

FROM POORHOUSE TO PALACE

BY MARY J. HOLMES

CHAPTER XVII.

For more than an hour there had been no word from the dingy old law office of Mr. Worthington, where Henry Lincoln and William Bender still remained, the one as a practicing lawyer and junior partner of the firm, and the other as a student still, for he had not yet dared to offer himself for examination. Henry was growing impatient, and his mother particularly disliking, and as his mother had trained him with the idea that labor for him was wholly unnecessary, he had never bestowed a thought on the future, or made an exertion of any kind. Now, however, a different phase of affairs was appearing. His father's fortune was threatened with ruin; and he was in the office with his heels upon the window sill, debating the all-important question whether it were better to marry Ella Campbell for the money which would save him from poverty, or to rouse himself to action for the sake of Mrs. Howard, whom he really fancied he loved.

Frequently since the party had met her, each time becoming more and more convinced of her superiority over the other young ladies of her acquaintance. He was undoubtedly greatly assisted in his decision by the manner with which she was received by the fashionable circles of Boston; but, aside from that, as far as he was capable of doing so, he liked her, and was now making up his mind whether to tell her so or not.

At last breaking the silence, he exclaimed: "Hang me, if I don't believe she's bewitched me, or else I'm in love. Bender, how does a chap feel when he's in love?"

"Very foolish, I imagine," replied William, and Henry smiled.

"I hope you mean nothing personal, for I'm bound to avenge my honor, and 'twould be a deuced scrape for you and me to fight about 'your sister,' as you call her, for 'his she who has inspired me, or made a fool of me, one or the other.'"

"You've changed your mind, haven't you?" asked William, a little sarcastically.

"Hanged if I have!" said Henry. "I was interested in her years ago, when she was the ugliest little wretch I ever looked upon, and that's why I turned her up. I don't believe she's handsome now, but she's something, and that something has raised the mischief with me. Come, Bender, you are better acquainted with her than I am, so tell me honestly if you think I'd better marry her."

With a laugh from William replied: "You have my permission, sir, to propose as soon as you please. I rather wish you would," then taking his hat he left the office, while Henry continued his soliloquy as follows:

"I wonder what the old folks would say to a penniless bride. Wouldn't mother and Rose raise a row? I'd soon quiet the old woman, though, by threatening to tell that she was once a factory girl. But if I haven't brains enough to earn my living by wit, I guess on the whole I'll go and call on Ella; she'll be home, and I'll tell her that she's the best thing I've ever seen, and the young man broke the blade of his knife as he stuck it into the hardwood table by way of emphasizing his last words.

Ella seemed to be out, and as Henry was returning he overtook Ida Holden and Mary Howard, who were talking their accustomed walk. Since her conversation with William a weight seemed lifted from Mary's spirit, and she now was happier far than she ever remembered of having been before. Mary could not find it in her heart to be unkind to Henry, and her manner toward him that morning was so kind and affable that it completely upset him; and when he parted with her at Mr. Holden's gate his mind was quite made up to offer her his heart and hand.

"I shall have to work," thought he, "but for her sake I'll do anything."

An hour later he sat down and wrote to Mary on paper which he could not sell her face to. Had there been a lingering doubt of her acceptance, she would undoubtedly have waited at least a dozen sheets of the tiny gilt-edged paper, but as it was so would suffice, for she would not scrutinize his handwriting—she would not count the blot, or mark the omission of punctuation. An ardent declaration of love was written, sealed and directed.

Restless and uneasy, he sat down to await his answer. It came at last—his rejection, yet couched in language so kind and conciliatory that he could not feel angry. Twice—three times—he read it over, hoping to find some intimation that possibly she might relent; but no, it was firm and decided, and while she thanked him for the honor he conferred upon her, she respectfully declined accepting it, assuring him that his secret should be kept inviolate.

"There's some comfort in that," thought he, "for I wouldn't like to have it known that I have been refused by a poor, unknown girl," and then, as the conviction came over him that she would never be his, he laid his head upon the table and wept such tears as a spoiled child might weep when refused a toy too costly and delicate to be trusted in its rude grasp.

Ever long there was a knock at the door and hastily wiping away all traces of his emotion, Henry admitted his father, who had come to talk of their future prospects, which were even worse than he had feared. But he did not reproach his wayward son, nor hint that his reckless extravagance had hastened the calamity which otherwise might have been avoided. Calmly he stated the extent to which they were involved, adding that though an entire failure might be prevented a short time, it would come at last; and that an honorable payment of his debts would leave them beggars.

"For myself I do not care," said the wretched man, pressing hard his aching temples, where the gray hairs had thickened within a few short weeks. "For myself I do not care, but for my wife and children—for Rose, and that she must miss her accustomed comforts, is the keenest pang of all."

All this time Henry had not spoken, but thought was busily at work. He could not better himself; he had no energy for that now; but he could marry Ella Campbell, whose wealth would keep him in the position he now occupied, besides supplying many of Rose's wants.

Consider the fate which had reduced him to such an extremity, toward the dusk of evening Henry started for Mrs. Campbell's. Lights were burning in the parlor, and as the curtains were drawn back he could see through the partially opened shutter that Ella was alone. Reclining in a large easy chair, she sat, looking upon her elbow, the soft curls of her brown hair falling over her white arms, which the full blue velvet dress

exposed to view. She seemed deeply engaged in thought, and never before had she looked so lovely to Henry, who as he gazed upon her felt a glow of pride in thinking that this young girl could be his for the asking.

"And so my little pet is alone," said he, coming forward, and raising to his lips the dainty fingers which Ella extended toward him. "I hope the old lady is out," he continued, "for I want to see you all alone."

Ella seemed how excited he appeared, and always on the alert for something when he was with her, she began to tremble, and without knowing what she said asked him "what he wanted of her?"

"Zounds!" thought Henry, "she meets me more than half way, and then, lest his resolution should fail, he revolved her in the chair she had left, and drawing an armchair to her side, he seated her of his love, ending his declaration by saying that from the first time he saw her he had determined that she should be his wife! And Ella, wholly deceived, allowed her head to droop upon his shoulder, while she whispered to him her answer. They were betrothed—Henry Lincoln and Ella Campbell.

"Glad am I to be out of this atmosphere," thought the newly engaged young man, as he reached the open air, and began to breathe more freely. "Goodness me, won't I lead a glorious life! Now, if she'd only hung back a little—but no, she said yes, before I fairly got the words out; but money coverseth a multitude of sins—I beg your pardon, man'am," said he quickly, as he became conscious of having rudely jostled a young lady, who was turning the corner.

Looking up, he met Mary Howard's large dark eyes fixed rather inquiringly upon him. She was accompanied by one of Mr. Holden's servants, and she felt sure she was going to visit her sister. Of course, Ella would tell her all, and what must Mary think of one who could so soon repeat his vows of love to another? In all the world there was not an individual for whose good opinion Henry Lincoln cared one-half so much as for Mary Howard's, and the thought that he should now surely lose it maddened him. The resolution of the morning was forgotten, and that night a fond father watched and wept over his ineffectual son.

CHAPTER XVIII.

From one of the luxuriously furnished chambers of her father's elegant mansion Jenny Lincoln looked mournfully out upon the thick, angry clouds which, the long day, had obscured the winter sky. Dreamily for a while she listened to the patter of the rain as it fell upon the deserted pavement below, and then, with a long, deep sigh, she turned away and went. Poor Jenny! the day was rainy and dark and dreary, but darker far were the shadows stealing over her pathway. Turn which way she would there was not one ray of sunshine which even her buoyant spirits could gather from the surrounding gloom. Her only sister was slowly but surely dying, and when Jenny thought of this she felt that Rose could only live a few days and bear the rest; try to forget how much she loved William Bender, who that morning had honorably and manfully asked her of her parents, and been spurned with contempt—not by her father, for he could have followed the dictates of his better judgment; he would willingly have given his daughter to the care of one who he himself would have proudly called her sister-in-law. It was not so, but the cold, proud mother, who so haughtily refused William's request, accusing him of taking advantage of her daughter's affection.

"I had rather see you dead!" said the stern-faced woman, when Jenny knelt at her feet and pleaded for her to take back the words she had spoken. "I had rather see you dead than married to such a man as he. I mean what I have said, and you will never be his."

Jenny knew William too well to think he would ever sanction an act of disobedience to her mother, and her heart grew faint and her eyes grew dim with tears, as she thought of conquering the love which had grown with her growth and strengthened with her strength. There was no chance of escape, and when Jenny should weep as she sat alone in her room. From her father she had heard of all that was to happen. The luxuries to which all her life she had been accustomed were to be no longer. The pleasant country house in Chicopee, dearer far than her city home, must be sold, and no where in the wide world was there a place for her to rest.

Mr. Lincoln entered his daughter's room and sat down to write her a letter. He said, "How is my darling to-day?"

"Better, better—almost well," returned Rose, raising herself in bed to prove what she had said. "I shall be out in a few days, and then you'll buy me one of those elegant-plaid silks, won't you? All the girls are wearing them, and I haven't had a new dress this winter, and here 'tis almost March."

Oh! how the father longed to tell his dying child that her next dress would be a widow's! But he could not. He was too much a man of the world to speak to her of death; so without answering her question he said: "Rose, do you think you are able to be moved into the country?"

"What to Chicopee? that horrid, dull place? I thought we were not going there this summer?"

"No, not to Chicopee, but to your grandmother's in Glenwood. The physician thinks you will be more quiet there, and the pure air will do you good."

Rose looked earnestly in her father's face to see if he meant what he said, and then she replied: "I'd rather go anywhere in the world than to Glenwood. You've no idea how I hate to stay there. Grandmother is so queer and the things in the house so funny and countryed—and cooks who wipe on a crash towel that hangs on a roller!"

Mr. Lincoln could hardly repress a smile at Rose's reasoning, but he said: "We think it best for you to go, and shall accordingly make arrangements to take you in the course of a week or two. Your mother will stay with you, and Jenny, too, will be there a part of the time; then, not wishing to witness the effect of his words, he hastily left the room, pausing in the hall to wipe away the tears which involuntarily came to his eyes as he overheard Rose angrily wonder "why she should be turned out of doors when she wasn't able to sit up!"

"I never can bear the scent of those great tallow candles, never," said she; "and then to think of the coarse sheets and patchwork bedquilts—oh, it's dreadful!"

Jenny's heart, too, was well-nigh burst-

ling, but she forced down her own sorrow, while she strove to comfort her sister, telling her how strong and well the bracing air of the country would make her, and how refreshing, when her fever was on, would be the clear, cold water which gushed from the spring near the therapeutic tree, where in childhood they so oft had played. Then she spoke of from her grandmother's door made "fairly like music" all the day long, and at last, as if soothed by the sound of that far-off water, Rose forgot her trouble, and sank into a sweet, refreshing slumber.

In a few days preparations were commenced for moving Rose to Glenwood, and in the excitement of getting ready she in a measure forgot the tallow candles and patchwork bedquilts, the thought of which had so much shocked her at first.

"Put in my embroidered merino morning gown," said she to Jenny, who was packing her trunk, "and the blue cashmere one faced with white satin; and don't forget my best cambric skirt, the one with so much work on it, for when George Moreland comes to Glenwood I shall want to look as well as possible; and then, too, I like to see the country folks upon my floors and stars at city fashions."

"What makes you think George will come to Glenwood?" asked Jenny.

"I know, and that's enough," answered Rose; "and now, before you forget it, put in my leghorn hat, for if I stay long I shall want it; and see how nicely you can fold the dress I wore at Mrs. Russell's party!"

"Why, Rose, what can you possibly want of that?" asked Jenny, and Rose replied:

"Oh, I want to show it to grandmother, just to hear her groan over our extravagance, and predict that we'll get come to ruin!"

Jenny thought that if Rose could have seen her father that morning when the bill for the dress and its costly trimmings was presented she would have wished it removed forever from her sight. Early in the winter Mr. Lincoln happened that all such matters were settled, and of this bill, more recently made, he knew nothing.

"I can't pay it now," said he promptly to the boy who brought it. "Tell Mr. Holden I will see him in a day or two."

The boy took the paper with an insolent grin, for he had heard the fast circulating rumor "that one of the big boys was about to smash up," and now, eager to confirm the report, he snatched back to his employer, who muttered, "Just as I expected. I'll draw on him for what I lent him, and that'll tell the story. My daughters can't afford to wear such things, and I'm not going to furnish money for him."

Of all this Rose did not dream, for in her estimation there was no end to her father's wealth, and the possibility of his failing had never entered her mind. (To be continued.)

ECONOMICAL WOMEN.

Some of the Things Upon Which They Retrench.

Economy with most women means saving just as much money as they can in one direction in order to spend it in another. A languid individual in one of the shops on Saturday was an example of this sort of thriftiness.

"I am going to be very economical in my wardrobe this summer," she said to a companion. "Just now, for instance, I am buying nothing but 9% and 6% cent lawns. Then when I get about \$35 together I am going to put it all in a chiffon box. I do not on chiffon boxes, don't you?"

For its own part, this page has never been an advocate of economy. It once knew a mistaken feminine who denied herself luxuries and stunted herself in necessities all her life and put the money she saved thus in a stockpile so that a tombstone might be erected over her when she died. But, alas! she expired without making a will, and the next of kin, when the stockpile was found, promptly spent its contents for a pony phaeton and a mechanical piano and was happy ever after.

This horrible example haunts the woman's page when it is tempted to buy \$1.50 gloves instead of the \$2 kind, and it therefore purchases the higher-priced handwear in order that none of its survivors may have its earnings to squander in riotous living and mechanical piano.

Almost every housekeeper has, however, some pet article upon which she saves money when she can. This page's Aunt Jane, about whom a good deal has been said here at one time and another, retrenches on beef. To pay 20 or 25 cents a pound for the tenderloin is, she declares, simply monstrous and part of a conspiracy between the butchers and the shopkeepers to impoverish worthy people. She therefore purchases those odds-and-ends corners of the animal which seem to have no name and hears unmovable the remarks her progeny make about having their teeth sharpened before they go on with the meal.

Another elderly and very estimable woman economizes by not giving anything to the church collection. Up she gets before the plate reaches her and out of the edifice she stalks, upbraid the consciousness—at least she says she is—that it is better to dispense one's charity from one's own back gate than to put it higgledy-piggledy with other people's dimes and quarters and never be sure that it does any good at all.

This page blushes to mention it, but it really does know people whose chief source of retrenchment is in laundry bills. Like the German housewife, they only have their washing done every six months or so. It is not on record that the money thus saved goes to pay the bills of the family physician, though it would be poetic justice if this were so.

There are dozens of women who economize on newspapers, magazines and books. It was even said of a family of maiden ladies once that they hadn't had a scrap of reading matter in their house for thirty years that wasn't borrowed, except advertisements for soap and baking powder.

The saving woman might be said to be the mother of the rummage sale. It is she who hoards all the cord that comes around parcels and all the paper bags and all the scraps of dress goods purposely, apparently to throw away when house cleaning time comes—Baltimore News.

Otherwise with the Poor.

"I feel sorry for the rich."

"Why?"

"When a rich man gets a counterfeit quarter he can't remember where he got his dollar bill broken."—Chicago Record.

GOOD
Short Stories

Phillips Brooks once gave a new version of the "Jonah" story to a wondering skeptic, who said he doubted whether a whale's throat was large enough to swallow Jonah. "There was no difficulty," said the Bishop. "Jonah was one of the Minor Prophets."

In the days when Barnum's Museum was in the height of its popularity in New York, it was the custom of many people to bring their wives, children, and lunch-baskets, and make a day of it. This was not in accordance with Barnum's view of a profitable way to conduct a museum. One Saturday, when the army of picnickers were overcrowding the show and keeping others out, a brilliant idea occurred to Barnum. On a huge canvas he painted the word "Egress" in immense letters of green. This he placed over a doorway, and immediately attracted the attention of the crowd, which was just about to settle down for lunch. "Egress, egress!" cried the visitors; "faith! that's an animal we haven't seen." "They found that animal," said Barnum, telling the story, "out in the street."

Many years ago, when Henry Labouchere was appointed to a diplomatic post somewhere in Europe, the British foreign office found that he was not at his post when he should have been. On making inquiries, they found that the new attaché was at Berlin, many miles from his official destination; and his explanation was that, as he was not allowed traveling expenses and was not rich, he was walking to his office, and would reach the shores of the Bosphorus in due course. That was "Labby's" way of protesting against the non-payment of traveling expenses. His protest against pomposity was just as original. It was a pompous individual who called to see the British minister at Washington, D. C., when "Labby" was there. The minister was out, and the caller insisted on waiting. "Then pray take a chair," said the attaché. After half an hour the pompous man grew impatient, and asked when the minister was expected back. "I don't know," said "Labby"; "he left for Europe this morning."

Some amusing instances of translators' misunderstandings are mentioned by the London Daily News. An Italian paper not long ago turned Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" into a "Distracted Mendicant." A footnote to the same version explained "son of a Lambeth publican" as a reference to Mr. Kruger. Another Italian editor, who translated a passage from an English paper about a man who had killed his wife with a poker, added an ingenious footnote to say: "We do not know with certainty whether this thing, 'poker,' is a domestic or surgical instrument." In the French version of one of Scott's novels, a Welsh rabbit has to be dealt with. The translator, never having met with that article of food, naturally turned it into "un lapin de Galles," and in a footnote explained that the peculiarly delicious flavor of the rabbits of Wales created a large demand for them in Scotland, whither they were exported in bulk that would compare with the trade of Ostend. The desperate expedient of the French translator of Cooper's "Spy," who had to explain how a horse could be bitched "to a locust," is also worth recalling. He had never heard of a locust-tree, and rendered the word by "auterille," or grasshopper. Feeling that this needed some explanation, he appended a footnote explaining that grasshoppers grew to a gigantic size in the United States, and that it was the custom to place a stuffed specimen at the door of every considerable mansion for the convenience of visitors, who hitched their horses to it.

A STORMY WEDDING TRIP.

Adventures of a Newly Wedded Pair in a Little Boat.

The celebrated voyage around the world by Captain Josiah Slocum in his forty-foot sloop Dauntless has been matched by the wedding trip of Roy Oveatt, a lad of 19, single-handed, Oveatt, sailed an eighteen-foot sloop from Seattle to Seward City, which is near Juneau, Alaska. Then he put about and beat his way home again. Captain Slocum sailed with a boat. Roy Oveatt had scanty supplies, \$10 in money, not a stick of spare canvas or a foot of extra spars, and a young wife to care for. That, in brief, is the story. Told in detail the narrative would make a book, says the San Francisco Call.

Oveatt is a modest young chap, with clear blue eyes and a frank smile. His wife is a beautiful young woman. She was Meg Goodell, before her marriage, and the long months at sea have only added to the charms of her face.

The young couple were married early in last July, and a few days later the husband went to Frank Faber, who owns the Brighton boat-house, and rented a sloop named the Ultra. He told Faber he was going for a wedding trip, and the sloop was provisioned for a two weeks' cruise.

The Ultra left port on the 28th of last July. Three weeks later Faber received a letter from Allard Bay, in which Oveatt announced that he was going to take his wife to Alaska, and that he was not coming back.

From the day of the departure the Ultra was not spoken by any craft. She disappeared as completely as if she had sunk to the bottom of the Pacific. And that is what in time people came to believe was her fate.

Mrs. Oveatt, prior to her marriage, had lived with her grandmother, Mrs. Goodell, in a little cottage close by the water front. Mrs. Goodell gave up her grandchild as dead, and young Oveatt's family mourned for him as one lost to them forever.

Not long ago the Ultra sailed jauntily up the bay and dropped anchor off the Brighton boat-house. Many things happened during the long voyage to Alaska. There were storms and head winds. Provisions ran short—perilously short at times. Once they lived for two days on a handful of clams. On another occasion the Ultra staggered along in the

teeth of a gale until her trysail parted, and for thirty-nine hours this boy stood at the tiller, holding her head close to the wind. Had the Ultra fallen off she would have upset.

Sitting in his cozy home, Oveatt told the story of his wonderful cruise along the shore of the north Pacific to Seward, Alaska. After working his way out into the ocean from Puget Sound, he took what is known as the inner passage to Alaska. That he was not wrecked a dozen times was due to vigilance and the numerous sheltered nooks along the irregular passage.

His two weeks' provisions were made to cover a much longer period by the practice of economy and the addition of fish and deer meat. Oveatt had no trouble obtaining plenty of fish, and when the meat larder ran low he resorted to the old-fashioned plan of "jacking" for deer. There are many places along the coast even now where deer may be killed with comparative ease. Oveatt had a gun with him, and owing to the necessity of making each shot tell, got good results.

The sloop touched at Allard Bay, from which point Mrs. Oveatt was sent home by steamer, while Oveatt sailed home without assistance.

FEW DIE OF OLD AGE.

What Becomes of the Dead in Nature.

Any one who has lived much in the open air must often wonder what becomes of all the animals and birds which die in the woods and fields. During the course of a whole year, the number of dead birds and animals seen is extremely small, and yet we know millions must perish annually. What becomes of them? Every wild animal's life is simply an everyday fight against violent death at the hands of some enemy. By day hawks sail overhead, and nothing seems to escape their wonderful eyes. By night owls fly with soft, muffled wings, and velvet-footed animals prowl everywhere. So it is merely a question of how long any animal or bird can delay the inevitable tragic end which must come to them. To realize how many small animals prowl through the woods by night, simply follow the bank of some small stream, where there are soft, muddy places; there you will find the tell-tale tracks in great numbers. These tracks tell how well the whole surrounding country has been hunted for quarry of all sorts.

Still, with all this evidence of mental powers used to tell their enemies of the woods, people will persist in speaking of animal instinct and human reason. Place man, with all his reasoning power, in the place of some animal or bird, and would his powers of mind save him from sudden death? Man is beginning to realize more and more fully that what he has of intellect is only a higher use and cultivation of what all nature possesses.

When an animal or bird becomes sick or old or infirm, it soon falls a prey to some of its enemies. It rarely dies a natural death when in the woods; for day and night its enemies are constantly about. What a wild animal's feelings must be, man cannot too readily realize, for he has gotten too far from his original savage state.—Louisville Evening Post.

Can Choose Our Enemies.

An open enemy is better than a gossiping friend. The story is told of a man in public life in Washington who once found himself surrounded by a host of self-appointed counselors, continually advising him, "as friends," of many astounding things, which a valued and lifelong intimate, also in public life, was alleged to be doing against him, says the Boston Globe. Bitterness beet the heart of the man when he heard that his friend had turned against him and he grieved.

Strangely enough, the friend was also grieving, for he had received tales which filled his heart with doubt of the loyalty of his lifelong friend. "The dog that will fetch will carry," says the old proverb; and the "friends" who had told tales to one of these men told the same story to the other. They were politicians, place-seekers, hangers-on, who for their own ends employed gossip, and malicious gossip at that, to keep apart these two men.

But the plan did not work. The two men met, charged each other with coolness and finally learned that they had been the victims of tale-bearers. Then one of them said, "We can choose our enemies, but not our friends," and in saying it he enunciated a truth.

Clear the Tenements of Vice.

Speaking to the theme "A Better New York," W. H. Baldwin, Jr., chairman of the committee of fifteen, said that the keynote of civic purity is the parity of family life. "In New York," he continued, "there are 50,000 tenement houses and 2,300,000 people who live under laws governing tenements. Proper laws governing tenements are most important. So long as these evils exist and you and I don't move to help them we cannot expect a holy city. Let us demand that there shall be no form of vice in these houses. That is not politics. We are not interested so much in the older persons in the houses as we are in the children. It is our imperative duty to see that laws shall be enacted that will stamp out the tenement house evils."—New York Herald.

He Needed a Bath.

A young man who has a fine bird dog was overheard bragging to his best girl the other day about the wonderfully keen scent of the animal. "Why," he said, "I wanted to go to the northwestern part of the county on business, and fearing that the dog would follow me I chained him up. I had been gone two hours and was fifteen miles from home when he broke loose and tracked me, and found me merely by scent. What do you think of that?" "Well, I think you ought to take a bath," replied the young lady. And then he went home and licked the dog.

Initials.

Angelina—That was a lovely engagement ring you gave me last night, dear; but what do those initials, "E. C.," mean on the inside?

Edwin—Why—or that is—don't you know? That's the new way of stamping eighteen carats—London Tit-Bits.

After a boy passes ten, he grows so fast his father signs every time he looks at him.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

"High, there!" called the valley to the hill. "What makes you so stuck up?" "Probably the fact that you are at my foot," replied the hill.

"Huh!" rejoined the valley. "That reminds me of your resemblance to a Philadelphia maid."

"Because why?" queried the hill.

"Because you are mostly foot," replied the valley.

Then the hill-side and subsided.

Naturally.

Joak—There is one disagreeable feature about those lake excursions to St. Joe.

Hoax—What is that?

Joak—Every time a man boards the boat it makes him cross.—Chicago News.



Smith—What was the cause of the fire?

Brown—There was a woman's rights meeting, and—

Smith—Ah, I see—natural gas explosion.

De Witt—Yes, my son follows the medical profession.

Gabbil—With his black clothes and white lawn tie, he looks more like a minister than a doctor.

De Witt—I didn't say he was a doctor. He's an undertaker.—Philadelphia Press.

Realistic School.

"You said you were going to marry an artist, and now you're engaged to a dentist."

"Well, isn't he an artist. He draws from real life."—Fun.

Warm Weather Arrangements.

"Do you take your coat away with you in the summer?"

"No, oh, no; we can't afford to go to the kind of place that would satisfy her."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Bank and File Needed.

Philippo General—You'll have to come along with us. We are going to surrender.

Philippo Private—Can't you do it without me?

Philippo General—Confound you, how would it look for forty generals to surrender without any army!—Chicago Tribune.

May Kill Him Yet.

"Why, man, you're almost well! What do you mean by saying you haven't reached the crisis?"

"I mean, if you want to know, that the doctor hasn't sent in his bill yet."—Philadelphia Bulletin.



Girl—Are you a lover of music, professor?

Professor—Yes, I am; but it does not make any difference. Just go on and play away.—Hester Well.

Something Wrong.

He—I see a new family has moved in next door.

She—Yes, they moved in to-day.

He—What sort of furniture have they?

She—I didn't notice.

He—Goodness, dear! What's the matter? Have you been sick?—Philadelphia Press.

At Commencement.

"That girl who received all the flowers must have taken first-class honors."

"On the contrary, she barely passed the examinations."

"Who is that plainly dressed insignificant-looking little maid over in one corner of the stage?"

"She is the first honor graduate."

In Chicago.

"Mrs. Wabash looks like such a lovely woman."

"Lovable! I should say she was lovely! That's her long suit. She's had five husbands in seven years!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

C-h-a-o-s.

"C-h-a-o-s," spelled 4-year-old Margie slowly; "now I wonder what that means?"

"Oh," replied her 6-year-old brother, with an air of superior knowledge, "it means a great big pile of nothing and no place to put it."

Shocking Idea.

Philadelphian—Do you mean to say you eat snails?

New-Yorker—Certainly. They are a great delicacy. Don't you?

Philadelphian—Heavens, no! It would seem like cannibalism!—Chicago Tribune.

What He Needed.

Dudeleigh—I say, barbab, I'd like some—aw—hair restorah fob me mustache, docher know.

Barber—Excuse me, sir, but I think it's hair restorator you want.

An Expedient.

"Didn't you have trouble in getting so many antiques?"

"Dear me, no—I had them made to order."

Same and Chafe.

"Miss Dorothy, why is it you enjoy golf so much?"

"Oh, it's just because I like something real stylish to get awfully excited about."

Sympathetic.

"You ought to think more of others."

"But I do. When the first of the month comes around I am as blue as can be, wondering what my creditors will do."

One Restoration.

Mrs. Snaggs—I could never understand why the Russians call their ruler the White Bear.

Mr. Snaggs—I suppose that the numerous plots against his life keeps him pale all the time.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Sometimes.

"I suppose you have said some things you were sorry for?"

"Oh, yes," answered Senator Borghum. "I have occasionally said 'ten dollars' when five would have brought results just as well."—Washington Star.

A Shrewd Fellow.

Swiggers—That man Killtime is a shrewd fellow.

Swiggers—Why?

Swiggers—He gave a lawn-mowing party yesterday and had the guests cut the grass.—Ohio State Journal.

Nurse—You silly child! Now you've split half your tea on your new pinafore!

Little Innocent—It doesn't matter I've had enough!—Punch.

A Suggestion.

"Don't you think that the wires all ought to be put under ground?" asked Cawker.

"Yes, and the wire-pullers, too," replied Cumso.

An Up-to-Date Proposal.



Tom—Do you believe in palmistry?

May—Yes.

Tom—Give me your hand and I will tell you who your husband will be.

May—With all my heart.—Moonshine.

Popular Sister.

"I should like to know how many proposals Miss Rocks has rejected?" said Miss Murray Hill to Miss Homewood.

"I'm sure I don't know," was the latter's reply, "but I understand she has the largest family of brothers in the city."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Out of the Pale.

"He is so cultivated, papa. He can speak French and German, dances divinely, and plays the piano beautifully."

"Um! Can he earn a living?"

"No. But he said he didn't think that was necessary."

An Advantage.

"I don't get credit for nearly all the work I do," said the young man discontentedly.

"Well," answered his elderly companion in toll, "never mind. It is just as well to leave a margin of doubt to which mistakes may be charged."—Washington Star.

Forgot to Ask.

She—The jeweler says the diamond in my ring is not genuine.

He—Um—er—he told me the ring was real gold. I forgot to ask him about the stone.—New York Weekly.

Appropriate Color.

"The British Government has issued a blue book giving the losses and expenses of the Boer war."

"Well, I should think that really would be a blue book."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

A Matter of Health.

When the world is dull and gloomy And won't go the proper way, It is really your stomach That is ailing, so they say; And the world would chime with laughter Till the rippling echoes wake, If we only could discover Just what medicine to take.—Baltimore Sun.

Something in Reserve.

A young lady had a train to catch, and chartered a cab, which unfortunately was drawn by a very wretched horse. Having told caddy that she had to reach the station in twenty minutes, away the vehicle dashed at five miles an hour.

They had barely got fifty yards, however, before the lady put her head out of the window and requested the driver to whip the horse, as she would otherwise miss the train. He accordingly did so.

A little further on she asked him to administer the whip once more, as the cab was only just moving. Caddy again complied. Soon after she said: "Can't you hit him on the head so as to wake him up a bit?"

Looking at the young lady, the caddy exclaimed:

"Well, miss, I've 'it the hantimal all over 'is bloomin' body except 'is left ear, and I'm sartin' that for the last 'ill!'—London Answers.

Girls don't keep a man waiting for an answer. He may have another engagement in view.