FACTS IN FEW LINES

The number of cattle destroyed by wild beasts in India last year exceeded 80,000.

The entire output of sugar in Russia for the year 1905-1906 has been placed at 70,000,000 poods.

The natives of Morocco think Europeans are dirty because they wash in water that is not running.

Saxony has 281 people to the square mile against only 104 to the mile for the rest of the German empire.

The wreck of the French battleship Sully on the Cochin China coast recently represented a money loss of $5,000,000.

An effort to form an actors' union is being made in England. H. B. Irving and Seymour Hicks are at the head of the movement.

Some French engineers are said to have applied to the Russian government for a franchise to build a bridge across Bering strait.

The first dolls of which there is any knowledge were found among the treasures unearthed from the ruins of Babylon. They are small figures of terra cotta and ivory, beautifully carved.

A chapel which is being finished in Westminster cathedral, London, will cost $70,000. The money is the contribution of converts to the Roman Catholic church as thank offerings for their conversion.

The only fire engine at Beaconsfield, England, was bought in 1815. The local authorities, afraid that it may get out of order some time or other, are beginning to discuss the purchase of a new one.

The son of one of the Indian princes was recently in London and is said to have gone to the circus every night while there. Now that he is at home again he says that the circus is the greatest thing in the world.

A fourteen page letter written by Mary, queen of Scots, in January, 1562, stating that she had under consideration the formation of a large party of the nobility, was sold at auction in London the other day for $4,500.

Katie Bolkins, aged thirteen, of Marion, Ind., escaped a hard lesson in arithmetic by marrying. After an absence of three days from school the principal sent the truant officer to the girl's home, where the ceremony had just been performed.

James McKenna, who was naturalized in 1868, has just found that in his papers he is made to foreswear allegiance to the king of Italy. He indignantly requests the United States district court, San Francisco, to set the papers right, declaring that he never had anything to do with Italy.

With a view of drawing an audience apparently the London Chemical society announced the other day in the papers that that evening at its meeting W. H. Perkins, Jr., would read a paper on "The Action of Ethyl Dibromopropanetetracarboxylate on the Disodium Compound of Ethyl Propanetetracarboxylate."

Recently Barcelona invited the architects of the world to send in competitive plans for enlarging the town, beautifying the working class quarters and for unifying the five or six suburban towns. The first prize, $8,000, has been won by a young Frenchman. Only five architects—two Spanish, one French, one German and one Italian—competed.

A Montreal couple, Mr. Pierre Forget and his wife, recently celebrated the seventy sixth anniversary of their marriage. Mr. Forget is ten years and 3 months old, while his wife is ninety six, and both are in good health. One of their thirteen children will herself celebrate her golden wedding three years hence, though she is only sixty-seven now.

George W. Woodhouse has presented the public library at Rutland, Vt., with a copy of the New England Primer printed in 1777. The book is rare now, copies from this edition being valued at $200. The work is a book of seventy-five pages and contains besides the alphabet and one syllable words the Lord's and other prayers, catechisms and epigrammatic verses. These bear the caption, "Learn by Heart."

It is claimed that the deepest puncture the earth has ever received was recently sustained at the hands of James Tobin, an Ishpeming man, who, near Johannesburg, South Africa, punched an orifice in the ground to the depth of 5,556 feet. He used a diamond drill with a rated capacity of 4,000 feet. The weight of the rods used in the drilling was over fifteen tons, which is a monstrous load for such a purpose.

A little red button worn by some actresses, old and young, married and single, among the leading social sets of the City of Mexico, marks a new departure, or, rather, a new step in progress. This little round red button signifies membership in what is known as the Antikissing league. Members of the league take a solemn pledge not to kiss one another in public or private on the ground that kissing is contagious, or, rather, the means of conveying contagious diseases from one fair lip to the other.

For one of the most important collections of Napoleonic relics which have come under the hammer only 130 guineas was given at Christie's rooms, in London, recently. It covered his whole career, starting with a silver statuette of the first consul and ending with a lock of his hair and the death mask taken at St. Helena. There were miniatures of the great Corsican himself, of his son, the ill fated king of Rome, of Desiree Beauharnais, Marie Louise, Mme. Bonaparte, medals, crosses of the Legion of Honor, Waterloo relics and a remnant of the flag in which his coffin was wrapped, with splinters of the coffin itself.

Poison In War.

When the French beat the Formosans along the coast in 1881 the latter retired to the interior. When the French pursued them they found a queer line of defense, beyond which they could make no progress and in storming which many died. The Formosans had poisoned the springs, water courses, etc., as they retreated, and the campaigns of the French against them never got farther than the poison line. The poison was a native one, as deadly as arsenic or strychnine.

"BOY"

By JULIA B. FOSTER

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CHAPTER II.

THE travel at night began. By day the sun was so hot that the atmosphere was a smothering glare, and the drag by night would be easier on the animals. They could all rest and sleep in the day, for there was not even a fly to disturb them—nothing but that deep, deathly silence, which seemed to creep, creep, creep, stealthily in from everywhere.

Frequently they stopped in the dark to breathe the animals, and then the tired travelers sank in the sand for a few blissful moments and dropped into sweet oblivion. They clutched at the wagons, with hand upon the spokes, or the hind end, or lay in front of the oxen, or sat between the wheels, that at the first movement every one might wake.

Next morning they said to one another it was a wonder no one was missing; the next, that they wondered how long they could keep it up; the third, they tramped dully on till sunup without a word, although an awful thing had happened. They had rested four times during the night, and just how or when or where it had occurred no one knew, but their number had been lessened by one, and some one whispered that Boy had been left behind. God knows, with all that weariness weighing upon limb and eyelid, it was all one could do to see that he himself waked without bearing another on his mind.

"It's goodby," said one woman in a low voice, "and it may be our turn next," she added, glancing at Mrs. Robinson ahead. The child had murmured several times about water during the night, and the mother walked at the side of the wagon, holding the little one's hand in dull dread.

But the captain's eye, responsible for every one, searching anxiously down the lines on both sides of the wagons, missed a face, and his voice had a trembling note in its bass as he began asking of each: "Where's Boy? Haven't you seen her? Perhaps she's crawled in one of the wagons, and that's against orders. My God, men and women, where's my girl? Not left behind in this trackless waste!"

There was no need to tell him in words. The faces he looked into were plain as a read tale. Running ahead, he plucked Sevadra's sleeve. But the Mexican turned his burning, anxious gaze backward at the forms huddled in a whispering group and with an eloquent sweep of his hand slowly shook his head. "Madre de Dios, senor; you must go alone," he said. "I must still stay with these. I shall find water soon, I hope. Keep to the north and east on your return and—God be with you, senor!"

The woman whose turn it was to ride old Lucy cried as she was displaced, for she was a weakling, but she clung to the back of the first wagon, with old Buck's breath, coming on behind, at her shoulder, and Sevadra stepped back and told her he could almost remember a spring in a spot of brackish marsh which he hoped lay a few hours ahead.

With a quick, last look at the bent head of his already grief burdened wife, yet without a word, the captain was gone—swallowed up. He became a thing of the past in a moment. They said to each other he could never find Boy. She would be lying asleep, and he might pass even within a mile of her. Several men told how they had heard the faint, low voice of a hoot owl through the night made and returned far too regularly to have been given by the bird, and other Indian "signs" had been noticed—a comparatively fresh chewed cud of soap root twice, and once an arrow and again the hidden marks of a camp. Indeed, roving bands had kept the train in watch all along the road, but it was no use telling the women before, yet now it was perhaps best to reveal everything. Adelaide shivered and looked back in fear, but her mother still walked on, holding the little extended hand.

What strange hallucinations filled the captain's whirling brain as with his heels pressing his poor horse's ribs he tried to retrace their steps! In vain. The sand which had sucked at each withdrawn hoof and foot had run gently back and filled in the track smoothly and evenly till the whole lay like a tawny carpet spreading away in every direction to the horizon. Then the sun wheeled up, and he remembered a picture he had once seen of Phoebus drawing a red car up the day. Oh, what a glaze! And then—oh, strange and beautiful product of his fancy—a ship, with canvas spread to some cooling breeze, sailed across the vaulted sky, with men aboard of her, her very cordage standing out to his strained gaze. On she swept without a sound, a phantom ship, a dream of derision, a thing for men to curse. And there ahead a shimmering lake of water, dimpling and alluring. No; a crystal stream it was. O God, for one sweet moment he had believed his desire a fact, but he knew it was a mocking, taunting mirage, oft seen before, and there was no lake and no stream save in a world apart from this desert!

At last he bowed his head on Lucy's drooping neck, where she had paused, and, dry eyed, sobbed aloud. Lo, just ahead lay a saffron wad of soap root. He dismounted and felt it. It was yet moist from the mouth that had spat it forth. Indians! Indians! Indians! "Boy," he shrieked. "Boy, paw's coming!" He thought or her terror, he thought of—that instant he remembered those Mexican women at Albuquerque, Sevadra's wife and daughter, and of how the older had insisted that Boy was no longer a child, but of an age to be in that country even a married woman. He himself but lately had noted in this tropical climate her rounded limbs and slender waist. A thought may be a thorn piercing the soul, and so was Captain Robinson stung back to the steadied poise of a man.

He sprung from his saddle and, taking his canteen, poured a little water under Lucy's hanging tongue and wet her nostrils and patted her flanks, bidding her nerve herself for a last effort. He tipped the canteen to his lips, took a swallow and stepped out upon the wilderness again, and, as if it had sprung up of itself, there, under his eye, lay a limb of mesquite, a little tuft of the foliage still clinging to its tip, as he himself had trimmed it and given it as a plaything to the sick child. His own knife had rounded the end to make it smooth for the tender palm. His blood leaped within him, and he stepped on afoot, his hungry look searching hither and thither, roving into the perspectives of every direction. What was that faint depression over there? It was—it was the trace of a cloven hoof, for there yet remained the fairly defined impression of two toes. Way beyond there was another and—oh, marvel!—beyond another, and by and by another. Examining closely, he discovered a thin, crisp crust lying in patches along the surface, which explained the tracks and that he, too, was leaving the mark of his foot in this alkali spot. By this time he had been alone several hours—it seemed a year—and then he stooped and picked up the lasso he always carried slung to the horn of his saddle. Had he dropped it just now, or was he really retracing the trail of the night before? He would have bartered his last possession to know.

Lucy whinnied wistfully and looked over the wimpling sands to the right and whinnied again.

"Good horse, if you were a dog, if you were only Tige, I might hope in your scent," the captain said aloud. "But, surely, old girl, with your legs and my eyes we ought to find her," and he pushed on.

By and by he came to a standstill and, despairing, looked about him for the hundredth time. Then he took his revolver from his hip pocket and fired a shot into the air, reckless of the danger it might bring upon him. "Five shots left," he thought as he replaced his six shooter and listened. Away off on one side there was the cry of a hoot owl, responded to in the distance by the same weird note, pitched in the same key. "An owl in the daytime," he thought contemptuously. "Why, that's too plain. You hounds of hell, if you've laid hands on my little girl, heaven must give me my revenge on more than one of you!"

Mechanically he set his gaze ahead upon a dark spot, and in that hot and yellow air, all meshed and mazed with a tangle of golden rays, it seemed to move and quiver. "Another mirage," he muttered. "Oh, Boy! I'm going mad, I know. Somewhere on this wide desert you are, paw's only boy. Oh, let me find you!"

And again the spot way yonder seemed to move. He had passed it now in the distance and was leaving it off to the left. God help him, he was mad to leave it so, and, despairing still, he once more took out his revolver and fired it in the air, then listened.

The spot seemed like a figure rising to its knees, then to its feet, tearing at its breast with beating hands. Indeed, it even seemed to wave a sunbonnet of the slat kind, worn in Iowa where he came from. Strange, how it reminded him of Boy! And then there came a scream—a long, wild rush of sound—and the figure struggled a few steps toward him, then stumbled and became a spot again. Oh, how could he wait—how could he live to get there! And then, frenzied, crazed, he had snatched her up, had forced the canteen between her teeth, assured her in fond and endearing words, used a dozen different ways, that he was her father, and no other; that she was safe, safe, safe!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

EAGLES IN REAL LIFE.

They Do Not Possess the Mad Ferocity One Reads About.

Did the old eagle show fight? Is the first query put by the casual listener. I always see a trace of disappointment sweep over his countenance when he hears the answer. The moment you speak of climbing to an eagle's aerie the average man gets an idea of a harrowing tale of the photographer hanging to the edge of a cliff or the top of a tree, with the old eagles clawing out pound chunks at every swoop. Few eagles possess the mad ferocity pictured and magnified by sensational story tellers. When we first scrambled over bowlders of the canyon up toward the nest I saw the old eagle slip quietly from her eggs and skim out over the mountain top. When I strapped on the climbers to ascend the tree I had one eye opened for trouble. But each time we visited the spot the parents silently disappeared and stayed away as long as we cared to hold possession. They kept a watchful eye, however, from the blue distance overhead. For a noble bird like the eagle this abandoning of the nest and young seemed to me cowardly at first. Perhaps the long years of persecution have taught him something. The first rule of self preservation of this pelt seemed to be to keep half a mile distant from the animal that fights with neither beak nor claws.—Country Calendar.

When the Negro Was Created.

The Mexican Indians, as well as those of most of the Central American republics, have a superstition to the effect that the negro was made before either the white man or the Indian or even before the sun was created. They account for his color by declaring that he was made and dried in the dark. Their own race, they say, was made in the morning of the first day between daylight and sunup. On this account they delight in a term which they apply to each other and which signifies "dawn people." The white man, "who fears darkness and cannot stand heat," was made, according to their belief, at noon on the first day of creation.

WOMAN AND FASHION

Gown For Summer Days.

In spite of its decorative and rather elaborate appearance the house gown shown here is quite simple in its making and may easily be put together by a beginner at dressmaking. It is a model which may be used satisfactorily by a young woman or by a middle aged or elderly woman. Made up in lawn it becomes a cool and easy house gown for summer days. The

HOUSE GOWN.

fullness in the body is confined by tucks, which give a slenderness to the figure. The sleeve is also tucked, and the dainty little collar, which adds so much to the design, is made with tucks which open out to form the frill. As one may observe by glancing at the design, the entire dress may be self trimmed, and there is no further expense in the way of decoration. The model is not only suitable for wash materials, but is a good one to follow in the making of cashmere or albatross.

Goodby to Wilting Collars.

Women who like to wear high collars of thin stuffs with their summer frocks have been bothered heretofore by the collars wilting or through the pricking of the wearers' necks by bits of featherbone put in to stiffen the collars. For this summer an ingenious person has designed a little contrivance to do away with these two annoyances. The device takes the form of a set of little gold extender bars that are fastened behind the collar and are caught at the lower and upper ends with little jeweled screw studs. These things are made in imitation gold and in the real thing.

A Handsome Design.

Shirt waists closing in the back are very popular this season, and an exceptionally pretty one is here shown. Pongee was chosen for the development, with bands of insertion in the same color for decoration. Tucks in the front, on either side a center box plait, give becoming fullness that ponches fashionably over the belt. The

SHIRT WAIST.

yoke may be omitted if desired, as the tucks extend up to the shoulder. The sleeves are quite full in the upper part, finished by a deep cuff. Madras, chambray, taffeta, albatross and all the fancy weaves of cotton will make up stylishly. The medium size will require two and five-eighths yards of thirty-six inch material.

Summer Petticoats.

Wash silk petticoats are to be worn with dainty summer dresses. A charming model is of white liberty silk trimmed with two graduating flounces of accordion plaiting in which insertions of lace are inset. Accordion plaited skirt flounces are not possible to launder, and where a skirt is to be "tubbed" they should be avoided.

New Parasols.

Animal and bird head parasols and folding umbrellas are the very latest things in the way of protection from the weather. There are parasols of every color. Natural wood sticks and handles are still the proper thing, but the animal and bird heads are an evidence of a purchase this season. The animals are Boston terriers, hounds, collies, spaniels and horses, and they are realistically fashioned.

Sympathetic Ointment.

An old time quack compounded his "sympathetic ointment" according to the following prescription: "Take mosse of a ded man's hed, two onc.; man's greace, one onc.; mummia, man's blood, of each half an onc.; linseed oyle, twenty-two onc.; oyle of roses, bolearminick, of each an onc. Bet them together in a mortar till it be fine lecke an oyntment; keep it in a box." Then all the sick person needed was the weapon with which a man had been stricken. This he anointed with the ointment, pressed to the wound and was well again, or should have been.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Colorado's Soda Lake.

One of the most remarkable discoveries ever made in the region is that of a lake of liquid soda in the inaccessible desert between Crestone, Colo., and Hooper, in the San Luis valley. The lake is an acre and a quarter in extent and lies at the bottom of a little basin valley in the desert. On its surface soda crystals have collected to a depth of eighteen inches, the whole lake having the appearance of a body of ice with a hard snow covering.

A recent examination by the State School of Mines shows that these crystals are 37 per cent pure soda, purer than most of the commercial soda offered on the market. A Denver man, E. M. Falke, has secured a lease of the land containing the lake and is now installing machinery which will convert the native crystals into marketable form. There are 4,000 tons in sight.

The School of Mines experts say that the soda is a creation of feldspar. The granite masses of the Sangre de Cristo range stand sentinel on two sides of the little valley. The feldspar in the granite, undergoing decomposition, collects in the lake basin, where it is held in check by an impervious clay, and proper conditions are furnished for concentration and evaporation.—Chicago Chronicle.

The Four Canal Difficulties.

First.—Climatic conditions. The solution for this lies in sanitation. We will have the greatest sanitary experts in the world associated with us, and I am sure we will overcome the climate.

Second.—Labor. The solution for the difficulties involved in securing enough of the right kind of labor lies in fair treatment, fair wages and enforced sanitation.

Third.—The engineering problem is not per se more difficult than others that have been put through successfully. Its immensity is the only staggering thing about it. The same organization and the same forces applied to this project that are used in less gigantic enterprises of the same kind, but on a similarly large scale, will, in my opinion, make a successful job.

Fourth.—Distance from the base of supplies. The solution of this lies entirely in the perfection of an organization in Panama and in this country. What will be necessary will be the maintenance of an absolute equilibrium between demand and supply relative to the class of labor and material.—President Shonts in Chicago Journal.

College and Poverty.

A recent bulletin of the Massachusetts labor bureau shows that in Harvard, often called "a rich man's college," nearly 10 per cent of the young men and nearly 11 per cent of the young women are the children of people classed by statisticians as wage earners.

In Boston university, the largest Methodist institution of New England, over 35 per cent of the students are the sons and daughters of wage workers.

The record of Clark university is even more remarkable. This is devoted entirely to postgraduate and research work—that is, to the kind of study which must wait longest for monetary returns. Yet nearly 27 per cent of its students are from wage working families.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

A Model Street Car Line.

Leeds, England, is proud of its street car line, as well it may be. Out of about $1,400,000 gross receipts in 1905 $260,000 was clear profit after making all allowance for depreciation. Nineteen cents out of every dollar taken went back to the city treasury to lighten taxation.

The usual fare is 2 cents. Out of 64,223,936 fares taken over 50,000,000 were 2 cents each. There were 4,000,000 one cent fares and only 1,000,000 six cent fares, the highest paid. The average fare last year was 2.29 cents.

The average Leeds passenger pays, in other words, 1.8 cents for the actual cost of his ride and a trifle less than half a cent additional to the city treasury. This is a city smaller than Baltimore and mainly containing people of very small income.

Hours of School Study.

Investigations among 16,000 school children of Halle, in Germany, showed that the number of sick among the children attending morning and afternoon sessions was one-half greater than among children who attended sessions in the forenoon only. A German scientist favors a morning session of five hours, giving a resting pause of fifteen minutes at the end of each hour. He says that the afternoon sessions exhaust the vitality of the children, disturb their digestive organs and fire their brains. From a medical standpoint afternoon sessions should be abolished. The afternoon hours should be given to play, outdoor exercise and physical training.

Life of Modern Battleships.

One of the officers of the Washington navy yard has figured out that the life of a modern steel battleship is less than half of that of her wooden prototype, the man-of-war of a previous generation. He said the old wooden frigate was good for forty years of cruising, while the steel vessel of Uncle Sam's superb twentieth century navy reaches the junk pile in less than twenty years after she is launched.

"To build a modern battleship," said the naval officer, "requires five years, counting from the time of the signing of the contract until the vessel is finally accepted after trial."—Washington Star.

Scholarly Version.

On the campus of Emory college, in Oxford, Ga., there is a table to the memory of Ignatius Few, the first president. One day a freshman was crossing the campus with his cousin, who asked him to explain the inscription on the stone.

"'Vivit—non—mortuus—est,'" she read slowly. "What does that mean. Will?"

"That," said the freshman easily, "oh, that means, 'He lives—no, he don't, he's dead.'"

NEW SHORT STORIES

Time For a Change.

A chemist in the employ of a big New York company interested in certain Montana mines says that not long ago three or four scientific gentlemen from an eastern institution undertook for purposes of study, to penetrate into the depths of a certain mine.

One of the easterners was evidently of a most nervous temperament, for he was continually asking questions as to the precautions adopted to avoid disaster to those going down and coming up the shaft.

On the ascent by means of the usual bucket the nervous scientist perceived,

"HOW OFTEN DO YOU CHANGE THESE ROPES?"

or thought he did perceive, unmistakable symptoms of weakness in the rope by which the bucket was suspended. "How often, my good friend," inquired he of the attendant when the party were about halfway from the bottom of the awful abyss, "how often do you change these ropes?"

"Oh, about every three months or so," carelessly replied the attendant. "We'll change this one tomorrow if we get up safely."—New York Times.

Opening For a Populist.

The first day the senate committee on interstate commerce met to take up the rate question there was some chatting with Senator Dolliver about his various engagements.

"How soon are you going to get through?" asked one senator.

"I am prepared to stay here until the 1st of June," replied Senator Dolliver.

"Then the Chautauqua circuits do not begin until that date," was the observation of one of the men present.

"I have abandoned the Chautauqua business for the summer," said Senator Dolliver.

"That was what I thought," chipped in Senator Carmack of Tennessee. "Down in my state the other evening I listened to General Grosvenor and Champ Clark doing a turn, and as Clark was your old sparring partner on the Chautauqua circuit I concluded that you had turned it over to Grosvenor."

"How did they come out?" inquired Dolliver, showing a languid interest in the subject.

"Well," answered Carmack, "Grosvenor got up and abused the Democratic party as hard as he could. Clark followed with abuse of the Republican party. Neither of them had anything to say in favor of their own parties. It occurred to me that it would have been an excellent opportunity for a Populist to get in his work."—Washington Post.

When General Grant Joked.

General Grant seldom indulged in humor. On one occasion, however, he attempted something in this line at the expense of his West Point classmate and roommate, comrade in the Mexican and civil wars and intimate and devoted friend, Major General Rufus Ingalls, of Denmark, Me., writes C. O. Stickney in the Bangor (Me.) Commercial. Ingalls was quartermaster general of the armies before Richmond. Grant and his staff were seated one evening before the blazing campfire, when Grant suddenly turned to Ingalls and, pointing to a yellow dog which had accompanied the latter through many a campaign and which now lay at his master's feet snoozing away, joc osely asked:

"Say, Ingalls, do you intend taking that dog along with you into Richmond?"

"Certainly," was the quick response. "Why not? He belongs to a mighty long lived breed!"

A roar of laughter followed this good natured sally, and for once at least the face of the grim commander relapsed into a broad smile.

Knew Him, but Couldn't Place Him.

A rather seedy looking stranger drifted into the room of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Reynolds the other day. With his hat in his hand he sidled up to the desk of the genial Mr. Reynolds and in a faint hearted way said:

"I guess you don't know me, Mr. Reynolds?"

"Well, now, I remember your face perfectly," replied Mr. Reynolds, "but I am sorry I can't place you."

"That's too bad," said the stranger, preparing to move off with a disappointed air. "I was in hopes you could place me. I've got an application in for a job in the New York custom house."

"Oh, here," called out Mr. Reynolds, "you want to go to the civil service commission! All positions in the customs service are under the protection of the classified service now."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Could Not Qualify.

A well known Scotch horse couper, who was considered a respectable member of a congregation, was frequently pressed by the minister to allow himself to be nominated for the eldership. He always put the matter off with evasive answers, but at length the minister demanded the reason for his refusal. Thus driven into a corner the worthy replied: "Man, I wonder to hear you, Mr. McNab! Hoo can a man be an elder and sell a horse?"—Scottish American.

HUMOR OF THE HOUR

A Peach.

Carson was briskly wending his way up Broadway, a serenely happy expression on his face. At last his efforts had been crowned with success, and yet this jewel he had found and possessed himself of was well worth waiting for. No wonder he was hurrying forth to acquaint them at home with his great good luck.

"She is mine!" he cried to himself. "Mine, mine!"

"Hello! Sir Cupid landed another victim?" inquired a cheery voice from behind. And then as his friend turned about and faced him Gebhard added: "You shouldn't talk so loud, old man. Well, since the secret is out, what's her name?"

"Name!" exclaimed Carson, with a twinkle in his eye. "Wait until this evening. Come up, and I will introduce you."

Gebhard knitted his brow. "Then I don't know her?"

"No, but you will. Don't forget to come up. She's a peach."

"What! Your prospective"—

"Quite so," broke in Carson. "My prospective cook."—New York Press.

A Nervous Haste.

"The trouble with you Americans is that you eat too fast," said the European.

"We can't help it," was the contrite answer. "We feel like getting through a meal before the waiter brings back the check with an announcement that the meat trust has raised prices."—Washington Star.

Not Her Purpose.

"She strikes me as a woman of constant singleness of purpose. She's so"—

"She does seem likely," interrupted the spiteful thing, "to be a woman of constant singleness, but I wouldn't say 'of purpose.' I think she can't help herself."—Philadelphia Press.

A Query Misunderstood.

Grace—He insisted upon kissing me good night when he left.

Virginia—The idea! Wasn't that odd?

Grace—I don't know whether it was odd or even. I didn't keep count.

A Startling Statement.

"Yes, I believe that brevity is the soul of wit."

"Don't be hasty. Look at little Codling—four feet one in his socks. He's the briefest thing we have about here, and he doesn't know wit from a watermelon."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Cupid Shopping.

First Duke—Well, do you think Miss Van Buillon intends to buy you?

Second Duke—My dear boy, I don't know. Some days I think she does. At other times I fear she is merely shopping.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Remarkable Man.

"Yes, sir; he was honest when he went into politics."

"That's nothing remarkable. Plenty of honest men have entered politics."

"But he was still honest when he came out."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Professional Advice.

Tramp—Would youse give er pore man wot is starvin' something ter eat?

Physician—Certainly. That is the proper thing to give him under the circumstances. Two dollars, please.—Detroit Tribune.

The Garrulous Man.

It's not the man who talks the most
Who has the most to say.
You see sad evidence of this
Around you every day.
You hear men talk and talk and talk
When their ideas are nil,
And all their hearers would rejoice
If they would just keep still.

The man who really has ideas
Is silent as a rule,
Yet when he says a few brief words
You know he is no fool.
While he who talks and talks and talks,
He makes our courage sink,
And we exclaim, "If only he
Would stop awhile and think!"
—Somerville Journal.

Not by a Long Shot.

Old Chum—Does your little girl take after her mother?

Married Man—Not especially; she's three years old and can't talk more than half a dozen words.—Detroit Free Press.

An Indication at Least.

"Grace is a jewel! I never saw a woman like her!"

"Ahem! Well, if the women don't like her that goes to prove she's a jewel, all right."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

What, Already?

"Bobby, here's your penny, and you must go straight to bed."

"Pa, I want more pay and longer hours."—New Yorker.

Content.

The fountain of content must spring up in the mind, and he who has so little knowledge of human nature as to seek happiness by changing anything but his own disposition will waste his life in fruitless efforts and multiply the griefs which he purposes to remove.—Johnson.

It Didn't Work.

Jackson—Some time ago my wife and I agreed that it would be best to tell each other our faults. Waxton—How did it work? Jackson—She hasn't spoken to me for six weeks.