THE INN.

"My door stands always open! You weary souls, come in—
You that are tired of music, here silence doth begin!
You shall not rise for dancing, or follow wandering loves,
Here in my yew-boughs whispers only the voice of doves.

"I'll quench your thirst with water, well-water clear and sweet,
I'll bind about with linen your weary hands and feet.
Lie down upon my couches that are of marble stone,
You shall not lift your eyelids until the night is gone.

"The wind howe'er it whistles shall pierce no sleeper's ear;
The rain that cries and whimpers can never enter here.
You shall not hear men groaning for things that were divine,
Flung to the outer darkness or trampled down of swine.

"Nor shall ghosts rise to trouble your peace as once of yore,
Quiet shall be upon you; behind you and before
Darkness shall lie, and in it who knows what dream's to win
Come in," cries Death the landlord, "you'll find no better inn."

—London Outlook.

My Approaching Marriage

I HAD just heard the whistle of the postman at the door, and leaned over the banisters to inquire of my landlady if there were any letters for me.

There was no immediate response to my query, and I inferred from the suspicious silence that either Mrs. Metcalf or her daughter was inspecting my letters, probably reading the post-cards, if there were any. Again I asked:

"Mrs. Metcalf, are there any letters for me? I expect a letter of some importance."

"Coming, sir—coming!" replied Matilda, her daughter, as the latter slowly ascended the stairs, gazing very interestedly at a post-card.

In a few moments more she arrived at my landing, on the second floor, and gave to me a letter, two post-cards and a newspaper.

One card from my tailor, to notify me of his removal; one from Louis Durande, to tell me that he could not keep a certain engagement with me, and a letter from Percy Cresmer, who had warmed his slippers at the same college fire with me scarcely three years ago. His epistle ran thus:

"Dear Belton—I claim your congratulations. I am to be married, next week, to the sweetest girl the sun ever shone upon. There's surprise number one for you, and I wish you'd go to Silverman, the jeweler, and get the wedding ring, size enclosed on a bit of paper. There's surprise number two. Seriously, old fellow, it will do me a great favor, for business matters here are complicated in such a way that I cannot hope to get to the city a day before the event, and, of course, I know that I can trust your taste and judgment, equally with my own. Have the words 'Helen, 1896,' engraved on the inside and please send by post without delay. Every ours, faithfully, PERCY CRESMER."

"P. S.—She is an angel."

"Well," said I to myself, laying down my old chum's rapturous letter, "here's a pretty commission for a bachelor. An angel, is she? I don't believe she's any more angelic than Pauline Brooks. But every man thinks his own goose a swan."

So I locked my desk, put on my overcoat, and went straightway to Silverman's. Jones was behind the counter. I knew Jones; I had bought a gold bracelet of him for Pauline Brooks, six months ago. Jones was a dapper little fellow, with stiffly waxed mustache, a cameo scarfpin, and hair bedewed with some ambrosial perfume or other.

"Wedding rings, if you please," said I, plunging at once into the object of my visit. "Here's the size," producing my slip of paper.

"Any inscription, sir?" questioned Jones, assuming so preternaturally knowing an aspect that I could have cheerfully pitched him in among the plated ware in the big glass showcase behind him.

"Helen," said I, brusquely, "1896."

"Emma, sir?" Jones put his hand behind his ear to assist his hearing.

"Helen!" I bawled out, painfully conscious that the eyes of the three pretty girls who were at the counter beyond were upon me.

"Very pretty name," simpered Jones, as he wrote down the order. "Any particular style.

"Simple and solid," said I; "that's all."

"Yes, sir. It shall be attended to at once. Shall I send it to your residence, or——"

"Pardon me, Mr. Belton," cried Mr. Silverman, who had overheard a portion of our colloquay, "but if it wouldn't be taking a liberty, might I inquire whether you intend to keep house or take apartments?"

"What?" ejaculated I.

"To keep house or take apartments?" reiterated Mr. Silverman. "Because in the former case we should esteem it a favor to supply the silver and tableware."

I muttered some not particularly complimentary answer, and went out of the shop, closing the door behind me with some emphasis.

"Going to be married, eh, old chap?" said Bill West, a stock broker, familiarly thrusting his elbow into my side, as I strolled into Gatti's for my lunch that day.

"No!" said I, taking up the bill of fare.

"Oh, come, don't deny the soft impeachment," said West, with a wink.

"What has put such an idea as that into your head?" demanded I, somewhat indignantly.

"And her name's Helen," said West, with an idiotic giggle. "Waiter, a half-bottle of Mumm! Let's drink her health, Belton, when——"

Old Mr. Jessup was trotting across Hyde Park when I unexpectedly came face to face with him.

"Hello!" said Mr. Jessup, turning upon me the moony glare of two spectacled eyes. "What's this I hear about you, my dear young friend? Accept my congratulations. Matrimony is always a blessed condition, and——"

"Oh, yes, I don't doubt it," I hurriedly interrupted, "but—a—there's some mistake about it——"

"Miss, what did you say?" said old Mr. Jessup, beamingly. "Call round this evening and tell us all about it; there's a good fellow. I haven't time to listen just now."

I could have torn my hair with rage. Mr. Jessup was Pauline Brooks' uncle and guardian, and I knew that my chances in that direction would be all off if once the fatal story of the wedding ring got to Pauline's ears.

I crossed the park and hurried up Regent street, mentally gnashing my teeth and in my impetuous haste had nearly stumbled over Pauline herself, just coming out of a florist's with a tiny boutonniere of violets in her hand.

"Pauline," I cried rapturously.

But Pauline drew back the least little distance in the world, thereby putting an invisible barrier between us that froze me like an icicle.

"Dear me, Mr. Belton, is it you?" said Pauline. "I congratulate you, I am sure."

"Upon what?" I demanded, growing desperate.

"Upon your approaching marriage, to be sure," said Pauline, with a smile, like auroral lights hovering over a snowbank.

"But I'm not going to be married," I protested.

"Oh, excuse me, pray. Gentlemen do not usually buy wedding rings without a purpose," interposed Pauline. "Only I should think you might have paid such old friends as we are the compliment of some slight intimation of your impending marriage."

"Pauline," said I—"Miss Brooks—hear me. There is only one woman in the world I would care to marry, and she stands before me now."

"Mr. Belton," said she, "you may regard all this as a very fine joke, but surely it is not necessary to add any more insult to it——"

"Do you mean that you don't believe me?"

"How can I believe you?" retorted she.

Driven to a sort of frenzy, I dragged Percy Cresmer's letter from my pocket.

Her face cleared up as she glanced over the contents of poor Cresmer's ecstatic missive.

"Poor fellow," said she. "He's very much in love, isn't he?"

"Not half as much as I am," said I.

And then in the smilax-bordered shadow of the florist's shop I pressed my suit.

I ordered the duplicate wedding ring that very night. Pauline said it was too soon; but I quoted the ancient proverb, "Delays are dangerous," and we are to be married in a month.

And if it hadn't been for the providential commission of Cresmer's wedding ring I might still have been shivering on the brink of an unspoken proposal. "Blessed be wedding rings," say I.—Spare Moments.

How to Make a Dark Room.

The want of a suitable dark room robs amateur photography of a great deal of its pleasure. A dark room big enough for all necessary purposes can easily be constructed in the corner of a stable, shed or unfinished chamber after the plan shown in the accompanying cut.

Mark off a square in the corner of the space to be utilized and set up five strips of 2 by 3 inch lumber in the manner shown. Put a "header" across between two strips for a doorway and cover all the rest of the wall space with black tarred paper, tacking it on as shown in the illustration, lapping the second piece over the edge of the first.

AN EASILY MADE DARK ROOM.

For a door make a frame out of strips of board, putting a brace from the inner corner at the bottom to the outer corner at the top, to keep it from sagging, and cover the frame with the tarred paper. Hinge one side to an upright strip and tack on small strips inside so there will be no cracks left about the edges of the door when it is closed. Put up a broad shelf about two sides of the dark room, with a few smaller shelves above to hold chemicals, plates, paper and trays, and the dark room is complete.—Webb Donnell in Household.

The securing of good cloud effects is becoming more and more a study, and it is well to remember that but few pictures are taken where time and patience are more in demand. Sunset offers the best opportunity for such. One authority sas a clearing sky after an afternoon downpour is probably the best time to secure good sunset effects. The clouds are apt to hang low and be full of moisture at such time, the atmosphere clearer and the lightbreak in through rifts in clouds much stronger than otherwise. The seasons of the year best adapted for sunsets are either in early spring or fall. A time exposure is much the best, as a snap shot will not get the delicate detail. Use at least an F 16 stop, with several seconds time. And let the developer be very weak in starting out until you find out just what there is, then a little stronger may be tried. The development must be carried well along, considerably more than usual.

If prints curl up after toning, it may be remedied by laying the print face down on a sheet of blotting paper, and stroking the back of the print back and forth with the flat edge of the ruler or the back of a knife. Repeat this a few times and the print will be quite flat.

If you ride a wheel, carry the camera suspended from the shoulder in preference to having it attached to the bars of the bicycle. The latter method gives too much vibration and is liable to jar your shutter out of order.

Easy Lessons in City Life.

When Moses K. Armstrong was elected delegate to Congress from the Territory of Dakota, he made an experimental trip to Washington to accustom himself to metropolitan ways. In "The Early Empire-Builders of the Great West" he humorously describes some of his first day's experiences in an Eastern city.

Down at the corner of the next block I heard an auctioneer crying out, "Going for fifty cents!" I struck straight for his voice, and as I entered the room, he caught my eye and nodded his head.

I returned the compliment. At that moment he cried out: "Sold and gone!" To my surprise, I found that by nodding my hear I had bought a woman's head-dress for fifty cents. I paid the money and left the prize on the counter. I skipped out and walked slowly down the street, muttering to myself, "Sold and gone!" and I have not nodded my head at a man since I made that bargain.

Being a single man, I felt a little blue over that purchase, so I pushed on through the rain up the avenue, and soon met a bootblack who offered me a shine for ten cents. I poked my foot out to him. He pulled his artist-brush, looked at me and said:

"Boss, you looks like one o' dem Congressmen. Chuck down de cash befo' I spin on your boots; we don't trust dem M. C. fellers."

I paid him the dime, and he blacked one boot, and then asked if I wanted the other polished, saying that his price was ten cents a foot.

By this time I began to get mad, and I turned from Sambo, and walked rapidly on with one boot black and the other brindle. My brindle foot at last attracted so much attention that I stepped the other into the mud to make a match.

Maine Sardines.

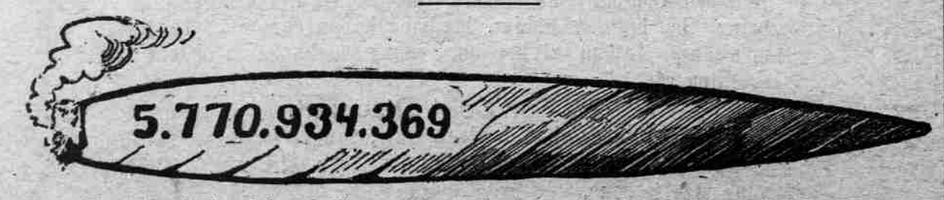
"The sardine towns on the Maine coast," says the Kennebec Journal, "are congratulating themselves on the fact that herring are beginning to come. Every year the little fishes are called upon to do their lightning-change act by arriving as herring and departing as sardines."

Courageous Maiden.

Wright Smooth—Suppose you were in danger of being kissed, sweet maid, how would you meet such an emergency.

Polly Wogg (the milkmaid)—Face to face.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NEARLY SIX BILLION CIGARS MADE.



The total production of cigars in this country for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1901, was 5,770,934,369, the largest quantity produced in twelve months since the industry was founded. The previous heavy year was 1892-93, when the production reached 4,900,000,000. According to the statements of those heavily interested in the business and who are students of present tendencies, production is not likely to ever fall below 4,000,000,000 in a year, and chances are that before 1904 production will have increased to 6,000,000,000. Placed end to end these cigars would reach a distance of about 250,000 miles, or ten times around the earth at the equator.

MUMMIES IN A CAVE.

ANCIENT REMAINS FOUND ON SIERRA MADRE MOUNTAINS.

Bodies in a Remarkably Good State of Preservation—Cranial Features Superior to Those of the Inhabitants of Same Region To-Day.

In the Ethnological Department of the California State Mining Bureau are now on exhibition four mummies, which form the subject of a paper by Dr. Winslow Anderson in a recent bulletin published by the bureau.

These interesting remains were discovered by Signor S. Marghieri on the eastern face of the Sierra Madre Mountains, Mexico, in a cave, the mouth of which had been so skillfully sealed with adobe plaster and natural blocks from the mountains as almost to escape detection.

At the extreme end of this natural sepulchre these bodies—a man, woman, little boy and infant girl, of whom no inscriptions or other evidences exist to reveal their race—had been placed with faces turned toward the rising sun.

No artificial means of preservation had been employed. They were simply wrapped in burial shrouds, woven of various materials, cotton, hair and grasses, and their mummification had been brought about by the natural action of the extremely dry atmosphere of that region, which prevents decay.

They have dried in the sitting posture, with hands crossed and knees drawn toward the chin, and are remarkably well preserved, the brain, heart, lungs, abdominal and pelvic viscera being intact, and dried to a solid consistency.

The man is large and well-developed, with a large head and broad shoulders, but has small hands and feet, with high arched instep.

The woman is even better preserved. A heavy suit of hair still remains. Her hands and feet are small, the latter measuring only 8½ inches in length, and her skull gives unmistakable evidence of a high degree of intelligence. The facial angle of the man is 71 degrees and of the woman 69 degrees.

The skull of the little boy, who is supposed to have been about 7 years of age is unusually well shaped, and indicative of no meager mental capacity, and the facial angle is 71 degrees.

These cranial features are superior to those of the inhabitants of the same region to-day. Moreover, the hair of the woman is soft, silky, and brown in color, wholly unlike that of the Indian race. In some respects these bodies approach the Aztec type; but whatever the race may have been, it was one of superior development.

The mummies were secretly transported from Mexico, to avoid trouble with the superstitious Indians of that locality.

Science and Invention

An expedition to Kolynsk, Russia, is being made by Russian scientists in order to bring to St. Petersburg the mammoth which has recently been discovered. It is unique of its kind, its hair, skin and flesh being entirely preserved, and there are remains of undigested food in its stomach.

In 1900 in the Punjab, a section of India, where about 500,000 persons die annually, 893 were killed by snake bites. Their bite is more often inflicted in houses than either in the fields or in the jungle. During the year in question 1,374 wild animals were slaughtered, including 11 tigers, 186 bears, 184 leopards and 99 wolves; 13,272 snakes were killed.

Experiment has shown that an electric arc can be employed under water for fusing metal. The intense heat turns the water surrounding the arc into steam, thus forming an insulating cushion of vapor. It has been suggested that with proper apparatus the electric arc could be employed by divers for quickly cutting through large chain cables or iron plates under water.

Prof. Raphael Dubois of the University of Lyons has produced some of the most curious lamps ever imagined, by cultivating luminous marine microbes in a liquid medium contained in little glass vessels. If a few of these living lamps are arranged about a bust in a dark room, the bust is made plainly visible, and photographs can be taken of it. The actinic power of the light is, nevertheless, so feeble that several hours' exposure is needed. With another form of lamp, filled with phosphorescent bacteria, enough light is obtained to render a printed page easily legible.

Prof. Hugo de Vries, the well-known Dutch botanist and biologist, is credited with a "momentous discovery" concerning the origin of species among plants. Briefly stated, his observations indicate that new species appear suddenly by mutation, never as the outcome of a progressive variation. He avers that he has been able, for the first time, to watch the formation and development of new species. A reviewer of his work in the English scientific journal, Nature, says: "The facts are so striking and convincing that an outsider, like the reviewer, cannot but feel that a new period in the theories of the origin of species and of evolution has been inaugurated."

Consul General Hughes writes from Coburg that, according to the German press, fibroleum, a new artificial leather, has just been invented by a Frenchman. It consists of pieces of refuse skins and hides, cut exceedingly small, which are put into a vat filled with an intensely alkaline solution. After the mass has become pulpy it is taken out of the vat, placed in a specially constructed machine, and after undergoing treatment therein is again taken out and put through a paper-making machine. The resulting paper-like substance is cut into large sheets, which are laid one upon another, in piles of from 100 to 1,000, and put into a hydraulic press to remove all moisture. The article is strong and pliable, and can be pressed or molded into all kinds of shapes and patterns. It is said to make the best kind of wall paper. Decorators who have used this article speak of it in the highest terms.

Goin' Back.

I've packed my traps and I'm goin' back
where the fields are green and
broad,
And the colts, with their legs all doubled
up, are rollin' on the sod;
They'll smile, I s'pose, when they see me
come, and they'll, some of 'em,
likely say
They thought I'd forsaken the farm for
good the day that I went away—
But let 'em smile—I'm goin' back—I'm
sick of the noise and fuss,
Where a couple of dollars count for more
than the life of a common cuss;
They'll nobody notice I've went away—if
you told 'em they wouldn't care,
But somebody's face'll be full of joy when
she greets her boy back there.

I'm goin' back, for I've had my fill—I've
saw what there is to see;
The city may still be the place for you,
but it's lost its charm for me;
And won't I be lonesome there, you say,
with the people so far apart?
Well, mebby they're few and far between,
but each of 'em's got a
heart;
There ain't no hundreds of thousands
there to push you around, I know,
Not carin' a cent where you're comin'
from or where you're tryin' to go—
For the one that's jostled day after day
with never a friend to greet,
There ain't a lonesomer place on earth
than the city's crowded street.

I'm goin' back where the dog's asleep on
the step by the kitchen door,
With his nose pushed down between his
paws—I'm sick of the smoke and
roar;
There's money to make where the crowds
are thick and they're tryin' to rip
things loose—
There's money to get if you've got the
grit, but, dang it all! what's the
use?
They hustle for dollars all through the
day and dream of dollars in bed,
And forgive the gougin' a fellow may do
as long as he gets ahead—
They hustle and bustle and coop themselves in dark little holes and fret
And honor a person accordin' to the
money he's managed to get.

I'm goin' back where the poplars stand
in tall rows down the lane,
Where the bobsled's settin' beside the
barn, defyin' the sun and rain;
Where the birds are singin' away as
though they were hired to fill the
air
With a sweetness that nobody ever can
know who was never a boy out
there;
I'm goin' back where they'll not expect
me to sit in the kitchen when
I'm courtin' the girl I love because I'm
workin' for other men—
Where the richest among 'em'll shake my
hand, instead of lettin' me see
That they think the money they've got
must make them a blamed sight
better than me.

I'm goin' back, and you'll stay here and
rush, in the same old way,
Goin' to work and then goin' home—the
same thing day by day—
And you'll think you're havin' a high old
time and I'll pity you, lookin' back
(From where I whistle across the fields)
at you in the same old track!—
I'm goin' back, but the crowds won't
know, and they'll still keep rushin'
on;
They'll never notice that some one's face
is missin' when I am gone—
No, they'll never notice that some one's
gone—if they did they wouldn't
care—
But every tree'll be noddin' to me when I
turn up the lane back there.

—Chicago Record-Herald.

MEXICAN ARISTOCRATS.

They Are Extraordinarily Tenacious of Class Distinctions.

The cultivated Mexican, priding himself on his "education," looks for its manifestation in the person who claims his friendship and intimacy. He insists on good breeding among his own people, or they may not pass his threshold; all the more is he likely to insist that the foreigner who would visit him be a man of polish, and with the ability to say and do things the right way.

A Mexican of excellent family was saying to me the other day that going to an interior State he had sojourned at a hacienda where the men there assembled, on engineering and other matters, were not of his kind, and "so I did not eat at the same table," for they were not "caballeros," or gentlemen. "I demand brains and good breeding in my associates, or I live alone!"

This gentleman speaks English perfectly, and reads our best authors, and he is equally well grounded in other foreign languages. He has none of that snobbish pride that offends, would not hurt another's feelings, and does not insist on nicety of dress, but does demand of his associates that fine breeding and perfect tact that characterizes people who have inherited the courtly traditions of old Spain.

It struck me that he went too far, that the technically trained men he met in the country were quite good enough to associate with, but to all objections he would reply: "They were not of my kind!"

A Mexican lady of the old nobility of the country, wealthy and of long residence abroad, witty, of linguistic accomplishments, and much social experience in Europe as at home, said:

"I do not invite foreigners to my table, not even diplomats, for they are too critical of the service, and here you know that it is impossible to have such well-trained servants as in France or England. I have been hurt in my feelings, at my own table, at the quiet amusement of guests when something went wrong, some blunder in service. And, as foreigners will make no allowances for our domestic shortcomings, I close my doors to them. In Paris I should entertain foreigners, for there I could be sure of my servants. But we Mexicans do not want to be laughed at, and that, perhaps, by people who are not at home, in their own countries, of our class. One does not know who they are or what is their origin. The lower their extraction the greater their presumption here."—Boston Herald.

A Bluff.

"Why are you so pensive?"

"No reason in particular," answered Willie Wishington. "I didn't have anything else to do, so I thought I might as well look as if I were thinking."—Washington Star.

Germans in London.

There are 75,000 Germans in London,

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 gave the felon a terrible look.

"Are you not ashamed," I thundered, "to be a mere thief when it is so easy to be an astute financier?"

"But it was not my fault," whimpered the fellow, "that my victim had only $10!"

A Creditable Movement.

Mrs. Horse—A lot of us girls have started an Audubon club."

Mr. Horse—What's that?

Mrs. Horse—Why, we are not going to wear birds or wings on our hats.

Bereaved.

He—I've lost a wealthy aunt to-day.

She—When did she die?

He—Oh, she isn't dead, but her niece has just jilted me.—Judy.

Education.

"These Indians who have been educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?"

"Except for their 'Rah! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."

Within Bounds.

Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?

Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

For the Public Good.

"There's another thing Carnegie might do."

"What?"

"Start free ice-cream soda water fountains all over the country."

Caustic Meanness.

"Apples, raw apples, are now said to be good literary diet."

"Yes; and for some poets I'd prescribe green apples—to keep them from writing."

No Close Season.

"Expect to do any hunting this fall?"

"Yes, my wife and I are going to start out next week."

"That's rather early, isn't it?"

"Maybe it is, but we'll get the start on the other house-hunters, who are now out of town."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Lunch Counter.

Mrs. Stickler—I don't like blackberry pie, but I suppose I'll have to take it.

Mrs. Schoppen—Why so, if there's some other kind you like better?

Mrs. Stickler—I'm in mourning, you know.—Philadelphia Press.

Out Five.

He came to borrow five, and I
Was out. It's just a sin!
I wouldn't have been out if I
Had only not been in.

—Philadelphia Press.

A Hot One.

"Shall I open the window?"

"Why?"

"So you can get the air."—Detroit Free Press.

Busy.

"Young Mr. Dawdles has become very industrious since he decided to go into business. His office hours are from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m."

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne; "I understand that he has had to raise his office boy's wages for staying all that time to tell people that Mr. Dawdles has just gone out, but would be in at 11 o'clock next morning."—Washington Star.

Logic.

Maud—When are they to be married?

Ethel—Never.

Maud—Never? And why so?

Ethel—She will not marry him until he has paid his debts, and he cannot pay his debts until she marries him.—Fun.

The Past.

She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?

He—Oh, yes. Ever since the first time the war ended.—Life.

Green Apples Are Now in Our Midst.

Mrs. Bellefield—Well, it's a good thing that Benny came past the Fourth without injury.

Mr. Bellefield—But don't boast, my dear. The green peach season is coming.—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

One or the Other.

"That social reformer has a very spectacular way of presenting some extraordinary theories."

"Yes. The man is either posing or supposing all the time."—Washington Star.

Not Easy at All.

"No," said the impecunious one, "you can't believe all that you see in the newspapers."

"Are you prepared to specify?" the other man asked.

"I am. I saw a statement in the financial columns that money was easy, but when I tried to negotiate a loan I found that the reverse was true."

"You misunderstood the paragraph. It didn't say that people were easy."—Judge.

A Martyr.

She—I don't see how I can possibly get along with this paltry allowance you give me of three hundred a month.

He—But, my dear, that is more than I pay most of my clerks, and they have whole families to support.

She—May be so; but I am sure they are not continually annoyed by vulgar tradesmen the way I am.—Puck.

A Draw.

May—Jack bet Bess that he'd be engaged before she was.

Pamela—Which won?

May—Neither. They're engaged to each other.—Puck.

A Rentguard.

Mrs. Dedbete—Why are you so particular about there being a fire escape leading from our apartments?

Mr. Dedbete—I simply want to guard against paying the rent.—Ohio State Journal.

Easy.

"Which would you rather, Tommy, be born lucky or rich?" asked Uncle Tredway.

"Both," replied Tommy, sententiously.

Overstocked.

"I argued and argued with young Nibbs to have more self-esteem."

"Was he influenced by your efforts?"

"He's got so much now that I can't stay around where he is."

Cause of Her Cold.

"Poor Emersonia has a very severe cold," said Mrs. Backbay to Mrs. Bosting.

"Yes, the poor child took off her heavy-weight spectacles and put on her summer eyeglasses too soon," replied the latter.

A Sense of Fitness.

Lady of the House—You needn't ask for a cup of coffee; our gas stove has been turned off for hours.

Tramp—Coffee, madam, is out of the question; have you any left-over sherbet or yesterday's lemonade in the ice chest?

Fractional.

"I am told that you've been married before, Mr. Sooter," said Miss Bunting to her proposer.

"Yes, er—yes."

"Your first wife had at least a portion of your heart?"

"Yes—er—yes."

"That's what I thought. Well, I couldn't consent to marry a half-hearted man."

Of Course.

Mrs. O'Flanigan—Be'gora, if we call wan o' the twins "Kate" what'll we call the other wan?

Mr. O'Flanigan—Dupli-cate.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

The Difference.

Joakley—He used to be a newspaper man, but a rich uncle left him a small fortune.

Coakley — But I understand that wasn't to make any difference.

Joakley—O, yes. He's a journalist now.—Philadelphia Press.

No Wonder He Blanched.

Wife (with a determined air)—I want to see that letter.

Husband—What letter?

Wife—That one you just opened. I know by the handwriting that it is from a woman, and you turned pale when you read it. I will see it! Give it to me, sir!

Husband—Here it is. It's your milliner's bill.

Extenuating Circumstance.

Mamma—What makes you so ill? I hope you haven't been chewing tobacco.

Tommy—O-boo-hoo! No, ma'am.

Mamma—I'm glad to hear that, but what——

Tommy—I was goin' to chew it, but—boo-hoo—I saw you comin' an' I swallowed it.

A Banquet.

First Mosquito—Anything on this afternoon?

Second Mosquito—I believe not.

"Then come over to my house and join me at a baby's nap."—Life.

Something Between Them.

"I have called," began Mr. Forchen Hunt, "to speak to you about your daughter. You must have noticed that there is something between us."

"No," replied Mr. Goldrox, "but I'm sure there will be pretty soon."

"Ah!"

"It will be the Atlantic Ocean. I'm going to send her abroad till she learns a little sense."

No Change There.

"This is a good year for peaches," said the huckster. "If you'll buy 'em by the basket, ma'am, you'll find the price isn't high at all."

"No," said Mrs. Hauskeep, "but the bottom of the basket is as high as ever."—Philadelphia Press.

The Pope's Paraphrase.

An amusing story of the pope's good-natured humor is being told in Rome just now. His holiness is much sought after as a sitter by painters whose powers are not always equal to their ambitions. Quite recently one of these painters, having finished his portrait, begged the pope to honor him by inscribing upon it some scriptural text, with his autograph. Pope Leo looked dubiously at the picture. It was mediocre enough and little like himself; but he reflected a moment, and then, adapting the familiar line in St. Matthew to the peculiar circumstances, he wrote as follows: "Be not afraid; it is I.—Leo XIII."

Mascagni Wears Bracelets.

Mascagni is one of the men who wears bracelets, and they are not confined to his arms, but ornament his ankles as well. The creator of "Cavalleria Rusticana" is said to be passionately fond of jewelry, and numbers many splendid and valuable rings, given to him as well as bought by his own money, among his personal effects.