

THAT PESKY B'AR

By LLOYD ROBERTS
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WHEN Sarah Ann Johnsey and Mary Ann, her little five-year-old, returned from the hayfield to "bile" a cup of tea and to heat up a mess of beans for pa and Andy Glinis, the "help," they were "mighty took aback" to find a black bear, big as life and twice as natural, sitting on their kitchen floor and peacefully licking the last remnants of the anticipated dinner froth off his clumsy paws.

Now, Sarah Ann was not "skeered," though it did "fetch her sort of staid-like"—not she. "She just up and thought of all the mess, law down them that blamed critter had been a-doin' about property—Klins' sheep, apsettin' her bee house, tearin' down the grapevines and land kinks what



THE BEAR IS A GALEON OF SOAPY WATER IN THE ANIMAL'S FACE.

all besides," while a great rage welled up in her usually gentle heart, and it seemed as if a vengeance swift and terrible was about to descend upon this innocent, sleepy-looking creature. Like a flash she sprang to a low bench just inside the door, seized a wash basin in both hands and flung a gallon of soapy water full in the animal's face. Spluttering and growling the bear retreated into a back room and Mrs. Johnsey hastily slammed the door upon her unwelcome visitor, effectually cutting off his means of escape.

This accomplished, she turned to Mary Ann, who had been standing at one side watching the performance with staring eyes and serious face, and spoke to her sharply: "Now, just you look here, Mary Ann, and mind what I'm a-sayin' to yer. Sit right down there on that stoop, and don't yer move till I git back and don't yer let no one come in, for there's a awful growled up 'bar in that back room that would jest love to eat such as you. I'm a-goin' to git yer pa to come and kill it dead. Now, mind what I tell yer!" And, with a parting glance at the parlor door, she climbed a snake fence and hurried across a field of stubble, disappearing behind a low hill.

A Frenchman who lived many years in Fez tells how the Moroccans enjoy a joke at the expense of Europeans. An ultimatum had on one occasion been sent to the governor demanding a letter of apology. No letter came, and the French charge d'affaires went to the vizier, Si-Feddin-Garnit, to announce his departure. "Do not go," cried the vizier. "You are our friend. The letter only needs the sultan's seal. It will be ready tomorrow." It was not ready on the next day or the next, and on the third day the charge d'affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving Fez immediately, whereupon Si-Feddin-Garnit drew the letter from his leather wallet. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You see, there was no need for anger."

Fighting Shows Race. "By the way they fight I can tell men's nationality," said a policeman. At Englishman, when he is going to fight, throws his hat and coat in a blustering, bluffing way on the ground. A Scot pulls his hat down tight on his head and buttons his coat carefully. The canny Scot is not going to endanger any of his property. An Irishman appeals to the crowd to hold his coat. The Celtic nature desires sympathy and tries to build it up. A German, methodical, precise, folds his hat in a neat bundle and lays his hat on top of it to hold it down. An American so anxious to pitch in and have the thing over that he starts fighting with out giving a thought to hat or coat.—New York Press.

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HUMOR OF THE HOUR

Good For a Year More. "James," began the principal when that such mischievous maker of the high school entered his office in obedience to his request, "I hear too much regarding your class behavior. Miss Shaw says she finds it necessary to reprove you during the history period, the superior your music complaints, your full-fledged pro singing, Mr. Cowles tells me your attentions usually wandering from class experiments to unscientific demonstrations of your own. Now, James, how long must this lecturing from your different teachers continue?" asked the principal severely.

"I don't know," replied the truthful James, "but I suppose I have a season ticket."—Judge.

A Truly Good Man. "Brother Spotsch," said his pastor, "what would you do if the injunction came to you, 'Sell all thou hast and give to the poor?'"

"I should obey it, of course," answered the great merchant, "as I have always done. Everything I have in stock is for sale, and I give more to the poor than any two men in this block."—Chicago Tribune.

Enough Said. "Now," said Mr. Oldham tentatively as he stroked his gray beard, "if a man were, say, fifty and the woman of his choice about twenty, do you think that would lead to an unhappy marriage?"

"I think," promptly replied Miss Young, "it would be more likely to lead to a rejected proposal."—Philadelphia Press.

His Dream. "I guess," said Mrs. Miggieham, "it must be true that dreams go by centuries." "Why?" her husband asked.

"Last night when you were talking in your sleep you said: 'No good, I've got kings fall.' But I couldn't seem to find a cent in your clothes."—Chicago Record-Herald.

A Cold, Cruel World. "He—I hear that your husband is dead?"

"She—Yes, but the loss was fully covered by insurance."

Would Not Interfere. "It's raining hard," said the boy who looked through the dripping window pane. From behind his paper his father growled, "I don't care—let it rain!" The little lad in grave surprise glanced sweetly up at him. "Why, I—I was a-goin' to," acknowledged little Jim.—Harper's Weekly.

The Pattern Egg. "See what I got!" cried Bobby, a city bred boy, as he came running from a chicken coop, holding in his hand a china egg.

"Oh, go put it back!" exclaimed Mabel, his six-year-old sister. "That's the egg the hen measures by."—Judge.

His Idea of It. "Wonderful thing—this education," said the old man.

"In what way?"

"In this way: John knows just enough Latin or Greek or French to know 'nuthin' at all about makin' a livin'."—Atlanta Constitution.

Why He Is Worried. Tom—Why are you worried so because Julia has taken your picture out of her watch? She does that every time she gets a little miffed.

Dick—Yes, but this time she's got an other fellow's picture in my place.—Detroit Free Press.

CHOICE MISCELLANY

Loaded For Witches. In withcraft lore it is said to have been credited with great power to dispense evil spirits. In an old book on the subject one reads of a "villiant Souldier who had skill in Necromancy" and who always used "silver bullets to shoot away the witches." The evidences of such superstition are brought directly to the modern eye through the discovery made by a Pennsylvania farmer. The incident is printed in the Philadelphia Record.

Mr. Velderman is interested in curios and purchased recently an old mule cart at a farmhouse sale. From its appearance the weapon antedates the Revolution. It was in a deplorable state of rust, and in cleaning it the new owner discovered that it was loaded.

He carefully withdrew the charge and to his surprise found instead of bullets two silver shillings dated 1781 tightly wedged with leaves of a Bible of an early print. Beneath the coins were a small lock of hair and a piece of paper containing an illegible quotation. The gunpowder was coarse and undoubtedly of colonial manufacture. The whole looks very much like a charmed charge, calculated to demolish some weird lady of the broomstick.

Focusing Wireless Telegraphy. In order to prevent wireless messages from interfering with one another, endeavors have been made to send electrical waves only in one direction, as luminous signals are given off from a concave mirror. Professor Braun has been engaged in experiments of this kind, and in a lecture before the Strassburg University Association of Electricians and Naturalists he announced that these experiments had come to a successful conclusion. Professor Braun's methods are based on the fact that three antennae arranged in the angles of a regular triangle are excited by waves of the same periodicity, but of different phases. The inventor states that one of the three antennae begins vibrating by 1,250,000 of a second earlier or later than the two others, this difference in time being kept up, according to experiments, with an accuracy of about one second in three years. This will result in different radiation according to the difference of the space, and by simply inverting a crank the direction of maximum effects can be shifted by 90 or 120 degrees.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The World's Most Powerful Gun. Describing the making of the most powerful gun in the world, Day Allen Willey says in the Technical World Magazine:

"Technically this great 'peacemaker' is called a sixteen inch breechloading rifle. It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the 'sixteen inches' refers to the diameter of the bore, or the caliber. In fact, this is so large that a man of ordinary size can crawl inside the muzzle without difficulty. A better idea of the gun can be gained when it is stated that the forgings for the tube and jacket weigh not less than 184 tons. The tube itself is forty-nine and a half feet in length, and as the gun is of the built up type favored by artillery officers of the present day it is reinforced at the base by the jacket, which was shrunk into position.

The tube is further strengthened by four sets of hoops, which really make it four thicknesses of metal between the center of the tube and the breech."

Millionaire Palaces. The palaces of the millionaire, like the castles of the feudal baron, are the result of a desire to show off. The modern Fifth Avenue mansion has become almost a staple article of merchandise. Five or six years ago the builder who risked his capital in a \$30,000 or \$40,000 house was regarded as a very venturesome person. In the last six years, however, a single New York builder has erected houses at a cost of from \$400,000 to \$500,000 on a purely speculative basis and has, moreover, sold them. Whether the purchasers' contentment with the ready made article, however, is owing to the lack of ideas or an indolent haste to establish themselves on America's greatest residential thoroughfare is not determined.—Metropolitan Magazine.

An Early Awakening. The quiet French town of Annonay had a deplorable thrill of the nerves the other night. The parish church bell ringer awoke at twenty minutes past midnight, read the time for 4 a. m. by mistaking the hands and, rushing to the church through the deserted streets, began ringing out the morning "angelus." The church is situated pretty well in the center of the town, and the unwonted clamor startled the entire population from their beds with apprehension of some imminent calamity. The police had to climb the belfry to put an end to the untimely performance.

The Snuff Dippers. This is a tobacco using nation. So many people smoke it is not difficult to imagine what becomes of over 7,000,000,000 cigars and over 3,000,000,000 cigarettes, but what is done with 21,000,000 pounds of snuff? Who uses it? There is still a considerable demand for snuff in the "backwoods" districts, and it is still used by women in the more remote rural regions and mountain sections of the south, but this is a declining trade. Only a small part of 21,000,000 pounds. Where are the snuff dippers?—Nashville American.

A Severe Taxy. Don't ask a girl to marry you after dark when she is dressed fit to kill. Call on her, and when you leave inadvertently drop a glove on the piano. Return for it the next morning at 9 o'clock. If she comes to the door with one shoe and one slipper on, her hair done up in curl papers, dressed in an old Mother Hubbard, our advice is to take to the woods. But if she appears in a neat house dress, her hair done up and a rose in the top of her hair, grab her quick.—Marionville (Mo.) Free Press.

NEW SHORT STORIES

The Wise Neighbor. "Peter Lorillard Ronalds, who at the age of seventy-eight has completed a thousand mile coaching trip, is as wise as he is robust," said a resident of New Rochelle to a Tribune reporter recently.

"Mr. Ronalds does not believe in quarreling or contention, and he told me the other day how, by the aid of a little thought, he once got his rights from an unreasonable and pigheaded neighbor.

"This neighbor kept chickens. The chickens were not properly penned in. Time and again they escaped and, entering Mr. Ronalds' garden, did a deal of damage there.

"Time and again Mr. Ronalds remonstrated with the neighbor, who

proceeded to confine his chickens better, but never kept his chickens fenced from next door were most wont to scratch.

"Then the next morning, when the neighbor was looking over the hedge, Mr. Ronalds sauntered down his garden paths and, with many pauses and stoppings, picked up one egg here and another there till he had got the dozen, while the neighbor watched him with an expression of stern displeasure and surprise.

"From that day the next door chickens roamed no more."—New York Tribune.

Irving's Generosity. The late Sir Henry Irving retained faithful old members of his company long after their services might have been dispensed with if only business considerations prevailed. One of the most touching cases of this character was that of Daddy Howe, who died in Cincinnati some years ago while the company was touring here. At one of the most memorable dinners given to Irving by the members of the profession Daddy Howe arose and, with tears streaming down his face, told how his proposal to retire had been brought. At this time he was eighty years old. When Howe learned that the company was to come to America he realized that the expense would be very great and that the minor roles he played could be easily filled over here at a much less cost. As a result of these gloomy reflections he wrote Mr. Irving that he appreciated the situation and would either retire or accept a reduced salary. Not receiving an answer, he brought the matter up at a personal interview.

"Dear me! Ah, yes! Well, I'll let you know presently," was Mr. Irving's evasive reply.

Daddy Howe thought from this that he was undoubtedly doomed to retirement. With trembling fingers he opened a note that came from Mr. Irving the next day and read:

"Of course I expect you to go, and I hope that the increase in your salary will indicate my appreciation and good wishes."—New York Times.

On the Trolley Car. A group of traffic managers and auditors at the convention of street railway men in Philadelphia were telling stories of street railroading. Irwin Fuller of Detroit said:

"A pretty Irish girl, fresh from the old country, sat in a trolley car looking at the strange American country with modest interest.

"She had soft, gray eyes, a face like roses and lilacs, beautiful hair and white teeth.

"Your fare, miss," said the conductor, pausing before her.

"She blushed and bit her lip.

"Your fare, miss," he repeated.

"Sure," said the girl, "an what if I be? Ye must not be repeatin' it like that before folks."—New York Tribune.

THE DAYS AND HOURS

ORIGIN OF OUR SYSTEM OF THE DIVISION OF TIME.

It Was Devised by the Babylonians Who Were a Very Clever People and Was Adopted by the Greeks and Has Survived Through All Changes.

If you pull your watch out of your pocket you will have in your hand one of the most wonderful pieces of machinery ever constructed. Think how it works throughout the day and night and how it keeps it up year in, year out. Think how the second hand points to 3,600 divisions of time during every hour. If never sleeps.

If it is like the average watch, it will be built up of no fewer than 175 different pieces. These pieces will have passed through more than 2,400 separate operations, each being a distinct form of manufacture.

The fourth jewel wheel screw is so very small that it is almost invisible. To the naked eye it appears to be but a speck of dust. When examined under a magnifying glass it will be seen to be a perfect screw, having 250 threads to the inch, each thread being well defined. Actually the diameter of this screw is so little as the four one-thousandth part of an inch, and it would take no less a number than 100,000 similar screws in order to fill an ordinary thimble as used by the ladies.

Each screw has a double head and has to be hardened. After the hardening process the screws are arranged in frames, being placed in with the heads upward. This delicate operation is done by the sense of touch alone instead of by sight, and great rapidity marks the skillful operator. Some workers about a hundred screws are placed in each frame, and the frames are attached to a machine which polishes the heads of the screws 10,000 at a time.

It will be seen how marvelous these screws are, yet one of them forms but one tiny piece of a watch. Still, this will show the remarkable nature of that everyday article. When special watches are considered there is indeed room for wonder.

For instance, take the watch which was presented to Catherine I. on her coronation as empress of Russia. This watch was one of the most remarkably constructed instruments ever made.

On the opposite side of the works of this extraordinary timekeeper there was an exact representation of the holy sepulcher, with a carved image of the Roman guard stationed outside it. As soon as the watch case was opened the imitation rocks would roll away from the mouth of the sepulcher, the soldier would kneel, angels would appear at opposite sides of the opening, and sweet strains of music would be heard. This remarkable watch took nine years' uninterrupted labor in order to construct.

The first clock in any way resembling those in use at present was made by Henry Vick in the year 1370, and it was made for Charles V. of France. This monarch was surnamed the Wise, but his education was imperfect in many respects, and he knew it well. As a result he was very obstinate in his claim to know everything. He showed this obstinacy when Vick brought the new timepiece for his approval. The king could not find any fault with its working, so he criticised the figures on the dial.

He told the maker that he had made a grievous error, as the figures to denote the hour of 4 should be four 8's. Poor Vick ventured to tell the king that he was wrong. "I am never wrong!" thundered the irate monarch. "Take the clock away and correct the mistake at once upon pain of my displeasure!"

Vick had to do as he was told, with the result that all our timepieces have the fourth hour labeled VIII instead of IV, as should be the case if the correct numeration were followed.

How many people have the slightest notion why sixty seconds make a minute and why the hour is divided into sixty minutes, and so on? Why are there not ten hours to the day and ten to the night?

The reason is very simple. It is because the people of Babylon reckoned not only by a decimal system of notation, but also by a sexagesimal system. That is to say, they not only reckoned by tens, but also by sixties. The Babylonians were very clever people, and they saw that the decimal system was by no means the best.

They knew that no number had so many divisors as has sixty.

How about the division of the day into hours? The Babylonians began by comparing the progress made by the sun on its daily journey to the distance covered by a good walker, this being done at the time of the equinox. The astronomers divided the sun's journey into twenty-four persons, whence our hours.

The Babylonian system was adopted by the Greeks. It is one of the most remarkable facts of history that the system has survived through every change made since the days of Babylon. When the French revolutionized all weights and measures, going so far as to alter the days of the week, still they left the old system of notation so far as regarded the reckoning of the hour of time. Even our lovers of the decimal notation do not suggest that the old sexagesimal method of reckoning time should be altered.—Pearson's Weekly.

Composite Pronouns Wanted. The want of a composite pronoun to express both "he" and "she," and what is sometimes more important, to express neither he nor she, must have embarrassed every one at some time or another. There are ungrammatical ways of shelving the difficulty, such as "for instance," by translating the convenient French "on," as "they," when we really mean one person who may be either masculine or feminine. The lack of a portmanteau word to express both sexes without specifying either did not, however, trouble the new maid who approached her mistress with the ingenious remark, "Please'm, a friend of mine has called—and may I ask it to tea?"—London Chronicle.

WASHINGTON LETTER

Beneath the streets of the city of Washington there have been laid a total of 408.6 miles of sewers, of which 103.2 are main sewers and 305.3 pipe sewers.

To thus provide for the proper sewerage and sanitation of the capital has cost a grand total of \$13,615,022.88, an average of \$29,052 for each mile constructed.

During the past fiscal year the mileage of sewers constructed amounted to but 11.7 miles, at a cost of \$1,154,643.83, or \$98,679 per mile. The unusually high figure per mile for the past year is due to the addition of four miles to the main sewer system.

Loan Sharks in Departments. Investigations have been ordered in the war department, treasury department and certain bureaus of the interior department into the methods of usurers, or, as they are popularly called in the government service, "10 per centers." Information has been received by the heads of the departments named or their bureau chiefs to the effect that not only are money sharks operating outside the government departments and victimizing the clerks, but that there are syndicates organized inside the departments and officers by department clerks.

Schemes of Money Lenders. One of the schemes being worked is for the borrower to give his note for a sum far in excess of the amount which he borrows, and the note reads at 6 per cent. As he signs it voluntarily and as it comes within the usury laws, these notes have been collected through the process of the courts.

One letter, addressed to the head of the department by a \$1,800 a year clerk, stated that he had borrowed \$400 four years ago and in that time had paid \$144 interest and now had a debt which was being pressed against him for \$50.

Capital Improvements. When the senators and representatives return to Washington shortly to attend the approaching session of congress they will be astonished at the transformation in the interior of the capitol, for which they will be indebted to Elliot Woods, superintendent of the capitol building and grounds. This work, which has occupied the whole time since the adjournment of the last congress, is now nearing completion.

Perhaps the most gratifying of all the improvements are the three complete systems of the ventilation, installed during the past summer, in every part of the great building. Coming to the lofty dome and lofty rotunda of the capitol the fireplace and flue system has been more or less defective and subject to counter drafts. To correct this serious defect all the flues have been equipped with exhaust fans and such other apparatus as will put a stop to the smoke from the fireplaces going the wrong way.

Rotunda Restored. From an artistic standpoint the most notable improvement lies in the changes made in the rotunda. The entire upper portion of the rotunda has been cleaned and painted, and the hideous "steamboat paint" of the sandstone walls has been completely scraped away, revealing the beautiful red brown color and stratification of the walls, which harmonize wonderfully with the color scheme above.

The sandstone used in the walls is of an unusually fine, rich color, somewhat resembling Siena marble, while the door posts and lintels, which are of a rich purplish brownstone that formerly under white paint looked like cheap pine affairs, stand in effective contrast to the walls. The bas-reliefs, especially the one depicting Penn and the Indians, are now works of art, whereas formerly they looked as though the sculptor had drawn his inspiration from some almanac. There is now something about the rotunda that reminds one of the interior of a Greek temple. The color of the walls, the graining or stratification of the stone, harmonize with the historical paintings above.

The new bronze doors at the entrance to the house are now in place. The bas-reliefs on the south door of the house entrance, counting from top to bottom, are: "The Wyoming Massacre," "The Battle of Lexington," "Presentation of Colors to Colonel Moultrie" and "Death of Montgomery." On the north door, following in the same order, the reliefs are: "First Reading of the Declaration of Independence," "Signing the Treaty of Peace at Paris," "Firewell of Washington" and "Franklin in His Laboratory."

Rug Made Like Flag. A beautiful large rug made in imitation of the United States flag has been hung in the anteroom of the diplomatic room in the state department. It is made entirely of silk and is seven feet eight inches long, four feet wide and one inch thick. It is the product of the looms in the industrial establishment of the orphanage maintained at Karpuz, Turkey, by American contributions and was presented to the United States government by Armenian orphanans in gratitude for American benevolence.

Statue Mutilated. The elements, or possibly vandals, have so abused the heroic statue of George Washington on the capitol grounds that the father of his country has been made to look cross-eyed. In addition to this, the base has been split its whole height. Pieces have been chipped out of the baldrick of the sword and from the base. The upright index finger of the right hand has been a target for boys. The cross-eyed effect has been produced by removal of part of the right eyeball. The aspect of the one dignified and serious figure is ridiculous. CARL SCHOFIELD.

FINGERS AND FORKS. Never use a fork when taking a piece of bread.

Avoid using a spoon for anything that is not liquid.

Pastry should be eaten with a fork, also ice cream where the proper forks are served.

It is permissible to eat celery, corn, asparagus, water cross and undressed salad with the fingers.

Olives should be lifted from the dish with the olive fork or spoon, but should be eaten from the fingers.

TRAFALGAR

The Swiftness of Action of This Great Naval Battle.

The world will see other sea fights but never one like this, so close, so swift and with so much in it of the personal element. And what may be called the pace of the battle, the swiftness with which incident follows incident, is almost without a parallel in the history of war. The first gun was fired at 12:15; at 12:22, or only seven minutes after the French guns opened on him, Collingwood, with the British ships nearest to him, was through the enemy's line.

Only one brief minute later, or at 12:23 by the log of the Euryalus, Nelson is in the light, and is pouring his first dreadful broadside into the stern of Villeneuve's flagship. Two minutes later the French and Spanish topmasts begin to fall. At 12:30 or sixty-seven minutes after the first gun was fired Blackwood reports "the center and rear of enemy's line to be hard pressed it action." The fate of the battle is practically settled. Already some of the enemy's ships have struck. The swift moments run on, and the pulses of the great fight keep time with them. The advantage is not all on one side.

At 2:36, for example, or less than two hours from the moment when, a ship of majestic pride, the Royal Sovereign moved into the zone of the enemy's fire, she lies a maimed and helpless hulk. She has done her work, but she has paid a terrible price for it. There is at this moment a flutter of flags on the masts of the Victory, for Nelson has a great captain's watchful vision, and a frigate—it is the Euryalus—comes down with every inch of canvas set, groping her way through the smoke, to take the battered hull of the Royal Sovereign in tow, so that she will be able to get her ship out of the fight, though she cannot sail—bear upon the enemy's ships within her reach.

This is not a battle spread through days. It is compressed almost into minutes. The first shot was fired at 12:15; before 3 o'clock flag after flag is going down; a great fleet is crumbling into ruin. By 5:30 o'clock all is over.—Cornhill Magazine.

The Visitor's Little Joke. A Frenchman who lived many years in Fez tells how the Moroccans enjoy a joke at the expense of Europeans. An ultimatum had on one occasion been sent to the governor demanding a letter of apology. No letter came, and the French charge d'affaires went to the vizier, Si-Feddin-Garnit, to announce his departure. "Do not go," cried the vizier. "You are our friend. The letter only needs the sultan's seal. It will be ready tomorrow." It was not ready on the next day or the next, and on the third day the charge d'affaires, after refusing all refreshment, declared that he was leaving Fez immediately, whereupon Si-Feddin-Garnit drew the letter from his leather wallet. "It has been ready for five days," he said. "You see, there was no need for anger."

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Want a Lot. Florist—People expect so much of us. When they buy a plant most of 'em want us to throw in the pot.

Friend—Yes?

Florist—And all of 'em expect us to throw in the earth.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Recognized at Once. Maud—Did you see Kate's new hat at church this morning?

Alice—Yes, but it wasn't the first time I had seen it. I saw it in a store window on Friday afternoon marked, "Only 50¢!"—Somerville Journal.

Mutual Inquiries. "Can you make good bread?" cautiously inquired the practical young man.

"If you can furnish the 'dough,'" replied the practical young woman.—Baltimore American.

Reason For Reverence. Little Willie—You are awful proud of your gran'pa, ain't you?

Little Bob—You betcha! Why, he used to lick pop reg'lar.—Tom Watson's Magazine.

Why He Killed Her. Him—I shot upon you wifely.

Her—Yes, pa said you had a big crop of wild dotes.—Cleveland Leader.

The Natural Effect. Father—From my observation of him last night I came to the conclusion that young man of yours was rather wild. Daughter—Of course it was your constant observation that made him wild. He wanted you to go up stairs and leave us alone.—Philadelphia Ledger.

However rich or elevated we may be, a nameless something is always wanting to our imperfect fortune.—Horace.



THE NEIGHBOR WATCHED HIM WITH DISPLEASURE.

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