

### THE FUGITIVE.

A hunted thing, through copse and wood  
Night after night he skulked and  
crawled.  
To where, amid dark homesteads, stood  
One gloomy garden locked and walled.  
He paused in fear each step he took,  
And waited till the moon was gone;  
Then stole in by the little brook  
That still laughed down the terraced  
lawn.  
And up the well-known path he crept,  
And through the tangled briars tore;  
And he, while they who sought him slept,  
Saw his ancestral home once more.

There song and lights were still astir,  
And by her he could see one stand,  
(And he had fared so far to her!)  
Who spoke with her and took her hand.  
Then back by copse and wood he crept  
While yet the dawn was cold and dim;  
And while in her white room she slept,  
'Twas his old hood crawled back with  
him.  
—Century.

### THE END OF IT ALL.

DOLLY and I had been arguing  
—as we usually had. But  
strange to say, neither of us had  
enjoyed it. It was a regularly under-  
stood institution between us that we  
would quarrel about once in so often.  
It was such a lot of fun making up.  
Dolly and I were not engaged, but  
some time we were going to be. This  
was another regularly understood in-  
stitution between us. This was a lot of  
fun also, particularly as our respective  
families—the heads of them, rather—  
had long ago decided that we had bet-  
ter keep apart for some time to come.  
Because they had so decided and sternly  
forbidden any engagement until we  
should both be of age, at least, we had  
gloried in the fact that we should be  
engaged some time. And to-night, for  
the first time, we had enjoyed neither  
the quarrel nor the reconciliation, and  
neither of us had made any reference  
to that coming engagement.

I had been rather silent about it for  
some time. I was so anxious to make  
the engagement a reality, and I hardly  
knew how to set about it. Dolly, I  
feared, had been silent recently for  
quite other causes. The grim old aunt  
with whom she lived and who was her  
guardian would harm my cause all she  
could, I felt sure. Dolly reported that  
she, too, had been silent concerning the  
coming engagement for some time. As  
opposition is always food for Dolly's



PERSUADING DOLLY.

determination I was not so grateful for  
this silence on the part of her aunt as  
I might have been.

While I was wondering now how to  
render the engagement an actual fact  
instead of an ephemeral promise, Dol-  
ly's voice broke the silence snap-  
plishly.  
"This is the last quarrel I will ever  
have with you," it announced, to my  
astonishment.

"I hope so, Dolly," I answered, going  
over and sitting down on the sofa be-  
side her.

"I detest cowardice," said Dolly, still  
more acrimoniously.  
"I loathe it," I answered, still very  
much in the dark.

"We've done nothing but quarrel and  
fight for years," I fancied tears in her  
voice, although her snapping eyes bel-  
ied the fancy. "I'm tired of it, and  
I never mean to quarrel with you  
again."

"Dolly," said I, pleadingly, "tell me  
what I've done to annoy you?"  
I was conscious, immediately, of hav-  
ing taken the wrong tack.

"Nothing." You would have thought  
she was ready to eat me, from her tone  
and manner. "I've been just as much  
to blame for all the quarrelling as you  
have. But I'm tired and sick of it all."

She turned from me pettishly and  
pulled the fringe off an entire side of  
the prettiest sofa pillow beside her be-  
fore she spoke again.

"Everybody is making fun of the  
way we quarrel and fight," was her  
next remark, spoken in a low voice.  
"The girls make my life a burden, teas-  
ing me!"

"They make mine a burden asking  
when you are going to let me dis-  
pose."

Dolly shrugged her shoulders dis-  
dainfully, but I knew I was on the  
right track. I dared not draw any  
closer, but I did venture to lay my  
hand on hers—a little timidly, but she  
liked the action none the less for that  
—and I pushed my advantage to the full  
and immediately.

"It's rather unkind of you to keep me  
in this position so long, Dolly," I con-  
tinued. "It's hard on a fellow to be  
known as hanging about a woman,  
with nothing settled, for so long.  
Haven't I proved my devotion yet,  
Dolly?"

I knew she'd like this sort of talk.  
Women always do. And when they're  
dying to be kind to you they don't mind  
accepting any reasonable opportunity  
of yielding their forgiveness graciously.

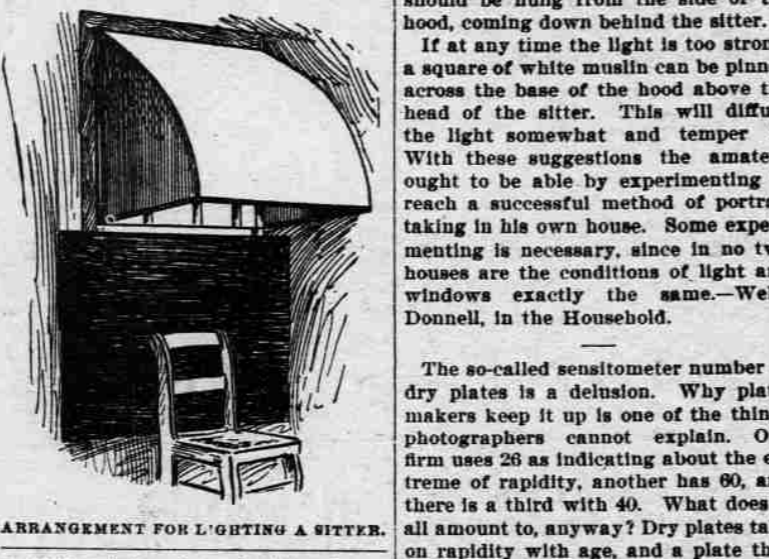
Besides, it was stating the matter  
nicely to say Dolly had kept me in this  
undecided position. We had both taken  
and stand in it, for reasons of mutual  
fun and enjoyment, and, until recently,  
I hadn't suffered at all. The fellows  
had troubled me a little bit of late.

Dolly regarded me gravely, and her  
snapping eyes softened. The hand over  
which mine rested trembled a little. I  
took my cue from that hand. Gather-  
ing courage, I folded my own long  
fingers around it. Then I said what I  
had been longing to say for so long.



### Amateur Photography

**Taking Portraits at Home.**  
One of the most interesting features  
of amateur photography is the taking  
of portraits. This work is of two kinds  
the out of door snap shot portraiture  
that is often very successful, so far as  
the "likeness" goes, but always lacks  
the fine balancing of light and shade,  
and the artistic finish of a portrait that  
is taken where the amount and the di-  
rection of the light can be controlled.



For the majority of amateurs the  
light that comes from the ordinary  
house window must be utilized.  
The trouble encountered here is that  
the light down upon the sitter. Over  
this is put a cover of black cloth, that  
the light may not come through and  
strike the lens of the camera.

White and black paper will answer  
as well as cloth. The camera must be  
placed high enough on the tripod or  
the hood be brought down low enough  
so that no light from the upper sash  
may fall upon the camera lens. If the  
camera is placed directly in front of  
the window, the cloth covering the  
lower sash will form the background of  
the portrait. If the sitter sits with his  
side toward the window, a background  
should be hung from the side of the  
hood, coming down behind the sitter.

If at any time the light is too strong,  
a square of white muslin can be placed  
across the base of the hood above the  
head of the sitter. This will diffuse  
the light somewhat and temper it.

With these suggestions the amateur  
ought to be able by experimenting to  
reach a successful method of portrait  
taking in his own house. Some experi-  
menting is necessary, since in no two  
houses are the conditions of light and  
windows exactly the same.—Webb  
Donnell, in the Household.

The so-called sensitometer number of  
dry plates is a delusion. Why plate-  
makers keep it up is one of the things  
photographers cannot explain. One  
firm uses 25 as indicating about the ex-  
treme of rapidity, another has 80, and  
there is a third with 40. What does it  
all amount to, anyway? Dry plates take  
on rapidity with age, and a plate that  
is "medium" when new will be chain  
lightning, or whatever else you want  
to call it, after it has been kept long  
enough. Some of the makers of the  
best plates are dropping the numbering  
and giving a name to distinguish the  
slower from the extremely rapid. That  
is all right and answers all purposes.

A scratch on the negative can be filled  
with Canada balsam thinned down  
with chloroform, so that it will print all  
right, as the refractive index of balsam  
is about the same as glass.

Dust on your holders and rub over  
the slides carefully. Wipe off the plates  
also before loading. The sprinkle of  
fine holes often found on the negative is  
caused by dust.

Invariably black. She was also satis-  
fied with two hats, and one of her  
hobbies was that there should be no  
feathers on them as she held it a sin to  
kill birds for the sake of adorning hats.

A quaint, old-fashioned, loving woman.  
Mrs. Kruger was the reflex of many of  
the characteristics of stern old "Oom  
Paul." The war with England was a  
great trial on Mrs. Kruger. Frequent-  
ly she was heard bewailing the awful  
carriage and yet even in the midst of  
her sorrow for the fallen burghers she  
found eloquent words in which to ex-  
press her sympathies for the British  
wives and mothers who had lost their  
dear ones on the broad fields. Then,  
too, the long separation from her hus-  
band, combined with the recent death  
of her favorite daughter, completely  
broke the gentle spirit and the spark  
of a noble life.

Mrs. Kruger was a "Oom Paul's" sec-  
ond wife, and was Miss Du Plessis, a  
family of prominence in South Africa  
and which gave to France one of the  
greatest princes of the church and  
State, the Cardinal Richelieu. Sixteen  
children blessed their union, 11 of  
whom are still living.

When ex-President Kruger was in-  
formed at Hilversum, in Holland, of  
his wife's death he wept bitterly and  
requested that he be left alone. Her  
son-in-law, Eloff, and many other mem-  
bers of the family were at Mrs. Kruger's  
bedside when she died.

**Wanton Killing of Birds.**  
Extermination of birds is not alone  
the work of fashionable vanity but of  
fashionable gluttony. The seizure in a  
New York cold-storage warehouse of  
great numbers of dead birds during the  
close season illustrates the easy eva-  
sion of the law by those careless of con-  
sequences.

In hotels travelers often find upon the  
bills of fare the names of birds un-  
known to ornithologists and dictionary-  
makers. When asked what kind of  
birds these represent the waiters are  
permitted to answer only by smiles and  
silence, or by confessions of ignorance.

In the cold-storage house in New York  
were found so many birds that the leg-  
al fines would have run to millions of  
dollars. What would they amount to  
for the United States? As a result of  
such practices everywhere those butch-  
ers and dealers who obey the law are  
really punished for their honor, while  
the reckless are rewarded by great  
profits.

We are fond of pointing out excellent  
spheres of work and usefulness for  
those who are greatly troubled by a  
few deaths of animals in scientific lab-  
oratories. Why should this stupid and  
barbarous war of extermination of birds,  
with its great resultant suffering, not  
arouse the energies of the Society for  
Prevention of Cruelty to Animals?  
—American Magazine.

**The Horses Numbered.**  
Every horse in the English army is  
numbered and has a little history kept  
for it. The number is branded on the  
animal's feet—the thousands on the  
near hind foot, and the units, tens and  
hundreds on the off hind foot. Thus,  
the horse whose number is, say, 8,354,  
will have an 8 on his left hind foot and  
354 on the right foot.

**A Large Membership.**  
The French are not supposed to be  
great travelers, yet the Touring Club  
of France has 80,000 members.

### STRANGE SEA FIGHT.

#### THRILLING ENCOUNTER WITH A MARINE ELEPHANT.

Eighteen and a Half Feet in  
Length and Weighing Thirteen Tons  
Is Captured Near Falkland Islands,  
Off the Patagonia Coast.

One of the strangest sea fights on re-  
cord is that which the crew of the Brit-  
ish warship had lately with a sea ele-  
phant near the Falkland Islands, off  
the coast of Patagonia.

As actual proof of the tremendous  
size of this little known marine mon-  
ster, its head and trunk have been sent  
to the British Museum in London,  
where they will be put on exhibition.

H. M. S. Flora is a second-class pro-  
tected cruiser. She had just arrived at  
Port Stanley, in the Falkland Islands,  
and the commander, desiring to go  
ashore, ordered the gig to be lowered  
and manned.

The sea was comparatively smooth,  
and the boat shot along rapidly, pro-  
pelled by six stalwart blue-jackets. On  
nearing the shore, however, they saw a  
strange creature in the water. What  
they did not know. It churned  
and beat the water into the whiteness  
of snow within a few fathoms of the  
boat.

Then the splashing and beating  
ceased, and from the hissing foam arose  
what seemed to be the dark head of an  
infuriated elephant. For a second the  
creature glared at the astonished boat's  
crew; then, with an ear-splitting scream,  
lowered its head, and like an arrow  
came for the boat.

There was no time to do anything,  
to jump or even think. Crash and the  
boat was bodily into the air, while the  
bruised and half-stunned occu-  
pants were thrown violently into the  
sea. Fortunately for them, the mon-  
ster's attention seemed exclusively riv-  
eted upon the boat, the fragments of  
which it literally smashed into match-  
wood.

Neither the commander nor his men  
seem to know very well how they re-  
ached land, so exhausted and unstrung  
had the experience left them.

Returning later to the cruiser on a  
shortly, the commander determined  
placely to organize a party for the  
hunting down and, if possible, the cap-  
ture of their assailant. On the follow-  
ing day nine boats went forth, each  
containing the full complement of men  
armed with rifles, and among whom  
were several harpooners.

Advancing in a semi-circle, the boats  
drove across the small bay which had  
been the scene of the previous day's  
incident. Till within fifty yards from  
the shore nothing unusual occurred.  
Then suddenly a huge black mass rose  
threateningly in a circle of foam and  
quite close to the center boats. Two  
harpooners poised their weapons, while  
in another instant stuck quivering in  
the monster's body, while a shower of  
bullets followed in a volley.

With an angry snort of pain, the  
creature darted toward the nearest  
boat, only to be met by another deadly  
volley, fired at very close range, which  
ripped and tore it unmercifully. Dazed  
by such a reception, the monster ap-  
peared to hesitate. Another volley fol-  
lowed, and when the smoke cleared there  
was nothing visible on the sur-  
face save a streaking of blood-red foam.

Whirl went the harpoon lines, while the  
men sat excitedly waiting a reappearance  
of the foe.

"He's making in for the shore now,  
sir!" shouted one of the officers to the  
commander, and the boats were signal-  
ed to close in. For nearly two minutes  
the brute remained below, swimming  
slowly back and forward; then, on re-  
appearing, it lay quietly, as though ex-  
hausted. The boats approached cau-  
tiously, and when quite close five more  
harpoons were transfixed; then, in instant  
dividing, the boats pulled rapidly for  
the shore.

Now commenced a tug-of-war lasting  
for nearly three hours, till at last, weak  
with struggling and loss of blood, the  
huge monster was hauled into shallow  
water to await the receding tide. Not  
one of the party, from the commander  
down to the little middy, but was  
thankful for the rest.

In about an hour's time the tide had  
gone out sufficiently, and the battle be-  
gan again, but now all the advantage  
lay with the sailors. After a vicious  
struggle in which several blue-jackets  
were severely injured by fragments of  
rock hurled about by the monster in  
its death throes, it lay battered, silent  
and motionless.

This gigantic specimen of sea life is  
macrochirus elephas, or proboscide-  
ous, measuring just under forty feet  
long, and weighing over thirteen tons.  
It has a trunk four feet long, and a  
general conformation closely resem-  
bling that of the ordinary elephant,  
save that there are huge fins in place  
of legs. It is found only in Antarctic  
waters.

**LAST OF THE FIRE WALKERS.**  
Tahitian Who Will Carry to the Grave  
a Curious Secret.

Papa Ite, a South Sea Islander who  
has been in California for some time,  
has sailed for his home in Tahiti and  
will there devote the remainder of his  
life to the service of Hinanul-i-te-Aara,  
the pagan goddess of fire. With him  
will perish a secret which has baffled  
many scientific investigators. Papa Ite  
is able to walk to and fro across the  
stone bed of a furnace when the rocks  
glow with heat. The same stones will  
sear and black fresh meat in a sec-  
ond, but this venerable islander walks  
unscathed. When he steps off the stones  
the soles of his bare feet are not mark-  
ed in any way.

While in Honolulu recently Papa Ite,  
in the presence of a number of Amer-  
icans, gave one of his wonderful per-  
formances. A large square space was  
dug in the earth, and into it was  
thrown a great quantity of wood. On  
this was laid several tons of lava and  
then the wood was set on fire. When  
nothing was left but live coals the lava  
having become almost white-hot, Papa  
Ite removed his feet from the lava  
a wreath of leaves on his brow, and  
holding in his right hand a wand cut  
from a shrub he approached the fur-  
nace, crooning what sounded like a mel-  
ancholy incantation. Without hesitation  
he stepped upon the rocks and walked  
across, all the while singing in a low

tone. Except for a few shuddering  
cries from the spectators, there was  
breathless stillness until the old man  
stepped on the ground once more.

An immediate rush was made to ex-  
amine the soles of his feet, which had  
been carefully scanned by physicians  
before the exhibition. The same medi-  
cal men were first to look when Papa  
Ite stepped off the glowing lava. His  
feet were unharmed. Once again he  
walked across the furnace, stopping in  
the middle to gaze about him, and once  
more he was found to be unharmed.

He claims that his secret has been  
handed down to him from ancestors  
many centuries ago, they having been  
the chosen people of Hinanul-i-te-Aara,  
who has protected them from all harm.

"Because my people have been untrue  
to the goddess of fire," said the aged  
priest in his own language, "she has de-  
creed that I shall die childless, and  
with me must perish the secret of fire.  
I know not how or why I am able to  
walk on fire without harm. I only  
know that it is so, and that it is the  
power of Hinanul-i-te-Aara expressed  
in a miracle. It is no trick."

While he was in San Francisco he  
was urged to give an exhibition, but  
said he was admonished by the goddess  
not to do so, but to return home with  
all speed.

**DRY SHAVING IN CHINA.**  
One Authority Says This Has Made  
Beards Disappear.

"Dry shaving has been a blessing to  
China, and in less than 300 years has  
almost removed beards from the faces  
of the men of the empire," observed an  
intelligent Chinaman to a Washington  
Star reporter. "Originally the Chinese  
had heavy beards. This is easily ver-  
ified by an examination of any of the  
old prints of Chinamen, for all of them  
show long-bearded men. In time the  
people found out that there was no par-  
ticular use for a beard, and that the  
wearing of it was expensive outside of  
the time actually occupied in trimming  
or shaving it. How many Americans  
to-day are forced to spend several  
hours a week in a barber's chair? Many  
men that I know, Americans and Euro-  
peans as well, spend twenty minutes  
in the barber's chair every day.

"The Chinamen of the olden times  
the kind of Chinaman who figures as a  
pirate in your prints, for the good  
Chinaman never seems to have got his  
picture in your books at all, until with-  
in the last fifty years at most, always  
wore a long beard in reality as well as  
in the picturings. But even he found  
out that there was no necessity for it.

The learned men of the empire were  
asked to consider the matter, and they  
arrived at the conclusion that dry shav-  
ing was to some extent a remedy. Any-  
how, official edicts were issued giving  
this information. The old fellows who  
had beards of course were not in it, and  
they lived out their days and passed  
out of existence with full beards, but  
the young were asked to "dry shave."  
Thus the reform started, and in five or  
six generations of the people the aver-  
age Chinaman to-day does not have to  
devote over one-half hour in a month to  
keep his face hairless. In the next two  
generations beards are expected to dis-  
appear absolutely. It took time to  
bring this about, but in the life of a na-  
tion such a thing as a century should  
not be allowed to count much. I think  
beards would disappear from Ameri-  
cans and Europeans in five generations  
if people if the people wanted to have  
them disappear."

**USED AS A TARPULIN.**  
The Strange History of a Masterpiece  
of Scottish Art.

The long neglected and dishonored  
Rubens not long ago discovered in Wap-  
ping, England, was not the first work  
of art to be forgotten and thrown aside.  
There is a certain famous Scottish pic-  
ture which underwent even more strik-  
ing vicissitudes of fortune.

David Scott, R. S. A., presented the  
work in 1884 to Bishop Carruthers as a  
testimony of gratitude. It was the sen-  
sation of the year at the Royal Scottish  
academy. It was engraved in mezzot-  
int by Hodgetts, and the print enjoyed  
phenomenal popularity. The picture  
itself became a part of the altar piece  
of the Roman Catholic Church in Lo-  
thian street, Edinburgh.

Time passed, and about thirty years  
ago the Catholic community migrated  
to a new church. The canvas of the  
altar piece was rolled up and left lying  
in the schools, where it was eventually  
forgotten. When thickly incrustured with  
dirt, the whole thing was sold for a  
trifle to a broker, who thought so little  
of his prize that for a time he used it  
as a tarpaulin, covering an outhouse  
with it.

A traveling showman made a bid for  
the canvas, thinking it would do to  
ornament the front of his booth, but  
he did not get it. A last indignity was  
contemplated by the broker, who was  
seriously considering the advisability  
of cutting off the heads and making of  
them pictures of a convenient size for  
selling, when an art collector spied the  
treasure and secured it for a small  
sum. The church authorities made vig-  
orous efforts to recover the masterpiece  
when, after careful restoration, the  
value of the picture was disclosed. The  
efforts were without avail, for the sale  
had been a valid one.—Youth's Com-  
panion.

**Was the Piano Safe?**  
Some time ago a famous pianist was  
giving recitals in an Irish city. He in-  
variably took a piano with him to the  
different towns where he performed.  
This was not the instrument made use  
of at public performances, but was one  
on which the pianist practiced at his  
hotel, and was a valuable instrument of  
which he was particularly fond.

One night, after the conclusion of a  
recital the musician was alarmed to  
learn that his hotel was on fire. In the  
greatest anxiety he questioned the  
messenger as to the fate of his beloved  
instrument, and eagerly asked if it had  
been removed. The messenger replied  
that an attempt had been made to get  
it out, but this was not successful.

Noticing the crestfallen look in the  
face of his questioner, the man hasten-  
ed to add:  
"But make yer mind aisy, yer honor.  
Sure, the planner will be quite safe, for  
as I was leavin' the hose was playin'  
on it."—London Tit-Bits.

Every one has his bits; and the men  
also include a few nights.

### HUMOR OF THE WEEK

#### STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

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

As usual he was monopolizing the  
newspaper.  
"Please let me have the woman's  
page," she said.  
He carefully tore off a page and hand-  
ed it to her.

It was a full-page advertisement of a  
millinery opening, and he chuckled at  
his own joke.—Chicago Evening post.

**It Would seem So.**  
Rubberton—May I inquire what your  
business is, stranger?  
Stranger (haughtily)—Sir, I'm a gen-  
tleman.

Rubberton—Well, I reckon that's a  
good business, stranger, but you're not  
the only man that's failed at it.

**A Protest.**  
"Why am I going to thrash you, Fer-  
dinand?"

"I dunno. Ain't it bad enough to  
have a whacker without havin' to an-  
swer conundrums as well?"—Ally Slop-  
per.

**His Preference.**  
Oldham—Are you going to the lecture  
to-night on "The Girl of To-day?"  
Younger—Guess not. The girl of to-  
night is more attractive.

**Professional Humorist.**  
Diggs—Your friend, the doctor, is a  
funny fellow, isn't he?  
Biggs—In what way is he funny?  
Diggs—Why, he's always taking  
somebody off.

**Real vs. Ideal.**  
Rural Visitor—Doesn't it cost an aw-  
ful lot to live in the city?  
Native—No, it doesn't cost much to  
live; trying to keep up appearances is  
what paralyzes a man's bank account.

**He Bought the Ring.**  
He (cautiously)—Would you—er—ob-  
ject if I were to call you by your first  
name?  
She—No, indeed. I don't like my sur-  
name, anyway.

He—If you could change it what  
name would you choose?  
She—Yours.

**Just Like a Man.**  
"You lived on a Texas ranch for a  
number of years, I believe," said the  
man.  
"Yes," replied the woman.  
"Like it?" queried the man.  
"No; it was too lonesome; no neigh-  
bors to talk to," answered the woman.  
"You mean there were no neighbors  
to talk about," said the man.

**It All Depends.**  
Young Mother—After all, nothing is  
so perfect as a baby.  
Bachelor Brother—That's right—espe-  
cially as a nuisance.

**Why Didn't He Pull the Teeth?**  
Carpenter—Well, boy, have you  
ground all the tools, as I told you,  
while I've been out?  
Boy (newly apprenticed)—Yes, mas-  
ter, all but this "ere 'an'saw. An' I  
can't quite get the gaps out of it.—  
Punch.

**His Little Joke.**  
Finnigan—O! hear yez hove a girrl  
baby at your house, McManus. Phwat  
is it yez are after callin' 'er infant?  
McManus—Shure an' it do be Caro-  
line th' owld woman tells me, but O!  
call her Carrie for short, O! dunno.

Finnigan—Carrie, is it, McManus?  
Faith, an' thot's a good name fer a fay-  
male missinger boy, O!m thinkin'.

**Just to Be Pleasant.**  
Nell—You surely don't think Jenkins'  
wife pretty?  
Belle—Certainly not.  
"But you told May Sowers she was  
just lovely."

"That was because May was an old  
flame of Jenkins'."—Philadelphia Rec-  
ord.

**An Inquiry.**  
Suburbanite—Pushington was one of  
the most successful men we ever had  
in our place.  
City Friend—Yes? Succeeded in sell-  
ing out, did he?—Puck.

**A Sharp-Tongued Woman.**  
Mrs. Wicks—When my husband says  
anything I have to take it with a grain  
of salt.  
Mr. Hicks—When my wife says any-  
thing I have to take it with a good  
many grains of pepper.—Somerville  
Journal.

**No Harm Would Result.**  
"Do you mean to say a man might  
smoke cigarettes constantly for a week  
without any particular harm result-  
ing?"  
"Certainly."  
"Why, it would kill him."  
"Of course, but it wouldn't seriously  
affect any one else."—Philadelphia  
Press.

**Real Selfish.**  
Mrs. Sellmohr—Do you know  
anything about that family that is mov-  
ing into the flat in the next block.

Mrs. Nixdore—No, but I think they  
are rather selfish, disagreeable people.  
They took all their household furniture  
there in these big, covered vans, so no-  
body could tell what it looked like.—  
Chicago Tribune.

**These Husbands of Husbands.**  
"Did your husband go with you to  
your picnic, Mrs. Jones?"  
"No; his employer is so mean he  
wouldn't let poor Henry off, but Henry  
gave him a good talking to about it,  
and I guess he got ashamed of himself,  
for he said Henry could have a two  
days' fishing trip."—Chicago Record-  
Herald.

**Not Up to the Mark.**  
Magazine Editor—Haven't you got a  
poem to go on this page?  
Assistant—Here's one that I don't  
quite get the meaning of, but I suppose  
many of our readers will understand it.  
Magazine Editor—That won't do. I  
want something that will puzzle every-  
body.—Judge.

**Little Freddie—Mamma, doesn't Uncle  
Bob like plum pudding?**  
Mamma—Yes, but the doctor won't  
let him eat it.  
Little Freddie—Well, if was as big  
as him there wouldn't be any doctor  
big enough to stop me.—Boston Her-  
ald.

**Answered.**  
"But how do you pass your time?"  
asked the lady from the city of the re-  
tired business man who had settled on a  
farm.  
"Well," said the retired business man,  
"I spend a good deal of it in explaining  
to inquirers how I get along out here."  
—Somerville Journal.

**An Exhibition Stunt.**  
Mamma—The whipping you got yester-  
day doesn't seem to have improved you.  
Your conduct has been even worse to-  
day.  
Willie—That's what I wanted to  
prove. You said I was bad as I possibly  
could be yesterday, an' I knew you  
was wrong.—Philadelphia Record.

**Gen's Reminder.**  
Borem (consulting his watch)—Isn't  
your clock a little slow, Miss Cutting?  
Miss Cutting (suppressing a yawn)—  
No, I think not; but there are times  
when it does seem so.

**Best Self Could Do.**  
Guest—Waitress, there's a blonde  
hair in my soup.  
Blonde Waitress—Shall I dye my hair  
black to please you?—Meggendorfer  
Blatterer.

**Then She Brought the Pie.**  
Mrs. Strongmind—Why don't you go  
to work?  
Tramp—Please, mum, I made a sol-  
eman row, twenty years ago, that I'd  
never do another stroke of work till  
women was paid th' same wages as  
men.—New York Weekly.

**Tried Moral Fusion.**  
Hoosier Schoolmaster—Don't do any  
whipping here, eh?  
Eastern Pedagogue—No; we use  
moral sunation.  
Hoosier Schoolmaster—Moral sunation,  
eh? I tried that in Indiana, but it  
made a heap of trouble. The girls didn't  
object to the kissing, but the old folks  
cut up like all possessed.—New York  
Weekly.

**Chasing the Fox.**  
She—Is your friend going to marry  
the widow?  
He—I think not. He told me he had  
a better offer.—The Smart Set.

**Those Loving Girls.**  
Maude—Do you think my