chicago Tribuna,

"So you don't care much for life in a ge city?" No," replied Farmer Corntossel. "The

population of a large city is composed too largely of folks that went there with money an' had to stay there 'cause they was broke."—Washington Står. Ashley-Every time I buy a new au omobile I deposit \$5000 in the bank. Seymour—Why do you do that?" Ashley—So as to have a fund I can

lraw on to pay for repairs.-Chicago "Lend me a dollar, old chap; I get pald tomorrow.

"Haven't got it, old scout; I got paid yesterday."—Puck.

Teacher—What is the capital of Ohlo? Think esrefully; it was named after one of the greatest men that ever

"Jack Johnson."-Life. Guest-By the way, what kind of a sandwich is this? I enjoy it, but I can't figure out what it is made of. Hostess-That is what we call a magasine poem sandwich. You like it, but you don't understand it. — Chicago

News. "But in this country," said the Vis ount, "you have no ancient institu-"O, haven't we?" the beautiful heiress replied. "You ought to see the bridge club to which mamma belongs." —Chicago Record-Herald.

"Could I interest you in our orange grove proposition?"
"Nope. I have already put all my money into a fruit orchard."

"On my wife's hat."—Houston Post, Kate—Maude is married and she doesn't know the first thing about tousekeeping. Alice—Yes, she does; the first thing is to get a husband to keep house for. Stray Stories.

"How does your husband spent his "He stays at home and thinks up "And what do you do with yourself while he's thus occupied?" "Oh, I think up schemes to spend it." -Boston Transcript.

Miss Budd-What do you think of the oming man?"
Miss Spinster—I think he must have

are you paid for telling untruths?" "Less than you are," retorted the wit-

Maud Muller had just refused the

Herewith she smiled stead.—New York Sun. smiled on a farmer in-

"We don't hear much about Omar Khayyam any more."
"No. Let's see, what team was he with?"—Chicago Record-Heraid.
"Mr. Whiker, I have seen it stated that women's feet are becoming larger.

How about that?" may be some truth in it, but among all my customers I don't know

merely as a Summer lover, a conveni-ent escort to excursions and pienics? She—That's about the case, George. I have looked upon you as a lover in the picnickian sense only.-Boston Tran-

He (rejected),-Then you regard me

"He used to be a straight enough young chap. What made him get

the door with a wooden leg.
"We don't want any today, thank
you, Sarah."—Simpliclesimus.

"I wonder why a woman repeats
everything you tell her?"
"My dear boy, a woman has but two
views of a secret. Either it's not worth

"Rather a backward Summer." "What makes you thinw so."
"So far none of the neighbors has been over to borrow my sultcase."—

Wife-The paper says fair for tomorrow, John. Husband-Nonsense! I've just spent four hours watering the plants; it al-ways rains immediately afterward.— Chicago News.

ness, "or you'd be in overalls, too."-

Judge. "Marry a fellow who may lese his job any moment on the recall?" she sniffed. "Not much!"

"What I say to my wife goes."
"Does it, really?"
"Yes, in about two days it's all over the neighborhood."

a single one that it applies to, madam.

—Chicago Tribune.

"Trying to make both ends meet, I believe."-Toledo Blade. Maid-Please, mum. there's a man at

"A man is a fool to introduce an attractive man to the girl he is engaged "I think so, too. Come over here minute. I want you to meet my flan-

eping or it's too good to be kept"-Judge.

Detroit Free Press.

"Were any of your boyish ambitions ever realized?" asked the sentimental-

Miss Spinster—I think he must have ist.

"Yes," replied the practical person.

"Yes," replied the practical person.

"When my mother used to cut my hair I often wished I might be bald-headed."—Washington Star,

Among the Poets of the Daily Press

I went out to walk with Miss Nellie one day. And as we two strolled through the park I noticed she seemed quite congenial and gay.

More happy by far than a lark

And whenever I made a remark even

plain
She would always a giggle outpour;
And then when I asked her to kindly explain, She giggled—then giggled some more

Then in the evening we went to the And although 't was a tragedy deep She did not the slightest emotion dis-But giggled while others would weep She giggled a bit when the hero was

To marry the villain whose conduct had She giggled-then giggled some more. So I asked the young lady to tell me just why Her system contained so much mirth.

and how she could giggle when others would cry.
And when happiness seemed at a dearth.

dearth.
So she said her new hat had the latestshaped frame.
The only one like it in store.
And that no other lady could get the Then she giggled-and giggled some more. _John L. Hobble, in Puck.

A Real Farm. He spent some days upon a farm, And found it queer. No gay quartet was there to charm With vocal cheer.

No sextet danced upon the grass In costumes bright. They had a milkmaid; but, alas, She was a fright. The hired man was a solemn chap, Who seldom spoke, And didn't seem to care a rap

About a joke. But we, as to his shattered dreams, Might fill a page. Farm life is seldom as it seems Upon the stage.

The Dreamer.

He dreamed of proud achievements that were to be his own; He had the splendid visions that to the great are shown;.
He looked far in the future, beholding wonders there
That to the world were hidden; his gift
was rare and fair,

He dreamed of great advances that men should bring about; He dreamed of peace triumphant, and

of war's final rout;

and wrong and greed, With sin and sickness banished; the world from sorrow freed. He had such dreams as poets and conquerors have dreamed; But on his brow no chaplet, no wreath of laurel gleamed;

He dreamed of labor's triumph, of want

To him there came no honors, no tri-umph made him glad; He had his splendid visions-but they were all he had.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Her-

ORNITHOLOGICAL. Our robin is never a robin at all. And as the bride came through the Unless it gets busy in your cherry tree; Then a-robbin it is every minute.

> Brave bird the crow, it Dares any weather, And dld you ever know it To show the white feather?

"Oh, for the wings of a dove;" hear solemn mortals long, Making it the burden of lugubrious But hear me chirp, in notes that

"Oh, for the wings of a fat broiled chicken." The eagle is a noble bird, Imperious, soaring high; The pigeon is of humbler mold, But makes a better pie.

To-hoo! To-hoo! To-hoo!" Hear the night owl gurgle and stam-Its language is plain, it is true, But how dreadfully off is its gram-

-New York Sun.

A POLAR DASH. 'Twas Saturday night, and six men dashed For the Pole, each deep perplexed; Each one wanted to be the first one

When the barber shouted "Next!" —Baltimore Sun. Deficient. Mary had a little lamb.

But it was not enough. According to the present style It wouldn't make a muff.
—Harper's Bazar. VANITY.

There was a famous tenor. Whose voice could reach high C And still he found that he was not Adverse to flatter E -New York Times.