

# When Peggy Traveled Incog.

By ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

"I'd like to see Simeon again too. We always went troutin' together, he and me, but I could haul in the most fish every time. Simeon wasn't much of an angler. He'd lay with his eyes shut an' say poems to me. Poor Sime! That's about all the poetry he ever had, or me either. It would be like reviewin' a poem, though, jest to go back an' lay under the willows at home. Shady? Well, I guess so. An' cool? There ain't a cooler place anywhere in the best of summer than on the bank of that old troutin' stream was no, sir. An' you could hear the stiddy sound of the water—it never stopped—an' smell the pine needles, bet up with the sun in the middle of the day. Small good, did it? I get to hankerin' after that small hot days behind my counter among the stockings. Yes, sir, when the good Lord gives me a whole week of 'em I go home to go troutin' with my brother Sime."

He woke out of his day dream a minute later in time to see Peggy skimming over the beach toward one of the looming hotels in the background of the sea. She had forgotten all about her dip in the surf. She came back again by and by with the paper bag of lunch, and they ate it together in the lee of the big bowlder. Daddy was very gay and scarcely noticed Peggy's preoccupation. She said goodby to him in mid-afternoon, and he waited alone for traltime.

"Ma," Peggy said, coming upon her suddenly, with her stand, an' I'm not a stockin' tender yet—not till tomorrow."

"I'm going home. I'm going tonight, this very tonight. That ever is. I guess daddy'll be glad to see me, an' I've got enough of this place. I'm too young to flirt around with the girls, an' I'm too old to dig in the sand with the babies. That's what I'd like to have a little red pall and a shovel and dig. That's living. But as long as I can't I guess I'll go home. I'm going upstairs now and pack up."

Ma folded over the corner of a leaf to keep her place. She was used to Peggy's whims and was unastonished.

"But, Peggy, it's only half through the month. There's two whole weeks left," she said slowly. In her heart Ma was relieved. Peggy's ways were apt to be disconcerting, and she would be safe and well with pa. She'd be company for him, too—poor pa!

Without any objection Peggy was allowed to put her things together and go. When the train was well under way, she went ahead to daddy's car to surprise him. He was sitting by himself in the front of the car. The paper bag of lunch remnants was in his hand, and he was absently twisting and untwisting it. Peggy saw the tragedy coming. She got there just in time to see daddy regarding the torn bag in dismay, while fragments of ham sandwiches oozed out and dropped to the floor.

"I'll pick 'em up. Don't stoop, daddy," she said quickly.

"Peggy Knox!" cried daddy.

"Don't mention it—she's traveling incog.," whispered Peggy. Then they both laughed and settled comfortably for the trip home. Peggy explained rather ambiguously that she thought she'd run up home for a day.

"Take my day off, you know, daddy," she said gayly. "You won't mind having me keep house for you a day, will you? I can boil tea to perfection, and I'll make you fritters for breakfast. Then I can do some shopping between times. If you're a very good old daddy indeed, I'll buy my stockings of you!"

On the next morning but one daddy went down to Bruce's with a long face. It was the morning Peggy was going back to ma and the girls. He had taken it for granted, and it filled him with homesick misery. It had been so pleasant to have the child at home. She had taken his lonely old heart by storm. He hung up his hat and began mechanically to straighten some of the boxes in one of the tiers behind the counter. He had not thought to say good morning to Old Adam, as usual. It was Peggy—gay, little, harum scarum Peggy—daddy was thinking of.

"Oh, I say, Mr. Knox, good day to you, sir!" someone out in the aisle was saying. It was the boss. He leaned over the counter and pulled his sleeve. "I say, Knox, you don't look pulled together yet. You need another day off. Why not take, say, a fortnight and go somewhere treat fishin'—all round way, you know? Can you as well as not. Don't say a word! Fact is, I've made arrangements with somebody to take your place, and you've got to go; can't help yourself. Stay two weeks, and—er—you needn't trouble about your pay. That'll go right on, you know. Might as well go today. Why not?"

He was gone before the astonished little man behind the stocking counter had recovered himself. Old Adam was regarding him with a grin.

"Got your walkin' ticket, eh?" he drawled. "Well, you deserve it. You won't be half a man till you get out into the woods somewhere an' holler 'out in for an' your worth. You need it. Let yourself go, old man, for once. I'd go with you if I hadn't got an engagement with my wheel. I say, man, I'm powerful glad the boss has come round. He ain't half bad. Now, put on your hat an' start—shoot!"

It was half past 8. There was time to get to the 10 o'clock train that went straight toward the little dark brook under the willows! There was time, time, time!

If Peggy had only stayed long enough to know! It would please Peggy.

On the 10 o'clock train Gregory Knox sat back in his seat and wished again that Peggy could know. He had half a mind to telegraph her, but on second thought decided to wait and write from Sime's. He could tell Peggy so many things that would be interesting then—how her Uncle Simeon looked,

"A man gets all powerful fagged out 'tendin' stockin's. The couch oughter be the place for him," he groaned dismally. She felt her way to him across the room. At the couch she knelt beside him and felt for his face.

"If I find the crown's feet, I'll know it's you and not a counterfeit. I know. Here we are! Daddy Knox, where are the other two?"

"Under the willows, beside a trout stream, Peggy. How many feet would you have a crow have? Aren't two enough?"

"Taken off her guard, Peggy put her lips to his ear and whispered: "Did—did the fish bite, daddy?"

The day of reckoning was at hand.

### SIAMESE BELIEFS.

Some Peculiar Notions of a Very Superstitious People.

"The Siamese are a very superstitious people," says Ernest Young, author of the "Kingdom of the Yellow Rue." "They have many peculiar explanations of natural phenomena. Thunder, for instance, is 'the sky crying.' They believe that in the realm above is a horrible giant, whose wife has a violent and uncertain temper. When they quarrel the echo of his voice comes in long, rolling notes from the clouds. If he is very angry he throws his hatchet at his unruly spouse, and when this ponderous weapon strikes the floor of heaven the thunderbolt falls through and comes to earth.

"Falling stars are accounted for by the fact that the angels occasionally indulge in torch throwing at one another. When these same beings all insist upon getting into the bath at once the water splashes over the side, and it rains. The winds that sigh in the night are the voices of babies that have lost their way in their travels to the land beyond the grave.

"When a Siamese dies he is not buried, but his corpse, fully dressed and wrapped in a winding sheet, is placed in a sitting posture in a copper urn. A tube is placed in his mouth, and through this a mixture of quicksilver and honey is poured into the body. In this way it is kept for a long time, often for years. Eventually it is burned, and the ashes are carefully preserved. The souls of those whose bones at least are not burned are supposed to become heads of a horrid taskmaster with a head like a dog, a human body and the temper of a fiend. He sits for all time with his feet in the fire of hell, and it is the duty of his slaves to keep these fires from growing too hot. To do this they must carry water in open wicker baskets through all eternity."

### ENGINE ROOM HEROES.

Wonderful and Perilous Feats That Are Performed at Sea.

Nobody who has not been to sea can imagine all the things that can happen to a ship's machinery nor properly estimate the cleverness and ingenuity used up in repairs. The youth who leaves his shop full of wonderful and costly machines has another complete education waiting for him at sea in the wonderful things that can be accomplished in time with a plain, ordinary hammer and chisel, a rather worn file and a great deal of ingenuity. I should like to have been aboard that steamer disabled in the Red sea where they took a boat davit, straightened it out in a rivet groove, made a new boiler feed pump piston rod out of it and went on again, or better still, on the ship that lost a propeller and the end of her tail shaft off the west coast of Africa, to replace which they were obliged to move her cargo, pump her forward compartments full to sink her low and raise her stern out of water, drag the broken shaft, several tons in weight, out through the long alley (too low and cramped to stand up in), plug up the hole behind it, drag in the spare shaft and couple it up and lower the new propeller down over the stern, all while she kicked and wallowed in a heavy sea, and finally had to lower the chief engineer over after the propeller, where he sat tied to a flimsy staging making all fast and secure while the vessel jounced him up and down in the sea till he bled at the nose and ears and the crew kept the sharks at bay with pistols and boat hooks as they came from eating him up before he finished the job. That was seventy-two hours in which the young and aspiring engineer might learn a host of valuable and interesting things.—Benjamin Brooks in Scribner's.

### Cleaned and Restored.

There is a certain lady who is addicted very strongly to the art of making up. What up? Why, she has a mystery to all but herself and her maid, but the effect is precisely as if she had a thick coat of enamel or lacquer all over her face. A good deal of discussion has ensued as to whether this is renewed every day after ablutions. On this point a dear friend of hers observed: "Of course not. The expense would be enormous. Depend on me, when she goes to wash she goes to some place where they clean old pictures."—London Tattler.

### Natural Wonders.

"Why is a river the greatest freak of nature?"

"Didn't know it was. Why is it?"

"A river has a head, but no feet. Its mouth is where its feet ought to be."

"Pretty good. A mountain is somewhat of a freak, too. Why is it?"

"The foot of a mountain, but we never heard of a mountain's head."

"That's so. Still it must have a head, for it has ears."

"Has ears? How's that?"

"Certainly. Did you never see a mountaineer?"—Kansas City Journal.

### Waiting Time.

Mrs. Freedom—Why do you move so lazily? Don't you know that time and tide wait for no man?

Tattered Ticker—Dat may be all right about tide, lady; but I'm afear'd dere's a bunch o' time waitin' fer me de next time I git juggled.—Kansas City Journal.

### Bravery.

"You spoke very admirably of that man's courage."

"Yes."

"But he was never a soldier or a fireman or a policeman."

"No, but he eats mushrooms that he has gathered himself."—Exchange.

### HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Such a Misunderstanding.

"When I saw that she was almost beyond my control," said the railway engineer, "I threw her over!"

"Brute!" ejaculated a gentleman wearing eyeglasses and grassy whiskers who was unintentionally straining his ears to overhear the conversation.

"It didn't do any good," continued the engineer, "so I shut her off. But still she was jumping pretty hard and sliding around!"

"Infamous!" said the grassy whiskered man.

"Sliding around. So I give her air!"

"Ah, then you have some little in stock of kindness," growled the incensed listener.

"But it wasn't any use, and so I jumped and got away just when she began to smash things."

"And I don't blame her one bit!" asserted the man with the eyeglasses and the grassy beard. "It's a pity she didn't smash you, so you couldn't come here and boast of your cruelty. I am not surprised at the number of divorces nowadays."—Judge.

### The Old Excess.

She—A poor tramp stopped at the door today, and I gave him a good meal.

He—What did you do that for? You're the softest thing!

She—I just couldn't help it. He reminded me so of you. I asked him if he'd saw some wood for me, and he said he was too tired.—Philadelphia Ledger.

### He Feared It.

"And how is your brother Johnnie gittin' along in New York, Mrs. Peachy, ma'am?"

"He's gittin' along fast, Mr. Barclay. In his last letter he said he was in a sky-scaper."

"That's too bad. I was afraid he'd bin in some scrape or other 'fore he'd bin there very long."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Natural Sequence.

Miss Thirtyodd—Cholly had the audacity to propose to me last evening.

Miss Twentyseven—Indeed! And when is the wedding to take place?

Miss Thirtyodd—Not yet. He's waiting for the other shoe to drop.

### So Full of Life.

Mrs. Seldone—Home—Down, Fido! Mr. Jenner Lee Oudogoo—Don't scold him. He isn't annoying me in the least. I like little dogs. They are so full of life, don't you know.

At this critical juncture Fido begins to scratch himself with great vigor, and they hastily change the subject.—Chicago Tribune.

### Preparations.

"Young man," said the citizen who makes a specialty of good advice, "go west and up with the country."

"I'm going to do that very thing as soon as I acquire the necessary accomplishments."

"Can't you ride horseback?"

"Yes, but I haven't learned to swim."—Washington Star.

### The Reckless Lover.

Bessie—My, how did you woo! What's the matter? Has Fred broken with you?

Tessie—Not exactly, but I'm afraid he's thinking of it. Here's two telegrams from him within the last half hour, and in neither one does he say a word about loving me.—Baltimore American.

### All He Could Say.

The Tar—Ye knows the difference between windward an' leeward, don't yer?

Egbert—Why, I believe—aw—windward is where the wind comes from, but I—aw—don't just know what comes from leeward.—Puck.

### His Future.

Father—Well, how did you come out in the bean guessing contest?

Dull Boy—I guessed there was 150 beans in the jar, and there was 9,200.

Father (sadly)—I'm afraid you'll never be fit for anything but a weather bureau chief.—Youth.

### For On.

"She has such a natural charm about her."

"Yes, but it is artificial."—Judge.

### Yan's Where They Are.

Where are the curtains of yesterday? The nice lace curtains that used to grace the parlor windows, looped and tied with wide white ribbons in their places? Bare are those windows. Now, ah, say, where are the curtains of yesterday?

Where are the curtains of yesterday? Deep in the cedar chest somewhere? Not on your life! They're floating about getting their fill of summer air.

Made into openwork dresses for May. That's where the curtains are working today.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

### That Hurried Him.

Markley—Well, I did lend him \$10.

Newitt—Well, I suppose he'll pay you back some day, but you can't make him hurry.

Markley—I don't know about that. The mere sight of me walking along the street has had that effect upon him several times lately.—Philadelphia Press.

### Are you guessing to do nothing today except tell of the wonderful things you intend to do tomorrow?—Atchison Globe.

### FASHION IN SPEECH.

Some Words Go Out of Favor and Win Their Way Back.

The history of the race is written in the words it uses. As we grow and change, so our language grows and changes. Mr. Leon Mead in his book "Word Coinsage" points out that some words go out of fashion and come back, like tan shoes and wide rimmed hats, although the change in words is much slower than the change in dress.

In Spenser's day "forestall," "fain," "scathes," "askance," "embellish" and "dapper" were not considered good, but they have since gained respectability and won their place in the language. The seventeenth century regarded as obsolete a number of Chaucer's words—"transcend," "bland," "sphere," "blithe," "franchise," "carve," "anthem." One by one these words came to life again and walk the pages of our literature in full vitality. Other words now indispensable which the seventeenth century rejected are "plumage," "apostrophe," "cuisine," "ledge," "truant," "resource," "villainy," "thrill," "yelp," "dovetail."

Bacon did not have the good word "encyclopedia," but used the heavy equivalent, "circle learning."

Fulke, the sixteenth century author who wrote "A Defense of the Sincere and True Translations of the Holy Scriptures into the English Tongue," did not admit "morphology," "homicide," "scandal," "destruction," "tunic," "despicable," "rational." Another book published in 1658 puts the stamp of censure on "oblique," "radiant," "adoption," "caress," "amphibious," "horizontal," "concede," "articulate," "destination," "compensate," "complicated" and "adventitious."

It is hard to trace the history of a fashion in words. Seldom do we have the precise record that Chesterfield furnishes us in a letter in which he says that he was present at the birth of the word "dilatation" on the lips of a beautiful woman. Even with that record we cannot tell why "dilatation" remained in the language and was not replaced like hundreds of other new coinages.

### QUEER SUPERSTITIONS.

The following are some curious superstitions that are still extant among English speaking people:

If you kill frogs your cows will "go dry."

Ticking a baby will cause the child to stutter.

To thank a person for combing your hair will bring bad luck.

To kill a ghost it must be shot with a bullet made of a silver coin.

To dream of unbroken eggs signifies trouble to come; if the eggs are broken the trouble is past.

If you boast of your good health strike wood immediately with your fist or you will become ill.

To dream of a live snake means enemies at large, of a dead snake enemies dead or powerless.

To allow a child to look into a mirror before it is a month old will cause it to have trouble in teething.

A child will have a nature and disposition similar to those of the person who first takes it out of doors.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

### A Boarding House Superstition.

"Speaking of bad luck," said a land lady the other day, "did you ever hear that it was bad luck to go back to a house you had once lived in? Well, it is. I heard some one say that when I was a little girl, and some way it has always remained in my mind. If any person who has lived in my house goes away and talks of coming back I always try to dissuade him. One young fellow scoffed at the idea, yet the day after he came back to live with me he lost his position and did not get another until he moved away from my house. He would have stuck it out only I told him I would have to have my room. So he went away, and at once secured another and better position than the one he had when he first came to me."

### Didn't Know That Trick.

"That's a very knowing animal of yours," said a young cockney to the keeper of an elephant.

"Very," was the cool rejoinder.

"He performs strange tricks and antics, does he?" inquired the cockney, eyeing the animal critically.

"Surprisin'" retorted the keeper. "We've learned him to put money in that box you see up there. Try him with half a crown."

The cockney handed the elephant half a crown, and sure enough, he took it in his trunk and placed it in a box high up out of reach.

"Well, that is very extraordinary—astonishing, truly," said the green one, opening his eyes. "Now, let's see him take it out and hand it back."

"We never learned him that trick," retorted the keeper, walking away.—Glasgow Times.

### Curious Irish Marriage Custom.

A curious old marriage custom, called locally "the settling," still survives in County Donegal, Ireland, and in the Scotch districts of Kintyre and Cowal. After the marriage has been publicly announced the friends of the couple meet at the house of the bride's parents to fix a suitable date for the marriage. A bottle of whisky is opened, and as each guest drinks to their happiness the name of a day is called. When guest has named a date an average is struck and "settling" is complete. Neither the bride nor bridegroom ever thinks of protesting against the date so curiously chosen.

### Inseparable.

Affrighted, he turned on his pursuer.

"You black thing, why do you follow me constantly? What are you?"

"I am your sunshine companion," mockingly replied his shadow.—Chicago Tribune.

### Just Whistling.

Nervous Employer—Thomas, I wish you wouldn't whistle at your work.

Office Boy—I ain't working, sir. I'm only just whistling.

### Just Vanity.

Papa—Dear me, Mary, whatever are you going to do with those trunks? Two, four, six, twelve of them! You can't fill more than one.

Mamma—I know it, my dear; but we must make a decent appearance on arriving at the hotel.

### WOMAN AND FASHION

A Morning Gown.

Morning gown of blue Japanese linen trimmed with Japanese embroidery in white mercerized cotton. The embroidery occurs as inserted bands in bodice



MADE OF JAPANESE LINEN.

### The Girl in White.

According to reports, there is an American girl who is much sought after in English society who never wears anything but white. Morning, noon and night she rings the changes in white serge, cambric, tulle, chiffon and satin. "Do as I say, and you will be beautiful," said the great man milliner in Paris. "But I love pale blue, and I love fawn, and you will be ugly," was the response. So the artist had his way. Few women realize it, but no beauty can rise superior to clothes and hair-dressing, and the greatest beauty may be absolutely disguised by the things she wears. "If I did not know how to present myself I should be hideous," declares the great Sarah.

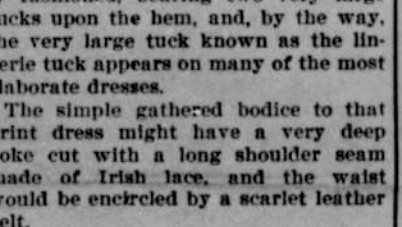
### Charm of Print Dresses.

Print possesses much simplicity and charm. The white print dress with red spots upon it or the white print dress with narrow black lines upon it may be converted into a thing of signal stylishness. The skirt should be plainly fashioned, bearing two very large tucks upon the hem, and, by the way, the very large tuck known as the lingerie tuck appears on many of the most elaborate dresses.

The simple gathered bodice to that print dress might have a very deep yoke cut with a long shoulder seam made of Irish lace, and the waist would be encircled by a scarlet leather belt.

### A Smart Hat.

Very smart among the late summer styles is a hat of thin white felt. The shape, which is very chic and jaunty



FOR LATE SUMMER WEAR.

### Hints to the Wise.

The woman who cannot afford to buy a good veil to drape around her hat should not wear one at all, for a flimsy piece of chiffon becoming from one's hat is a sight to make the angel weep.

Another thing: Always fasten the back of your skirt. Nothing is so untidy as to see the placket of your skirt open.

Lace yokes, cut out embroidery and bionuses, airy enough for a ballroom, do not look well in crowded downtown streets.

The girl who wears a trim, simple gown, shows up much better. Let her day's shopping than her "airy fairy" sister who will look dowdy if not untidy early in the day.

The girl with "one frock" must have a care in the selection of the material, pattern and color.

What may be worn with good taste once in awhile is bound to prove unsatisfactory if put into everyday use. No matter how becoming a frock may be, resist the temptation to possess it unless it will bear the stress of everyday wear.

### The Real Thing.

"This," said the young Benedict, who was just realizing that he had caught a Tartar, "is what I call real married life."

"I'm glad you're satisfied with some thing," she snipped.

"Oh, I'm not. I merely meant to inform you that it is not ideal."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

The best thing for any one to say who has nothing to say is to say nothing and stick to it.—Schoolmaster.

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### Nothing Known

Will Cure Kidney Diseases After They Have Fastened and Become Chronic But the Fulton Compounds. We Have Secured the Sole Agency for This City.

Fulton's Renal Compound enjoys the unique distinction of being the only thing known to cure kidney trouble in all its stages from the primary inflammation up to and including the chronic stage called Bright's Disease which has been up to the advent of this Compound, positively incurable. Then why not start with the Renal Compound at first rather than ordinary kidney medicines, all of which fall short if the disease has reached the chronic state? Then you will know you are right. No statements are published by the Fulton people except cases that have reached the chronic stage, incurable by all other known medicines. Here is another recovery we are permitted to refer to.

Mrs. S. E. Cliss of 107 Broadway, San Francisco, was pronounced by her physician as incurably ill with kidney disease that had become chronic (Bright's Disease). She also had diabetes. Another physician was called in. Druggery had set in, the nails came out and he said nothing known would save her. She was so far beyond help they told her not to further torture herself by dieting. She went on the Fulton Compound. The third month the nails began to come back, and in four months later was well and began dropping the treatment. An attorney friend of Mrs. Cliss, Judge E. B. Brown, 220 Pine Street, San Francisco, said she had diabetes that is also incurable according to the books. Knowing of her recovery he too took Fulton's Compound. The result was that she gained his health and is now in active practice the Fulton Compound. The last stage is Bright's Disease and Diabetes. It is as feeling languid or miserable send for pamphlet Recovery stories and 98% success. These are incurable diseases. Fulton's Renal Compound for Bright's and Kidney Diseases 414 Washington Street, San Francisco, sole compounders. We are their exclusive agents in this city.

### Save the Baby.

The mortality among babies during the three months of their life is very high. The census of 1906 shows that about one in every seven succumb.

The cause is apparent. With baby's bones hardening, the fontanel (opening in the skull) closing up and the teeth forming, all these coming at once create a demand for bone material that nearly half the little systems are deficient in. The result is (scorbutic, weakness, sweating, fever, diarrhea, brain troubles, convulsions, etc., that prove terribly fatal. The death toll under three years were 304,388, so nothing of the kind should be allowed to pass. This was not reported, and this in the United States alone.

When baby begins to sweat, worry or cry out in sleep don't wait, and the need for medicine is not felt until the little system is crying out for more bone material. Sweetman's Teething Food supplies it. It has saved the lives of thousands of babies. They begin to improve within forty-eight hours. Here is what physicians think of it.

234 Washington St., San Francisco, Cal., September 1, 1908.

Gentlemen—I am prescribing your food in the multitude of baby troubles due to impeded dentition. Large percentage of infantile ailments and fatalities are the result of slow teething. Your food supplies what the deficient system demands. The result has had surprising success with it. In scores of cases this diet given without regularity, has not failed to check the infantile distresses. Several of the more serious cases would, I feel sure, have been fatal without it. It cannot be too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

L. C. MENDEL, M. D.

Petaluma, Cal., September 1, 1908.

Dear Sir—I have just tried the Teething Food in two cases and in both it was successful. One was a very serious case, so critical, I feared some one else would try it for treatment. Fatal results were feared. In three days the baby ceased worrying and commenced eating and is now well. It is not too quickly brought to the attention of the mothers of the country. It is an absolute necessity.

I. M. PROCTOR, M. D.

Sweetman's Teething Food will carry baby safely and comfortably through the most dangerous period of child life. It renders unnecessary the use of the gums, without pain, distress or lancing. It is an auxiliary to their regular diet and easily taken. From 5 cents enough for six weeks, sent postpaid on receipt of price. Pacific Coast Agency, Inland Drug Co., Mills Building, San Francisco.

### Johnson's First Tailoring Job.

President Andrew Johnson had never been ashamed of his humble origin; had, indeed, often narrated the unhappy story of his first job at tailoring.

He had been summoned, he would say, to the residence of an influential citizen and had been bidden to make over one of the citizen's old coats for the son of the house.

Johnson, a little nervous through excess of zeal, took off his coat, turned back his sleeves, measured the youth and set to work. He was getting along well—the job, indeed, was nearly finished—when dinner time came and he reached out for his coat in order to put it on and go home.

To his chagrin he discovered then that it was his own coat which he had cut up for the boy.

### Swearin' to Excess.

A cricket club in the south of Scotland, which has evidently found that the use of lurid language does not add to the amenities of play, has passed the following bylaws:

"Any member swearin' to excess may be expelled."

I have not heard whether the club committee has yet arrived at a definition of "moderate swearin'." The attempt to find one to meet all cases is likely to result in language both "painful and free."—Glasgow Times.

### Ceremoniously Conquered.

"I thought Janz had such a dreadfully stiff neck."

"She has."

"Nonsense. There was a man painting the steeple of the brick church and she watched him for half an hour."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### The Ocean Located.

The class in elementary geography was up for recitation. "What is an ocean?" asked the teacher. "You may answer, Janet."

"It is a large body of water situated near Norfolk, Va.," replied Janet, who had once visited her aunt at the seashore.—Kansas City Journal.

### Seeks Diversion.

He—Why is she suing him for divorce?

She—For diversion.

He—Diversion?

She—Yes; she says being married is so monotonous.—Baltimore American.