ge which included no intoxicants, susly under the influence of tar in the other. m stout. He stepped aboard his or importantly, and then, turnto the mate, who was about to folsaddenly held up his hand for

nate listened. From the fo'c's'le

vell I'm a Dutchman," said the

spected to say something. tter all I said to 'em," said the or with weary dignity. "You said the skipper haughtily. d what I said to 'em, Jack?"

shody could ha' swore louder," tes- Evans, looking at them over her shoulthe mate. g here they are," said the skipper

me. "defying of me." ber've been and gone and asked

sid you'd eat 'em without salt," the other helpfully. do worse than that, Jack," said

supper after a moment's discomand taking them along with

rou ask me," said the mate, "I al say you couldn't please the

Fell, we'll see," said the other, nodsigely; "don't make no noise,

ded by the mate he cast off the s which held his unconscious visto their native town, and the wind off the shore the little schooner ed silently away from the quay. e skipper went to the wheel, and sise of the mate hauling on the rough head out of the fo'the owner of which, after a cry s mate below, sprang up on deck

and by, there!" cried the skipper, others came rushing on deck. ke 'em out." egia' your pardin, sir," said one em, with more politeness in his than he had ever used before.

loked around in bewilderment.

and by," said the skipper.

low, then," shouted the mate, ply, "lively there! Lively with it!" men looked at each other helpand went to their posts, as a m of dismay arose from the fair g below, who, having just begun their position were coming ek to try and improve it. That!" roared the skipper, in pre-

be dreaming." ake us back," walled the damsels, leader.

ing the sarcasm; "take us back,

Ll can't go back," said the skip "You see what comes o' disobedimy gells. Lively there on that s'l d'ye hear?"

e won't do it ngain," cried as the schooner came to the h of the harbor and they smelled ark sea beyond. "Take us back." can't be done," said the skipper,

sagin the lor, sir," said Ephraim solemnly.

first port we touch at-Plyeartrending series of screams the stownways rounded his sen-

sobbing, as the schooner, catchwind, began to move through

ald better get below, my gals," Biddle, who was the eldest memthe crew, consolingly. ly don't you make him take us

said Jenny Evans, the biggest three girls, indignantly. we can't, my dear," said Biddle unity. "You don't want to see us nto prison, do you?"

den't mind," said Miss Evans, illy, "so long as we get back. e, take us back." an't," said Scott, sullenly.

Il you can look out for some ise, then," said Miss Evans, with "You won't marry me. How would you get if you did make pper put back?"

ty likely six months," said Bidmuly. months would soon pass away.

llss Evans, briskly, as she wiped would be a rest," said Miss Willcoaxingly.

men not seeing things in quite same light, the girls announced mention of having nothing more with them, and crowding together bows beneath two or three blanasoled tearfully with each other

r misfortunes. dag at all the circumstances of the Captain thought it best to he wheel in his own hands for a

and dawn found him still at his e dispirited girls put their heads

in their blankets and sniffed disilly. Then, after an animated disthey arose, walked up to the t, and eyed him unfavorably. If he isn't any bigger than a said Miss Williams, savagely. we didn't think of it before, liss Davies, "I s'pose the crew

they," said Miss Evans, scorn-

If they do, we'll serve them the

gazed earnestly at them and took the

"You won't hart old Biddle, I know," He Inspired the Horrid Cruelties he said, trying to speak confidently. "Of course not," said Miss Evans, emphatically.

"Tar doesn't hurt," explained Miss Williams. "It's good for you," said the third lady, posttively. "One-two-

"It's no good," said the mate, as Eph "you'll have to give in." "I'm --- if I will," said the infuriathim, and puckering his face shrewdly

he began to descend.

willing crew, letting the sheets go, hauled them in again on the port side.

"And now, my lads," said the skip-

buck:

What did you say, Captain?"

The Captain was about to repeat it There have been the most serious with great readiness when Miss Evans complaints against Weyler from his Post.

Manitoba's Premier Incornito.

the noonday meal. He saw at his table ty well dressed, and the other, evidently a farmer, about 60 years of age, with a gray, rough beard and well-worn and Ill-fitting clothing. Little attention was paid to the pair, beyond a hasty scrutiny. The citizen and his wife were thinking of taking a trip to a lake in Manitoba, near Crystal City, "Don't you talk rubbish," said the for a few days, and were talking about the trip, inquiring how long the fishing would be good, etc., questions which those who were talking seemed unable to answer. The old farmer spoke up, and, venturing to explain that he lived quite near the lake, told all about the situation there, where to go, at whose house to stop and other needed information. Little else was said, but the impression made on the citizen and wife was not sufficient to cause them the mate, who had just come on the to make very much inquiry, and no one scene, "Take those things away from about the hotel knew who the two men

"I'm not gotn' to raise my hand "Well, he seemed to be a nice old fellow," said the wife, "though I noticed he seemed quite helpless in regard to disposing of his lettuce. Probably his first meal at a hotel."

"Very likely," replied the citizen. The next day the citizen met his

friend, the liveryman, who said: "By the way, did you see Premier Greenway of Manitoba when he was here yesterday? His driver brought ham down here from Crystal City. where he lives, you know, to catch the train for St. Paul and then to Ottawa. as he was in a hurry to go. He said he his command in an instant. thought Greenway was called there to confer with Laurier and fix up the school question. He took dinner at the Columbia, and I didn't know but you might have seen him,"-Boston Tran-

Took His Trunk on His Wheel. expenses for a trip to the shore, an ingenious wheelman pedaled down Walnut street early the other morning on a tandem, the rear seat of which contained an ordinary traveling trunk supported by means of a board fasten- this same course, heaping execrations ed to the seat. Comments and smiles were numerous as the strange-looking of on himself, on whom 90 per cent. of load went about, but the cycler were a satisfied expression, which showed that he was proud of his ingenuity. He got along swimmingly until he reached Second street. In the midst of a and Canovas was the villain on whom gathering of produce teams the daring American denunciation should have rider soled about ten inches of an opening. Giving an extra spurt he attempted to pass through, evidently forgetting he had the trunk in the rear. There | that ever disgraced it. One thing is as was a sudden jolt, a crackling noise, colored language, and all was over. By a miracle the cycler was not burt, but was merely thrown among a lot of splinters which had formerly been a trunk. In a dazed manner he collected a lot of shirts, collars, outing suits and several other essentials to a sporty time, and, strapping them together tied them on the seat again and started for home.-Philadelphia Record.

Europe's Oldest Professor.

Samuel Brassal, the eminent Hungarian professor, has just celebrated the sixtleth anniversary of his advent to scientific honors. He is 97 years old, and is the senior active teacher of learning in Europe. Through his unselfish devotion to the cause of Hungary and the purifying of the Magyar language he has established a firm place in the hearts of his countrymen. Mr. Brassai has contributed a number of scientific inventions to the physical laboratories of his college in Buda-Pesth, among them a chronometer with which he watches the standing of the sun each day and thus regulates the town clocks. He is a great philanthropist. Most of his money has been given to the advancement of sciences throughout his land.

Severn's Advertising Points. Some odds cannot be overcome by the best of ads.

A smart advertiser doesn't write 'smart" ads. It is as easy to spoll a good ad as

s difficult to write one. Genial warmth in the ad will thaw ut the purses of renders. Poor advertising succeeds oftener

than good advertising fails.

Change the ad often and each time et it be a change for the better. Time is economy, but the people who have most time have least money, and hose who have most money have least time; so concentration is neces-

sary in the ad.-Ad Sense. An Atchison man is writing a novel

Practiced in Cuba.

The tragic taking off of Senor Canovas, the Premier of Spain, cannot blur the historical fact that he was the monster who inspired the barburities in Cuba. He was the archfiend behind fae butcher Weyler, and supported him in all his atrocities toward the Cuban raim came hurriedly into the rigging, patriots. The undoubted fact that Canevas acted only in accordance with his training and his conception of patrioted skipper. Then an idea occurred to ism does not change the nature of his conduct nor ameliorate its horrid savagery.

"All right," he said, shortly, as Miss. He was the instigator of the most Evans advanced to meet him. "I'll go awful scheme of wholesale assassination the civilized world has seen for He took the wheel. The schooner years in a civilized land, and the great came around before the wind, and the strength of his character and his domination of his official associates serve to render his cruel nature more conspicuous. There has never been an attempt per, with a benevolent smile, "just to deny that Weyler in his present poclear that mess up off the deck, and sition has been a creature and tool of you may as well pitch them mops over. Canovas. It has even been hinted that board. They'll never be any good the two had some sort of secret business alliance, possibly in connection He spoke carelessly, albeit his voice with a division of spoils. But the bustrembled a little, but his heart sank liness considerations are not material to within him as Miss Evans waved them outside spectators of the Cuban tragedy. The fact that Weyler was the "You stay where you are," she said, agent who executed the decrees of Canimperiously. "We'll throw them over- ovas, his chief, is the fact that stands board-when we've done with them, out with awful plainness from the record of this conflict.

raised her trusty mop. The words died troops, from his officers, from the more away on his lips, and after a hopeless humane Spanish citizens in Havana, glance from his mate to the crew, and from thousands of prominent citizens from the crew to the rigging, he ac- in Madrid, and these complaints have cepted his defeat and in grim silence been of such magnitude that any man took them home again.-Washington less strongly fortified in his position must have been overwhelmed. But Weyler has withstood them all and has About one year ago a respected citi- humanity. There is nothing of inhernot abated by one for his policy of inzen of a small town in North Dakota ent strength in Weyler to justify such walked into the hotel with his wife for successful resistance. He has not been the man of power who has disconcerttwo strangers, one a young man, pret- ed his foes. Canovas alone has been his bulwark and to Canovas alone does he owe immunity from the wrath of his outraged people.

Bue there is a worse phase yet of the situation. Canovas has not only protected Weyler but he has been his sponsor in a way that shows that on Canovas has rested the chief responsibility for the cruelties in Cuba. Canovas has been cognizant of the character of Weyler's campaigns. The whole world has been told with infinite and horrible detail of the butcheries perpetrated by that man. The burning of hospitals, the killing of women and children, the murder of old men, the assassination of non-combatants, the torture of suspects in prison, the assassination of prisoners, the whole entegory of atroclties has been laid bare to the world falthfully and with borrible circumstantial evidence.

These have been the apparent acts of Weyler, but the man who must be held responsible in history is Canovas. Weyler was Canovas' creature and subject entirely to his will. If Canovas had disapproved of Weyler's course, if he had objected to those butcheries, if he had not desired a reign of barbarous methods in the carrying on of the Cuban war, a word from him would have changed it all. He could have compelled a cessation of the crueities in a day, or if Weyler had dared to disobey he could have stripped the butcher of

Canovas has escaped exposure before because the Cuban Junta has feared to tell the truth about him. The Cuban patriots in the United States have not dared place the responsibility where it belonged lest Weyler should be ordered to be more cruel and bloodthirsty. Denunciations have been poured out Evidently determined to lessen his against Weyler, but the real villain was granted temporary immunity in the hope that some political exigency would cause the recall of Weyler and th substitution of a less savage command er. The American press has followed

on Canovas' tool and hangman instead the blame must rightfully rest.

Canovas selected Weyler to do this cruel work because he knew Weyler wa snaturally inhuman and savage. fallen, hot, vitriolic, and sulphuric The Italian anarchist had rid the world of one of the hardest-hearted creatures sured, no subsequent Spanish Premie can escape responsibility for the acts was naturally inhuman and savage of the general in command in Cuba. If atrocities are kept up by Weyler or a successor to Weyler the successor to Canovas will be made to feel the wrath of civilization.

Old-Fashioned Journalism

He was a tenderfoot from Hilnob He was hungry, ragged and dead broke. and was making for Carson Flats with the idea of finding something to do as an editor, reporter or compositor on the American Eagle. It was a scrub weekly, but up to the average and work of some sort was his last hope. He was within a mile of the town, and had sat down on a stone for a rest, when a crowd of about thirty men turned in from the Snake guich trail. They were mostly hard looking cases, and as they came up the leader looked the tender foot over and queried.

"Why don't ye hang yerself?" "Because I've got no rope," was the

"Whar's ye goin'?" "Down to Carson Flat." "What fur?" "To hit a job on the Eagle." "Ar' ye a newspaper man?"

"Then cum along. He followed the crowd down the hill and across the level to the town of tents and shantles, and the first stop was unde in front of the Eagle office. The leader and two of his crowd entered. and pretty soon reappeared with the editor and proprietor, who had a rope around his neck and was somewhat perturbed. There were cries of "Hang him?" from various individuals, but the

"All in reg'lar order, boys. Now Mister man, we don't like yer paper, and we've cum over to give ye a choice. Will ye git or hang?" "What's the matter with my paper!

boss of the gang waved his hand for

silence and said:

demanded the editor. "Will ye git or hang? We hain't no time fur foolin'."

They gave him time to make up a bundle of clothes and started him off up the trall, and then the boss turned STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN to the tenderfoot with:

possession. We may hang ye inside of two weeks, or ye may pull along fur two or three months."

session of the office. The editor was his own compositor and pressman, and there was enough white paper on hand to get out three issues. The entire outfit, press and all, could have been packed on the back of a mule, but in those days the newspaper reader neither looked for quantity nor quality. He got out a fairly decent looking sheet. eash, it was better than mining. The third number had just been issued and the tenderfoot was sticking type for the fourth, when a gang of about fifty men came marching down from Dog Only one man came in. He had a hangman's rope over his left arm and a gun in his right hand, and after a look around he said: "Well, young man, it's time fur ye to

nove on! "What's the row?" was asked.

"Oh, nuthin' in pertickler, but the boys don't like yer paper. Will ye hang or git?"

"Five minits!" The man from Illinois didn't need

three. He had an extra shirt and pair of boots, and picking them up he struck out and down the trall and was seen no nore at Carson Flats.-Denver News.

Forest and Stream contains an account, full of sly humor, of a father and son and their experience with an American rifle of the best and newest make. Target-shooters nowadays have, perhaps, little faith in the marksmanship of the old frontlersmen, and the elder gentleman in question did much, during his visit to his son, to confirm the impression of his own inadequacy.

target rie at thile first opportunity. What improvements they have made since I was a boy. Dear me! Our rifles were very crude affairs in those days." He continued in this strain all the way to the woods, and his son began to feel very sorry for him. It seemed a shame to be enjoying such modern improvements which the older generation had been denied. He tried to be

"Yes," he said, "the finish of our rifles may be finer, but I suppose the old muzzle-loaders would shoot just as straight."

his father, sadly. "Well, you didn't miss often with

"Well, not so scarce as powder, for we could use it over again. When we had powder enough to shoot at a mark, which was seldom, we would always put the mark on a tree, and then chop the bullet out. I guess you youngsters shoot much better than we did, for you have plenty of ammunition to waste in target-shooting. And then you have such fine sights; I shouldn't even know how to use them."

"No! no! you do the shooting. I can't shoot. Why, boy, I haven't fired a rifle since the war. And I never was anything of a shot. Brother Zeke and Abe could beat me any time, and neither of them could shoot like father."

But when the target had been set up, and the son had hit the bull's-eye, the father consented to "try those sights, just to see how they would work." He had construed his son's persuasion as a challenge, and he would not refuse it ven in the face of certain defeat.

He took the rifle, threw his arm well out, and raised the piece, but complain- his farm on account of the mosquitoes ed that he could not see. The younger

set trigger." "Boy," was the stern reply, "I never

used any other kind." A suspicion began to creep over the on that he might have been unneces-

sarily solicitous. "Crack!" The old gentleman had shot

"That's funny," said be. "My sight was touching the mark." He had been holding the aperture as f it were a pin-head, and it was explained to him that the bull's-eye

From that moment he hit the center and kept on hitting it. His work was amazing, but he kept apologizing for it, No he never was counted a good shot Zeke could beat him-so could Abe-

his father was better than any of them and uncle George was a real marks But my! what improvements yo

A Bird that Acts as a Shepherd.

In Venezuela there is a species of crane, called by the natives the yak-amlk, which is easily tamed and trained to look after a flock of sheep or take care of the inmates of a poultry yard. When these are placed in charge of this bird it may be implicitly trusted to takes them to their feeding places in the morning and bring them safely home at night, not forgetting to hunt for and collect the stragglers. The yak-a-mik displays all the traits of haracter usually associated with the faithful shepherd dog. It can be amusing, too, for, while its usual guit is slow and sedate, it can execute the most fantastic waltzes and strike all sorts of absurd attitudes. A German agriculturist, Herr von Seyffert, had one of these cranes which took charge of a herd of heifers, driving them to and from their pastures. It also kept order in the poultry yard, stopping all fight ing and disorder.

cashler has flown."-Philadelphia

"I didn't eat no cucumbers. I'm to be the contortionist in the circus what trolt Free Press.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

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.

Well-Meant Bint.

"I ordered my new bathing suit to day, George." Well, see that there isn't too much

"Too much of my bathing sult?" "No. Too much of you."-Clevland Plain Dealer.

Up to His ! see in Affairs. There goes Meddlum all dressed up wonder if he is in any business now. "Oh, dear, yes." "What is it?"

"Everybody else's."-Exchange.

A Mean Insinuation "Yes, sir, when I played Hamlet in Lynn the house was filled to the doors." "Where were the doors?"-Cleveland ain Dealer.

Casey's Energies.



This shows the admirable energy displayed by Mr. Casey at the bat.



Mary de Land And this is the same Mr. Casey beat ng his wife's carpet.

Hard on Him. "What is the matter with Grumpy

to day? "He told his daughter that when the first grandchild was born he would give her the price of a bieyele. It was twins and she made him put up the price of a tandem."-Detroit Free Press.

Nothing Dannted Him. Aid (charging furiously up) General, the enemy has captured our left wing. What shall we do?

The Commander-Fly with the other. Philadelphia Inquirer. All It Locked. Customer-What a lovely hat! And

yet it seems to lack something. What Free Press.

Fard to Understand. "Mamma, why should landladies ob-

Ject to children?" Mother-I'm sure I don't know, but go and see what the baby is crying about and tell Johnny to stop throw ing things at people in the street and make George and Kate cease fighting and tell Dick if he doesn't stop blowing that tin trumpet I'll take it away

from him.-Trifles, Changed His Mind. "I thought Briskly was going to sell

there?" "He did talk of it, but struck a bet "Be careful, father," said he, "that's ter thing. It's a summer resort now," Detroit Free Press.

Her Hone.

"I fear your wedded happiness will be of short duration." "I hope so," candidly confessed the

oung lady, who was to wed the multinged multi-millionaire.-Indianapolis Journal.



Old Gotrox-I love you, Miss Mabel could die for you. Miss Mabel-How soon

Con'da't Come Down. Seven dollars for a room and breagfast? Great Scott, man, that is awfully steep. And awfully high," said the victim.

"Yes," admitted the summer landlord, "it is so high and steep that I don't see how I can come down."-In-

Powell-But for your birth you would be my equal. Howell-Yes; if I had never been born I suppose I should be a nonenity, too. Demorest's Magazine

"It seems strange that a bank cashler should invent an airship." "Has he?"

"I see here that a prominent bank

North American. The ce He Cut. "This," said the Iceman, "is the time of year when I cut considerable ice." "You," said the kitchen lady, "don't

Explaines. "You saw them drown, did you?"

"O) did. They stood there till th'

"Well, I heard her voice th' last, sor." "I suppose so. You know they say woman always has the last word." "Yis, sor. But the woman were a



Farmer Jason-Yaas, it's an experiment, but I had ter put my college sons an' their wheels ter some work, an' this seemed the easiest. What d'ye think of it?-New York Journal.

"Mr. Courty asked me to marry him last night," she blushingly told her

"Ask me!" echoed the startled parent. "Why, Mary, surely you wouldn't have your dear old mother commit bigamy, would you?"-Tit Bits.

the prisoner. "But," said the captious visitor, "I notice that you, instead of the whisky, are in here.

"And that ain't the worst of it, either. They left the booze outside,"-Indianapolis Journal.

Not Even That.

Uncle John-I hope you are not a deceiver, that you never keep anything from your wife? Dazzle-No; not even my pocketbook

script. They Don't. He (at the hotel table)-I've often wondered how these waiters can remember so many orders at once. I

know now. She (who had often wondered the same thing)-Oh, do you? How can they remember so much?

Good Reason. "So you've lost your cook?" "Yes, she went last week." "What was the trouble?"

Fractical Pride. "My folks have some family plate," "Well," replied the other, "that isn't anything. Our folks have some armor plate and what is more, they are go-

ing to sell it to the government."-Washington Star. Unprofitable, "Why is it that you never build cas-



Diver-I haven't time now to tell you why I haven't that bill. Come on; we'll

Wanted to Be Secure. Bookkeeper-What's all this fuss about? Do you suppose the old man suspects me of any crooked work? Chief Clerk-Oh, no. He isn't to blame for it. Count Skeesiks has made arrangements to marry Miss Araminta and is having experts to go through the books to see that there have been no misrepresentations regarding her father's wealth. That's all."-Cleve-

A Good Recommendation. "I have an aching void the world can never fill," sighed Mr. Percasie, after Miss Munn had rejected him. Mr. Clingstone.-New York World.

The Cut. flowers at the dancing party?" "Including the wallflowers, yes. Truth, magnificent, eternal, often inds its best servant in sordid and soul-

Don't Whine. Don't be whining about not having a

fair chance. Throw a sensible man out of a window and he'll fall on his feet. and ask the nearest way to his work. The more you have to begin with the less you will have in the end. Money you earn yourself is much brighter than any you get out of dead men's bags. A scant breakfast in the morning of life whets the appetite for a feast later in the day. He who has tasted a sour apple will have the more relish for a sweet one. Your present want will make future prosperity all the sweeter. A few cents has set up many a peddler in business, and he has turned it over until he has kept his carringe. As for the place you are cast in, don't find fault with that; you need not be a horse because you were born in a stable. If a bull tossed a man of metal sky-high he would drop down into a good place. A hard-working young man with his wits about him will make money while others will do nothing but

What a fool trick it is for a country dog to follow his master's wagon to town on a hot day when he might have



or, accompanied by his mate. From the forecastle and the galley they asen had provided ashore for a procured two mops and a broom, and he caught his breath sharply as Miss the dignity of the skipper, always Evans came on deck with a pot of ment feature, had developed tre- white paint in one hand and a pot of

"Now, girls!" said Miss Evans, "Put those things down," said the

skipper, in a peremptory voice. "Sha'n't!" said Miss Evans, bluntly; and with mops dripping tar and paint what did I tell you?" he inquired on the deck they marched in military as the mate got quietly style up to the skipper and halted in

front of him, smiling wickedly. The heart of the skipper waxed sore the low gruff voices of men brok- faint within him, and with a wild yell the silvery ripple of women's he summoned his trusty crew to his side.

The crew came on deck slowly, and, with the air of one who felt he easting furtive glances at the scene, pushed Ephraim Biddle to the front. "Take those mops away from 'em,"

"Don't you interfere," said Miss

der. "Else we'll give you some," said Miss Williams bloodthirstily.

"Take those mops away from 'em?" females down the fo'c's'le ag'in. bawled the skipper, instinctively drawknow what I said I'd do, Jack, if ing back as Miss Evans made a pass at him. "I don't see as 'ow we can interfere,

sir," said Biddle with deep respect. "What!" said the astonished skipper. "It would be ag'in' the lor for us to "What's to hinder us easting off interfere with people," said Biddle, turning to his mates; "clear ag'in' the

> skipper anxiously. "Take 'em away from 'em. It's my tar and my paint and-"You shall have it," said Miss Evans

"If we touched 'em," said Biddle im-

reassuringly.

'em, Jack."

pressively, "It'd be an assault at lor. All we can do, sir, is to stand by and see fair play." "Fair play!" cried the skipper, dancing with rage, and, turning hastily to

against a woman for anybody," said the mate with decision. "It's no part of my work to get messed up with tar and paint from lady passengers." "It's part of your work to obey me,

though," said the skipper, raising his

voice. "What are you afraid of?" "Are you going to take us back?" de manded Jenny Evans. "Run away," said the skipper with dignity. "Run away." "I shall ask you three times," said

Miss Evans sternly. "One-are you go-

ing back? Two-are you going back?

In the midst of a breathless silence she drew within striking distance. astonishment; "what! gells while her allies, taking up a position pl. after all I said. It can't be! I on either flank of the enemy, listened attentively to the instruction of their "Be careful he doesn't catch hold of

the mops," said Miss Evans, "but if he

does the others are to hit him over the

head with the handles. Never mind about hurting him." "Take this wheel a minuit Jack." said the skipper, pale but determined. The mate came forward and took it unwillingly, and the skipper, trying hard to conceal his trepidation, walked toward Miss Evans and tried to quell her with his eye. The power of the human eye is notorious, and Miss Evans showed her sense of the danger she sh!" said the skipper; "they're ran by making an energetic attempt to close the skipper's mouth with her mop, causing him to duck with amazing nimbleness. At the same moment another mop loaded with white paint was pushed into the back of his neck. screams which gave way to sus- He turned with a cry of rage, and then realizing the odds against him flung his dignity to the winds and dodged with the agility of a schoolboy. Through the galley and round the

> pursuit, until breathless and exhausted he suddenly sprang on to the side and climbed frantically into the rigging. "Cownrd!" said Miss Evans, shaking

> masts with the avenging mops in mad

her weapon at him. "Come down," cried Miss Williams. 'Come down like a man." "It's no good wasting time over him," said Miss Evans, after another vain appeal to the skipper's manhood. "He's

escaped. Get some some more stuff on The mate, who had been laughling bolsterously, checked himself suddenly and assumed a gravity of demeanor more in accordance with his position. The mops were dipped in solemn silence, and Miss Evans, approaching, re-

garded him significantly. "Now, my dears," said the mate, waving his hand with a deprecating gesture, "don't be silly." "Don't what?" inquired the sensitive Miss Evans, raising her mop.

"You know what I mean," said the

mate hastily. "I can't help myself."

"Well, we're going to help you," said Miss Evans; "turn the ship around." "You obey orders, Jack," cried the skipper from sloft. "It's all very well for you sitting up there in peace and comfort," said the mate indignantly. "I am not going to be tarred to please you. Come down

and take charge of your ship." "Do your duty, Jack," said the skipper, who was polishing his face with a handkerchief. "They won't touch you. They're afraid to. They're afraid to.' "You're egging 'em on," cried the mate wrathfully, "I won't steer; come

and take it yourself." He darted behind the wheel as Miss Evans, who was getting impatient, made a thrust at him, and then, springing out, gained the side and rushed up the rigging after his captain. in which the villain is avenged by his Went off, leaving the skipper a Biddle, who was standing close by, rival marrying the heroins.

CANOVAS.

"Why, I'll git." Then go.

"Now, young feller, step in and take

Ten minutes later he was in full posand as each copy sold for 50 cents, spot Hill and halted in front of the office.

"I'll git, of course. How much time?"

Not a Good Shot.

"Well, well," he said, examining the

encouraging. "I don't know! I don't know!" replied

them?" "No, not often. But we didn't dare to miss. Powder was too scarce." "Lead, too, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, you would! Here, I'll tack is it? this target on a tree, and we'll try a Milline

man grew a little nervous.

into a line three inches below the bull'seye. At his second trial he did the

should be centered in that little hole. an, his humility was perfectly sincere.

man. have made!"

"Wille," shouted the Irate father didn't I warn you not to eat any more

we're goin' to give in the barn."-De cut half as much as you are paid for." -Indianapolis Journal.

water kem over their heads."

"Which one went first?"

oot taller than the mon."-Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Awfut Thought.

"And what did you tell him?" "I told him to ask you."

The Bitter Part. "It was all due to the whisky," said

I'll not deny that I try to; but she is always sure to find it.-Boston Tran-

He (triumphantly)-They don'ti-Detroit Free Press.

"She said my new bonnet made her look a perfect fright."-Pittsburg Post said one small girl in a boastful tone.

tles in the air, Grumpy?" "Because you can't rent the things."



talk about it while I work.-Fliegende

"Hove you tried a dentist?" asked "Did they have a profusion of cut

searing envy.—Detroit Journal.

remained at home in the shade!