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## WHICH DID SHE MEAN FOR LITTLE FOLKS.

HOW MEMBERS OF A RURAL PARTY GOT TO MORALIZING.

and Other Members of His Family How Easy It Is to Rob the Unsophisticated. The Result Wasn't Just as He Calculated.

It was a truly rural party that waited in harrowing suspense for the train which was to leave in two or three lours. They had been to a fair, and in their periods of comparative re-pose passed the time recounting their experiences and observations.

'I can't he'p bein anxious," the old gentleman said apologetically to a gate tender. "Ye see, there ain't nobody to tome, an somebody up in our country is developin a ter'ble appetite fur Leg-horn chickens, which is my specialty. I don't like the idee of stayin here overnight, dodgin bunko steerers, when we orter be chasin chickin thieves." "Haven't you got a hired man on the

"We brought 'im along. He was willin to pay his own way, an ez he'd of quit ef I hed told 'im he'd gotter stay, I thort it 'ud save trouble in the

"Yes siree," chimed in the hired man, who came up just at that point in the conversation, "I had to move weth the percession. An I wou. in't of missed seein what I did fur nothin. I guess l TERMS STRICTLY CASH. got through weth more sights than anybody else in the hull outfit."

"I reckon ye didn't come across any more that was new an startlin than some of the rest of us," replied the old gentleman in a blase tone of toleration. "I know of one thing thet ye didn't see, fur mother says she had her eye on ye all the time. Hev ye got any money?"
"Two dollar an sixty cenis," was

the self satisfied response.
"Then ye didn't see whut I'm talkin about. Ye run over to thet store an buy 8 cents' wuth of English walnuts an I'll show it to ye. I'll be over whur mother an Zeb is, 'cause it'll interest them too."

When the hired man came back from his errand, the old gentleman was saying to his wife: "I was out fur experience, an ye can't git experience without its costin a leetle somethin. I learnt a new game, an I want Zeb an the hired man ter know about it, so's ter put 'em on their guard again the wickedness of this here world. All ye need is some walnut shells an a paper wad."

The members of his household followed him to the window ledge, and, after a few preliminary passes to loosen up his muscles for feats of legerdemain,

he paused to remark: 'Now, ye'll understan, of course, thet this here ain't no lesson in gamblin. I jes' wanter show ye how it's When ye go ter town, ye'll know jes' ez much about it ez them sharpers does an be on yer guard. It's a game whur the man ez does the guessin ain't got no show whutsomever.'

He manipulated the shells and the paper wad in imitation of the man he

'Course, I don't want ye ter bet nothin, 'cause that 'ud be jes' like robbin yer. But it won't do no harm fur ye ter make a guess, so's ter show ye how the dag-on-ed swindle operates. "I'll bet ye my new knife agin that buckhorn handled one of yer'n thet I kin pick out the shell ez hez the paper wad under it." remarked the hired man.

"I wouldn't let ye do it. Don't ye onderstan' thet this is a skin game I'm cagerly and nipped the banana skin with his soft lips. When it was gone, he looked up wistfully, but the white hairgot that ther paper wad located an ye ed old man was walking on up the street da'sn't bet thet I ain't."

acks. Put up yer knife." The stakes were laid on the window ledge, and the hired man promptly se-

lected the right shell. tleman, "ye've guessed it! It must 'a' been by a miracle." He tried it again, and this time not only the hired man, but Zeb and the old lady, risked all their available small

change. Again the amateur thimble rigger juggled the shells, and with the "Better own up au quit, father," suggested Zeb.

"I won't do nothin of the kind," was the reply. the course of time he issued promissory notes for a saddle blanket, a pair of boots, six pearl collar tuttous, a calico dress, a pair of bearskin gloves, seven plugs of tobacco and \$4.50. But he was not discouraged. He was pre-paring for another shuffle of the walnut shells, when his wife exclaimed:

There was a simultaneous rush for the gate. Their train had been gone nearly 15 minutes.

"Elihu, ain't it purty Lear train

"Waal," said the old gentleman, "it's disapp'intin ter hev ter set here sell the nex' one goes, but we've had the benefit of the exposy, anyhow. Ye ain allus dror a moral from most anything that happens. It all goes ter show thet there ain't any way of bein re'ly safe in games of chance, to matter which side ye're on."

"Yes," said Zeb, "it all come ter pass long of hevin ter kill time in this bere

'Whur's the hired man?" "He told me thet, cz is would be a good while tell the train went, he reckoned he'd take some of his winnin's an paint the town a little bit." The old lady passed around some red apples and remarked:

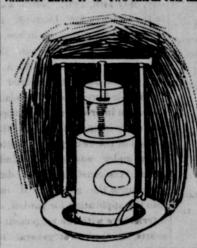
'To my way of thinkin, there's another eternal truth thet this afternoon bez demoustrated.' What is it, Mirandy?" "A fool an his money are soon

parted. And her husband never took the ble to inquire whether she meant him or the hired man. - Washington Star.

WATER POWER. A Simple Little Engine That Any Smart

The principle illustrated in the acempanying cut might readily serve to generate power without the use of ma-chinery. We give it, however, marely as an interesting and easily made exper-

Pour water into a good sized glass tumbler until it is two-thirds full and



stand it upon a canister to give it the necessary elevation. Through the flat stout straw, which transversely supports one of the same diameter. To the latter are attached two other straws of smaller diameter, each of these having a bit of straw about an inch in length attached to the end at an obtuse angle, with the outlets cut on the slant to facilitate the exit of the water.

All the joints are hollow and are made water tight with sealing wax. The ends of the transverse straw are like-wise closed with the wax, but the ends of the depending straws are left open. Now, to start this unique homemade

pparatus in action, let two persons suck the open ends of the depending straws until the water begins to flow, and when they take their mouths away the device will begin to revolve, while the water pours steadily from the open ends.

This revolving siphon will scon empty the tumbler, but you may keep

let it pour out. A Boy and a Banana Skin.

One day last week a white haired old gentleman was walking up Fifth avenue with his cane. Not far in front of him dawdled a boy eating a big ripe ba-nana. It was near the noon hour, and the street was thronged with people hurrying off to lunch. Presently the boy, having finished the banana, drop-ped the skin on the sidewalk and went whistling up the street. The old gentle-man stopped and bent over slowly, lean-ing heavily on his cane, and picked up the banana skin. Just then the boy looked over his shoulder and saw what paper wad in imitation of the man he the old man had done. He stopped, with had seen at the fair, and stepping back his hands in his pockets, and watched forlorn old dray horse, with its head hung down and one leg bowed out. He locked as if he hadn't had enough to eat in months.

The old man held out the banana skin, and the discouraged old horse instantly pricked up his ears. He was evidently suspicious at first that a joke was being played on him, but it was only for a moment. He reached forward with his cane. The boy stepped whis-"I da'sn't, da'sn't I? I don't like ter tling. He was thinking, and so were a take no advantage of ye, but ye're a score of other people who saw the little man growed an responsible fur yer own incident.—Chicago Record.

Some Schoolboy Definitions

In a recent examination some boys were asked to define certain words and "By hokey," exclaimed the old gen- to give a scatence is netrating the meaning. Here are a few: Frantic is wild; I picked some frantic flowers. Athletic, strong; the vinegar was too athletic to use. Tandem, one behind another; the boys sit tandem at school. And then some single words are funnily explained. Dust is mud with the wet squeezed out. Fins are fishes' wings. Stars are the moon's eggs. Circumference is the dis-tance around the middle of the outside. -Educational Gazette.

Curious toys may be made of cork. One of these is the well known little tumbier such as is generally constructed of pith. But cork, especially if it be horlowed, will answer the purpose quite as well. Make the puppet of three or four cerks, shape and paint it as skill-fully as you can, and glue to the feet, or under them, little hemispheres of lead. When thrown into any position, the figure, of course, rights itself, and, like a cat, always falls on its feet. It is quite possible to make a cat of pith or of cork

"If it wasn't for me, my class in hool wouldn't have any standing at l," said Hubert. "Nonsense!" said his aunt. "Your

mother says you are the foot of it.' "I am," said Lubert. "How could it stand if it cicn't have a foot?"—Philadelphia Times.

Little Mary's Logie. Little Mary was sent to the store one y to have some sirup sent up for the

"Does your mother want refined strup?" asked the merchant. "I think she does," answered Mary. "She is a very nice lady."—Youth's

One Good Reason. Bettie Witless-Why does that little boy always go barefooteu?
Sallie Knowall--Why, because he has more feet than shoes.—Harper's Pound Table.

Fiants That Spread Quickly.

The dandetion is an old world flower, not native in America, save far to the north and on some of the highest of our western mountains. But somehow it was brought here, perhaps from England, in old colonial times. Now we see its golden heads and feathery balls at every grassy roadside, the "clocks" the boys and girls blow to tell the hour. A few years ago farmers in the northwest found a new weed, a vile, prickly weed, in their wheatfields. In a very short time this weed, the Russian thistle, has spread over wide acres of the best farm land in that part of the country and has

done great injury to the crops.

How do these plants spread so fast and so far? They are not carried about and planted. No one would be so foolish as to sow Russian thistles. The mother plant must have ways of her own for sending her offspring abroad into the world. Plants propagate them-selves in two ways, from seed or from buds. Sometimes these buds are borne on slender runners. A strawberry plant, on stender runners. A strawberry plant, after it has blossomed, begins to send out such runners, with buds, unfolding tufts of leaves, along them These tufts are at first connected with the parent are at first connected with the paren-plant, but later the runners between break away, and each tuft becomes a new plant. Many grasses, like Bermuda grass and the troublesome quick or couch grass, have creeping stems, each joint sending out a bunch of roots below and bud on the upper side. If you try to nos up such grasses, you only make matters worse, for each joint when cut off is ready to form an independent plant. Such grasses spread very fast and soon take possession of the land they get into.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in St.

Another on the List.

"Hello, Stimson, what's all that whistling about? Not trying to raise the wind, are you!" "No," said Stimson, unpuckering his mouth from a violent effort to produce "Benny Havens, Oh." "I am merely reviving old melodies."

"But I never before even suspected you of being musical," and his triend looked anxious.

"Oh, I say, hang it, can't a fellow whistle without being called to task about it?" "Not when whistling is so seldom heard that it is in danger of becoming one of the lost arts." the action up as long as you please by pouring water in as fast as the straws

"Well, I must own up, I see. I am

not whistling for amusement, nor for the music that's in it. I am whistling for my health "Your health? Nonsense!" "There's no nonsense about it. Look at my chest. It has increased two inches in girth since I began to whistle. The exercise has done it. I have expanded the muscles, and the pull on the ribs has strengthened them, and my general health is benefited. You see, I have em-

ployed a new method of compressed air treatment." "You mean that you have added one more to the list of cranks."
"Nothing of the kind. But I have given the idiots who are always asking fool questions one more question for their repertories. S'long." — Detroit

An Actor's Stories. Mr. Mcrrison recounted two anecdotes his experiences in playing Faust. At one place the trapdoor through which he disappears in the fifth act refused to work, and, to use his expression, "his plume stood erect."

There was an awful pause for a mobody sung out: "Holy Moses, bell's full!" At another time, while breakfasting at a hotel, he noticed that the colored

"Can't you open it?" he seked up ar

waiter who brought him his meal kept staring at him. He told the waiter that he might go. "When I need you," he added, "I will send for you." "Need nie?" exclaimed the waiter in evident recollection of Mephisto. "Say, Mr. Morrison, I went to your show last

"And how did you like it?"

"Like it! Say, Mr. Morrison, last scene was awful. But one t consoled me. I couldn't see any in bell!"-New York Letter. Holmes and Ke Of the many anecded materating the genial bumor as the genial bumor as the state of the pet's classmates, John Bosmen Kert of Hary-

Mr. Kerr was as aristocodic in his notions as Holmes bimeels, and was so unusually particular about the spelling of his name that it because a laughing matter with the students. Twenty years after the class had graduated Mr. Kerr had occasion to visit Boston, and while there called upon his old classmate, then grown famous. When Mr. Kerr was ushered into Holmes' study, the poet hurried forward, and, seizing his old friend with both hands, cried heartily, "Welcome to Boston, J-o-h-n B o-zm-a-n K-e-r-r," as fast as be could spell it .- Washington Post.

His Only Joke.

John Anthon, who lives in law libraries between the covers of an old calfskin treatise labeled "Anthon's Nisi Prius," was a gentleman of solemn visage, solemn mien and solemn address while ut the bar But he was known in a moment of impatience to be care fun-ny. Opposed to a lawyer named Ed-mund J. Porter, he began his address to the jury by saying, "Now, gentlemen, I shall ask your aid to bottle up Porter," who quickly responded, "If they do, I shall foam."—Green Bag.

The Boy Was Willing

Hired Boy (on a farm)—Kin I go fishin this afternoon?

Farmer—No. But be a good boy and work hard an mebbe next week you kin go to a funeral. Hired Boy-Kin I go to yourn!-

Epoch.

OR