

### MOTHER SAYS "COME IN."

In memory still I plainly hear  
My mother calling: "Willie, dear—  
Come, Willie! Hurry in!"  
In fancy I can see the door  
And hear her say: "Come in!"  
And hear her say: "Come in!"  
In every gladdest hour of play  
My joys were always swept away,  
For mother ne'er forgot to say  
"Oh, Willie! Now come in!"

O it was long ago that I  
Obed that sweet, that fond old cry  
Of "Willie dear, come in!"  
And oh, I would that I could be  
A child again, back there, and she  
Remained to call me in!  
Ah, when my cares are put away,  
When I am through with toil and play,  
Shall I, up there, hear mother say,  
In loving tones, "Come in?"  
—Chicago Times-Herald.

### An Interrupted Dream

JULIA PRIMM had finished teaching her first country school. The last day had come and gone, with "pieces" by the brightest pupils. The child wonder had lapsed several verses to the infinite delight of its parents and broken down in the same place where it had been prompted twenty times before. The fat girl with a penchant for the pathetic had wrung the eyes of her listeners with her most dolorous selection. The promising young man, a favorite of the teacher's, had rendered "Spartacus to the Gladiators" in such stentorian tones as to stampede some passing cattle.

The parents had departed astonished at the prodigious progress of everybody, and the scholars one by one had said goodby and disappeared through the doorway.

The tall, smart-looking schoolmarm was writing home to the folks in the East. She was trying to put some of the ludicrous things that had happened into her letter and leave out the home-sickness. It was no easy matter. For six months she had thought of little else but the nice, bookish people in her dear college town in Massachusetts and contrasted them with the frightful specimens about her. Julia Primm was well educated, having been reared in a family where a knowledge of English grammar was thought necessary to salvation.

She packed up a few of the letters from her mother to read during vacation and started for the door. A mo-



"WHAT, AARON, YOU HERE?"

ment's glance at the lengthening shadows told her she had lingered too long. It was a dark, lonely walk to her boarding house through the woods. Though not a timorous person, she might have given way to a shudder, when she noticed her largest pupil waiting at the door.

"What, Aaron, you here?"  
"Yes, I got a sort of hankering after the old spot," said the student of the elements of English grammar, slipping her bundle of letters into his capacious pocket. "Fact is, you've done so much for me, I felt as if I wanted to ax ye somethin' the very worst way, if you don't mind."

"Well, what is it? There's no need to be backward," she said, suspecting nothing.

"I jes' felt as ef I couldn't go home till I—"

Before the astounded teacher could gather strength enough for an emphatic "no" a kiss had descended upon her thin, precise lips.

"I didn't want to ruffle ye overmuch," said Aaron, soothingly, "but I reckoned you'd done so much for me and you knowed I thought a heap of you all along and couldn't help it."

She turned to leave abruptly without a word of rebuke, but the woods were too dark and threatening; plainly he had selected the best time for his overture.

"I thought you came to school for something else," was the meanest thing she could think of to say.

"Well, I've tryin' to get all I could get out of school, and you can't blame me ef I thought the schoolmarm was the best thing I could get."

"I don't think you can explain your conduct in that way," she said, but nevertheless he continued:

No one appreciated better than Miss Primm his struggle with the rule of three and the past participle. She had encouraged his efforts and told him to ask questions when in doubt. The little green arithmetic had been a sore trial to him, but she shared his satisfaction completely when he mastered it. Going to and from meeting he had been her constant escort; it had never occurred to her that he had any other motive than a desire to learn. And now it appeared that her efforts had been largely in vain. Her own earnest pupil had turned out a lover, and she did not know what to do with him. Never having played the coquette, she was at a loss to know what answer to give to his proposal, but perhaps her silence was effective enough.

"Everybody knows I tried hard enough to fit myself, but I jes' allowed if I didn't marry an education some of the fine points might escape me. Of course I hadn't given up tryin'—I got a heap mapped out for summer evenin's."

It was the teacher that answered:

"Nothing short of Latin and Greek will do. I assure you, and then if you are of the same mind—"

"Oh, I never expect to change that," he said with determination, and if she hadn't taken her letters very quietly

### TEXAS GIRL'S ZIG-ZAG CAREER PUTS FICTION ON THE SHELF.

The dime novelist may now go out of business. Here are the facts: Elaine Sinclair, born in a log cabin, in Blanco County, Texas. Farm boys fought about her before she was 13. Trashy books gave her a longing for fine garments. She put on her brother's clothes, took a gun and waylaid the stage which had passed by her house every day since her birth. No suspicion as to Elaine.

Several months after she returned home, "dressed to kill." Her old mother said Elaine had been visiting her rich aunt, who died and left her money.

Son of rich banker in the country—Stocum was his name—married the girl. Honeyymoon in New Orleans. Bride wanted to go abroad. Groom said no. Bride taken ill. Groom's father, rich old banker, comes on to see what's the matter. Few days later son sent home; old man fingers; hypnotized by his daughter-in-law. They elope to Europe. One day daughter-in-law disappears with young and handsome man.

Old man Stocum, nearly penniless, works his way home on tramp steamer. Amount alleged to have been spent by Stocum pere, \$40,000.

Six months later, Elaine returned to Blanco County, Texas, her old home, radiant in ribbons, dazzling with diamonds.

A few months later, in New Orleans again. Cage Horn, pilot of Creole, and also a high roller as a gambler, meets her. Hypnotized. They travel up and down the river.

One night she proposes a scheme to Cage Horn. Steal the boat and take it into other waters. She does it. Boat slips her cables and gets away. Reaches

and retreated to her boarding house, a similar outbreak to that which commenced their journey might have occurred.

When left alone in her own room Julia gave herself up to reflection. Her carefully formed plans for the future were upset; her dearest anticipations were dashed; her dream had been succeeded by a reality which, something told her, was much the best thing. All during her school life she had been preparing for a career; there were many bright spots in it, but it was unmixt with sentiment. She would go West and make a competence. This would take about five years, and it meant contact with a vastly different element from that of her own quiet college town—but she would persevere.

There were lots of poor boys who lacked mothers, there were sewing circles that needed encouragement, she might even indulge moderately in cats and parrots, and, best of all, she would find a missionary society to give light to certain portions of the globe that are said to be languishing in heathen darkness.

But all this was idle speculation now. She was called to another sphere. She must marry and settle down here in the wilderness, where there was sufficient heathen darkness at home. The classics would be more than useless, culture would be superfluous, hard work alone would tell. Her imagination faltered while she dropped a bundle of old letters and a mist came before her eyes.

Days after she pondered the same question. She had the letter already written to her people, telling of her altered intentions, but she hesitated to mail it. After all, Aaron was very young and impulsive. Did he know his own mind? Did she know hers? Was it not her education he courted?

Vacation was rapidly passing. Julia still clung fondly to her former career. She was thinking constantly of Aaron, but she never saw him and seldom heard from him. People at her boarding house said he had changed; they all said she had changed. She longed to know something, but to ask would surely create gossip. About this time odd stories began to be current.

"What do you think?" said a neighbor. "Aaron Wood has chopped out a shanty big enough for a meetin' house. He raised the logs himself during harvest. What do you suppose alls the fellers?"

"Dunno," said another. "I found him studyin' some nonsense he called Greek. I guess he's a trifle addled. I told him he'd better learn Choctaw—'twould be more use to him, and he could make more out of it. He allowed he'd make a heap out of Greek of things turned out right. I'll like to see him do it!"

The country looked its best when Julia set out for school on the first day of the new term. The woods were quite green, but here and there were crimson splashes of autumn. The crops were in, contentment reigned, and a general desire was felt for more refinement throughout the district.

But the spell of peacefulness and plenty did not suffice to quiet the troubled soul of Julia Primm. For the first time in life she was disposed to underrate the classics. She could not endure the thought of Aaron's making himself ridiculous even in the search for knowledge, of being the sport of these poor wits. Julia's conscience was one easily disturbed. She felt that she had been doing him a great wrong. She did not want him to study himself to death, but there was only one way to prevent it.

When she reached the school Aaron was already in his seat. He was busy at work with more books than would go into his desk; strange books that had never entered that school before. She laid down her parasol and removed her veil. His face was very red and expectant. It was no longer the boy who came early and sweet out the room—the bright, eager, questioning look had faded out of his countenance—he seemed almost middle-aged. In a moment all doubt of his affection vanished.

"You mustn't study any more for awhile," she said.

"Well, you know what I am studyin' for, don't you?"

"Yes; but you've studied enough for that already."

And that evening she mailed the letter to her people.—Waverly Magazine.

A scientist has discovered that house cleaning is caused by a microbe.



ELAINE SINCLAIR

the Rio Grande and is repainted and floated under the name of Elaine. For weeks and weeks the voyages were like that which Cleopatra is said to have made on the Nile when she wove the meshes about Anthony.

Weeks later, Alva Lugo, Mexican gambler, on board. Big game between him and Cage Horn. Latter loses. Finally puts up the boat and loses his craft. Horn shoots himself and dies in Elaine's lap.

Elaine in Guadalajara. Married to rich old Don. Lives in a palace. Still beautiful, still youthful, still a dream! Enter rich Don's son. Hypnotized. Elaine elopes with him. Old Don in hot pursuit. Overtakes elopers as they are about to set sail for South America. Elaine defiant. In chains; then in jail, in Guadalajara. Son escapes. Here the facts run out.

SENATE'S LITTLE GIANT.

Spooner of Wisconsin Said to Be a Presidential Possibility.

The eyes of some of the political prophets at Washington are on Senator John C. Spooner, of Wisconsin. They think he is good presidential timber and has an excellent chance of being nominated in 1904. Spooner is of an interesting figure. He is small of stature, quick and fiery in debate and one of the most independent men in the Senate, says a Washington writer. Nobody controls Spooner but himself. He has been the ablest and most eloquent defender of the present administration in the great crisis of the last few years and at the same time has shown the most independence. He threw down the gauntlet to Senator Hanna and refused to regard the ship subsidy bill as a party measure.

Spooner is called the little giant of debate in the Senate. He does not speak often. He is reserved for emergencies and when he speaks there is a full Senate to hear him. He has all the attributes of the orator, and, coupled with these, all the methods of a great lawyer. These combined make him the most invulnerable debater in the Senate. He has the fire of Tillman and the culture of Lodge, the quiet wit of Mason and the profundity of Hoar; the eloquence of Dewey or Foraker and the

exactness of statement of Platt, of Connecticut, or Hale, of Maine. In debate he combines all the qualities of all the other forcible men in the Senate and with all these attributes he has more independence than most of them. The administration counsels with Spooner, but does not always win him to its measures. When there are differences of opinion, he holds his own.

Spooner is an Indian by birth, but has been a resident of Wisconsin since 1859. He was educated there, enlisted in the Union army there, carried a musket in the ranks, and afterwards commanded a company in a Wisconsin regiment; was brevetted major at the close of service and became private and military secretary to Governor Fairchild. He began his law practice in the Wisconsin woods, at Hudson, was elected to the Legislature, and after that was known only as a promising lawyer until he was elected to the United States Senate in 1885. He attracted attention in the Senate as an orator in his eulogy in memory of the "Black Eagle of Illinois" when Senator John Logan died. That eulogy stamped Spooner as one of the men of rare eloquence in the American Congress, and he has not disappointed his admirers since, whether he spoke from the heart deep sentiments or took up the grave and intricate discussion of constitutional rights or international law. He has neither the commanding presence nor the full volume of voice given to other men who measure words with him in debate, but his speech commands by reason of the great thoughts clothed in graceful language, the sound logic, and the knowledge of law at his command.

Up-to-Date.

Poeticus—I have here a companion poem to "The Man with the Hoe."

Editor—What is it called?

Poeticus—"The Woman with the Ax." and I've dedicated it to Mrs. Nation.—Chicago Chronicle.



JOHN C. SPOONER.

Calamity Jane.

Eagan was one of the first to be shot during the fight that followed, and, happening to be near him, I was able to reach his side in time to prevent him from falling from his horse. I managed to get him on my horse, in front of me, and made a dash for camp, which we reached safely. After recovering from his wound Captain Eagan laughingly called me "Calamity Jane, the heroine of the plains," and the name has stuck to me through life.

Mrs. Burk was born in Princeton, Mo., in 1852. Her father, J. Cannary, was lured to Montana in 1865 by the hope of "striking it rich" in the new gold fields. During the five months' trip overland Martha became an expert rifle shot and a daring rider. Shortly after the family reached Montana the mother died, and the father, being disappointed, decided to return to Missouri. At Salt Lake City he too died, leaving four younger children to the care of Martha, then but 15 years old. Employment was found for her at Fort Bridge, Wyo., and she continued to ride and shoot until her reputation became widespread.

Her association with the soldiers filled her with a longing to go on the warpath against the Indians, and when General Custer was ordered in 1876 to make a campaign against the Apaches in Arizona she decided to put a desperate plan into execution. She put on the suit of a cowboy, clipped a little off the end of her hair, rode to Fort Russell, Wyo., and boldly asked to be engaged as a scout. She was accepted and, though her sex was soon discovered, General Custer let her off with a scolding. She pleaded to be retained, and, as she had proved her ability, she was retained in the service and continued to wear man's clothing.

It was a thrilling campaign, in which she performed a number of daring missions and had several narrow escapes. Only once did she despair of her life. She had been trapped by two Indians, but her marksmanship enabled her to kill one of them and escape. From the Apache campaign she went back to Wyoming to join the expedition under Custer, Miles and Crook. She fought in the campaign against the Nez Percés in 1878, and was in various minor engagements in Montana and Wyoming during the following year. She accompanied General Crook as a scout in 1875 in the expedition to the Black Hills to protect the miners and settlers from the threatening Sioux.

The ill-fated year 1876 found the female soldier with Custer, Miles and Ferry in the Big Horn country in northern Wyoming, where the Indians were creating trouble. It was in this campaign that "Calamity Jane" performed a perilous feat of carrying dispatches through a hostile country. The season was cold and wet, and she had to ford the Platte River near Fort Fetterman. The exposure brought on pneumonia. She was granted an indefinite furlough, which may have served her life, for a few months later occurred the Custer massacre.

Her next employment was as United States mail carrier on the dangerous route between Deadwood and Custer. It was during this period that William H. H. "Wild Bill" was assassinated by Jack McCall, a notorious desperado. "Calamity Jane" joined the posse in pursuit of the murderer, and when he was cornered in a butcher shop she brought him to bay with a cleaver. Her love for army life took her back into the service, and she was assigned to the Seventh Cavalry. She helped to build Fort Mead, S. D., and in 1878 was

honorably discharged. Resuming petticoats, she settled on a ranch near Miles City, Mont., but has since wandered about from place to place in the West. In 1884 she married Clinton Burk at El Paso, by whom she had a daughter in 1886. The husband died in 1895. Mrs. Burk's ambition then was to give her daughter a good education. Though only 50 years of age, "Calamity Jane" bears the scars of a dozen bullets, and the hardships of her life have broken her down. For several years past she has gained a livelihood by selling a book of her adventures.

SPEED OF AN EARTHQUAKE.

Preliminary Tremors Travel at Rate of 30 Miles a Minute.

Speaking of the Indian earthquakes of 1897, a London scientist says the vibrations traveled to Europe, where they were recorded at very many stations, and no doubt would have been equally well recorded at many other places on the surface of our world had there been provided suitable instruments. The preliminary tremors, which are probably waves of compression, traveled through the world to reach Italy and other countries with an average rate of 345 miles a minute, or 9 kilometers a second—a rate which, it will be observed, is higher than that at which similar movements can be transmitted through glass or steel. The large waves, which are probably quasi-elastic surface waves, by traveling over the surface of the earth, reached Europe at a rate of 113 miles a minute, or 2.98 kilometers a second.

It is likely that these latter disturbances reached stations in Europe by traveling from their origin in two directions round the world. As an indication of this, we are told that at several of the European stations slight undulations are to be seen on the seismograms at times we should expect to find such markings, had they traveled from India to Europe by the longest possible route. From the period of these waves, which is taken at twenty-two seconds, and their velocity, their length may be inferred, an estimate of which is thirty-four miles; while their height, as deduced from their length, and the maximum angle of tilting, is estimated at twenty inches.

The slowness of the movement was such that they could not be felt, while the magnitude was such that the unaided eye of an observer would not be able to recognize any differential movements in his surroundings. The largeness of these disturbances and their great duration extending over several hours, preclude them from the category of tremors, vibrations or microseisms.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Coaching for His Conversation.

As an overgrown boy—for I was six feet tall at fourteen—I had experienced all the agonies of bashfulness in the society of the other sex, though greatly attracted to it, says Col. Higginson. I find it difficult to convince my associates of later years that I then habitually sat mute while others chattered. A word or two of remonstrance from my mother had in a single day corrected this during my senior year, so far as the family table was concerned, and this emboldened me to try the experiment on a wider field. I said to myself, thinking of other young men who made themselves quite agreeable: "These youths are not your superiors—perhaps in the recitation room or the playground hardly your equals. Why not cope with them elsewhere?" Thus influenced, I conquered myself in a single evening and lost my shyness forever. The process was unique, so far as I know, and I have often recommended it to shy young men.

### "CALAMITY JANE."

#### ONE OF THE REMARKABLE WOMEN OF THE WEST.

Female in Sex, but a Man in Employment and Association. Noted Character Will End Her Days in a Montana Poorhouse.

"Calamity Jane" has sought an asylum in the poorhouse of Gallatin County, Mont. As a child of the frontier, an army scout in the disguise of a man, a dispatch bearer through a country swarming with a cunning enemy, an Indian fighter feared by the redskins, a mail carrier in the Black Hills, a free rover among the rough characters of the border, a woman in sex but a man in employment and association, "Calamity Jane's" life puts the imagination of the novelist to blush. Her adventures have been the base of a familiar character of the dime novel, but the lurid pen of the yellow writer has concocted no more desperate exploit than actually fell to the lot of this remarkable woman.

In private life "Calamity Jane" is Mrs. Martha Burk. She owes her nickname to Captain Eagan, of the United States army, whose life she saved in a battle with Indians in 1872. She was then only 20 years old, but was already acting as a scout. This is her own story of the incident:

"I was serving under Captain Eagan, and while near Goose Creek on the site of the present town of Sheridan, Wyo., we had a three-day skirmish. We lost six men killed and several wounded. Then our detachment was ambushed about a mile from camp. Captain

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Being invited to a small party, I decided beforehand what young ladies would probably be there. With each one I had, of course, something in common—kinship, or neighborhood, or favorite pursuit. This would do, I reasoned, for a starting point. So I put down on a small sheet of paper what I would say to each, if I happened to be near her. It worked like a charm. I found myself chatting away the whole evening, and heard the same from everybody was surprised at the transformation. I have to this day the little bit of magic paper, on which I afterward undressed, before sleeping, the points actually used.

Heroes Buried by Night.

One of the most romantic burials in history was that of Alaric, the king of the West Goths, who invaded Italy, captured and sacked Rome Aug. 24, 410. After this success he was preparing to carry his arms into Sicily, when he died suddenly at Cosentia, Italy, some of his soldiers buried him in the bed of the River Busento, after turning the water into another channel. With him was interred great treasure and the digging was done by prisoners who afterward were put to death that the exact spot might remain unknown.

Another Roman conqueror, Attila the Hun, was buried in 453 A. D. in the midst of a plain. His body was inclosed in three coffins—the first of gold, the second of silver, the third and outer of iron. He, like Alaric, was surrounded by great treasure and buried by prisoners who were afterward killed.

A third secret and romantic burial was that of the Spanish explorer, Fernando de Soto, the discoverer of the Mississippi River. Shortly after finding the river he died of malarial fever, and to keep his body from falling into the hands of the savages it was placed in a coffin, which at midnight was taken to the middle of the great stream and sunk.—Woman's Home Companion.

Superstitions as to Rattlesnakes.

The American Indian believes the rattlesnake to possess occult virtues, and quite a number of whites seem to have been converted to the same opinion. The sale of rattlesnake oil for rheumatism and neuralgia has grown steadily from the humblest beginning, and is to-day a small but profitable industry. In some parts of Maine, and New Brunswick neckties made of rattlesnake skins are employed as a specific for bad coughs and colds, and the rattle is used by believers in voodoo as the southland as a charm against bad luck.

Take an honest invoice of yourself at least once a year; no man ever helped himself by over-estimating his ability.

The failure of one man is often the beginning of another man's success.

### OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

#### HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that are supposed to have been recently born—sayings and doings that are old, curious and laughable—The Week's Humor.

"Judy and I got into a terrible tangle shopping to-day."

"How?"

"I owed her 10 cents, and borrowed 5 cents and then 50 cents."

"Well?"

"Then I paid her 30 cents for something she bought—"

"Yes?"

"And she paid 40 cents for something I bought, and then we treated each other to ice-cream soda."

"Well?"

"She says I still owe her a nickel."

Reciprocal Devotion.

He—Mrs. Cashley has all the money, yet she and her husband seem to be perfectly in harmony.

She—They are, too. He's watching all the time to get a chance to spend her money, and she's watching him all the time to keep him from it."

How He Descended.

Mr. Hod O'Hooly—Shure an' I'm disclindid from some of th' greatest houses in Ireland.

Widow Bid Brady—Shure ye have—on a ladder.

A Protective Disclaimer.

"Well, my man, I suppose you will saw a little wood to pay for your dinner?"

"No'm. I'm no wood-sawyer, mum; trimmin' trees—rubber trees, mum, is my trade."

Standing in His Own Light.

"I'll never give you up, Miss Perkins—never."

"That's it, Mr. Hopkins; I'd be afraid to marry such a determined, obstinate man as you are."

He Didn't Notice.

First Burglar—How many rooms wuz dey in dat house you cracked?

Second Burglar—I dunno. I wuz only interested in the haul.—Baltimore American.

Source of Anguish.

"Hub! I wouldn't cry s' hard jes' 'cause teacher licked me!"

"I ain't cryin' 'cause teacher licked me; I'm cryin' 'cause I ain't big enough to lick him."

True Economy.

Friend—Why do you wear those fearfully old-fashioned collars?

Winklers (a man of affairs)—Because when the washerwoman sends me to New York else they send them back.—New York Weekly.

Antiquate I.

"More new gowns?" he cried.

"Why, yes," she answered sweetly. "All of mine are last century style."—Philadelphia North American.

Not Yet Transformed.

Nell—She's a blonde, isn't she?

Belle—Not yet, but she's just dyin' to be one.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A Mean Scheme.

Hicks—Can you change a twenty-dollar bill?

Wicks (thoughtlessly)—I guess so.

Hicks—Then lend me five.—Somerville Journal.

In a Boarding-House.