HE PROMOTION AT ROCKY LEDGE.

By ELMORE E. PEAKE.

Rocky Ledge was the only station on e division where plants enlivened the indows or a canary twittered in the cket office. It was the only station here the way freight brakeman did t spit tobacco juice on the platform. e only station where a delicate, bestching scent hovered around the telegraph instrument; the only station here all conductors always peeped in st to see that everything was "O. K." In fact, there was probably no station like it in all southwest Georgia. he auditor's office in Savannah never ound errors in the ticket reports signed in a bold hand "A. Carroll." The aybills and abstracts received from Carroll always tallied. The traveling auditor checked up A. Carroll merely as a matter of form unless indeed e personal equation entered into the ansaction. And yet A. Carroll, so uncompromising on paper, so infallible, prompt, so austere in the performce of duty, was only a fluffy headed irl, a Yankee so called whose father ad gone south to die of consumption nd leave his motherless daughter a ranger among strangers.

Rocky Ledge was no earthly paradise. Of its 400 inhabitants three-ourths were black, and the remainder, vith the exception of the railroad gent herself, were the trashiest of white trash." The nearest "gentleman" was at Colonel Singleton's plantation, three miles distant. But if Amy Carroll ever got lonely or sick at heart r ever pined for the smiling fields of Wisconsin no one heard of it. She night grow weary of the eternal pine barrens that crowded up close to the rack and almost invaded her back loor; she might fear that the ague would in time rob her of her robust health and dye her blooming skin a sickly yellow; she might tremble at times for her refinement among the unettered horde around her. But her sunny face never clouded. The dripping brakemen who bedraggled her white, clean floor on tempestuous nights never missed her bonny words, and Barney McCall, the handsomest conductor on the division, swore daily that one of the "little Yank's" smiles was a better bracer for him than three fingers of whisky.

When Fan-Tan, a notorious colored outlaw of the neighborhood, was carried into her office one night with his body nearly severed by the down freight and his lifeblood fast oozing away, she bravely sat by him and sponged his brow until he had breathed his last. The wild eyed black group around her on that memorable night afterward declared that Fan-Tan took Miss Amy for an angel and fancied he was in heaven some time before he died. He might easily have done it, for her sweet, pitying face that night was as white as any piece of sculptured marble. On that same night Colonel Singleton, in the comfortable sitting room of the big plantation home, declared, with an expression not found in dictionaries, that Amy Carroll, Yank or no Yank, was a girl after his own heart.

"Not after your heart, papa," corrected his daughter Charlotte, with a sly play upon his words, "but after your dutiful son Rod's heart."

"Roderick could hardly marry a girl in her station, Charlotte," said the mother with a languor that evinced no apprehensions.

"Rod could marry a gypsy if she were worthy of him," answered Charlotte spiritedly, with a note of sisterly pride in her voice, and the colonel quietly chuckled to himself behind the pages of his paper.

About a month later, one night in early June, No. 19, down freight for Savannah, was wrecked at the sixty-sixth milepost, one mile below Rocky Ledge. A brakeman lost his life. A posse of indignant planters, assisted by the train crew, scoured the swamp with dogs for the criminals, and before sunrise a negro named Fillmore was dangling from the arm of a telegraph pole.

The subsequent excitement among the blacks in Rocky Ledge was intense, though manifested in a way characteristic of the negro. Their dull, muddy eyes and sullen movements were not to be misinterpreted. With hangdog looks they shifted about the settlement in dusky groups, mainly oscillating between the two saloons and giving vent to their wrath in rolling eyes, pouting lips and mumbled threats and curses—childish manifestations, but such as with this race may portend the most terrible outrages.

The first violence was the stoning from ambush of the north bound passenger from Savannah. The news at once spread over the division by telegraph. At noon the conductor of the down freight "looked in" at the cozy little office to see how things stood with Miss Amy. She told him with a smile that she guessed everything was all right, but she did it only because she fancied that that was what a man would have done. At 2 o'clock Barney McCall's handsome face, with its raplerlike mustachios, was thrust in the ticket window. He got his usual "bracer," but he imagined it was a little diluted.

"You're lookin a little peaked, Miss Yank, ain't you?" he demanded.

"Maybe, but I don't feel that way," she answered cheerily. "I don't think there will be any more trouble, but if there is they won't hurt me. I didn't hang Fillmore."

"Honestly?" asked Barney quizzingly. "I imagined you would be just the girl to hang a nigger." Then he added blithesomely, holding out a heavy revolver: "Just shove that in your pocket—or keep it somewhere handy. You needn't get scared. I've always said you ought to have a pistol, you know, and now you got one. All you got to do with that, girl, is to point her and pull the trigger, and she'll do the rest. It's kingdom come to anything in front of her. She'll make a hole in a nigger that you could fly-switch a box car through. You needn't try just to see if I'm tellin the truth, but if the time comes just remember that niggers will be awful happy in heaven, with all them harps and things."

After Barney had seen her gingerly deposit the weapon in a drawer and had been rebuked for his irreverence he stepped outside and took a sharp look around. Spying the negro lad who did the heavy work around the agency, he motioned him forward and said sharply:

"Moss, if anything happens to Miss Carroll tonight I will shoot you tomorrow morning. Hear?" With which he swung his hand to the engineer and jumped aboard.

At 4 o'clock, about the hour that Barney's train got into Savannah, the division superintendent called up Rocky

"Just shove that in your pocket."

Ledge and asked if the railroad property was in danger. Serious as she felt, Amy smiled, for she almost knew that Barney McCall was standing beside the instrument at the other end, and with her mind's eye she could see old Superintendent Whitcomb's fatherly, solicitous face as he handled the key with his own fingers.

"Don't think you need send guard. Am not afraid for myself," she clicked off.

"If you are," came back the prompt answer, "take 23 for Savannah."

No. 23 was the passenger that had received the stoning on the way up. When it arrived at 5:30, the conductor and several passengers rushed into the office to learn the latest news.

"All O. K. so far," said Amy, feeling almost heroic.

"Say!" After commanding attention by this single word forcibly uttered a short, thickset man with a closely cropped beard and a peculiarly positive air pushed forward, puffing and blowing. "Is this young woman here going to stay in this hole all night alone?" he demanded of no one in particular.

Amy flushed slightly, and the conductor answered with a grin, "Them seem to be her intentions."

"All right, all right," assented the positive man with savage abruptness, backing off. "She wouldn't if she was my daughter; no, siree, Bob, not if she was my daughter. And what's more, she wouldn't if she was my agent. Good night, young woman. You are a brave girl."

Amy pondered these words until long after the last faint roar of 23 had died away. She half regretted that she had not gone in on the train, as she could easily have done, and returned in the morning. Only her pride had restrained her. To fail short of what a man would do in her place, to ask any privileges on account of her sex or even by any weakness to remind the company that its Rocky Ledge agent was a woman was exceedingly distasteful to her independent spirit.

In her loneliness she unconsciously drew nearer to the busy little instrument, which was clicking away like a thing of life and seeming to assure her with cheerful fearlessness that a great corporation was back of her. And yet at every drunken hoot on the outside her cheeks took on an added pallor.

A little before 6 she made a circuit of the three living rooms attached to the station proper and saw that the windows and doors were securely fastened. But what frail barriers against an infuriated mob! Before beginning supper she stepped over to Diggory's store. The butter was not a necessity, but she felt that a show of bravery would serve to keep her courage up and might have a restraining influence upon the negroes. The dusky group on the store porch made hardly a move to let her through, and Diggory himself seemed afraid to show her more than the most perfunctory courtesy. On her way back a fat negress rudely elbowed her out of the narrow path.

A horseman, perhaps ten minutes after this happening, rode rapidly down what was known as the Cottonwood road. The gray horse, the military bearing of the rider, his slouched hat and keen eyes were known far and wide as Colonel Singleton's.

As he passed a group of blacks in front of Blackwell's store, just across the track from Diggory's, some indiscreet fellow, brave in his liquor, sung out a vile epithet. The old fellow with a furious oath and veins swelling with rage spurred into the midst of the group regardless of life and limb and laid his whip with merciless vigor over the face and neck of the offender. Every member of the group was probably armed, but not a hand was raised in defense of the victim. With a fierce snort of inexpressible indignation and a parting shower of maledictions the colonel wheeled out of the sullen crowd conscious of having done his duty. Reflection might have shown him that he was not helping the cause of the little woman across the track, but the colonel was not addicted to reflection.

He found Amy with her apron on, bending over a sputtering skillet of ham and eggs.

"Just in time for suppah, by Gawge!" exclaimed the colonel jovially. "I've had mine. I've just thrashed that buck of Terrill's within an inch of his life, Miss Amy. I'll kill that nigger yet. If I don't, the law will sooner or later. Miss Amy, I suspect there's going to be trouble heah tonight. I've a cyah of watermelons on the siding that I don't care to lose. So has Majah Bird. Has the majah been in? No! Well, he had no appointment with me, but I thought he might drop in. These country niggers are flocking in like blackbirds. Two of 'em left my place this aftahnoon. They left without theh wages. I can assuah you of that, Miss Amy. They have got hades enough in 'em without money to buy liquah. Beg pardon, Miss Amy, but I'm a little excited. Now, my deah girl," continued the colonel with a placid, fatherly air, refusing a chair, "I want you to come out to otah house tonight. Mrs. Singleton and the girls will welcome you with open ahms, as will my sons and myself—figuratively speaking, of cose, Miss Amy. Rod is on the way now with his hoss and phaeton to take you back, so don't say no, my deah girl, for, confound it, I won't leave you heah alone. I wouldn't leave my own daughtah heah, and I won't leave you."

Amy colored to the eyes with pleasure, but gently shook her head. "Colonel, it is so good and kind of you," said she, "but I don't believe there is much danger. Mr. Whitcomb wanted me to come in on 23, but I refused, and he supposes I am here looking after things. If I leave, it will only encourage the negroes to commit some outrage on the property. No, colonel, I am very, very, very grateful to you"—and she looked up into his eyes earnestly—"but I must stay here."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A Lost Line.

"It may have been unprofessional conduct," said the civil engineer, "but I acted on the spur of the moment, and I hardly think that there was any harm done. I was out in the country one day on an important piece of business, and as I was about to leave for the depot to catch a train for the city two old farmers came to me with a line fence dispute that they wanted me to settle for them. I had barely time to catch my train, and I told them that I did not care to bother with it. It was only a matter of six inches or so that was in dispute, and I advised them to split it up between them. But they wouldn't listen to my advice, and one of them declared that if I didn't find the line for them he wouldn't let his son drive me to the station as he had promised. As I had no other way of reaching the depot I unpacked my instruments with a sigh and a mental resolve to end the thing as soon as possible.

"'Well,' drawled both of the old men as I took my eye away from the instrument, 'what's the fine?'

"'Gone,' said I solemnly.

"'What?' they both shouted.

"'You can see for yourselves, gentlemen,' said I, making way for them.

"'By gosh, I can't see it!' said one of them as he squinted through the glass.

"'I'll be darned if I kin either,' said the other one as he, too, squinted through the glass.

"'It seems to have disappeared, gentlemen,' said I. 'Such cases are extremely rare, but they are known to happen.'

"When I left, they were accusing each other of having stolen the line."—Detroit Free Press.

The Boatman's Turn.

A boatman in the north of England having been engaged to row a reverend gentleman over a rough part of a river, was very much annoyed at the manner he was addressed by the clergyman, the conversation commencing thus:

Clergyman—My dear man, have you ever studied "geology?"

Boatman—No, sor; Aa hevn't.

Clergyman—Well, my friend, that's part of a life lost, but you will probably know a little "theology?"

Boatman (turning quite irritable)—No; Aa knaw nowt about that either.

Clergyman—Well, that's another part of a life lost, my man.

Nothing more was said, as the water was turning very boisterous and they were in great danger, when suddenly the boat gave a lurch and was capsized.

The boatman, being an expert swimmer, took the situation quite coolly, while his companion, who knew nothing of the art of swimming, was struggling for life. The boatman, who was making good progress toward terra firma, accosted the clergyman with the following:

"Aa say, mister, do ye know onnything about 'swimology?'"

"No, my man; I don't."

"Wey, what a pity," said the boatman; "there's a whole life lost."—Pearson's.

Mistaken For Shafts.

A story is told of a pair of feet that must have been objects of great regard in their day.

One day a party of men, including Jackson, the man of big feet, were preparing to attend a political meeting. It was soon discovered that there was no way of conveying Jackson, as all the vehicles were full.

"Let me ride that horse over there?" asked Jackson.

"There isn't a man in the world that can ride that animal. He'll work to a cart or a plow, but no one can stay on his back."

"I'll try him, anyway." And the determined man instructed several men to catch and hold the horse.

The animal plunged and kicked, but finally Jackson secured a seat in the saddle.

Every one expected to see him dashed to the ground, but the horse looked round, saw the man's feet and walked peacefully away. He thought he was between a pair of shafts.—London Standard.

His Birthday.

Although unrivaled in the art of cross examination, on one occasion Lord Russell was distinctly beaten by a witness.

"What is your age?" he asked.

"Is it my age you are asking?" replied the witness.

"Yes, sir. Now speak up and be exact."

"And be exact! Well, of all the"—

"The court does not desire to hear any comments of yours. Tell the court your age."

"Well," said the man, "I celebrated my twelfth birthday last week."

"Don't trifle with the court and remember you are on oath."

"It's quite true. I was born on Feb. 29, in leap year, and my birthday only comes once in four years."

Where the Danger Was.

A little beyond a certain Scotch village the main road has a marked declivity, and this added to a sharp turn at the bottom decided the authorities to erect a danger board. The job was intrusted to an old worthy, who duly fixed up the warning at the foot of the hill.

"What's wrang with the bottom of the brae, ye thundering idiot?" exclaimed a village dignitary angrily.

"Man, there's everything wrang," came the curt reply. "Is it no there where a' the accidents take place?"

HER SUMMONS CAME.

A SIGN IN WHICH MRS. GALLUP READ HER DEATH WARRANT.

She Dropped the Dishcloth and After That Fatal Warning Spent the Balance of the Evening in Telling Mr. Gallup How She Thought He Ought to Run the Funeral.

As Mr. Gallup lighted his tin lantern after supper and started out to buy half a pound of Rio coffee for breakfast and call at the postoffice Mrs. Gallup was in excellent spirits and had most of the dishes ready for washing. He was absent 32 minutes, and when he arrived home he found her huddled up in the big rocking chair, with a pillow behind her head and the camphor bottle in her hand. She took three long sniffs at the bottle and gave three long drawn sighs as he entered, but it was labor thrown away. Mr. Gallup blew out his lantern and hung it up behind the cellar door, and, having deposited the coffee on a shelf in the pantry, he removed and hung up his coat and hat, sat down and took off his shoes and then, taking a circular from his pocket and putting on his glasses with great deliberation, began to read. It was a circular regarding a new discovery in the cure of consumption, and he had not yet finished with the first testimonial when Mrs. Gallup sobbed four times in succession and faintly asked:

"Samuel Gallup, do you know that your dyin wife is present in the room?"

He made no reply. That testimonial from one who had been cured after his coffin lid had been purchased made him hold his breath as he read.

"Yes; she is present," dolefully continued Mrs. Gallup after several sniffs

HUDDLED UP IN THE BIG ROCKING CHAIR.

at the bottle, "and she wants to hev a few last words with you. When you started over town, I was singin 'Barbara Allen' and thinkin my days might be long in this land. Not five minits later the summons come. I had just started to wash the dishes, and I had that cracked blue platter in my hand, but I hadn't gin it over two wipes when the dishcloth fell to the floor with a great spat. You are hearin what I say, ain't you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup wasn't. He was devouring the second testimonial, which gave the case of a woman who had been given up by over 50 doctors, and yet two bottles furnished her with a new pair of lungs.

"When that dishcloth fell, I knew that my time had come. That's the way Mrs. Grover and Mrs. Taylor went. Their dishcloths fell, and in 24 hours they was in heaven. I shall be up there by tomorrer night, Samuel, while you'll be free to stay out all night to hear the political news. I'd hev died before you come back home, only I wanted to talk with you a leetle about the funeral. Let's see. If I die tonight, you'll hold the funeral day after tomorrer, won't you, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon?"

Mr. Gallup was listening to a noise outside. He heard something to remind him of a hen trying to crow, and he wondered if it could be that so long after dark.

"If you want it a day sooner, you can hev it," continued Mrs. Gallup after sobs and gasps and sniffs at the bottle, "but you must look out or the naybors will talk. Better hev it day after tomorrer, and I hope, for your sake, it won't be a rainy day. I've sometimes thought I'd like a big funeral when I went, with over 40 wagons in the purcession and the church bell a-tollin and the dogs a-howlin, but I've given that up. No, Samuel, you needn't make any spread over me. I'm one of the kind that kin go to heaven without any hurrah and fireworks. If there is ten wagons in the purcession, I shall be satisfied. Don't you think ten ought to be 'nuff for a person like me?"

It wasn't a direct question, but had it been Mr. Gallup would not have answered. He was devouring the third testimonial and making up his mind to try a bottle on the sly.

"Ten wagons in the purcession, Samuel, and the bells needn't toll nor nuthin else happen. If anybody is diggin taters or makin soft soap or dyein carpet rags, they needn't stop on my account. If 25 people come to the house, that will be 'nuff. We've got 'leven chairs altogether, countin them with broken backs, and Mrs. Walters will lend you the rest. You'll hev our own preacher, of course, but he needn't go on for an hour or two and tell how good I was and how much you'll miss me. If he says that my toil is o'er, and that you won't never find a more savin wife, that'll be about 'nuff. Shall you do any cryin at the funeral, Samuel?"

No answer.

"I'd do a leetle bit if I was you—jest a leetle. If you don't, folks will talk about it same as they did about Jim Dewitt. He never cried at all, and to this day folks say he didn't use Hanner right. I don't ask you to break down and sob and git up an excitement, but you kin gasp a few times and wipe your eyes and blow your nose. I'm sorry you'll hev to take that long ride to the graveyard, as you could be playin checkers or sunthin, but I don't see how you are to git out of it. However, you won't never hev to go up there ag'in. When you git ready to buy me a gravestun, you kin send it up by a man. I s'pose you'll buy a stun of some sort, won't you?"

Mr. Gallup didn't hear. In the fourth testimonial a man declared that he had been saved after one whole lung and three-quarters of the other were gone, and it was a sketch to thrill the reader clear down to his toes.

"Of course I don't keer about no gravestun for myself," said Mrs. Gallup as she tried to wipe away her tears with the glass stopper of the bottle, "but if you don't put one up the naybors will call you stingy. Get a cheap one, however. If you kin git one for $10 and trade a lot of carpet rags in, I'd do it. I used to think I wanted a whole lot of readin on my gravestun, but I've changed my mind. Jest put on that Susan Gallup expired in the forty-ninth year of her age of gineral disability and that she has found rest where asthma, boils, backaches and rheumatiz cease from troublin. You needn't say a word about makin 40 yards of rag carpet and a bar'l of soft soap last year while enjoyin sore eyes and a boil on my arm or that I allus kept catnip, smartweed and peppermint herbs in the house and was a nurse to all the naybors. No, Samuel, you needn't—say a word—about them things. Make it—a cheap—gravestun, and you needn't—never go up there—and—and"—

And when Mr. Gallup had finished the testimonials and fully determined to buy at least three bottles and hide them in the wood shed he rose up, yawned and stretched and looked around to find Mrs. Gallup asleep and the camphor wasted on the floor.

M. QUAD.

THERE WASN'T ANY ROW.

It Was Simply a Case of Spontaneous Combustion.

He was a very young man, almost too young to be out on the street at that time of the night, 8:30 p. m., and his general appearance indicated that he had been picked up by a cyclone somewhere during his meanderings. He was not utterly demoralized, but there was something in his manner that would lead the close observer to the conclusion that all had not been well with him.

"Gee!" he exclaimed as he spun around the corner and went bump into a policeman.

"Hello," ejaculated that worthy, instinctively grabbing at him; "what's the row?"

"There wasn't any," responded the youth.

"What are you running like that for?" persisted the policeman.

"I've just been up against a case of spontaneous combustion."

"You look too green to burn," chuckled the bluecoat.

"It's on me, just the same. My girl lives around the corner, and I went to see her. I thought it was all"—

"Where does the combustion come in?" interrupted the officer.

"Come out, you mean," corrected the youth.

"Come off!" exclaimed the officer. "Tell me what the row is before I chase you."

"Well, that's what I'm trying to do," pleaded the boy. "The girl's old man and I don't harmonize a little bit, and when he met me at the door he fired me so suddenly that I had vertigo. If you don't call that spontaneous combustion, what the dickens do you call it?"

"Oh, excuse me," apologized the policeman, "you run along home and get into your trundle bed!" and the bluecoat gently wafted the remnant on its way.—Detroit Free Press.

The Old Chestnuts.

It is said that a certain Cleveland lady whose handsome house is in an ultrafashionable section of the city was called east while her home was undergoing the renovating and refurnishing process. During her absence a man was especially engaged to hang the pictures. Among them were a number of excellent copies of the world's greatest works of art, and the man, an artist, found his task a labor of love.

With great care he hung the more valuable copies in the roomy reception hall and had just finished his task when the lady returned.

Her eyes snapped as she surveyed his work.

"Who hung those old chestnuts there?" she cried.

"Old masters, madam," said the startled artist.

"Old chestnuts, I say; it's the same thing. If you hung them, take them down. I won't have them there. With new furniture and new decorations and new carpets and rugs I'll have new pictures too. Who ever heard of such old trumpery stuff in a strictly modern house?"

"And what shall I do with the—the old chestnuts, madam?" the artist inquired.

"Oh, dump them into the attic until I can get rid of them," replied the lady.

And there the "chestnuts" lie, Madonnas and cherubs and all, gathering dust and calmly awaiting the getting rid of process.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Renting Locomotives.

Hundreds of locomotives are rented every year. Several corporations make their chief revenue this way. The Baldwins have many machines out on the rental form of payment—that is, the engines are rented in the same way that you would buy a stove on installments—so much down, so much a month, the payments to apply on the final purchase money. It is seldom, however, that a railroad rents locomotives. They are usually let out to contractors who construct temporary railways for hauling dirt from excavations.

Contractors who hire the locomotives usually have their own names gilded on them so that the public may suppose that they belong to them. The engines, as a usual thing, are cast offs. They may have pulled express trains once, but now they are only fit to pull gravel cars. The engineers who work them are oftentimes also the cast offs of the profession. They may have operated express engines, but through carelessness or other incapacity have been discharged from one road after another until they are only fit to haul gravel or wood trains.—Philadelphia Record.

The Conceited Peer.

A certain conceited nobleman once observed to Charles Townsend, "When I happen to say a foolish thing, I always burst out a-laughing." Townsend eyed him curiously and at length remarked in the most deliberate manner, "Ah, I envy you your happiness, for you must certainly live the merriest life of any man in Europe."

When you are invited to a real old fashioned woman's house for supper, she always has floating island. This is a sure test.—Atchison Globe.

Cobwebs and Cuts.

An old time remedy to stop blood flowing from a cut is to put cobwebs over it, but from recent discovery it appears a dangerous thing to do. Some time ago a woman fell and cut her head, and when her friends hurried to her assistance they found the blood flowing from a deep gash. Cobwebs were applied, and the bleeding quickly stopped, but in a few days the woman was taken with lockjaw.

A scientist declared there were lockjaw germs in cobwebs, and that was the way the woman contracted the disease. He has made quite a study of the subject and says that in a handful of cobwebs he found 61 different disease germs. That being true, it is very easy to see how one could get not only lockjaw, but many other dreadful diseases, as the cobweb is placed right on an open wound and the germs can enter the blood. Cobwebs form in dark, dirty places, and it is not to be wondered that they gather germs.—Exchange.

The Oldest Visiting Card.

The state archives of Venice are said to possess the oldest visiting card of which there is any record, of course leaving aside the probable use of such articles for some thousands of years in China. Giacomo Contarini, professor at the University of Padua, sent the card in question as a curiosity to a Venetian friend, saying that the German students who came to Italy had the elegant and laudable custom of leaving such little cards, with their name and place of origin, at the houses of friends when they called and found them absent. The card referred to bears a coat of arms with the motto, "Espoir me confort," and beneath, "Joannes Westerhof Westphalus scribebat Patavii 4 Martii 1590."—London Tablet.

Crape on the Door.

The custom of placing crape on the door of a house where there has been a recent death had its origin in the ancient English heraldic customs and dates back to the year 1100 A. D. At that period hatchments, or armorial ensigns, were placed in front of houses when the nobility or gentry died. The hatchments were of diamond shape and contained the family arms quartered and covered with sable.

A Helpful Suggestion.

"Kin yeou tell me, young feller," inquired Mr. Reuben Hay of Four Corners, "where hereabouts I kin git me a good farmer suit?"

"Why, there's a good pharmaceutist not two blocks away," replied the young fellow blithely.—Harper's Bazar.

Not True to Its Name.

"Didn't you start out with a play called 'Turned Adrift?'" asked the friend.

"We did," replied that eminent tragedian and repertory actor, Mr. Barnes Tormer, "but we couldn't get anybody to float it."—Indianapolis Press.

The Neglected Voice.

The voice is the most common and at the same time the most complex of human faculties. When we listen to it, we realize nothing of the many influences at work in its use. Yet it represents the character, the mood, the temperament and the health of the individual when left to run in its own way. If uncontrolled, it will develop much as a flower garden will develop; the rank and weedy nature will come to the front, and the tones of exquisite beauty will be obscured. Bad daily habits in the use of the voice will give it many disagreeable qualities. If controlled, the voice will keep its weeds in the background and permit only its beauties to be known. If cultivated, the weeds will be taken out and the flowers developed.—Pittsburg Press.

An Unexpected Result.

"You know how superstitious Bloxham is?"

"Is he?"

"Yes; he picked up a pin in the street the other day with the point turned directly toward him."

"Go on."

"An hour afterward he received a telegram announcing the death of an uncle from whom he hadn't heard for several years."

"And the uncle died immensely rich and left him all his property?"

"Not much! He had to pay the funeral expenses."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

No Humor In Them.

Giles—I don't like that barber's funny anecdotes.

Miles—Why, what's wrong with them?

Giles—The illustrations are painful.

Miles—The illustrations?

Giles—Yes; he uses original cuts.—Chicago News.

Easy.

Benham—There isn't room here to swing a cat.

Mrs. Benham—Then we won't have a cat.—Brooklyn Life.

Much the Same.

Mrs. Hayseed—Did you go to hear the howling dervishes while you were in the city?

Mr. Hayseed—No, but I went to Cousin Miranda's, and she's got twins.—New York Weekly.