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est attention to the girl in a blue ging- the express car. ham dress who stood in the sittle obblasts on the whistle. Every one else bers, in Kane's thought they meant simply. "Wake up, look out!"-for that is what all locomotives say at every crossingbut the girl in the gingham dress heard "Helio, Polly," and darted out on the platform and waved her handkerchief. As the great train thundered nearer a hand was thrust from the engineer's window, and, although it was usually dark, she could see the flutter of something white, and oftentimes as the engine darted past the station she heard the blurred sound of a voice and caught the glimpse of a grimy face and a blue jean jacket. And then she went back to ber place in the little station with a sigh of deep contentment.

For it was a moment of great joy to Polly Marshall when her father's engine went through. Polly was the station agent at Kane Creek-any one could have told that a woman presided in the little depot, for was there not niways a bouquet in the window and dainty pictures surrounding the grimy time tables on the walls, and a kitten eurling upon the doorstep? At 17 Polly had gone in as assistant to learn telegraphy and when Clark, the agent was called to Mercer the company had left the independent girl in charge. She and her father lived in one of the wooden houses a stone's throw back from the depot, and since Polly's mother died they had been everything to each other. Engineer Marshall was a big, silent man, and his companions, some of

them, thought him gruff and ill tempered, but to Polly he was always tender as a kitten. Often when she was a little girl he took her down with him to Mercer on his engine, and while she sat on his black leather sent at the cab window, clinging on with both hands be explained to her how the big black creature under them was started and stopped, what this brass crank was for, and how, when the engine squeaked here or squealed there, a little oil was needed in this cup or in that crevice. levers and the throttle, although it was looked up the track. very beavy work for a girl to do.

Polly Marshall had need of all her engineer's side of the cab, threw back knowledge of engines. She was sitting the reverse lever and opened the throtat her desk in the little observation the steadily. The big steel wheels bewindox, a shaded light throwing its gan to turn, very slowly at first. Farrays cown on her telegraph instru- ther and farther the throttle opened Suddenly she was startled by the sudden call of her number. Instantly her fast enough to suit Polly, who was now fingers sought the keys, and she gave glancing fearfully over her shoulder, the answer that signified that she was

that the night express, of which her above Polly's head. went back and called up Mercer.

"Can you get Pinckney?" she asked. leriously interrupted. She knew the operator at Pinckney well-every night he told her of the approach of her father's train, and whether or not it left his station on time.

"Plackney quiet; can't get answer," was the report of the wires, "What's the trouble?"

Polly answered as well as she could. Her father's train was now due. It should be whistling cheerily at the lower bend. Polly stepped out on the platthere was the familiar headlight-she would have known it among a hundred. Then came the whistle, "Hello, Polly." and Polly ran back into her office much relieved and sat down to warn Mercer. At that instant she heard a peculiar cracking sound that sent her heart quivering deep in her bosom. Then there was the shrill scream of the locomotive whistle, suddenly interrupted. as if the hand that had drawn the lever had been struck from its place. Polly knew it was a cry of distress. It seemod to say, "Help," in a long, tremulous wail. Instantly Polly darted outside press should have thundered past the help to the beleaguered train. station, but she could see its headlight

train had stopped. on through the gloom. When she was almost within range of the big head- carried them down to the train, cheerlight she saw a half dozen armed men ing all the way.

ANE CREEK was a railroad swarming around the engine, she heard crossing on the S. & C. C. Rail- flerce oaths, and then the engine start- and that any other girl would have road, about two miles from the ed up again. She saw in an instant grision terminal at Mercer. It was in that it had been cut free from the train. ces-which no one believed, of course. the midst of a scrubby pine forest, with In the cab window, where her father the midst to a crooking out from the usually stood, there was a big, unfamily ress on one side and into the trees on lar figure managing the lever and throtthe other. There were only two or the Terrified, Polly sprung to one side

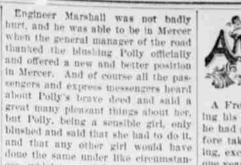
three houses, a little general store with | into a clump of bushes. As the locomoand a school house, all arranged in a she saw that the man in the cab wore ord. graggly row along the railroad track. a black mask on his face, and then she A dozen trains whiried through Kane knew what had happened. She under-A dezen trains any with only a shriek of stood why Pinckney had tried to warn greeting and a whipping wake of fine her and failed. Robbers had held up and Only two of them paid the slight the train and were preparing to rob

For a moment Polly was torn with erration window. One of them was doubt and terror. Had they shot her the way freight which stopped at father? She knew that he never would Kane's every time it came along while submit to have his train captured withthe conductor handed the girl a bundle out a struggle. Should she go to him? of yellow papers and received another Then she remembered her station and me it in return. The other was the the telegraph, and without a moment's night express, westward bound from delay she was flying down the track st Paul, and running at forty miles an toward the depot. She would send for hour. It was a splendid train-ten cars, help to Mercer. But squarely in front with the finest engine on the road, big of the little depot the locomotive stop-No. 606. As its glaring eye flashed ped and the black-masked man sprung gound the bend in the direction of from the cab window and darted Mercer the girl in the gingham dress across the platform. Hardly thinking aften thought of the great train as a what she was doing. Polly ran up on powerful and feroclous beast snorting the other side, the fireman's side of the and rearing westward on a race with engine, and, raising herself up, peered the sun. It was a beast, but it was into the cab. She had half expected well trained, and she knew the hand to see her father's dead body lying that trained it. When the train was a on the floor, for she had heard much mile away there were always two about the terrible doings of train rob-

> Through the cab window she could see the robber sitting at her own little desk in the depot sending a message. alarm. The robber had pushed up his

mask and she saw him plainly. What should she do? She dared not enter the office, and she, a mere girl, could be of no service where the robbers were making their attack on the train. If only she had the little revolver that lay in the drawer of her deskshe would do with it.

At that moment three shots rang out, stand."



Later, when the robbers were captured. Polly was able to identify one of them positively-the one who had run the engine-and through him the three houses, a time party was convicted and sentences porch like the visor of a military cap, tive passed her on its way up the track ed to the penitentiary.—Chicago Recentire party was convicted and sentenc-

CLEVER ADVERTISERS IN PARIS. Even Quick-Witted Americans Might

Re Given Pointers. The recently notorious Barrison sisters first came into notice as an advertisement of a play, "The Fairy's Well," run by Owen Ferree in New York, and while hardly more than babes were seen every day riding in an Irish Januting car through the streets of New York. That was ten years ago. All these methods are common enough in the States, and much more frequently used than such of the public as is not familiar with the business section of the city knows. Now hear how it is

done in France:

"To-day," writes a Parts correspondent, "on the boulevards I came across a wedding party, which, to my astonishment, drove up in a spleudidly appointed equipage and alighted in front of a fashionable restaurant. The men were in evening dress. The bride had on her orange blossoms and vell; a pretty bride she was too. Everything about the party was au fait. They took their seats on the terasse and, of course, a crowd at once began to gather near It flashed over her all at once that he them, for while bridal parties are not was wiring Mercer that the express an uncommon sight in Paris, still, as a was delayed, thus preventing any rule, the blushing bride hides herself discreetly in some far-off, obscure restaurant, rather than flaur, berself in the face and eyes of the boulevards. Sipping their absinthe, the party chatted and laughed and the gaping people about them drank in every word. They talked in unconscious audibleness, and every word they said was simply a she set her teeth as she thought what glorification of the Montmartre cafe. That done they passed on to their next



"HE STOPPED AND FIRED, THE BULLET RIPPING THROUGH THE CAB."

Now was her chance. Hardly think-It was one night late in the fall that ing what she did. Polly sprung to the wheels, and yet they did not go half

Suddenly the depot door was thrown open and she saw the robber darting up "Look out for - " clicked the sound- the track. He had his pistol in his er, and then it suddenly ceased, and try hand. He was pointing it at her and as she would Polly could get no further shouting for her to stop. But the encommunication with the station next to gine was now going at good speed, and, the eastward. What could the trouble run as he would, the robber could not be? What was she to look out for? eatch it. But he stopped and fired, the Polly sprung to her feet, remembering bullet ripping through the cab cover

father was engineer, was the next train | The engine was now tearing down the due. Could anything be the matter? track at full speed. Polly knew that it She ran out on the dark platform to see must be fired or it would not go far, that her lights were all in place and and so, leaving the throttle open, she that the switches were properly set, sprung to the coal pit, flung open the so that the express would slip past the fire hole, and with the heavy shovel in station without an accident. Then she her small white hands threw in load after load of coal. When she returned to her place she could see the first sig-Pinckney was the station which had nal light of Mercer already blinking sent her the warning dispatch so mys- into view. She pulled down on the whistle cord and the engine shricked its

distress. Five minutes later Polly strained at the heavy reverse lever, turned hard on the air brake and brought the great iron horse to a sudden standstill. How she ever managed to stammer the story she never knew, but in a few minutes the engine was hended back with half a dozen armed men aboard of her. Behind them came another load of men on a switch engine and two men were racform and peered up the track. Yes, ing up the street of Mercer calling the alarm.

They heard firing before they reached Kane Creek, but it ceased soon afterward. The robbers had gone. They had taken with them much plunder from the passengers, but they had not been able to get into the express safe, although they were at work drilling it open when relief came.

From the time that the engine stopped Polly was missing. When the rescued and excited passengers and express messengers began to crowd around and inquire the Mercer men remembered her. A party of them went and flew up the track. Already the ex- out to find the girl who had brought

In a little clump of bushes they heard a hundred yards or more away. The a man monning, and an instant later they saw Polly kneeling in the sand. With a hundred terrifying questions with her father's head in her hap, cryflashing through her mind, Polty ran ing bitterly. And they gathered up the brave engineer and his daughter and

And Polly had learned to know an enclear and distinct, from the detached Yet even that has not yet discounted gine as well as she knew the neat little 'train. The man at the telegraph instru- the manner in which Yvette Guilbert pattry in the house at home. Indeed, ment sprung to his feet and can to a was advertised last year. At that time, she had more than once managed the side window in the waiting room and during the racing season, long light overcoats became the fashion in France those startling affairs that reached to the heels, and only became slight and clegant figures, although in Paris at that time almost every smart man who could wore one. Never more than half a dozen ever came to Boston. At that time one constantly met on the streets ments and the sounder clicking sleepily, and faster and faster turned the in Paris a dozen well-dressed men wearing these coats. They were silk buts and patent leathers, and had field glasses swung over their shoulders. They looked so clean, so happy, so altogether attractive and correct that everyone stared at them-and envied them-until the leader shouted out "Yvette Guilbert," and the rest of the crowd responded "To-night-9 o'clockat La Scala." The snap being given away, the crowd marched on, laughing and jesting, to attract another hearing. and like Frenchmen they played the part well. It seems to me that after that it may well be claimed that the French want no lessons from us. Boston Herald.

> Feed for Farm Horses. Equal parts of old oats and shelled corn, mixed with a little bran, and made slightly moist, is a strong, healthy feed. Idle horses may be given two quarts at a feed, and then turned to pasture. Horses at hard work should be fed four quarts at a feed. Feed out hay. If new lay is fed, salt it. New onts should not be fed too early. Let

> them dry out a few weeks first. Horses should be salted twice a week giving a tablespoonful at a time, Currythe horses morning and night, and wash the shoulders off with cold water when they come in from work, and rub dry. If the skin is rubbed off by the collar, rub on a little rock oil, and then dust with air slacked lime. This will harden the skin, and, if the collar fits properly, there will be no sore shoulders. The collars should be cleaned off every morning before being put on the

Over Half a Million for a Book, The highest price ever offered for a single volume was tendered by a number of wealthy Hebrew merchants of Venice to Pope Julius II, for a very ancient Hebrew bible. It was believed to be an original copy of the Septuagent version of the scriptures, translated from the Hebrew Into Greek in 277 B. C. The sum mentioned to Julius was \$600,000, but the Pope declined the

The Fides. Reporter-There are two sides to the

story, of course." Editor (in a burry)- "The end is more important than the other side."-Detroit Journal.



A Frenchman was convicted of killing his mother-in-law. When asked if he had anything to say for himself before taking sentence, he said: "Nothing, excepting I lived with her twentyone years and never did it before."

A man in South Africa left his property to be equally divided between two sons. Not being able to agree, they decided to let President Kruger arbitrate. He said to the elder: "You are the answer. "So you shall divide the mensely. "You are the younger," conshall have the first choice."

seriously mentioned: "Moreover, I real-

Upon one occasion, after Peter Browning had won the batting championship of the American Association. the cranks of Louisville made up a purse and purchased a fine gold watch. A citizen was delegated to present the certain game, the citizen stepped forpeople of Louisville, in recognition of ship." Pete took the watch out of its case, turned it over in his wrinkled hand, and then, turning to the donor, he said: "Where's the chain?"

James Payn tells of an English lawyer who went into the country to the funeral of a client, very rich, but not respected. He had no relatives and no friends, but there were a great many mourning coaches. It was winter, and the burial-place was five miles away. The lawyer was in the last coach with the doctor, a young man like himself. our having a cigar?" Of course it was to a tree by the wayside. On it was wrong and very unprofessional, but stenciled an advertisement of a "barthey both lit up. It was a great relief. gain store" at the nearest settlement, Presently, however, the whole line- and the visitor was especially struck about five-and-twenty carriages-came with one of the items: "Two Pair of to a dead stop. The undertaker and Sox for 10 cts." On reaching the vilone of his men ran wildly to the smok- lage he made for the store, which provers' window. "Gentlemen, your car- ed to be a frame building "fully as riage is on fire?" It cost them a couple of sovereigns, but they escaped detec-

When Poole, the English tailor, was to walk upon the pier. A young man Poole coming: "Now, you wouldn't of life about the establishment. take that good-looking man for a tailor, but he is. Just listen while I take him doesn't fit." As he spoke, Poole approached and politely acknowledged if you want me, holler." the salutation of his customer, who, walking up to him, said: "Here, Poole, now do take a look at me. Does this coat fit?" Poole took in the situation. "It certainly does not fit," said he, and pulling out a bit of French chalk, he proceeded liberally to mark and cross the coat of his would-be queller all over, and then observed, with the utmost urbanity: "Now, if you will kindly send that coat to my shop, the alter-

ations shall be attended to." In 1829, when the Russians had taken Varna, nobody would venture to brenk the news to Mahmoud. The Vigler Khosrew was to have undertaken this duty. On entering the presence of the Sultan, he detected signs of a gathering storm, and therefore confined his remarks to trivial subjects, and took his leave. On coming away he met Ab dullah Effendi, physician in ordinary to the court, who inquired in what mood he had left his Majesty. "I am thankful to say," Khosrew promptly replied, "he has taken it better than I expected." As soon as the doctor entered the audience, he said with an air and in a tone of sympathy: "Sire, the Almighty does all things well, and we shall have to submit." "What do you mean? Explain yourself," exclaimed the Sultan. "It was written-"Speak, I tell you!" shouted Mahmoud. Sire, notwithstanding the unbelievers have taken Varna-" "Varna taken!" howled the Sultan, and with a kick he sent Abdullah spinning on the ground. The Vixler, listening outside, chuckled over the success of his ruse.

Ancient Jewelry. Among the richest of recent archneo ogical discoveries are those afforded at Dashur on the Nile, the most southtombs surrounding them. The explorers found that the tombs had long ago been plundered of most of the gold and jewels buried with the royal personages for whom they were constructed. Fortunately, however, some of these precious relics had escaped the plunderers, being carefully concealed in the tombs of some princesses situated on the north side of one of the pyramids. Here were unearthed three splendid breast ornaments, beautifully worked in gold, set with cornellan, lapis lazuli and turquoise, and covered with human figures and the curious insignia em-

ployed by the ancient Egyptians. Nothing, perhaps, gives a greater in terest to these specimens of jewelry than the fact that they are far more beautiful and artistic in their workmanship than similar objects made by the Egyptians at a much later time. years old, these Dashur jewels are set and finished in a manner that excites the admiration of our nineteenth cen-

tury experts. Not less wonderful as a specimen of your feet with it for a trifile," the artistic skill of the men who constructed the pyramids is a statue repreenting the king, Ra-Fou-Ab, at the age of about 16 years, which was found | Austin loose on the Sultan's trail In him from equaling any real damage. in a chamber near the carcophagus con- other words, meet atrocity with atro | He's the man who rocks the boat." taining his mummified body. The stat- city.-Kansas City Journal.

the is carved out of a hard, almost black SUPPOSE WE SMILE. every muscle being carefully wrought, so that anatomical experts have pro-

sentation of the human figure. It is believed that many other not less interesting discoveries remain to be made among the tombs of Dushur.

Every one knows the famous tale of the princess who could not sleep because under her many mattresses a pea was lodged. In reality the ancient royalties were just as fussy to judge from the strange rules of etiquette which surrounded the most trivial objects. They could never appear in pubthe elder, are you not?" "Yes," was lie without ceremonies of all kinds, and ceremonies were used in the baking of property." This pleased the elder im ples and in the making of beds. The following is a true account of the way finued Kruger to the other, 'so you his majesty, Henry VII, of England, had his royal bed made. It is taken The story is told of a certain popular from an old manuscript, and it is cerclergyman who asked his church one tainly amusing: "The curtains must summer to grant him a longer vacation | be drawn and a gentleman usher must than usual stating various reasons, and | hold the curtains together; then must finally ending with the apologetic one, two squires of the body stand at the bed's feet, and all the stuff laid safe at ly need a prolonged rest." A dignified the bed's feet on a carpet till the conelder, who hid a vein of humor beneath tents of the pailhasse were remade. an austere expression, quickly respond. Then a yeoman to leap upon the bed town ed: "That's so, doctor, and, let me tell and roll him up and down, and array you, we need the rest just as much as the litter; then to lay down the canvas again, then the feather bed, and bent it well, and make it even and smooth Then take the fustian (under blanket), and cast it upon the bed without any wrinkles, and the sheet in the same wise," The sheet is now stroked smooth, tucked under the feather bed time-piece to Browning, and, when Pele and over it is laid "t'other stuff," that came to the but in the first liming of a is to say, the upper sheet, blankets and fustian, and the covering of martin's ward and salo: "Mr. Browning, the fur and ermine. A sheet of Rennes was laid on the spot destined for the our great batting this year, wish me pillows, and a large rug of ermine was to present you with this watch, which placed over the bed, and the bed clothes will always remind you of their friend- were brought up to the edge of the pillow and neatly turned down. Finally Stances at least. Puck, "a yeoman was required to beat the pillows and throw them up to the squires to lay them on the bed head, as pleased the king's grace." No wonder that squires, gentlemen and yeoman retired after these efforts, and as the chronicler assures us, had a good drink.—Toronto Mail.

A North Carolina Bargain. The conditions of life are still primitive in the more out of the way parts of Western North Carolina. A visitor there The whole proceeding was tedious and was lately roaming about the woods. disagreeable. "Do you think," said the according to a writer in the New York doctor, "there would be any harm in Sun, when he came to a board nailed

large as a freight caboose. It stood on the edge of a big lot, the remaining area being occupied by a vineyard and strawberry-beds and as they came out, solved the pigs in an old man be was at Brighton on a blackberry-patches. A strong fence sur- clover, the fifteen puzzle and everyvacation, and one afternoon went out rounded it. Facing the front of the thing else, store was a gate heavily barred against was also on the pier with a couple of all comers. The door of the store was ter the tariff schedule."-Detroit Free ladies, to whom he said, as he saw evidently locked, and there was no sign. Press.

The would be customer was making up his mind that here was a case where down a notch or two. I'll tell him my advertising had not paid, when he saw cont, which I have just had from him, a placard on the door which gave notice Acting on this advice, th searcher aft-

er five-cent socks "bollered." Presently a man appeared from somewhere be hind the store. "Do you want to git in?" he asked.

Being told that such was the visitor's wish, the man came forward, unbarred the gate, unlocked the door, and let his customer in.

"I'm workin' up my garden," said he, and don't want folks foolin' round unless they want to git in for bargains." The "sox" were worth the money.

Choosing a Chair.

Minister to Morocco, he had some diffi culty in his dealings with the uzir, Sid Mokhta, who was a very arbitrary and ignorant potentate. He was one whom was necessary to browbeat in the beginning, lest be should himself begin the process. Visits of etiquette were exchanged between uzir and minister. and then a business interview was an pointed to take place in a kubba, or pavilion, in the garden of his palace.

Sir John arrived ten minutes before the appointed hour. He was told that the Moor had not yet arrived from the court, and so betook himself to the pavilion to wait. Two chairs were in read iness, one very gorgeous and beautiful, covered with rich damask, and the other a common, rush bottomed, wooden one, evidently intended for the British

When Sir John heard the shuffling stens of the uzir approaching he quietly took possession of the better chair, saving in a loud tone, for the uzir's benefit: What have you done? You must be very ignorant in matters of ceremonial forms to have placed such a shabby by the opening of two brick pyramids | chair for your master by the side of this handsome chair which you have preerly of the great chain of Memphian pared for me. Take it away," pointing pyramids, and of some of the ancient to the other chair, "and bring a proper eat for your master!"

By this time the uzir, who had heard very word, had arrived at the pavillon. He gave a somewhat hysterical laugh. "The bushador is right," said he, "Go and fetch another chair."

Then Sir John rose and saluted the uzir, saying, "We will converse standing until the other chair is brought."

Shoes Made of Paste.

"For years," said a Maine manufacurer, "shoes of a cheap grade have been made of what is known as leatherboard. It is a compressed paste. There is a factory in my State which turns out tons of it every month. Many of these shoes are sent to Central and South America, and, as a matter of fact, thousands are sold here.

"As long as the weather is dry they wear first-rate, but when you strike a Although they are not less than 5,000 rain you're gone almost surely. Two wettings and you want to look out. When you invest in your summer shoes be sure they are what you want. Leather is expensive, and you can't cover

> To Get Even with Him. It might be well to turn Laureate

nounced it a remarkably correct repre- humorous Paragraphs from THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Suyings that Are Cheer-How Henry VIL's Bed Was Made. ful to Old or Young Funny Felections that Everybody Will Enloy.

> Would Receive Attention. Do you think he expects his sensa tional prayer to be answer: 1.

"Sure. There were a dozen reporters in the audience and that means that at least three papers will answer him editorially."-Truth

A Walking Gentleman. "Doesn't it make you sad to see the leaves begin to turn, Mr. Forrest Booth? "No, madam, I cannot truthfully say

that it does. I haven't time to regard the phenomenon. I'm kept too busy watching the ties."-Cleveland Plain-

A Running Arcount. "How long since Brokely settled down here?" asked the stranger in

"I dont' know exactly," answered the grover, "but I know it's nigh onto twenty years since he settled up with -Detroit Free Press. An Optimist.

Tm going to Klondike, and-"

"Suppose you don't find any gold?"

"Well, in that case, I'll just keep on till I find the North Pole and be fa-

mous if I can't be rich."-Indianapolis Attributes. "Poor motherless girl" he exclaimed,

and turned sadly away.

What he wanted was a motherless girl who should be in moderate circum



Billie-Say, Sally, how did yer moth er cure you ' fallin' out o' bed? Sally-She made me sleep on the

"What is it that worries Gritly's mind so? He worked new problems as fast

"He's just about crazy trying to mas-

Bennze Cast no. "What a liar Wickwire is. He says that they taught bronze casting at

school when he was a boy." "Hy is not a har. I learned to pitch pennies at school myself."-Indianapolis Journal.

"What has caused Ganderson to change so lately? He used to be one of the stendiest men I ever knew. Now never goes home before midnight." Yes, poor fellow! His wife has made a lot of root beer, and he's afraid to

remain in the house,"-Cleveland Leader. Mutual Benefit.

"Did your husband's wheel trip do him good?" "Yes, and it did me good, too,

didn't have to help him clean his wheel When Sir John Drummond Hay was for three weeks,"-Detroit Free Press,

"I'm afraid Kitty isn't having a very good time at the seashore." "Why?"

"She writes home every day,"-Chieago Record.

Practical.

"What nonsense it is?" remarked the sentimental girl, "to take dalsies and by plucking off the petals try to learn whether or not a man loves you." "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne; "it is very silly. A much better method is to

take the roses he sends you around to

the florist's and find out how much they

cost,"-Washington Star.

A Natural Thought.

"Reg'lar nonsance I calls them 'ere bleyelers. Only las' week a young woman runs plump into me, an' wot did she say? 'Hexcuse me?' No! What did she say? Why she ses, "Thank 'evin you're a noomatic!"-London Sketch.

At Outs. I know a maiden fair to see; I think she knows me and my zeal, For when I call she's out to me And out with others on her wheel.

Foiling the Foo'-Killer. "Who is that man who laughs eestatically every time a wave causes the ship to lean to one side?" asked the passenger on an excursion steamer. "He thinks he's doing it," replied the Cantain. "We bring him along to keep

Washington Star.

Incontrovertible. Mother-The General has asked for

Daughter-But, mother, he's too old

Mother-He's only 55, and how can he be older for you than for the rest of

the world?-Meggendorfer Blatter. A famn'e of What He Must Endure. "Miss Emma, I love-

"Stop! Refore you offer yourself for

the piano,"-Meggendorfer Blatter. New Remedy.

good and all, wait till you hear me play



Bill-I've got kleptomania. Sykes-What does ver take for it? Bill-Everything I kin lay me hands

Fewell's Mistake. Helen-When Sewell and I are married. I'm to have my own way in everything.

Grace Guess you won't. Helen-Indeed I will! That's the bargain. Don't you remember I told you he proposed to me in a rowboat, and asked if I'd float through life with him Just that way?

Grace-Yes. Helen-Well, he was rowing, but I was steering Truth.

Ambitious,

Rev. Dr. Saintly-What a diligent ittle man you are with your studies! Willy-Yes, sir; I am trying to learn how to read, so I can tell the names of the horses that win.-Puck.

Must Have Been Another. He So you are the girl of his choice. are you?

She-Not at all. He is the man of my choice. He-Then who was the girl of his choice? Up-to-Date.

Prowback o Wealth, Weary Watkins-If I had a million tollars Hungry Higgins-You'd be miserable list think of havin' to stop drinkin

Indianapolis Journal. Changed Standpoint, "Prosperity is a good deal like fallng in love."

while you had money to buy more,-

What is the resemblance?" "Many men won't believe it until they have had personal experience."-Detroit Free Press.

Two to a Handsome. She-I wonder why they are called

He Because they hold the fair, of ourse-Pick-Me-Up.

Rev. Fiddle, D. D .- Ain't you ashamed to be seen smoking that vile weed?

Boney Kld-Aw, go on! You see, I can't afford ter smoke good uns.

Brawing the Line.

"No," said the young woman with the standing collar and the lawn tle, "I cannot follow the dictates of my heart. I cannot marry blm."

"Why not?" inquired her confidante. "The difference in our positions is too great." "Love should be capable of any sacri-

flee." "I suppose so. But I cannot forget that my position pays me \$25 a week while he gets only \$12."-Washington

Star. No Faith in Anything. 'Hopkins is a confirmed sceptic."

as that so?" "Yes. I've seen him even wear a linen duster on a boat excursion."-Chicago Record.

They Will Gather None. "The Klondike region is covered with "Great place for rolling stones."-

Cleveland Plain Dealer. An Opening First summer boarder-Pity there

isn't a restaurant here. Second summer boarder-Why, this village is too small to support a restau-

First summer boarder-Oh, I don't know. I think the boarders would patronize it between meals,-Puck.

Can See Your Optical Blood Vessel. Behind the eye what is called the 'retina" is lined with branching blood vessels, and a curious but perfectly simple experiment will enable you to see these. Place yourself in a dark room opposite a dark-colored wall; then light a candle, and, holding it in your hand, shove it up and down be fore your eyes, all the time looking, not at the candle, but the wall beyond. After a little practice you will see appear on the wall a great branching figure in black on a reddish surface. What you are looking at is the shadow of these blood vessels at the back of your eyes. Perhaps the most curious part of the whole thing is that the part of the eye which receives the impression of light must lie behind these

Thick Spider Webs in Japan. In the forests of Java a species of spider has ben discovered which produces webs of such extraordingry

Gospel via Living Pictures. One of the latest schemes of Gen. Booth is to have a big exhibition of living pictures in London, to consist of converts from every nation.

strength that a knife is required to sever them.

blood vessels.