

# Mutiny and Piracy

By CLARA TAYLOR

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Aunt Hannah Snow, wife of Captain Jabez Snow of Kennebunk, was almost as good a sailor as her husband. She had gone with him to the West Indies on seven voyages and had acted as mate and second mate. She could mend a sail, steer her truck, make or take in sail and use a quadrant as well as any one, or at least as well as any mate that ever sailed with the Hannah Snow, as the brig was named. Captain Snow ran between Boston and the West India islands, and the shippers of Boston came to know his wife and the way she could discipline a crew and handle the craft.

On a certain date the brig was loading in Boston for a quick market. Extra help was put on to get the cargo aboard, and Captain Jabez signed a bond to get that cargo to its destination within a certain number of days, barring hurricanes, waterspots and other acts of Providence. The bond had not been signed more than an hour when he broke his leg. Nothing was surer than that he could not carry out his agreement, and a great financial loss as well as many weeks of vexatious delay stared the couple in the face. They must either find a captain to take charge of the brig or forfeit the charter and pay a good round sum, and Captain Jabez was wondering if a man could be found when his wife broke in on him.

"Jabez, you have broke your leg, and I don't want to be cross with you, but you seem to forget that I am still on earth."

"No, I don't," he replied, "but I don't see what you can do in this case except to get me back home and nurse me."

"Well, I see where I can do something else, and I'm going to do it too. I'm going to take the Hannah to the West Indies and back and save our charter."

"Have you lost your senses?"

"Not a bit of it. If I couldn't make that voyage I wouldn't be worth my salt. I know all the crew, and I'll have Bill Henderson for mate. We'll slip down there and be back again before your leg has begun to knit. There needn't be any more talk about finding a captain."

When Captain Jabez thought the matter over he was inclined to think that his wife could do all she said, but the consanguinity had to be consulted. When Aunt Hannah went to them and stated the case they did not raise a single objection, and it was settled that she was to be Captain Hannah Snow for the voyage. It was only after the brig had left port that the mate's meanness came to the surface. He had sailed with the craft on several voyages and was a neighbor of the Snows at home. When the accident happened to Captain Jabez the mate naturally hoped to get command for the voyage. He would have been distressed if any other captain had come aboard, but to be walked over by a woman, even though she was the captain's wife and a neighbor, was too much.

Aunt Hannah saw that he was in the sulks. "Look here, Bill Henderson," she said, "it won't do you the least mite of good to go on biting your tongue over this. I can captain this brig as well as Jabez, and I'm going to take her out back."

"You'll have her at the bottom before we strike the gulf stream," he replied.

"You never mind where I'll have her, but tend to your knitting. We are to crack on and make the best time we can."

A day later she found the mate carrying too little sail, she came on deck from her watch below to find him chumming with the men. Two or three other things happened to put her out of temper, and she exercised the privilege of a captain by "breaking" the mate and sending him to the fore-castle. When she would replace him with the next best man, the sailor refused to take the place. The crew was with the mate. Aunt Hannah expressed her mind freely, and as a consequence the crew refused to obey. The brig was brought to the wind, sail taken off, and the woman was laughed at. She was told that not a man would do duty until the mate was reinstated.

"Then it's mutiny, is it?" she replied. "Very well. I'll let you know that you've got the wrong pig by the ear. I'll lose pig, cargo and everything else in the world before I'll give in."

For a day and a night the brig made no progress, and as the weather was fair she incurred no danger.

The crew saw that the woman did not intend to give in, and it angered them. There was one among them who had read dozens of pirate books and always longed to sail under the black flag. Things had never come right for him before, but now he took advantage of the temper of the others to broach the subject. He was a good talker, and he held out such an alluring picture that even the mate, who was above the average man in intelligence, agreed to go into the pirate business with the others. This decision was communicated to Captain Hannah, who was wandering about unconcernedly.

"Wani, Bill, that's all right," she retorted. "There's a rum and sugar loaded bark comin' our way, and you might begin on her. I've got a black shawl which I'll give you for a flag, and you just lay to, board that bark and give 'em fits."

"I'll either turn pirate or command this brig," stoutly asserted the ex-mate.

"Then it is a pirate you'll become, for you'll never get command here."

So a signal of distress was set on the brig, and when the bark came up and was hoisted to she was boarded by all the crew of the Snow in their own yawl. They might have committed some foolish act and had to smart for it but for the woman left aboard. Just before they reached the bark she hoisted her black shawl as a signal and a warning. The crew of the stranger saw that something was wrong, and

when the "pirates" attempted to board they were met with caps in bars and belaying pins. Some were seized and flung into the sea after being well thrashed, and when the bark resumed her voyage and the yawl returned to the brig with the discomfited "pirates" they were met at the gangway by Captain Hannah and an ancient fowling piece and told to sheer off. They felt it wise to obey, and for seven long hours they floated within a cable's length of the brig and took turns begging Aunt Hannah's pardon and entreating her forgiveness. When they were half dead with thirst and hunger she invited them aboard, or, rather, permitted them to crawl over the rail and promise all sorts of good behavior in future.

The brig had lost valuable time, but to make up for it Providence gave her a gale from the right quarter and she moved along quickly. She overran her time by a day, both going and coming, and never, after having their hurts attended to, was there more willing mate or crew. Occasionally Captain Hannah had something to say about mutiny and piracy and broken heads, but she made no note of it in the log book, and perhaps she never told Captain Jabez. At least, when she had finished the return voyage, and he asked her how things had gone, she replied:

"I can't find the least mite of fault, and if you don't get around purty soon me'n the old brig and them Boston shippers will have no use for you."

### THE LAW OF FINDING.

Against All Save the Owner the Finder Has No Right.

In common law finding is a qualified source of title to goods and chattels. Briefly, the law is that the finder has a clear title against all the world, excepting the owner. The proprietor of a coach or a railroad car or a ship has no right to demand property found on his premises. Such proprietors may make, in regard to lost articles, regulations which will bind their employees, but they cannot bind the public.

The law of finding was declared by the king's bench more than a hundred years ago (when it was the supreme court of common law in England) as follows:

A person found a wallet containing a sum of money on a shop floor. He handed the wallet and contents to the shopkeeper to be returned to the owner. After three years, during which the owner did not call for his property, the finder demanded of the shopkeeper the wallet and the money. The latter refused to deliver them upon the ground that they were found on his premises. The finder then sued the shopkeeper, and it was held, as stated above, that, against all the world save the owner, the title of the finder is perfect. The finder has indeed been held to stand in the place of the owner. Thus A prevailed in an action against B, who found an article which A had originally found, but subsequently lost. The police have no special rights in regard to articles lost unless those rights are conferred by statute. Receivers of articles found are trustees for the owner or finder. In the absence of special statute they have no power to keep an article against the finder any more than a finder has to retain an article against the owner.

A finder must, however, use every reasonable means to discover the owner of found goods before appropriating them to his own use. It has been declared that if the finder knows the owner or knows that he can discover him he is guilty of larceny in keeping or appropriating to himself the articles found.

### It Recalled the Honeymoon.

Here is a quaint little story told of a young couple upon their wedding trip, crossing from Dover to Calais. Jenny had grown tired and sickly on deck, and James had led her to the saloon below, lovingly wrapping her up in a Scotch plaid in a snug looking corner. He then went and fetched her some eau de cologne and was not less lavish of endearing words until—until he found he had made a mistake.

His wife had moved to another corner of the saloon more free from drafts, and an elderly woman with just the same sort of plaid had taken her place. Realizing the condition of affairs, James dropped the cologne bottle and fled. Later he induced his wife to go and apologize to the woman he had unwittingly lavished tenderness upon, and Jenny went.

"My dear," said the elderly woman tearfully, "don't apologize. It was nice to be called such sweet names. It reminded me of my honeymoon. John has many a long year since my John had a tender word for me."

John never meant to be unkind and probably did love his wife. Only, like too many other married men, he fancied that the love which made for itself speech without measure before marriage had no need to break silence afterward.—LONDON TIT-BITS.

### The Giant's Chair.

In Dolgelly, in the north of Wales, there is a mountain celebrated in folklore, poetry and song as Cader Idris, or Idris's Chair. The hollow, conchlike excavation on the top of the mountain has given the peak its name. According to the Welsh bards, the depression was caused by the giant Idris long using it as a chair. There is a local tradition in north Wales that whenever passes the night in the Giant's Chair will be found in the morning either dead, crazy or endowed with the highest poetical aspirations. Idris is variously represented in Welsh tradition as a prince, magician, sorcerer and astronomer, the only thing on which all authorities agree being his immense stature. The "Lake of the Three Pobbles," which lies at the foot of the Giant's Chair, contains three large blocks of stone, which Idris is said to have once poured out of his boots. The smallest of these stones will weigh a ton and a half.

### Corroboration.

Mrs. Biffen's husband is really the nearest man I ever saw! Mr. Bangs—I should say he was! You ought to see the way he cleaned me up!

Among a pile of worthless crockery at the Marquis of Anglesey's seat, Boudesert, a valuable Elizabethan ewer of rock crystal has been found.

## WOMAN AND FASHION

### An Attractive Negligee.

Negligees are in demand at all seasons of the year, but especially so during the summer months, when the need for relaxation is great. Illustrated is a most attractive one made of pretty lawn with simple trimming of embroidered banding, which allows a



choice of puffed or loose sleeves. The slightly open neck means comfort, coolness and style all in one, and it can be belted with a ribbon or left free, as preferred. Whether made with the full or puffed sleeves, it is eminently simple and can be laundered with ease, for which reason it is especially well adapted to cotton and linen materials.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is 4 1/2 yards 27, 4 yards 32 or 3 yards 44 inches wide, with 4 yards of banding and 2 yards of embroidery for trills.

### Concerning Blue.

Pastel blue is a leader. Sky blue holds its own. Turquoise will not down. Wedgwood blue is beautiful. Periwinkle is daintily pretty. Cadet blue is very good style. Plumbeous is a deep light blue. Gobeelin is never out of fashion. Deift is very much liked this summer. Steel blue is a becoming shade to many.

China blue is one of the good strong blues.

Saxon, Alice and Dresden express the new clear medium blue.

### Fashionable Linen Colors.

Linen holds its own, especially in the long coat suits, which are practical and becoming. The plaited skirts are popular and pretty, but the circular skirt with rows of very narrow stitched bands around the bottom is growing in favor on account of its greater durability. The favorite color is of course white, but gray, blue, pink, mauve, green and the natural color are seen in good models. Most of the separate coats are in plain tailored styles, with colored velvet collars.

### The Vogue of Ribbon.

Ribbon forms one of the important items in the dress question now. The plain styles are quite as effective on fancy stuffs as are the fancy on the plain materials. They are shirred and plaited unmercifully and are used in the most unique forms, but nevertheless they are pretty.

### For a Small Girl.

The design here shown should be useful by way of suggestion as well as example as to how trimmings should be the expression of character in clothes without overdoing it.

The yoke is tucked in sunburst effect, and the fullness at the waist is



taken up in tiny tucks in front and back. The addition of a sash fastened with little rosettes where the tucks end is quite a pretty idea, although a belt or a strap similar to that on the shoulder would be as effective on wash dresses.

### Pert.

Miss Tottie—Auntie, make Johnny quit saying mean things to me. Aunt Lottie—Mercy, child! You're both of you bad children. What's he been saying now? Miss Tottie—He says I've a worse temper than you have.—Exchange.

### Their Deeds.

Gracey—What are you crying about? Gladys—My new hat isn't becoming. All the girls—Gracey—Say it isn't! Gladys—No. Boo-hoo. They say it is!—Louisville Courier-Journal.

## WASHINGTON LETTER

(Special Correspondence.)

The mackerel of the New England coast is changing his habits so much that the New England people are alarmed and have appealed to the president to direct the fish commission to make an investigation to determine what is the matter with the fish. Migration has become a fad with the fish, which now go away and stay at some unknown place for a good part of the year. The New England people want to keep in touch with the fish. The matter was presented to the president by W. H. Jordan, the collector of the port of Gloucester, Mass., and Benjamin A. Smith of the board of trade at Gloucester. It is feared by some of the Gloucester fishermen that the mackerel may finally disappear and find some other home besides the New England coast.

### Silver Service For the Tennessee.

The battleship Tennessee, which Representative Gaines of Tennessee said the president regarded as the most powerful battleship in any fleet in the world, will receive a handsome silver service in a southern port. President Roosevelt wrote a brief note to the navy department directing that when the Tennessee is completed and is ready to receive the silver service it be sent to New Orleans for this purpose.

The note was given to Representative John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee, who called on the president to ask that the vessel be sent to a southern port to receive the service. New Orleans was preferred, but any southern port would have answered. Mr. Gaines said the service to be presented to the ship is to be one of the finest in the navy. There will be engraved upon the silver a brief history of the state.

### The Army Uniform.

The law officers of the war department have recently discovered, to their surprise and disgust, there is no law in which they can prohibit any person from wearing the regulation uniform of the army or navy if such person cares to wear it.

The war department has been wrestling with the case of an army officer who was permitted to resign "for the good of the service," but who still persists in wearing the uniform of his rank. It was believed that he would be compelled to discard the honorable shoulder straps, but after the law was carefully studied it was found there was no provision under which such action could be taken.

As the matter now stands any civilian with the bad taste so to do and the money with which to pay for it can wear the uniform of the lieutenant general of the army, although there is but one man in the country entitled to wear that particular dress.

### The Pension Office.

Commissioner Warner of the pension bureau has under contemplation an innovation—that of changing the present method of keeping the records of claimants for pension in large, cumbersome books to the card system. The magnitude of this change when fully understood will be known that the names of more than a million soldiers, with the companies and regiments in which they served, must be copied from the old books upon cards by hand. These cards will be placed in the latest improved file cases in alphabetical order, thereby enabling the bureau to find a claim when only the name of the claimant is known. This transfer of the records can be carried out without interfering in any way with the current work of the bureau. The services of clerks writing plain and legible hands will be utilized, and the actual extra expense will be the small amount of money to be expended for cards and file cases.

### Chief Justice Not to Resign.

It is stated that Chief Justice Fuller has no intention of resigning his position. He has frequently told friends and neighbors that no chief justice of the supreme court has ever resigned and that he does not intend to do so, his duties not being so onerous as to require the rest that would come from complete severance of official ties. If this attitude is maintained Secretary Taft may never become chief justice.

### Tuskegee Institute.

The president will spend the best part of Oct. 23 at Tuskegee Institute, and a great exhibition of the institution and its students will be arranged for. A long procession of floats and other displays will pass before the president, representing the work of the institution. A similar exhibition was given upon the occasion of the visit to Tuskegee made by President McKinley in December, 1897.

### Fireproofing of Books.

An interesting experiment was made recently in the bank division of the bindery of the government printing office in the fireproofing of books. The treasury department was responsible for the initial order, which consisted in the substitution of prepared asbestos for the binders' boards and backing, the edges being coated with a fireproof liquid.

### Extension of the Capitol.

Every patriotic American citizen will hope that no obstacle will intrude in the path of an extension of the east front of the capitol at Washington in accord with the plans which have been reported favorably by a joint commission of the senate and house. For several generations this has been a project dear to the heart of almost every congress and always dear to the heart of every lover of art in architecture who could not look at the grand building with a "bill" without a feeling of profound regret that so imposing a pile should be conspicuous in one great defect, that the magnificent dome should seem, from the eastern point of view, to be tottering over for lack of a proper and harmonious pedestal. CARL SCHOFIELD.

### Had One Too Many Himself.

"Serves him right!" murmured Mrs. Hencke, looking up from the paper in which she had been reading of the arrest of a bigamist.

"Serves who right?" asked Hencke.

"Oh, a man who took one wife too many."

"My! Maybe they'd be after me next!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

### Horse Sense.

"Now, he's got what I really call horse sense."

"How, for instance?"

"He never bets on one."—Philadelphia Press.

### His New Vocation.

"John's home from college?"

"Yes."

"What's he going to do now?"

"Well, 'twixt you an' me I think he's just about decided to loaf around an' be one of these here incomprehensible geniuses!"—Atlanta Constitution.

### Shattered Ideal.

"Paw, what does it mean where it says here that the girl's ideal was shattered?"

"Why, it means she found that she could marry a wealthier man."—Detroit Tribune.

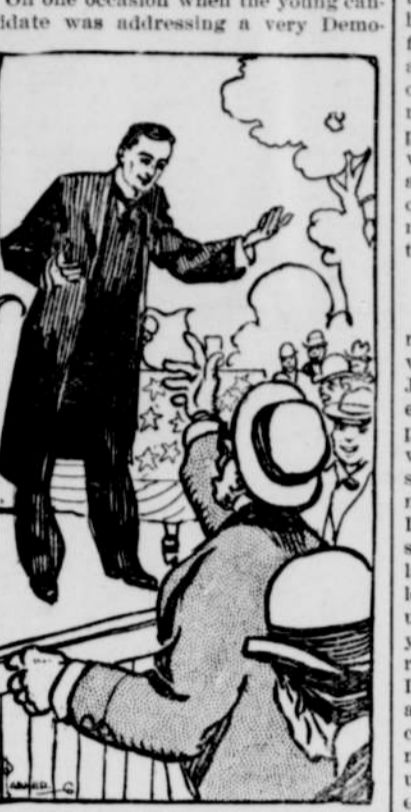
## NEW SHORT STORIES

### An Effective Retort.

Judge Emory Speer, who presides over the United States circuit and district courts for the southern district of Georgia, is the possessor of a nimble and facile wit, says the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post. In earlier days, before he had attained the eminence, Judge Speer was a politician and a power on the stump.

Shortly after reconstruction he ran against Allen D. Candler for congress. Speer was a Republican, and his politics sufficed to bring him unpopularity among a large majority of the white population. It was his wit, his good humor and his unflinching courage that carried him through the campaign without a serious difference and finally brought him to victory.

On one occasion when the young candidate was addressing a very Demo-



cratic and hostile audience a brawny countryman was observed fighting his way through the crowd to the speaker's rostrum. It was evident that he had spent the preceding night with John Barleycorn, for his clothes were rumpled, his hair disheveled and his face of a fiery red that rivaled the noonday sun in brilliancy. Shaking a belligerent fist under the nose of the orator, he exclaimed:

"Sir, you are a demagogue!"

The crowd howled, but Speer was not disturbed. He waited for the noise to subside and then, with a smile and in a tone of entire good humor, rejoined:

"And you, sir, if you would wrap a few wisps of straw about you, would be a demijohn."

The delighted audience roared with appreciative laughter, and the discomfited patriot slunk away. It is said that in no young prospect of the district was Speer's majority larger than that in which this happy retort was made.

### Said in Washington.

At one of the recent White House receptions there was a little case of rapier thrusting between two ladies, and it was delightfully entertaining to those who saw and heard.

There is a famous man in Washington, one who came from the plain people and who continues as one of them. He has a beautiful daughter of aristocratic tendencies who has dug up a family tree somehow or other and who affects superiority which she does not possess in any sense.

The wife of a congressman from a western state was introduced to the young lady and pleasantly said:

"I have met with your distinguished father, Miss—"

"I dare say," replied the young lady languidly, "papa in his position meets all sorts of people."

The western lady flushed and flushed back instantly. "I should suppose so, especially when he is at home!"—Lippincott's.

### The Domestic Mare.

Senator Deboe of Kentucky tells an interesting story concerning a school-teacher in his state who was also a breeder, says the Pittsburg Dispatch. He loved horses and dogs, and he was the owner of a trotter with a good record for speed. One Friday afternoon before dismissing the school he addressed the boys thus:

"Now, boys, I suppose you all know that there will be some horse racing tomorrow. Now, don't you go to the races. The track is no place for boys. But, boys, if you do go to the races don't you do any betting. It is not right to wager money on horses. But, boys, if you do go and if you bet—mind what I tell you—bet on Deacon Abernathy's mare. This is a straight tip."

And the mare won too. She was the old preacher-schoolteacher's thoroughbred under another name.

### Fitz-Hugh Lee's Sense of Humor.

The lamented Fitz-Hugh Lee had a good sense of humor, remarked his warm personal friend, General Jack Hayes, at the Shoreham.

"When General Lee, a few weeks prior to his death, as president of the Jamestown Exposition association, got a telegram from Governor Pennypacker of Pennsylvania that the legislature of that state had made a generous appropriation to that enterprise General Lee wired him back as follows:

"Sincerely thanks. I solemnly promise never more to draw my sword on the soil of Pennsylvania except in its defense!"—Washington Post.

### Unloading Coal Cars in Cleveland.

The gondolas are brought direct to the coal dock and are then hoisted to a great height, trucks and all, the giant crane first lifting the heavy car to the proper position and then quickly turning it over, as a mother turns over her small boy for a spanking. The coal is instantly dropped into the hold of the waiting vessel, the car returned to the rails and sent to the ore dock to be filled with Lake Superior iron.

These unloaders, under ordinary conditions, can unload 500 cars of coal every day. The No. 1 machine handled the biggest tonnage of coal of any machine on the great lakes during the season of 1903. The coal was transferred at an average cost of 4 cents a ton, including the cost of maintenance and depreciation of the plant.—Erie Railroad Employees' Magazine.

### "Ragging" in the British Army.

A recent case of "ragging" on board the British cruiser Kent has been promptly crushed by the suppression of Captain Douglas A. Gamble, her commander, who has been temporarily retired on half pay for allowing such an occurrence on his ship, and by the punishment of others concerned in the affair. The "ragging" occurred in the gun room, where the midshipmen attempted to strip and flog an unpopular comrade. The latter promptly drew a revolver and shot one of the midshipmen in the mouth. The admiralty announces that it is determined to put down "ragging."

### On Other Nights.

Mr. Goodthing—How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby? Her Young Brother—Well, it's a little too small. She has an awful hard time getting it off when the other fellows call.—Exchange.

### Shattered Ideal.

"Paw, what does it mean where it says here that the girl's ideal was shattered?"

"Why, it means she found that she could marry a wealthier man."—Detroit Tribune.

## CHOICE MISCELLANY

### Cuckoo's Eggs.

Mr. Hart of Christchurch, Hampshire, who has made a lifelong study of British birds, has in his fascinating collection a large number of cuckoo's eggs, each in the nest and with the clutch in which they were deposited, and in almost every case the intruder's egg is an exact imitation of the rightful egg, only a size larger. Mr. Hart is convinced that the female cuckoo inspects the eggs in the nest she has chosen before laying her own egg and that her retinal impression affects the coloration of the egg. In one instance the cuckoo chose the nest of a small bird, the name of which I have forgotten, whose nest was a closely woven ball with a tiny hole for entrance. In this case the alien egg was pure white, the cuckoo being unable to see into the bottom of the nest and her mind on the subject being therefore a blank. The plumage of the adult cuckoo is very much like that of hawks, while the young are indefinitely speckled and barred, the supposed reason being that no small bird would dare to feed what it took to be a young hawk in its nest. So the cuckoo has still another charge of mean duplicity against it in addition to the familiar ones.—London Outlook.

### Wealth of an Indian Rajah.

It is believed that Sarajk Roo, the rajah of Baroda, is the possessor of wealth equal if not superior to that of John D. Rockefeller. He was educated in an English university, and his people are well governed. Much of his vast riches is in the form of precious stones. His wife owns the most famous diamond necklace in the world. It is made up of 290 stones, each the size of a hazelnut. She also has a collar of 500 perfect diamonds, none less than twenty carats. In the treasure chamber is a carpet four square yards in surface made up entirely of ropes of diamonds, pearls and rubies. It required \$4,000,000 worth of gems and three years of labor. The long corridors of the palace are lined with marbles and onyx of incalculable value. The palace is steam heated, and electric elevators are placed at frequent intervals. Bronzes, paintings, statuary, all imported and worth many millions of dollars, are scattered throughout the royal dwelling.

### Forecast Spiders to Spin.

Certain green ants in Queensland, which also make their nests of leaves and flowers spun together, are said to keep spiders to spin for them. Whether these latter do it spontaneously or require to be held as the larvae of the other species does not seem to have been determined. In the devices of these ants there is surely one of nature's hints to human inventors. Since the days of the spider artist in the University of Lagado, spider silk has been a dream. The difficulty of its realization has been chiefly the pugnacious nature of the spider, which prevents their being kept together. But a machine has been invented which seems to overcome the difficulty. It is described as a sort of frame containing twenty-four miniature gulleottes, the blunt knives of which descend on the waists of the spiders and hold them fast. A number of the threads are secured together on a hook and slowly drawn out.—London Globe.

### Demands on a Postoffice.

The postoffice at Chester, Pa., is regarded by some people as an accommodation bureau. One man last week asked for a letter carrier's pouch, saying he wanted it for a game bag, while another could not comprehend why he should be refused the use of the night collector's horse and wagon. A day or two ago Postmaster John A. Wallace was called from his private office into the corridor of the building and was confronted by a strange woman, who asked for the loan of 50 cents. "But why do you come to me for such a favor?" asked the surprised official.

"Why don't you see some of your friends? You are an entire stranger to me." "That may be," replied the caller, with rare naivete, "but I came to see you because I'm a regular customer of this office." This was too much for the postmaster, who reached into his pocket for the half dollar.—Philadelphia Record.

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## HUMOR OF THE HOUR

### Exposed.

"And you told me, Reginald," whispered the bride through her tears as the carriage whirled them away to the railway station, "that you had never before been married!"

"Why, my angel, I never have," he asserted, albeit a guilty flush swept to his forehead.

"And," she continued, her sob becoming more evident, "I trusted you, although you were a stranger when I met you, but now your perfidy is unmasked. Oh, why should things be so?"

"What in the world makes you think such a thing?"

"If you never had been married, how could you keep step so perfectly with the wedding march? No man who hasn't had lots of practice can walk down the aisle and be self possessed while it is being played."—Chicago Tribune.

### Even Then.

Just then the ark came very near turning turtle.

"What on earth caused the commotion?" gasped Mr. Noah. "Earthquake under the water?"

"No," replied Noah. "One of the elephants just sighted a peanut floating by and made a lunge for it."

Which all goes to show it is always best to take a bag of peanuts along whenever one goes.—Chicago News.

### Trying to Keep Up.

"Do you think there will be any serious trouble between Norway and Sweden?"

"I hope not," answered the pallid man with blue glasses. "I've just got through struggling with Spanish, Russian and Japanese. I don't feel strong enough to tackle Scandinavian yet!"—Washington Star.

### Of No Consequence.

After the silence had begun to be awkward he cleared his throat and said:

"I don't think, Miss Dimpleton—"

"Oh, I know you don't," she hastily replied, "but it doesn't really matter. Isn't the moon just lovely tonight?"—Chicago Record-Herald.

### Diagnosis.

Young Physician—Your lips are exceptionally large and peculiarly shaped. You are doubtless a musician?

Patient—Correct.

Young Physician—And may I ask what instrument you play?

Patient—Bass drum!



### As Usual.

He—Yes, Doris trusts me. I am sure of it, because she admitted her age to me.

She—Wasn't that clever of her?

He—How do you mean?

She—Why—er—clever to make you believe it!—Detroit Free Press.

### A Hint to the Poets.

"That new poet is at last convinced that there's money in the literary business."

"Sold a poem, has he?"

"No; had his hair cut and sold it to the barber for a sofa pillow."—Atlanta Constitution.

### Two Views.

Musician (dronically)—I am afraid my music is disturbing the people who are talking over there.

Hostess—Dear me! I never thought of that. Don't play so loudly.—New York Weekly.

### An Easy Job.

Mrs. Crawford—Why won't your husband buy you an auto?

Mrs. Cranshaw—He says we can run into debt fast enough now without employing machinery.—Puck.

### Surprised.

"Ella gets her beautiful complexion from her mother."

"Is her mother a chemist?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### Woman's Intuition.

Jim—What is woman's intuition anyhow?

Jack—It is that quality in a wife that makes her husband discharge a pretty stenographer.—New York Press.

### The Great Divide.

Freddie—What's a pedestrian, dad?

Cobwigger—He's a man who can't afford an auto.—New York Times.

### The Lay of the Hen.

I love the carol of the lark. The starting's thrilling note, The voice of nightingale at dark Which through the air will float; I like the lark's tune so sweet, The thrush song in the glen, But better far I love to eat. The fresh lay of the hen. —St. Louis Republic.