

NEW LINES

The Simpson tunnel through the Alps has cost \$20 for each of its 774,730 fathoms.

On the continent of Europe the longest telephone line is 712 miles in length and runs between Berlin and Paris.

The government of New South Wales has sanctioned the erection of two state institutions for the treatment of inebriates without means.

The town of Kenneth, Cal., has no jail building, so it has put an iron door at the mouth of a mining tunnel, and the tunnel makes a roomy and secure calaboose.

Greeks to the number of 1,600 a month land in New York city. A majority of them make their homes there, superseding, or at least rivaling, the Italians in many minor trades.

The modern bullet will pierce the carcasses of three horses in succession at 500 yards, of four at half the distance, or kill a man after passing through the trunk of a thick tree.

Signor Garofalo, the Italian criminalologist, reckons that throughout Europe 10,000 persons are annually condemned for murder and that only one criminal out of three is brought to justice.

The longest distance over which speech is regularly transmitted is between Boston and Omaha, 1,900 miles. A business house in the western city talks daily with its representatives in Boston.

Upon the spot where the Grand Duke Sergius was killed was found a large supply of three half rings by the explosion out of a ring he was wearing. The flames of the bomb had turned the sapphiric black.

The new railway that is being built in Arabia will pass close to the rocks hewn back traditionally believed to be Aton's burial place. A buried and long forgotten city was discovered recently nearby.

The remains of some sand that had been carted from Lytle creek into San Bernardino, Cal., for building purposes yielded \$15 worth of gold to a prospector, whose experienced eye had not led the metal's glitter as he was passing it.

One of the strangest of the many strange finds in the famous opal fields in New South Wales was unearthed recently. It was a fossil shark that had become opalized. The fossil is over three feet long and eighteen inches in circumference.

A bankrupt wooden box maker recently started in a London court that his trade had been ruined by the advance in the price of sugar. Confectioners and candy manufacturers were economizing by doing without wooden boxes and cases.

There are more suicides in Berlin every year than in any other European city, and the figures show steady increase, growing from 431 in 1900 to 620 in 1904. This is about 32 for every 100,000 inhabitants. Paris has 26 Vienna 23, Rome 18 and London 13.

Out of 1,184 girls who have graduated from the University of Michigan since 1870, when it became a co-educational institution, only sixty-five have died. The census death rate for womanhood in general for the same period of time is 228 out of every 1,000.

A recent statement that the present ivory consumption represents the annual slaughter of 20,000 elephants is denied. At least 85 per cent of market ivory comes from the cemeteries to which the elephants have long resorted, and much of it may be hundreds of years old.

Peter Champet, who recently died at Levee, Belgium, made a good living by coloring bread-crumbs. His secret was to smoke regularly but very slowly, never to allow the pipe to get foul or to be subject to drafts or sudden changes of temperature and never to smoke out of doors.

The maintenance of safety in the rural districts of Cuba and along high ways is entrusted to the care of the rural guard of Cuba, a body of excellent men, well mounted and equipped, numbering a chief, 103 officers and 2,820 men. It is intended to increase the number of men to 4,000.

Our heaviest import for 1904 was coffee, valued at \$87,427,069, followed by sugar which has hitherto been first in value, hides, vegetable fibers, wool, lumber, fruit, tea, tobacco and oils, no other product going over the \$10,000,000 mark, although a number, including cocoa and chocolate, came close.

The postmaster general of Great Britain has a staff under his control bigger than the standing British army. The postal system keeps busy from 15,000,000 to 18,000,000 men and women. The post-office is among the most profitable enterprises in England. With an outlay of £10,000,000 it makes a profit of near £10,000,000 sterling.

It appears that the Turks did not object to the sale of Bibles in Macedonia or Armenia, feeling quite sure they will convert no Mussulmans, but they objected to the distribution of Bibles with inserted pages of revolutionary and seditious matter. All the porte requires is that the Bibles shall be genuine from cover to cover.

As the result of a severe illness Mrs. John J. Gardner of Norristown, Pa., lost her voice over a year ago. The other day she was started to see a neighbor rush past her house whose dress was in flames. Without the least delay Mrs. Gardner rushed to an open window and called loudly for help. She has been able to speak ever since.

The Irish corporations have not been forgetful of the press. The mayor of Cork is the proprietor of a newspaper, the proprietors and editors of the Kilkeny Journal, Drogheda Argus, Tipperary Free Press and Sligo Champion have seats in their respective corporations, and the editors of the Freeman, Register and Nation are in the Dublin corporation.

Earliest Newspaper.
The first daily newspaper was a manuscript letter written by salaried correspondents and forwarded by them every twenty-four hours from London to the provinces. That was in the days of the early Stuarts. During the Commonwealth these letters were printed in type and circulated in large numbers. Even so long ago as 1680 the law of libel was such as to be characterized by Judge Serjeant as making any newspaper publication illegal and tending to provoke a breach of the peace.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Morning Jacket.
This charming design for a dressing sack is adapted to a variety of materials, although, as here pictured, it was developed in pale blue china silk, accordion plaited. The garment is shaped by shoulder and underarm seams, and gathers in the upper part of



CHARMING DRESSING SACK.

the front afford sufficient fullness. The mode is distinguished by a deep cape collar trimmed with lace insertion and finished by a frill of lace. The elbow sleeves are trimmed with two deep frills of the silk, further elaborated by bands of insertion and lace frills, as is also the lower edge of the jacket. If accordion plaited material is not desired other fabrics, such as cashmere, flannel, silk, dimity and lawn, could be used. The medium size requires three and three-eighths yards of thirty-six inch material.

Selecting a Hat.
Alas for the woman with a prominent nose! Here is the worst of troubles with which to contend in the choosing.

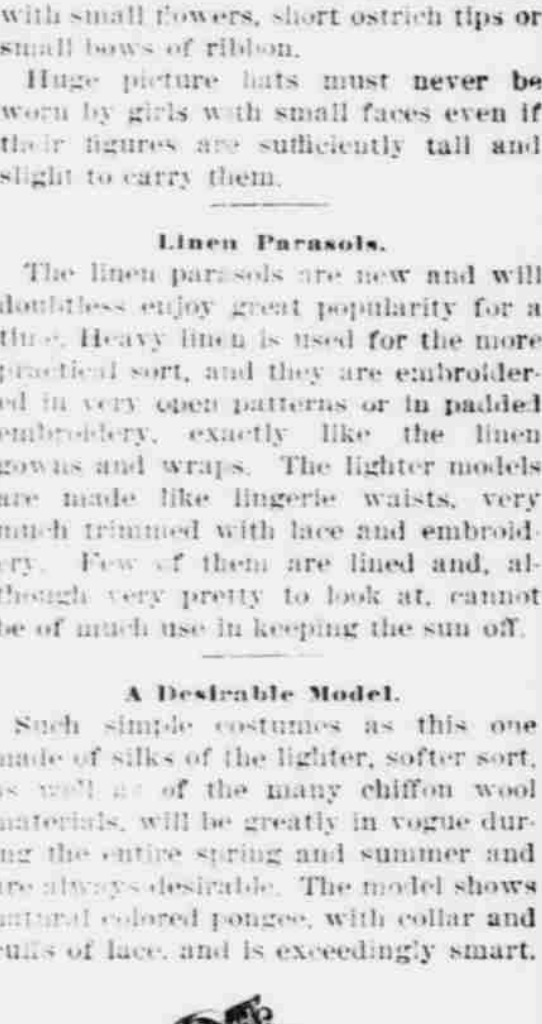
Many a charming shape which she covets must be laid by in favor of another of more friendly contour. Her hats must avoid severe outlines and must be worn well forward so that the prominent feature will seem proportionately insignificant.

The other extreme is found in the woman whose nasal extremity is very flat or small. She must not wear too large a hat nor one which projects too obtrusively, for her nose will retire in inverse proportion to her exaggerated features. For her the best shape will be of medium or less than medium size, with small flowers, short ostrich tips or small tufts of ribbon.

Huge picture hats must never be worn by girls with small faces even if their features are sufficiently tall and slight to carry them.

Linon Parasols.
The linen parasols are now and will doubtless enjoy great popularity for a time. Heavy linen is used for the more practical sort, and they are embroidered in very even patterns or in padded embroidery, exactly like the linen gowns and wraps. The lighter models are made like lingerie waists, very much trimmed with lace and embroidery. Few of them are lined and, although very pretty to look at, cannot be of much use in keeping the sun off.

A Desirable Model.
Such simple costumes as this one made of silks of the lighter, softer sort, as well as of the many chiffon wool materials, will be greatly in vogue during the entire spring and summer and are always desirable. The model shows natural colored pongee, with collar and cuffs of lace, and is exceedingly smart.



SIMPLE SUMMER COSTUME.

but the material is to be found in various colors, while the variety afforded by suitable fabrics is almost unlimited. Invisible checks and small plaids formed by varying shades of one color being peculiarly smart. Both waist and skirt are box plaited for their entire length, so giving long and slender lines to the figure, while the fullness between can be either shirred or tucked. For the medium size will be required for waist 5 yards 21 inches, 4 yards 27 inches, or 2-5/8 yards 44 inches wide; for the skirt 11 yards 21 inches, 10 yards 27 inches, or 5 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with three-fourths yard of silk for belt.

Paradoxical.
Smith—You remember Muggins, who used to bore us with his long winded stories? Jones—Yes. What of him? Smith—He was arrested yesterday for being short in his accounts.—Chicago News.

A Fortune Hunter.
Miranda—Yes, mamma, Mr. Fargolin knows that my face is all the fortune I possess. Bertie (the terrible)—Yes, mamma, and when I sneaked into the room he was trying his level best to get at her fortune.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

FOR ART'S SAKE...

By ISOLA MERRIFIELD
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It was nobody's fault but her own. Whenever trouble came a-knocking at Philippa's door all kind friends raised hands of innocence to the skies and declared thankfully that it was nobody's fault but her own.

"He had no earthly right to raise his hat and smile when I met him in the elevator."

"He had every right in the world," contradicted Elizabeth calmly. "If I had been in his place I should have come right down and called on you after you had acted like a love-lorn lunatic, Pippa."

"It was not lunacy. It was inspiration," Philippa half-turned from the piano to argue. "You weren't in the studio at the time, Beth, and you don't know a blessed thing about it. I wasn't even practicing. I was cleaning up."

Elizabeth smiled. She had seen Philippa's cleaning up process. It meant the hustling of everything disorderly out of sight, under the divan, behind the wardrobe, anywhere at all, so long as it was unseen.

"And he sang my pet duet from 'Il Trovatore.' Both. It was splendid. You poor, old heathen, you don't appreciate music a bit. All you can understand are a few oily, dandy ditties or a pen and ink sketch, but if you had only heard him!"

"If I had heard him I don't think that I should have done to the window and warbled back an answer up a New York air shaft."

"I don't care," Philippa's tone was lofty and her attitude haughty. "I didn't care a rap about him personally, and I hadn't the slightest idea what he looked like, but the voice was divine. It was the voice of Manrico calling, and Leonora answered it for art's sake."

"Well, Leonora had better attend to her cleaning up and mind her own business. Now, she hasn't any cause for complaint at all, because Manrico raises his hat to her in the elevator and says 'Howdy' in neighborhood fashion. Are you sure it was Manrico?"

"Oh, yes. He looks it," Philippa spoke with vague enthusiasm. "Manrico says that he is the new one in the studio over ours."

"Well, you had better send Lafayette a little printed slip to post up in his elevator."

"Students may sing grand opera duets through the air shaft, but any promiscuous greetings in elevator will be followed by eviction."

"I suppose the poor fellow was so amazed and delighted when he saw how completely I fulfilled his ideal of Leonora that he lost his presence of mind," Philippa could be as sweetly, simply and contentedly vain as Narcissus among the water lilies.

"Presence of mind is never lost," Elizabeth added a light laugh daintily to the left eye of an Italian firm vender on the canvas before her. "It is mislaid. As long as he didn't lose his heart he needn't worry."

Philippa laughed and ran her fingers teasingly over the piano keys.

"I think he is worrying," she said.

But there were no more duets through the air shaft. If the occupant of studio 5, on the third floor, happened to be practicing her trills and quavers the occupant of studio 17, on the fourth floor, sat by his open window and listened, and when a full, rich tenor floated down from studio 17 Philippa would tip-toe to the window and listen and be glad and proud in a way, because somewhere in the golden tomorrow of hope and sunshine she would surely track away for the tall, brown-eyed boy who dared to greet Leonora in the elevator.

He had "dared" only once. Long after even Elizabeth declined to bow a comradely good day to him Philippa passed on her own way, a slim, arrogant, blond young person in gray velvet and squirrel furs. Elizabeth preserved a graceful posture on the neutral fence. Warring factions were not in her line, but when she was sending out invitations for the monthly Dutch picnic in studio 5 she did not think it amiss to send one up to studio 17.

Philippa was passing club sandwiches when Bobbie Clarkson introduced her to the tall, brown-eyed boy. She did not drop the tray. She merely smiled most graciously and asked if Mr. Elliot liked club sandwiches made of a celestial combination of chicken salad, chopped almonds, olives, deviled ham and tabasco sauce.

It appeared that Mr. Elliot did. In fact, he passed after the dispenser of celestial sandwiches all around the studio in a deliberate, determined, man overboard fashion, most disconcerting to the dispenser, until he finally cornered her in the Japanese alcove and forcibly finished up the remaining sandwiches himself.

"And he never even said a word about the duet," Philippa answered later when she sat, like a Hindu idol, in a pink kimono on the bed and thoughtfully reviewed the evening.

"It's a gentleman and a scholar, and Bobbie says he's all right; solid, old Maryland family and all that sort of thing; first name's Marbury—Marbury Elliot. He has only been in New York a couple of months, and he doesn't like it very well. He thinks it's lonesome. He says we're conservative and elitish."

"There's a good remedy. Tell him to be a clam unto himself."

Philippa shied a pillow at the scoff.

"Goose!" she said. "Can't you see? He wants to belong to my clan. I'm going to the Czanga concert with him tomorrow."

"See? Of course I see," quoth Elizabeth. "One Philippa Yates, founder of the Society for the Prevention of Lonesomeness to Strangers in New York, providing said strangers are gentlemen and scholars, from solid old families, and can sing duets and eat club sandwiches for art's sake. I see the cad."

But Philippa only smiled and was silent. It had been a most entertaining and interesting twenty minutes spent in the farmhouse corner. One's point of

NEW SHORT STORIES

Frazier's Grandmother.
When James B. Frazier, the newly elected senator from Tennessee, was engaged in one of his early political campaigns he adopted the policy of ingratiating himself with his audiences by remarking on the personal ties existing between them. Down at Chattanooga he addressed a meeting of Germans and referred to the fact that one of his grandmothers was a German. A few days later he spoke to the Irish-Americans and told how another grandmother had come from the Emerald Isle, where she spoke the Irish brogue and fished in the lakes of Killarney. To the Hungarians he told how another grandmother was closely related to Louis Kossuth.

His meetings were largely attended, and his fame as an orator spread. The colored Democracy extended an invitation to the stalwart young orator, and he accepted. The negro loves flattery even when laid on with a trowel. Frazier knew this and began his oration with a reference to the history of Africa as the cradle of civilization. He spoke of the beauty of the daughters of African Egypt, of Cleopatra and of the queen of Sheba. He lauded the pharaohs, Hannibal and that "queen of Abyssinia who once dictated terms of peace to Augustus Caesar."

When he was through an old darky congratulated him and said: "Boss, dat holy was a fine speech. Every nigger what hears it will vote wid de Dimocrats. But, boss, I was a little disappointed. I been hearin' all 'bout your speech, and I was 'spectin' to hear 'ya say one of 'ya gran'mas was a cultured lady."—New York Times.

A Congressman's Break.
Occasionally an awfully bad break is made by members of congress, and not infrequently ignorantly so. A few years ago the Chicago district was represented by a really good man whose first name was Frank. He was not as highly educated as a member of congress should be, but he thought he knew a very great deal. One day he snatched into the press gallery and told the scribbles that he had been on a visit to a certain place over in Maryland, where his eldest daughter was at school.

"I understand that it is a most excellent educational institution," said the late Eugene Spear.

"That's what it is," answered the congressman, "and I don't think I ever saw a more 'decollate' affair in all my life. It is the very place to give young girls a good education."

The scribbles went out one by one and braced up at the "Carry Nation," which then dispensed the fluid unalloyed in the basement.—Washington Post.

THE HUMAN NOSE.

Facts and Comments About This Most Characteristic Feature.
A nose which in any way suggests an ape-like ancestor, whether snub, flattened or abnormally small, is deemed ugly. Generally speaking, the long nose belongs to the people of Europe, whereas the negroes and Mongolians have short noses. With the Eskimo the nose is said to be in many cases so flat that a ruler might be placed so as to rest upon both cheeks without touching it. In the man the muscles of the nose have little flexibility except about the nostrils, which visibly dilate and contract under the influence of passion.

Mantegazza has remarked that among civilized people the nose is nearly all ways deflected toward the right, which he attributes to the custom of wiping the nose with the right hand. Leonardo da Vinci discovered that there were over ten different varieties of nose seen in profile and eleven when looked at in front. Charles Blanc considered the nose the most characteristic feature of the face and recommended ladies to regulate the style of their dress with reference to its shape, and Lavater went so far as to assert that a beautiful nose was worth more than a kingdom; that it is never associated with an ugly face.—International Quarterly.

RED AND GRAY SQUIRRELS.

The Males of Both Species Are Inevitable Fighters.
A very quarrelsome disposition has the chickadee, or American red squirrel, and there are continual fights between it and its cousin the gray squirrel. These fights seldom end in a decided victory for either side. The males of both species are incorrigible fighters. It is no unusual sight to see a couple of red or gray squirrels come tumbling from some lofty limb so locked in each other's embrace as to appear almost like one animal.

Though the shock of striking the ground separates them, it is for a moment only. They immediately clinch again and continue to roll over and over, fighting fiercely until one breaks away, only to be followed by the other, who keeps up a running fight some distance until he feels certain that he will not dare return.

Red squirrels by their greater agility and quickness can worst a gray squirrel every time in a running fight, but let them once come to a clinch and the superior size and weight of the gray squirrel are bound to tell.—Chicago News.

OUR IGNORANCE.

That It Is Very Real the Things We Don't Know Prove.
After all we are not still ignorant of much which we feel we ought to understand? Apart from the great laws of electricity, light and heat, about which we know something, but certainly not all, are we not almost hopelessly ignorant of some of the laws which govern the lives of animals? Do we know, for instance, what is the law which makes it possible for a bee carrying five or six miles from her home, blind in a dark box, to find her way back to the hive? What is the sense exercised by the antennae of the virgin moth which, set out in a muslin box on a lawn, attracts suitors from woodlands scattered away in all the country round? What is the attraction felt or choice decided upon by the tendrils of the climbing plant which turns aside from the smooth wall to catch at the very round the nail or the ledge or the projection which is to help it upward? All that is unknown, hardly even guessed at, and if there is so great an ignorance of what can be seen, is it logically to be argued that there is not a greater ignorance of what is unseen? One thing at least is certain—the reality of that ignorance.—London Spectator.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Milk Adulterations.
During the year 1904, 77,985 persons died in the metropolis. Of these 21,352 were under two years old.

Health Commissioner Darlington says that one-half of the infant mortality is due to stomach or bowel diseases.

Babies under two years old feed almost absolutely on milk.

A high official of the health department says: "No doubt if we could get pure milk mortality of infants would decrease 50 per cent."

Milk poisoners and your scientific accessories observe 10,976 infanticides in New York in one year—thanks to you.

Many curious things have been done with water. It has been transmuted into milk, but the transmutation cannot be extended into blood. It turns back to water, and men with water in their veins make mighty poor soldiers. England from her scrums sent an army to do battle with a tenth their number, and it took them three years to beat, although they never conquered them. The Boers' blood and bone came straight from the soil through the cow and the wheat stalk, while the veins of the undersized English soldier contained little more than water. England came mighty near not canceling that score. Let us, then, take warning.

By starving the children we are running up a debt that may throw the nation into bankruptcy.—Henry Irving Dodge in Woman's Home Companion.

DISMAL SWAMP NO MORE.

The famous Dismal swamp in Virginia is coming into profitable cultivation. The first company to promote Dismal swamp was organized in colonial days, George Washington was one of the promoters and the largest stockholder. His company owned two-thirds of the 300,000 acres of the swamp and built a canal to float the timber from its property.

Little has been done from that time until recently, except by lumbermen. In the days before the war the swamp was a popular refuge for runaway slaves. It is situated in the southeastern corner of Virginia, and it extends from a few miles from Norfolk. At its highest points it is only fifteen or twenty feet above tide-water. Its streams are so pure that their water is sought by vessels going on long voyages.

It was long thought that the swamp was malarious and that white men could not live there the year round. This notion has been disproved by the truck farmers seeking cheaper land, who are clearing up the swamp and turning it into prosperous truck gardens.



"BOSS, I WAS A LITTLE DISAPPOINTED."

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LABOURER'S TALE OUT OF SCHOOL.

I remember some years ago the government suddenly found itself in a minority at about 3 o'clock a. m. Men were put to talk, and messengers were sent to the houses of the absentees urging them to get up and come at once to the house. The wives replied that their husbands were not at home and that probably they were in the house, and then a good many of them came themselves, fearing that their husbands had been run over or something of that kind. In the meantime most of the absentees had been discovered and had made their appearance. One of them said to me: "You know my wife. Pray manage to throw yourself in her way and tell her that you and I had been talking about some business in the library since midnight." I did not hesitate a moment to secure the threatened domestic bliss of a Conservative, although at the expense of entire veracity, for I had not seen my friend during the entire sitting.—London Truth.

GETTING HIS MONEY'S WORTH.

Seasoned Passenger (on ocean liner)—Why did you go to the table and try to eat a meal when you were already sick?
Husband Passenger (beaming dejectedly over the rail)—I have to pay for it just the same, don't I?—Chicago Tribune.

USE FOR THE HANDLE.

Ennepek—My wife told me to buy her a good broom.
Dealer—Well, here's one with a hickory handle—warranted not to break.
Ennepek—Great Scott, do you think my skull is made of cast iron?—Kansas City Independent.

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"How do you like that speaker?"
"He is neither one thing nor the other," answered the man who is never pleased. "His remarks are just stupid enough to make you sleepy and just loud enough to keep you awake."—Washington Star.

PROOF OF LOVE.

Uncle Charles—Do you really believe Martha is very fond of her husband?
Aunt June—How can you ask such a question? Don't you know she has hardly opened her piano since they were married?—Boston Transcript.

IN HIS LINE.

She—He dealt the defense an awful blow.
He (unthinkingly)—Yes; he was always a blower.—Yonkers Herald.

STRONG TEMPTATION.

"I thought he said he'd never speak to you again."
"So he did, but he saw I had a cold, and he couldn't resist the temptation to tell me of a cure for it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

PUNISHING REPARTEE.

Counsel—I wish my client was here instead of, as I expect, lying in bed.
His Honor—Perhaps he is better lying in bed than lying here.—London Tit-Bits.

SUBTRACTION.

A teacher in a western public school was giving her class the first lesson in subtraction. "Now, in order to subtract," she explained, "things have to be always of the same denomination. For instance, we couldn't take three apples from four pears or six horses from nine dogs."
A hand went up in the back part of the room.
"Teacher," shouted a small boy, "can't you take four quarts of milk from three cows?"—Harper's Weekly.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Couldn't See to Go to Sleep.
George, aged three and one-half years, with his mother and baby brother, was visiting his aunt in the country. When night came mamma put the children to bed upstairs and for convenience left a light burning in the upper hall. The baby promptly went to sleep, but George, excited by the events of the day, was restless and could not settle himself. Pretty soon a small voice came from the upper regions calling mamma, and when she went to investigate she was met with the plaintive request, "Mamma, won't you please put the light out? I can't see (see) to go to thleep."

Not a Mere Clerk.

Wealthy Parent—What! Engaged yourself to young Tapester? Outrageous! The idea of a Van Juneberry marrying a mere store clerk!
Daughter—But he isn't a store clerk now, papa. He is a gentleman of leisure.
"Eh?"
"Yes; he's been discharged."—New York Weekly.

Very Queer.

"Mrs. Popley was telling me about her baby today."
"Yes? I met Mrs. Noomar today, and she was telling me about hers. She says it's just the sweetest and prettiest little thing in the world."
"How odd!" So says Mrs. Popley's.—Philadelphia Press.

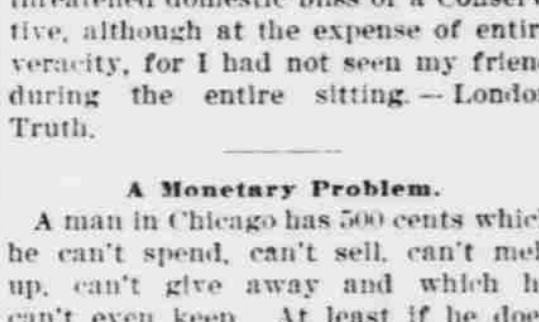
So Busy.

"I don't see how he can put in all his time at golf."
"Well, I believe he's not busy at the office these days."
"Not busy at the office? Why, how's that?"
"He's too busy at golf."—Cleveland Leader.

Twin Souls.

"Jack and Vera came nearer fulfilling my idea of two souls with but a single thought than do any other couple I have ever known. He fairly worships her."
"And she fairly worships him?"
"No. She fairly worships herself."—Houston Post.

Woman's Way.



Gladys—I hate him! When he passes I slam the door as hard as I can.
Her Father—Indeed!
Gladys—Yes, and when we meet I stamp my feet.
Her Father—You don't say! When are you going to be married?

Lucky Children.

"Ah, madam," said the French maid, "let'se Fido weel not eat ze bonbons."
"The dear, intelligent little doggie!" exclaimed Mrs. Swellman. "There must be something wrong with those bonbons. Coleste. Give them to the children."—Catholic Standard and Times.

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