

SUNSHINE AND MUSIC

It is just like sunshine,
It is just like music,
It is just like life with light
It drives the clouds away;
It glows glad that hears it,
It feels its courage strong—
It is just like sunshine
Cheering folks along.

MONEY AND MATRIMONY

ALYNN rode across the prairie
joyously and looked longingly
toward the East, where the sun
scarce an hour high. The fresh
air seemed to permeate every
pore of his being, and he drew in great
sips of it, feeling a wild sort of
ecstasy in the mere fact of being alive.



FOR ONCE IN THREE YEARS HE WAS HAPPY.

would hold us up until you could
establish a paying practice. Now, don't
be silly.
"Nelly," he said solemnly, "I cannot
afford to marry now. People would
say that I married you for your money,
and I don't intend to put myself in a
position where such a motive could be
imputed to me. It would be unjust to
me and you."

LOGAN EQUESTRIAN STATUE
UNIQUE AMONG MONUMENTS.



The bronze statue of John A. Logan, which was recently unveiled in Washington with impressive ceremonies, is a handsome addition to the monuments of the capital city and one of the most unique. It is the conception of Franklin Simmons, a distinguished sculptor, and is one of the finest memorials of the equestrian style that have ever been unveiled in this country.

EXPENSES IN MEXICO.

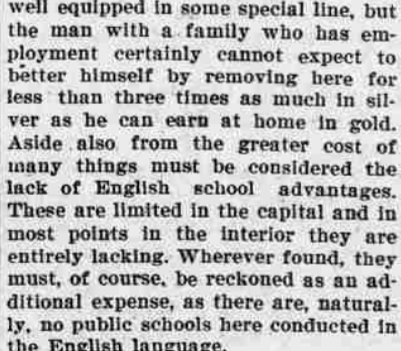
WHAT LIVING COSTS IN OUR NEIGHBOR COUNTRY.

Various Household Articles Looked Upon by Americans as Necessities Cost About Three Times as Much as They Do at Home.

Living expenses in the City of Mexico, or in fact any of the larger cities of Mexico, cannot be said to be cheap, with regard to the standard of living to which most Americans who come here are accustomed, and which they look upon as a necessity wherever they may be located, says a writer in Modern Mexico.

OHIO MAN'S ROMANCE.

Gains a Wife Through Pretty Dining Room Girl's Mishap. A few weeks ago Miss Ethlyn Fisher was a dining room girl in a hotel in Williamsport, Pa., but she is now Mrs. Earl W. Henning, wife of a wealthy manufacturer of Massillon, Ohio.



MRS. EARL W. HENNING.

QUEEN ELIZABETH'S FAULTS.

She Was Very Vain and Inordinately Fond of Fine Dress. Yet Elizabeth was never really successful with her wardrobe as a more feminine woman might have been. Her dresses were never beautiful, only ludicrously and most inappropriately magnificent.

SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"I've got a great scheme," said he. "I shall get rich at it."
"Again?" asked his friend, who knew the usual results of his schemes.

GOOD Short Stories

When that very limited monarch, Louis-Philippe, was asked to pardon Barbes, he replied: "He has my pardon; now I will see if I can get him that of my ministers."

Dr. Milan Soule writes that hypnotic suggestion has enabled him to afford complete or partial relief in several instances. An accomplished and well-known medical man gravely assured him "that he had frequently cured his wife of seasickness after the acute stage had passed by compelling her attention while he slowly read aloud the first chapter of the Gospel according to St. Matthew."

During the recent trial of certain members of the Belton Park Club in England, who were charged with illegally employing a number of youngsters as caddies who should have been at school, it was stated that the caddies were given luncheon and tea.

The late Dr. Creighton, Bishop of London, once made a visit to Father Stanton's church in High Holborn, a most ritualistic organization. The service was not quite to his liking, but Father Stanton talked so fast that he did not have a chance to say anything until he got into his carriage to go away.

A Russian military paper tells of a lieutenant who overheard a sergeant giving a recruit a short lecture upon his duties. "The military service," said the sergeant, "requires little prayer to God, and a strict attention to the orders of a superior."

Recently in Los Angeles (says an Albany minister) five prominent gentlemen of foreign birth chanced to meet. One was a Russian, one a Turk, one a Frenchman, one an American, and one an Englishman.

Here are the toasts given: The Russian—"Here's to the stars and bars of Russia, that was never pulled down." The Turk—"Here's to the moons of Turkey, whose wings were never clipped." The Frenchman—"Here's to the cock of France, whose feathers were never picked." The American—"Here's to the Stars and Stripes of America, never trailed in defeat." The Englishman—"Here's to the rampin', roarin' lion of Great Britain, that tore down the stars and bars of Russia, clipped the wings of Turkey, picked the feathers of the cock of France, and ran like a horse between the Stars and Stripes of the United States of America."

Somebody once asked a tranquil old resident of Nantucket if her life had always run as smoothly as she could wish; if no great sorrows or disappointments had ever come to mar its serenity.

The old lady sat looking out of the window for a moment, and then turned to her questioner with a little smile on her sweet face.

"I suppose you'll think it's foolish, maybe," she said, "but I did have one great disappointment, and I've never forgotten it. There was a man that came to the island once with a hand organ and a monkey. He got as far as the corner of our street, and I thought he was coming right this way, but he didn't."

"I was housed with a cold and couldn't go out to see him and his monkey, so I only caught just a glimpse of them. They played half an hour in the next street."

"Disappointments like that stay by folks all their lives," she added, after a sympathetic ejaculation from her visitor. "It was more than thirty years ago, but I've never ceased regretting I didn't see that monkey. I've been wonderfully blessed in every other way, dear; but that organ-grinder never came to the island again, never!"

Hoax—You're a fine fellow! Joax—What's the matter? You've given your wife a twenty-five-dollar bonnet.

"Well, you don't have to pay for it." "No; but I have to pay for another one just like it for my wife."—Philadelphia Record.

GOOD Short Stories

THE REASONS.

Funnyboy—This weather ought to be boiled! Growler—Boiled! Why boiled? Funnyboy—Because it's so raw!—Ally Sloper.

Turned Down. Reporter—Young Scribbler has gone on a terrible bat; his best girl rejected him. Editor—Unaccompanied by stamps, I suppose.

Off Again, On Again. "Very well," said she, in a huff, "all is over between us. I'll thank you to return my letters." "All right," said he, "I'll send them to you the first thing in the morning." "Oh, there's no killing hurry. Suppose you—er—bring them with you when you call to-morrow evening."—Philadelphia Press.

He'd Settle Old Scores. Tommy—Of Douch! Stop that! Mamma—Why Tommy, aren't you ashamed? I wouldn't cry that way if it was my hair that was being combed. Tommy (fiercely)—I'll bet you would if I was down' the combing.—Philadelphia Press.

Sure Cure. Yabsley—I wish I could break my wife of the habit of presenting me with cigars every opportunity she gets. Jollyboy—Do as I do. Smoke them in the house.—Brooklyn Life.

Easily Adjusted. "Pardon me," said the busy man to the insurance agent who had forced his way into his office, "but I'm not prepared to talk to you to-day." "Don't let that worry you," replied the insurance agent. "I'll do the talking.—Philadelphia Press.

Easily Explained. Eaton—These hot cakes are not as large as those I got here a few days ago. Walter—No? Well, you see, these are flannel cakes, and flannel will shrink.—Philadelphia Record.

Point of View. "Indignant Ike—Dat cur' o' yourn bit me, lady. Wot ker goin' to do 'bout it? Housewife—Oh, I shan't do anything for him, but just let him die. We were going to poison him anyway!"

Why Did He? Alex. Smart—Say, didn't Henpeck know his wife before he married her? Numskull—Why, certainly he did! Alex. Smart—Then why did he marry her?—Ohio State Journal.

More to Follow. "I've turned highwayman," chuckled the sofa. "What!" exclaimed the chair. "Yes, I held a couple up last night."—Philadelphia Record.

The Autocrat. "Of course I am master in my own domain," said Mr. Meekton a little indignantly. "How do you manage it?" "I tell Henrietta to do just what she pleases. And she goes ahead and does it."—Washington Star.

A Treasure. Mrs. Polkadot—She is a fine nurse, isn't she? Mrs. Pauducab—Ideal! Why, I can go for days without even seeing the children.—Brooklyn Life.

Can't Last Forever. Hopley—What seems to trouble your baby? Popley (wearily)—I suppose it troubles him to think that eventually he'll have to go to sleep at night.—Philadelphia Press.

A Profession for Him. Fond Mother (of delicate Jude)—I think it is time Clarence selected a profession. What would you advise? Old Gent (reflectively)—He might do nicely as a typewriter girl.—New York Weekly.

ALL FIRES TO HIM NOW.

"Here," said the foreman of the press-room, leading his visitors into another apartment, "are the great presses. The matter is stereotyped in the form of curved plates, these are placed on the cylinders, and as they revolve they leave their impression on the paper that unwinds from that huge roll at the back of the press."
"I see now," remarked one of the visitors, a person of much sagacity, "what is meant when we read of an item going the rounds of the press."



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Strange. "Strange thing happened to the Widow Jones. An old bachelor friend said she looked younger than she did twenty years before."

"It was doubtless a well-meant compliment." "But it came as such a surprise to her that her hair turned black that same night."—Philadelphia Times.

At a Brooklyn Musicale. "It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he?" He (absentely)—Yes, usually.—Brooklyn Life.

A Cautious Parrot. Fair Visitor—What a lovely parrot! (To parrot) Polly want a cracker? Polly (cautiously)—Did you make it yourself?—What to Eat.

A Drawback to Success. Daughter, that young Perkins who comes here seems a very patient admirer." "Oh, yes, pa; he's awfully patient—but he isn't a bit persevering."

An Unknown Species. "The homely girl is unknown in journalism," said the talkative critic. "I have never found her getting married, dying, being murdered, run over, injured in any way, entertaining or being entertained or anything else. It is always her fine-looking, pretty or handsome sisters that figure in all of these things."

His Impression. His Friend—Your son is home from college, is he? It must give a young man a lot of mental training." The Farmer—Well, he don't seem to be overtrained.—Puck.

Ontention. Nell—Mrs. Newrich wants to impress everybody with her wealth. Belle—Yes, she never puts less than a 5 cent stamp on her letters.—Philadelphia Record.

At the St. Louis Exposition. First Visitor—Whut's that fer? Second Visitor—Guess it's to pass Missouri River water through before drinking.

Taking a Mean Advantage. "It's got so," the man in the brown jeans suit was saying, "that you can't trust anybody these days. I saw an advertisement of a man in the East that said for 10 cents he'd send a book of forty-five pages of mighty spicy reading."

"Well," they asked him, "what did you get when you sent the 10 cents?" "A catalogue of a spice mill, by gosh!"

Poor Fellow! Mrs. Houskeep—Now, you've had your dinner, will you saw some wood for me? Wragton Tatters—Say, lady, I'm afraid!

Mrs. Houskeep—Afraid of work, I suppose? Wragton Tatters—It isn't that, lady; but I'm a kleptomaniac, an' I'm afraid I'd steal the saw!—Philadelphia Press.

Accident. Wiggles—There was a man hurt in a French duel once. Waggles—Really? Wiggles—Yes; one of the seconds fell out of the tree into which he had climbed for safety.—Somerville Journal.

Cold. He—I have been longing for this moment, Miss Flossie, when I can lay my burning heart at your feet. Flossie—Oh, it's very kind of you. My feet are so cold!—Ally Sloper.

Why She Discarded Him. "Don't despair, Edward, even if father does say you'll be young enough to marry five years from now." "Oh, I don't care for myself, but how about you?"—Philadelphia Times.

Not the Same Wood. Lady—Come back here! You promised to saw some wood if I gave you your dinner. Tramp—Madam, I had reference to another lady's wood farther up the road. Good day.

Charles Dickens and His Cat. Charles Dickens was a lover of animals, and had a special fondness for cats. One of his favorites, known for her devotion to Dickens as "the master's cat," used to follow him about like a dog, and sit beside him while he wrote. One night Dickens was reading at a small table by the light of a candle, with pussy, as usual, at his elbow. Suddenly the light went out. Dickens was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, going on reading. In a short time the light again became dim, and, turning suddenly, Dickens found puss deliberately putting out the candle with her paw, and looking at him appealingly as she did so. Not till then did her master guess what was wrong. The little creature felt neglected and wanted to be petted, and extinguishing the candle was the best device she could think of for bringing it about.

When a man gets angry his reason takes a short vacation. Any act is meritorious that is not a misdeed.