FROM

POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XI.

In the old brown school house, overshadowed by apple trees and sheltered, on the west by a long, steep hill, where the acorns and wild grapes grew, Mary Howard taught a little flock of twenty-five, coaxing some, urging others and touching them all by her kind words and winsome ways to love her as they had never before loved an instructor.

When first she was proposed as a teacher in Rice Corner, Widow Perkins, and a few others who had no children to send, held up their hands in amazement, wondering "what the world was comin' to, and if the committeeman, Mr. Knight, s'posed they was goin' to be rid over roughshod by a town pauper; but she couldn't get a stiffcut, for the orthodox minister wouldn't give her one; and if he did, the Unitarian minister wouldn't!"

Accordingly, when it was known that the ordeal had been passed and that Mary had in her possession a piece of paper about three inches square, authorizing her to teach a common district school, this worthy conclave concluded that "either everybody had lost their senses or else Miss Mason, who was present at the examination, had sat by and whispered in her ear the answers to all hard questions."

"In all my born days I never seen anything like it," said the widow, as she distributed her green tea, sweetened with brown sugar, to a party of ladies, which she was entertaining. "But you'll see, she won't keep her time mor'n half out—Sally Ann, pass them nutcakes. Nobody's goin' to send their children to a pauper. There's Miss Bradley says she'll take her's out the first time they get licked. Have some more cass, Miss Dodge. I want it eat up, for I believe it's a-workin'—but I telled her that wan't the trouble, Mary's too softly to hurt a mischeeter. And so young, too. It's government she'll lack in. If anybody'll have a piece of this dried apple pie, I'll eat it.'

Fortunately, Mary knew nothing of Mrs. Perkins' displeasure, and never dreamed that any feeling existed toward her save that of perfect friendship. Since we last saw her, she had grown into a fine, healthy looking girl. Her face and figure were round and full, and her complexion, though still rather pale, was clear as marble, contrasting well with her dark-brown hair and eyes, which no longer seemed unnaturally large. Still, she was not beautiful, it is true, and yet Billy was not far from right when he called her the finest looking girl in Chicopee; and it was for this reason, perhaps, that Mrs. Campbell watched with jealousy.

Many possible pains had been taken with Ella's education. The best teachers had been hired to instruct her, and she was now at a fashionable seminary, but still she did not possess one-half the ease and gracefulness of manner which seemed natural to her sister. The two girls had seen but little of each other; and oftentimes when Ella met her sister she merely acknowledged her presence by a nod or a simple "how d'ye do?"

When she heard that Mary was to be a teacher she said "she was glad, for it was more respectable than going into a factory or working out." Mrs. Campbell, too, felt in duty bound to express her pleasure, adding that "she hoped Mary would give satisfaction, but 'twas extremely doubtful, she was so young, and possessed of so little dignity!"

Unfortunately Widow Perkins' red cottage stood directly opposite the school house; and as the widow belonged to that shiftless few who always "wash the breakfast dishes and make the beds before anyone is up in the house," she had ample leisure to watch and report on the proceedings of the new teacher. Now, Mrs. Perkins' clock was like its mistress, always half an hour in advance of the true time, and Mary had scarcely taught a week ere Mr. Knight, "the committeeman," was duly hailed in the street and told that the "schoolmarm wanted lookin' to, for she didn't begin no mornin' till half-past nine, nor no afternoon till half-past one! Besides that," she added, "I think she gives 'em too long a play spell. Anyways, seems s' some on 'em was out o' doors the hull time."

Mr. Knight had too much good sense to heed the widow's complaints, and he merely replied: "I'm glad on't. Five hours is enough to keep little shavers cramped up in the house—glad on't."

The widow, thus foiled in her attempts at making disturbance, finally gave up the strife, contenting herself with quizzing the older girls, and asking them if Mary could do all the hard sums in arithmetic, or whether she took them home for Mrs. Mason to solve!

In spite, however, of these little annoyances, Mary was contented and happy. She knew that her pupils loved her, and that the greater part of the district were satisfied, so she greeted the widow with her pleasantest smile, and by always being particularly polite, finally overcame her prejudice to a considerable extent.

One afternoon about the middle of July, as Mrs. Perkins was seated by her front window engaged in "stitching shoes," a very common employment in some parts of New England, her attention was suddenly diverted by a tall, stylish-looking young man, who, driving his handsome horse and buggy under the shadow of the apple trees, alighted and entered into conversation with a group of little girls who were taking their usual recess. Mrs. Perkins' curiosity was aroused, and Sally Ann was called to see who the stranger was. But for a wonder Sally Ann didn't know, though she "guessed the hoss was one of the Mast Chicopee livery."

"He's talkin' to Liddy Knight," said she, at the same time holding back the curtain and stepping aside so as not to be visible herself.

"Try if you can hear what he's sayin'," whispered Mrs. Perkins; but a class of boys in the school house just then struck into the multiplication table, thus effectually drowning anything which Sally Ann might otherwise have heard.

"I know them children will split their throats. Can't they hold up a minute," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, greatly annoyed at being thus prevented from overhearing a conversation the nature of which she could not even guess.

The stranger was at that moment smilingly saying: "Tell me more about her. Does she ever scold, or has she too pretty a mouth for that?"

"Law, she never scolds," said Delia Green, "and she's got the sweetest white teeth, and I guess she knows it, too, for she shows them a great deal."

"She's real white, too," rejoined Lydia Hawkes, "though pa says she used to be paler as ashes."

Just then was a gentle rap upon the window, and the girls, starting off, exclaimed: "There, we must go in."

"May I go, too?" asked the stranger, following them to the door. "Introduce me as Mr. Stuart."

Lydia had never introduced anybody in her life, and, following her companions to her seat, she left Mr. Stuart standing in the doorway. With her usual politeness, Mary came forward and received the stranger, who gave his name as Mr. Stuart, saying "he felt much interested in common schools, and therefore had ventured to call."

Offering the seat of honor, Mary resumed her usual duties, occasionally casting a look of curiosity at the stranger, whose eyes seemed constantly upon her. It was rather warm that day, and when Mary returned from her dinner Widow Perkins was greatly shocked at seeing her attired in a light pink muslin dress, the short sleeves of which showed to good advantage her round, white arms. A narrow velvet ribbon confined by a small brooch and a black silk apron, completed her toilet, with the exception of a tiny locket, which was suspended from her neck by a slender gold chain. This last ornament immediately riveted Mr. Stuart's attention, and from some strange cause sent the color quickly to his face. After a time, as if to ascertain whether it were really a locket or a watch, he asked "if Miss Howard could tell him the hour?"

"Certainly, sir," said she, and stepping to the desk and consulting a silver timepiece about the size of a dining plate, she told him that it was half-past three.

When school was out Mr. Stuart, who seemed in no haste whatever, entered into a lively discussion with Mary concerning schools and books, adroitly managing to draw her out upon all the leading topics of the day. At last the conversation turned upon flowers; and when Mary chanced to mention Mrs. Mason's beautiful garden he instantly expressed a great desire to see it, and finally offered to accompany Mary home, provided she had no objections. She could not, of course, say no, and the Widow Perkins came very near letting her buttermilk biscuit burn to a cinder when she saw the young man walking down the road with Mary. Arrived at Mrs. Mason's, the stranger managed to make himself so agreeable that Mrs. Mason invited him to stay to tea. Whatever he was, he seemed to understand exactly how to find out whatever he wished to know; and before tea was over he had learned of Mary's intention to attend the academy in Wilbraham the next autumn.

Finally he said good-night, leaving Mary and Mrs. Mason to wonder—the one what he came there for, and the other whether he would ever come again. The widow, too, wondered and fidgeted as the sun went down behind the long hill.

"It beats all nater what's kept him so long," said she, when he at last appeared and, unfastening his horse, drove off at a furious rate; "but if I live I'll know all about it to-morrow;" and with this consolatory remark she returned to the best room and for the remainder of the evening devoted herself to the entertainment of Uncle Jim and his wife, Aunt Dolly.

That evening Mr. Knight, who had been to the postoffice, called at Mrs. Mason's, bringing with him a letter which bore the Boston postmark. Passing it to Mary, he winked at Mrs. Mason, saying, "I kinder guess how all this writin' works will end; but hain't there been a young chap to see the school?"

"Yes; how did you know it?" returned Mrs. Mason, while Mary flushed more deeply than she did when Billy's letter was handed her.

"Why, you see," answered Mr. Knight, "I was about at the foot of the Blanchard hill, when I see a buggy coming like Jehu. Just as it got agin me it kinder slackened and the fore wheel ran off smack and scissors."

"Was he hurt?" quickly asked Mary.

"Not a bit on't," said Mr. Knight, "but he was scared some, I guess. I got out and helped him, and when he heard I's from Rice Corner he said he'd been into school. Then he asked forty-leven questions about you, and jest as I was settin' you up high, who should come a-canterin' up, with their long-tailed gowns, and hats like men, but Ella Campbell and a great white-eyed pucker, that came home with her from school? Either, Ella's horse was scary or she did it a purpose, for the minit she got near it began to rare, and she would have fell off if that man hadn't catched it by the bit and held her on with t'other hand. I allus was the most sanguinary of men, and I was building castles about him and our little schoolmarm, when Ella came along, and I gin it up, for I see that he was took, and she did look handsome, with her curls a flyin'. Wall, as I wasn't of no more use, I whipped up old Charlotte and come on."

"When did Ella return?" asked Mary, who had not before heard of her sister's arrival.

"I don't know," said Mr. Knight. "The first I see of her was cuttin' through the streets on the dead run; but I mustn't stay here gabbin', so good-night, Miss Mason—good-night, Mary—hope you've got good news in that air letter."

The moment he was gone Mary ran up to her room to read her letter, from which we give the following extract: "You must have forgotten George Moreland, or you would have mentioned him to me. I like him very much, indeed, and yet I could not help feeling a little jealous when he manifested so much interest in you. Sometimes, Mary, I think that for a brother, I am getting too selfish, and I do not wish anyone to like you except myself, but I surely need not feel so toward George, the best friend I have in Boston. He is very kind, lending me books, and has even offered to use his influence in getting me a situation in one of the best law offices in the city."

After reading this letter Mary sat for a long time thinking of George Moreland—of the time when she first knew him—of all that William Bender had been to her since—and wondering, as girls sometimes will, which she liked the best. Billy unquestionably had the strongest claim to her love, but could he have known how much satisfaction she felt in thinking that George still remembered and felt interested in her he would have had some reason for fearing, as he occasionally did, that she would never be to him aught save a sister.

CHAPTER XII.

The summer was drawing to a close, and with it Mary's school. She had succeeded in giving satisfaction to the entire district. Mr. Knight, with whom Mary was a great favorite, offered her the school for the coming winter, but she had decided upon attending school herself, and after modestly declining his offer, told him of her intention.

"But where's the money coming from?" said he.

Mary laughingly asked him how many bags of shoes he supposed she had stitched during the last two years.

"More'n two hundred, I'll bet," said he.

"Not quite as many as that," answered Mary; "but still I have managed to earn my clothes and thirty dollars besides; and this, together with my school wages, will pay for one term and part of another."

"Well, go ahead," returned Mr. Knight. "I'd help you if I could. Go ahead; and who knows but you'll one day be the president's wife."

When Widow Perkins heard that Mary was going away to school she forgot to put any yeast in the bread which she was making, and, bidding Sally Ann "watch it until it rin," she posted off to Mrs. Mason's to inquire the particulars, reckoning up as she went along how much fourteen weeks' wages would come to at nine shillings per week.

But with all her quizzing and "pumping," as Judith called it, she was unable to ascertain anything of importance, and, mentally styling Mrs. Mason, Mary, Judith and all "great gumpheads," she returned home and relieved Sally Ann from her watch over unleavened bread. Both Mrs. Mason and Mary laughed heartily at the widow's curiosity, though, as Mary said, "It was no laughing matter where the money was to come from which she needed for her books and clothing."

Everything which Mrs. Mason could do for her she did, and even Judith, who was never famous for generosity, brought in one Saturday morning a half-worn merino, which she thought "mebby could be turned and sponged, and made into somethin' decent," adding, in an undertone, that "she'd had it out airin' on the clothes hoss for more'n two hours!"

A few days afterward Jenny Lincoln came galloping up to the school house door, declaring her intention of staying until school was out, and having a good time.

"I hear you are going to Wilbraham," said she, "but I want you to go to Mount Holyoke. We are going, a whole lot of us—that is, if we can pass examination. Rose isn't pleased with the idea, but I am. I think 'twill be fun to wash potatoes and scour knives. I don't believe that mother would ever have sent us there if it were not that Ida Selden is going. Her father and her Aunt Martha used to be schoolmates with Miss Lyon, and they have always intended that Ida should graduate at Mount Holyoke. Now, why can't you go, too?"

"I wish I could," said Mary, "but I can't. I haven't money enough, and there is no one to give it to me."

"It wouldn't hurt Mrs. Campbell to help you a little," returned Jenny. "Why, last term Ella spent almost enough for candies and gutta percha toys to pay the expense of half a year's schooling at Mount Holyoke. It's too bad that she should have everything and you nothing."

(To be continued.)

Cures Victims of Drugs.

A church union now exists in New York for the most remarkable purpose on record. Its avowed object is to cure the victims of the morphine and other drug habits and a most impressive list of well-known clergymen have registered themselves in support of the scheme, which is conducted by Dr. W. N. Richie.

The plans of Dr. Richie's work and the means by which he hopes to make it effectual are to be made public as soon as possible. All that is withheld from the public is the elements of the mysterious compound, which is, Dr. Richie alleges, an absolutely infallible panacea.

Men and women who have sunk to the lowest levels of degradation have, it is claimed, by the use of this cure become perfectly regenerated. Physicians of established reputation privately indorse the cure, and the testimonials appear so convincing that the clergymen who have formed a union on the strength of it feel absolutely sure of its efficacy.

Dr. Richie says that he obtained the cure from a friend of his, who in turn obtained it from a German savant. The friend referred to, having once become the slave of morphine and having but 5 cents left in the world, converted it into a 5-cent stamp to address a letter to the German who had originated the cure. The recipe came, was made use of, and the man, when Dr. Richie knew him, was enjoying an honored old age.

A committee has been formed to receive donations for the cure of such patients as are not able to pay.

How Bridget Spoiled Things.

Charlie and Mamie are not friends any more, and Bridget is to blame for it all.

Charlie is the promising scion of a Prospect avenue home, while Mamie is the sweet young thing on Marshall street for whom sundry florists' and confectioners' bills have mounted up to an alarming height lately. Bridget is the maid at Mamie's home, and as Mamie is a most bewildering young person with a decidedly indolent streak, it happens very often that Bridget is instructed to say she is not at home when the cold facts are that Mamie is reclining luxuriously on the library couch with the latest magazine and a box of fine bon bons.

The other evening Charlie thought that he would surprise the young woman, and so called when she did not expect him. Mamie had an unusually fascinating novel, and was not dressed for callers, therefore she instructed Bridget to say she had gone over on the West Side. Biddy got through the message all right. The inconsiderate young man, instead of going away, asked:

"Can you tell me when she will return?"

She faltered, then lost her head completely, and blurting out:

"Sure, an' I'll ask Miss Mamie," rushed down the hall, while a very angry yet dignified young man walked down the front steps to return no more.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

Tit for Tat.

Slopay—I want you to make another suit for me.

Tailor (reluctantly)—Yes?

Slopay—Yes. Now, let me see something in the way of a check.

Tailor—All right, but suppose you do the same for me.—Philadelphia Press.

Could Not Be Repeated.

"I met Higginbee and he stopped me to tell me what his little boy said, but I'll bet one thing."

"Huh! What's that?"

"I'll bet he didn't tell his boy what I said."—Indianapolis Press.

If Satan ever gets short of fuel he ought to be able to use excuses.

SHARED HIS LEAP TO DEATH.

White Elk Forced to Obey Judgment of the Shoshone Indians.

White Elk, the son of Standing Bear, the Shoshone chieftain, sat stolidly in the grim circle of Indians that sat around the council fire. He sat unmoved as each Indian in turn thrust his hand forward with the fingers outspread and the thumb pointing downward. The last Indian in the circle had made the sign. Standing Bear arose and stood stiff and stern in the red lights of the burning embers. Every eye was upon him. White Elk sat looking stolidly at him through half-closed eyelids. Standing Bear thrust his arm out at full length and slowly spread his fingers apart and turned his thumb toward the earth. A scream came from a group of women standing near the chief's lodge. Then two old squaws led away a young Indian woman who still sobbed in spite of the storied stoicism of her race. The sentence of death had been passed on White Elk. He slowly rose as his father turned toward him and extended a piece of black wampum. He took it and tucked it in his girdle, bowed slowly to the council, and strode away to his own tepee, where he sat calmly puffing at his pipe long after the council had broken up and its members had gone quietly to their lodges. White Elk sat alone in the silence of the night listening to the rushing waters of the Popoagie. It was the voice of his executioner. Three days more and he was to be cast from a high rock into the "Place of Punishment," the deep hole in the mountains which swallowed up the rushing Popoagie and carried it somewhere deep down into the bowels of the earth.

Into this place White Elk was to be thrown because the Shoshones believed that the person who disappeared into the depths along with the roaring waters of the Popoagie died a death more dreadful than any other that could be meted out to him. Because the Popoagie drew its victims so deeply down into the dark regions under the earth that the soul could never escape and find its way to the happy hunting ground of the tribe. White Elk was not afraid to die. He had met death face to face a dozen times, and had not trembled. He had fought with the Blackfeet and the Sioux, and led his warriors to victory on many a hard fought field. He had fought hand to hand with the murderous Apaches, and never knew what it was to be afraid. But in spite of his seeming indifference he shivered as he heard the hoarse roar of the Popoagie tumbling riotously over the rocks and leaping down the precipice to disappear in the dark depths below. He pictured his soul fighting with the angry water to regain the upper air that it might ascend to the happy hunting ground in the clouds. But he knew the Popoagie would triumph. He was certain that no soul could defeat the malevolent spirit of the Popoagie. White Elk could regard death with equanimity, but he could not bear the thought of an eternity spent battling with the spirit of the waters while Laughing Eyes waited for him in vain in the happy hunting ground.

White Elk's head dropped forward and he groaned. He heard a sound behind him and sprang to his feet. Laughing Eyes stood beside him in the moonlight. She motioned him with her hand and he followed her out to the cliff overlooking the deep crevice, down which the Popoagie lost itself. On the cliff the two sat in the moonlight. "You must not give yourself to the spirit of the Popoagie," said the girl. "You can go away. I will go with you. The Blackfeet have been your enemies, but they love you, for you are a mighty warrior. To them you can go and they will make you a chief, and I will go with you." White Elk sat silent. Then he spoke: "I must die because I did not put to death Nazalla, the Blackfoot chief. I had my spear at his throat. I might have killed him. But years ago Nazalla spared my life when as a boy I was hunting alone in the forest. He gave me food and water and showed me the way back to my own people. I could not kill him as he lay wounded. But the Shoshones fear Nazalla. They think that with him dead the Blackfeet would never more triumph in battle. I would rather die and disappear into the under darkness forever." The girl fell on her knees and entreated him. White Elk softly stroked her hair. But he only shook his head in reply to her entreaties. Long the two sat there. Then they arose and walked back to the village, and White Elk left Laughing Eyes at the door of her father's lodge. Three days passed away, and the next morning just before sunrise all the Shoshones were gathered in view of the great rock that lifted itself above the deep sink hole of the Popoagie. The medicine men of the tribe swaying their bodies chanted a death hymn.

As the first rays of the sun shone down the valley and rested redly upon the little group on the rock White Elk stepped forward with a strong young Indian on either side. He turned and looked keenly back at the group of women who stood about Laughing Eyes. He gave a sign and the two young Indians rested their hands on his shoulder. White Elk stood with his face lifted up for a moment to the clouds. He cast his eyes around and took a last look at the woods and at his people standing grim and silent in the clefts of the rocks. Then he sprang forward and shot straight downward from the top of the cliff. His body turned half over in the air. Then it struck with a splash in the roaring water and was drawn downward and disappeared forever in the cavernous depths of the "place of punishment." The Indians stood looking downward where the form of the young chief had disappeared. Then there was a cry and all looked again toward the top of the rock just as they saw Laughing Eyes hurl herself headlong downward toward the rushing water. She sank from sight and her body, too, was drawn downward to the depths. White Elk's soul would not have to escape the spirit of Popoagie to meet that of Laughing Eyes.

WHITE ELK'S LEAP TO DEATH.

HAS VOLCANOES TO BURN.

Uncle Sam Has a Choice Assortment in the Philippine Islands.

The United States Geological Survey will publish before long some facts about the volcanoes of the Philippines, which appear to be very interesting. One of them is the most symmetrically beautiful volcanic cone in the world, being even more perfect than the famous Fujiyama, the sacred mountain of Japan. It is little less than 9,000 feet high, and the name of it is Albay.

Albay was an exceedingly active volcano during the last century, having burst into eruption at least twenty-five times since the year 1800. It broke out only last year with renewed plutonic activity, and back in 1814 no fewer than 1,200 lives were lost in consequence of one of its bad spells, a village four miles from the crater being under lava and ashes to such a depth that the ridgepoles of the houses were hidden.

Between Albay and Laguna de Bay are many extinct or dormant craters. The magnificent cone of Banajao, 7,382 feet in height, is visible from Manila bay. Its crater, 700 feet deep, was occupied by a lake up to 1730, when a violent eruption took place, bursting out the southern side of the crater and pouring out both water and incandescent lava.

On an island in the Lake of Bombon is the remarkable Taal volcano, which is readily accessible from Manila. Its central crater is oval in shape, a mile and a quarter across the greatest diameter and has within its rim two lakes of hot water, one yellow and the other green, and a small active cone fifty feet in height, from which escape steam and sulphurous gases. The strange colors of the waters are due to the presence of chemicals evolved in subterranean laboratories.

The greatest eruption of Taal took place in 1754, wiping out four villages. Apparently the volcanic ash lends wonderful fertility to the soil, and presently a new growth of bamboo and palms appears where desolation had reigned. Even the localities most seriously and constantly threatened by volcanoes in the Philippines are promptly repopulated after every disaster, their fertility, surpassingly beautiful situation and healthfulness charming the people into a prompt forgetfulness of past disasters.

The worst volcanic disturbances on record in the Philippines occurred Jan. 4, 1641. They seem to have centralized at the southern end of Mindanao, where there is a formidable group of "fire mountains," as the natives call them. Three outbursts took place on that day in different portions of the archipelago, accompanied by earthquakes which were felt as far away as Cochin China and Cambodia. A Spanish squadron was off the south coast of Mindanao, and some of the ships were almost overwhelmed by falling ashes. In Luzon, in Union province, "three hills and several villages were thrown into the air in fragments and utterly annihilated."—New York Herald.

An Interesting Ceremony.

Every day an interesting ceremony takes place at Gibraltar. The town and fortress lie at the end of a peninsula, about a mile and a half long, the mainland being Spanish territory. The gate leading to Spain is, every evening, locked at sunset, and every morning unlocked at sunrise. Each day a company from one of the regiments performs one of these functions. In the morning the company, fully officered, with colors flying and accompanied by a band, marches to the commandant's house. The company comes to attention, and the commandant hands out the keys on a velvet cushion. These are received by a captain's orderly, the band strikes up, and the procession marches to the gate, which is unlocked with great ceremony. In the evening the same ceremony, in the reverse order, is gone through. All suspicious characters are put out of the town before the gates are locked in the evening.

What a terrible lot of time is wasted in the course of a life time, in waiting at table to be served with something not fit to eat!

A hard working man looks disdainfully at the man who has to take exercise.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

"I wonder where the entrance to the subway is," said a lady standing on Tremont street on her first visit to Boston.

"I don't know, I'm sure," replied the lady who was with her, "but let's go over here. Here's a door with a sign 'exit' over it."—Somerville Journal.

A Guilty Conscience.

"Yes, sir," said the patient salesman, "I've shown you our entire stock of gold and silver watch-chains."

"Well, they ain't the kind I want," replied the cranky customer. "I don't propose to buy what I don't want."

"Certainly not, sir. Perhaps you want a steel one."

"What's that? Jest you come out here, an' I'll show you if I want to steal one!"—Catholic Standard.

Wise Old Merchant.

Old Merchant—Where is your reference?

Tommy Tucker (who wants a job as office boy)—Here's one from my Sunday school teacher, sir.

Old Merchant—We don't want you to work on Sundays. Get me a reference from some one who knows you on week days.

Merely to Be Pitied.

"What do you think of the Chicago professor who says he never kissed a pretty girl?" said one young woman.

"Oh, I don't stop to think," answered the other. "I have no time to listen to other people's troubles."—Washington Star.

For All Causes.

Man loves to kick with might and main;
Sad sounds best fit his mouth.
He'll first complain about the rain
And then about the drouth.
—Washington Star.

An Explanation.

Mrs. Brown—My husband never says anything to me about the way his mother used to cook.

Mrs. Green—That's something unusual. I wonder why he doesn't?

Mrs. Brown—She used to keep a boarding house.—Chicago News.

Unfortunate.

"Education may be a good thing," said the man with the stubby mustache, "but if my parents had not instilled in my mind so great a reverence for grammar I am almost sure I could have been a poet."—Indianapolis Press.

His Imagination.

Percollum—What are you working at so feverishly?

Spacer—I've got an assignment to write an article on "How to Be Happy Though Moving."—Chicago Tribune.

Typical Fire Escapes.

Guest—What precautions have you here in case of fire?

Hotel Clerk—We have fire escapes from every floor. All you have to do is to make your way to one of them and fall off.—New York Weekly.

"Well, that don't effect our going in 'cause we can't swim."

The Law's Delay.

Peasant—After you've let the case drag along now for three years, you've lost it for me!

Lawyer—Hm! That's what I get for my good nature—I might have let it drag along for three years more!—Heitere Welt.

Meant Just What He Said.

Pupil—Where is Atoms?

Teacher—You mean Athens, Johnnie. It is in Greece.

Pupil—No, I don't mean Athens. I mean Atoms, the place people get blown to in boiler explosions.—Baltimore World.

Too Noisy.

Biffer—My wife is subject to nervous headaches; can't stand a bit of noise.

Buffer—Too bad!

Biffer—Yes; why, I even had to sell my new golf suit.—Ohio State Journal.

His Grounds.

"And on what ground do you base your application for divorce?" asked the lawyer of his new client.

"Exertion, sah."

"You mean desertion, I suppose. Your wife has left you, doubtless."

"No, sah, she hasn't left me, sah."

"Then you can't ask for a divorce on the ground of desertion."

"I said exertion, sah. Dat's de ground perzackly. She done exert herself continually to make me mizzable, sah. Put it on de ground ob exertion, sah."

Everybody Wants It.

"Well, the Northern Pacific corner didn't last long. That shows how hard it is to get a corner in railroads."

"Yes, and if you've noticed, it's next to impossible," replied the end seat hog, "to get a corner in street cars."—Philadelphia Press.

His Future Field.

"John says he'll have his graduation papers purty soon."

"What's he been a-larnin' of?"

"Greek, an' Latin, an' French, an' German, an' so forth."

"An' what's he goin' to do atter he comes clear?"

"Well ef he don't go to splittin' rails, or farmin', I reckon he'll spend the rest of his days a-writin' of dialect!"—Atlanta Constitution.

The Aftercrop.

Husband—Thank heaven, housecleaning is over.

Wife—Yes, dear, but the pictures are yet to be hung.—Ohio State Journal.

The Dramatic Craze.

Mr. Fijjit—Our friend Epicure has gotten out a new cook book.

Mrs. Fijjit—That's nice; is it going to be dramatized?—Ohio State Journal.

Not Complimentary.

"Briggs says his daughter looks like him. Did you ever see her?"

"No, and I never want to see her if she looks like Briggs."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The First Question.

"I see that an Indiana court has decided that a passenger traveling on a pass can recover damages for injuries due to carelessness of the train employes."

"Yes, but how do you get the pass?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

More Afraid of Losing the Girl.

"Aren't you afraid to keep such a pretty girl in your kitchen? You may lose your husband."

"I guess you don't know that the present ratio is something like fifty husbands to one competent girl."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bright Boy.

Son (at his studies)—Papa, I wish I had been born in the time of Charlemagne.

Father—Why?

Son—Then I wouldn't have had to learn everything that has happened since.—Fliegende Blaetter.

His Mistake.

Ethel—He telegraphed his proposal to her.

Maude—And did she accept him?

Ethel—No; she said that she had no use for a man who would waste his money on telegraph tolls instead of spending it for caramels.—Somerville Journal.

Misguided Young Man.

Ned—Does Arthur play golf on Sunday?

Tom—Well, he thinks he does.—Somerville Journal.

A Very Long Sermon.

Bobby—Say, pop, how much did you put in the collection plate?

His Papa—Sh! A dime, Bobby.

Bobby—That preacher is certainly giving you an awful lot for your money.

Helping Him.

Mr. Backward—Well-er-yes, since you ask me, I was thinking of consulting a fortune teller.

Miss Coy—To find out when you will marry, eh?

Mr. Backward—Why-er-yes. I—

Miss Coy—Why not ask me and save the fortune-teller's fee toward the price of the ring?—Philadelphia Press.

An Inversion.

"Does Mr. Billionson play golf?"

"No. He works at golf. When he wants a little real diversion he goes into the stock market."—Washington Star.

Her Logic.

Mr. Poore—Will nothing induce you to marry?

Miss Witte—On the contrary. It is the nothing you have which induces me not to marry.

Her Misapprehension.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—Well, I see that Englishman has got his Gainsborough back, after twenty years.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—I shouldn't think his wife would care for it now; it's out of style.

"Out nothing; a picture as valuable as that is never out of style."

"Oh, is it a picture? I thought all along that the Gainsborough was a hat!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Too Rich for Him.

Jinks (meeting Winks in light lunch cafe)—Hello! What are you doing here?

Winks—Getting my lunch, of course.

Jinks—But I thought you were keeping a swell restaurant down town.

Winks—So I am, but I wouldn't keep it long if I ate there. It's too expensive.—Philadelphia Press.

Eggs of Insects.

The collection, preservation and examination of the eggs of insects will afford interesting recreation. Curtains, carpets, floor-crevices, cushions, furs and woolen garments will serve as a prolific hunting ground indoors; while out of doors the surface waters of ponds and water-butts, the corpses of birds, the skins of cattle, and the leaves and branches of the shrubberies give an abundance of material.

Among those insects whose eggs make the most interesting microscopical mounts may be noted the common house-fly, the wasp, the tortoise-shell and cabbage butterflies, the mottled umber and the puss moths, the dragon-fly, and most of the parasites. The eggs of these are all shapes, hexagonal, conical, oval, spherical, and are most richly and harmoniously colored; while the elaborately sculptured surfaces are hardly excelled in the beauty of their designs by the symmetry of the ciliated, winged and fringed ornamentations with which they are surrounded.

Polish usually exaggerates the reflections of a fool.