A SON OF WEALTH

By KEITH GORDON

At first it was merely the rumor of a rumor, then it became an authenticated report, and last the town, or at least that part of it which considered itself indubitably "upper crust," thrilled with the knowledge that Hemingway Trent was to spend a month with his aunt, Mrs. Ordway.

Set down in black and white, this fact appears insignificant, but just think a moment and repeat the name over and over to yourself—"Trent, Trent"—and you will doubtless begin to thrill, for the name of Trent is known wherever pickles are eaten or money spent.

It is only fair to the present Trents to explain that it is a far cry from the original pickle, or, rather, from the little patch of ground on the edge of a young city where that first pickle, that Aladdin's lamp of a pickle, grew to the present representatives of the family.

Hemingway, the future head of the Trent family, aged twenty-six, was coming to Carriston for a visit. A blaze of interest sprang up in anxious mother hearts at first rumor of this fact, and, though they guarded eye and lip, some sparks flew and little additional fires sprang up in the hearts of marriageable daughters. Finally the air became surcharged. Adamantine father hearts gave signs of emotion, a restlessness, a critical, lingering survey of daughterly charms. Several rush orders for gowns of more than ordinary beauty were sent scurrying across the continent. And it was significant that this finery to come was never mentioned, not even between the best of friends.

Amid all the intense, subdued flurry of preparation there was one family that remained serene. Mr. and Mrs. Barry of Barrydene went their elegant, languid way, undistracted and unmoved, though they, too, had a marriageable daughter. The way of the Barrys had long since ceased to be affluent. If the Hemingways, for whom Trent was named, had left a ramshackle shanty far behind them the Barrys, on the other hand, had come from a rare old colonial mansion that overlooked the river Severn. The only difference between them was that they had started at different ends of the chain.

Still, Brenda Barry, only child and chief depository of the practical sense of the house of that name, was usually filled with a tingling resentment when she heard of the enormous fortunes of the "new" people. Being a woman, she could not fail to feel the subtle tenseness in the social atmosphere, and for the same reason she instinctively divined its cause. And to say that she was scornful but faintly expresses it.

There was nothing about the good looking, athletic young fellow whom she met a week later to justify that scorn. He was the usual thing—a very much washed, immaculately dressed young man of the day, with a desire to please which was so apparent that Brenda had to goad herself into remembering how frightfully new and disgustingly rich he was.

This attitude on the part of one whose head might well have been turned by the flattery and attention he was receiving on all sides mollified her somewhat. Then by chance she happened to encounter a rather vindictive glance from Helen Carrington's violet eyes—Helen was wearing an exquisitely simple gown that had not seen the light before—and suddenly her own plan of action was clearly mapped out in her mind.

"Too much soothing sirup," she reflected ironically. "What he needs is a tonic." This mental comment of hers may have had something to do with the delightful sense of refreshment young Trent felt in her presence. She asked him none of the usual questions with which the others had pestered him until he wondered impatiently if they had nothing to think about but him. Indeed, she didn't seem to be very clear as to his identity, so that he felt compelled to refer rather diffidently to the fact that he was on to visit his aunt, Mrs. Ordway. Even then her face was impassive.

"Rather a stunning girl, that Miss Barry," he remarked to his aunt the next day on their drive as she pointed Barrydene to him, while he noted with interest its picturesque decay. The stucco house was a beautiful soft gray, and what had once been a garden after the Italian manner was now overgrown and neglected, yet full of wistful beauty. Near a corner of the house he caught the gleam of a light gown and energetically tried by means of hypnotic suggestion to cause his aunt to stop, but she sat placidly beside him, utterly unaware that the castle of her mind was being assaulted.

Trent reasoned that if you pass a person's house often enough you are pretty sure to meet that person. On the third successive morning that he passed Barrydene she came through the gate in the neglected hedge just as his horse jogged slowly by.

She wore a short pink gown, with sleeves turned back and collar turned in, and in her hand she carried what appeared to be a wet napkin. She greeted him with a negligent nod, putting him still further at ease by her inquiry.

"Have you—I don't suppose you have—but have you seen a small dog that looked as if he were sneaking away from home?"

Trent was off his horse in a moment, while he assured her that, though he had encountered no such animal, he was sure that he could find it should it command. She put away his offer.

"Oh, he'll come back! Only he knows it's wrong—and I like to be obeyed."

"I'd obey in a jiffy—if you'd tell me to come in," Trent ventured boldly.

Miss Barry was all demureness for a moment; then a wicked gleam danced into her eyes.

"Come—pray do," she invited sweetly. And a moment later he had tied his horse and was walking beside her up the graveled path where the grass grew unrebuked. Everywhere there was disorder, but it was of the pictorial sort that has an attraction all its own. To Hemingway Trent, accustomed to grounds that were barbered and shaved almost as regularly as their masters, it was oddly charming. His companion, however, noticing his amusing, lingering gaze, construed in a different way.

"Pities us, I suppose, because we haven't a head gardener and two or three assistants," she thought to herself resentfully. Thereupon she decided to shock his sensibilities still more.

"It's rather informal, I know," she said glibly, "but I'm going right on with my work." And she led the way around to the rear of the house. "You see, I've just been doing a few of the small fine pieces myself; the Chinaman brings them back streaked in so many shades of pink and blue."

She looked at him furtively, but it was evident he was thoroughly mystified. She was obliged to be more explicit.

"Washing, you know," she elaborated, pointing to an Indian basket heaped with linen that stood on the grass. "Now just make yourself comfortable and talk to me while I work." And she proceeded rather ostentatiously to spread out some dainty handkerchiefs and napkins on the adjoining rosebushes, while her caller looked on in shocked, speechless amazement.

"Oh, I say! You oughtn't to do this, you know. It's ridiculous; it's an outrage. Get a Chinaman who'll do the right thing. There must be one somewhere."

Miss Barry became sweetly pensive. Resignment spoke from every line of her face.

"There are some," she admitted, "but they charge, oh, fearfully!" Then, with hands locked behind her, she stood back and regarded the bushes where all the sweet rose faces were now hidden from the sun with a virtuous enthusiasm. "That saves papa as much as a dollar," she said proudly, "and every little helps."

Trent murmured something, he did not precisely know what, so busy he was trying to think what it must be like, the financial condition that made the saving of a dollar so great a thing. Brenda covertly watched him with fiendish delight, which was, it is true, modified when she discovered that his surprise was changing into a sort of awed admiration.

Still she managed to convey to him before he took his dazed departure that she usually spent the early morning hours gardening, working in another pathetic reference their need of economy.

Promptly the next morning Trent, clad in the most disreputable clothes he could procure, might have been seen hanging about the Barrydene hedges. When the daughter of the house finally made her appearance it was not so early, though, as he had been led to believe. He walked in boldly, announcing with the simplicity of the early Trents—the market garden ones—that he'd come to help. Miss Barry's face turned a riotous red, and she tried to dissuade him, but for an hour or more he digged and delved at her side right sturdily. Once begun, there was no stopping him, and Carriston watched the disgraceful affair aghast. When later on the gardening led to the usual result Brenda looked him straight in the eye.

"I fancy that I have angled for you just as much as the others," she said breathlessly. But Hemingway Trent only laughed.

"What difference so long as I like your bait?" he questioned.

Great Men Who Were Little.

Canon Kingsley not long before his death drew attention to the number of short men who could be seen in a London crowd. He looked upon it as a sign of the deterioration of the race. But there are those who look at it as an indication of progress in intellectual lines at least, for many if not most of the great men of history have been men below the medium height. Canute the Great was a singularly small man. Napoleon was undeniably short. Nelson had no height of which he could boast, and the great Conde was hardly more than five feet tall. Hildebrand—Gregory VII.—the greatest of all the popes, was quite a diminutive person. Montaigne was short; so was Pope, "a little crooked thing that asked questions;" so was Dryden, and so was Scarron, who alluded to himself as "an abridgment of human miseries" on account of his short stature and ill health.

Chinese Peculiarities.

In giving his opinion of China Captain Faulkner of the artillery corps epitomized the Chinese characteristics so cleverly that some of his listeners copied down his words.

"China," said Captain Faulkner, "is a country where the roses have no fragrance and the women no petticoats, where the laborer has no Sunday and the magistrate no sense of honor, where the roads bear no vehicles and the ships no keels, where old men fly kites and the needle points to the south, where the place of honor is on the left hand and the seat of intellect in the stomach, where to take off your hat is an insolent gesture and to wear white garments is to be in mourning, a country which has a literature without an alphabet and a language without a grammar."—London Globe.

Won His Bet.

A hotel proprietor in Baltimore tells an amusing story, in which the main figure is an old gentleman well known to the waiters in the hotels of the Monumental City for his aversion to the tipping system.

One evening the old gentleman, having finished his dinner, was preparing to leave the hotel when the darky who had served him bowed and said, "Thank you very much, suh."

"What the deuce are you thanking me for?" angrily demanded the old fellow. "I haven't given you anything."

"Dat's jest it, boss," responded the waiter. "I bet No. 10 50 cents dat you wouldn't tip me."—Harper's Weekly.

She Was Posted.

"Now," said Mr. Hazzard, who was instructing her in the mysteries of golf, "you know what a 'tee' is. Let me explain now the duties of the 'caddie.' You see"—

"Of course," she interrupted, "the caddie's what you put the tea in. I know what a tea caddie is."—Philadelphia Press.

WASHINGTON LETTER

[Special Correspondence.]

Professor Merrill, curator of geology of the National museum, recently placed on exhibition in that institution what is undoubtedly the largest mass of pure amethysts in the world.

Early in 1901 the agents of one of the great gem cutting works of Oberstein, Bavaria, discovered on the slope of the Serra do Mar, in the Brazilian state of Rio Grande do Sul, the largest mass of pure amethysts ever brought to light.

The mass occurred in the form of a geode, thirty-three feet in length, five feet in width, three feet in height and weighing thirty-five tons. Part of this geode was exposed standing upright in the form of a huge violet colored monolith, but the lower end was firmly imbedded in the original melaphyr matrix rock. Most of the great scientific institutions of the world would have given thousands of dollars for this giant amethyst mass, but the agent, having an eye only to the commercial value of the geode, broke it up into fragments, in which form it was shipped to Germany.

Professor Merrill recognized the value of this geode to the world of learning, and it was due to his influence that the Smithsonian institution purchased from the German gem cutting works the largest of the fragments then remaining, which, notwithstanding the fact that it forms but a small part of the original geode, weighing only 400 pounds, is nevertheless the largest mass of amethysts in the world.

Historic Table Mutilated.

Immediately after President Roosevelt took the oath of office in front of the capitol on March 4 and left the stand one of the invited guests of distinction drew a knife from his pocket and sliced an oblong splinter half an inch thick from the famous walnut table at which presidents have been sworn into office since the days of John Quincy Adams. It has been rumored that the vandal was a foreign diplomat and that the police refrained from making an arrest because of his official position.

All Nations Invited.

The president has issued a proclamation inviting all nations to be represented by their military organizations and naval vessels at the celebration to be held in the vicinity of Jamestown, Va., from May 13 until November, 1907.

White House Bars Hand Bags.

Persons familiar with President Roosevelt's private hatred of bodyguards and similar precautions are wondering how soon he would give a gentle rebuke to the zealous official responsible for a new rule in respect of White House visitors. The rule is that no one shall carry a valise, suit case, satchel, bundle, package, parcel or, in fact, anything in a wrapper into the executive mansion.

Sunday Observance.

The past social season at the capital witnessed a marked broadening in the manner in which Sunday is observed. The puritanical restrictions thrown about the day in bygone years have been loosened despite the warnings of the clergy against the tendency toward the continental Sunday.

Society's progress toward a more liberal Sunday has been gradual, but the broader regime has come steadily on. Bishop Satterlee of the Episcopal diocese of Washington has frequently spoken of the practice of making Sunday like every other day in the week, but society has gone merrily on. Sunday dinner parties have become more and more the vogue. The capital on Sundays has had its round of dinners, informal at homes, afternoon teas, theater parties for the evening concerts, which are the only attractions at the local playhouses on this day, with gay little suppers afterward at the hotels and cafes or at the homes of the hosts and hostesses.

Gifts to the Government.

Slightly removed in spirit from the conscience fund, but belonging to the "peculiar" receipts of the government, are the gifts which it receives from its citizens. Occasionally a man bequeaths his property in whole or in part to the United States government. This was true of General Nathaniel Lyon, who was killed at the battle of Wilson's Creek while fighting valorously to save Missouri for the Union.

One of the most curious gifts which the treasury regularly receives four times a year is a seventy-two dollar check. The giver draws a pension of that amount. He does not want to relinquish it for fear that some time he might want it, but so long as he retains a lucrative position which he is able to fill he thinks he ought not to have the pension.

Sewage Pumping Plant.

The magnificent new sewage pumping station, which for all time to come, it is claimed, will be sufficient for the needs of the city of Washington, is to be ready for operation in June. For the storm water and ordinary street sewage there are eight pumps, each with a capacity of 65,000,000 gallons per twenty-four hours. These will handle the drainage from what is known as the "low surface area," which covers about 900 acres in the heart of the city from B street south to F street north and from the capitol to the treasury.

On the east side of the engine room are the four sewage pumps, three of which are of the same capacity as the rain water pumps, while the fourth is a sort of "pony pump," having the capacity of 20,000,000 gallons in twenty four hours.

Each of the twelve pumps has its individual engine, and power is furnished from the big boilers now being installed immediately to the south of the engine room.

CARL SCHOFIELD.

Avoid Worry.

No large, generous soul was ever a worrier. Calmness, serenity, poise and power to move through life rhythmically, without jar or fret, are characteristic of greatness and true nobility.—Success Magazine.

A One Night Stand.

Bosh—Is Hank on the stage? Josh—No. Bosh—Why, yes he is! He told me that he made his first appearance two years ago. Josh—Umhuh! He made his last appearance on the same night.—Detroit Free Press.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Fashionable Coat.

The box coats are high in favor and are seen among the most fashionable of the season's models. The one here illustrated was made of covert cloth and is in long hip length. The fronts

DOUBLE BREASTED BOX COAT.

lap in double breasted style, and the notched collar may be of velvet if preferred. The coat sleeve is wide enough to wear over the full bodice sleeve now demanded by fashion, and a shaped strap extends well over the sleeve, giving a square shoulder effect. Broadcloth, cheviot, silk and all the materials used for coats are adaptable. The medium size will require two and seven eighths yards of fifty-four inch material.

Trimming Topics.

Tiny buttons are not confined to lingerie effects.

Steel spangles are among the favorites.

Flowered nets are exceptionally lovely.

Pale green bids fair to be in high favor.

Lots of lace is to be worn this summer.

Persian effects are seen in many guises.

Tiny roses, two rows, adorn some smart hats.

A chain of green beads is worn to advantage with a gown of a darker green.

The Popular Redingote.

The redingote is still very fashionable in Paris. It is built of every light material, but taffeta is especially modish, and it lends itself well for the purpose.

Colors In Dress.

The smartest of costumes will be ruined if too many colors are used in its composition. For instance, an entirely blue gown is much prettier than a blue skirt and a pink waist. Try to keep the same color scheme throughout your whole costume. Different shades of the same color mix prettily, and one contrasting color is all right, but never wear a skirt of one color, a waist of another and a hat of a third.

A Desirable Model.

No woman of today considers her wardrobe complete unless it contains a variety of pretty waists suitable for every occasion. These are not the "shop made" waists either, for in these days of paper patterns, which almost do the work for you, every woman takes a certain pride in making her

LADY'S BLOUSE.

own waists, and that is why they have an individual look, although the material may be ever so inexpensive. The model here depicted is especially desirable. It is not too elaborate to be attempted by the home dressmaker, and it lends itself admirably to effective combinations of material in both cotton and silk. It is suitable for a separate waist or as part of the season's shirt waist suit. The blouse is tucked and finished with duchess closing. The yoke is a pretty idea, although if one desires a plain tucked waist it may be omitted. The sleeve is the new shirt waist model and may be finished by the cuff or in any preferred manner.

A Woman's Tongue.

"Woman's tongue is her sword, which she never lets rust," wrote Mme. Necker. "The tongue is not steel, but it cuts," wrote Erasmus. "The tongue kills more than the sword," wrote Vesik, the Ottoman statesman. Solomon, the embodiment of wisdom, wrote, "It is better to dwell in the corner of the housetop than with a brawling woman and in a wide house." And St. James wrote, "The tongue is a little member and boasteth great things." However, the good King Arthur said, "Deny not to woman the proper use of her tongue."

HEROISM IN ANIMALS.

Illustrated by a Ram That Defended a Flock of Sheep.

A writer on natural history complains that men are prone to regard masculine courage in defense of others as a virtue purely human. In reality, self sacrificing for the female sex or for the young is part of the scheme of nature, and every male thing is strong and splendid in appearance because he is the descendant of those who have proudly held and guarded "the privilege of death." Another writer tells a story which illustrates this point. Two entomologists, hunting at night, clambered over a gate with their swinging lanterns and found themselves in a field filled with sheep. The result of their coming was panic and a furious stampede. The sheep charged helter skelter away from the lanterns and huddled together at the far end of the field. But there was a ram among them, and as the flock scurried away this creature stood firm, covering the retreat. Then, steadily and majestically, the huge ram advanced with lowered head toward the mysterious lights and pressed them back to the gate. This is only one graphic story of many that might be told of masculine courage throughout nature. Man has some virtues which animals, so far as we can judge, know nothing about, but heroism—the pride of affording protection to the weak and daring death for the security of the flock—is not a human attribute alone any more than is maternal affection.

THE SPIRIT OF HOME.

It Must Be Within You If You Would Create a Home.

To create a home you must have the spirit of home. Just as the smallest village may have its history, its moral stamp, so the smallest home may have its soul. Oh, the spirit of places, the atmosphere which surrounds us in human dwellings! What a world of mystery!

Here even on the threshold the cold begins to penetrate; you are ill at ease; something intangible repulses you.

There no sooner does the door shut you in than friendliness and good humor envelop you. It is said that walls have ears. They have also voices, a mute eloquence. Everything that a dwelling contains is bathed in an ether of personality. And I find proof of its quality even in the apartments of bachelors and solitary women.

What an abyss between one room and another room!

Here all is dead, indifferent, commonplace; the device of the owner is written all over it even in his fashion of arranging his photographs and books. All is the same to me! There one breathes in animation, a contagious joy in life. The visitor hears repeated in countless fashion: "Whoever you are, guest of an hour, I wish you well. Peace be with you!"—Charles Wagner.

Bondsmen.

In his "History of Coal Mining" R. W. Galloway points out that what appear to be traces of a primitive state of servitude existed in Staffordshire, England, where the laborers employed in the haulage of coal continued to be known as "bondsmen," a name probably coming down from a remote period, a supposition which receives support from a peculiar service required of them known as "bulldases." This consisted in working at times in the morning without receiving any payment beyond a drink of ale. This custom of exacting labor without pay is supposed to represent some ancient service required from their tenants by the monks of the abbey of Buildwas, in Shropshire, whence the name was derived.

Ancient Thomas Parr.

Thomas Parr lived 152 years and was buried in Westminster abbey. Born in Shropshire, England, in 1483, Parr led the life of an agricultural laborer in his native place till blindness and extreme old age kept him indoors. Early in 1635, his longevity having made him famous, Thomas, earl of Arundel, took him to London to be exhibited to Charles I. He was lodged in the Strand, but the change of air and diet told upon him, and in November of that same year he died. He was described as a good looking man of medium size, with a deep chest and a thick beard. He attributed his excellent health to moderation in eating and drinking.

The Pepper Vine.

The most common and widely used of all spices is pepper. It is a native of the East Indies, but is now cultivated in various parts of the tropical belt of this hemisphere. The plant is a climber and has a smooth stem sometimes twelve feet long. The fruit is about the size of a pea and when ripe is of a bright red color. In cultivation the plant is supported by poles. In some localities small trees are used instead of poles, for the best pepper is grown in a certain degree of shade.

FIRST MAP OF THE SKY.

It Was Made 1,420 Years Before the Christian Era.

At a very early period in the history of astronomy it was felt that the stars should be divided into distinct groups or constellations. This important task has engaged the attention of astronomers from remote times and has only been brought to its present perfection by a long series of intellectual efforts.

According to Clement of Alexandria, it was Chiron, believed to be the maker of the first celestial globe, who, 1,420 years before the Christian era, divided the starry heavens into constellations and so mapped out the sky. Newton upheld this opinion, which is further corroborated in the book of Job, where allusion is made to Orion, the Pleiades, and the Hyades, a proof that at a very early period there had been a grouping of the stars.

Hesiod in his "Works and Days," written 2,700 years ago, also refers to several of the constellations as though their names were familiar to his readers.

Her Clever Scheme.

Fanny—Why in the world do you send away for so many catalogues and then never buy anything? Suzette—To keep the postman coming here. I don't want those women across the street to know that Jack and I don't correspond any more.—Detroit Free Press.

NEW SHORT STORIES

Drew the Line at Kissing.

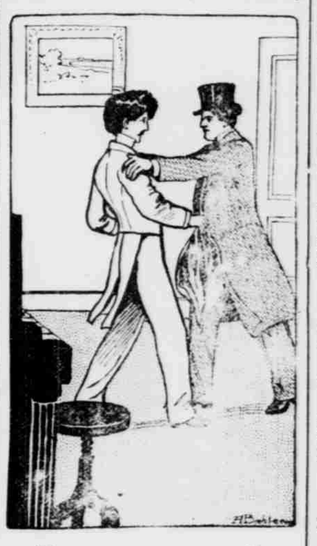
This is the true story of how a certain pianist who has been amusing New York with his music and his manners got possession of his muffler. He saw it first—the muffler that became his own—on the neck of a man to whom he had just been introduced.

"I like your muffler," he said by way of conversation. "I give you a dollar for your muffler."

"Extremely flattered, I'm sure, but I don't care to sell out just at present," replied the American.

"I give you a dollar," reiterated the pianist serenely. "The muffler will be second hand. A dollar is a good price."

The American pulled the muffler from his neck. "Accept it with my



"I'LL BE HANGED IF YOU DO!"

compliments," he said wearily. "Keep your money, and be so good as to accept the muffler."

The pianist was overjoyed. "Generous man," he exclaimed, with tears in his voice, "I kiss you for that!" Spreading out his arms, he rushed on the American.

"I'll be hanged if you do!" cried the intended victim, who proceeded to grasp the piano pounder by the shoulders and shake him until his teeth rattled.

The musician recovered his breath as the American was vanishing out of the door.

"Men of your country are so cold, so very cold," he remarked to a bystander.—New York Evening Post.

Fellow Students at Ann Arbor.

When former Senator Joseph V. Quarles of Wisconsin was ready to take the oath of office as judge of the district court in Wisconsin he made arrangements to have the oath administered by Associate Justice William R. Day of the supreme court, says the Washington Post. There was a sentimental reason for this. Some time after Quarles became senator he was sitting in the lobby of a Washington hotel and was approached by a tall, spare man, who in holding out his hand said:

"Is this Joe? I am Rufe."

Quarles was for a moment nonplused, but he then grasped the outstretched hand and shook it heartily for some time. Explanations followed. William R. Day, called Rufe, and Joseph V. Quarles, called Joe, were students together at Ann Arbor, Mich. They were roommates and close friends, but in the work of life they had lost sight of each other until they met in Washington, one being United States judge and the other a United States senator. So Quarles had his old college friend as justice of the highest court complete the final act which made him a judge for life.

Her Son an Abolitionist.

"When I was a boy," remarked Representative Hepburn of Iowa, "I well remember that my mother was a very ardent proslavery woman. She came from the south and owned in her right an old colored auntie, and she could not look upon the matter with unprejudiced eyes. I was one of three young fellows who wrote out by hand the notices for the first Republican convention held in my town. There was no printing office there, so notices had to be written. When it became known that I was in the movement my mother asked me if I had become an abolitionist. I told her that I was a Republican. I remember how she held up her hands aghast and cried out, 'To think that a son of mine should become a black abolitionist!'"—Washington Post.

Changed the Subject.

At a reception last week Professor Frederick P. Lee of Columbia university, who has recently been granted considerable leisure for original research, was overheard asking a lady if she had seen the Aphrodite.

"No," she replied. "Isn't it wonderful that such a reptile should have existed upon the face of the earth?"

"I said Aphrodite, not dinosaur," said the startled professor.

But she looked so puzzled that he changed the subject.—New York Times.

High and Low Church.

Irving Grinnell, treasurer of the Church Temperance society of New York, was talking about the difference between high and low church among Episcopalians, says the New York Tribune.

"I heard two boys talking on the street the other day," he said. "The first said in a boasting way:

"'Our church is awful high. We have matins.'

"'That's not'in',' said the other boy. 'We have carpets.'"

Dumley—I never saw a man like Brixton to drift away from the subject under discussion.

Barrass—As, for instance?

Dumley—I just asked him what he was doing the night I saw him down the road, and he evaded an answer by remarking that he had known people to get rich by attending to their own business. I have no doubt he has, but why should he mention it at that time?—Boston Transcript.

The vivacity which augments with years is not far from folly.—Rochefoucauld.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Sage Advice.

"I know that I am homely," said the youth who was consulting the seer, "and I have no form of grace nor have I any money. More than that, I lack ability to earn money; I cannot carry on a conversation, cannot sing, cannot dance, cannot write—cannot do anything. Yet I wish you would advise me how to induce some girl to marry me."

"Have you any bad habits?" inquired the seer.

"Indeed, no," answered the youth proudly. "That's my one and only recommendation. I have absolutely no bad habits."

"Your only chance," said the seer, with an air of great wisdom, "is to shake your good habits at once and acquire all the bad habits possible. Then some girl will marry you to reform you."—Judge.

Man Overboard.

On a trip of one of the Illinois river packets, a light draft one, as there were only two feet of water in the channel, the passengers were startled by the cry, "Man overboard!"

The steamer was stopped and preparations made to save him, when he was heard exclaiming: "Go ahead with your old steamer! I'll walk behind you!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Great Truth.

"Yes," said the man who occasionally thinks aloud, "that's why so many marriages are failures."

"Why is it?" queried the party with the rubber habit.

"The average young man thinks a girl would rather be loved and pitied than dressed and fed," explained the noisy thinker.—Chicago News.

The Correct Simile.

Bobby—I've been working all day like a dog, pop.

Father—Glad to hear that you are getting industrious, Robert. But what have you been doing?

Bobby—I've been digging out a woodchuck, pop!—Puck.

Where the Shoe Pinched.

Curious Mother—What was it that Ferdinand said to you just as he was going out that made you so angry?

Disappointed Maiden—It was not what he said, but what he didn't say.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

How It Leaked Out.

"Yes, their marriage was secret, and it would never have been discovered but for one thing."

"What was that?"

"They couldn't keep the divorce proceedings from becoming public."

Didn't Look It.

Harris—Kilbert's wife is rather literary, isn't she?

Bert—I don't think so. Why, she's as neat as a pin and as perfectly groomed a woman as you could wish to see.—Boston Transcript.

Thought.

"Bliggins puts a great deal of thought into his work."

"Yes," said the sarcastic person. "He works ten minutes and then thinks about it for an hour and a quarter."—Washington Star.

At Her Own Estimate.

Lucy (enviously)—As regards Miss de Style's looks, you must remember that "beauty is but skin deep."

Lavinia—True; but, as you yourself have often said, she is awfully thick skinned.—Judge.

Her Advice.

"Yes, Laura, he said his heart was in my keeping."

"Take my advice, dear, and tell him you are not running a storage warehouse for damaged goods."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Possible Career.

"What," asked the professor, "is the future of the Russian soldier?"

"Well," answered the student, "he ought to be able to win medals as a sprinter."—Washington Star.

That Destructive Bump.

Phrenologist—Your bump of destructiveness is very large. Are you a soldier or a pugilist?

Subject—Neither; I'm a furniture mover.—New York Weekly.

His Preference.

"They say you are a great linguist, Professor Talkleigh. Which tongue do you prefer?"

"Canned."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

He Was Practicing.

"Why does Dodson wabble so when he walks? Has he been in a wreck?"

"Goodness, no! He's taking physical culture."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Suggestion.

The Shell Game Man—Why not try the game? It's simply giving away money. The Stranger—But why not give away the money without going through what seems to be a needless formality?—New York Press.

More Than Beauty Needed.

"You are beautiful enough to be wooed by an emperor."

"Am I beautiful enough to be wooed by a duke?"

"Yes, indeed; but not rich enough."—Houston Post.