

IT'S SUNSHINE AND MUSIC-

A laugh is just like sunshine, It freshens all the day...

A laugh is just like music, It lingers in the heart, And where its melody is heard...

MONEY AND MATRIMONY

ALLYN rode across the prairie joyously and looked longingly toward the East...

For once in three years he was happy, and he had been in that beatific state for two whole days...

Allyn had once made the mistake of considering life a very serious matter indeed, and then, after trying for a year to practice law...

During his idle hours Allyn had fallen in love, and he took that very seriously also. It went hard with him, for he had nothing on earth except a few bonds...

At the rate his practice was not increasing, Allyn had been a young man compared with Allyn if he waited for revenue from his profession to marry him...



FOR ONCE IN THREE YEARS HE WAS HAPPY.

would hold us up until you could establish a paying practice. Now, don't be silly."

"Nelly," he said solemnly, "I cannot afford to marry now. People would say that I married you for your money, and I don't intend to put myself in a position where such a motive could be imputed to me."

"Well, Jim," and there were tears in her voice, "I don't think you are acting fairly toward me. Here I am an orphan, with nobody on earth to love except you, so that life without you will be worse than no life at all..."

"Yes, gladly, and we would be happy, too. You would manage somehow. But now my self-respect will not allow me."

So it was that he went to make his fortune and at the same time peace with his unduly-active conscience. To his utter disgust, he found, after a year's prospecting, that gold mines were not at all plentiful...

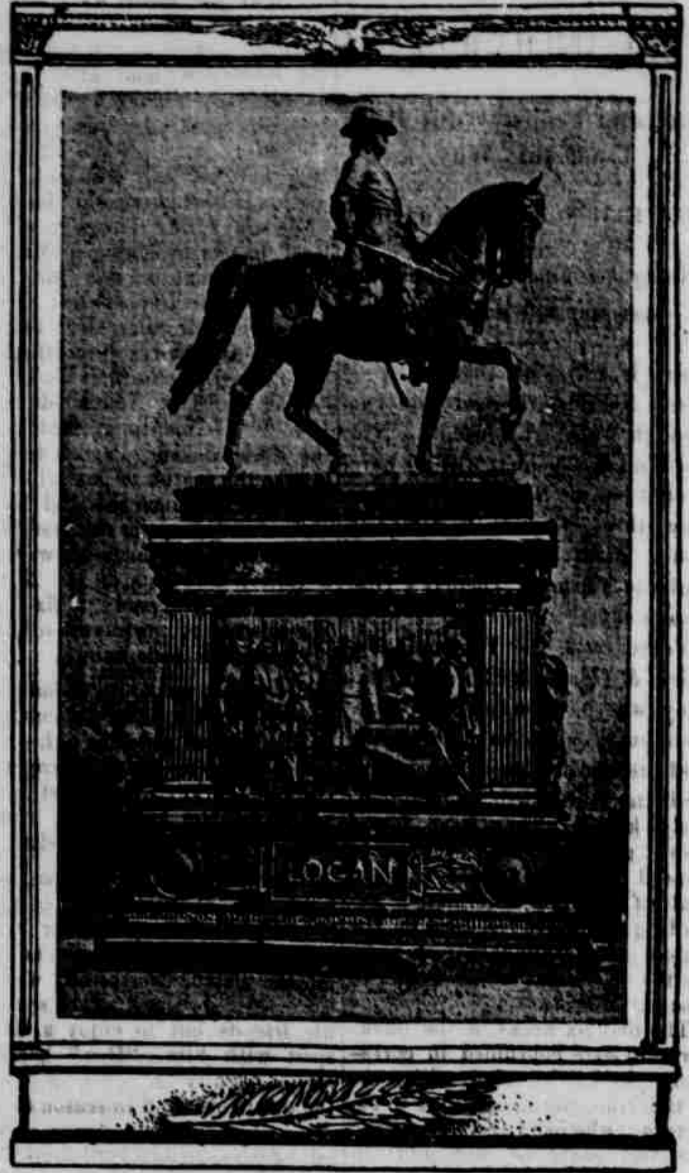
"I think it very unkind of a person of your wealth to be taunting me with my poverty. For a man as rich as you, I think you are undoubtedly 'close.' Her eyes twinkled merrily."

"Well, dear, if I could afford it you know I would be delighted to take you."

"What does this mean, Nelly?" he asked wonderingly as he looked at another book and read: "Received May 9, bonds, mortgages, stocks and securities duly transferred and assigned to James M. Allyn, and aggregating \$130,000, and more particularly described as follows: 'The Trust and Safe Deposit Company.'"

"You dear old stupid, mullah, stubborn thing, I told you the truth, for I gave everything I owned to you before I wrote that letter. I told the truth, for I reserved just enough to bring me \$300 a year."

LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE UNIQUE AMONG MONUMENTS.



LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE IN WASHINGTON.

The bronze statue of John A. Logan, which was recently unveiled in Washington with impressive ceremonies, is a handsome addition to the monuments of the capital city...

The pedestal is about twenty-five feet in height. On one side is a group representing Gen. Logan in consultation with the officers of his command. These are portraits of the leading generals of the Army of the Tennessee...

take an almost dowryless bride. I have now only enough left to bring me in \$300 a year—exactly what you had. I do not own another thing on earth. I had concluded that the money without you was not worth having, and as long as you are so stubborn about it I saw that I must give in...

"Well, I'll be—" She kissed him and stopped the word. "Are you going to Europe?" she asked.

"Yes, I think I would enjoy the trip myself, but don't you think you paid too much for me?"

"Oh, I don't know. Not so long as you are nice as you are now. Come on. Let's get ready and catch the steamer leaving to-morrow evening."

So it was that Jim was so happy. He had only two days more to wait; then he would get his month's wages. He had \$400 saved up, and he reflected that he and Nelly would manage to get along on that for a while...

"I think we ought to take a trip, Jim. I'm so dead tired of this place. I don't know what to do. Let's go to Europe. I've always wanted to go there."

"Well, you can afford it." "I tell you I cannot."

"I know better—you can. Why, just look at these," and she handed him a bundle of books and papers. He picked up the first one and read the inside page: "First National Bank, in account with James M. Allyn. Deposited May 1, \$35,000; May 9, \$12,000; May 12, \$12,000."

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EXPENSES IN MEXICO.

WHAT LIVING COSTS IN OUR NEIGHBOR COUNTRY.

Various Household Articles Looked Upon by Americans as Necessities Cost About Three Times as Much as They Do at Home.

Living expenses in the City of Mexico, or in fact any of the larger cities of Mexico, cannot be said to be cheap, with regard to the standard of living to which most Americans who come here are accustomed...

During the recent trial of certain members of the Belton Park Club in England, who were charged with illegally employing a number of youngsters as caddies who should have been at school, it was stated that the caddies were given luncheon and tea...

A Russian military paper tells of a lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

Recently in Los Angeles (says an Albany minister) five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and one an Englishman. These gentlemen became intimate, and finally a champagne supper was proposed...

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GOOD Short Stories

When that very limited monarch, Louis-Philippe, was asked to pardon Barbes, he replied: "He has my pardon; now I will see if I can get him that of my ministers."

L. O. Howard, the distinguished entomologist, felt somewhat flattered at receiving one day a letter from a gentleman asking him to send a copy of his report. Mr. Howard replied promptly, and asked to which particular report his correspondent referred. The answer came: "Am not particular which one you send. I want it for a scrap-book."

Dr. Milan Soule writes that hypnotic suggestion has enabled him to afford complete or partial relief in several instances. An accomplished and well-known medical man gravely assured him "that he had frequently cured his wife of seasickness after the acute stage had passed by compelling her attention while he slowly read aloud the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew."

During the recent trial of certain members of the Belton Park Club in England, who were charged with illegally employing a number of youngsters as caddies who should have been at school, it was stated that the caddies were given luncheon and tea. "Why did you give them tea?" the judge asked. The witness replied that it was usual to give caddies tea. "Ah," said the judge, thoughtfully, "I presume that makes them tea-caddies."

The late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was not quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away. Then he remarked: "I like your service, Stanton, but I don't like your income." "Very sorry, my lord, very sorry," replied Father Stanton, submissively, "but it is the very best I can get for three shillings and sixpence a pound."

A Russian military paper tells of a lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I've got a great scheme," said he. "I shall get rich at it."

"Again?" asked his friend, who knew the usual results of his schemes. "O, this will pay. I'm going to take a large consignment of mice to Kansas and sell them to saloonkeepers at \$5 a dozen."—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph.

The Reasons. Funnyboy—This weather ought to be boiled! Growler—Boiled? Why boiled? Funnyboy—Because it's so raw!—Ally Sloper.

Turned Down. Reporter—Young Scribbler has gone on a terrible hat; his best girl rejected him. Editor—Unaccompanied by stamps, I suppose.

Off Again, On Again. "Very well," said she, in a huff, "all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters."

"All right," said he, "I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning."

"Oh, there's no killing hurry. Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call to-morrow evening."—Philadelphia Press.

He'd Sell the Old Record. Tommy—O! Ouch! Stop that! Mamma—Why, Tommy, aren't you ashamed? I wouldn't cry that way if it was my hair that was being combed.

Tommy (dearly)—I'll bet you would if I was doing the combing.—Philadelphia Press.

Sure Cure. Yabsley—I wish I could break my wife of the habit of presenting me with cigars every opportunity she gets. Jollyboy—Do as I do. Smoke them in the house.—Brooklyn Life.

Easily Adjusted. "Pardon me," said the busy man to the insurance agent who had forced his way into his office, "but I'm not prepared to talk to you to-day."

"Don't let that worry you," replied the insurance agent, "I'll do the talking."—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Exploited. Eaton—These hot cakes are not as large as those I got here a few days ago.

Walter—No? Well, you see, these are flannel cakes, and flannel will shrink.—Philadelphia Record.

Point of View. Mrs. Houskeep—Now, you've had your dinner, will you saw some wood for me? Wragson Tatters—Say, lady, I'm afraid!

Mrs. Houskeep—Afraid of work, I suppose? Wragson Tatters—It isn't that, lady; but I'm a kleptomaniac, an' I'm afraid I'd steal the saw!—Philadelphia Press.

Accident. Wiggles—There was a man hurt in a French duel once. Waggles—Really?

Wiggles—Yes; one of the seconds fell out of the tree into which he had climbed for safety.—Somerville Journal.

Cold. Ho—I have been longing for this moment, Miss Flossie, when I can lay my burning hand at your feet.

Flossie—Oh, it's very kind of you. My feet are so cold.—Ally Sloper.

Why She Discarded Him. "Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now."

"Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"—Philadelphia Times.

Not the Same Wood. Lady—Come back here! You promised to saw some wood if I gave you your dinner.

Tramp—Madam, I had reference to another lady's wood farther up the road. Good day.

Charles Dickens and His Cat. Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and had a special fondness for cats. One of his favorites, known for her devotion to Dickens as "the master's cat," used to follow him about like a dog, and sit beside him while he wrote.

One night Dickens was reading at a small table by the light of a candle, with pussy, as usual, at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, going on reading. In a short time the light again became dim, and, turning suddenly, Dickens found pussy deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and looking at him appealingly as she did so.

Not till then did her master guess what was wrong. The little creature felt neglected and wanted to be petted, and extinguishing the candle was the best device she could think of for bringing it about.

When a man gets angry his reason takes a short vacation.

Any act is meritorious that is not a misdeed.

All Plain to Him Now.

"Here," said the foreman of the press-room, leading his visitors into another apartment, "are the great presses. The matter is stereotyped in the form of curved plates, these are placed on the cylinders, and as they revolve they leave their impression on the paper that unwinds from that huge roll at the back of the press."

"I see now," remarked one of the visitors, a person of much sagacity, "what is meant when we read of an item going the rounds of the press."

Strange. "Strange thing happened to the Widow Jones. An old bachelor friend said she looked younger than she did twenty years before."

"It was doubtless a well-meant compliment." "But it came as such a surprise to her that her hair turned black that same night."—Philadelphia Times.

At a Brooklyn Musical. "It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?"

He (absently)—Yes, usually.—Brooklyn Life.

A Cautious Parrot. Fair Visitor—What a lovely parrot! (To parrot) Polly want a cracker? Polly (cautiously)—Did you make it yourself?—What to Eat.

A Drawback to Success. "Daughter, that young Perkins who comes here seems a very patient admirer."

"Oh, yes, pa; he's awfully patient—but he isn't a bit persevering."

An Unknown Species. "The homely girl is unknown in journalism," said the talkative critic. "I have never found her getting married, dying, being murdered, run over, injured in any way, entertained or being entertained or anything else. It is always her fine-looking, pretty or handsome sisters that figure in all of these things."

His Impression. His Friend—Your son is home from college, is he? It must give a young man a lot of mental training.

The Farmer—Well, he don't seem to be overtrained.—Puck.

Orientation. Nell—Mrs. Newrich wants to impress everybody with her wealth.

Belie—Yes, she never puts less than a 5-cent stamp on her letters.—Philadelphia Record.

At the St. Louis Exposition.

First Visitor—What's that for? Second Visitor—Guess it's to pass Missouri River water through before drinking.

Taking a Mean Advantage. "It's got so," the man in the brown jean suit was saying, "that you can't trust anybody these days. I saw an advertisement of a man in the East that said for 10 cents he'd send a book of forty-five pages of mighty spicy reading."

"Well," they asked him, "what did you get when you sent the 10 cents?" "A catalogue of a spice mill, by gosh!"

Poor Fellow! Mrs. Houskeep—Now, you've had your dinner, will you saw some wood for me?

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