THE SOUTH WIND.

Wind that sings of the dreamy South When the pale first blossoms woo the

Wind that flings from a golden mouth Tender spray of the summer sea, Wind that keeps for us light and bloom That cradles the bird in the tree-top

Wind that sleeps in the lilac's plume Of the winds of heaven we love the

Over the springing wheat-fields pass, And over the small home gardens fare, Evermore bringing to grain and grass

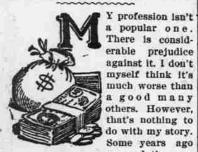
And the flowers thy breath of blessing rare. Give us the cup of thy wine to taste,

O wind of the South, so strong and fleet!

Never a drop of its joy to waste, In the days of the springtime coy and Bweet.

-Woman's Home Companion.

A COOL SCOUNDREL



me and the gentleman who was at that time connected with me in business-he's met with re- up in my business by the way I went go out-was looking around for a job, being at the time rather hard up, as old duffer; owned the mills, owned the right out. bank, owned most of the town. There wasn't no other officer but the cashier, and they had a boy who used to sweep gut and run errands.

The door was chilled iron, about the neatest stuff I ever worked on. I went go home. You can lock up and wait on steady enough; only stopped when till Mr. Jennings comes. 1 don't sup-Jim which, as I said, wasn't his real pose you will try to fix the lock toname-whistled outside, the watchman toddled by. By and by, when I'd got pretty near enough, I heard Jim-so to pretty soon I heard footsteps outside, and I'm blowed if they didn't come right up the bank steps, and I heard a key in the lock. I was so dumbfounded when I heard that that you could have slipped the bracelets right on me I picked up my lantern, and I'll be hanged if I didn't let the slide slip down and throw the light right on to the door, and there was the president. Instead of calling for help, as I supposed he would, he took a step inside the door and shaded his eyes with his hand and man has been fixing the bank lock and looked at me. I knowed I ought to knock him down and cut out, but I'm night. He will stay here until Mr. Jenblest if I could, I was that surprised. "Who are you?" says he.

"Who are you?" says I, thinking that was an innocent remark as he commenced it and a-trying all the time to collect myself.

"I'm the president of the bank," says he, kinder short; "something the matter with the lock?"

By George, the idea came to me then! "Yes, sir," says I, touching my cap. 'Mr. Jennings, he telegraphed this morning as the lock was out of order and he couldn't get in, and I'm come on to open it for him."

"I told Jennings a week ago," says

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

Michael G. Mulhall, whose death was ecently announced, was perhaps the best known statistician of the present day. Mulhall was born at Killiney, near Dublin, sixty-four years ago, and his career was full of adventure. He was educated in Rome at the Irish College, and he was the ploneer of the English newspaper press in South America, the first paper printed there, in our language, having been the Standard, produced by Mulhall at Buenos Ayres in 1858. In 1878 he returned to England, and proceeded to make his name as the author of "The Progress of the World," "The History of Prices," and the invaluable "Dictionary of Statistics," which finds a place in every reference library. Mulhall was married to a lady whose book, "Between the Amazon and the Andes," placed her among the ranks of ladies who travel well and write well of their travels.

see them bonds. "Are you satisfied now?" says he. I told him I was, thoroughly, and so and gave him my lantern to hold, so as I call him, outside once or twice, and I like to have burst out laughing. thinking how he must be wondering what was going on inside. I worked away, and kept explaining to him what much interested in mechanics, he said, and he knowed as I was a man as was

wages I got and how I liked my business and said he took quite a fancy to you might say. We struck a small me. I turned round once in a while country town-1 ain't going to give it and looked at him a-setting up there the name of it was. There was one lantern in his hand, and I'm blamed if bank there. The president was a rich I didn't think I should have to holler

> I got through the lock pretty soon and put in my wire and opened it. Then he took hold of the door and opened the vault.

"I'll put my bonds in," says he, "and night." I told him I shouldn't do anything

more with it now, as we could 'get in speak-whistle again. I stopped, and before morning. "Well, I'll bid you good-night, my man." says he, as I swung the door to again. Just then I heard Jim, by name, whistle, and I guessed the watchman was a-coming up the street.

> "Ah," says I, "you might speak to the watchman, if you see him, and tell him to keep an extra lookout to-night." "I will," says he, and we both went to the front door.

"There comes the watchman up the street," says he. "Watchman, this I want you to keep a sharp lookout tonings returns."

I saw Jim, so called, in the shadow on the other side of the street, as 1 stood on the step with the watchman. "Well," says I to the watchman, "I'll go and pick up my tools and get ready to go."

I went back to the bank, and it d'dn't take long to throw open the door and stuff them bonds into the bag. There ered before his temporary superior. was some boxes lying around and a safe as I should rather have liked to have tackled, but it seemed like tempting Providence after the luck we'd had. | years and I think I could fill a position I looked at my watch and see it was on the International. What can you just a quarter past 12. There was an do for me?"



FAMOUS IRISH STATISTICIAN

MICHAEL G. MULHALL.

GIVE THEM GOOD, PLAIN, HON-EST ENGLISH COGNOMENS.

Fad for Diminutives and Fancy Name Is Abating - Fewer Myrtics, Rays and Maymes - Select Appellations from Your Native Tongue.

A clergyman who baptizes a great many bables asserts that the fancy names for girls which have caused so much disgust among sensible people are going out of date. There are fewer Carries, Emmas, Ellas, Mamles and Sadies and more Carolines, Emelines Elizabeths, Marys and Sarahs, This is pleasing, as it indicates that parents are growing in sense. English names should be given to English-speaking people. Diminutives are proper enough for babies, but where is the young lady Margaret who would sign her name Maggie, Madge, Maud or Peggie on a business document? How many people

Sophocles are too lengthy for use in this

of Theophrastus and Theophilus Smith

of middle age can remember a Gladys I suppose I did turn sorter red when in such a fashion, but brought up in their early days? A lady who had against the bars with force enough to named her daughter Flora, afterward, throw him to the floor. Surprised at at the girl's request, enlarged it to Flor-

the appearance of the invader, he filled ence, because there were so many was. So I picked up my drill again, the house with his roars. The keepers Floras among dogs and horses. But reran to the cage and endeavored to quiet spect for the English language should that I could see the door. I heard Jim. him, but he continued the uproar until be the first impulse in naming a child. exhausted. Among boys the selection of foreign

In the meantime the adventurous and outlandish names is far less comyouth had disappeared and was dis- mon. Now and then there is an Alcovered in front of the wolves' cage phonso or Alonzo, transported from one trying to excite them in the same way. of the Latin countries, but the good old I was a trying to do. He was very He was led from the garden and warn- English names, such as have been borne by the kings in all the centuries, still ed to keep away.

About a year ago a serious disturb- stand the test of long endurance. The ance at the zoo was due to the flashing new King of England has added to the verses since and at present isn't able to to work. He asked me about what of a mirror in front of the lions' den, respect in which he was held by choos-At that time the lions, with the excep- ing the good old English Edward intion of one or two of the wildest, were stead of the one which he received from kept in one cage. A visitor held a mir- his Dutch father.

ror in front of them one afternoon and Among the Henrys, Georges, Willaway by telling where it was or what as solemn as a biled owl, with my dark the beasts were thrown into panic. iams, Charleses, Jameses, Edwards and They fought and dashed at the bars a few others, are names enough to fit with such violence that it was feared out the largest family of boys. Then several would die as a result of their there are a few Bible names that are frantic struggles. It required the com- favorites. John, David, Peter, Stephen bined efforts of all the keepers for sevand Andrew being the most popular. eral hours before they could be quieted. Greek names like Aristarchus, Demosthenes, Anaxagoras, Themistocles and

GOT THE WORK HE WANTED.

frontery of the Applicant Suited hurrying age. A family in Central New York saw the name of Socrates in a the Kailroad Manager. United States Revenue Inspector book, and named their son So-cra-tes, William A. Gavett vouches for the folaccent on the second syllable, and by lowing story of a well-known Southern that pronunciation he was known railroad man: through a long life, though his intimate H. M. Hoxie, general manager of the friends reduced it to Scrate. Probably 1. & G. N., was universally considered nine-tenths of the people in the rural

a good fellow by his friends in Texas community in which he lived had no and elsewhere. A slight deformity more knowledge than his mother, a most excellent lady who used to hose most excellent lady, who used to boast on the road, with the quick adeptness to her neighbors of her "equinomical" which railroad men possess in giving habits, and once complained that she nicknames, promptly dubbed him "Old had a terrible Nashua in her stomach. Flatwheel. No mistakes will be made and nothing

One day Mr. Hoxie sat in his office furnished to cause a laugh if parents when a typical Texas "brakle" stalked will give their children good old English in and stood with his hat on in the or Anglo-Saxon names. There are some middle of the floor. very musical and sonorous names "I want a job," said he. among the Spanish, Italians, and old

After a little talking Mr. Hoxie sug-Romans, but the child would not thank gested that his manner was unbecomhis parents in after years if they coming, and suggested that he would give pelled him to carry one of them through him a practical lesson in how to ask life. A little boy who was named Gama-liel and always called "Gammy" by his for a position.

"You take my seat." he said. "and I'll parents, shook off the incubus very show you how you ought to act." early by falsely telling his teachers that The brakeman took the general manhe was John. His playmates and his ager's chair and Mr. Hoxle stepped out neighbors sympathized with him, and his into the hall. After giving a respectparents, regretting their mistake, let ful knock he came in and stood uncovthe new name stand. We had the story

"Well?" said that worthy. "I am looking for a position, sir." a few weeks ago, and of the comedy of errors that followed their living in the said Hoxle. "I have 'braked' for four

same row of flats because neither would get beyond the initial T in signing his Christian, or rather his heathen, name.

rasor to his trembling hand, so is com-HUMOR OF THE WEEK elled to seek a barber. This operation is speedily performed, in spite of

his suggestion that "there be no hurry." About 6 o'clock he is convinced that acting is not his matler and wishes that he had been a bricklayer. A slice of dried toast and a cup of tea constitute his dinner, after which a start is

made for the theater. The hour consumed in make-up and dressing seems altogether too brief. Harrowing thoughts throng his brain. He feels certain that he has forgotten a tie, a hat, a waistcoat or some other equally important accessory to his ceed." stage attire. At 8:15 or thereabouts he

is in the wings awaiting his cue, feverishly moistening his lips, while he mumbles his first speech. Hs entrance made, his first word spoken-the burden rolls away and the remainder of the dialogue and business comes in the main with pleasing certainty.' Eleven o'clock finds him worn

out, hoping for a favorable verdict from the dramatic reviewers, but really at that moment too exhausted to be concerned in anything in life except an inviting pillow.-New York Press

GOOD Short Stories

On the occasion of the last visit of P. T. Barnum to England, George Augustus Sala presided at a dinner given in honor of the famous showman. In the reception room all were waiting to welcome the guest of the evening, when Mr. Barnum came in beaming, and, shaking hands with the chairman, said. with a strongly marked Yankee ac-"This is indeed a surprise to cent: "Did you hear that?" Mr. Sala me." whispered; "why, he arranged for the dinner himself."

Senator Vest has been handicapped with poor health for some time, nevertheless his mind is one of the brightest in the Senate. One day recently he sank into his chair, saying to his neighbor: "I am an old man, and I'll never get over this." "Come, come, Vest, brace up," replied his neighbor; "brace up, and you'll be all right. Look at Morrill over there; he's nearly 90, and is as spry as a man of 40." "Morrill! Morrill!" said Vest; "he's set for eternity. They'll have to shoot him on the day of judgment."

Two inmates in a Glasgow asylum, working in the garden, decided upon an attempt at escape. Watching their opportunity when their keeper was absent, they approached the wall. "Noo, bend doon, Sandy," said the one, "and I'll clim' up your shoulder to the top, and then I'll gie ye a hand up tae.' Sandy, accordingly, bent down. Tam, mounting his back, gained the top of he wall, and, dropping over the other side, shouted, as he prepared to make off: "I'm thinking, Sandy, you'll be better to bide anither fortnight, for you're no near richt yet."

In his "Eccentricities of Genius," Maj. Pond says that often while traveling Henry Ward Beecher improved his time by having what he called "a general house-cleaning" of his pockets, which would get loaded up with letters and papers until they could hold no more, when he would clear them out and destroy such papers as were worth less. On one occasion Beecher happened to put his hand in the watch-pocket of his pantaloons and found there a little envelope which he opened. When he saw its contents, he called Maj. "You remember the evening I married bring up a bucket of coal. C. P. Huntington terested in the subject that I forgot he handed me a little envelope as he went out of the door. I put it in the watchpocket of my pantaloons and never thought of it again until just now, and here it is-four one-thousand-dollar bills. Now," he said, "don't tell any one about it, and we will have a good time and make some happiness with this money. We will just consider that we found it." And so, in a day or two, Mr. Beecher went with Maj. Pond to look at a cargo of fine Oriental rugs, many of which he purchased and sent to different friends, and afterward he spent what remained of the money for coin-silver lamps, unmounted gems, and various pieces of bric-a-brac, all of which he gave away, until he had used up the entire four thousand dollars, "in making happiness among those whom he loved." After Mr. Beecher's death of the previous night, which has left the Major related to Mr. Huntington the incident of this discovery of the four thousand-dollar bills, and the railway magnate observed: "I should never have given them to him. It was He-I thought you said your father all wrong. I made a mistake. Money said he wouldn't let you marry a lawnever did him any good." ver? Only Estate of Its Kind. She-Papa heard you at work in "There is one point to which I wish court the other day. to call your attention," said the owner of a fine old colonial palace to a pros Miss Ann Teek-I wouldn't marry the pective purchaser. best man in the world. "What is that?"

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day-A Budget of Fun.

"I sent a postage stamp for a pamphlet which was to tell me how to suc

"What did It say ?"

"It said: 'Make better, use of your postage stamps.""

The Literary Movement, "Did you enjoy the reception at the Literary Club?"

"Very much, indeed. Everybody was so well dressed."

Justifiable in His Case. 'Do you go to the theater in Lent?' "Yes; I'm such a pessimist that nothing amuses me."

Compulsory Outlay. "Is Bibb a good neighbor?" "No; he's very unpopular, because he

paints his house every spring, and that makes everybody in the block have to do the same." These Real Estate Men.



Brown (angrily)-I thought you said that was a fine ducking shore you sold me. I was there all Washington's birthday and there wasn't a duck in sight.

Real Estate Agent-I told you it was a fine ducking shore-but it ain't my fault if the ducks haven't sense enough to find it out.

Natural History. "Pa, what makes a rabbit wabble its 10se so?"

"I can't tell you, Jimmy." "I know; it's because it hasn't got 'nough tall to wabble."

Another Literary Guess. "I've got a theory."

"What is it?" "I think the same hand that penned 'Billy Baxter's Letters' wrote 'An Englishwoman's Love Letters.' "

Horrid Man. "Harry, did you buy me that hat I wanted?"

"No. Marie, I bought a new cooking stove.

"You selfish thing!"

Feminine Char'ty. Bess-Miss Oldham would certainly make a brave soldier. Tom-Why do you think so?

Bess-She never deserts her colors. Honest Dealer.

"Is that marble?" asked a customer, pointing to a small bust of Kentucky's famous statesman. "No, sir," replied the "conscientious dealer, "that's Clay."

More Home Rule Enpeck-My dear, according to my views of bringing up children-

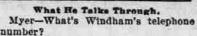
Mrs. Enpeck-Never mind about your views. I'll attend to bringing up the Pond to sit beside him, and remarked: children; you go down in the cellar and

Not Guilty.

d'

"What is the name of this station?" asked the passenger from the East, who had been looking wonderingly out of the car window.

"Dauphin Park," replied the ger from the suburb just beyond. "That explains it. It must be nice to fish for them from the windows of the dwellings." "Fish for what?" "Dolphins." 534 The Viewpoint. "Golf," said the ex-bicyclist, "is a fine game, but it doesn't amount to much in the way of exercise.' "Golf," remarked the ex-gambler, "is splendid exercise, but it's an infernally poor game."-Chicago Tribune. Taking No Chances. "Yes; he has proposed by letter," she explained. "Now do you think I ought to, mail my answer immediately or keep him in suspense for a while?" "Mail it!" exclaimed her dearest friend in a tone that had a trace of spiteful. ness in it. "If I were you I'd telegraph it," and there was an emphasis put on "if I were you" that came near breaking a friendship that had extended over several years .- Chicago Post.



Gyer-Six and seven-eighths. Myer-Why, there aren't any fractional numbers in the telephone book. Gyer-But there are in hats.

Those Loving Girls. Maude-I didn't think you would be able to recognize me after a three years' absence.

Clara-You have changed considerably, but I'd recognize that hat of yours a hundred years from now.

Citing an Exception. Smith-Kindness always conquers. Jones-Oh, I don't know, I once knew a man who tried it on a mule. Smith-Well?

Jones-His funeral was largely at tended.

His Experience Hix-It's just as easy to tell the truth as it is to tell a lie. Dix-Yes, but when a man realizes

that by telling a small lie he will not only make his wife happier but will get several hours' more sleep he is justified in telling it.

Not an Inducement. Farmer Hayrix (to hotel clerk)-Heow much dew you tax a feller fer stoppin' at this here tavern? Clerk-Three dollars a day. We give you all the comforts of a home. Farmer Hayrix-Gosh! I git all them tew home fer nothing.

One Man's Opinion. Wife-What is this gold reserve the papers are continually referring to? Husband-I guess it must be the manner in which gold persists in holding aloof from the most of us.

A Friend in Need. "So Birdie Flyppe married a lame man! It is the last thing I would ever have expected her to do.' "It was a case of gratitude, I believe. They were shipwrecked together, and by using his cork leg as a life preserver he managed to save them both."

Anticipating a Brilliant Season. The Early Cockroach-How do you do? Seems to me you're looking rather forlorn and poverty-stricken. The Early Moth-You won't think so when you see me cutting a wide swath in costly furs.



The Girl-Beg pardon, str, does my hat trouble you? The Man-I can see nothing else.

The Girl-Then I'll tell you what to

do. Just keep your eye on me, and

when I laugh, you laugh-when I cry,

Ready to Believe It.

you cry.

he, "that he ought to get the lock fixed. Where is he?" "He's been a-writing letters, and he's

one up to his house to get another letter he wanted for to answer." "Well, why don't you go right on?

says he. "I've got almost through?" says 1.

"and I didn't want to finish up and open the vault till there was somebody

"That's very creditable to you," says he, "a very proper sentiment, my man. You can't," he goes on, coming round by the door, "be too particular about avoiding the very suspicion of evil." 'No. sir," says I, kinder modest like

"What do you suppose is the matter with the lock?" says he.

"I don't rightly know yet," says I "but I rather think it's a little on account of not being oiled enough. These 'ere locks ought to be olled about once a year."

"Well," says he, "you might as well go right on, now I am here. I will stay till Jennings comes. Can't I help you -hold your lantern, or something of that sort?"

The thought came to me like a flash, and I turned around and says:

"How do I know you're the president? I ain't ever seen you afore, and you may be a-trying to crack this bank for all I know."

"That's a very proper inquiry, my man," says he, "and shows a most remarkable degree of discretion. I confess that I should not have thought of the position in which I was placing you. and then drew a hand mirror from un-However, I can easily convince you that it's all right. Do you know what front of Ben. the president's name is?"

"No, I don't," says I, sorter surly. "Well, you'll find it on that bill," said he, taking a bill out of his pocket. "And you see the same name on these let-

ters," and he took some letters from his coat. I suppose I ought have gone right or

then, but I was beginning to feel interested in making him prove who he was, so I says:

"You might have got them letters to put up a job on me."

"You're a very honest man," says he jab frontier force and provisional head "one among a thousand. Don't think of the imperial service. He is an old-I'm at all offended at your persistence. time Indian campaigner, thoroughly No, my good fellow. I like it, I like it.' and he laid his hand on my shoulder. In the great mutiny of 1857, the year "Now, here," says he, taking a bundle of his pocket. "is a package of \$10,000 Palmer raised a regiment of Sikhs, in bonds. A burglar wouldn't be apt to which he commanded till the close of carry these around with him, would the campaign. In 1863 he fought in the I bought them in the city yester- bloody business upon the northwest day, and I stopped here to-night on frontier, and afterward in the Abys-my way home to place them in the sinian ware in the Duffia expedition, in vault, and I may add that your simple the Afghau war, in the Sudan, and as and manly honesty has so touched me head of the campaign in the Chin Hills. that I would willingly leave them in It is said he understands Indian miliyour hands for safe keeping. You tary needs more than any other man in needn't blush at my praise."

the empire

express went through at half past 12. I tucked my tools in the bag on the top his chair and stuck his thumbs in the of the bonds and walked out to the armholes of his vest. "Well, Old Flatfront door. The watchman was on the steps. drawled. "I don't believe I'll wait for Mr. Jen-

right if I give you his key." "That's all right," says the watchman. "I wouldn't go away very far from

the bank," says I. "No, I won't," says he. "I'll stay right about here all night." "Good night," says 1, and I shook hands with him, and me and Jimwhich wasn't his right name, you understand-took the 12:30 express, and studies of the subject indicate that no the best part of the job was we never authentic instance of a raven surpassheard nothing of it.

It never got into the papers .- Argonaut.

ARE AFRAID OF MIRRORS.

Most Wild Animals Take Fright at Their Own Reflections.

A glance at himself in a mirror yesterday frightened Big Ben, the zoo's Vienna aged 104 years. Geese and largest lion, so badly, says the Phila- swans are tenacious of life, and exdelphia Press, that the keepers in traordinary accounts exist of the great charge feared he would do violence to age that they have attained. Buffon himself. He was in an angry mood all and other authorities have credited day and paced restlessly up and down them with 80 and 100 years of life.

his cage, stopping at the bars and raving at every chance passerby. The antics of a small boy particular-

ly excited his ire and he raged and stormed as only a big lion can. The lad enjoyed the performance and waited until Ben had finished his tirade. der his coat and held it directly in

The lion looked over and then jumped nors expect the acknowledgment to for the intruder that dared face him contain an invitation to visit her.

The tough brakeman leaned back in Give the baby a good old name select ed from the language that you speak. The naming of a child is one of the most important incidents of his life. wheel,' I'll just give you a job." he The man who, having been handlcapped

by his own awkward name, afterward "It took me off my feet," said Mr. nings," says I. "I suppose it will be all Hoxie in telling the story at a Galvesbestows it on his own son for the sake of "keeping it in the family," is guilty ton banquet. "But I laughed in spite of an act that deserves to be branded as of myself, and the applicant began work on the International a short time a crime, the effect of which is more lasting than a murder.-New Haven after that."-Detroit Free Press. (Conn.) Palladium.

> Long-Lived Birds. It used to be believed that the ravens

FIRST NIGHTS ARE TRYING. lived longer than any other species of

Stage People Kept on the Anxious Seat birds, and it was said that their age During Initial Performances. frequently exceeded a century. Recent The first night of a new play begins

for the auditor at 8 o'clock in the evening; for the actor at 8 o'clock in the ing seventy years of age is on record. morning of the day set for the first pro-But parrots have been known to live duction. At about that hour he awakone hundred years. One lost its memens fagged from the dress rehearsal ory at 60 and its sight at 90. There is a record of a golden eagle which died him too exhausted for a refreshing at the age of 118 years. Another gold-

sleep. Breakfast proves to be a farcien eagle was kept in the Tower of London for ninety years. A third died at cal attempt at replenishing the inner man. The chop has lost its appetizing flavor and the coffee its stimulating powers. He finds himself repeating the words of his part, mechanically striking attitudes and moving about the room to assume the positions decreed

by stage business. Hots and Tota Ten to one he discovers that he can-

The Dutch settlers at the Cape of not remember the dialogue of his most Good Hope called the natives Hottenimportant scene and he hurries to use tots because the Caffre language seemthe manuscript. This brings him to ed to be a perpetual repetition of the his sense and he berates himself as a syllables hot and tot.

nervous idiot. Time out of mind he The average woman puts off achas performed the same mental and knowledging her wedding presents as physical antics inspired by the intense strain of the first-night ordeal. He delong as possible, knowing that the docides to "walk it off." But the words

sing in his head. He reads his lines on the billboards, which seem to contain

nothing save posters heralding the play in which he is to appear. "Might as well have had a rehearsal," he mutters as he retraces his steps to the Lambs' or Players', the clubs frequented by the actors. There every one, with the best

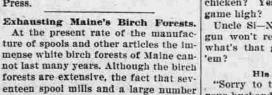
Press.

intention, wishes him success until the poor fellow feels bowed down by the to 40,000,000 feet annually excites the responsibility of living up to their expectations. turers.

Arrived at his apartment an attempt to divert his thoughts by attention to neglected correspondence proves of no avail. He develops only a tendency to copy the manuscript of his part. Luncheon offers a temporary relief, but, strange to say, boullion and chop are equally tasteless. He gulps the first as though it were a draft of medicine, but cannot overcome the feeling of nertrain is going. vous nausea, and leaves the chop untouched. "Here, get together, old nan," is his mental command. Sleep he must have.

But sleep comes not. Catching sight of himself in a mirror, he realizes that elegance a rival of New York's Wal- I see no occasion to revise my statishe is unshaven. He dares not trust the dorf-Astoria.

Miss Pepprey - Naturally, You'd "This estate is, I believe, absolutely unique in this particular, among estates with buildings as old as this one." Press. "And what is this unique feature?" "It was never occupied by Washing ton as headquarters." - Philadelphia



of so-called novelty mills are eating up the timber at the rate of from 35,000,000 and--' apprehension of foresters and manufac-

Telling the Speed of a Train. When traveling on a railway you can got away before I could see him. Here's rior doors are always fitted with glass tell how fast the train is going by the the bill for damages, and you tell him following method: The telegraph that if he wants to save trouble he'd posts along a railway line are placed better settle it right away." thirty to the mile. So if you multiply the number of posts passed in a minute by two the result gives you the number of miles per hour at which the

New Hotel for Boston

The biggest and most costly hotel in Boston is to go up this season on the ago. site of the Brunswick. It is to be in

probably not be asked even if you were the last woman in it .- Philadelphia Impertinent. Waiter (at swell restaurant)-Prairie chicken? Yes, sir. Do you like your Uncle Si-Not so doggoned high the

Feline.

gun won't reach 'em, o' course, but what's that got to do with eatin' of

His Awkward Fall. "Sorry to trouble you, madam, but your husband fell from a fourth-story window he was cleaning to-day,

"O, my poor husband!" "Your husband is all right, madam but he fell so blamed awkwardly that he broke my awning all to pieces, and

Stuck to It. Aggrieved Youth-In your "Liberary Outlook" in this morning's paper you

say "there has not been a volume poems printed for six weeks." Yet I ent you a copy of my "Songs in Various Keys" not more than two weeks

Literary Editor-Yes, I remember it itics. Frightful weather, isn't it?

Needed Help. Landlady-Will you have another help to the chicken, Mr. Blithers? Mr. Blithers (star boarder)-Yes; unless I get help I'm afraid my jaws won't stand the strain. You see I never practiced mastication as a physical, feat."-Ohio State Journal.

Changeable Ever. Yeast-I can always tell what the weather is going to be by my wife. Crimsonbeak-Indeed! Is she as fickle as that?-Yonkers Statesman.

In the Mexican Household.

The arrangement of furniture is much more formal than in the United States. It is a very common sight to see a splendidly furnished parlor with a row of straight backed chairs all alike with their backs against the wall and as close together as they can be

placed clear around the room Heavy single doors, such as are used in the United States, are practically unknown in Mexican houses either at entrances or between interior rooms. All

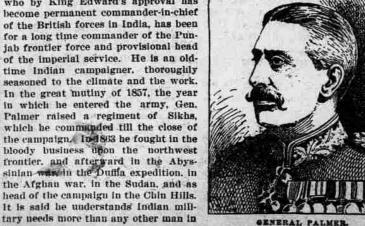
doors open in the middle and are fastened with bolts top and bottom. Extepanels, for they also serve as windows. All such doors opening on the street or open court are fitted with solid shut-

ters that are folded at the sides out of sight when not in use.

Mute and Blind Americans. The number of deaf-mutes in the United States is over 111,000; the number of totally blind is 88,924.

Next to a love affair that doesn't pan out, a woman's greatest disappointment is in when a doctor she recommended, failed to effect a cure.

Maj. Gen. Sir Arthur Power Palmer who by King Edward's approval has





become permanent commander-in-chief of the British forces in India, has been for a long time commander of the Pun-

