WOOD SCENTS.

Oh! the pennyroyal scent, And the broken sassafras, And the snappy pawpaw blent With the mint of the morass! You can have your smell of roses In the city garden closes; But for me-well, thanks, I'll take Perfumes with the country Jake.

Ah, this good-woody smell Draws me back to boyhood days, When I used to dream and dwell Where the misty meadows haze Fashioned mighty towers and castles And the bees were all my vassals. Bringing honey for my mouth, With the savor of the south!

Let me stay here, let me lie Here along the forest edge. Not a wall to shut the sky From my vision, nor a ledge Save the cliffs of yonder river Where the willows wave and quiver; Let me smell the woods and make B'lieve I'm still a country Jake. -St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

A BERKSHIRE GHOST STORY _____

T IMOTHY DOLE, or "Old Tim Dole," as he was called by his associates, was a great and powerful blacksmith in a quiet little village among the Berkshire Hills.

Tim was an henest, hard working, kind-hearted man, and a great favorite with all the country people for miles around, in spite of his being morbidly superstitious and a firm believer in spirit rapping, haunted houses and ghosts. Tim's dearest friend, farmer John Davis, or "Honest John," as he was

everywhere known, was always chiding Timothy about his belief, or, as John would put it, his "foolishness." Still, whenever they had an hour to

spare, they were sure to get together, and the talk always turned to "ghosts" and "spirit rappings."

All through the winter months they were much together. It was Tim's delight to close his shop early and drive to his friend's house and spend the long wintry evenings by the fire in the farmhouse kitchen, expounding his favorite views on spiritualism.

Although John Davis professed to be an unbeliever in spiritualism, and was known as "Honest John," he could vouch for more bloodcurdling ghost stories and thrilling adventures than any other man about the country; and Tim was an earnest listener.

One of their most horrible tales, horrible for a "true story," was about a haunted house, of course, haunted by a headless ghost. The old house still stood in the neighborhood, but no living being could occupy it, for whenever the housewife attempted to prepare the morning meal there always appeared beside the kitchen stove a man without a head, but with a scarred and bloody neck. It was most horrible! There was only one cause for such a ghost-murder.

Years ago, the story ran, a terrible crime had been committed there; a most brutal murder it was, too. A simple, honest peddler, who merely sought a night's repose beneath that humble roof, had been beheaded with an ax while awaiting his breakfast. Then the fiend who did the awful deed escaped by stealing a horse from the barn behind the house.

The years had come and gone, and the murderer had not been found, and to this very day no one had yet been



The recent death of Gen. Daniel Butterfield at his country home in New York takes from the muster rolls of the Civil War almost the last of the surviving general officers of the volunteer army. He was never a soldier of surpassing genius or achievements, but his patriotism was unquestioned and his services to his country were important and long continued. From the time when, as Colonel of a New York regiment, he volunteered to drill the home guard organized for the defense of the national capital until the final surrender of Lee, he was almost continuously in active service, taking part in twenty-eight battles, being twice severely wounded, and three times breveted for bravery. When the war was over Gen. Butterfield held commission as a Major General of volunteers, and also held a brevet of the same rank in the regular army. Though he re-tired from the army in 1869 to take up large responsibilities in civil life, he never lost his strong patriotism and his military spirit. When the Spanish-American war broke out he strongly urged upon the Secretary of War the advisability of calling out the members of the Grand Army post to which he belonged, the mem-bers of which were ready to fight again for the country they had once defended. Though not a graduate of West Point, he was by instinct and training a soldier, and his body was buried in the national cemetery on the Hudson, where sleep so many gallant soldiers.

Both old men stared into the firethat I have passed away, I will ring that clock. I will ring it for an hour and wake you and your wife up and keep you awake the whole time." George Cowee was only jesting, and he smilled as he bade the old men good-by. The next day he went West.

Weeks and months went by, and nothing was heard from him. It was now the beginning of May.

be done in the springtime, Tim was has known. He was born in 1824, and kept very busy. John Davis was also in 1856 succeeded to the locomotive hard at work. On Tuesday, May 4, business his father, Thomas Rogers, John had plowed all day, and when

night came he was unusually tired, and went early to bed. In the middle of the night he and his wife were awakened by the striking of the clock in the kitchen. They thought R. S. Hughes. Hughes died two years it was 12 o'clock, but the clock did not stop when it had struck twelve, but the world and Paterson in particular struck on and on.

"What in thunder alls that clock?" he exclaimed, and he got up and went standing contracts were filled. Remoninto the kitchen. He shook the old strance meetings were held, and Mr. clock, but it would not stop ringing. Rogers was asked to reconsider. It was He took it down from the shelf and pointed out to him that he would throw able to live in that house, or even use laid it on its back upon the kitchen two thousand men out of employment. the barn. The horses stabled in that table, but he could not stop it from His reply was characateristic.

silent, sad, thoughtful.-Waverley. AN ECCENTRIC MILLIONAIRE.

Jacob S. Rogers, Famous Locomotive Builder, a H at Victim. Jacob S. Rogers, who succumbed to

the intense heat in New York during the hot weather, was the richest man in New Jersey and was perhaps the As there was much horseshoeing to most eccentric millionaire New York had built up in Paterson, N. J., after having constructed the first locomotive made in America.

In 1891 Jacob S. Rogers retired, leav ing the management of the works to ago, and then Mr. Rogers astonished by announcing that he would close the

Rogers Locomotive Works when out-

JACOB S. ROGERS.

COULDN'T FOOL COUNTRYMEN. THIS WOMAN KEPT A SECRET. Young Chicagoan Gets Into a Scrape Now She's Married and Apparently

from Politeness. One young man in Chicago found him-Rappy that She Didn't Tell Judge John H. Baker of the United self in a very embarrassing position States District Court at Indianapolis during Grand Army encampment week was in his private office the other day because of the fear of some of the vis- when a well-dressed woman, hardly tors from the country who thronged more than 20, knocked at the door, and the city. The newspapers had pub- in response to his invitation walked lished columns of warnings to the peo- into the room and approached his desk. ple from the country against the smooth "I want to thank you," she said in a tricksters who swarmed the city, wait- low, musical voice, "for having sent me

ing to lead the strangers to the tunnels to the reformatory and also for secur to see the "explosion," or something of the kind, and to relieve them of their happy, and I owe it to you for having ready cash when they reached the first placed me where I would no longer be dark alley. under evil influences." Herbert McCulla, who travels for a

The Judge recognized the woman ell-known Chicago gas lamp company, and spoke in words of praise of her had just returned to this city over the conduct in the prison and congratulat-Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, ed her on her better surroundings. Then, and was walking south on 5th avenue as if recollecting something, he asked: to go to his home on the West Side on "Now that you have been released a West Madison street car. As he from the reformatory, are you not neared Randolph street he encountered ready to tell who gave you the countertwo gray-haired veterans from the feit money?" country, and overheard one of them

The young woman seemed thoughtful advise the other to go to the policeman for a moment, and then, shaking her on the next corner and ask where the head slowly, replied: Briggs House was. McCulla knew

"Oh, I don't have to tell you now." very well where the hotel was situated. Judge Baker recognized his visitor Journal. and, stepping up to the strangers, he as a young woman who was brought said before him five years ago on a charge

"The Briggs House is just around the of passing counterfeit money. She was corner on Randolph strest. Come then about 15, and neither the court along, I'm going right past it and will nor the district attorney was disposed point it out to you and save you the to prosecute her very vigorously, but rouble of looking for a policeman." they were anxious to learn from whom "Get along with you," said one of the she received the money, that the maker "We're onto you confidence could be punished. Two men were unstrangers. men. We've read of you in the papers." der suspicion, but the Government had The accommodating Chicagoan laughno evidence that would justify arrests. ed and started to leave the strangers, The girl was asked from whom she but just at that time a blue-coated offireceived the counterfeits, but she recer appeared around the corner and one mained slient, and no amount of coaxof the strangers rushed up to him and ing could get the information from her. reported that the man with the valise Finally the Judge told her he would was a confidence man and had just send her to the reformatory till she was tried to entice them to go with him so of age unless she told the name of the that he could rob them. person from whom she got the money

The policeman rushed after McCulla but would release her if she would tell. and grabbed him by the collar, demand-The girl kept silent and was sent out ing him to explain why he had tried to to the reformatory to spend the night, lead the two strangers with him. The the court hoping that a sight of the indrummer explained to the officer that stitution and the prospect of spending he had merely voluntered to direct the six years there would cause her to strangers to their hotel and explained name her confederate. When she was who he was and what firm he worked called before him the next morning she for. The policeman was skeptical and was as obdurate as ever, and he passed would not believe him, and asked him sentence upon her. to show evidence of his identification as a traveling salesman. McCulla put GROWTH OF OUR LARGE CITIES. his hand in his pocket to get a card or letter, but discovered that he did not Thirty-eight in This Country with a have a paper of any description in his Population of 100,000 or More. pocket by which he could prove his The census bureau has issued a bulle-

statements, and to keep from going to tin, prepared under direction of Will- on th' jaw opposite phwere yez kicked the station he was forced to open his 1am C. Hunt, which gives the populavalise on the street and produce letters tion of the incorporated cities, towns, from his firm and show his samples, villages and boroughs separate from after which the officer apologized and the population of the townships, prereleased him .- Chicago Chronicle. cincts, districts, etc., of which they

A Vague Reminiscenc'.

Though it happened in one of De troit's swell hotels, neither of the principals belongs here. He had just seated himself at the dinner table, when she and another lady came in with the usual flourish of handsome and well-dressed women.

the country there are 38 such cities in He turned a shade or two paler. Af-1900, as compared with 28 in 1890. ter conning her menu she looked across Of the 38 large citles in 1900 three the table, and her face took on a puzcontain upward of a million inhab zled expression. When their eyes met ltants, the same as in 1890, while during the meal each pretended to be for cities having between 500,000 neighbors? studying the tablecloth or the opposite and 1.000,000 inhabitants those in 1900 wall. He left first, and she watched number three, as against one only in this morning. through the doors. 1890. There are no cities in 1900 con-

"Amie," she said to her companion, taining between 400,000 and 500,000 in- their stuff will be downstairs and I can "I certainly know that man, but I can't habitants, but at the census of 1890 see it better .- Ohio State Journal. for the life of me place him. I think there were three cities of this class. On he knew me too, but I couldn't how the other hand, there are five cities in to him unless I were sure, could 1? 1900 with a population of between You know that I never snub any- 300,000 and 400,000, but in 1890 there

were no cities coming between these He wandered into the parlor late while the women were there, looked : little too fierce for congeniality, and got away as soon as he could. She again gave out the conviction that she knew him, and wondered where it was

LET US ALL LAUGH.

JOKES FROM THE PENS OF VA-RIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over-Sayings that Are Cheerful to Old or Young-Funny Selec tions that You Will Enjoy.

this matter? "Did you have a good time on the Fourth?" He would be ghad he was dead, I pre-

"Never enjoyed anything so well in my life. You know that mean old hunks that wakes me up so often at daybreak by running his lawn mower?"

his usual dry way, "I kinder think that, 'Yes.' instead of there bein' seven ages of "Well, the night before the Fourth got all the boys in my neighborhood agree to shoot firecrackers in front

A Strange Reduction.

He (reading notice)-I shouldn't have

Hustling Household.

may get all the preserves we canned

am afraid they have begun to work.

After the Reconciliation.

Dooley-Say, Hooley, gin me a punch

Careful Housekeeper-Bridget, you

hought it.-The King.

has to .- Harlem Life.

Hooley-Phat for?"

the money."--Washington Star.

Tactful.

It's about time for us to call on our new

Mrs. Nosepoke-John, don't you think

Husband-Why, they only moved in

Mrs. Nosepoke-O, I know, but all

The Terrible Infant.

A French Duel.

Defined.

sition on hope. What is hope, any-

"Hope, my boy, is the joyous expecta

What Hurt Him

man who is making large sums of mon

"For what?"

"I shall sue him for libel," said the

"He called me a common swindler

Voluminous

A Lib:L

"Say, pop, I've got to write a compo

BOUCED

man, as Shakspeare contended, there are only two-before he is married and afterward. During the first period he of his house from midnight till 7 o'clock puts in the most of his time trying to -and then I went out into the counmake the lady think he is a devil of a try."-Chicago Tribune. feller, and during the second he spends

But Not Her Face. still more of it in endeavorin' to con-Gussie Gush-Do you know I paint? vince her that he ain't."-Puck. Willie Softleigh-Aw-weally, Miss Proof Positive. Gush, I nevah noticed it.-Ohio State

Singleton-Do you believe it is possible for one person to hypnotize another?

A Good Runner. "Aain't you most afraid to have John

go to war? You know these far-shoot-

in' guns will hit a man a mile an' a haif

"There ain't no bullet that'll catch

John if he gits a mile an' a half start."

Quite Likely.

ly)-If Andrew Jackson were alive to-

day what would be his sentiments in

The Sober-Minded Citizen (wearily)-

The Two Perio Is. "After all," said the Old Codger, in

The Chronic Discussionist (truculent-

away every time."

sume.-Puck.

-Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Wederly-Never met my wife, did TOU?

Singleton-Why, no. I nev-Wederly (interrupting)-So I thought. Othrewise you wouldn't have asked me such a fool question .- Chicago News.

The Modern Way. Knicker-Was Jones' new book a suc ess?

Bocker-No, it only reached the two hundred and fiftieth edition before it was printed, so the publishers didn't think it worth while to get it out .-Judge.

In Boston

"It is true he is young, handsome and well to do, but the only question, my child, concerns the heart. Do you love him?"

"I will be frank with you, mamma. I never could love a man, no matter how attractive externally, who says all during.' "-- Chicago Tribune.

last year, and boll them up again. I "Why, yes, your flat is cozy," said the visitor, "but how do you ever man-Bridget-Like enough, mum, like age to live in it? It looks to me as if enough. Everything 'round this house there wasn't room enough to swing a eat here."

"We haven't any cat," explained the tenant .- Somerville Journal.

Latest in Equine Millipery.

Dooley-I want yez to straighten out ne face.-Baltimore World. A Willing Youth. "You say that you don't care for the salary, so long as you can get a chance to work?" said the billionaire. "That's the idea," answered the youth cities the bulletin says: If cities with willing to start right in at a big reduca population of 100,000 or more are tion and take one of those \$25,000 posttaken to represent the large cities of tions you say are so hard to fill at half

Hoss-Part with it? Neigh. Old

neigh. A Little Personn'. Miss Plumpersquat (of lady baseball

nine)-I am not going to pitch for this Host-So sorry you have to be going. game! Guest-Indeed, I am, too. By the Lady Manager-Why not?

way. I'm not sure about my train. It's Miss Plumpersquat (ind'gnant'y)-While I was practicing somebody in th Host's Eldest-It's 9:32. Pa said he crowd yelled, "Get onto her curves."hoped you'd take that one .- Philadel-Brooklyn Eagle

Satisfie !.



would become untied during the night by some mysterious hand, and scamper wildly away, even when strong ropes or heavy iron chains were used. John Davis had never fastened a

horse there himself, but his father, who had been a very religious and just man. had often tried to do so, in years gone by, without avail.

Even John's own mother, who had been a noble Christian woman, had actually seen the headless man sitting beside the fire in that old haunted house upon two different occasions, and although John said he did not believe the tale himself, he always added, when telling it-

"And father's word was as good as Bible truth," and "Everybody knew that mother could not lie!"

And Tim believed it all, and would hardly have ventured home at night if he had not had his horse with him to keep him company.

Now it happened that as these two old men would often meet and tell their tales, they sometimes had a listener, a young man who loved humor, and occasionally dropped in to hear their stories. His name was George Cowee. He was a slender youth with much learning and refinement. He was a nephew of Deacon Cowee, a wealthy farmer living a short distance from the Davis place. He always agreed with Tim, but he had no more faith in "Tim's views" than John himself, but he liked Tim, and he liked to hear him talk. It was very amusing.

The night before Christmas he happened into John's kitchen, and there he found Tim who, as usual, was telling about "the dead coming back" and communicating with their friends by rapping on tin pans," and as usual John loudly declared it was all "bosh" and

Tim had just been down to the city, where he had attended a full-fledged spiritual meeting, and he was stronger in his belief than ever, and had many wonderful things to relate. events of the previous night.

When George Cowee arose to go that night he said to them:

"I am going away to-morrow-out West." Then he added mischievously, slyly winking at John, "Tim, if I am hand a folded paper. killed before I return I will let you know it through the spirit. I will ran on the headboard of your bed at night. to deliver this message that has just Spirits are always around at night, and I shall rap very softly at first, then come for Deacon Cowee." louder than a bass drum, so that you will know that it is I, George Cowee swered, and the agent handed him the and no matter what it is, you must paper and departed. hasten here to John's house and tell him. I am sure that if he believes it both old men drew near each other and he will at once be converted to your looked at the telegram addressed to Deacon Cowee, and this is what it read: views."

Just then an old clock upon the kitchen shelf struck ten, and the young man added:

"Ab, John. that you may also know night."

John was tempted to throw it out into he said, "and I am under no obligation the yard; then it ceased as suddenly to them. As for Paterson, I care nothas it began, and was as quiet as a ing. The works are mine, and I will close them. "The old clock is worn out!" John

And he did. Then it was proposed to said. "I must get another one," and he returned to his bed and slept.

It was hardly daylight when he heard 'a team driving into his yard. Going to the door he beheld his old friend Tim. Tim was all excitement and his voice trembled as he called out o John from his buggy:

"Did your clock ring in the night last night?"

"Well-yes," John answered; "but now did you know that?"

Tim cried: "Don't you remember George Cowee, and what he told us about his spirit manifesting itself to us? If you don't I do, and I am sure George Cowee is

the shop.

new shoe on my mare."

"Certainly I will deliver it," John an

As soon as he was out of the sho

dead!" "Nonsense!" John cried; "the young

Mr. Rogers that he should sell the works. His requirements were so great, rascal is probably alive and kicking!" however, that no offer was made. "Nonsense or no nonsense," Tim said.

Next Mr. Rogers asked the courts 'I believe he is dead, for all night I could not sleep. About 12 o'clock, when name a receiver for the Rogers Locomotive Works. This was done, and I was thinking about the spirits, there the receiver sold them for \$602,000. came a rap upon the headboard of my Mr. Rogers said that he had, at that bed, faintly at first, and then when I time, never sold anything but locome asked if it was George Cowee's spirit such a thumping and bumping you tives and butter-and he told the truth. never heard. It was louder than a bass He invested in securities and did not drum. As soon as daylight I made sell them. If the securities were forced to a fictitious value, Jacob Rogers paid haste to come to you." no attention. He bought much real es-"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed John; "you tate, that has increased in value, and had the nightmare, sure enough," he said. But Tim sadly shook his head. he has never sold.

He knew it was the "spirits." At Pompton he owned a stock farm "Come down to my shop this afterof many hundred of acres, where he raised blooded cattle, thoroughbred noon, and we will talk about it," Tim said as he drove away. horses and maintained extensive game preserves. Butter making was his hob-That afternoon John went down to by. He sold the product of his dairy at ble space.

"Not because I want to talk about 40 cents a pound-never varying. When ghosts," he said, "but to have Tim put the demand for it grew, he was offered a larger price. His reply was that butter such as he made was worth 40 cents As Tim worked on the mare's a pound and no more. they fell to talking, and naturally the conversation drifted to the strange

He never married, and his only relalives are nephews and nieces. To these he leaves \$250,000. together with two Before they had finished talking about the rappings on Tim's head-\$1,000 annuities. The balance of his esboard Mr. Maxon, the station agent came into the shop, and he held in his an endowment to the Metropolitan Museum of Art of New York. The will. "I saw your wagon out here, Mr. Davis," he said, "and I thought if you it is believed, will be contested by diswere going right home I could get you satisfied heirs.

Austria Has No Colonies.

Austria is the only empire in the world which has never had colonieven transmarine possessions.

What has become of the old-fashi ed cook who thought that anything less than ten layers in a cake indicated laziness?

"Denver, Col., May 5. "Your nephew, George Cowee, was Men don't get on the limb of a tree killed in a railroad accident here last and cut the limb off every day, but they do things equally as foolish.

and who he could be "Never mind," said the companion 'he's nothing to us. Forget him." "Oh, foolish, it isn't that, but you cnow how it is when your memory betrays you, and I don't want him to think me rude. But hubby will be here to-night, and I'll have him find out all

about it." Half an hour later she smothered a cream and rushed imploringly at the other woman. "For heaven's sake, Amie, don't you say a word to my hubby about that fellow. It just came to 'Well?"

"He was my first husband in Chicao."-Detroit Free Press.

Did China Have a Noah? A London paper has discovered a Chi-

nese picture that represents-or is supposed to represent-Noah's ark resting on the top of Mount Ararat. The nicture is of great antiquity. As is well known, the religious literature of almost every nation and race contains an account of a deluge, but a Chinese manuscript, recently unearthed, follows very closely the story as recorded in the Bible. It is particularly interesting in that the roof of the Chinese ark is of the gable variety associated with the Noah's arks which prove such entertaining toys for our youngsters. The Chinese picture, however, shows a double-storied vessel, and, so far from there being only one window in the roof, there are windows in every possi-

conomic Value of Birds

It is averred that the destruction of birds in France has produced disastrous effects upon agriculture, horticulture and the grape industry. In the Department of Herault alone, it has been calculated, the destruction of birds accustomed to feed upon insects costs a loss of more than 2,000,000 gallons of tate, estimated at \$8,000,000, though it wine every year. Some birds consume may far exceed this, he bequeaths as about 600 insects each day, and a sin gle insect-eating species, Mons. Levat estimates, may be the means of saving 3,200 grains of wheat and 1,150 grapes

per day. A Curlosity of Nature. A pine tree and a birch tree have grown so close together in Woolwich,

Me., that one trunk serves for both. sending forth pine branches on one side and birch on the other. The union seems a happy one. In spite of the fac hat the two trees are as widely se trated by the botanists as two well

be, and the gnarled branches of ine embrace the tirch in a must i nate manner,

nine-something, butlimits of population The cities having between 200,000 and 300,000 inhabitants numbered eight in 1900 as against nine phia Record. in 1890, while for citles of from 100,000 to 200 000 inhabitants there were 19 in

form a part. This bulletin places the

total number of incorporated places in

the United States in 1900 at 10,602, as

Speaking of the growth of the large

against 7.578 in 1890.

1900 as compared with 12 in 1890. Pittsburg is in the class with a population of 300,000 and under 400,000, and is outranked in this class by Cleveland, Buffalo, San Francisco and Cincinnati

Some Florida Rivers.

In Florida one may have another odd experience; a river ride in an ox-cart. Florida rivers are usually shallow, and when the water is high you can travel for miles across country behind oxen, with more or less river under you all the way. There are ancient jokes about Florida steamboats that travel on heavy dews, and use spades for pad-

But those of you who have been on "Sir, I shall be, at 8 o'clock to-morrow its rivers know there is but one Florida morning, at the Bois de Boulogne with with its bearded oaks and fronded my seconds!" palms; its dusky woods, carpeted with "Sir, you will find that I am not easily glassy waters; its cypress bays, where onely cranes pose, silently thoughtful frightened! I shall be at the same hour to-morrow, with my seconds, at the (of stray polliwogs); and its birds of wondrous plumage that rise with star- Bois de Vincennes!"

tled splash when the noiseless canoe glides down upon their haunts. Every strange fowl and every hideous ceptile, every singular plant and every way?" tangled jungle, will tell the American boy how far he is to the south. Florida tion of being able to dodge our just is, in fact, his corner of the tropics; deserts."-Life, and the clear waters of its rivers,

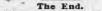
stained to brown and wine-color with the juices of a tropical vegetation, will tell him, if he reads nature's book, how different the sandy soil of the South is ey out of the credulity of the masses. from the yellow mold of the great West ern plains.-St. Nicholas.

It's pretty hard for a man who has worked as hard as I have to be original Ten census returns for the metropoli- to be referred to as 'common.' "-Washington Star.

859, of whom 197,227 are males, 189,632 The

Beaver a Nuisance in Colorado Beaver have become so numerous in the southern part of Colorado that the ranchmen want them killed off to save

Cholly-Twousers! The idea! Why woman is when her doctor accompanies I never look at anything but twouser her when she goes out on her first ings. Twousers are all ready-made, ye know .-- Philadelphia Press.



"Miss Sharpe-Vera," he began, "you must know why I've been coming here so much; why I slt here in the parlor with you night after night, and--"

"I suppose, Mr. Pinchpenny," Miss Vera Sharpe interrupted, "it's cheaper to do that than to take me out anywhere."-Philadelphia Press.

A Testimonial

"Dear Doctor: When I began using your hair medicine three months ago. you assured me that my hair would not trouble me much longer. I take pleasure in stating that you spoke the truth. Could you give me the address of a good wig maker?"-Baltimore Amerian.

Lesson in Arithmetic.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if your father had ten one-dollar bills and your mother asked him for half of them, how many would he have left?" "He'd still have the ten," replied the wise child.-Philadelphia Record.

l'ifficulties in the Way. Wiggles-Do you call your kitchen girl a maid?

Waggles-How can we? Her name is Mrs. Moriarty, and she has eight grownup children .- Somerville Journal.

Saving Money. Mr. Hardhead-I saved a big pile of money to-day.

Mrs. H .- That is lovely! How? Mr. H .- Instead of suing a man for what he owed me, I let him have it .--New York Weekly.

Use of the Automobile.

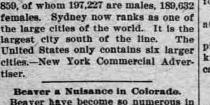
With the increase of endurance and the perfection of motive power and mechancal parts, the automobile has grown popular. A crippled beggar in Paris, who formerly propelled himself by hand in a cart, recently bought one-horse power machine and is now making money by running errands. A public service is to be established in Honolulu. Routes are being laid out in Madagascar. The King of England is having a car de luxe built in Paris. Socialists are to make a propagandist tour through Pennsylvania in a machine of their own. Emperor William has been offering cups for contests. The London and New York fire departments are both using autos, and a selfmoving fire engine has been in use for years in Hartford, Conn. The State Department of this country has re quested our consuls abroad to furnish it with the rules governing the operation of automobiles in foreign cities. The list of significant things is almost endless.-World's Work.

A man soon forgets his faults when they are known only to himself,

picious if he made it any shorter. You United States only contains six larger know the book is to be called "A Chicitles .- New York Commercial Advercago Woman's Love Letters."-Judge. tiser. True Resignation. The Spinster (an invalid)—Is it really true that marriages are made in heaven? The Parson-Yes, I believe so. their property. The Spinster (resignedly)-Oh, then When a man has nothing to do, I'll tell the doctor he needn't call again. obody wants him around. Ever no--Chicago News. tice how a business man scowls when an idle man comes in to occupy his Ascum-He said he saw you in a stor chairs, and "talk?" he other day looking at trousers.

The greatest distinction to a sick

Boder-Bryght's new work will be in 100,000 persons. The total is now 386,four volumes. Boggs-Four? The man is foolish to attempt to float a novel of that size. Boder-But the public would be sus



Largest City South of the Line. tan district of Sydney, N. S. W., show that during the past ten years its population has increased by a little over

dlewheels.