

2222222222222222222 -M'GIRRIS THE COOK.-

he now asked.

stay to watch camp."

trouble finding the place."

his hat and spectacles on.

intently fixed upon him.

blood, here."

answered.

earlier days.

There was a sudden movement in the

tent, but no one spoke. The boys shook

dles," said the chief. "And, Turner, you

"I'll stay, too," said the stranger;

"I'm too lame to travel. You'll have no

"I'll stay and read my letter," an-

nounced McGinnis, quietly, to the sur-

prise of every one, for old Morton, the

A moment later only the stranger and

The searching party was well down the

valley, and McGinnis had gone to the

cook-tent. Presently he came back with

"It's from my little granddaughter,"

letter, "Would you mind readin' it to

The man read it-a child's note of

of love, but he read it unsteadily, for

from the page the old man's eyes were

"Ab, it's bad business-bad business!"

repeated the cook, as he put away his

candle. "Now 'at I know what's in the

letter, I think I'll go on down an' help

find out what it all means-all this

Turner grew uneasy after the old

man had gone. The stranger said little,

but he watched his companion closely

and waited till the sounds of the cook's

footsteps had died out in the distance.

Then he got up, and without limping

ON THE TRAIL.

walked to the tent opening. After

standing there a moment he whistled

"Keep still and walk outside" be

Turner obeyed promptly. He had no

weapon with which to defend himself,

In a few moments a second stranger

lean, raw-boned and taller than the

first, came out of the brush leading two

horses, one saddled, the other bearing

a pack. The rising moon shed but a

dim light along the mountain side; yet

Turner saw at a glance that the ani-

"They bit easy," said the shorter

man, with a low laugh. "There's no one

The last arirval emptied the grips

and bags and selected whatever was of

value. He also took a couple of pairs

of blankets and all the ammunition the

boys had left behind them. Then he

began to make a pack of what he had

"Never mind that," said his compan-

lon. "Go over and lay out all the grub

The tall stranger went to the cook

tent. The other knelt down, laid his re-

volver on the ground, kept his eye con-

stantly on Turner, and made a roll of

When he had cinched this onto the

pack-horse he marched Turner before

The flaps of the tent were slightly

parted, but there was no light inside,

and everything was quiet. He stopped

before the opening, gave Turner the

bridle reins and made him keep his

hands above his head while at the same

"Hurry up with the stuff," he ex-

when the sound of a heavy blow was

hands and feet. A new vigor had come

into the old man's frame, a new alert-

ness. There were purpose and positive-

ness in his every movement as he went

at Turner. The latter suddenly came to

himself and put down his hands. Mc-

about his task.

what the first had put down.

him to the cook-tent.

time he held the horses.

mals were the old mail-carrier's.

at camp but this. Now hurry."

and he was badly frightened.

a drawn revolver.

sald, quietly.

taken.

you can."

We had been at work on a survey in the Bitter Root Monn-tains since early in the spring. tains since early in the spring, and the autumn had found us all disgusted and homesick-all but McGin- out their coats and put them on Every gusted and non-Besides, we were fam-nis, the cook. Besides, we were fam-one understood what was to be done. nis, the cook. Dur mail and the late Those who owned rifes took them shing for news. Our papers and magazines should have down and provided themselves with papers and maganity and provided themselves with been sent to us every two weeks, but cartridges, Every weapon in camp was been sent to us even who were the been sent to us even the been th been seen of the old trapper who acted been seen of the ond no messenger or from the instrument tent when our as man carrier, and had reached us guest arrived.

from the outside world. Every day we exacted from the cook a promise that he would bring our letters out to us in case the carrier should arrive while we were at work on the line. Then we would watch impatiently till evening and hurry back to camp, more than half-expecting that the post had come in spite of the non-appearance of McGinnis. Expectancy was torturing us. Disappointments repeated every evening for several weeks deeply affected the spirits of the party. We became restless and unsociable. We tried to imagine what had happened out is the world since we had lost touch with it, and each feared that Turner were left at the sleeping-tent, some one dear to him had been seized by illness or had met with misfortune. We worried and fretted and tormented sarselves with impatience.

One night after supper we lounged on our damp beds, ten of us in one tent, he said to the stranger, as he opened the waiting for bed time. The work of the day had been unusually hard and the me? My eyes was never much at handbours long. We were too leg-weary writin'." and heavy of spirit to do anything but the little patching that was regularly only a few labored lines, chiefly words necessary and to lounge,

McGinnis came over from the cook the cook held a lighted candle before tent to tell us one of his tales of forty his face, and whenever he glanced up years ago. His stories possessed one are quality. They were reminiscent of the wild life of the mountains in the earlier days, but McGinnis played no prominent part in any of them. We were all curious to learn something about the old man, but our curlosity was never satisfied. Frequently as a story in which he figured gave promise of showing his younger self put to a test of strength or of courage, he would break off suddenly or change the entire trend of his story. But he enjoyed spinning his yarns, and our silence of has had afforded him the opportunity.

"Well, I see yous are the same merry mowd as ever," he said, cheerlly, as he not the only chair in the tent. "But which of you is it that's comin' up the ope yonder, I'd like to know?" Seteral of us looked at him wonder-

injy. Those who were busy paid no Employ whatever.

The camp dog stretched, went lazily the opening, then grew suddenly tiert and began to bark. Almost inmantly ten heads were crowded beeen the tent flaps.

Sure enough, some one whom we sald not see clearly in the dim light was coming up the valley. It was evibatly a man, following the line of our savey higher up the mountain slope, theigh only a short distance away. We finally fell over one another in mr sadden excitement. Every one emed moved by the same impulse. A hif-dozen pairs of wet and worn-out loss disappeared from the passage be treen the two rows of bunks at the ame lastant. Some one ran out and mouted to attract attention. Then nerybody else shouted, because there

McGinnis went quietly and lighted Be fire he had laid for morning in the tox stove. The head chainman made t place near the tent opening for an-

was suddenly shouting in the soul of

The rodman and the "stake-artist" bl to wrestling, and rolled about in test and then out of it with most nespected agility and high spirits. A tolce said it was not the old mallarrier, and we became still more curl-*x Not a member of the party doubted that it was some one bringing our

Iwo or three of the boys went to best the newcomer, and the rest of us, bifashamed of the engerness we had went back into the tent, threw and assumsi attitudes of indifference.

We heard McGinnis calling: "Come over to the cook-tent and eat before he boys start you to talking; they'll hever let you stop after."

"I've e't," a strange voice answered. We inside sat up again, our anticipa-Don reawakened. A short, heavy-set, spare-jawed man, without grub-pack & blankets, limped painfully into the but and sat down on one of the beds. Be was evidently much travel-worn, but his small, bead-like eyes were inleasily bright, and their glance from to another of us was rapid and

Didn't you bring any mail?" asked rodman, abruptly. Beal/looked at the stranger eagerly

"he answered, in a disinterestall calm voice that lingered unpleastally in our ears.

claimed, looking into the darkness of The stranger felt in the inside of his the tent. He waited a moment, and, getting no answer, pushed aside the flaps and started to enter. But he had put only one foot inside

Only a letter I found in the trail at as creek crossing," he said, quietto be again searched us with his

heard, and with a muffled cry he fell restless eyes. for some one named Patrick Mcforward on his face.

"he continued, holding up an Instantly McGinnis emerged from med letter. the tent, and the surprised Turner saw to las know pim?" I'm drag out both strangers, almost together, and dexterously bind their

old man reached for his letter slendy held it to the light of the at candle. Then we all saw that tra crumpled and deeply stained. Blost my spectacles, it looks like on h," said Mcthanis, slowly.

bought it was blood, too, and and the stranger. the trail was torn up near where I It and the bushes beat down. I oners before they regained conscious-

into the sleeping tent, where there were lighted candles. "I never liked this one's looks." Me-

Ginnis said, by way of explanation, as he wiped the blood from the face of the man who had brought the letter. "He looks like ne'd set a bait for you, an' that's why I wint away an' come back unbeknownce to 'em. 1 seen 'em whin I got to the cook-tent, and whin they come over I was waitin' for 'em wid the bear-trap, the only thing I could

Both men soon returned to consciousness, and after an effort to free themselves they sat in dogged silence.

In about half an hour several of the searching party returned with our pouch of mail, but most of the letters had been opened, and many of them were torn and almost destroyed. Soon form, which they laid carefully upon one of the beds.

The prisoners looked on intently and with unmistakable signs of fear. Morton, our mail-carrier, had been

shot in the back, and, though danger-The chief of the party had come over ously wounded, was still living. "Is he dead?" asked the smaller

prisoner. "What kind of tracks were there?" At the sound of his voice Morton, with a convulsive effort, sat up and put "I couldn't make out," the stranger his hand to his side as if to draw his revolver, but it was not there. "Take the lanterns and plenty of can-

The men who had come back with the party relieved the old cook of his prisoners and took them out to civilization. They were deputy sheriffs, part of a large posse that for nearly a week had followed the trail of the two desperadoes,

The old mail-carrier, unavoidably delayed, had fallen in their way when trapper, had been a friend of his in the they were hard pressed for means of escape, and they had shot him for his horses. Then, learning from the letters of our presence in the neighborhood. they had played at a bold game to obtain provisions and had lost.

We felt that we knew McGinnis better after that .- Chleago Record.

A FOOT-BALL STORY.

The Player Performed a Great Feat, but Didn't Know It.

Harper's Round Table contains a capital football story, in which the following vivid description of the sensations of a contestant in a game between the Harvard and Yale teams is given by one of the Harvard players: As the play was started I was shot

forward, tipping the opposing guard completely over, and we all went down together. I can only remember scrambling savagely over two men, jumping wildly from one man to another, with the ball fust ahead of me under the legs of what seemed to be a thousand people. Then I heard a wild, unearthly yell. Nothing like it had ever come to my ears before, and I remember wondering what it could be. It swelled and grew with each moment. Now if died away; now it spread out stronger than ever. I had a queer feeling of wonder if I were still playing the Then a black-faced, fierce-looking figout of his way at any cost. I moved aside and thrust my open hand straight into his face, caught his hair and ear, ing that I had made some mistake lent most of the day and night of Wednesne the strength to throw him rolling away on the ground.

street. And then all in a moment I advantage of Thursday was that there knew the cocaine had given out and my strength was gone. I got a swinging blow on the head, and lay quietly down with the feeling that I was tired out.

Still there seemed to be no explana tion for my being alone, and I started to get up, saying between my teeth, "Get 'em low, Jim, get 'em low!" "Oh, Jimmy, my boy! Jimmy! Jim-

and sudenly turned upon Turner with my!" cried a voice, and an arm went round my neck and lifted me up. "Low, Jack, 1-o-w!"

"Oh, Jimmy," sald Jack himself, holding me up, "it's over, and-look at the crowd!"

I could scarcely see, but over to the right somewhere there was a wave of red color that swung back and forth. Then I looked up at the faces about me, and they wavered, too, "Peter," I cried, with tears rolling

down my cheeks-for the life of me I couldn't help it-"Peter, get me up! I'm all right. We'll stop 'em yet. They can't get over that line." "He's gone," said somebody; "he's

mixed. Take him over to the house." But I couldn't let them take me off now. It was too critical a time,

"Why don't they go on with game? I'm all right, I tell you," "Go on, man, go on? Why, don't you know where you are?"

I looked up and saw goal posts over my head, and the next instant there was another wild, wavering cheer and a ball went sailing over the cross-bar. "What is it, Farragut?" I asked.

"Good heavens," said some one near by, "he doesn't know! Why, man, you've run the 130 yards of the field through the whole team, and that's a

goal from the touchdown!" The Origin of Sca ping. At the annual meeting of the Baltinore Folk Lore Society Miss Alice C. Fletcher gave an Interesting contribution in a paper entitled "The Significance of the Scalp Lock; a Study of the Omaha Tpibe." The Omaha Indians. like many other tribes, have peculiar ideas regarding a continuity of life and a kind of spiritual link between animate and inanimate objects. They believe a piece of any article connects them with the entirety. The hair is thought to have a close connection with life, and one possessing it may work his will upon whoever or what ever the hair belonged to. From this idea came the custom of scalping ene

mies.-Boston Evening Transcript. Quinine in India

There was a time when the government of India had to import annually \$250,000 worth of quinine and did not get enough of it even then. After a great many experiments the cultivation of the cinchona tree was made success-When the men were secure he looked | ful in India, and now there are 4,000, 000 trees in Bengal, and every rural postoffice in India sells a five-grain packet of the drug for half a cent, and the bushes beat down. I oners before they regained conscious while the government of the profits stated anything; but ness, and with Turner's help got them \$2,000 to \$3,500 a year out of the profits while the government makes from

HOBSON'S FIRST PLAN.

Merrimae to Fly Spanish Colors and Felgu a Chase. Lieut, Richmond Pearson Hobson is writing for the Century Magazine his story of "The Sinking of the Merrimac." Lieut, Hobson says, after telling of the decision to sink the Merrimae in the harbor entrance:

Various plans were considered. That of feigning a chase suggested itself from the fact that Spanish colliers were supposed to be on their way to Santiago. One had recently been captured by the St. Paul, and from her it was learned that others were soon expected. By this method the Merrimac would approach by night from the castward; when about five miles away she would be discovered by blockading vessels, after, others came, accompanied by her, and fire opened, care being taken searchlights would be thrown towards three or four strangers, carrying a limp to fire wide and throw the lights in front and on the sides, to show the splash of striking projectiles. The Merrimae, upon discovery, would

bear in toward the shore to within about two thousand yards, apparently to seek the shelter of batteries; she would throw pitch on the fires to make heavy black smoke, as if forcing to the utmost. She would head in towards the entrance and turn full down the course for entering the channel, blowing her whistle in blasts as of fright and distress. The searchlight would flash across and show a Spanish flag at her peak. On approaching, the lights would be thrown on the entrance to facilitate her navigation, but carefully avoiding resting upon her.. The shore batteries opening on the chasing vessels would e replied to and kept diverted. If they opened on the Merrimac, searchlights ould be thrown in the gunners' faces.

However, an examination of the chart showed the difficulties of navigation to be so great that no same captain would attempt to take in a collier at night or under circumstances that did not admit of the utmost deliberation. It was known that tugs were used by singlescrew vessels of any size on account of the turn in the channel abreast Estralia Point. The chances seemed to be against the enemy's being deceived, and navigation depending upon searchlights would entall chances of failure. This plan, and various other plans in-

volving the co-operation of the fleet, were discarded in favor of the simpler plan of going in alone by moonlight, just before the moon should set. Surprise, under any condition, could be only partial at best, since a certain amount of light was absolutely necessary for navigation. The conditions for surprise would be more favorable toward daybreak. Moreover, a flood-tide must be chosen, so that, in case of breaking the anchor-gear, the vessel would be set into the channel and have ample time for sinking before the ebb could tend to throw her out, while the chances of being carried by the tide through the whole length of the narrow channel into the inner harbor seemed improbable. The "establishment of the port," or time of high tide, was about eight hours and a quarter, so that the tide would be running strong flood as game. Nobody seemed to be near, the moon set. The moon was then approaching full, and calculations showed ure rose up in front of me. I must get that it would set at Santiago about halfpast three on Thursday, June 2. We were speeding at about thirteen knots -the Oregon had demonstrated her and scrambled all over him. He seem- ability to maintain that speed-and we ed to be the only one out of the game would therefore arrive off Santiago except myself, and the maddening feel- early Wednesday morning and have day for preparations. Thursday was therefore set for entering, though the There was that same wild, exultant admiral expressed the opinion that it yell again. It swept over the field as I would be found impossible to complete have seen a cloud of dust sweep up a the preparations in time. The special Wheelmen in the Fatherland have about an hour and a quarter between the time of moonset and daybreak. while on Friday this Interval would be reduced to about half an hour, and on Saturday day would break before moonset. It will be understood that an interval of darkness, though short, might be found of advantage for completing the

work or for making escape. Preparations were therefore begun at ace, the greatest amount of detail beng required for the process of sinking.

Sometimes much amusement is cre ited at the expense of some unsuspect ing person by a situation or quotation which places him in a ludicrous light "When I was a boy," Mr. Bellew sald "I had just arrived on leave from the training ship, and was a consplenous object in my cadet's uniform in our family pew, close up to the chancel ralls. The reverend gentleman who read the lessons on that particular day was a very tall man. Immense! That's the word. He was blg all over. His very head was huge. His chest was like the front of a bull, gigantie; but he got bigger as he went down, and when you arrived at his waist be was enormous. Standing on his stool at the lectern he looked a giant. Dressed in his surplice he cut the most grotesque figure I ever saw. I had not seen him before, and was making all sorts of calculations about his height, girth, breadth of beam, and so forth, while he droned out the lessons. At last he came to the lines-I shall never forget them: "The Lord hath fashloned me behind and before, I am fearfully and wonderfully made.' I looked at my father, and irreverently winked. It was too much for him, I saw his mouth twitch. At last it had to come. He pretended it was a succee, and got his handkerchief to his face just in time to save his reputation. After the service I got a wigging. But he had a good laugh all the same."

Feeding the Ears of Soldiers. A returned volunteer tells a story which goes to show that officers were not feasting while the men were living on ordinary army rations, says the

Philadelphia Press. One of our Generals in Cuba entertained some visiting officers at his field quarters near the fighting line before Santiago. The fare resembled in simplicity the legendary roasted sweet potatoes of Revolutionary times, but the host's hearty welcome, and, still more, and answered in artiess tone; "I don't his wealth of good stories, carried along wear any. They keep up without." the meager menu.

At length there came a pause. The guests were awaiting "What next." when the old negro servant was heard to hiss into the General's air: "Give em another big one, General. De cook dun scorch de hardiack."

What Puzzled Him. "When I was a young man," said a Call her "Mamselle" if you want her to well-known civil engineer to a New thaw,

York Tribune man, "I was surveying he route of a proposed railway. A old farmer with whom I stopped for a ime, admitted one day, when he saw me figuring in the field, that mathematter always seemed a wonderful thing to him. Being young and eather sinstic. I began to enlarge on its won ders, telling him how we could measure the distances to different planets. and even weigh them; how we could foretell accurately the coming of a comet or an eclipse years in advance of its actual occurrence, determine the velocity of the dercest projectile, as certain the height of mountains with out sealing them, and many other things which I meant should astonish

"You can imagine how he set me back when he replied to this brilliant array of facts by saying: 'Yes, yes. them things dors seem kinder cur'us, but what allus bothered me was to understan' why you have to carry one for ev'ry ten. But if you don't the durned thing won't come out right,"

Burled with Military Honors.

At the breaking out of the ten years' war in 1868, the Spaniards in Cuba adopted the sparrow as the symbol of their pertinacity and fighting qualities, and applied the name of "cat" as the most contemptuous word to the natives. In March, 1869, a Spanish soldler saw a cat seize a sparrow with teeth and claws. Clubbing his musket, he disabled the cat and took the dead bird from its mouth. The occurrence being reported, the cat was tried by drum-head court-martial and sentenced to death, while the body of the sparrow was ordered to be buried with military honors. The best known Spaniards in Cuba were ordered to attend. There were eight battalions in Havana, and the wife of the commander of each sent large offerings of flowers. A bier was prepared and the sparrow was placed on a fragrant bed of roses and lilies. The drum was muffled and the 6,000 soldlers were given the order to march. With solemn trend the long line proceeded to the cemetery on the outskirts of the city, and there the victim of the cat was committed to the earth with milltary honors.

Bacteria in Dust. In a recent number of the Annales de Micrographic, Dr. Miquel gives the results of some interesting observations made by him in respect of the vitality of disease germs. In May, 188f, he took some earth from the Montsouris Park at a depth of ten inches below the turf. This be dried for two days at a temperature of 30 degrees Centigrade, and then he placed the dust in hermetically sealed tubes, which he put aside in a dark corner of the laboratory. When taken the soil contained an average of 6,500,000 bacteria per gramme. After desiccation the number had fallen to rather less than 4,000,000. Sixteen years later he still found 3,500,000 per gramme, and he was enabled to isolate the specific microbe of tetanus. The inoculation of this soll in guinea pigs determined death from tetanus after an incubation period of two days, showing the remarkable vitality of pathogenic microbes under favorable conditions,-Philadelphia Record.

The Bicycle in German Politics. A somewhat remarkable movement is being started by the devotees of cycling in Germany. It is nothing les than a demand for the due representation of cyclists' interests at all elections, whether municipal or state. cause for bitter complaint against the would be an interval of darkness of police regulations, which in many cases are not only vexatious, but also nonsensical. They differ too so much, not only in the various states, but even in the towns, that no wheelman on a long tour is able to master them. The taxes imposed upon cyclists too have approached the intolerable point. As a consequence of all this every candidate for a parliamentary or municipal seat will henceforth be asked to answer the question, "What are your views respecting the cycle police regulations and the cycle tax?" That the movement is a formidable one may be seen from the fact that one in every four

electors owns a bleycle. A Legend of Lace-Making. Many are the myths handed down in relation to the origin of lace-making and of the number one has to select her choice and pin her faith to, discarding

the other stories as mere fables. Here is a very pretty myth, in fact one of the prettlest of all the legends, perhaps: It tells of a Venetian sallor who, on the eve of a sea voyage, gave to the woman he loved a piece of beautiful seaweed to keep during his ab-

sence in memory of him. He sailed away, and the girl care fully kept the gift with tender love, and the endurance of his love for her depended upon its preservation. When she saw the seaweed drying up and falling to pieces, she caught the leaves and branches with a fine thread against

a piece of linen, and thus invented lace. The lace-maker's art can be traced back to one thousand years before Christ. The finer laces appeared about the first of the sixteenth century.

Abstemious at Banquets. Ex-Mayor Latrobe of Baltimore is in the best of health, although he has He's done bin pow'ful melancholy ob attended 600 banquets during the last twenty years. He says: "I always

not developed any of those many diseases which are lurking in the atmosphere surrounding the gourmet." Thought He Meant Suspenders. Mrs. Keeley, the veteran English actress, tells an anecdote of a young actress who, in the play, is a boy. She is taken before a judge, who asks stern "Now, where are your accomplices?' And the young actress, by a

happy thought improved on the author

had a good time wherever I went. But

I didn't eat much-banquet goers

should remember that-and I didn't

drink much, and that is why I have

Balt for the World. There is a salt vein in Kansas at a depth of 900 feet containing, accord-

ing to a local statistican, enough salt to salt the world for a million years. It is no longer proper to call a girl Sis," if you don't know her first name, LET US ALL LAUGH.

JUKES FROM THE PENS OF VARIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over Saying athat Are Cheerful to Old or Young - Funny Selections that You Will Enjoy.

Could if Necessary. Neighbor-What beautiful hens you

have, Mrs. Stuckup! Mrs. Stuckup-Yes; they are all imported fowls.

Neighbor-You don't tell me so. suppose they lay eggs every day? Mrs. Stuckup (proudly)-They could do so if they saw proper, but our circumstances are such that my hens are

not required to lay eggs every day .-

From Small Perils to Great Dangers.



"Do not worry about the peril of your on. The war's over now, and he's in no danger."

"O, isn't he? Well, you didn't know, suppose, that his regiment's mustered out and he's gone back on his foot-bail team."-New York Journal.

As Understood by Him. "Mamma, what's a sewer?" asked a little l'ittsburg boy.

"A sewer is a big drain to carry off dirty water, Tommy." "That is where Mrs. Smith is going to put Mrs. Jones."

and she was going to sue her."-Pitts-

"What do you mean, child?" "Why, I heard Mrs Smith say that Mrs. Jones had told stories about her

burg Chronicle-Telegraph. A Conference in the Study. Dr. Thirdly-I am in dire straits. Dr. Fourthly-What is the trouble? Dr. Thirdly-It was decided some three months ago to cut down my sal-

Dr. Fourthly-Ah, that was unfortunate. But why not cut down your sermons? Dr. Thirdly-That is exactly what I did and they seemed to like the ar-

ately cut down my salary again. Now, what am I to do? Dr. Fourthly-Try making your sermons longer and see if they won't propose a compromise.

rangement so well that they immedi-

Freddie's Papa-What do you intend to do with the hole in that doughnut when you get all the cake eaten from around it?

Freddle (after serious thought)-I guess I'll give it to little sister to pay fer the bite she gimme out of her apple.

A Good Reason for It. Caller-That was a fine editorial you had this morning on the "Increase of

Sordid Commercialism." Assistant Editor-Yes, the old man wrote it himself after one of our best poets notified him that we would get no more verse unless we paid something for it.-Cincinnati Enquirer.

Where Confidence Ends. "Does he have the confidence of his "Well, she mails her own letters."

Ohlo State Journal. And Luzity Stretched.

"That is where I draw the line," said the servant girl, as she looked across the clothes yard about 10 o'clock on Monday morning.—Somerville Journal.

Strictly Private. The Coon-I want tub sen' dis lettab

by telegraph. The Operator-Well, what have got it sealed for?

The Coon-'Cos it's pussonal, sah! It am intended only fo' de eyes ob Miss Angelina Brown, I'd hab you' knowl-New York Journal.



Uncle 'Rastus-Doctah, dar's sumfin wrong wif dat plekantony ob mine.

Dr. Rufus-I spec' dat's most lofkly jest plain water-melancholy,-Collier's Weekly.

What He Took. Jay Green (a rural swaln)-When I was out buggy ridin' with Miss Daisy Filters last Sunday she Insisted on

takin' the reins. Abner Appledry-What did you do? Jay Green-Aw! I took the hint!-

A 'pace Worker, Miss Ann Thrope-Gussle hasn't any permanent employment, has he? Cholly-No; he's writing for the pa pers. Just doing a little bwain work. Miss Ann Thrope-Then he must be working on space.-Philadelphia Rec-

A Money-Saver. "Bensington is the stinglest man I

ver saw. Do you know what he's "No; what's his latest scheme

saving money ?" "He's rented a room over a restau rant, so that he can inhale his meals

without extra cost,"

The Stat onery Blend. "Can you oblige me with a sheet of

"Yes."

"And an envelope?" "Nex." "And a postage stamp?"

"No, but here's two cents." "Thank you, that will do just as

"Don't you want me to bring you a letter box?" "I'm afraid it will be too much trou-

"Not at all. If you'll wait around

here half a minute I'll call up the postal department at Washington," "May I ask what for?" "I'm going to request them to put the postoffice on wheels and have it follow

you around." "How kind! I'm afraid this package is a little heavy for one stamp. Haven't you two cents more?'-Cieveland Plain

Dealer.

Hoped Prediction Would Come True. Mrs. Wildman-I can tell you this, Mr. Wildman, if you continue in your present life of extravagance you'll

surely pay for it some day. Mr. Wildman-I wish, my dear, that my creditors had the same faith in my good intentions. Odds and Ends.

Insutted.

"What's the matter with the magple?" said the cuckoo. "She looks very mech cast down,"

"Why," replied the robin, "she heard somebody make that remark about women talking like magpies, and then pecked in on an afternoon tea."-Philadelphia North American.

As Only a Friend Could Speak. Emily-I am so unhappy. I begin to ee that Arthur married me for my

Her dearest friend-Well, you have the comfort of knowing that he is not so simple as he looks,-Stray Stories. The Only Virtue that Would Pay.

"My husband has all the virtues but one," remarked the wife of a struggling young doctor. "What is that?" asked the sympa

thetle friend. "Patients," replied the young wife .-Pearson's,

The Facts in the Case. There was trouble of some kind reported and the editor told the new reporter to go and get the details. He got them, as may be seen from his account of the affair, which was as follows:

"A man killed a dog belonging to another man. The son of the man whose dog was killed proceeded to whip the man who killed the dog of the man he was the son of. The man who was the son of the man whose dog was killed was arrested on complaint of the man who was assaulted by the son of the man whose dog the man who was as saulted had killed."



"You are the checklest book agent I

ever saw. "Yes, sir. I use your nerve tonic,"-New York World.

On the Links.

Miss Adept (with friendly interest)-Been playing golf, ch? What did you do It in? Miss First-Time Round-Do it in? Oh, my old black bleyele skirt and a

shirt-waist!-Harper's Bazar. A Lucky Escape. A Somerville girl realizes now that

she has made a lucky escape. She broke her engagement with a Cambridge young man, and when he returned the picture of herself that she had given him it looked as fresh and new as it did the day when it came from the photographer's. Somerville

A Romance that Was Rung Off. He had made up his mind to propose to the pretty telephone girl. Clearing his throat, he began: "I

would like---" But the force of habit was strong upon her and she interrupted him, saying: "Line's busy."

Afterward she realized her mistake. but the bird which has been permitted to escape from the hand seldom comes back from the bush of its own accord. Circumstances Alter Cases, "My friend," said the elerical-looking

passenger to the traveling man in the next seat, "do you ever drink?" "Is that an invitation or only a question?" asked the wily drummer.

"Merely a question pertaining to your future welfare," replied the c. L

"Then," observed the other, "I never drink, sir, never."

Jacob A. Riis writes of "The Passing

of Cat Alley" in the Century, Mr. Rils says: "Cat Alley had its faults, but it can at least be said of it, in extennation, that it was very human. With them all it had a rude sense of justice that did not distinguish its early builders. When the work of tearing down had begun, I watched, one day, a troop of children having fun with a see-saw that they had made of a plank laid across a lime-barrel. The whole Irish contingent rode the plank, all at once, with screams of delight. A ragged little girl from the despised "Dago" colony watched them from the corner with

and her long reach, saw her and stopped the show. "Here, Mame," she said, pushing one of the smaller girls from the plank, "you get off an' let her ride. Her moth-

hungry eyes. Big Jane, who was the

leader by virtue of her thirteen years

And the little Dago rode, and was made happy.

of business and more business for men of leisure.

Every man does a lot of unnecessary

The Sense of Justice in the Slums.

er was stabbed yesterday." There should be more lelsure for men

work every day.