

A: TERRIBLE: TEMPER.

It was Miss Murphy's turn to gasp.

Such a girl! But then one never could

personal affairs her interest died a nat-

"Good-by, my dear," with a bewil-

dered shake of the fluseled bonner. "I

am so sorry I had to tell you. Life is

full of unpleasant duties. I never like

to interfere in other people's affairs.

'Charity,' I always say; 'charity and

silence." If there is anything I partie-

as I said, I must be going. Good-by,

my dear. I'm so glad you don't mind.

"We all thought," pausing at the door

"Indeed," said Jessies, brightly arch-

And then at last the door closed on

young and charming, and Jack Suther-

land an awkward lad of 10, their fath-

ture. The planning stood, by the way,

upon an agreeably substantial basis,

Soon after Jack's father had died and

him the memory of a pair of sweet

eyes, for all the world like big, blue,

dew-wet forget-me-nois, for wee Jos-

sica had parted from her playmate with

en displaced his first love in Jack's

grown to think of Jack as a hero who

was coming across the sea to claim he:

When she auticipated that coming be

fore her mind's eye forth pranced a

snowy charger bearing a plumed

One day, just two weeks ago it was,

she went down to the drawing room in

response to the servant's announce

ment. A gentleman standing in the

window turned at her entrance. He

cams swiftly forward, both hands ex-

tended, his face brightening with gay

She knew him then. Without cur-

veted no splendid steed. By his side

his neck swung no mandolin. From

young man. But he had come! Jessica's

an, though, ego, an arch-hypocrite, she

put her hand in his with an air of cool

"And you are-Mr. Sutherland!"

Neither had in any way suggested the

odd relation in which they tacitly stood

to each other. Both felt the chain that

bound them, for all its mussive golden

links a very frail and brittle one in the

passionate strength of youthful lim-

pulse. Neither would be slow to fling

t off if the bandage proved oppressive,

However, it did not. The childish, ig-

norant, remantic affection which had

been smoldering in their hearts since

the sorrowful parting of the playmates.

at a word, a touch, a look, blazed up

into a pure and strong and steady

fiame. Of his courtship Jack Suther-

land made short work. Putting aside

the understanding between their fath-

ers like the man he was he wooed her

Just two nights ago he had told her

in his own direct fashion how dearly

he loved her. And Jessica-well, last

evening had come the sapphire ring

If Miss Murphy's neat little shell

"It's the money!" monned Jessica.

"It's the hotrid detestable money he

for her own sweet sake.

And she did,

"It is-it is-little Jessica!"

knight.

admiration:

for a parting thrust, "that it was to be

not only a marriage de convenance,

"Good-by," cordially.

ficed her. She feared aught else,

If there is anything especially ob- | son occasionally counteracts the effect positions to me," avowed Miss Murphy, of a lesser quantity, and I think," with in solemn conclusion, " it is interfer a smile charmingly confidential, "it is Jack who talked so-could it be her chee with the affairs of others; but in something the same way with gossipthis case I said to myself, 'Duty, Mary | don't you?" Anne Murphy, duty!" "

"O," gasped Jessica. She had sunk back in the rose-beribboned ration understand Jessica Ray, Miss Murphy rocker in quite a tremor of dismay. A very charming room, this suburban

garder, into which gold bars of sunshine slanred through the half-closed Venetians. Worthy even of pretty Jessica-it, with its tiled hardwood floor, its silver-fox and bearskin rugs, us Madras-draped windows, its quaintly modern mantel of polished oak, its eccentric chairs, its grotesque tables, is dainty aquarelles, its Chinese cablnois, its slender but admirably chosen collection of bisque and Limoges.

And surely eye, however critical. could erave no sweeter picture than ularly detest it is talebearing. Well, Dule Miss Ray made in her pale blue surah usa gown, casended with Valenlonnes, and all her bronze-bright ripole halr benided in childish fusition down her back. But just now the loveby face was curiously colorless, the purple-bine eyes wide and startled under but a genuine love affair on both sides." their long lashes.

There was silence after that sharp ing her pretty brows. exclaimation of Jessien's. Miss Murphy could afford to be silent. She had her visitor's broad, black-slik back. The drepped her small shell and it had ex- blitheness born of bravado died out of ploded with a most satisfactory report. little Miss Ray's face. She went slow-She sat rigidly erect in the conscious- ly back to the rose-beribboned rocker ness of duty done, every fold of her and sat down therein for a good, heartblack slik visiting costume stiff with sick, discontented, mortified, miserable propriety, every pompon on the brown cry. When she had been very, very lege bonner bristling with respecta-

"I don't believe a word of it?" de- ers had planned a marriage in the fuchired Jessien, slowly.

If impolite, the remark was in no degree insolent. It was simply the utter- looking at the affair from a financial native of a conviction, Miss Murphy point of view, was not offended. She removed her gaze from a geni of Van Elton's on the Jack had gone to live with his mother's opposite wall to fasten it on the agi- relatives in England. He carried with tated little lady in the rocker. It took some endurance on Jessien's part to sit mockly under the scrutlny of those faded blue eyes-eyes telerant, placid, lemming, as those of a benignant old

heard him with my own ears!"

They were in the front parlor," pursued Miss Murphy, folding her plump, tan gloved hands with aggravating lesure and serenity. "I sat sewing just behind the portiere, I never would larve stald could I only have foretold What was coming. They had been talking about other things, and were silent for awhile. Suddenly my Ned large out laughing, 'So you've seen her, he said, 'and you don'; fancy het, wh. Fancy her, echoed Jack, Weil, I should say not?"

"Well)" urged Jessica, steadily. She would hear it out, she told her-

self she would every word of it! "Well, then," slowly, to heighten by suspense the effect of her narrative, Ned said, 'The boys around here all like her immensely. Roy Pates says swung no jeweled scabbard. Around

"O" monned Jessica, "You must ex- his shoulder fell no clonk of ruby velcase that nephew of mine, my dan; vet. Not stalwart statured was he, nor you ready must. Ned but repeats what raven builted, nor flashing eyed. Not he hears. Besides, you know, he is the grand creation of her girlhood's only a boy yet-fust 18. What Ned sweet foolish dreams, in truth, his rivsaid is of no importance. Please go als would have said, a very ordinary

She sat erect again, very pale and heart gave a great throb. A true wom-Imperative, indeed,

If you insist on hearing," hesitatingly. "Jack replied, 'Well, I don't. I surprise, a touch of wellbred reproof did just at first. I confess for awhile in her greeting. she deceived me. But a few days gave the enough of her,' Ned said: 'Why, we all thought you were in great lack to get her.' 'Luck!' cried Jack in ansucress loud my dear, I fairly jump-Luck! Yes, the most confounded piece of bad luck I ever struck!" I am ashamed to say, my dear, but to be verticions I must say that here Ned. quite carried away by his youthful symputhles, inquired: 'Can't you get of it? And Jack said: 'Confound it, That's the worst of it. I can't is such a contract with any honor to my self. But I only wish some other fellow stood in my shoes just now, I've from sed to take her, and I've got to do ir lost it's a deuced bad bargain'-ch, my dear Jessien, you're not going to

Jessien put out her hand with a slight, repressing gesture.

No. Miss Murphy, I am not going to

Mass Murphy was rather disconcerted. Her shell had not exploded noisily, that—only last evening and to-day this It is rette. But now that the smoke was fearing away she, at whose feet it had not brought death it had caused had been flung, was not dead-not even pain akin to it.

"les I believe that was all, for just then some ope summoned Jack. But wants. It isn't me?" And then a face as he went out he called back to Ned: with clear brown eyes and a kind. Marlin at him, and knocked him down. highr and talk this unfortunate blun- broke down crying afresh. der over again. Be in my study at 10. I'll local you there," "

And that really is all?" queried Jessica quite her own possessed self

and sailed up so straightly and secure- will!" Is at first, had suddenly collapsed and was fulling with startling rapidity.

Euch! You know an overdose of pol- ing vision little Miss Ray to-night, rose- so to speak. Forest and Stream.

lipped, star-eyed, smiling, her slim, dusk draperies of lace trailing softly behind her, a huge cluster of violets as her bosom. It was after 10 before she could escape from her companion and make her way to the library. Her hand on the pertiere dividing that sistriment from the morning room, she

Voices: She didn't intend to eavesdrop. Of course, it was unintentionalall was said and over so quickly, Equally of course it was dishonorable. but I think as a rule we are not apt to consider questions of honor with extreme nicety when our hearts are very

"I've decided to take her," Jack's quiet voice was saying, wearly. "It's the only thing I can do now,"

Ned spoke, "She's skittish, I know, but (by way of consolation) she may outgrow that," Jessica grouned involuntarily. Jack

glanced toward the curtain, "Well, drop the subject." In a lower voice: "Keep it dark, like a good boy. I don't want people to know I am such a young fool as to be taken in by a bag of bones, all paint and drugs."

Jessica was plump as a partridge, and her complexion was a "bloom" parented by nature's self. The morning room was unfit save from the hall. Thank goodness for that! She felt herself growing faint and dizzy. Was that

know you are exaggerating. She's not hation." quite as bad as that?"

"Pretty nearly!" ruefully, "I don't thought it was time to go. With the so much mind her skittishness-I could cessation of conversation concerning break her of that, I flatter myself-but she has a terrible temper!"

ural death. She was averse to wading She must not faint, Jessien told herin foreign waters. The inodorous pool seummed over with village scandal sufthat dark thing beside her in the shadgy, shricked.

to her feet, her soft, quick cry of alarm place." mingling with that muffled roar of

rheumatic ageny. "That's aunt!" gasped Ned. forward and flung aside the portiere. The light from the library poured into Jossien standing just within, very servant; "dar's de old barn, and Mas'r white and trembling, and it showed on Wales loss jest built a new one. For a moment they stood and stared speechless. But Miss Murphy kept

on groaning. "1-1," faitered Jessien, "sat down on an Episcopalian." Miss Murphy!"

"What?" cried Ned. "We were envesdropping," confessed Miss Murphy, with venomous candor, and Jessien took me for a footstool

"My darling!" whispered Jack (no. not to Miss Murphy) "I thought when I heard your voice you were hurt

Jessien flamed up.

Here's your ring," She tugged bravely, but it fitted well. "I have heard in a particularly tender and protesting what manner you speak of me. No," disgustedly, "don't appear astonished! Enged a note arrived from his enemy

> Ned stared at being thus abruptly referred to. Jack looked dazed. "I did not intend to hear such another conversation as that which had been repeated to me, but I did. If I'm-I'm," the rose crimsoning in her cheeks "skittish," bringing out the hateful word with a jerk, "and-and a denced -bad-bargain," slowly, "and if I've got a ter-ter-here's your ring!"

She had wrenched it off at last, But Jack dld not take it. His dumb dismay had turned to uproarious mirth. It was well a noisy polonaise was in progress in the drawing-room. He laughed. He kept on laughing. Suddealy the whole ludicrous misunderstanding bursting on Ned he struck in with a very howl of delight, and they fell into each other's arms like a couple and laughed.

But, recollecting Jessica standing there, Sutherland explained, between shameful relapses into laughter: was-a horse. I thought I knew all about horsefish. I knew nothing. I have to take her-the idlocy is mine, fondly fancied I had found a Maud 🗭 Jim Smiley's famous nag could beat her. I gave a thousand for her. She's

worth-and, now you understand?" For Jessica had sprung forward, mouth and eyes three sweet, remorseful "O's!"

"Jack-Jack! And how I talked fust now!" all riotous blushes. "I must have, after all, a-a-the kind of a tem-

per you said the horse had," "I'll risk it," laughed Jack. Heedless of Mrs. Bryant's small nephew who had entered and stood watering-pot. He was very particular stock still, an exclamation point of in- that not a drop should touch his sucred quisitive delight; heedless of Ned, who lung in allent, spasmodic convulsions difficulty of the operation. The same to the portiere; heedless even, this rash authority relates that Mrs. Carlyle bad young man, of Miss Murphy, that an- a dog which she loved; but it would ient virgin, who, rigid and frigid, glowered at him in an access of scan- etle-philosopher objected. No one was dalized modesty, he took his sweetheart in his arms with a good, long, had to be cleaned somehow. Finally loving kiss, and thus adoringly address

"Doubted me, did you? You-contemptible little-wretch!"-New York basket with the clean clothes. Dispatch.

An Insane Bird. I saw a bird temporarily insane once I believe. I had been wandering over the beaches on the Wenatchie Divide after an unsuccessful pheasant hunt. Seeing a big red-headed woodpecker on fall in flakes upon the wick and cause a yellow pine, I let go my 22-caliber The see you at Bryant's to-morrow grave smile arese before her and she Going to pick him up, I saw the bird climb the tree from the ground, and But after awhile she sprang up, rub- when he was about ten feet up he bebling two very small resolute flers in gan to peck as fast as he could, and to two very plak eyes. "I won't so him screechlike the deuce at the same time. to-night. And I'll be in the library at He paid no attention to me, but kept on 10. And I'll hear what else he has to - pecking and screeching, in spite of my Miss Murphy started. To once more no. I won't eavesdrop. But efforts to reach him, I finally succeed drop into similes, her balloon, which I'll look my very lovellest-I will-d ed in getting him, but he stil pecked and screeched. (I couldn't imagine what was the matter until after wringing his As she came up the puriors at Mrs. neck I examined him, and found that I should think," severely, "it would Bryant's "small and early" Miss Murth the bullet had simply scraped the skull, phy-always first on the field-looked producing, I suppose, concussion of the



A remarkable temperance sermon was that delivered by a priest in freland which concluded with this con-Vincing statement to his dock: "What makes ye shoot at yer imilliords? The drink! Aye, and what makes ye miss them? The drink."

It was before an trish trial justice, The evidence was all in, and the plaintill's attorney had made a long, eloquent and logical argument. Then the efendant's attorney took the floor. What are you doing?" asked the justice, as the lawyer began, "Going to presout our side of the case," "I don't want to hear both sides argued. It has a findincy to confuse the Coort."

So the defendant's lawyers sat down. The Viscountess Shortmooke, wife of Robert Lowe, was in the habit of saying whatever came into her mind at the moment. The French ambassador, one day, said to her, somewhat patronsingly: "You know, England is said be a sand of shop-keepers. I had no lest of finding there some great millitary displays," "Ah," she replied, "the people of different countries do not understand each other. Now, I have actually been under the impression "O, come now!" laughed Ned, "you that the French were a great military

A fanous astronomer, whose knowledge of arithmetical facts was a dreadful engine of conversation, once diverted himself by asking the company if they were aware of the Immense distimes they were from beaven. It was, self frantically. O, she must not! Was the informed them, so many millions of diameters of the solar system, and ow of the portiere a fauteuil. She sank would take many thousand years to down on it heavily, weakly, exhausted-traverse. "I don't know the distance ly. Horrer of horrors! It at first suc- nor the time," exclaimed a Scotchman, cumbed a second to her weight, then who was present, "that it would take moved, protested with vigorous ener- you to get to heaven, but I know this, that it will not take you a millionth All faintness banished, Jessica leaped part of the time to go to the other

It is told of an old Baptist parson, famous in Virginia, that he once visited a plantation where the colored ser-"Jessica," cried Jack. He strode vant who met him at the gate asked which barn he would have his horse put in. "Have you two barus?" asked the shadowy morning room. It fell on the Distor. "Yes, sah," replied the the floor a large and ungraceful heap "Where do you usually put the horses of crushed drab silk and bugles, dis- of clergymen who come to see your ordered "front," and grewsome groans. master;" "Well, sah, if dey's Methodist or Baptist we gen'ally puts 'emin de ale barn, but if dey's 'Piscopals we puts 'em in the new one," "Well, "What is it all about?" queried Ned Bob, you can put my horse in the new bewilderedly, helping his aunt to rise. barn; I'm a Baptist, but my horse is

A sea captain and a lawver lived next door to each other. One very in a coal-pile; and any one of you, windy night the lawyer was reading book in his study when a terrific crosh upstairs startled him. Upon investigating, he found that a chimney had hurled itself through his roof, doing considerable damage. He discovered it was the sea captain's chimney Hastening down to his library, he pull-"How dare you? Stand back, strl ed out his law books and hunted up similar cases, devising and scheming how he could secure satisfaction from the detestable captain. While thus en-This true, my dear. He said it. I farewell. Twelve years passed. Neith disgusterry, non-conversation of yesterday that read as follows: Sir. If you keep the chafed as in novelistic traditions. Recall your conversation of yesterday don't return those bricks at once, I will don't return those bricks at once, I will

> After a very "wet" stag dinner party at a frontier post some years ago the subject that came up for discussion was the Mohammedan belief in fate. To the Mussulmans a man's fate is light the lamps. written above, and the time of his

death is set, and nothing can advance long and earnestly. One officer finally ese and said there was no use of discoosing the matter may further; the only way was to make a practical test of the question, and that he would give bimself as a subject. He drew his pistol and showed that it was loaded. He placed the pistol against his temple and pulled the trigger. The pistol missed fire, "A trick," yelled the of crazy boys and supported each other crowd. The fatalist smiled, and recocking the pistol, aimed it with a steady hand at the clock on the wall. through the center of the dial. "Apologize to me now," he said. "I have

A lady was one day approaching the modest home of the Carlyles in Cheyno Walk, says the Bazar. Poor, long-sufforing Jeannie Websh Cartyle, up in the balcony, looked down at her, "Oh, do," she called out, "come la! Mary Ann and I are so tired of watering Carlyle?" The lady entered, and was esorted to the little garden at the back of the house. There-it was a hot day -sat the great man, in a pool of water. For hours the two devoted women had been taking turns in deluging the fingstones around him by means of a large person, which no doubt doubled the come in with dirty feet, and the splenwilling to wash the creature, yet he there was an arrangement made with a local laundress, and she washed bim every week, sending him home in a

The Treatment of Bicycle Lamps If a bright light and a free combustion are to be maintained in a cycle lamp, it becomes necessary at intervals to cleanse the interior of the accumulated lampblack, which will otherwise smoking When signs of foulness appear, remove the reservoir and scrape the top of the hump clear of black deposit. If there has been any leakage of oil, the whole of the lamp may be cleaned by lumersing in warm water, containing a little soap and some soda. nish from the reflector and front glass. fampwicks generally become unfit for use before they are fully consumed, owing to the effects of continued immersion in the oil; and the frequent@hanging of the wick is another secret of insuring a good light. Prepared wicks, sold in boxes of a dozen, should be reservoir should not be completely fill atruggling to get loose.

ed of the oil, when heated will sha 'httly SUPPOSE WE SMILE. lamp before starting on a ride. Turnng up the wick too high is the usual cause of smoking, but an antrimmed "UMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM lek cannot be expected to give good. esults. The smaller the size of the lamp used, the greater the attention ra quired to keep it in efficient order. For ordinary riding purposes a medic slitted lamp of about fourteen ounces in weight is perhaps the most desirable.

ONE OF LINCOLN'S STORIES.

The Man Who Tried to Advertise Gunpowder at Prayer-Meeting,

The following anecdore by Lincoln is recounted by General Horaco Porter in his "Campaigning with Grant" in the Century. It was told during Lincoln's visit to the front at City Point;

In the course of the conversation that evening he spoke of the improvement in arms and ammunition, and of the new powder prepared for the fifteeninch gans. He said he had never seen the latter article, but he understood it differed very much from any other powder that had ever been used. I told blin that I happened to have in my tent a specimen which had been sem to headquarters as a curlosity, and that I would bring it to him. When I returned with a grain of the powder about the size of a walnut, he took it, turned it over in his hand, and after examining it carefully, said: "Well, it's rather larger than the powder we used to buy in my shooting days. It reminds me of what occurred once in a ountry meeting-house in Sangamon County. You see, there were very few sewspapers then, and the country storekeepers had to resort to some other means of advertising their wares. If, for instance, the prencher happened a be late in coming to a prayer meering of an evening, the shopkeepers would often put in the time while the people were waiting by notifying them of any new arrival of an attractive line of goods;

"One gyening a man rose up and said; Brethren, let me take occasion to say, while we're a waitin', that I have jest received a new favice of sportin' powder. The grains are so small you kin sca'cely see 'em with the naked eye, and polished up so fine you kin stand up and comb yer ha'r in front o' one them grains jest like it was a lookn' glass. Hope you'll come down to my store at the crossroads and examine hat powder for yourselves."

"When he had got about this far a rival powder-merchant in the meeting, who had been boiling over with indignation at the amount of advertising the opposition powder was getting, jumped up and cried out; Brethren, I hope you'll not believe a single word Brother Jones has been sayin' about that powder. I've been down that and seen it for myself, and I pledge you my word that the grains is bigger than the lumps brethren, ef you was in your future state, could put a bar'l o' that powder on your shoulder and march square through the sulphurlous flames surroundin' you without the least danger of an explosion," "

The Useful Giraffe.

"Useful?" said the old circus man. Why, in many ways, the giraffe is the most useful of all animals in a circus. The elephant is good; you can have him push or pull heavy loads, or you can book bim up to a go-cart, and have ldm haul a child around the ring to it. This always pleased the people very much, to see the elephant haul a little go-cart around when it would be just as easy for it to haul a house. But that never began to please them so much, for instance, as it did to see the giraffe

"We had a giraffe that was fully eighteen feet high. Humph! The tall-This bellef had been discussed est giraffe I ever saw. We always used to have him light the lamps around the center pole before the even square frame around the pole, held up the office. by a rope running over a pulley. The ordinary way of lighting them was to lower the frame down to the groun-I and light the lamps and then hist ber up. But we always used to have the giraffe light 'em. Just before the show was going to begin, tent full of people. and everybody wondering why it was so kind o' dark, in would come the He fired, and the bullet crashed glraffe's keeper carrying a lighted Journal. torch, and after him the giraffe. They'd walk out into the center of the ring and walk around the center pole and halt, and then the giraffe would bow around to the audience. It was funny enough to see him bow; but when he'd got through bowing he'd bend his head down and take the torch in his teeth and then raise his head up and walk around and reach up and light the lamps on the frame. When he got 'em all lit he'd give the torch back to the keeper, and bow all around again, and then walk off, the keeper following blm with the lighted torch. "Fun? Why! It used to tickle the

people most half to death."-New York

The Language of a Pet Eagle. Mr. W. Le C. Beard writes in St. Nicholas of a pet eagle named Moses, which he caught in the Arizona desert. Mr. Beard said: Moses had a language of his own, which, by the constant understand. It consisted of a series of cries, all harsh and nerve-rasping, but perfectly distinct, each one expressing a different emotion. Thus, rage, entreaty, excitement and pleasure were each easily distinguished by those who knew him well. His one syllable note of greeting was more explosive and perhaps a stade less disagreeable than the rest; and he had also a low, crooning sort of murmur; but this he used only in solliequy, so to us it expressed only the fact that Moses was talking

over things with bimself. The Spider Tree. A traveler, who has recently explored the country about Cape Negro in Africa, tells of a curious plant called the spider tree. It grows on windy plains, its stem attaining a diameter of four feet, although it does not exceed one foot in height. It puts out two leaves, each six or eight feet in length, and these are split by the whiffing of the wind, into a number of stiff, narrow dex, coming aboard he big ocean ribbons, bearing no little resemblance atenmer, "de malu screw of dis float. to the legs of a gigantic spider. This See?" resemblance becomes startling when a strong breeze puts the log-like leaves picking him up and dropping him over and for all widows who marry after the used. A wick will be found to retain into rapid motion, and the negroes shive the stern, "take a look at the propeller." Though? airlly. "That's it! it's too at her in amanement. Quite a bewilch." brain at first and a temporary insanity, its quality for at least a month. The eringly exclaim that the great spider is concerned by the steam.

THE COMIC PAPERS.

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

The Noise. The first arrival-Why, what is that noise, Willie?

Willie-Oh, that's papa and mamma trying to get the family skeleton back futo the closet before the guests ar rive....Truth:

Movements on Foot. Jinks There is a man who has a tumber of movements on foot for makling money

Binks Who is he? Jinks I don't know his name, but he's a dancing teacher.- New York

Advertiser. Still More Preatful, He II must be dreadful when a prefessional singer knows she has lost her

She But it is still more dreadful when she is not aware of the fact. Standard.

Cabbage, "If m?" said the doctor, who had sampled his patient's box of cigars and listened at his chest with his stetho-

scope. "It sounds to me like cubbage heart."-Minneapolis Journal. Authority, "Some men," said Uncle Eben, "kin train er dog fer do anyt'ing dey tells 'im au' at de same time raise de mos'

disobjectionest chillun in de neighberhood," Washington Star. Tried to Tell the Truth. She (after the honeymoon)-You de ceived me. You told me there was

money coming to you. He-Yes, I meant yours.-Boston Transcript.



Erastus Say, Jeems, does you know dat Sam Jinks am great on 'member-

Jeems Dat may be. But when it comes to borrowed money de faculty kinder leabs him;

Helped Him. Mrs. Pancake-I can't see why great big fellow like you should beg. Hungry Hank-Well, mum, I s'pose me size helps to gimme an appetite.-

Interesting to the Clergy. A minister who used to preach in Somerville bad a little boy. A few days before his father left the city to go to his new purish one of his neighbors said to the little boy;

"So your father is going to work in lew Bedford, is he?" The little boy looked up wonderingly. "Oh, no," he said. "Only preach."-Somerville Journal.

The Modern Method. "Has Mr. De Broken proposed to you yet, Beatrice?"

"No, but he has a lawyer looking into papa's financial affairs."-Detroit

Giving Him a Lift, "I thought perhaps you would give ing show. These lamps were on a me a lift, sir," he said, as he entered

"You will find the elevator in the front of the building," replied the bookkeeper.-Judge.

"Is Mand still thinking of joining a religious sisterhood?"

"Gracious, no! Her father bought her a new bicycle."-Indianapolis

Almost a Fatal Blow First Chapple-Aw, I say, old feller, how d'yer get that, aw, blg lump on your forehead?

Second Chapple-Aw, I wun against one of those bwutal toy balloons on 14th street.-New York World.



"It ain't the porftry loss of the prizes I cares about," said Mrs. Gumprodgers, who had failed to score in any event, "it's the invidgeous favoritism o' the 'ole thing!"-Ally Sloper.

Miss Older-Men must be growing more polite. I get seats in street cars much oftener than I did a few years

Miss Cutting-Well, It's a mighty mean man that will let an old lady stand. New York Journal.

"Do you really have a snap as Chumpley's private secretary?"
"Well, I should say so. All I have to do is to keep tom in good excuses for staying out late."-Detroit Free Press.

"I wants let see, " sa I Chimmie Fad-

"All right," said one of the sallors,

On His Guard. Dr. Powder-Ab! How are you to-

day, Mr. Glimp? Glimp-Do you ask as an inquiring friend or as my family physician?-Philadelphia North American.

The Proper Thing. Mr. Blemingham-Are you going to the dog show? Mr. Manchester-Certainly, I always

take bark in the spring. Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Slangy Mamma. "I don't like your slipper, ma." "That's strange. I thought it would hit you just right."-Town Topics.



Chinscraper (as he realizes the magnitude of his task)-I don't do this 'ere job by the piece, guv'nor. I shall have to charge you by the hour. - Exchange,

Delayed, "I have come to tell you the story of

my love." The form of the beautiful girl at his side stirred uneasity. "Not yet, not yet," she said imperious

ly: "I must wait She glanced furtively in the direction of the curtained alcove off the par-

"For my stenographer,"-New York Tribune.

A Good Boy. Father—Well, what has Tommy been

doing to-day? Mother-He cut off a piece of the at's tail, broke three windows, blackened the cook's eye, and built a bonfire in the cellar.

Father-Is that all? Tommy must have been a good boy to-day.-New York Tribune.

Infantile Prag. One little girl-My father belongs to one of the first families.

The other little girl-My paw always sees the first bluebird every spring -Indianapolis Journal.

Fuccess. Soxey-I suppose the reason Primpas is so successful is on account of the

interest he takes in his business. Knoxey-I should say so. On every thing you leave with him he takes 10 per cent. Pittsburg News.

Suited Either Way. "Please, sir, pa sent me over to borrow your dress suit, but if you'd prefer to let him take your wheel he'd just as soon go for a ride."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Future Hopes. Bessle-I did not see you all last summer. I suppose you were very much engaged?

Louise-No, only to about five fellows, but I hope to do better this season.-New York Tribune.

The Man of It. Husband-If you refuse to believe me there is nothing more to be said. Wife-I don't believe a word you

BRY. Husband-Very well, then, let us talk the whole matter over without quarrel ing about it.—Detroit Free Press.

Convenient Contrivance,



Old Baldwin gives his patent fly crusher and perspiration wiper a trial trip.-Lustige Blatter.

Her Upward Flight, Hewitt-I hear your servant left without giving you any notice. Jewett-Yes; she lighted the fire with kerosene.-New York Tribune.

Beginning Farty. Mrs. Goldstein-Ikey, Ikey! Felix has svallered a penny. Mr. Goldstein-Vot a great poy! Alretty he vants to shtart in pecziness as

a penny-in-der-slet machine.—Tid-Bits. Not a Substantial Foundation. "Your son has plenty of sand, don't you think?"

"About enough to build false hopes on."-Truth,

Any Old School. Mrs. Crimsonbeak-Does Dr. Goessy belong to the old school? Mr. Crimsonbeak - Yes; any old

school, I guess.-Yonkers Statesman. In Accordance. "He's a very small man, isn't he?physically, I mean."

"Yes, and not seriously out of proportion, either."-Detroit News.

The "Spirits." In the course of a lecture in Pittsburg lately, M. Paul du Chaillu, the African explorer, told how he once

controlled a race of cannibals on the Dark Continent. He had a number of Waterbury watches, whose ticking completely nonplused the savages and caused them to regard him as a "spirit." He made a practice of leaving one of these watches in the villages where he had stopped. After a while the watch, of course, ran down and stopped, and the cannibals said that the spirits had gone to overtake their master. When Du Chaillu returned to these villages he always got the watch that he had left behind, and unobserved, wound it up again. The natives heard the ticking continued, declared again that the explorer was a "spirit," and did their utmost to please him.

Marriage.

Third marriages are not favored by the Russian Church. It has just issued a decree imposing a religious penance of from three to five years lu length upwan all widows and widowers who attempt majrimony for the third time; age of sixty a rigid penance of two years' duration is prescribed.