BE A GOOD BOY; GOOD-BYE.

Oft in my dreams I go back to the day
When I stood at our old wooden gate,
And started to school in full battle array,
Well armed with a primer and slate.
And as the latch fell I thought myself free,
And gloried, I fear, on the sly,
Till I heard a kind voice that whispered to me:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

"Be a good boy; good-by." It seems
They have followed me all these years;
They have given a form to my youthful dreams
And scattered my foolish fears.
They have stayed my feet on many a brink,
Unseen by a blinded eye;
For just in time I would pause and think:
"Be a good boy; good-bye."

Oh, brother of mine, in the battle of life,
Just starting or nearing its close,
The motto aloft, in the midst of the strife,
Will conquer wherever it goes.
Mistakes you will make, for each of us errs,
But, brother, just honestly try
To accomplish your best. In whatever occurs,
"Be a good boy; good-bye."
—Saturday Evening Post.

Lassoing a Burglar.

THERE was really no one at the Collingsworths who approved of Tony except perhaps the twins, and they were not at all responsible authorities.

"He just like her 'cause she's Tony," Roy would say, emphatically, when cornered for a logical reason. "And she tells us Indian stories, and knows about birds and bugs and snakes and things, and don't say, 'Run away, children,' the minute she sees somebody that's grown up, the way Marion does."

"And she isn't afraid of anything—not even mamma," Roy would add, solemnly.

It was nearly two months since Tony had come from far-off Wyoming to make her home with her uncle's family. Aunt Henriette had disapproved of her from the first morning when she entered the dainty reception room and stood there proudly, a tall, tanned and

"TONY HESITATED."

healthy young person, with frank eyes and rough curly hair, which positively refused to stay in place under her red Tam O'Shanter. And then there was Rattles, and on this point words failed Mrs. Collingsworth. Rattles was very large, long of limb and lean, and immediately appropriated the twin's playroom as his happy hunting ground.

"Finest hound in the whole State, Uncle Otis," Tony said, enthusiastically. "Why, last year when the gray wolves came down and carried off some of the sheep papa and I started out with only Rattles and his brother, Hoodoo, and we tracked them clear up the valley, you know, where the shoulder of the Big Horn comes around in a sort of curl, and Rattles found them. Hoodoo was killed, but I've got the pelts on my wall home at the ranch—three of them—and when papa died he told me to bring Rattles on to Chicago with me. You don't care, do you?"

Mr. Collingsworth looked up at the stalwart young figure standing on the hearth with the great hound crouched at her feet, and as he listened to her a breath of the old free life came back to him again and he half wished he had stayed, like Dave, Tony's father, on the home ranch. But he caught Aunt Henriette's eyes and remembered with a sigh that he was in Chicago and president of a bank and with Wyoming farther away from him than mere miles. But he liked the dog and the twins adored it, so Rattles remained with Tony and shared her trials and troubles in the new life.

"What makes you have funny names?" Tad had asked bluntly, the first time he and Roy found themselves along with their new cousin. "Tony's a boy's name, and Rattles isn't any kind of a name."

"Well, his whole name's Rattlesnake Billie, and he's named after one of papa's cowboys—the one who taught me how to throw a lariat, but it was too long to yell good, you know, so I just cut it down to Rattles. And my name is Marie Antoinette, but papa said I might get off on the hills or in front of the cattle and get killed before he could remember it all, so he called me Tony."

"Oh," said Tad, reflectively, and then added, after a pause: "You're an awfully funny girl, but I guess we'll like you. Mamma won't and Marion won't, and papa's afraid of mamma, so even if he does he won't dare to show it much, but Roy and I'll like you, and if you get lonesome come on down here in our den and we'll take care of you."

Before the two months were up Tony had discovered how true a prophet Tad was, and the little cozy room back of the library became her place of refuge in many a time of need, although Rattles was banished from it to the back yard whenever Aunt Henriette's nerves were in a particularly irritable condition.

"And she says we mustn't throw the lariat in the house," Roy said, ruefully, one day when he and Tad had been having a high old time with Tony's "rope" and saddle and Indian trophies, and it had ended in Shakespeare being lassoed and yanked unceremoniously from his pedestal in the library and hauled at the end of the lariat by a whooping brave until a plaintive voice came from the regions above calling for "Antoinette."

So the "rope" was looped up and hung on a peg in the den, and Tony tried to be dignified and graceful like Marion, and not rush up the stairs two steps at a time, or whistle, or tell the twins blood-curdling narratives that savored of the adventures of Rattlesnake Bill and his kind. But still she felt that she was far from being a satisfactory representative of the Collingsworths in her aunt's eyes, and many a time, after every one had retired and the house was still, a white-robed girl would steal softly down the broad staircase and into the den to have a quiet cry all by herself, with Rattles' head on her lap as he watched her with his deep-set, solemn eyes.

It was on one of these nights that the great event happened which changed the whole aspect of things so far as Tony was concerned. She had been in disgrace that day. There had been a swell function of some kind, and the twins had been summarily called from the den to appear before a select company. But instead of two pretty figures in black velvet and point lace there had come forth two full-fledged Indian braves in feathers and war paint, bubbling over with laughter and all ready for a powwow.

Of course, Tony was blamed, and she would not have cared if only a dismal wail of woe from the nursery had not told her that others shared her punishment, so it was a great relief that night to steal down to the den to have the usual cry, with Rattles as chief consoler.

The hour was very late. Tony heard the clock in the library chime 12 and then half-past, and Rattles moved uneasily once or twice, his head raised in the air as if he scented danger, but the girl was too tired and heartsore to notice him, and at last, with a parting pat on Rattles' nose, Tony left the den and started through the long, dark corridor toward the stairs, when, all at once, she noticed that the door of her uncle's private room and study was ajar and saw a faint, wavering glimmer of light shine through the aperture.

Alert and soft-footed as one of her own Wyoming wildcats, she tiptoed across the hall and looked in. A broad mahogany desk stood in the center of the room, and just beyond this was a small safe, a light steel one, in which Mr. Collingsworth kept his papers and all articles of value. On the desk was a carefully wrapped bundle suggestive of silverware and other things portable as well as valuable, and kneeling on the floor in front of the safe, with his back to the door, was a man working steadily at the combination lock.

Tony hesitated an instant, her first impulse being to run upstairs and tell her uncle. The burglar alarm was at the front door and another at the drawing-room windows opening on the veranda, and she thought that while she was trying to reach them her presence might be discovered and there would be trouble. And, besides, she suddenly remembered Aunt Henriette's nervous condition. She would have hysterics or something just as dreadful if she heard a commotion downstairs. Tony decided, and with a new idea in her head she turned and went back to the den.

Rattles was settled on the rug, and with a long yawn stretched himself when he saw the familiar figure; but she did not rouse him. Taking the lariat from its peg, she withdrew on tiptoe, leaving the door unlatched. There was a little smile on her lips as she stood again outside the study door, this time with Rattles crouching by her side and with the long rope coiled in Rattlesnake Billie's favorite style in her left hand. After all, it was such a joke for her to be using it here in Chicago, just as it might have been thrown about the throat of any half-breed or criminal off on the plains, and she wished in that moment of hesitancy that her father were there to see her throw. Then noiselessly she moved the door open, and her heart beat faster as the dark head raised a bit higher over by the safe. The next moment there was a swift swish as the long, curling rope cut the air with true, sure aim; then the quick, tightening jerk as it drew taught about the man's neck, tighter and tighter, for it was not Marion's slim, soft hands that were pulling on the other end, but a pair of strong, firm ones that had made several self-respecting bronchos come to their senses before now.

Tony knew that the burglar had struck the corner of the big desk when the lariat jerked him backward, and as the dog leaped forward with a growl, she stepped into the room to see how matters stood. The burglar was lying as he had fallen, his face darkening to dull red, his eyes closed, and all at once a natural girlish fear swept over her, and before she knew it she had slipped out and shut the door, leaving Rattles on guard.

A few seconds later Mr. Collingsworth was awakened by a soft tap on his door.

"It's me; Tony," said a low voice that shook a trifle. "I want to see you, uncle."

"I'm awfully sorry to wake you up," she went on when he had slipped on a dressing gown and met her, bright-eyed and pale. "But I've caught a man down there—in the study—oh, it's all right!" as he gave a quick exclamation and turned back for a weapon. "I—I lassoed him, you know, and Rattles is watching him."

Mr. Collingsworth looked down an instant at the face upturned to him, and his tone was unsteady as he said, quietly:

"Go to your room, dear. I'll do the rest."

But, as the twins said when they heard the whole story and had glorified their heroine to their heart's content the next day, there wasn't any rest to do. The lariat had settled the whole matter, and it was a very limp, half-strangled burglar that the police removed from the house after Rattles had been relieved from his vigilance. As for Aunt Henriette, she had no words to express her admiration and wonder, and the lariat was hung in a place of honor over the great antlers in the library and Tony was taken once and for all time into the bosom of the family.—Chicago Record.

A woman's idea of a mean husband is one who will move out of the neighborhood, after his wife has succeeded in building up a milk trade among her neighbors.

When two nations are at war even the dispatches conflict.

FOR BRIDE AND HONOR

ODD ROMANCE OF ARTHUR MASON, A PLUNGER.

Seeks in Reckless Speculation a Fortune of $250,000, that He May Cancel a Debt and Marry the Girl of His Choice.

The queerest and most interesting story that ever came out of the maelstrom of speculation is that of Arthur Mason, a Chicago plunger, who is trying to make a fortune of $250,000 in order to cancel a debt of honor and marry the girl of his choice. He went out several months ago to gather in this sum from the New York Stock Exchange. Sometimes luck was with him and he succeeded in accumulating as much as $150,000; at other times fortune was unfavorable and he lost the bulk of his winnings. He is up and down by turns—one week clearing from $50,000 to $75,000, and the next down, practically on his uppers. But he is never discouraged, and believes he will win in the end.

MISS PORTER.

Mason wants the quarter of a million with which to repay the sum that his friend, Horace L. Porter, lost in speculation on his advice in San Francisco two years ago. Porter is dead, but he left a pretty sister, Miss Alva Porter, to whom Mason has been engaged for five years. He says he doesn't wish to marry the girl so long as the debt of honor is unpaid, but at the same time he feels that it is unfair to keep a girl of her age tied up with a matrimonial contract the fulfillment of which is uncertain. So Mason has set himself the task of securing the money within the next six months.

Arthur Mason is the son of Elias Mason, the head of a large shipping business on the great lakes. The elder Mason would gladly have his son join him in business, but the young man has determined that, alone and unaided, he will make his own fortune.

Mason's ambition and romance are the result of a five years' career as interesting as any young man had after leaving college. While Mason was at Princeton he met Horace L. Porter, a quiet, mild-mannered youth of a rather retiring disposition. Porter was of the sort that is susceptible to a man of strong personality. So it was that, despite the extreme difference in their physical and mental compositions, a strong attraction sprang up between the two young men, which strengthened as time wore on.

Shortly after leaving college Mason came to Chicago and began to speculate. Like many another man who has tried the same game, he lost, and lost again. His father refused to give him an additional allowance. At the very time of Mason's financial distress he received an invitation from his former college chum, Horace L. Porter, to visit him at his home in Nevada. The invitation came as a piece of good fortune to Mason, who jumped at this temporary abatement of his troubles.

ARTHUR MASON.

Lost Money and Then Enlisted.

It was there that Mason met sweet-faced Alva Porter and won her heart and the promise of her hand. Too poor to marry, Mason went to San Francisco and began operating in stocks, and was soon joined by his friend Horace Porter, who brought plenty of cash to do business with. As an evidence of his sincerity in his friendship, Porter suggested that his friend that they go into some business together. Porter had the capital, and he was sure Mason had the brains. The offer was accepted, and under Mason's guidance Porter began speculating on the Stock Exchange.

In less than a year Porter's inheritance of $250,000 had dwindled to about $10,000. Mason would not ask his father for assistance and Porter refused to write to his mother for money, and thus it was that at the outbreak of the recent war with Spain Porter was working as clerk in a Boston dry goods store, while Mason earned a sort of livelihood as a board marker in a Boston bucket shop. When President McKinley issued his call for volunteers, Arthur Mason and Horace Porter were among the first to present themselves for enrollment on the books of the Ninth regiment of Massachusetts volunteers.

Mason went from choice, Porter because his friend enlisted. They went to Cuba and underwent all the hardships into which that gallant band of heroes was driven. Mason, strong of physique, withstood the awful ordeal, but Porter, always delicate in health, quickly began to feel the effects of the climate.

He became ill and was removed to the hospital. Mason begged to be allowed to go with his friend and the request was granted. Porter was unable to resist the tropical fever, and in a few days was dead. Mason cared for Porter as tenderly as a mother would for a sick child, and as he held the fever-stricken hand of his comrade friend he made a vow that in life his only motive would be the redemption of Porter's money lost in speculation, and the re-establishment of his own previously good business character.

Upon his return from Cuba almost the first one to meet him at Montauk Point was his father. An affecting scene followed, during which Mr. Mason implored his boy to return home and the past would all be forgotten and forgiven. The soldier's answer was:

"When I have made things right with the mother of the dearest friend I had on earth I will come to you, father, but until then I must work as I never worked before."

For the past few months Mason has been living in New York City engaged in the mad whirl of speculation, and he is now the recognized plunger among the world of strong speculators who woo chance for a livelihood. On three separate occasions his winnings lately have reached over $15,000 a day, but in his eagerness to master fortunes at one bold stroke he has each time forfeited the greater part.

During all this time Alva Porter has written many letters. She urges him to abandon his self-imposed task and marry her. She waits for him to say the word, and yet he refuses til he has accomplished his purpose of securing $250,000.

A PHILADELPHIA CHURCH.

Probably the Oddest Place of Worship in the World.

Philadelphia has the oddest place of worship in the world. It is at 1344 Somerset street, and is the local branch of the "Christian Catholic Church," otherwise the "Zionists," who believe in Divine healing. The church is a neat, new and well-lighted apartment, about 18x50 feet in size. The wall back of the platform, which is used as a pulpit, is decorated in a unique manner. Flasks of whisky, cigars, pipes, bags of tobacco, crutches, plugs of chewing tobacco, trusses, vials of all

REV. JOHN ALEXANDER DOWIE.

kinds of medicine, corsets and many other articles have places on the wall, interspersed with Scriptural passages. Each of these articles is said to be the symbol of a renunciation of the use of liquor or medicine, or the material evidence of an escape from some malady.

One understands their significance at last when men and women who have entirely given up the use of medicine to rely solely on the healing power of Christ, rise in the audience and bear testimony to marvelous cures of consumption, cancer and other serious diseases which were wrought solely through the efficacy of prayer after physicians had abandoned all hope. The Zionists eschew all swine's flesh, and the use of whisky and tobacco is absolutely prohibited, and the use of medicines of all kinds is considered blasphemous.

The Zionists were founded less than four years ago by Rev. John Alexander Dowie, a scholarly man, who was formerly a Congregationalist preacher, and was once a minister of education in Australia. Their headquarters are at Chicago. In their brief existence the Zionists have grown to a membership of over 25,000. They have a bank, a college, land association and other business institutions. The members contribute one-tenth of their income to the church. All of these are under the absolute control of Rev. Dr. Dowie, who is called the general overseer, and whose powers extend even to the naming of his successor.

Rev. Mr. Dowie poses as a prophet. Recently, at Zion Tabernacle, Chicago, the faith healer predicted that in twenty-five years the world would be ready for the "coming of the Lord." "The telephone, telegraph and other wonderful things," he said, "will make it so easy to spread the Gospel of Zion that in a quarter of a century the world will be prepared for the great day."

BIBLES OF THE YAQUIS.

Two Unique Volumes Found on the Body of a Fighting Priest.

Two of the most peculiar volumes ever compiled in the name of religion have passed from Indian possession into the keeping of a San Francisco man, Mr. Luis Lotiza. They were taken from the dead body of a Yaqui Indian, an unordained priest, or "maestro," who was shot by Mexican regulars during the last insurrection of his tribe.

These sacred books reveal the religious beliefs and ceremonies of the Yaquis. The maestro to whom they belonged was one of a band of Indian

THE CRUCIFIXION.

marauders that had been devastating the country as they passed through it, and committing all kinds of barbarous atrocities while on their way to join the remainder of the tribe. The maestro had apparently forgotten his priestly calling.

The maestro was an artist of considerable imagination and a technique all his own, as his conception of Christ on the cross, St. John, St. Gregory and the Deity show. His realization of the ascension, the victory of the cross over sin and doomsday is pathetic in its crudity. A draped cloth over the cross to represent the wrapping of the body of Jesus in myrtle and olives before laying Him in the sepulchre, according to St. John xix., 40, proves that the maestro must have been a student. It is to be hoped that if he has reached heaven the Archangels Michael, Gabriel and Raphael have forgiven him for his outlandish portraits of them.

Both volumes are put together with infinite neatness and painstaking, are written and printed with a pen, every stroke of which evidences a labor of love and reverence for the task. The frontispieces, in red and black ink, are "fearfully and wonderfully made." The cover of one is of gaudy red calico bound with black and red cotton skirt braid.

Pet Superstitions.

Dr. Samuel Johnson would never enter a room left foot foremost; the brave Marshal Saxe screamed in terror at the sight of a cat; Peter the Great was not equal to crossing a bridge when he came to it unless to do so was absolutely necessary; Byron shared with less famous people than he the dislike of having the salt at table spilled between him and his neighbor, says the Rochester Post-Express. A sneeze is with half the nations of the world nothing to be sneezed at. To exclaim "God bless you!" when any one sneezes in your presence is a relic of what the Roman did before us and before him the Greek. Mohammed gives directions of the same kind to his followers and the Hindoo of to-day utters his pious ejaculation after the sneeze by way of prayer or good wish on behalf of the victim.

Many people will avoid going under a ladder if they can get around it. The belief that if you put on your stocking the wrong side out it is lucky is very general, or was until the schoolmaster returned from abroad, and I myself remember that an old woman was convinced that turning her stocking inside out saved her from being lost when the fairies, one pitch-dark night, had misled her on a trackless British moor.

What is to take the place of a lucky horse shoe when we all ride in automobiles? There is no room for the imagination in them. Some new mascot will have to be discovered. Charms of one kind or another are carried by people that have a pious contempt for heathen superstitions; a small potato, for example, to avert rheumatism, or a chestnut. The late journalist, George Augustus Sala, never traveled without carrying with him, as a lucky card, an ace of spades. Somehow it failed to save him from creditors. But creditors are notoriously deficient in imagination. If Shylock had remembered this when he drew up his bond "The Merchant of Venice" would never have been written.

The "Father of Railways."

Who is the "Father of Railways?" Books of reference give the distinction to George Stephenson, and Dr. Smiles has enshrined the claim in his "Lives of the Engineers." An effort is now being made to secure recognition of the claim of William James, a Warwickshire contemporary of Stephenson, says the London Chronicle. It appears that in 1799—when George Stephenson was a lad of 18—William James was engaged in laying out plans for railroads. In 1802 he journeyed into Lancashire for railway survey purposes, and conceived the idea of establishing railroads between Liverpool and Mancrester, Bloton and other towns, for the carriage of cotton and general goods.

Between 1819 and 1820 James projected a line called the Central Junction Railroad, a portion of which, between Stratford-on-Avon and Moreton-in-the-Marsh, with a branch line to Skipton, was actually laid. In 1821-1822 Mr. James formed the first railway company in England, the Liverpool and Manchester, and in the family papers it is alleged that Stephenson, in surveying its line, merely followed in his footsteps. Sir Edward Watkin and other leading railway men are strongly impressed by the claim of the Warwickshire man to be the pioneer of the British railway system, and a committee has been formed for the purpose of getting his services recognized. It is intended to ask the authorities to allow a tablet to the memory of James to be placed in Westminster Abbey.

In Another Character.

If clothes do not make the man, they may be said, in a certain sense, to make the dignitary. A railway train came to its destination in a large city. As the passengers were filing slowly out of the cars one of them, a lady of somewhat severe aspect, was observed to pause at the top of the steps.

"What do you mean, sir?" she said, sharply, to a man standing on the platform below.

"What do I mean?" he responded. "To help you off, madame, of course."

"You are an entire stranger to me, sir," she said. "I prefer to get off without your assistance."

"I am the conductor," he explained.

"I think not."

"But I am," he persisted. "This is the end of my run, and I have changed my coat and hat."

"Then you are not the conductor, sir. You are not in uniform, and are merely a private citizen. Please stand aside."

"I don't know but you're right, ma'am," he said, complying with her mandate.

Perhaps she was right, as a matter of principle, although she might have been a few degrees more civil about it.

A Learned Verger.

English cathedrals have an official called a verger, whose ordinary business is to take care of the inside of the edifice, show it to visitors, and assign seats to the worshippers.

It sometimes happens that the verger, through long service about the cathedral, becomes an important functionary, especially in his own eyes, as did the old verger at St. Bidulph's, to whom, according to a London paper, a new dean came.

"Who, my good friend," asked the dean, "takes the lead in Sunday-school matters here?"

"Well, I do, sir," was the reply. "You see, there aren't no other scholards but me and Sir John in the parish. I larn the children on Sunday afternoons."

"And what routine do you follow?"

"Oh, I fust reads 'em substracts from the Gospels, then I gives 'em a little cataplasm, and I generally winds up with a few interesting antidotes, just to keep 'em from getting too restless. But, of course, sir, I always tells 'em in bibulous language."

Submarine Cable Boat.

To enable travelers to cross the channel without suffering from sea sickness a Frenchman has designed a submarine boat to be propelled by cable traction, the motive power being electricity. The boat will accommodate 240 passengers, and perform the journey in one hour. Should the cables become fixed in going over the drums the boat can be detached so that it may rise to the surface and continue the journey like an ordinary vessel.

There is an end to all things—except one's desire for new things.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

He—That Miss Simkins is awfully shy, isn't she?

She—Yes. I wonder if she gets it from her mother?

He—No; from her father, I imagine. I understand he used to be a great poker player.—Chicago News.

Ordained.

"There's no reason why a politician should not be honest."

"No; it's just one of those things that happens. There is no particular reason why grass shouldn't be black; but it's green, just the same."—Philadelphia North American.

At It Again.

The Savage Bachelor—I don't see why a man should get married when a good parrot can be bought for $25.

The Sweet Young Thing—As usual, woman is at a disadvantage. A good grizzly bear can't be bought for less than ten times that.—Indianapolis Journal.

This Happened in Pittsburg.

Hotel Guest (as fire alarm sounds)—Does the fire department here have any difficulty in locating a fire?

Landlord—Not any more than in any other city, I suppose. But, why do you ask?

Hotel Guest—Well, it's so smoky here I don't see how they ever find the fire.—Chicago News.

Obeying Orders.

"Now, Tommy, give me a definition of ratio."

Tommy—Please, sir, pa said I wasn't to talk politics in school.

Cautionary.

(Slipping the ring on her finger)—Let's keep this secret a little while, darling. Don't say anything about it.

(In a whisper)—I won't, love—till I find out whether the stone is genuine or not.—Chicago Tribune.

An Enjoyable Tramp.

Mildred (from Philadelphia)—You don't seem to like Evelyn.

Penelope (from Boston)—She shows a lack of proper culture. This morning she said she was going to take a tramp up the mountain.

Mildred—Well?

Penelope—Do you not think she might choose as her escort one whose social status is more in keeping with her own?—New York Press.

For Mercy's Sake.

"His wife's name is Mercy. She keeps him busy, too."

"Doing what?"

"Why, running on errands of Mercy."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Buttonless Coat.

Stubb—You ought to go to the minstrels this week. Regular button-busting jokes, they say.

Penn—Who's going to sew my buttons on after they're busted off? You don't know my wife, old man.

Equal Footing.

"Why are ladies so fond of golf?"

"Well, you see, it places them on an equal footing with the men."

At the Polls.

"A woman tried to vote here to-day."

"How'd you get rid of her?"

"Told her to send it by mail, so that it would be sure to receive official attention."—Philadelphia North American.

Then She Went Out.

Tom—What do you think she did when I asked her to let me be the light of her life?

Dick—I don't know. What?

Tom—Turned me down.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Would Come Around All Right.

They were seated side by side on the parlor sofa and there wasn't room enough between them for an argument.

"George," murmured the maid, after a blissful silence extending over a period of several minutes, "I'm afraid your arm must be very painful."

"Why do you thing so, dearest?" he asked.

"Because," she coyly replied, "it seems to be out of place."

"Oh, well, never mind," said George. "It will come around all right."—Chicago News.

A Retort Courteous.

The Automobile—Get out of the way there, you old stiff! You're a has-been.

The Horse—Perhaps. But will you please tell me from what part of your anatomy they cut the porterhouse steaks?—Omaha World-Herald.

One of Many.

Quadds—Hello, old boy! What are you doing now?

Spacer—Writing for the press.

Quadds—Don't you find it rather thankless sort of work?

Spacer—On the contrary, nearly everything I write is returned with thanks.—Chicago News.

The Motive Power.

"Mrs. Lowdly dresses up and goes everywhere and has a good time, but one never sees her husband. I suppose he pays the bills, though, and stays in the background."

"Yes. In other words she is one of those airy creatures who have no visible means of support."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Between Friends.

"I'm just engaged!"

"Indeed? Have you, then, received a great inheritance?"—Humoristische Blaetter.

Old Sayings.

Dick (describing the singer)—She had azure eyes; minstrel-joke hair——

Ida—One moment, Dick! What in the world is "minstrel-joke hair?"

Dick—Why, a rich chestnut, of course. Girls couldn't see through a window with the glass out.

Three Balls in Disguise.

"Say, Dick, oom means uncle, doesn't it?"

"Yes; I believe it's all the same in Dutch."

"Well, it's been a great help to me of late."

"You don't say."

"Yes, when Edith asked where my overcoat was I told her down at oom's. Now, old chap, if I had said down at uncle's she'd seen through it in a minute."

Grip of Steel.

Swipsy—Me old man wuz one of dese friendly men. He'd catch hold of yer hand an' wudn't let go.

Billy—Great Jimmy! Wuz he a cop or a detective?

As to Hair and Whiskers.

Why does a man's hair fall out before his whiskers?

Because it is at least twenty years older.—New York Press.

Horatio Barnes Stormer—They used to call me a "ham," but little did I dream I would ever figure in a "sandwich."

There were Others.

"I married you," he observed, "for yourself alone, but now——"

It was clear that the honeymoon was on its last legs.

"Now I find I have got the whole family."—New York Press.

Not Particular.

"She does all her own cooking, but she says her husband has the appetite of a bird."

"Goodness! She must mean an ostrich."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Took Him Up.

She—Will you buy me that hat?

He—My precious little——

She—Look here! You can either buy me that hat or you can love me precious little.—New York Press.

A Man of Metal.

"The orator is what you call a man of metal."

"Why?"

"They call him 'silver-tongued,' he has gold in his teeth, and he certainly has plenty of brass."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

In Fiji Society.

First Fiji Belle—Do you think she has the face to be married with the two-ring ceremony?

Second Fiji Belle—Oh, yes, her face is certainly ample for two rings.—Detroit Journal.

A Precious Gem Story.

The tea things had been cleared away, and the head of the establishment was trying to read the evening paper, while his better half busied herself with some fancy work, and at the same time endeavored to interest him in the gossip of the neighborhood.

"Maria," said he, glancing up from his paper, "did you ever hear the story of precious gems?"

"Why, no," she replied; "what is it?"

"It's an old-time fairy legend that my grandmother told me when I was a boy," he continued, "about a woman from whose lips there fell either a diamond or a ruby every time she spoke a word."

"Well, go on," she said.

"That's all there is of it, Maria," he replied. "But I was just thinking that if such things happened nowdays I'd open a jewelry shop the first thing in the morning."

And then for thirteen consecutive minutes silence reigned supreme.

The woman who marries a man to reform him seldom lives long enough to finish the job.