Half willing, half reluctant to be led, leave his broken playthings on the gaing at them through the open

Not wholly reassured and comforted promises of others in their stethough more splendid, may not please him more

placid Gus.

me a right to speak. Am I too late?"

my plighted lover-and so on.

To which Gus replied:

But you won't care."

early can you be ready?"

"I shall care."

Nature deals with us and takes away Our playthings, one by one, and by the is us to rest so gently that we go

Scarce knowing if we wished to go or too full of sleep to understand far the unknown transcends the

what we know, Heary Wadsworth Longfellow.

Aunt Phebe's Story.

AM willing to confess that I would have married Gus Waters at a word. He was the sort of young man a girl instinctively likes and sts. Perhaps this is not the kind of eling the story books call love, but I

mey it is just as good. Gos was good-looking, with strongly parked features, rather tall, and well allt and when he chose to be well essed made a good appearance, and rer looked ill, however old his isthes might be, when about his ormary work. He did not depend upon is clothes to command respect.

He had a calm, confident air, and gold express himself concisely when peeded to assert authority. That what a woman likes-to have a man ble to deal with men and not be med aside from his purpose or make nistake. He was a good talker, with fae, coy humor, not putting himself reard to be amusing, but easily holdg his own. Like most strong men, es was hard to provoke to a quarrel, hough in his school days he had his lowance of fisticuff encounters.

Yes, I will admit I would have marsd Gus had he asked me, though I did at think he was in love with me nor with him. I did not believe he would all deeply in love with anyone. Perhaps I was too reserved, or feared

show a decided preference unless it as shown first, though other girls said threw myself at his head, and was restly chargined when he devoted muself to Hattle Trude. I had other dmirers, and if I was not as handsome s Hattle, mere beauty is not everyhing. There is no denying that Hattle he was pretty without having to care ar her complexion or wear becoming lethes. We girls all knew she was insembly selfish, and wondered that s joung men did not find her out. daracter, and if a girl only pretends le kind and sympathetic she is sup si to possess all the angelic qual

he day Robert Carpenter asked me marry him. He proposed in a bluneng, roundabout way, so clumsily at I did not know at first what he sant. He made me almost as confused limself, and whether I said yes or way smiling, so I conclude he thought

I don't think I expected that Gus ald hear of this and come forward Robert's rival. He did not, at any its. When I met him he simply said: Well, little girl, so you are engaged Carpenter. He is a good fellow, but on are young. You should have waita little longer."

"An engagement does not mean mar age," I replied, somewhat sharply.
"No. but I think it ought. It keeps any young men straight to be en-ged, but they ought to feel confident at the girl's heart is fixed upon

"Perhaps the girl's heart has little to with the matter nowadays. She has consider other things."

"Yes, I suppose so. But the heart is it to be ignored."

This was about all that was saidthing to suggest that Gus was jeals or likely to enter the list for my and. Nor did I expect it, though gosto reported the contrary. Robert was impatient to be married,

tlwas not. He accused me of being kd and of not reciprocating his pason. Possibly all men in love are apt act childishly. I found Robert's atations wearlsome. It might be said at he would be cured of them by arriage, but this is a painful experi-

ce to look forward to.
One evening we had a quarrel. He
cused me of a secret admiration for
t. Hares—that I held him off hoping s would come forward as a suitor, dadded, as a final rebuke, that he d Hattie Trude had been married eday before. He showed me a paper th the marriage notice printed in it. was so angry at the accusation that first I told him the engagement beeen us was broken. Then he began plead for himself, expressing such now at his basty words that gradu-yl relented. After all, had I treated m rightly? At last I agreed to marhim at once. It was becoming the hion to plan a half elopement and mar wedding at home. I consented

marry him the next day.

After Robert departed I looked for newspaper containing the notice, could not find it. He had had seval in his hand, but the special copy had taken with him. I do not know at prompted me to write a note of gratulation to Gus and dispatch it my brother Ned, a lad of 12. I ned having seen the notice in paper, and said I was sorry he had confided in me.

was after 10 o'clock, and I retired my room. Half an hour later I heard coming upstairs. He stopped at Did you see Gus?" I asked from

Tes. He's downstairs. He came k with me."

What does he want?" He wants to see you, I guess." What for?"

He didn't say. Probably wants to fow your overshoes. Better go not at fault, but there is something one enjoyment of the chronic dyspepand ask him." wrong with the man,

I went down. He didn't want to bor-CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY. row anything. On the contrary, he History of the Compact Between United wanted me to give him something to keep-my hand, my heart. He said the The 'Clayton-Bulwer treaty" derives notice of his being married was a confounded fraud-that Robert must have had it inserted in a few e des of the

its name from the diplomatists who negotiated it-on the part of the United States, Hon. John M. Clayfon, Secrepaper by special agreement-it could be tary of State in President Taylor's addone if one was willing to pay for it. ministration; and on the part of Eng-He was in quite an excited frame of mind, and I hardly knew my usual land, Sir Henry Bulwer, British min ster at Washington. The "treaty"-to "Of course, when you were engaged to use proper diplomatic language it to Robert, it was not for me to make was a "convention," and not a trenty was concluded in 1850. Its purpose any attempt to win you. I thought you knew your own mind, and had decided was to promote the building of an that I was not the sort of fellow you isthmian canal, to connect the Atlantic cared to marry. But this trick gives and Pacific Oceans. In 1849 the United States had made a convention with Naturally, I told him he was. That Nicaragua for constructing such a if he had cared for me in that way he canal, starting at Greytown, on the Atought to have come forward long belantic. But Greytown was occupied gore. Now that my word was plighted by British settlers, and Great Britain to Robert, and I could not think of claimed a protectorate over the Mos breaking it, though he had acted in a quito Indians, who held the eastern most despicable manner, in a manner coast of Nicaragua. The United States to make me ashamed to think he was desired Great Britain to waive its claims, but as the request was denied the pext best thing seemed to be the 'All right, little girl. If you think so, establishment of a joint protectorate had better go and give him the worst over the proposed canal. This was done licking he ever had in his life, even by the "Clayton-Bulwer treaty," one though they do send me to jail for it. condition of which was that neither power should secure exclusive pervu-

States and Great Britaiu.

once, early to-morrow morning. How cise dominion over any part of Central America. I ought to have resisted longer, but I Since the convention was made, and

eges in the canal, and another that



"Then we'd better get married at neither power should occupy or exer

TERRITORY INVOLVED IN CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

and we were married. And that is all there is to the story.

HAVE SAME SUPERSTITION. Islanders Fifteen Thousand Miles Apart

Believe in Evil Spirits. Philosophic people who belong to the folk lore society are fond of tracing legends and myths and customs all over the world. Cinderella, the dear alde not now recollect, but he went girl, is found in one knows not how many peoples, speaking innumerable med an accepted lover, and I had a tongues and believing an equal number ig which I put away in a box, unde-ded whether to wear it or give it come ubiquitous? The transactions of Folk Lore Society will perhaps offer a theory.

Now, there has been unraveled a curlous superstition common to Shetlanders and Singhalese. How islanders so wide apart-some 15,000 miles-managed to adopt each other's views one does not know. But here is the fact, The rice cultivators of Ceylon and the fishermen of Shetland resemble each other in one or two rather remarkable points. They refrain from speaking of the implements of their calling by their names; they call them something else, by names known only to themselves. The reason is that if the evil spirit were to think that they were speaking of spades and rakes or of nets and hooks he would be tempted to damage them, or even to appropriate them.

The train of thought is the same with both races. "There is an evil spirit always on the lookout for opportunities of doing mischief. He even hears what we say. If we let him understand that we are talking about our implements and tools we shall direct his attention to them and shall suggest to him a way of doing an injury. Therefore, we will agree to call a boat or a spade by some | got one-sixth. fancy name known only to ourselves."

Another custom of the Shetlander, not possible to the rice grower, is that if in fishing his net catches something at the bottom and a stone is brought for fear of offending the evil spirit, who most certainly put it into the net. net again catches. Then it is to be dropped in the water with the words; "Take your own and give me mine," whereupon the net is at once released. Now, if the Singhalese were to turn fisher, would be, following the same line of thought, adopt a similar custom?-Pittsburg Dispatch,

Snake Bite in India.

Fully twenty thousand of the population of India are annually killed by snake bites. The most deadly of all the the expenses and publicity of a Indian reptiles appears to be the cobra di capello, which is greatly dreaded by the bare-legged Hindoos. With a view to reducing the mortality, the government tried the effect of offering a reward for snakes' heads; but, instead of diminishing the number of these rep time to come." This is interpreted to tiles, it only increased it, as it was discovered that the natives were breeding try, try again." the snakes in order to secure the re-

Origin of Hurrah

W. J. Spratley thinks there can be no doubt that the Egyptian soldiers in ancient times went into the battle to the inspiring cheer of the "Hoo Ra" Hoo Ra! Hoo Ro!" And if the average questioning man asks why, he replies | height of from fifty to 300 feet. with this: "Because Hoo Ra (in the tongue of the Thotmes and the Rameses) means 'the King! the King! the

When a man despises the community in which he lives, the community is

didn't. I consented to be ready at any especially during the last few years, hour that he should name-and I was- the building of an isthmian canal has plants, trees and flowers, and goldfish force. It has been sometimes suggested, to be chirping, and whistling, and trillbut never formally insisted upon in lng, one against the other, in a frantic diplomatic correspondence, that Great and bewildering way, so that I won-British Honduras. So long as Great customers. . . . Britain did not take this view of the matter, awkward questions might arise

provides for a neutral channel. This instrument leaves the United States free to build and control a canal, which is not to be fortified, but to be kept always open and neutral, under the rules which govern the management of the Suez Canal. Opponents of the measure claim that it admits all the dangerous features of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty without compensating advantages, and that, as usual, England concedes what she does not hold to obtain what she wants, but cannot get.

The most expensive material worked into a garment was the gold brocade purchased in 1670 for a robe for King Louis XIV., at a cost of about \$85 a yard. Not long ago, however, the German Empress had a coverlet woven in which flowers, leaves and birds projected in relief. The design was not embroidered, but woven in a unique way The Empress was so pleased with it that she employed it as a tapestry for her boudoir. The cost of this material was \$112 a yard, of which the weaver

So far as the most recent statistics go, the known proportion of blind people is about one in fifteen hundred. up it is not to be thrown back again which would give a total of one million blind in the world. The largest proportion is found in Russia, which has in It is to be kept in the boat until the Europe 200,000 blind in a population of 96,000,000, or one in 480. Most of these are found in the northern provinces of Finland, and the principal cause is ophthalmia, due to bad ventilation of the huts of the peasantry and the inadequate facilities for treatment. There is a great deal of blindness in Egypt, due to glowing sand.

Springfield, Mo., women have organized a "don't speak evil" society, each member signing this agreement: "I do hereby solemnly pledge my word to speak no evil of any woman, whether such report be true or not. Any violation of this pledge, however, does not release me from its subsequent obligations, which are to continue for all mean: "If at first you don't succeed.

Largest Geyser in the World. The largest geyser in the world is the Excelsior geyser in Yellowstone Park. Its basin is 200 feet across and 330 feet deep. The basin is full of boiling water, from which clouds of steam are constantly ascending. At long intervals water is spouted into the air to a

Britain in America. British landlords are said to own 20, 000 acres of land in the United States,

an area larger than that of Ireland. Making other folks miserable is the

JAPAN THE ONLY COUNTRY WHERE IT IS APPRECIATED.

There the Tiny Pets, in Their Exquisite Bamboo Cages, Make the Evening Air Vocal with Their Little Clear and Bell-Like Cries.

Singing birds are prized in all countries, but it is only in Japan that the notes of insects have been appreciated and the insects named according to their different voices. The love of listening to these singing insects has for centuries been an impassioned pastime in Japan, and has created at last a unique trade and market. In Tokio toward the end of May little cages of exquisitely cut bamboo may be seen hung up in the verandas of houses, and in the cool of the dawn and at the close of summer days strange little whistles, and tinklings, and trills proceed from these cages and make the air resound with the music. Uusally it is in the evening after their baths that the people go and sit in their verandas to listen to the singing insects which they have imprisoned there. It was late one afternoon toward the end of May, and I was moving from room to room in the quiet Buddhist temple which is my home. The hush that comes at the fall of twilight was on all the world, when my attention was suddenly arrested by a silvery trill, which filled at intervals the whole place. It was delicate and clear, like an etherealized bird's song, and yet of much smaller volume than a bird's note. I called the priest's daughter and asked her what it was I heard singing. "That is a 'suzu-mushi' singing," she replied; "come and I will show you where it is." She led me to the back of the temple and pointed to the caves of a cottage opposite. Looking across, I saw a tiny reed cage hanging up, and in one corner a small black insect, hardly discernible in the dim light. "That is the insect you heard singing," said the priest's daughter. "It is called a "suzumushi,' and its voice is beautiful and cool."

Mita came round-May 24; and Riyo, the priest's daughter, accompanied by a servant and myself, wended her way with a lantern to the night fair at Mita. The whole neighborhood seemed to have turned out to visit the fair, and the cheerful clatter of clogs appeared to lessen the gloom of the dark streets and made up for their want of light. In the distance the dull glow of hundreds of primitive oil lamps put up in front of the stalls set their smoky mark on the place where the fair was held. We passed innumerable stalls, which I shall not attempt to describe here, as well as strange portable gardens of become increasingly important to the nurseries. At last we came to a stall United States; but it is important also from which proceeded a shrill babel of that the canal should be under the sole | insect sounds. Needless to say, it was control of the United States. This could impossible to distinguish one insect's not be while the convention was in cry from another, for they all seemed

There were so many eager purchas-

The recent Hay-Pauncefote pact, I wanted that evening. The insect fan- ers with your elbows when you dine abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, cler gave me his address, and next out? It is powerful bad manners to norning I made my way through many back streets to his dwelling. It was table. the never-to-be-forgotten chorus of insects that guided me at last down a little back lane to the spot at the end of a row of one-roomed cots. The cupboards full of insects, all shut up in their cages, were there, and the old man, opening one of the doors, soon found me a "suzu-mushi" for four sen. and a pretty cage for it in the shape of a fan for 15 sen, or threepence in English money. He told me that I must not hang the insect up in the draught, but in some cool, quiet corner, and that, furthermore, it must be fed on fresh cucumber every morning. I promised to follow his instructions carefully, and, carrying home my insect, hung him up in a corner of my room and waited for the serenade. But white slik upon a flat background, on for two days the 'suzu-mushi' was quite silent. In vain I put in slice after slice of encumber; in vain I whistled and trilled myself at the bars of his tiny cage. He remained mute. In despair, I called for the priest's wife. What is the matter with this insect? It won't sing to me!" she heard me complain. "Be patient," she answered. "The 'suzu-mushi" is in a new cage, and will not sing till it is accustomed to its new surroundings. It feels full of fear and cannot sing. Walt a little,' So I waited, and the next evening, when the cage was hung up, the little creature began to sing merrily, tinkling away like a tiny bell, as its name implies.-Wide World Magazine.

A STEEL-GRAY AGE.

Would Wear Bright Colors Fashion Permitted. Although the modish men walk in sober attire, they secretly long to wear all sorts of bright colors. The avidity of young men for fancy dress balls prompts such a conjecture. You meet four toreadors for every Quixote, and for the customary suits of solemn black of each Hamlet, encounter at least three times a Touchstone in bright motley. Don Cesar de Bazan will flaunt his colors where the sober livery of Ruy Blas is sought in vain; and even o'clock." Muscroft was about to breathe the devil is not as red as he's painted in these gay assemblies, where Mephistopheles is sure to walk in the scarlet of Sir Henry's choice, rather than in for business. "I had to stand still," the black of old tradition. The "pink" of the chase and of hunt balls; the gay times to make good. It was three regimentals of army men, and even the o'clock." militia; tartan, kilt, red golf jackets and erstwhile the blazer; how disused on the water, are all examples of a hidden proclivity in men for colors, from which they have allowed themselves to be debarred by a mere convention. Not in gray steel, or ribbonbraided black, did our forefathers, even our grand and great-grandfathersdrink, and dance, and dice. It was no

SINGING OF INSECTS, really departed, and taken away with it for man all the colors, leaving behind only the rudimentary aspiration already binted, and the sunny scarlet the army and the navy?

Indeed, this is a steel-gray age. It may be that the practicality of modern times renders bright colors in one's attire inconsistent, but I cannot believe that such an excess in renunciation will persist. The next transition must certainly be to color, and will the new color be a sort of purple?

Evening dress is the most absolute negation of color conceivable. As now worn it has not a relief, even of texture, anywhere-if we except the slik coat collar, and even that hardly counts. The whole outfit is dead black and dead white. One does not even wear a watch chain, though gold has always been hitherto-until the formation of this last convention, that isan allowable relief to a man's dress, and part in Spanish, prints in a promi-The comely fashion of fob chains nent place the following: seems to have passed. Even the stud or studs in the shirt front are just now "good form" when they are of the ut- my wife at the entrance to the postmost plainness. We will return to color office about 9 o'clock Thursday evening through the evening dress suft. In a please send me his photograph for my few years our smartest men will be album of heroes? He will greatly wearing in the evening clothes of a oblige. deep shade of purple, and then next will come the evening waistcoat, brocaded in delicate colors. What other forms of color will come into the inevitable reaction I dare not predict, but it will require the courage of some of our sartorial commanders to lead us out of this present black and steelgray age.



Poultney Bigelow's admiration for the Kaiser is well known. One person, however, who recently tried to joke over in the corner." with him about it did not get off unhurt. "You remind me-" began Mr. club."-Chicago Record. In three days the next en-nichl of Bigelow. "Not of the German Emperor!" cried the person addressed. "No," was the reply, "the Kaiser is a gentleman."

At an entertainment in Edinburgh, just as the Boer war broke out, he Skedunk. audience stopped the performance to was all right, but more followed. A few hot-headed spirits caught sight of a uniform, and the wearer, despite his protests, was seized and carried around the building. When he regained terra firma some one asked him for the name of his regiment, his uniform not being familiar. "Regiment!" was the surprised reply; "man, I am the doorkeeper. What's gaun wrang wi' ye a'?"

The other patrons of the fashionable restaurant felt sure the two at the corner table were from the rural districts. Vigorously they wielded knife and fork very little fork but much knife. At last the way in which the son spread his elbows interfered with the free Britain has violated the convention by dered how the "mushhiya" could sit so play of the father, and brought about continuing to exercise dominion over calmly beneath his stall waiting for a rebuke from the old man. "Look a-here, Jefferson," said the father, sternly, "draw in them elbows and eat ers crowding round the little stall that | in a narrer circle. Ain't your mar ever after the canal should be constructed. I gave up the idea of buying the insect | told you it warn't polite to shove othmake your old father cut his mouth at

In a certain Philadelphia store there is a young asistant bookkeeper. He is a steady chap, minds his own business, and as shrewd as they make them. The other day the senior partner of the firm, who seldom comes around, made a tour of inspection, and, as he approached the assistant bookkeeper he noticed the solemn expression on his face. Desiring to be genial, he said: "How are you, young man? I see you are at your work. That is good. Close attention to business will always bring its own reward. Tell me, what are you earning now per week?" The young man, without a moment's hesitation, answered: "Twenty dollars, sir; but I only get half of that."

Once, when Gen, Butler was in Cot gress, he rose in his place and gently insinuated that the member who was occupying the floor was transgressing the limit of debate. "Why, general," said the member in reproachful tones, "you divided your time with me." "I know I did," rejoined the grim old warrior; "but I did not divide eternity with you." On another occasion Butle was a member of a political conven tion in which a distinguished Unitarian divine sat as a delegate. While the subject of candidates was being discussed this clergyman announced that if a certain nomination was made be would bolt it. "Very likely," Butler blurted out; "you are good at bolting in your religion you bolt two-thirds of the Trinity."

The wee small hours found Dr. C. S. Muscroft the other night, says the Cin cinnati Inquirer, creeping up his own stairs with his shoes in his hand. Of course, those shoes had to drop when he was almost at the top landing, and bumped all the way down. The doctor held his breath, but soon a door opened above and a sleepy voice inquired: "Is that you, Charlie?" "Yes, my dear," he answered. "Where on earth have you has read more about it than I have,"been so late?" "Oh, just-just down- Indianapolis Journal, town on a little business," was the reply. "What time is it?" "Just twelve easily once more and go on up to bed, when a cold chill crept up his back as the cuckoo clock in the hall opened up said he afterward, "and cuckoo nine

The World's Suicides.

The number of suicides throughout the world is 180,000 yearly, and is on the increase. The greatest number happen in June, the fewest in September; and nearly one-half between 6 a. m. and noon.

A woman feels that she has reason to cloak of dark cloth that Raleigh laid the dishes she serves to company have in the mud for Elizabeth's foot, "Wherunpronounceable names. ever men have been noble," Mr. Ruskin

says, "they have always loved bright When a woman loses all interest in colors." Can it be said that the age of fashions it is time to announce chivalry, as Burke proclaimed, has funeral

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

and blue of chivalry's last remnant- STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

> Odd. Curious and Laughable Phases of Ruman Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun-

"I wish we was all over in Kimberley," said little Willie.

'Why?" his mamma asked. "I heard papa reading last night that bread cost nearly half a dollar a loaf there, so I guess they wouldn't try to keep a person from filling up on cake!" -Baltimore Times.

La Gaceta, a paper published in Guadalajara, Mexico, part in English

A CARD. Will the gentleman who embraced



A Distinguished Character "That's an imposing looking woman

"Yes; she's the president of a parrot

Caution. "Young man," said Uncle Jerry Peebles, "how do you pronounce that?" "Tabbledy hote, sir," replied the

walter, a recent importation from "Correct," rejoined Uncle Jerry, nodsing the national anthem. So far this ding his approval. "Bring me that."-Chicago Tribune.

> What a Palatable Dish! "Will you have oysters?" asked the man, glancing over the bill of fare. "Yes," said the short little woman, as she tried in vain to touch the floor with her toes. "And, John, I want a has-

Bock." John nodded, and, as he handed his order to the waiter, he said: "Yes, and bring a hassock for the lady.' "One hassock?" asked the waiter,

with what John thought more than ordinary interest, as he nodded in the affirmative. Still the waiter did not go, but brushed the table cloth with a towel and rearranged the articles on it several times, while his face got very

Then he came around to John's side and, speaking sotto voce, said: "Say, mister, I haven't been here long, and I'm not up to all these things. Will the lady have the hassock brolled or fried?"

Youth Never Returns. Her Father-You are too young to marry. Wait and you will get over this

Herself-That is what I am afraid of. -Indianapolis Press.

Trying to Scare Her. "Ma, our old cat likes a joke." "What makes you think so, Jimmy?" "'Cause, when she ketches a mouse the allus brings it to you."-Indianapo-



Shoemaker-So, so. How's yours? Undertaker-Dead.

Ties that Bind. "I thought you and Dorinda were perfectly inseparable."

"We were, but-don't you know-it was just a society friendship."--Indianapolis Journal. Reflex Disarmament.

"The Transvaal war is full of surprises. "That's so. Whenever I try to talk

about it I run against somebody who

"Oh, mamma!" exclaimed little Arthur, all out of breath, "I've just been playing with the Goodwin children, and they have the measles at their home. Now can I eat all the cake I want to? 'Cause you know I'm going to be sick anyway."-Chicago Tribune.

"I could die for love of you!" said the rich old suitor. "Yes; but would you?" queried the

practical maid.-Chicago News. Another Change Likely.

Miss Breezy-I see she's married aguin. Miss Lakeside-Yes; this is her sev-

retire and shake hands with herself if enth, and I don't think she cares very much for him. Miss Breezy-No?

Miss Lakeside-No. I was at the engraver's to-day when she left her or- ground. This was done by Mr. Eddy det for her new visiting cards. She to lessen the danger from severe eleconly ordered fifty.-Philadelphia Press. | tric shocks.

In Mourning.

"What! back again!" exclaimed the young housekeeper, "you can't expect

me to give you cake every day." "No. lady," replied the poor beggar, "I thought maybe you had an old suit of black clothes you might give me. Me poor ole mother eat the cake you gev me yestid'y,"-Philadelphia Press.

> The Optimistic View. "You're a shocking sight! He broke your nose, didn't he?"

"Yes, but if he had struck me an inch higher and a little to the right or left he would have broken my eve-glasses, and that would have been \$2.50."-Chicago Tribinge.

And Incompatibility. "You want a divorce from your husband, madam? On what ground?" "Excessive cruelty. He abuses Fido." -Chicago Tribune.

"The Absent-Minded Beggar," First beggar-Hi, there, pal, you've got y'r signs mixed this mornin'. Second ditto-What's wrong wid 'em? "Wrong? Why, you chump, that card says 'Blind.' You're deaf 'n' dumb."-Philadelphia Bulletin,

Quantity Rather than Quality. "Why do you think he isn't much of a criminal lawyer?"

"He completed his speech in three hours, when he might just as well have strung it out for as many days and added several hundred dollars to his bill." -Chicago Post.

Willing to Lose Herself. "There is one thing can be truly said of Miss Ogler; she is self-possessed." 'True, but I'll bet you she wishes she wasn't."-Boston Courier.

Absent-Minded. Wickwire-Look here! This is the fourth time this morning you have been in here asking for the price of a meal. Dismal Dawson-Yep. I am the absent-minded beggar, don't ye know.→ Indianapolis Press.

His Words Rang True.

He-To prove the sincerity of my intentions, I have brought this solitaire adornment for your engagement finger. She-I must say, my friend, that your speech has the true ring,-Boston Courler.

The Seasoning. Mr. Tenderfoot - This bear meat eems very highly spiced. Cactus Charley-It ought to be, pard-

ner. That's a cinnamon bear steak .-Baltimore American. Game of Checkers

1-Mr. Blackboard: Dar oughter be



2-Bear: There is! The game is

checkers, and it's your move. Of a Truth. "Seven dollars and fifty cents for a book like that?" exclaimed the young man, puttting his purse back in his

pocket. "Why, that costs like sin." "My young friend," said the elderly book agent, "there is nothing that costs like sin."-Chicago Tribune.

Uncless, if Stationary. "Yes, your highness," said the aide, "and shall I post this proclamation in a conspicuous place?"

"No." replied Aguinaldo, "you'd better have enough copies printed to give one to each man, so that all who run may read."-Philadelphia Press.

The Roundabout Way. "You have three brothers, haven't you?" he inquired. "Yes," she answered. "Why?" "Oh, I was just wondering if you

would like to make me a fourth." "I'm very sorry," she replied, "but I will be a wife to you."-Philadelphia North American.

Miss Goldrox-You didn't seem to have much regard for Count Spaghetti. What do you know of him? Mr. Pepprey-Nothing of my personal knowledge, but some of my friends used to know him quite well. Miss Goldrox-Then you never met

Mr. Pepprey-Oh, no. I've always shaved myself.—Philadelphia Press.

Impossible.
"We can be friends," she said, softly. "Then we can never be man and wife," he answered, dismaily,-Phila-

"I can't pay that bill now." "If you don't I'll tell all your other creditors that you have paid it."

Kite Draws Sparks from Snow.

William A. Eddy, at Bayonne, on a

delphia North American,

recent occasion made his first electric test in a blizzard, by sending aloft a six-foot single plane kite during the heavy gale and dense snowfall, sustaining in this way a steel wire at a considerable height. So severe was the gale that the kite was repeatedly borne down to within about fifty feet of the earth, but it always recovered its position aloft. The falling snow dimmed the kite, but did not overweight it. At 5 p. m. the electric connection with the steel wire was severed from the grounding rod, when the hissing sound of the brush discharge could be plainly heard, followed by a one-inch spark, Mr. Eddy says that the electrical activity with the kite at so moderate an alti-

tude was the greatest he has ever experienced. It was as powerful as if a thunderstorm were near by. At the time the steel was paid out it was made to run through an iron suaphook tethered by a chain to a rod driven into the