

ODDS AND ENDS.

TAKEN LITERALLY.

It seems that night to learn Sue's mind—
Joe Deaky was the reason.
A rival's good at times, I find,
To make us force a reason.
I'd called for a year till Joe
Set jealousy a-burnin'.
An then I wrote I'd call to know
How she viewed my journal,
As in the letter that I sent,
Although a sorry scholar,
I paid her many a compliment,
Such as the ones that follow:
"I've heard in some of your voice arise
An echo of the flowers' spirit,
An often, look in your eyes,
I've heard the mockingbirds sing!"
But when I called she seemed more shy
For some cause or another
An tried, I thought, as time flew by,
My fondest hopes to smother.
"Dear Sue," he said, "I said at last
An edged a little higher,
But not one word—her eyes downcast
Or looks in the eye,
An then she faded her eyes as in
An said, my bosom thrills:
"You say you've heard, by looking in
My eyes, the mockingbirds' lullaby."
Why should I speak, then? Seems to me
That you're a curious man, sir,
For if you look once more, you see,
Why can't you hear my answer?"
—Will T. Hale in Chicago Times Herald.

THE PUBLIC HOUSE.

"A fine public house," said Blanco Watson, the tourist.
"Yes," I replied, looking at the building we were approaching, "but a strange position—away from the high road, and surrounded by villas."
"A very strange position. We will rest in the public house, and I will tell you how it came to be built in such a very strange position."
I smiled and followed him into the public house. We sat at one of the tables and were silent for a time, he thinking and I watching him. "The story begins," he said presently, "with a burglary committed by a certain Bill Jones one night long ago."
"Bill was a young member of his profession. Hitherto he had not attempted anything very big, but continued success in small things had made him bold. On this night he broke into the country house of a well known actress, in the hope of carrying off her jewels."
"He succeeded in getting the jewels and was leaving with them when he found that the slight noise he had made had attracted attention. A servant girl had seen him at the doorway and had begun to shriek. He rushed by her and through the window through which he had entered. As he passed through it again he heard doors being opened and knew that the house was fully aroused."
"I understand," I said. "Bill escaped. The actress employed a detective. The detective built this public house in an out of the way place, hoping that Bill, as an out of the way young man, would call in one day for a drink. Curiously enough, Bill did."
"Blanco Watson frowned.
"This is an intellectual story," he said. "It does not depend on coincidences."
"I will continue. Bill avoided the first pursuit by a long run across country, and then walked toward his home, not daring to use the railway. He kept to the byroads as much as possible, and at the close of the next day had reached the neighborhood of London."
"A spade lying inside a field gate suggested to him the advisability of hiding the jewels until he had arranged for their sale. After making sure that he was not observed he entered the field and picked up the spade. A tree of peculiar growth stood just beyond him. In the manner of fiction, he carried the spade due north from the tree and then dug a deep hole, placed the jewels in it and filled it up again."
"He arrived home safely that night, but was arrested in the morning. The servant girl had given an accurate description of him to the police, and they had recognized it."
"In due course he was tried. The evidence against him was very strong. The servant girl swore that he was the man who had met on the stairs. Some of the villagers swore that they had seen him at the house previous to the burglary. He was found guilty and sentenced to seven years' penal servitude."
"Bill behaved very well in prison and at the end of five years was released on a ticket of leave. He decided to wait until the ticket had expired and then get the jewels and leave the country, at a day or two after his release he walked out to look at the field."
"There was no field. During the five years he had been in prison the estate which the field was part had been sold upon. He wandered about the houses in despair. But as he turned a corner he saw something which suggested hope. Behind some railings was a tree of curious growth."
"It was the tree 20 steps due north of which he had buried the jewels. He recognized it immediately and ran toward it. Again he was in despair. A guard or two north of the tree was in the chapel, and the jewels were under the chapel. He leaned against the railings, covering his face with his hands."
"It happened presently that the head of the chapel, a kindly old man, came down the road. He saw Bill standing like one in trouble and stopped and asked what was the matter and whether he could help."
"For a few moments Bill did not know what to reply, but then he spoke well. He said that once he had been a burglar, but that he had learned in prison that burglary is wrong; that now he was trying to live an honest life, but that he had no friends it was not easy."
"The old man was touched. He had found Bill leaning against the chapel railings, and Bill had said that he had no friends. It was his duty as head of the chapel to be a friend to Bill. Clearly it was."
"He took Bill home with him. He was a taylor, and there was no one to befriend him. They had supper and talked together. The deacon found Bill intelligent and fairly well educated and offered him employment.

WAR POETRY.

The Ladrono Incident.
The Spanish gov'nor of the Isles
Within his little fort
Beheld with host becoming smiles
The Yankee soldier port.
"You're welcome, gentlemen," he said
In quite engaging tones,
"You've been nicely born and bred,
This chief of the Ladronos."
"Now tell me frankly, if you please,"
"Then I will make you honest."
"To place you fully at your ease,
You and your noble crew."
"Thank you," the Yankee replied,
"I want you, and I want beside
Your post of small Ladronos."
They brought him round with smelling salts,
And then they told him all
His history with many halts
The story they let fall.
He listened with a stony look,
No light with inward glow,
And then he said he did not look
With "Here are your Ladronos."
The Yankee captain took the blade
And murmured his regret.
His compliments he bowed and paid,
And added, "By no means."
"I'm glad you're so friendly and kind,
I'd love to be in blood and run so red
This sword my small Ladronos."
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

WAR POETRY.

Get your 1900 wheel and come along with me
To take a ride through Cuba Libre, the gem
The island which is chainless, like our bikes,
And, now she's free,
Let us go biking through Cuba.
Since the Spanish horde has fled the island
Lacks in peace,
All now is smiling plenty and the industries
Increase,
For Uncle Sam is fondly caring for his boys,
Toons nice.
Let us go biking through Cuba.
Hurray, hurrah, we'll ride from shore to shore!
Hurray, hurrah, free Cuba evermore!
Blessed now forever is the shock of battle's
Roar.
As we go biking through Cuba.
The Pickle Pair.
The gossips are abusing a certain
Pretty Atchison girl whose sweetheart
Is with the volunteers at Camp Alger
For coming down town the other night
With another young man for soda water.
Although it is less than two
Months since he enlisted to fight and
Perhaps bleed for his country, she is al-
ready fickle. When he comes back with
the medals pinned all over his breast
and scorns her, how she will bitterly
repent taking that glass of soda water
with another—Atchison Globe.
Treason.
"What's the matter, old man? You
seem dejected."
"I am. I did a terrible thing this
morning."
"I hope you didn't lose any money
on wheat?"
"No, but I forgot one of my clerks
when the dictionary came over was here,
and so that'll cut down the estimate of
our population. I don't know how I
shall ever be able to look my fellow citi-
zens in the face again."—Chicago News.
Expenses Needed.
Robert—I am trying to learn to ride
my wheel without touching the handle
bars.
Richard—Any particular reason?
Robert—Very particular. You see,
if, when I was riding along, a footpad
should suddenly confront me and order
me to hold up my nose, I couldn't do
it without falling off.—Boston Trans-
cript.
Mr. Asbury Peppers.
"Oh, yes," said the medical student
boastfully. "I have read of several cases
where rheumatism shifted from the
limbs to the heart."
"I know a still stranger case," said
Asbury Peppers. "I know a young man
who had a broken finger, and when
they would not let him enlist he was
heartbroken."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

WAR POETRY.

Extraordinary Man.
"Extraordinary? Well, I should say
he was."
"In what way?"
"Why, he rides a bicycle and doesn't
not as if he thought he was a racer every
time he gets on a crowded boulev-
ard."—Chicago Post.
His Reasons.
Housewife—If you are as patriotic as
you claim to be how is it you haven't
volunteered?
Tramp—Alas, dear lady, pork and
beans do not agree with me, while coffee
makes me bilious.—New York Journal.
Back Fence Amusement.
The Lady in the Sunbath—Oh, I
guess you think whatever you say goes!
The Lady in the Curl Papers—If you
hear it, it does. It goes all over the
neighborhood.—Indianapolis Journal.
The Cheerful Presence.
"I can't understand how some people
always have a good time wherever they
go."
"That's easy enough. They take it
along with them."—Chicago Record.
In Camp.
First Soldier—How did you like that
meal?
Second Soldier—I guess this must be
that male we killed at Matanzas.—
Town Topics.
One Grain of Comfort.
"War is playing havoc with business
everywhere."
"Yes, but the price of wheat makes
it a grain of comfort for western farm-
ers."—Vim.
Terns.
"What do you think of our new cor-
respondent's dispatches?"
"Don't think they are worth the re-
spondent's stamp."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

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and I owe it all to Ripans Tablets. I am thirty-
seven years old, have no occupation, only my
household duties and nursing my sick husband.
He has had the dropsy and I am trying Ripans
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may use my letter and name as you like.
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his head, constipation
and complaint of his
stomach. He could not
eat. His children of his
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not do did not agree
with him. He was thin
and of a sallow color.
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stomach. He is now a red, chubby-faced boy. This
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