FOR HIS FATHER'S CRIME

THE jury had retired to consider their verdict, and those remaining in court were discussing in excited whispers what would be the result of their decision.

At length it came: "Guilty!"

The prisoner at the bar turned paler, and clutched the dock for support; while the judge assumed the black cap and pronounced sentence.

"Richard Clood, you have been found guilty of murder upon evidence which, I think, can leave no doubt in the mind of any person who has been present in the court and heard it."

Then followed the last dread sentence.

* * * * * * *

"Could there be a fairer daughter of Eve? If I could only win her!"

Clarence Bolton gazed with eyes of passionate love upon a beautiful, girlish figure, just retreating with a tea tray from the rustic arbor in which he was seated.

Clarence Bolton was a pedestrian, and devoted his Saturday half-holidays to tramps in the country. In the course of one of these he had entered a rustic cottage in Kent, where teas were provided for travelers and pedestrians. Here he had met his fate, Nellie Gould.

Clarence had resolved over and over again to declare his passion, but his courage had as often failed him at the critical moment. That one moment in the lover's calendar advantageous above all others came at length, and he seized it.

He had met with an accident and ripped the sleeve of his jacket. He asked Nellie for needle and thread. She not only brought both, but offered to do the stitching for him.

The compact was sealed in the little arbor.

Many happy weeks passed. There always seemed to be one shadow, however, in their pathway—Mrs. Gould. She wore an air of perpetual sadness and gloom, from which not even her daughter's happiness could arouse her.

"Why is your mother always so sad?" Clarence one day asked.

"Poor mother? Haven't you ever heard? I never like to speak about it, but—but—my father was murdered."

"Murdered!" exclaimed Clarence in horror.

"Murdered. It's many years ago now—I was only a little child at the time—and my mother never speaks of it now. But can you wonder at her sadness?"

"No, indeed. But who was the murderer?"

"A wretched man named Clood. He was tried, found guilty and hanged."

"Thank heaven for that. Well, Nellie, when we are married we must have your mother always with us and try to make up for the sorrow she has known."

When he left the cottage that evening Nellie Gould had promised to be his bride in a month's time.

A happier man than Clarence Bolton when he entered the shop of his guardian on the evening following it would have been difficult to find.

William Seex was a prosperous tradesman who had taken a deep interest in the young fellow's career, and Clarence had therefore considered it his first duty to acquaint him with the step he had just taken.

"So long as you are happy, my boy, that's all I care for," said the old man, heartily, when Clarence had told his story. "You've been a good lad and deserve a good wife. But what's her name? You haven't told me her name."

"Oh, I kept that till the last," said Clarence with a laugh. "It's a very pretty name, I can tell you. What do you think of Nellie?"

"Tain't bad sounding. What's the other part of it?"

"Gould—Nellie Gould. Hallo, what's up?"

"Gould? You didn't say that. Has she a father?"

"No, poor girl. He was murdered years ago by a man named Clood. Terrible, isn't it?"

"Terrible—yes."

Mr. Seex strode up and down the

CLARENCE BOLTON MEETS HIS FATE.

room in a state of great agitation. Then he paused and looked pitingly at Clarence.

"Poor boy—poor boy," he said.

"What is there to pity? Why, I'm one of the happiest men in creation."

"Listen, Clarence. I must tell you—though, heaven knows, I would rather cut out my own tongue—your real name is Clood, not Bolton, and—and—"

"Go on; quick, man, quick. Let me hear it all," cried Clarence.

"And the man who murdered Gould was your father."

Clarence covered his face with his hands while Mr. Seex told him the rest of the story—told him how he, out of deep pity for the boy, had changed his name, educated him and brought him up more as a son than the child of a stranger.

"Don't take it too much to heart, lad. What your father did is nothing to do with you. There's no disgrace resting on you."

No disgrace resting on him! Clarence shuddered, but took his guardian's hand between his own and pressed it gratefully.

How was he to act? Should he marry Nellie and say nothing of his secret? Were he to do so, she might some day discover it, and then she could only curse him. Should he, on the other hand, confess to her everything, and leave her to the responsibility of deciding whether or not the tie between them should be broken? No; that was a responsibility he had no right to place upon her shoulders.

A couple of days later Nellie Gould received a registered letter in which was enclosed $1,500. The letter accompanying it was brief:

"Dear Nellie—I am compelled to leave the country through no fault of my own. I shall never see you again, but my affection for you will always be the same. I shall love you until the day of my death. The money I send is yours. Have no hesitation in taking it, for it was to have been expended on our home. Marry some happier man than

"CLARENCE BOLTON."

Fifteen years had passed. Nellie Gould was now Mrs. Elliott, a middle-aged matron, with three bright-eyed children. The los sof her lover years ago had come upon her at first with crushing force, and she had hoped to hear from him again. Then, after a further lapse of time, she had followed her old lover's request, and married

HE LOOKED PITYINGLY AT CLARENCE.

another. With the $1,500 they started a little shop together. It grew and grew until it became one of the most flourishing businesses in Elton.

When the shop was closed in the evening her husband would usually go to the Chequers Inn, at the end of the town, in order to discuss the events of the day with his brother tradesmen.

Returning one evening, he found a beggar resting on the doorstep of his shop. His hair and beard were quite white, his skin wriukled, and his cheeks hollow. He appeared to be quite worn out.

John Elliott was a kindly hearted man, and now he was touched with pity. He invited the man into the house and gave him some supper. This the wanderer scarcely touched, but followed with eager eyes the figure of Mrs. Elliott.

Then he adroitly gained from John particulars about his family. He had two sons and one girl, John told him. The eldest boy was named Clarence.

"He is named after an old sweetheart of the wife's. It was her wish, and I respected it; for he seems to have been a good sort of fellow. We owe whatever fortune we have to him. His money gave us our first start in married life."

The stranger's hand wandered to his eyes. Had the other been watching he would have seen a tear trickling down the furrowed cheek.

"As you have been kind enough to give me a bed for the night may I ask one other favor? I would like to see that boy of yours—Clarence, I mean—before I go to-morrow. May I?"

The next morning the three children were introduced to the stranger. He took them in his arms and kissed them in turn. At Clarence he gazed long and earnestly, sat him upon his knee and fondled him; and then, while Mrs. Elliott's back was turned, seized a pair of scissors and cut off a piece of the boy's curly hair, which he secreted in his pocket.

Two days after a body was found close to the cottage where Nellie had lived with her mother so many years ago. It was that of the beggar. An inquest was held, but there were no means of establishing it sidentity.

The undertaker found, suspended over the heart, in a little silk bag, two locks of hair—one evidently that of a woman, the other that of a child; and though a parish undertaker is not supposed to have much sentiment he did not disturb them from their resting place.

Of Interest to Skaters.

At experienced skating teacher lays great importance upon the kind of shoes worn. "A great deal is said," he remarked, "about properly supporting the ankle, and people complain that they cannot skate because their ankles are weak. Now, in at least five out of ten of those cases, there is nothing at all the matter with either ankle or its support. The trouble is right here," and he touched the side of the shoe just below the instep and above the hollow of the foot. "This part of the shoe," he continued, "ought to be very snug and stiff, to hold the foot straight, and prevent its twisting between the toe and the heel. That is what usually makes the skater 'wabble' and lose his footing, and then he thinks the trouble is with the ankle," says Harper's Bazar. "The height of the shoe does not matter much."

Dogs to Protect Policemen.

The communal authorities of Ghent have decided to provide the policemen on night duty with dogs capable of defending them in the case of attack. The experiment is an interesting one, and in the towns where it has been tried it is said to have yielded excellent results. This is not the only police reform which is to be introduced in Belgium. At Schaerbeck, one of the suburbs of Brussels, all the policemen will soon be provided with bicycles, special sheds for which are to be constructed at all the police stations.

People do not appreciate the importance of difference in disposition. That which is poison to one man is agreeable to another. Because you like a certain thing, do not insist that others enjoy it. People like anarchy because the first principle is, "I want to do as I please."

DUEL WITH SNAKES IN INDIA.

Rival Hindoo Serpent Charmers in a Blood-Curdling Scene.

On the morrow (which was the third day) there was a long delay; the prologue was spun out and out. Each of the masters was in a very keen anxiety as to the snake the other had been reserving for the great effort. At last Souter came to the end of his patience, and bade them peremptorily play or pay. Thereupon Anant Ram set a small cloth on the ground very gently, and called loudly to have the first go. The "Lord of Devils" did not stand upon the order of his going, agreed on the instant; and his two pupils turned up a large basket in the middle of the ring, and shook out of it about nine feet of that poisonous constrictor, the great hamadryad, or king cobra. It is the only snake in India that attacks of itself at all times. Its fierceness and courage are only equaled by the brightness of its colorings and the strength of its coils. It can poison as mortally and strangle as surely as any snake in the world. The Egyptian cerastes attacks and bites; the fer-de-lance of St. Lucia drops from the tree, vicious and fatal, on the horseman. But they are not constrictors. The great hamadryad rears its green length of active, twofold, ferocious death in unparalleled dreadfulness.

Anant Ram threw up his arms over his head as the double horror rushed hissing at him; in a breath its coils were around him, its fangs tearing his arms. He flung himself down at the pain; and, put about by this sudden act, the snake stopped biting a moment to tighten its coils. Then it reared a quarter of its body above his head, and as quickly as it could bend and strike bit him horribly in the neck under the left ear. On the instant it jerked out its fangs with a shrill whistle, and fell all slack about him; he had bitten clean through its back, and was tearing its body asunder with frenzied hands. He rose bleeding, dusty, wild-eyed, and ghastly; staggered to the cloth that hid his snake and yelled: "Quick! to the trial! All three of you! Quick!"

The "Lord of Devils" and his pupils hustled round him; he whipped away the cloth, and bared to their eyes a little, crooked, gray-brown stick. They stared at it, they stared at one another, and slowly knowledge came to them. They knew how Anant Ram had conquered the hamadryad; that he had won the devils to fight for him. They moved around the little stick, with outstretched, twitching hands, their startling eyes glued to it, striving to beat down their dread, to force themselves to touch it, to awake it to malignant life. Slowly their dread mastered them; their faces grew gray and then green; one man gave back a step, then another; one by one they tore away their eyes from the dormant horror; glared at one another in the agony of utter fear; turned with one accord, and fled—fled as men flee with the fear of death at their backs, and the devils of the lone night and the waste on their heels. But Anant Ram lay, heedless of the screaming joy of the victorious Panjab, sucking the blood of the dead hamadryad for dear life, while his pupils, in fevered haste, plied him with remedy on remedy. In the confusion Souter secured yet more material to make surer his discoveries, and to render this mystery of the East a working medicine against the terror of the serpent. Anant Ram came out of it alive, and rich; but he swears that in winning his great fight he lost the secret of ages. He dreads Souter as he dreads nothing else; and to him alone will he reveal the mysteries of his craft.—Pall Mall Magazine.

NIGHT IN THE STORM.

Perilous Experience Upon the Open Prairie in the West.

George F. Ruxton gives, in "Adventures in the Rocky Mountains," a thrilling description of a night spent on the open prairie in a blizzard. The advent of the storm was sudden and terrible. Black, threatening clouds descended until they touched the earth; a hollow murmur swept through the bottom, but not a branch stirred in the wind; the naked cottonwoods stood like ghosts.

I knew what was coming, and turned my horse toward the timber two miles distant. Before we had covered half the distance the tempest broke upon us. The clouds opened and drove in our faces a storm of freezing sleet, which froze upon us as it fell.

The first squall of wind carried away my cap, and the enormous hailstones, beating on my head and face, almost stunned me. My hunting shirt was soaked in an instant and as quickly frozen hard, and my horse was a mass of icicles. To ride was impossible, and I jumped off and covered my head with the saddle blanket.

The horse and the following mules turned their sterns to the wind, and made for the open prairie. I was unable to drive them to the shelter of the timber.

Perfect darkness soon set in. Still the animals kept on, and I followed or rather was blown after them. My blanket, frozen stiff, required all the strength of my numbed fingers to prevent its being blown away. In an incredibly short time two feet of snow covered the bare prairie, and through this we floundered on til we could go no farther.

The animals stopped, huddled together, and would not move. Exhausted, I sank down, and covering my head with the blanket crouched like a ball in the snow, expecting certain death.

The wind roared over the prairie, driving the snow before it, burying me and the animals. For hours I remained with my head on my knees, with the snow pressing like a weight of lead upon it. At short intervals the mules would groan aloud and fall upon the snow, and then again struggle on their legs. All night long the piercing howl of the wolves was borne upon the wind.

I was just sinking into a stupor when the mules began to snort and shake themselves. I roused up, but was in total darkness, buried under the snow. I thrust out my arm, and through the opening saw the stars shining in the sky. The storm had ceased.

I tried to stand, but fell forward in the snow. Finally I freed myself, managed to mount my horse, and reached the camp on the Arkansas that evening, half dead with cold and hunger.

Egyptian Dislike of the French.

The Frenchman in Egypt is an unpleasant person from the native point of view. French artists, wandering from place to place in search of subjects for their paintings, carry with them, in addition to their artistic paraphernalia, their own peculiar notions of civilization. The Arab Shiekh, who with dignified kindness offers to the perfect stranger the most frank and generous hospitality, is treated as dirt of civilization. The Arab sheik, who passing along the village street, with only her lustrous eyes visible above her flowing veil, is favored with a stare the like of which cannot be conceived by an American man who has never left his own chivalrous country.

The little children of five or six years, who come and stare at the wonderful stranger, and who get in his way, are whacked with the Frenchman's stick.

The dogs of the native villages, which for protection are trained to sleep in the daytime and keep awake in the night, know them, and hate them. At intervals through the night these dogs bark and howl in a desultory fashion, calling to their canine friends and relatives in other little villages a mile or two away. If the dogs fall asleep the Arabs stir and awaken in the unaccustomed silence. Then they think their dogs cannot be keeping a proper lookout, and, getting up, they arouse them, and the monotonous yap-yap-yapping is resumed.

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

The turning back of the waters of the Red Sea by a strong wind, as told in Exodus, was repeated last spring in presence of Major Tullock, who has reported the facts to the British Government. A wind arose so violent that it drove all the waters back, leaving all the sailing vessels stranded on the sandy bed of the sea.

Electric power derived from the waterfalls of Tivoli, which constitute one of the most famous gems of Italian scenery, is now transmitted about fifteen miles across the Campagna to illuminate Rome and to drive the tramcars, whose presence in the streets of the Eternal City is so striking a reminder of the universality of modern practical science.

Some plants stow away starchy material in their leaves, seeds or roots for future use. The slow chemical combination of this substance with oxygen is a form of combustion, and produces warmth. It is by this means that the tiny Alpine flower is able to melt a passage for itself up through the ice, and find its way to liberty and sunshine.

In Bavaria an effort has been made to introduce into commerce what may be termed solidified petroleum. Soda lye, fat and petroleum are heated together for an hour, and give a soap-like product, which solidifies on cooling. Sawdust or other combustible may be mixed with the material, and it can be made into bricks for fuel. It would give a very smoky flame.

Among the most wonderful monsters of the Age of Reptiles was the ichthyosaurus, or "fish-lizard." Last summer a very perfect specimen was uncovered in a quarry at Stockton, in Warwickshire, England. The creature is twenty feet in length, its head alone being almost four feet long. The ichthyosaurus possessed gigantic eyes, whose lenses could be focused at will for different distances. It hunted its prey in the sea.

An instrument has been made in England to be sent to Japan. Its use is to measure the blow of a wave. A similar apparatus was used to measure the wave-blow off the Skerryvore Rock, Scotland. There the waves sweep in from the wide Atlantic. In summer a force of over 600 pounds to the square foot was recorded. In winter as high as a ton to the square foot was attained. This gives an idea with what ships, lighthouses and other similar structures have to contend.

On the 9th of last September an immense sunspot which, with its attendant smaller spots, had unexpectedly made its appearance more than a week before, crossed the central meridian of the sun's disk, and that same night magnificent displays of the aurora borealis were seen. At the same time magnetic needles were disturbed. This is one of the most striking instances in recent years of the connection between spots on the sun and magnetic disturbances on the earth. While the great spot was crossing the sun, uncommonly warm weather for the season was experienced on both sides of the Atlantic, and some have suggested that this, too, was a phenomenon connected directly with the solar disturbance.

One on the Rector.

The little daughter of a local clergyman has reached the age where big words are apt to floor her, and where she is very sensitive to the remarks of an older brother.

Not long ago she came running in to her father.

"Papa, papa, George called me names."

"Why, what did Georgie say?"

"Oh," said the little girl with a strong expression of disgust, "he said I practiced what I preached. I don't, do I?"

"Well, my child, I—"

"But I don't, do I, papa? I don't any more than you do, do I?"

And then the rector choked up. But he took a half hour from his sermon and explained the meaning of the obnoxious expression to the best of his ability.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Unaccountable.

Among the several unaccountable things which one sees in Russia, one is struck forcibly with the differences in shop signs in the large cities. It appears that the Jews are made to write their names out in full, giving the Jewish form of their given names instead of those actually in use by them, while the signs of the Gentiles bear only the initials.

There is one thing about a boiling piece of meat—there is always enough of it. There is never enough steak.

Marriage will change a woman's name, but it seldom alters her nature.

LAW AS INTERPRETED.

Notice of an incident causing death, given to an insurance company twenty-nine days after knowledge of the facts was obtained, is held, in Foster vs. Fidelity and C. Company (Wis.), 40 L. R. A. 833, to be too late to be "immediate" within the meaning of the policy.

The right of a servant to rely on the promise of his master to repair defects in the place where the labor is to be performed is held, in Illinois Steel Company vs. Mann (Ill.), 40 L. R. A. 781, to exist for so long only as is reasonably necessary to make the repairs, and after that period the servant is held to have waived the defects and to have assumed the additional risk. With this case is an extensive note on the rights of a servant continuing work on the faith of the master's promise to remove a specific cause of danger.

Notice to an employer that one who is employed to manage a brake controlling the passenger cage connected with a mine has become incompetent is held, in Walkowski vs. Penokee & G. Consolidated Mines (Mich.), 41 L. R. A. 33, not to be implied from the fact that the engineer thought he ran the cage too fast, if there was nothing to show that the information has reached the employer. With this case is a remarkably elaborate note on the subject of knowledge as an element of an employer's liability to an injured servant.

Publication of a delinquent tax list in the English language, but in a newspaper which is otherwise printed in the German language, is held not to be sufficient in state, Goebel vs. Chamberlain (Wis.), 40 L. R. A. 843, when the statute provides in general terms for publication in a newspaper printed in the county, as the English language is the language of the country to be used in all official proceedings, in the absence of statute authority to the contrary.

The drainage of seepage or surplus water from irrigated lands into a canal from which water is supplied for domestic purposes as well as for irrigation, is held, in North Point Consolidated Irrigation Company vs. Utah and Salt Lake Canal Company (Utah), 40 L. R. A. 851, to be wrongful, when the drainage renders the waters unfit either for domestic or for irrigation purposes, and to constitute a nuisance, although a prescriptive right to do so might be acquired by twenty years' uninterrupted use.

The purser of a steamer who lives on it is held, in Jones vs. Skinner (Md.), 40 L. R. A. 752, to be unable to acquire by such residence the right to vote in a district at which the steamer ties up at her home port, where he had formerly acquired a residence in another part of the city. Substantially the same rule is enforced in Howard vs. Skinner (Md.), 40 L. R. A. 753, in the case of a clerk who slept in a room on the boat, and who had no other room or place to live, and who was unmarried.

STRANGE, BUT TRUE.

Pretty Women Seldom Make Handsome Pictures.

"It is a curious fact," said an experienced New Orleans photographer, "that it isn't the handsomest women who make the handsomest pictures. I'll venture the assertion that nine-tenths of the women who are noted for their beauty are poor subjects for the camera, and it is undeniable that the more striking and attractive photos are those of people who seem plain and insignificant in life.

"Why is it? Well, a beauty nearly always owes her charm to something beyond reach of the lens—to her complexion, her hair or the vivacity of her expression. Very few such women have regular features, and when they are reproduced in plain black and white they are at a great disadvantage. Their photographs are generally unsatisfactory and are really not correct likenesses. On the other hand, a woman who is regarded as homely may have singularly perfect lines, but attracts no attention through lack of animation or color. I'll cite you a queer instance.

"A dozen or so years ago Maude Branscombe was the most popular model in the United States for photographic 'art studios.' Her best pose was as a nun, and her pictured face was strikingly beautiful. Thousands upon thousands of people have raved over her loveliness, but the real Miss Branscombe, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, was a demure, pale little woman who would never in the world attract the slightest attention in a crowd. Without a doubt she was passed unnoticed by many a person who treasured her portrait as a marvel."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Property of the City.

Bicycles play an important part in business as well as in social life. The distribution of bicycles to the employes of German towns increases from day to day. In the cities of Hanover and Ludvigshafen, and in some towns of less importance, machines have been distributed to the municipal employes in order to facilitate their work. The municipal council of Cologne has just decided that bicycles shall be reckoned in with the communal budget and placed at the disposal of the following city employes: Tax collectors, policemen, foresters, commissaries of police, sergeants de ville, watchman, men of the health department and in the departments of water, gas and electrical supply controllers, and all clerks in the employ of the city. The machines remain the property of the city. They are simply loaned to the employes. Forty marks a year are allowed to the borrowers for each machine, to keep it in order. It is expressly forbidden to use the bicycles except in the performance of the city's service.

When a girl writes her name "Mayme" or "Mai," she puts a label upon herself that contains the word Cheap. She may be sensible in some respects, but no one seeing the label will believe it. The "Mai's" and "Mayme's" are not good daughters, and they will not make good wives. They are silly, irresponsible, and romantic. Show us a girl who changes her name from Mary to Mai, and we can read her palm like a fortune teller.

It is all right for parents to compare prima donnas with their daughters, to the prima donna's discredit, but is it right for them to expect their friends to have the same opinion?

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Wood Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Single Blessedness.

"What a lot of bachelors there are nowadays."

"Isn't it selfish of them, too, to think so much of their own happiness?"

Easy for the Professor.

"And now," said the professor, as the regular class exercises were finished, "is there any question any of the young ladies would like to ask?"

"How is it, sir," inquired the auburn-haired girl at the pedal extremity of the class, "that Father Time is always represented as being baldheaded?"

"That is easily accounted for," replied the professor. "So many people during their school days grasped Time by the forelock in trying to get away from the foot of the class that his hair has all been pulled out. See?"

The girl at the foot never answered a word.

An Effort to Reform.

Bill—I thought you said you were going to turn over a new leaf the first of the year.

Will—Well, I didsh, ole man, but I foun' distillery advertisement on nex' page.—New York News.

He Needed a Rest.

Meeks—Doctor, my wife has the lockjaw.

Doctor—That's bad. I'll hurry around to your house at once and see what I can do to relieve her.

Meeks—Oh, there's no hurry about it. Drop in the latter part of next week if you ain't too busy.

Homicide.

A local band was one day playing at Dunfermline, when an old weaver came up and asked the bandmaster what air they were playing. "That is 'The Death of Nelson,'" replied the bandmaster, solemnly. "Ay, mon," replied the weaver, "ye hae gi'en him an awful death."

Antiseptic Surgery.

Governor of the prison—What is the cause of this unseemly delay?

Jailer—That expert headsman you engaged from the medical school is sterilizing the ax.

An Extreme Case.

First suburbanite—I've become extremely forgetful of late.

Second suburbanite—Is that so?

First suburbanite—Yes. Some mornings I can't remember whether I'm to bring back a cook or not.—Puck.

Bound to Be Happy.

She—They say that persons of opposite qualities make the happiest marriages.

He—That's why I'm looking for a girl with money.

He Enjoyed It.

Fred—That cigar you gave me did me lots of good.

Arthur—I'm glad of it. When did you smoke it?

"Oh, I didn't smoke it. I gave it to Howard; I hate him, you know."—Harlem Life.

Hears It All Without Expense.

"You ought to have one of those phonographs in your home, sir. It will repeat everything—"

"I tell you I don't need one; my wife belongs to a sewing society."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Family Affair.

Wife—What do you think, Wilhelm? Your friend Emil asked me to elope with him!

Husband—Oh, that doesn't surprise me, my dear! He is a good friend of mine and thinks he would be doing me a favor.—Das Kleine Witzblatt.

His Experience.

Diggs—Do you believe that it is possible to heal merely by the touch?

Biggs—Sure. A physician recently "heeled" himself by touching me for $50.

How Genius Sprouted.

"I wonder how Treadway became such a success as a writer of fiction?"

"I think that it was his college practice that did it."

"How was that?"

"When he used to write home for money he told the most ingenious fairy stories imaginable." — Detroit Free Press.

An Expert.

Prisoner—Your honor, I wasn't drunk when they locked me up.

Judge—You had been drinking, had you not?

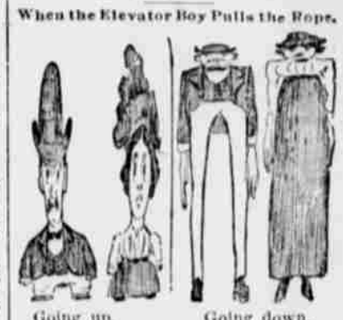
"Some. But I had at least eight more drinks comin' to me before it would be time to git pinched."

A Charitable Girl.

"Miss Cutting," began young Softleigh, "foh some time I—aw have been sewously thinking, doncher know, and as a wesult, I—aw have half a mind—"

"Well," interrupted Miss Cutting, "that is more than any of your acquaintances credit you with, but I'll be real charitable and concede you that much; so pray say no more about it."

When the Elevator Boy Pulls the Rope.



Going up. Going down.

The Way of Some.

Maud—And so Gladys married for love?

Mabel—Yes, but she fell in love with a rich man.

Touching.

The sweet young thing—I just had a lovely time at the matinee.

The elderly parson—Had a good cry, eh?

"Yes, I cried over the play in the first act and then cried through the other acts because I had my nose red."—Indianapolis Journal.

A Man of Family.

Borus—I hear you have taken a wife to yourself, Smithers. Whom did you marry?

Smithers (dejectedly)—Milly Jones, her mother, her stepfather and two maiden aunts.

Johnny Was Enough.

Johnny—I say, father, did you ever wish you had lots of little boys?

Papa—Yes, my son, before I had you.

Paradise.

Little Alice—What kind of a place do you think heaven is?

Little Harry—Well, if heaven's as nice as they say, I guess they must let you eat your pie first when you sit down to dinner there.

A Desperate Case.

She—And what will you do if I refuse to become your wife—nothing desperate, I hope?

He—Yes! I shall go away somewhere and get a job—I'll have to.

Her Opinion.

"Yaas," said Mr. Willikins, "I am acquainted with two dead languages."

"Well," replied Miss Sharpleigh, "judging by what you do to English every time you say more than a dozen words I am constrained to believe that you must have murdered those poor dead languages you speak of."

Custom House Notes.

Tax collector—You'll have to pay 10 cents per head taxes on them fowls that were shipped to you.

Farmer—Why didn't the fools that shipped them cut their heads off?—Rocky Mountain News.

Same Thing, Only Different.

Dr. Emdee—Women, you know, are very subject to nervous prostration.

Mr. Wicklow—Don't men have it?

Dr. Emdee—No; men have irritability.—Puck.

Unfortunately.

"If we all had equal opportunities—"

"We would not all be equal to them."—Puck.

There Were Exceptions.

The Speaker—Wealth is not to be attained by short cuts.

The Butcher—Oh, I don't know!—Indianapolis Journal.

'Twas Ever Thus.

White—How about that wedding check your father-in-law gave you—was it good?

Brown—Certainly. You know, it's the unexpected that always happens.

Small Boy's Hero.

Boy (to sea captain who has a reputation to maintain)—Did you ever get your leg bit off by a shark, captain?

Captain—Did I, sonny? Did I? Well, rather. Dozens of times!—Tit-Bits.

Once Was Enough.

"What do you consider the luckiest thing you ever did?"

"The luckiest thing I ever did was to quarrel with one of the two girls to whom I was engaged just before my marriage."

Kicked by a Kansas Insect.

It was during one of those beautiful Indian summer days in October for which Kansas is noted that Daniel Duval, a well-to-do farmer of Phillips County, received a kick in the eye from a grasshopper with the result that for some weeks there was great fear that he would not recover the sight of the eye. This athletic feat on the part of the insect does not mean that grasshoppers grow to such a size out in Phillips County that they can assail the inhabitants while sitting on the ground. The one to which Mr. Duval is indebted for a badly inflamed eye was considerably above the average grasshopper in size, and was speeding through the air when the farmer's face unluckily crossed its path. The result was that it struck the farmer in the right eye with as much precision as if shot from a gun by an American naval gunner. The eyeball was badly lacerated.

One Man's Wisdom.

She (a fair divorcee)—Do you believe in second marriages, Mr. Singleton?

He (cautiously)—Well—er—that depends. By the way, how much alimony did you receive?