

FACTS IN FEW LINES

Seventy-five years ago Yucatan declared itself independent. A Northampton firm has made a pair of boots for the Russian giant. The size is 24 1/2. The Japanese parliament has passed a bill denying the right of mining in Japan to foreigners.

The constabulary force in the west of Ireland is being rapidly reduced and several stations have been closed.

In St. Louis a servant broke \$12 worth of dishes to obtain satisfaction for \$3 worth of wages, and the judge fined her \$25.

Jesse James, only son of the noted Missouri bandit, is reading law and taking the three years' course in a Kansas City school of law.

A Dublin man sentenced to six months' hard labor for neglecting his children had done only three and one-half days' work since July, 1900.

The Siamese navy now has 71 ships, and these vessels mount 82 guns. The largest ship in the fleet is a cruiser of 3,000 tons, and the second ship of the line is a gunboat of 700 tons.

There are now 2,461 newspapers published in Great Britain, including 184 dailies in England, 18 each in Scotland and Ireland and 7 in Wales, while in 1846 there were only 53 journals of all sorts published, including 14 dailies.

At a religious revival at Luther, I. T., a young man and a young woman walked to the mourners' bench and surprised everybody by asking the preacher to marry them. The groom said "as an aspirant heaven as he ever hoped to be."

A wealthy French manufacturer has placed at the disposal of President Loubet a fine steam yacht. The owner is understood to have done so in order that M. Loubet should no longer be the only European "ruler" without such a pleasure craft.

A police report from Herschell Island, in the Arctic ocean, which has been received at the Canadian mounted police headquarters at Ottawa, was conveyed 1,000 miles by dog sleds, 1,000 miles by water and 3,000 miles by rail. Its journey took over two months.

The Swiss government has granted permission for the building of electric tramways in the following towns: Castagnola to Lugano, Menzikon to Emmenbrücke, Munsster to Rothburg, Al to Berneck, Altorf to Fludon, and a cable railroad from Interlaken to Heimlishofen.

Dr. Anst of the Canadian geological survey believes that diamonds are hidden in that part of Canada between the great lakes and Hudson bay, and he warns surveying parties and explorers to be on the lookout for anything that will show traces of diamonds in that territory.

Although the present French republic has been in existence for thirty-five years, yet only a single one of its presidents has completed his term of office. Thiers, Marshal MacMahon and Casimir-Perier resigned more or less voluntarily before the expiration of their terms, finding the position untenable.

William Standifer, a soldier of the Confederacy and seventy years old, is a pupil in the Agricultural and Mechanical college of Starkville, Mass. He never went to school in his youth, and now that his ten children have all married and set up for themselves he thinks it is time for him to get an education.

A Norwegian inventor has discovered a way to sound deep places in the sea without the use of a lead. It is done by electrical waves, and a message is sent down through the water and rebounds from the bottom in some way, the depth being found from the time it takes the waves to travel down to the bottom and back.

The regulations for grazing lands in Manitoba are published in the Canada Gazette. The leases are for twenty-one years, and no single lease shall cover an area greater than 100,000 acres. The lessee shall pay an annual rental of 2 cents an acre; the lessee can purchase a reasonable acreage within his leasehold for a house, farm and corral.

Captain Harry Leonard of the United States marine corps has been ordered by President Roosevelt to the Chinese capital as military attaché of the American legation. During the Tientsin campaign he risked his life by going to the rescue of a wounded comrade, carrying him to safety on his back across a fire-swept field and losing his arm as a penalty for his achievement.

General von Buddo, Prussian minister of state and public works, in a comparison between railway accidents in the United States and Prussia showed that derailments are three times more frequent in the United States and collisions three and a half times, while the number of persons killed is thirty-six times greater. Accidents are growing less frequent on the Prussian roads.

Japan's official control of the use of opium in Formosa is a success. Its import into that island fell from \$799,110 in 1902 to \$264,055 in 1903, a decrease of \$175,000. The price is fixed by the government, and selling agents are only allowed a profit of 11 1/2 per cent. Since late in 1900 the number of opium smokers in Formosa has decreased by about 1,000 a month. Each opium smoker has to be registered. Public opinion as well as the law is against its use.

A Singular Betrothal. The way the Singalese and Tartar tribes have of popping the question is singular. The man sends and purchases the lady's wearing apparel. Of course if she does not like the gentleman she need not part with the contents of her wardrobe, but if he is the favored one she readily does so, knowing that when the evening comes they will be returned to her by the suitor in person. He spends the night beneath the same roof with her, and the next day, after a certain amount of feasting is gone through, the couple's thumbs are tied together, and thenceforward they are man and wife.

A Present. Kiffer—That's a nice umbrella you've got. Lifter—Yes; it was a present. Kiffer—Indeed! Who gave it to you? Lifter—Nobody gave it to me, but it has an inscription on it showing that it was presented to John F. Jones, whoever he is.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Smart Spring Coat. Nothing suits young girls more perfectly than just such a blouse coat as this one. As illustrated it is made of blue cheviot with bandings of cream broadcloth and vest of the cloth embroidered with tiny dots, but the model brodered with tiny dots, but the model



BLOUSE COAT.

is one that can be utilized for all seasons in terms. At the moment nothing is better than the cheviot, but a little later shepherd's checks and materials of lighter weight will be in demand, with the vest in any effective material or omitted entirely, the coat being left open at the front. For a girl of fourteen the coat will require 5 1/2 yards of material 21, 5 3/4 yards 27 or 2 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, with 2 1/2 yards of silk for lining and five-eighths of a yard of any width for vest.

Feminine Fads.

You can't have too many organdies. Both narrow and wide belts are worn.

The black patent leather sailor is to-day.

There are separate black and white check skirts for raincoat.

Net insertions make a silk blouse look wonderfully smart.

Very taking is the new envelope hand bag in searlet or green.

Turn your last year's shirt waist sleeves inside down to cut them over by this year's patterns, since the fullness which was at the bottom is now at the top.

Fasten a lambeau in the back of your last summer's hat to make it fit over the nose in this summer's fashion.

Fashions in Gloves.

There never was a year when a correctly gowned woman needed so many pairs of gloves as she will during the warm months of 1905. Dame Fashion has sent forth a positive decree that gloves must match the frock, and this is as true of elbow and shoulder kids as it is of ordinary walking gloves. As a consequence, manish looking gloves have given place to soft kids of every imaginable shade with markings on the back in self-toned silk or in the same shade of leather applique with the stitching.—Washington Star.

Full Skirts.

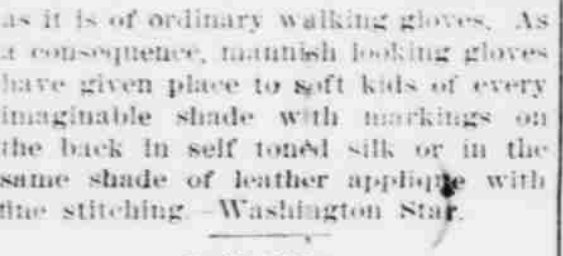
Skirts continue full, but are mostly either stitched in flat plaits over the hips or the seams gaped heavily to do away with the extra material at the waist. The circular skirt, made with a seam down the front and another down the back, rejects the heart, for it is one of the most graceful as also the most comfortable of styles. It is done by electrical waves, and a message is sent down through the water and rebounds from the bottom in some way, the depth being found from the time it takes the waves to travel down to the bottom and back.

Shepherd's Plaid.

The popular shepherd's plaid has not met with the violent death that was predicted for it last year after the terrible epidemic of it had swept over the world. It has reappeared in cloth and silk simply for the useful short gown with coat to match or in the silk skirt waist gown.

Umbrella Skirt.

This skirt is one of the newest among the many styles of skirts and promises to be popular during the spring, summer and autumn. The model, which is shaped by eleven gored skirts.



ELEVEN GORED SKIRT.

ful and admirable lines. The adjustment over the hips is perfectly smooth, and the lower portion falls in soft, fluteful folds to give the umbrella or ripple effect. The design is suitable to cloth, woolen and heavy washable materials, but is here shown in linen, with a foot decoration of stitching. Quantity of material required for medium size is seven and a half yards of goods forty-two inches wide.

Cruel.

Mabel (not in her first youth)—First of all he held my hands and told my fortune, and then, Evie, he gazed into my face ever so long and said he could read my thoughts! Wasn't that clever of him, dear? Evie—Oh, I suppose to read between the lines, darling.—Punch.

Enjoy What You Have.

Don't worry about your health. Keep in good condition and get as much fresh air as you can. Besides you are always puffing over them selves as like misers they don't enjoy what they have.—Boston Traveller.

DOROTHY

By LAFAYETTE McLAW'S

Copyright, 1904, by Lafayette McLaws

It was two hours past midnight when we reached the capital, but President Lincoln was expecting the dispatches that Jack bore and sat up waiting. Colonel Kellogg insisted on taking his prisoners of war to the president without delay. It was a bold deed, but I had come to know that Colonel Kellogg was accustomed to doing bold deeds. We found with the president his secretary of war, and I saw a frown of displeasure succeed the flash of surprise that shone on Stanton's face when we appeared.

Jack stated the situation just as it was, keeping back nothing, and at the mention of his own and George's graduation and the latter's subsequent joining the confederacy the frown on the brow of the secretary of war deepened. Not so with Mr. Lincoln. When Jack finished his statement, the president turned toward Dorothy, a quizzical smile lighting his kind, homely face.

"It appears to me, Miss Fletcher," he said, "that your brother stands to the United States government about as Colonel Kellogg does in your esteem. We love him and have told him so, but he persists in fighting under the wrong flag. Now I have a proposition to make. If the United States government grants your brother's exchange"—

"Mr. President, I must reiterate," the secretary of war exclaimed, turning his chair so as to face the president.

"If the United States government grants your brother's exchange, gives him this one chance of life," the president continued, disregarding Stanton's

interjection, "will you at the end of the war—of course all wars must end—will you promise, as return of comradery, to give Colonel Kellogg his one chance of life?"

Dorothy's cheeks flamed scarlet, and her eyes sought the floor. I saw Jack's face flush, and he held out his hand appealingly. Then she raised her eyes and looked Mr. Lincoln squarely in the face.

"I will promise. I give you my word of honor, Mr. President," she answered.

We got George home, one foot gone and one arm off above the elbow. His fight for life was long and desperate. Sherman was marching to the sea and a rumor came of troops approaching. Just across the river. Then we heard of skirmishes with the handful of Confederates commanded by Hill and stationed at Augusta.

It was an uncomfortably warm night, and, leaving the other members of the family, I strolled out to the seat under the magnolia at the side of the house. There was some commotion up the street, pistol shots, loud shouts and calls, and more pistol shots. Then down the street came rapid footfalls, and I saw a man running. I knew, for his life. He dashed under the street lamp at the corner, a Yankee officer in full uniform. His pursuers were hard on his tracks, and I saw the blaze of more than one weapon as he passed through the circle of lamplight. On he came, straining every muscle. My heart bounded to my mouth. He cleared the fence and was running through our front yard.

"Halt!" I cried, springing from the shadow of the magnolia.

"Dick, they shall not capture me!" There was no time for words. I seized his arm and together we ran up the steps and into the front door. I shot the bolts behind us. From the parlor we ran into Aunt Catherine's room, and I pushed him into a closet and locked the door.

When I passed down the hall, closely followed by Dorothy, Aunt Catherine and some half dozen of the servants, I wore my dressing gown and slippers. I opened the door and faced Colonel Hall, Captain Jenkins and a handful of soldiers. Colonel Hall stepped in and saluted the ladies with a deep bow.

"I come to demand the surrender of the Federal officer who has taken refuge in your house," he said, speaking to me, though he kept his eyes fastened on Dorothy.

"Federal officer in this house?" Aunt Catherine cried.

"Yes, ma'am. He was taken by a party of skirmishers across the river and sent over here for safe keeping. But on the way he attacked his guards, killed one and injured the other two. He was pursued and seen to run up your front steps and into this very door."

"Impossible!" Dorothy cried. "I bolted this door at sunset, and no one has opened it since. You must have heard my brother draw the bolts in answer to your knock."

"Oh, the door was bolted fast enough when we knocked, Miss Fletcher," Jenkins answered without giving his superior an opportunity to speak. "But

a saw the scoundrel come in, so I know mighty well the door has been opened since sunset."

"Captain Jenkins!" I exclaimed. "I demand that!"

"It's all right, Richard," Colonel Hall said. "I hope, ma'am," turning back to Aunt Catherine, "that you realize we have come as friends, but we must do our duty. Our loyalty to the cause demands that we search the house."

"It would seem, sir," was Aunt Catherine's dignified reply, "that our loyalty to the cause should render such an act unnecessary. What reason have you for proposing such an outrage?"

The two officers exchanged glances; then Captain Jenkins replied:

"The man we are searching for is Colonel Kellogg of the United States army."

Dorothy turned so white that I thought she would faint. In an instant she recovered herself. "Invite them in, Aunt Cattie. Gentlemen, we are only sorry your suspicions will not be verified; otherwise we might have had an opportunity of assisting one who has always proved a staunch and faithful friend of my brother, Colonel Fletcher of the Confederate army. The house is open to you, and I beg that you search it thoroughly."

Aunt Catherine's bedchamber was the last to be examined. As I led the searchers in I noticed the dainty orderliness of the high bed, with its great feather mattresses, the polished dressing table and easy chairs, and was struck by the general fitness of it all for the one who had occupied it for more than fifty years and who still gave abundant evidence of having been what her friends claimed to have been—the reigning beauty of her day. I think even Jenkins might have left the room satisfied by a casual inspection had not Dorothy spoken.

"You are neglecting the closets, gentlemen, one on each side the chimney. One may prove especially interesting, since it opens on the stairs leading to our secret chamber."

"Dorothy!" I cried, horrified.

"Never mind, Dick. It is a secret presumably sacred to the family, but I am sure there are outsiders who have heard of it, and since these friends are kind enough to search for proof of our loyalty to the Confederacy, I wish them to examine the secret chamber. You have a key to push the wall at the end, Captain Jenkins," she explained as she opened the door of the left hand closet.

I gave a great gasp of relief. I had locked Jack in the other closet.

Jenkins went in and was followed by two men he named. We could hear their footfalls as they descended the steps within the wall. Dorothy turned to Colonel Hall.

"Perhaps you would like to economize in time, Colonel, by examining this other closet while Captain Jenkins is engaged." And she walked over to the other closet.

My hair began to rise on end. My heart stood still, and I was dumb. I knew that closet to be scarcely two feet deep, nothing behind which ever a mouse might hide. Dorothy turned the key and opened the door. My eyes started in their sockets, and my heart seemed in my mouth. She closed the door, dropped the key in her pocket and turned, her lips quivering, her eyes like stars.

"Colonel Hall, you will excuse me, I am sure. Aunt Cattie would never forgive me for showing you the mystery of her toilet, her stays and hoopskirts."

When we saw them out Jenkins muttered something about "settling" with Aunt Catherine's house. I closed and bolted the front door. Dorothy threw her arms around my neck and gave me a regular "bear's hug."

"Oh, Richard, my brother, you are the smartest boy in the world! I simply can't tell how much I love you!" The town clock began to strike.

"Heavens!" Dorothy exclaimed. "Dick, Aunt Cattie is stepping into bed!"

She ran down the hall and burst in to Aunt Catherine's room. It had been years since I had seen my aunt without her stays. The figure which I met my startled eyes was unusual. The two portions had apparently melted and run together, and she looked like a regular "bear's hug."

"My dear, those thievish soldiers carried off the key to my closet, and that lazy mix of a Sukey slipped off with out laying out my nightdress. For tunately I had a second key, but I will be late to bed, the first time in twenty years that I have lost one second of my beauty sleep. You should be more careful of yourself my dear, if you wish to preserve!"

"But, Aunt Cattie, you can't go to bed now. There may be a Yankee in the house. Those men swore he came in and they did not—"

"Don't be foolish, my dear. You should learn to control your nerves. Nothing injures the complexion so much or produces wrinkles as soon. I am not the least concerned about our safety." Here she slipped the key into the lock, and Dorothy ran forward her hands clasped.

Your so fears. How can you appear so cowardly? Why, I would not for get my dignity if ten, a hundred, Yan kees were to walk into this very room. I certainly would not be made nervous over—" She turned the key, and the door opened.

"O-o-o-pee!"

Aunt Catherine's shriek was as wild and ear-splitting as an Indian's war whoop. She fled from the closet door and, with the agility of a trained monkey, ran to the step of her high bed, took a flying leap, landed in the middle of the feather mattress and dragged the bedclothes up over her head and ears as Colonel Kellogg stepped through the closet door.

The next day tidings of Lee's surrender at Appomattox reached us. Six months later Dorothy fulfilled the promise she had made President Lincoln.

Doomed. Bigstar's manager has promised to give a presentation of that comedy of mine," said Dr. Ritter. "But I don't know when it's to come off."

"Probably the night after it's put on," suggested Critticle.—Catholic Standard and Times.

NEW SHORT STORIES

His Trick Didn't Work. George Morlier once believed in signs. He doesn't any more. He tells this story: "In Kansas City when younger and younger I found myself one morning broke, homeless, hungry and a thousand miles from a friend. I read the newspapers in an effort to find an advertisement seeking a man possessing my manifold virtues and accomplishments. A want ad struck me after awhile, and I sallied forth in quest of a job.

"Before I arrived at the house I inquired into the private character of the manager. It was told me that he was a liberal, generous man, but he insisted on every employee using every endeavor

to save. If he saw a clerk save a piece of twine it wasn't long before that clerk was advanced, and so on.

"Now, I figured it out that while I was making my speech for the job I would have a pin convenient, drop it and let him see me pick it up. That would show him I believed in taking care of the little things. In time I stood before the mighty personage. At the proper moment I let go the pin. At the exact period I stooped to gather it in. In doing so my eyeglasses fell from my nose, and I was as a blind person. While stooping to find the glasses the manager sized me up as a crazy man and promptly had me escorted from his presence.

"I got to the corner and stood as if in a trance. By and by a man walked up and said, 'Come along. It's my treat. I've just got a good job—the one you fell down on.' And, looking at him, I saw that he had one eye only. Wouldn't that jar you?"—New York American.

Reparce Paints Schoolhouse. The late Rev. Mr. Wakefield was an efficient member of the prudential school committee of the town of Marlboro. At an annual town meeting the appropriations for the coming year were the cause of some heated discussions.

Mr. Wakefield advocated an appropriation for painting one of the schoolhouses. The watchdog of the town treasury strenuously objected.

This opposition aroused Mr. Wakefield, and he exclaimed:

"Mr. Moderator, we can paint that building for less money than it costs my friend each year to paint his nose."

It was a home thrust. The appropriation went through with a shout, and in due time the schoolhouse was painted red.—Boston Herald.

Swelled Head. Senator Depew was stretched on a sofa in his New York home the other evening nursing a sprained shoulder caused by a bad fall while running for a train. An enthusiast of Christian Science who had called suggested that he try that treatment to stop the pain. The visitor was describing some remarkable "demonstrations" upon friends of his.

"Were you ever heated through it?" inquired the senator.

"No," was the reply, "but a dear relative of mine was. He had an acute case of—of—dear me, I can't remember the disease. What is it that causes a man to have a swelled head?"

"Flattery sometimes," was the senator's quick reply.—New York Times.

Lucky For Both of Them. The late Baron de Hirsch was dining at a German nobleman's house in company with a certain prince who made no secret of his venomous antipathy to the Jews. Remarking upon a tour he had made in Turkey, he said he had been favorably impressed by two of its customs:

"All Jews and dogs that are caught are immediately killed."

The baron, with smiling sang froid, immediately relieved the scandalized consternation of the other guests with the bland rejoinder:

"How fortunate you and I don't live there!"—Chicago Tribune.

Applying the Osler Theory. Not long ago a group of men gathered in the ante-room of the secretary of war, waiting to see Secretary Taft. Finally Chairman Payne of the ways and means committee made some remark which showed that he was sitting there and that he also knew several senators were present. Among those senators was Julius Caesar Burrows, who said:

"Hello, Payne; is that you? I thought Osler had got you."

"Oh, no," said Payne. "Don't you know that Osler's theory was applicable only to United States senators?"—Washington Post.

His Proud Moment. Mike—O! hear yez wor' foined foive dollars for assaultin' McDooley. Pat—O! wor' an' it wor' a proud moment when O! hurrd th' slantice, b'korry! Mike—Fwath's th' rayson av thot? Pat—Faith, an' it show'd which av us had th' best av th' contist.—Chicago News.

Not Reliable. Daughter—Jack promised that if I accepted him he would mend his ways. Her Mother—Humph! 's' Haven't a much faith in this repairing done while yep' wait.

THE POSTAGE STAMP

HOW IT IS MADE BY UNCLE SAM'S EXPERT WORKMEN.

The Manufacturing Process From the Engraving of the Die to the Finished Gummed, Pressed and Perforated Printed Sheet.

The first mechanical process in the manufacture of a postage stamp is the cutting, or engraving, of the die. This is a piece of steel of the finest quality, on the polished surface of which a man slowly and patiently cuts, line by line, the portrait or other emblem which has been adopted for this particular stamp. A steel engraving is what is called an incised plate—that is, every line which is to show in the finished print is cut into the surface instead of being left in relief, as in wood engraving.

The die which the engraver cuts is a "negative" in other words, a reverse of the design which the stamp will show. The reason for this soon becomes apparent.

When the die is finished and proofed show it to be satisfactory it is hardened and fixed in the bed of a powerful press. Over it is then passed a steel roller, the circumference of which is several times, perhaps four times, the diameter of the die. Immense pressure is applied, so that every line on the surface of the die is impressed upon the surface of the roller as many times as the circumference of the roller is larger than the area of the die. In this way four perfect copies of the die are reproduced on the roller, but reversed. Each of these impressions is a "positive."

This roller is now hardened in turn in order that it may transmit the impressions once more, this time to the plate from which the actual printing is to be made. This plate is also of steel. The size is sufficient to print a whole sheet of stamps—from 200 to 300—at a single impression.

Into the surface of this plate the impression on the roller is forced by great pressure, once for each stamp in the subsequent sheet, and when the plate is hardened the impressions are negative, so that the prints from them—the stamps themselves—will be positive.

The reason for all this preliminary work is most interesting. In the first place, printing could not be done from a single die because of the vast quantities of stamps required. In the second place, it could not be done from the roller, because on that the lines are in relief instead of being incised, and in the third place, it would not be feasible to have several dies of a large number of them engraved, both because the expense would be prohibitive and because no two would then be absolutely alike. The present system makes it certain that every stamp of a certain lot is exactly like every other of the same lot—a great safeguard against counterfeiting.

When three printing plates have been made they are all fastened to the bed of a special printing press. When the machinery is started the first plate is inked, then automatically wiped until it is like a mirror. The wiping removes all the ink except what clings in the lines of the 200 duplicate engravings which dot the surface.

Over the plate is laid a sheet of dampened paper, the plate is slightly warmed in order to permit the ink to swell, and heavy pressure is applied. Meanwhile the second plate is receiving its ink, and then the third comes into play, so that, although all three are on the same press, each is at a given moment undergoing a different process from either of the other two.

This has wrought a great saving of time over the old process of printing by hand. When the printed sheets are dry they go to the gumming machine, in which they pass between a dry roller on one side and one moistened with mucilage on the other. From these rollers they are cast out, wet side up, upon an endless web, which carries them through a steam heated box.

They come out dry, ready for the perforations, which permit them to be torn apart easily. These are very easily made by passing the sheets between one cylinder studded with steel pins and another perforated with holes to match the pins. The two together act like the jaws of a conductor's punch.

The last process is pressing the sheets by hydraulic power to counteract the tendency to curl, which is imparted by the mucilage.

The printing of stamps, like the printing of gold and silver certificates and bank notes, is subject to the most careful and constant inspection.

Every sheet of paper is counted before it is delivered to the printer, and before he goes home at night he must return exactly the same number of sheets, either of perfect stamps or spoiled paper, and no "seconds" or samples are given away to visitors.—Edward Williston Frenz in Youth's Companion.

Plain Clothes Men. In a small South American state which had recently undergone a change in administration the new potentate summoned an artist and ordered new designs for all the official uniforms.

"I wish showy costumes—very showy," he said, "for the people are impressed by them. I have here some sketches that I myself have made. Look them over and be guided by these ideas as far as possible."

The artist examined the sketches carefully.

"This," he said, turning the pages, "is evidently for the navy and this for the army, but if you desire, I will design a plumbe on a three cornered hat, yellow dress coat trimmed with purple, and—"

"That," replied the chief of state gravely, "is for the secret police."

Chinese Ditties. The Chinaman has a deity who opens the eyes of his worshippers in the morning and another who closes them at night. He has gods of rising, standing, walking, running, crawling, swimming, gods of spitting, chewing, swallowing, sneezing, coughing, choking. There are gods who preside at the birth of a Chinese baby and gods who honor the occasion when a Chinaman dies, or, in his own idiom, "sticks up his pigtail."

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Roulent Infant. Little two-year-old William lived in a city that Great was his desire to join in the play with the other children on the early terrace. His mother, fearful he should stray from home, forbade his leaving the steps of the house, telling him if he did the bears would get him. One day the minister chanced by when the children were at play and said:

"William, why don't you come down and play?"

"Mamma said the bears would get me," said the boy.

"No, William; there are no bears here. Go tell mamma I said the bears would not get you."

William went.

"Well, William, mamma is sorry she told you a story. Let us go down and ask God to forgive mamma for telling a lie."

"No, mamma," replied the boy. "You had better let me ask him. He might not believe you."—Lippincott's Magazine.

In a Bad Way. "Does he owe you anything?"

"Yes."

"Ever expect to get it?"

"Yes. He said he'd pay me as soon as his ship came in."

"But, goodness gracious, man, don't you know he hasn't enough money to pay the duty or the dock rent even if he had a ship that was likely to come in?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A Turning Movement. "What is your age, madam?" asks the judge.

"My age?" says the woman in the witness box. "Judge, I've just turned twenty-four."

"Just turned twenty-four, have you?" says his honor. "I'm glad to see that you are truthful about your age. Twenty-four turned is forty-two. Proceed, Mr. Prosecutor."