**Useless.**

Once there was an old hen that dwelt in the yard back of a cold storage warehouse.

But she never laid any eggs.

"What would be the use?" she clucked. "Nobody would believe it."

**Costly Monotony in Dress.**

Our clothes are all alike, and this monotony has led to unlimited extravagances. What has not been done to make the eternal pinafore frock look original? New elaborations are invented daily, each one more expensive than the last, but nobody is deceived. It is still the old pinafore, only a little madder, a little dearer, every day.—London Graphic.

**Hard to Satisfy.**

"Physicians," remarked the thoughtful thinker, "are hard to satisfy."

"How's that?" queried the party at whom the remark had been aimed.

"If their patients get well," explained the t. t., "they lose them, and if they die they also lose them."

Whereupon the party of the second part dashed around the corner.

**Omissions of History.**

Hercules had slain the Erymanthean boar.

"I hated to do it," he said, "but it was an actual necessity. We are absolutely out of meat."

Still, his stern features relaxed with a smile as he reflected that by doing his own slaughtering he had escaped the payment of tribute to the meat trust.

**Under a Different Name.**

"'Variety,'" quoted the man with the bulging brow, "'is the spice of life.'"

"Yes," assented the man with the bulbous nose! "but that isn't the name of it now. It's vaudeville."

**Filial Obedience.**

"Harold," she murmured in his ear, "mamma says I mustn't encourage you to come here so often, and I have to do as she tells me, of course, but you don't need any encouragement—do you, dear?"

**Between Friends.**

Nan—Look at the youthful airs she puts on! She's 15 years older than I am, if she's a day!

Fan—And you wouldn't tear under the sing yourself, would you, dear?

**In Doubt About One Point.**

"But I have talked long enough, my friends," said the long-winded orator. "Before I sit down, however, I am willing to answer any questions you would like to ask as to points I may have failed to cover in my discourse."

A brief pause followed.

Then a timid looking man in the audience rose.

"Is a motion to adjourn in order?" he asked.—Chicago Tribune.







## ROMANCE OF A SLAVE.

**Advanced Money for Education of Former Master's Children.**

Permitted by his white owner to purchase his own freedom and that of his wife with money he had accumulated through his industry, William O'Neal, a remarkable negro who has just died at Cheneyville, La., years afterward educated a son and a daughter of his former master and cared for them with the greatest solicitude possible, says the New Orleans Picayune.

This incident was recalled yesterday by gentlemen in New Orleans who knew O'Neal and the white family which at first owned him and then were the beneficiaries of his affection. The owner was John Johnson, a prominent sugar planter of Rapides parish. Before the civil war Johnson was the owner of a large plantation and of many slaves. Among the slaves was a mulatto, William O'Neal, who, like many of the more intelligent slaves, had been taught a trade. O'Neal was trained as a cooper, and proved not only a skillful mechanic, but a steady worker, faithful and economical.

Belonging to an indulgent owner, O'Neal was given many liberties not usually accorded slaves, but instead of wasting his time he worked for himself and laid aside his earnings. When he had saved a sufficient sum he arranged to purchase the freedom of his wife. He was advised that it would be better for him to purchase his own freedom, so that every cent he thereafter made could be devoted to the purchase of his wife and other relatives. But O'Neal had early determined that his first earnings should free his wife, and the suggestions were disregarded. It was not until after the purchase had been effected that he realized his mistake and sought to repair it.

Again the indulgence of Mr. Johnson was shown. He permitted O'Neal and his wife to arrange the matter so as to apply the money on O'Neal's freedom, the wife returning to bondage.

A free man, able to work for whom he pleased and to apply his earnings as he pleased, O'Neal soon saved enough to buy his wife's freedom a second time, and then that of his mother.

Freedom did not "spoil" O'Neal, as is said to have been the case with many negroes. He continued at his trade until he had accumulated a small sum, and then opened a general merchandise store at Cheneyville. His business was a success, and he soon bought a small farm for his mother, giving it to her for life. He next bought a place for himself—a small residence and sixty acres of the best land.

O'Neal continued to prosper after the war, which had practically stripped his former master of his wealth. An unfortunate shooting affray, in which Mr. Johnson was killed, added to the family's troubles and made the children dependent upon others. O'Neal was the first one to offer assistance, and the help he proposed to give was not merely temporary. He agreed to support the son and daughter of his former master, paying their expenses until they had acquired an education.

This act of O'Neal's won for him the admiration and respect of the entire community, which had formerly regarded him merely as a good negro.

The two children he educated grew to maturity, married and moved to Texas, while O'Neal continued to reside in Cheneyville, conducting his business. When his mother died he insisted upon the property he had given her being distributed among her other heirs, declaring that he had enough.

O'Neal was known in New Orleans in a business way. His credit was good at all the wholesale houses with which he did business, and he was regarded as a good business man.

**The Boy's Opinion.**

They is 2 kinds of maggisenes one kind that has powder in them and whitch xploads and blows up peeple and gunbotes and forts and snap craker stores and a nother kind that doesn't have any powder in them or ennything else xcept advertising my father says. the last dont xpload very often but they busts up sumtimes.

they is a grate many pages in maggisenes the second kind. I dont know how many but they is a auful lot of pages. it dont take long to read a maggisene the second kind, not the ferst, becaus most of the pages is about silver pitchers for $2 dollers and $.40 cents a peace and sets of Shakspear for $1. dollar and how to study law by male for $.50 cents anl how to rase hens and squobbs for $1. doller and $.25 cents and about sope that flotes and pictures of stockings with legs in them, and niggers with dippers in his hand and a white apern on and 2 little niggers without enny close xcept little skirts, and babies without close on setting in tubs and outermobiles and moter boats and gas stoves and toilet powder and bull dogs and most everything else in this wirld xcept stories.—Success Magazine.

**Serious Fun.**

"How do you manage to write so much light comic stuff?" asked the inquisitive friend.

"By settling down to heavy, serious work," answered the jokesmith.—Kansas City Times.

**Uncle Eben.**

"Trouble," said Uncle Eben, "generally commands sympathy, 'ceptin' when a man 'pears to be gittin' a whole lot of injoyment out of it as a topic for conversation."—Washington Star.

Don't be unhappy. When unhappy people die, they become ghosts, and never get to heaven.



**Silent Smith's Kindness.**

"Silent Smith," said a New York broker, "was an eccentric man, but in many ways a kind one. To his friends and employes he was exceedingly kind. Once, indeed, his kindness saved a lad from ruin. Mr. Smith a good many years ago employed a young man in a confidential capacity. Another employe came to him one day and told him he had better look out for the young man, as he was living beyond his means.

"Mr. Smith frowned.

"'Living beyond his means, is he?' he said. 'Dear me, that won't do. Send him here to me at once. I'll have to raise his salary.'"

**A Famous Ball.**

Elmer Stricklett, the "spit ball" pitcher, had been listening a long while in a New York club to the boasting of a rival.

"Well," he said, exhausted at last, "you are pretty good, Mike; but out in Mountain View there is a young fellow who can beat you. You'll hear from him next season. His specialty is the slow ball. This young fellow has such a slow ball that, when he pitches it and sees that it is going to be hit, he can run after it and fetch it back again.'"

**Ingratitude.**

"Women," remarked the young man with the sorry look, "are delusions and snares."

"So?" queried the innocent bystander.

"Yes, verily," rejoined the y. m. "Not many moons ago I cut out cigars and lived on free lunch two weeks in order to blow myself on an opera and a supper for a young woman. After supper I asked her to marry me, and what kind of an answer do you suppose she handed me?"

"Give it up," rejoined the i. b.

"She said she was very sorry," continued the y. m., "but I was entirely too extravagant to make a good husband."

**A Financial Pessimist**

Gaye—Yes, he is what you might term a financial pessimist.

Myers—What's a financial pessimist?

Gaye—A man who is afraid to look pleasant for fear his friends will want to borrow something.

**Refinement of Luxury.**

"Mildred, why did you lie abed till 9 o'clock? I called you at 7, as you told me to do."

"I know it, mamma. I only wanted the pleasure of knowing that I was going to sleep two hours longer."

**Too Much for Him.**

It was the closing hour of the long, weary trial. The courtroom was packed to suffocation to hear the venerable judge's charge to the jury. There was a minute's silence before he cleared his throat and began to speak.

"Gentlemen of the jury," he said in part, "in arriving at a verdict in this case you must take the testimony of the witnesses for the defense into consideration and give them full weight."

At the words "full weight" one of the jurymen fainted. He was a coal dealer.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

**His Mild Kick.**

"Theoretically," muttered the professor, pocketing the small amount of change that had been handed back to him, "all the products of nature ought to be free, but some of them cost like blazes."

He had just paid his bill for electric lighting.





An effort is being made to encourage the diamond cutting industry at Cape Town. The work has been heretofore done almost exclusively at Amsterdam, but at present a great deal of this work is being done in the United States.

**Comparative Expense.**

"You traded your automobile for a Jersey cow, did you? Doesn't the cow cost you a good deal for feed?"

"Yes, but she doesn't cost me anything for repairs."



**Not Worth While.**

Austere Person—I can't tip you, young man, unless you have change for a tenner.

Waiter (sizing him up)—Keep your dime, sir; I haven't a nickel about me.



**Under the Stars.**

"Don't be serious, Jack. Let's change the subject. What is that bright star?"

"That's Sirius, too, dear."—Chicago Tribune.



**Data Lacking.**

"O, Julie! Julie!" sighed the despairing youth. "How many more times have I got to ask you to marry me?"

"How can I tell, George?" she faltered. "You haven't asked me this time yet."



The total length of railways in Japan is now over 4,500 miles. The gauge is three feet six inches.—London Engineer.

The attempt to acclimatize in England the famous blue poppy of Thibet has proved a failure.



Until recently the smallest coin in circulation in South Africa had the value of 6 cents; now 2-cent pieces have been introduced.

Among Lord Roberts' countless claims to distinction, it is little known that he is one of the best and hardest riders in the British army.