When that volunteer shot Blanco low in the leg, he may have thought his heart was in his boots.

The "worst town on earth" has been discovered in Italy, in which 2 per cent. of the deaths are murders.

All's fair in love and war. If a ship's man of war have a stout armor round her waist?

That new Spanish explosive is called toxpyre, and about the only thing it can't shatter is general incredulity con-A fellow who shot off his thumb to

escape going to war has turned up. The usual number continue to merely shoot off their mouths.

some ways. It didn't strike twice in the same spot; chiefly for the reason that the spot wasn't there. The cable informs us that "Bjorne

Bjornson, Bjornstjerne Bjornson's son, has been appointed director of a new theater at Christiania." Good The first troops were landed in Cuba to band music which announced that

Town To-night." That bandmaster evidently grasped the situation. A Chicago woman has patented a hairbrush that carries with it a strong electric shock. Was it necessary thus to accentuate the terrors which this

"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old

for the youthful evil doer? other day. Twelve knots an hour may

This is a talkative age, and we are a talkative people; but we get many reminders that quality outranks quantity. Ten men speak volubly in adwho knows more about the matter than all the ten, utters a few reasonthe meeting with him. Fair-minded judges say, "The others had the weight of the discussion, but he had the weight of the argument." Moral: Be master of the subject, and you will be master of the audlence.

"After-care" is a phrase which came into use at the last International Conference of Charities. It was used to due attention a class of persons disfor the insane, but whose mental likely to find this phrase "after-care" very convenient as well as suggestive.

Nobody will wonder at the bitterness gents after reading the report made by methods of taxation in the Philippines, Secretary Gage, at President McKinley's request, has drawn up a tentative plan of taxation under American methods, and he calculates that under a just system the Philippines will pay an annual revenue of \$3,000,000. Place this side by side with the fact that Spain has wrung an annual revenue of \$20,-000,000 from these Islands, and there is no longer any cause to wonder at the flerceness of the present revolt. The wonder is, rather, that the natives did not rise up long ago en masse. The Spaniards have maintained one tax collector for every forty inhabitants. A poll tax of from \$3 to \$25 on every man, and from \$2.50 to \$14 on every woman, was assessed annually. Then everything inside and outside their huts was taxed. A man was taxed for permission to plant his crops, and he was taxed for the privilege of picking even the cocoanuts from the trees in his door-

Feminine fashion as an effective element in warfare is one of the unique issues that have come to the front in these history-making days. The women of Washington, it seems, have resolved themselves into a patrotic league for the purpose of inducing their fair fashionable friends all over the country not to buy French millinery. This bellicose boycott of the much-adored Parisian bonnet is intended as international retaliation, inasmuch as France assumed a friendly attitude toward Spain in the present unpleasantness. It will mean, say these self-sacrificing sisters, an annual loss of \$50,000,000 to French importers. But they-the women-love their country more than the coveted pieces of headgear, and so this old undertaking of the fair patriots progresses with a long list of prestiged patronesses in the national capital. No matter how this return charge of the fair 400 may end, this is not the first | der the friendly shade of a neighboring time feminine headgear has played a palm. part in history. Not only the big hat has been a vexation to the modern theater goer and the juspirer of new municipal laws for its suppression, but as far back as 500 years ago it was a constant worry to the mandate-making sterner. sex. One conspicuous instance is the royal decree of Louis XI., who excluded the monstrous hat of fair faddists from both church and court. Woman's headgear is, without doubt, a powerful piece of human ingenuity, and this neoteric movement, as an interesting dem onstration of the relative influence of the bonnet and the bullet, may commend itself to the liberty-loving ladies

It is now about five years since Lord Rowton, who was once Lord Beaconsfield's private secretary, undertook to demonstrate that judicious philanthropy "paya." He did it by opening tree.—Brooklyn Times.

Rowton House, a great hotel for the London homeless, in which a man can lodge at the cost of sixpence a day. Handsomely equipped and generously managed, the house returned 5 per cent, on the capital invested. The resuit warranted other houses. The third was opened a few weeks ago, and two more are building. In New York the same plan has been successfully applied of late by Mr. D. Ogden Mills. The Rowton Houses offer home com-forts and something like club luxuries to the poor man who has known nothing better than the cheap lodging house and the saloon. His sleeping-room is all his own; he has a right to the kitchen. the bath-room and the library; he can smoke and talk, write or read. The of the female gender why shouldn't a price he pays is within his means, but the fact that he does pay preserves him from the feeling of pauperism. He is proud that he has a home in the house. We quote the London, rather than the New York, experience, for the reason that the Rowton Houses have had time to establish a record. Results show that the roughest men grew tame in decorous surroundings; and that the most hopeless gain courage from an environment of comfort. Naturally, the Rowton Houses have elevated the neighborhoods in which they are located. The Vesuvius acts like lightning in "Cheap lodgings" are not so dirty or so crowded as they once were. Saloons that used to be "the poor man's club" -as the apologetic phrase goes-attract fewer loungers. The street-corners are almost bare of idle and mischievous men. In short, two thousand persons

> er not only the present personal interest, but the future general good.

diseful tollet article already possesses The St. Louis Globe-Democrat pays a glowing tribute to the American volunteers, but every word of its eulogy An Oklahoma minister married is deserved. "The military officers who twelve couples in sixty minutes the have come from abroad to witness the operations of the army and navy," says not be able to hold a tallow dip to the Globe-Democrat, "are more surocean greyhound speed, but it is pretty prised by the volunteer system than good time on the troubled matrimonial by anything else they see." They wonder at the confidence that we repose in such a plan for raising armies. It contrasts very strikingly with the conscript system of continental Europe. In a few weeks our army of 27,000 men has been raised to a strength of 270,vocacy of a proposition; then one man, 000. And all of these volunteers, not a man of them being in the service against his will. The foreign officer, able words in good temper, and carries the Globe-Democrat says, admits that "In numbers the volunteers are undeniably ample. But he doubts their value for speedy service. He calls them raw levies. The phrase in America has a meaning different from that attached to it in Europe. The American volunteer is a fighter effective after a very short training. A hundred years of history attest this fact." All that is true, and there is equal truth express the need of following up with in much more that the Globe-Democrat says in praise of our volunteers and in charged as "cured" from the hospitals noting their superiority over the European conscripts. The American volunsoundness is not firmly established, so teer can be transformed from farmer, that there is still danger of relapse. As mechanic, laborer, clerk, student, idler, a similar need exists in the case of or any other of the varied designations many convalescents, reformed persons, of classes or callings, into an effective after all. You've taken quite a load off discharged prisoners, religious con- fighter with comparatively little trainverts and growing children, we are ing. For this reason, among others, we do not need a large standing army. But some training is needed-is actually indispensable. The militia-or so much of it as would enable us to put of Aguinaldo and his Philippine insurant an army of 100,000 to 200,000 of organized, armed equipped, and discip-Consul Williams regarding the Spanish lined men into the field-should receive the judicious and unremitting care of Congress. With such a reserve we may safely dispense with a large force of professional soldiers. The volunteers may always be relied upon to defend the honor of the flag, but if none of them are properly organized, armed, equipped, and disciplined when an emergency comes we shall have to repeat our very expensive experience and may have a still more costly les-

#### MONKEYS AT FOOTBALL They Likewise Play Cricket, but No According to Rule.

Travelers in South Africa have noted the fact that where monkeys congregate in large numbers they also indulge in games of a certain kind. Two of these games seem to resemble cricket and foot-ball.

The cricket is of a primitive order. About a dozen monkeys stand in a circle, or whatever is akin to the simian idea of a circle. Two of them advance from different extremities of the circle and stop about fifteen yards apart, facing each other. The monkey at the southern end of the circle has a cocoa-

nut in his hand. He is the bowler. The monkey at the other end doe not, as you might suppose, wield a full cane bat. His business is to dodge the cocoanut which the bowler nims at his head. The delivery of the ball is tremendously fast, full pitched and fraught with dire results if it "touches the spot," When it does happen to touch the spot-that is, any part of the monkey's body-that monkey is very much out and doesn't even stop to dis-

pute the question. Another monkey takes his place until he, too, receives his dismissal. It was presumed by the travelers that the game was finished when a majority of monkeys lay nursing their wounds un-

The foot-ball is of a more advanced type. It is also played with a cocoanut, The game, if anything, is undoubtedly "socker" game, and is played with the feet. Of course there is no goal nor any tactics to speak of, the object of each animal being to keep the ball to himself as much as possible,

Still the competition to get the ball makes it resemble a real game of "footer," and the dexterity exhibited by these peculiar amateurs is surpris-

ing and wonderful. In an evil moment some ambitions monkey may elect to play the Rugby game by snatching up the ball and making off, but the game then develops into war, in which life is sometimes the

No mention is made of a referce, but if there is one about, like a wise and provident monkey, he is probably up a

#### TIME'S VAGARIES.

We wandered by the river side, My arm about her waist was tied, Her looks were coy and shy. The moon on high in brightest sheen Looked down with face benign-My years they numbered just sixteen,

While she was twenty-nin

We talked in lovers' tend'rest strain, That maiden fair and I; My blighted state was my refrain, She gave me sigh for sigh. And sweet words, too, which she did

mean. Were meted out to mine-My years they numbered just sixteen, While she was twenty-nine

But cruel interruption came Betwixt that maid and me, And I was hurried off to claim

A fortune o'er the sea. I thought of her, my fairy queen, And for a while did pine-For I was only just sixteen, While she was twenty-nine.

Now, thirteen years have come and gon Since we met by the shore, And I've come back from torrid zone, And we have met once more. But what is this-it beats me clean-

Explain it, orb divine! The lady now is just sixteen, And I am twenty-nine!

# MILLIE AND MOLLIE.

'VE come to ask you for the hand of your daughter," said directly, and many thousands indirectyoung Bromley, stumbling to ly, have been helped by the Rowton the seat offered him by the girl's father.

Houses to help themselves-and have willingly paid for the help. We com-"Which one?" asked old Dimmock, the coal merchant, laying down the mend the facts to the people who feel that the very poor are beyond relief: newspaper which he had been reading and eying the young man curiously. to others, who wish to know what may

"Sometimes I think it is Mollie, and be the next step in common-sense philagain I am sure it is Millie," replied anthropy; above all, to persons who, young Bromley, genuinely perplexed. when they invest money, like to consid-The old coal merchant looked sympathetic.

> "You can't have both," said he after an awkward pause. "They're splendid girls, good enough

for anybody!" exclaimed the young man, "I could be happy with either of them," went on young Bromley. "I'm disposed to think," observed old

Dimmock, "that you have been happy with both of them." "So they've told me more than once," said Bromley, with the pleasant light

of recollection in his eyes. 'Well, can't you make up your mind which girl you want to marry?"

Young Bromley did not answer for a moment, and then he said slowly: "Which do you think sounds the better-'Millie Bromley' or "Mollie Bromley? Sometimes I've looked at it in

"I don't think there's much to choose," returned the old coal merchant, weighing the question with every desire to be fair.

"You know," continued the young man, "there have been times when I've gone to bed perfectly charmed with the name 'Millie Bromley,' and in the morning 'Mollie Bromley' has caught my fancy. Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie-lt's an awful puzzle."

"Of course, you've proposed to one of the girls?' inquired their father. "Oh, yes, indeed," said young Brom-

"Then that is the girl you want to marry," exclaimed the old man, triumphantly. "Why, it's simple enough, my mind. Which one was it?" "It was Millie-I think," answered

young Bromley, hesitatingly. "Think! Good Lord, don't you know?"

The young man flushed, and looked reproachfully at the coal merchant. "Mr. Dimmock," said he, "I'll put it to you as man to man: Which is Millie and which is Molfle?"

"Don't cross-examine me, sir," rejoined the old man. "If you want to marry one of the girls it's your business to find out."

"Heaven knows," cried young Bromley in anguish, "I want to marry either Millie or Mollie, and have her all to myself. It's trying enough for a fellow to be over head and cars in love with one girl, but when there are two of them It's more than flesh and blood can stand."

"There, there, my boy," said the old coal merchant, soothingly, "don't take on so. Either girl is yours with my blessing, but I want to keep one for myself. Let me see if I can help you out." And going to the open Freuch window, he called:

"Millie, Mollie; Mollie, Millie?" "Yes, papa, we're coming," sounded wo sweet, well-bred voices from the shrubbery.

There was a tripping of light feet along the stone walk under the grapevine, and Millie and Mollie bloomed into the room.

"How do you do, Mr. Bromley," they said together, with the same intonation and the same merry glint in their eyes,

Millie had auburn hair and brown eyes; so had Mollie. Millie had a Cupid's bow of a mouth, little teeth like pearls, and a dimpled chin; so had Mollie, Millie's arms, seen through her muslin sleeves, were round and white; so were Mollie's. There was nothing to choose between Millie's bust and Mollie's bust as they stood side by side. "Well, papa?"

"Young Bromley tells me," began old Mr. Dimmock, after he had taken draughts of their fresh young beauty by looking first at one and then at the other, and then dwelling upon the features of both with one eye-sweep, "that he proposed to you last night."

"Oh, not to both, you know, Mr. Dimmock," interjected young Bromley. "He asked me to be his wife," said Millie, demurely.

"He told me that he couldn't live without me," said Mollie, mischievious-"How is this?" said the old man, turn-

ing to young Bromley with a severe The young man blushed furiously and

lifted his hands in protest. "I'm sure," he stammered, "one of you is mistaken. I asked you, Millie, to be my wife in the summer house and and I kissed you. That was before supper, and later in the evening, when w sat on the front steps, I said that I couldn't live without you, and that we

must get married." "Before we go any further." interrupted the coal merchant, "which is Millie and which is Mollie? When your

# "Oh, how dull you are!" said the girls

"I think this is Millie on the right," spoke up young Bromley. "Why, Mr. Bromley," said she, "I am

Mollie. "Very good; now let's go on." sald their father, "where were we? Oh, yes, young Bromley says that he asked you to be his wife, Millie, and declared he couldn't live without you.'

"I beg your pardon, papa," said Mollie, "he told me that he couldn't live without me."

"Well, let's get our bearings," continued the old coal merchant. "Bromley, you asked Millie to marry you down in the summer house, and you kissed her? That's correct, isn't it?"

"There's no doubt about that, sir," said Bromley, eagerly. "And after supper when you sat to-

gether on the stoop you told Mollie that you couldn't live without her?" "That I deny, sir. Oh! I beg your pardon, Mollie, you needn't look so angry. I meant no offense,"

"Did you kiss Mollie?" went on the old man, relentlessly. "No. sir: I-

"Yes, you did. Mr. Bromley," flared up Mollie, "I admit," said the young man, strug-

gling with his emotions, "that I kissed her when I said I could not live without her, but it wasn't Mollie." "Oh, Mollie!" said Millie, "how could

you?" 'Now, Millie, do be reasonable," said

Old Mr. Dimmock looked mystified. "It seems to me," he said, with a show of impatience, "if I were in love with one of those girls I could tell the difference between them. So far as I can make out, young man, you have asked Millie to be your wife, and have tried to make Mollie believe that you could not live without her. Now, to any one who does not know Millie and Mollie, your conduct would appear to be perfidious. Of course, as between you and Mollie, I must believe Mollie, for the girl certainly knows whether

you kissed her." The old man eyed both his daughters hard. Millie was biting her nether lip, and so was Mollie; but Millie was trying to keep from laughing.

Old Mr. Dimmock had an idea. "I would like to clear up this thing to your satisfaction and my own, Bromley," said he. "Let me ask you whether Mollie kissed you when you told her you couldn't live without her?"

The young man got very red in the

"You mean Millie, of course," he replied with embarrassment. "Perhaps she wouldn't mind my saying that she did kiss me in the summer house. But she didn't kiss me on the stoop, I kissed

"How is that, Millie, Mollie?" asked their father.

"Papa," said Mollie, decidedly, "I couldn't keep Mr. Bromley from kissing me, but I assure you I didn't kiss him." Mollie looked her father straight in the eye and then she shot an indignant shaft at Mr. Bromley.

Millie hung her head and her face was as red as a poppy.

"I think," said the old man, dryly, "that it's plain I'll keep Mollie, and we'll have that marriage before you make another mistake, young man."-New York Sun.

# OUED STARES

Interior Department show that the Government still has over 600,000,000 acres unoccupied. This is enough to give each of the 73,000,000 people In the country a homestead of eight acres and still have 16,000,000 acres left. The land is distributed among twenty-six States and Territories. The largest amount is located in Alaska. where there are 300,529,000 acres. Most of tals land will never be available for homestead purposes, of course, but its mineral value may be more than if the whole vast tract was available for grazing and farming purposes. The remainder of the land lies in productive States, but much of it is barren and arid or mountainous.

There are 1,193 postoffices in the State of Maine, and although many of them, especially in the Southern and more thickly populated portions of the State, bear plain, simple, short and easily pronounced American names, there are a considerable number in what may be called "the backwoods," or the interior, which bear names of Indian origin. In Aroostook County there are Wytopitlock, Mattawamkeng, Oxbow, Mooseluck, Meduxnekeng and Maewahoctown, In Piscataquis County there are Mattagomonsis, Spurdnabunk, Unsumtalum, Nahmakanta, Allaguash and Pamedecook. In Somerset County, Chembasabamticook, Cauquomgomoc, Maskampbunk and Seboomook. In Franklin County, Mooselookmeguntic. In Oxford, Malehunke stiff collars which the German students munk, Parmachene and Umbagog.

# Jer ey Lightning.

When John Doerr left his home in the pretty town of Lackawaxen, Pa., he had no idea of getting married. Mrs. Grace Wahler, of Hoboken, is a widow of a year. She is 30 years old and handsome. Mrs. Wahler and Doerr are wards of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Feible, of Jersey City Heights, and visit them frequently, but the widow and John had never met until last Friday night. It was exactly thirty minutes from the time he met her that Doerr proposed to Mrs. Wahler, and Mrs. Wahler accepted him. "Where can I find a justice right off?"

Doerr asked his host. A telephone message caught Justice Mocs-it was sent through the police station-and he hurried to the Feible home. He performed the marriage in

quick time. Husband and wife had met just forty-five minutes before,-Philadelphia Press. Faith Cure Doctors Called Shams, Judge Wright, of Baltimore, recently decided in a suit to recover pay for attendance on patients by two faith cure

any remuneration whatever and that their services were virtually a sham. Riders Must Close Their Mouths. A physician who has given much thought to the subject says that so long dear mother was alive she could tell as the cyclist can breathe with the the difference sometimes, but I don't mouth shut he is certainly safe so far as heart strain is concerned.

### FEW RESEMBLE HIM.

New Orleans Merchant Who Gave His Clerks Pack Par. A story that is worth telling, because

it gives evidence of good and generous spirit, has leaked out of the dears of a big wholesale house in New Orleans. The head member of the firm, a jolly, strong-tempered gentleman, soldier of the Confederacy, affectionately called "Old Man" by the clerks, decided to take a well-earned vacation last summer, and left for an extended tour over the continent. While he was gone the depression of business occurred, and it seemed to the junior partners that something must be done to avert serious losses. They considered the matter a long time, and at last decided to cut down the salaries of the clerks. They agreed upon a 50 per cent, cut, and so notified the clerks. Of course, there were a few murmurs, and some of the emplayes were heard to say that if the "Old Man" was at home this wouldn't be done, etc. But as employment was not easily to be obtained, the cut had to be accepted, and it went into effect from the 1st of September. The "Old Man" returned. When he walked into the store on the first day faces brightened and his employes came up to exchange greeting. The "Old Man" was in good humor. He walked into his office whistling a tune, glad to be back in his accustomed place. But during the afternoon he went over the books with his juntor partners, and noticed the reductions in the salary list. "What does this mean?" he asked. The partners told him, and then he let loose. The "Old Man's" war spirlt arose. He walked up and down excitedly, and thundered out in strong terms his indignation, "I would rather have lost \$50,000 than to have had this happen in my house," said the "Old Man." "Here, make out checks at once for the money that has been taken from these clerks. It is they who make our money for us. and I don't intend to charge them up with any losses that we may sustain. Make out the checks at once, and put back the salaries where they were before."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Doctor's Bill. A good true story is told of a San Francisco philanthropist and a doctor with a conscience. A wealthy lady several years ago developed an insignificant wen on her face. In her travels in Europe she consulted an eminent surgeon as to its removal, and was advised not to have it done. An Eastern surgeon of equal eminence also declined to perform the operation. Returning to San Francisco, she happened to show it to a physician and surgeon of no national reputation-a humble homeopath-but a man whose skill was unquestioned. He examined it carefully, and said there would be no trouble about it; it was a simple operation. Dreading to risk it after such eminent warning, she delayed action, but finally asked another examination and opinion. The same conclusion was reached; and the operation followed, with wholly successful re-

One day, when the doctor called, his bill was asked for. He presented it, fifty dollars being the amount. The lady smiled and said: "Do you consider that a reasonable

charge, considering the circumstances?" to which the doctor replied: "That is my charge for that operation; your circumstances have nothing

The lady went to her desk, and drew a check for five hundred dollars, and presented it to him. He looked at it, and handed it back, saying:

"I cannot accept this. My charge for that operation is dfty dollars." "Very well," the lady replied. "Keep the check, and place the balance to my

credit." lengthy itemized bill, upon which were entered charges for treatment of various kinds, rendered to all sorts and ends of humanity, male and female, black and white, who and been mended at her expense. She was so delighted at it that she immediately placed another check for five hundred dollars to her credit on the same terms, and it is now being earned in the same

# In Hyde Park with Carlyle.

In company with Mr. Froude, the historian, Col. Higginson joins Thomas Carlyle in one of his daily strolls in Hyde Park and tells us in the Atlantic: Nothing could well be more curious

at that day than the look and costume of Carlyle. He had then been living in London nearly forty years, yet he had the untamed aspect of one just arrived from Ecclefecham. He wore "an old experienced coat," such as Thoreau attributes to his Scotch fisherman, one having that unreasonable high collar of other days, in which the head was sunk; his hair was coarse and stood up at its own will; his bushy whiskers were thrust into prominence by those call "father-killers," from a tradition that their points once pierced the jugular vein of a parent during an affectionate embrace. In this guise, with a fur cap and a stout walking-stick, he accompanied Froude and myself on our walk. I observed that near his Chelsea home the passers-by regarded him with a sort of familiar interest, farther off with undisguised curiosity, and at Hyde Park again with a sort of recognition, as if an accustomed figure. At one point on our way home some poor children were playing on a bit of rough ground lately included in a park, and they timidly stopped their frolic as we drew near. The oldest boy, looking from one to another of us, selected Carlyle as the least formidable, and sald, "I say, mister, may we roll on this here grass?" Carlyle stopped, leaning on his staff, and said in his homeliest accents, "Yes, my little fellow, ye may r-r-roll at discraytion;" when the children resumed their play, one little girl repeating his direction audibly, as if in a vain effort to take in the whole meaning of his long

#### Gold in Siberia. There are now about 40,000 miners

doctors that they were not entitled to at work in the gold mines of Eastern and Southern Siberia. The grains of Siberian gold are said to be on an average larger than those of any other part of the world. All efforts to obtain anything like correct information regarding the output of gold in Siberia have so far proved unavailing. No one outside of a few Russian officials is permitted to know.

# HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Emineut Word Artists of

Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun. Economy of Coolness. "I know why Boston girls have

much money to buy books."

"They never wilt their collars."

Comparisons Are Odious. "She hurt my feelings dreadfully." "What did she say?" "That I wasn't as good company as

"Is Juppers courageous?" "Well, he is brave enough to wear red, white and blue golf stockings." A Curb to Superiority,

Society Nerve.

"My wife knows more about the geog raphy of the war than I do." "Doesn't that annoy you?"

"No; when she gets to showing off I correct her pronunciation of Spanish

No Show. Wallace—I haven't noticed you discussing the war a bit. Don't you take any interest in such things? Ferry-Oh, yes, but I've got such a weak voice that I stand no show in an

### argument.-Cincinnati Enquirer. The Requirements.

She-It requires money to get into society nowadays. He-Yes; and it requires brains to keep out of it.

Why He Moved. "Why has that blind beggar shifted his position, I wonder? He stood at one place for nearly seven years until

this way." "Yes, he had to do it. He couldn't read the war bulletius from where he stood before."-Cleveland Leader.

about a week ago, when I noticed that

he had moved about half a block down

Little Night Shadow. Jones-Funny about Deacon Pratt. Awfully absent-minded, you know. Brown-What's he been doing now?

mingham. Jones-At the prayer meeting last evening Elder Goode asked him to lead | followed by snowball. Then cos



In prayer, and before he knew what he dancing ball. When winter is out was saying the deacon replied: "It isn't have the mothball and now we my lead. I dealt 'em." It was evident base-ball, which will be with a that his mind was still on the little game he had the night before.—Boston

Transcript. Unsatisfactory Interview. "Good gracious, George, how you look! What did you say to papa?" "He didn't give me a chance to say

anything." "Did you ask him for my hand?" "I tell you he didn't give me "What did he do?"

"He just enlisted me in the company he is getting up and told me to report for duty to-morrow morning."-Cleve land Plain Dealer.



He-What was the first thing that impressed you about me, darling? She-Why, Jack, it was your arm, don't you remember? I had only known you about an hour.-Exchange.

Thoughtless Girl.
"A most thoughtless girl," said her mother in accents of despair. "What has she done?" asked he

"She sat on the beach this morning so close to the water that the spray from a breaker unexpectedly reached her," explained her mother,

"And took the curl all out of her hair, I suppose," suggested her father, "Worse than that," answered the mother. "It ruined her bathing suit." -Chicago Post.

A Musical Festival. "I want a big drum for my wife, banjo for my daughter, an accordion for my little boy and a cornet for my-

"Gracious! Are you all going on the

"No; we are fixing up an orchestra to discourage that man next door who plays the plane fifteen hours a day."-Detroit Free Press.

"We never have any troub taining aunt Mary and aunt Page "Why not?"

Aren't you willing to take any your country?" Well Mated.

"Maria, is this red, white

"I don't know; but what #1

ce-cream wholesome?

"They entertain each other by

about their diseases," A Great Assistance.



Tom-Fourth of July has me

pressing effect on business Miss Wheeler-My father think so Tom-What is your fathers noss?

Miss Wheeler-He's a doctorcinnati Enquirer. His Hope. One day an Irishman was to

walk in a small town near Ga when he met an old friend. After ing along the road together. friend said to him: "Have you heard the latest and Pat-No; what is it?

"There's a penny off the leaft Pat-Bedad, and I hope it is a penny ones .- Tit. Rite A Merry Round. "It is a trifle odd how balk ma-the circling year," remarked lit

chester. "What do you mean?" asked he "Well, suppose we begin with tumn. We then have foot-ball !

IN THE CAUSE OF HIS COUNTRY.



Pension Agent-Well, what happened to you, and where did it happen? The Patriot-See this neck? I got that rubbering at war bulletins-City

foot-ball comes again."-Pine Chronicle-Telegraph.

"Dear George: We are going be you some canned stuff. What he "Dear Susie: Put whatever please in half the caus. Fill the half with whisky for antidote."-O

land Plain Dealer. The Husband's View. Bachelor-She dresses regarded expense.

Benedict (gloomily)—Did you ent a woman that didn't?—New York A Fatal Attack. "What's that book you're M papa ?"

"The 'Last Days of Pompet' "What did he die of, papa?" "An eruption, dear."-Facts.

Mr. Short-My dear Miss for have a very serious question I rai Miss Long—What is it, pray Mr. Short—Will you marry and Miss Long (scornfully)—Dear that serious, Mr. Short? Whi think I ever heard anything

lous -- Detroit Free Press.

My papa's all dressed up today He never looked so fine: I thought when I first looked at My papa wasn't mine.

He's got a beautiful new suit-The old one was so old-It's blue, with buttons, oh, so be I guess they must be gold.

And papa's sort o' glad and sett O' sad—I wonder why; And ev'ry time she looks at him It makes my mamma ety.

That we belong to him; But papa's joking, 'cause he kness My uncle's name is Jim. My papa just belongs to me And mamma. And I guest The folks are blind who cannot se

Who's Uncle Sam? My pape safe

U. S. spells us. He's ours sna P My mamma can't help cff.
And papa tries to smile at me
And can't—I wonder why?

His buttons marked U. S.

A single spade in the hand is at more than a tray of diamonds in