

HASSAN'S PROVERBS.

King Hassan, well beloved, was wont to say,
When sought wrong, or any labor failed:
"To-morrow, friends, will be another day!"
And in that faith he slept, and so prevailed.

Long live this proverb! While the world shall roll
To-morrow's fresh shall rise from out the night,
And new-baptize the indomitable soul
With courage for its never-ending fight.

No one, I say, is conquer'd till he yields:
And yield he need not while, like mist from glass,
God wipes the stain of life's old battle-fields
From every morning that he brings to pass.

New day, new hope, new courage! Let this be,
O soul, thy cheerful creed. What's yesterday,
With all its hardships and wrack and grief to thee?
Forget it, then—here lies the victor's way.
—Christian Endeavor World.

Don and Dan.

HE loved them both—only differently—Don for his quiet devotion; Dan for his hearty achievements. She had tried hard to decide between them, but her heart had failed her completely.

They had both proposed, but so differently. Yet neither failed in his efforts to show himself the true lover. Don was decidedly clever as an artist, while one could see at a glance that Dan would not be long in making his mark in the world. So there was really no apparent choice for the poor girl. She had weighed them carefully in the matrimonial scale, but they both balanced at love, and she was at her wit's end.

Don had called several times of late, only to find Dan comfortably seated on the sofa beside Sue. After stammering different excuses on the various occasions, he made hasty exits, often hearing Dan break forth into peals of laughter. Sue was silent through it all. Never a letter inviting Don to call on a certain evening, so he decided that Dan spent all his spare moments with Sue. If it were true, surely Dan was the favorite, so Don relieved his aching heart by devoting all his spare moments to painting a beautiful canvas of Sue's head—for old time's sake. So Don's visits became less frequent, and Dan felt confident of a bride, until, one day, something strange happened, as they always do in love affairs.

'Twas a perfect day that found Dan and Sue enjoying a horseback ride along the speedway. Sue looked the very acme of grace and poise in her riding habit, and Dan could not crowd down the conceit that rose in his breast when he thought how he had won her away from all rivals, especially Don. Then he began arguing to himself that there were good reasons for it. He was better looking. He moved in a smarter set. He was more popular. So with an overcoat of self-pride, he rode beside Sue with what might be termed, in slang, an enlargement of the hat-band.

All the while that Dan was picturing his better points on the relief, Sue was thinking of Don. Surely what had become of the boy. He had not been at her house in over a week. Nor had he sent a single word of excuse, and she, in the whirl of her numerous social duties, had neglected to write him. She was slightly worried about the state of affairs, although she would not admit it to her conscience—that seemed annoyed of late—so tried in vain to crowd it out of her busy little brain.

There was a sudden click of steel, a quick jerk that threw Dan from his saddle, and his horse was off like a wild beast, clearing everything before it. Dan was bravely clinging to the stirrup strap, but it was a terrible position; only a question of seconds when his strength would fail him; then he would be dragged to death. All efforts to stop the horse seemed to enrage him the more.

Sue sat in the saddle like one petrified with fear. She was powerless to move. Suddenly, almost as soon as the horse started, a cyclist whizzed by. It was Don. On, on, he flew, until abreast of the mad horse. One final burst of speed and the wheel crossed the horse's track. Don rose on his pedals, grasped the curb bit and threw himself on the horse's neck. 'Twas an acrobatic feat fit for a circus. As he did so Dan's hold on the strap relaxed, he fell backward and dragged along the roadway, until Don brought the nervous steed to a standstill. It was a brave deed from start to finish and Don came out without a scratch, but minus a wheel.

As Don was being complimented on all sides, Sue came into view, dismounted and alighted her way through the crowd, leaving her horse in charge of an urchin. She took Don's hand without a word and shook it warmly, then stooped to examine Dan. He was unconscious and needed medical aid. Handkerchiefs, cold water, a few fasks and various other things were freely offered by the sympathizing crowd, and all were intent on reviving Dan, when the sharp clang of the ambulance bell dispersed them.

Dan was carefully stowed away in the ambulance, while Don mounted the front seat, after promising to call on Sue that evening.

The front doorbell rang. She rushed to the door and threw it open. Don stepped over the threshold and found himself in the arms of Sue.

"Oh, you dear, brave soul—'twas just like you."
"Oh, 'twas nothing," stammered Don. "I knew you loved him, and I hated to see your happiness in this life die before your very eyes."
"Love him? Nothing of the sort. I love you."
"Sue!"
A lump came into his throat and tears into his eyes. He kissed her—such a glad kiss.

Six weeks later, Dan went south, not

COOKING CORN FOR WINTER.

How Nebraska Farmers Prepare Their Immense Crops for the Table of the Consumer in Many States.

Nebraska leads many of the older States in the canning factory industry. Corn is the chief product, but the tomato output is by no means an insignificant factor in local commerce, and other vegetables receive attention as well. The process is practically the same everywhere. The cannery build-



AFTER THE CORN LEAVES THE COB.

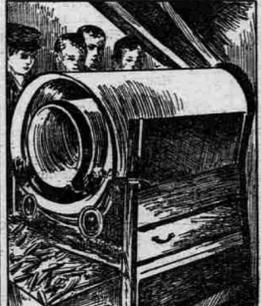
ings consist of a husking shed, can and box house, kitchen or cook room, engine and warehouse, besides numerous minor nooks and corners, all under roof and covering nearly two acres. A 40-horse power engine makes the wheels go around. The water consumption during the busy season amounts to nearly 100,000 gallons per week. Corn is bought by the ton under contract with farmers. An ordinarily well equipped cannery establishment will handle from 175 to 200 tons of corn per day. The output of the average factory for 1900 was 2,000,000 cans of two pounds each.

The corn is delivered by farmers just as it grows on the stalks—no husking. It is dumped into the sheds where from 200 to 300 boys and men are employed in husking. These workers receive 2½ cents per bushel. Wages run all the way from 30 cents to \$2 per day on this job—all contingent upon the skill of the huskers. After the corn is husked, it is thrown on tables, on each side of which stand from twenty to forty women, whose duty it is to trim out all of the bad spots. Having been "culled," the corn is dumped into an elevator trough which is lifted by an endless chain system. It goes to the top of the building, where it is passed through the cutting machines, of which a well-equipped factory is supposed to have from eight to ten. Forty-five bushels per hour is the capacity of each of these machines. Two women are required as operators for each machine. Iron troughs lead the corn to another department known as the silking ma-

chines. These machines remove every particle of silk and cobs. Some people might throw the cobs away, but the cannery manager says nay. He thinks it better to pick them up and charge 20 cents a load for them, and he doesn't have any difficulty in getting it, either.

Leaving the silks, the corn is carried to the canning machines. Here sweetened water and salt, the only condiments used, are added to the corn. No chemicals enter into the process, it is said. After the corn has been sweetened and salted it is distributed into automatic filling machines. The soldering machines are also automatic. Every can is inspected and all defective soldering is returned for repairs. The cans are next placed in cooking retorts, where they are subjected to a pressure of 15 pounds and 250 degrees of heat for nearly two hours, the time varying somewhat owing to the condition of the corn. From the retorts the cans go to the cooling vats, which are filled with running water. Half an hour in the vats, and the cans are sent to the warehouse, where they are piled up in rows reaching to the ceiling. None of the corn is packed for shipment short of two weeks after it has been placed in the warehouse, thus giving time for all imperfections to develop. Labels are put in place by an automatic machine.

Many of the Nebraska canning factories operate their own electric light plants, and there is a mechanical process by which the machinery—every



REMOVING SILK PRIOR TO CANNING.

part of it that actually comes in contact with the corn—is scrubbed by steam every night.

In many respects, the tomato canning process is similar to that of corn, the chief difference, of course, being that in canning tomatoes, machinery for paring takes the place of the silking and husking process.

MINISTER WU TING-FANG.

Sagacious Celestial Holds a Foremost Rank Among Diplomats.

The Chinese minister to the United States, Wu Ting-fang, is the most extraordinary person who ever came to us out of the east, says a writer in *Albion's Magazine*. He is one of the individuals rare in any country, whose intelligence is universal in its range. He is a man of the world in all that the phrase implies. There is no company of men or women among whom he would not be at home. His mind plays easily and swiftly. He is quick of apprehension and speedy in response. Sagacious, witty, astute, discerning and catholic in sympathy, his aim has been to learn the ways of the country and adapt himself to them. He is an untiring student of American lit-



WU TING-FANG.

erature and customs. He reads the newspapers religiously and has an intimate acquaintance with the topics of the day. He is fond of travel and likes to meet all kinds of people. He sees everybody who calls to see him at the legation no matter how unimportant the person or trifling the errand.

Physically, he is of medium height and medium build and clothed with muscles worthy of an athlete. There are few women who would not envy him the perfect teeth, white, hard and small, which he displays as often as he smiles. He is graceful in his movements and carries himself always with a dignity that is enhanced by his flowing robes of silk. His manner of life to all outward appearances is that of any well-born American. There is hardly an oriental suggestion in the furnishings of his Washington home. Madame Wu, whom he married twenty years ago in China and who looks for

all the world as if she had stepped out of a Chinese picture, pays, calls and receives visits as regularly as any other woman of her station. She attends the theater with him and frequents public places. His 8-year-old boy plays with American youngsters and is getting an American education. He goes to the public schools and beats all the other children in his studies.

Minister Wu has been in the highest sense an ambassador to the American people. Not since the time when James Russell Lowell found his way to the hearts of the people of England and gave to our cousins across the sea a taste of the culture and refinement of American life, of which they had hitherto had a crude conception, has any diplomatic representative of any government fulfilled quite the same kind of a mission that has fallen to the lot of Minister Wu during his residence in the United States.

Up to the time of the arrival of Minister Wu, China was an undiscovered country. American public opinion in its conception of the Chinese character wavered between the cynicism of Bret Harte and the brutality of Dennis Kearney. The "heaven Chinese" was either a person of subtle intellect to be avoided, or an obnoxious interloper to be stoned and spat upon. It has been the fortune of Minister Wu to convey to the American people an entirely new idea of his countrymen. In his own personality he has contributed a new type, which, through his actions and utterances, the American people are about ready to accept as the true type of a nationality hitherto inadequately understood.

Minister Wu is 50 years old and received his education in England, where he was admitted to the bar. He was the first Chinese lawyer ever admitted to practice before the English bar in Hong Kong.

Protection from Hall.

The plan of protecting vineyards from the ravages of hailstorms seems to have been successful in part only, if at all, in France and Italy. Some experiments have been made in both countries, but the inference drawn up to this time seems to be that whole parks of artillery containing many guns of large caliber will be needed if reasonable security against hail is to be insured. And it is not altogether certain as yet that even if hundreds of sixteen-inch guns were to be discharged at short intervals the protection would be complete. The bombardment of the heavens cannot yet be considered effectual.

The cart naturally precedes the horse when a back-up is necessary.

Science and Invention

The fishes of America north of the Isthmus of Panama, as listed by Jordan and Evermann, embrace three classes, thirty orders, 225 families, 1,118 genera, 335 sub-genera, 3,202 species and 133 sub-species.

A Belgian engineer, Tobiansky, has invented an apparatus for producing light from smoke. It appears that the origin of the smoke is a matter of indifference. It is simply forced into a receiver where it is saturated with hydrocarbon, and can then be burned, giving a brilliant illumination.

An interesting meteorological station is that of Mammoth Tank, on the line of the Southern Pacific Railway, in Diego County, Cal. The mean annual rainfall for twenty-three years has been 1.81 inches; maximum temperature 130 degrees, on Aug. 17, 1878; lowest month July, with a mean of 98.5 degrees.

The best test for rubies and emeralds, says Dr. Immanuel Friedlaender of Berlin, is microscopic examination. Nearly every ruby and all emeralds have many defects which are so characteristic that the expert can recognize them, and which cannot be produced in artificial stones. True emeralds have minute enclosures of liquids and curiously oriented. Sapphires also show peculiar net-like formations. A magnifying power of 100 diameters suffices to reveal the characteristic defects. For diamonds a good test is that of hardness. A genuine diamond cannot be scratched by a file or by quartz, and a ruby should stand a similar test; but emerald is not much harder than quartz, and cracks easily.

During the firing of minute-guns by the English fleet at Spithead, on the occasion of Queen Victoria's funeral, the sounds were heard at surprising distances inland, and the English scientific journals have since published many interesting facts about these phenomena. It seems to be established that not only the direction of the wind, but its relative velocity at different elevations from the ground, affected the direction of the sound waves. In some cases, contrary winds refracted the sound over the heads of observers between 10 and 45 miles from the ships, so that they did not hear the guns, but the same waves were afterward brought to the ground by favorable upper currents, rendering the sounds audible at fifty miles, and even as far as 140 miles, while at 84 miles they were so loud that laborers in the fields put down their spades and listened to them.

In several parts of the world a resinous substance called ozocerite, and bearing considerable resemblance to beeswax, is found, usually in connection with rock salt and coal. There are deposits in Austria, Russia, Rumania, Egypt, Algeria, Canada and Mexico, but says our consul at Trieste, Mr. Hossfeld, ozocerite has, so far, not been discovered in sufficient quantities to pay for mining anywhere except in the district of Borsaly, in Austria-Galicia, and on an island on the west coast of the Caspian sea. In mining this mineral wax, shafts are sunk until a bed, or "nest," of ozocerite is struck. Then connecting galleries are driven. There is considerable danger, and many lives have been lost in consequence of the sudden forcing up of the soft wax into the shafts by the enormous pressure to which it is subjected. It is used largely for manufacturing ceresin, which is employed, together with beeswax, for making wax candles, as well as in the manufacture of phonographic cylinders, and for many similar purposes.

AN OLD-TIME POSTAL DELIVERY.

The Long-Delayed Letter Brought Joy to Grandmother's Heart.

The arrival of the first batch of letters after the establishment of rural free delivery in Mansfield, Conn., recalled to an aged lady of that town a postal incident remembered in her family for a hundred and twenty years.

"My mother always cried when she told the story," she said.

"When my mother was a little girl—the narrative went on—to have one's letters regularly brought and handed in at the door would have seemed to her a miracle of privilege; and to get them without paying postage would have been another. Mails were so slow and uncertain that the safe arrival of an expected letter by any means was an event in a country family, with the postoffice miles away.

Sometimes the delivery was helped along by volunteer carriers—a farmer going home from the grist mill, a housewife returning from market town with her bargains of lamp oil, West Indian molasses and green tea, or even a plain peddler with his load of tin-ware and corn brooms. In the old war time the army had post riders, but they were few and far between.

My grandfather was a soldier of the Revolution, and grandmother kept the home fire burning here, and provided for their three children as well as she could while he was at the front. All summer she had heard no word of him, and when, one autumn day, a man in a military cloak rode to the door on a white horse her heart beat quick, to "Does Ruth Fuller live here?" he says, holding a thick letter in his hand.

"Yes, I am Ruth Fuller," and grandmother reached eagerly for the letter, for she saw the address in her husband's handwriting.

"The postage is two shillins," Grandmother's countenance fell. There wasn't so much money in the house.

"Guess you don't know me," remarked the man, opening his cape and tipping back his cocked hat, but still holding the letter. She knew him then; an enemy capable of a mean revenge.

"Ah, yes, you remember Tom Turner, and how he asked you to marry him, and you give him 'No, I thank,' and took John Fuller. I wasn't good enough to marry you, but I'm good enough now to bring ye letters from the man that did; and I'm good enough to charge ye a steep price for givin' out

of my way. So hand over your two shillins and take your letter."
The poor woman told him she had no money. To be held up in this heartless and insulting way was a bitter hurt to her. Her grief was deeper than her resentment but she was too proud to let the cruel fellow see her weep.

"I will get you a good dinner," she said, "and feed your horse, and give you a pair of nice long stockings."

It was a humiliation to plead with Tom Turner, but she could do no less. "Money nothin'," he says. And he put the letter in his pocket and rode away.

Grandmother went into the house and sat down and cried; and her children, clinging about her, cried, too. During her long months of waiting, at odd hours she had spun, and woven cloth, and sewed garments, and knitted woolen stockings for John's winter comfort, trusting to find some way to send them to him. Now the messenger had come and gone who could at least have carried word, and he had refused even to give her her husband's letter.

"Ma, God knows what the bad man did," sobbed one of the little ones. "He knows what nice things you've made for pa, and he'll send a good man next time."

The baby's thought relieved the mother's despair, and the three lonely hearts prayed and waited anxiously for the "next time," and, sure enough, before winter came they saw the same white horse galloping toward the house. "He's brought the letter back!" they all cried out together, for they believed the rider to be the same man. Grandmother rushed from the door with all her children. The horseman held out the same letter, and as he gravely put it into her hands she glanced up to his face and screamed for joy.

"John! It is you!"
It did not take her husband long to tell the rest of the story. Tom Turner had returned to headquarters, and one night, made talkative by an extraordinary wind, he had bragged how he "got even" with an old sweetheart who filled him. His exploit reached the ears of his commanding officer, who took away his commission and put my grandfather in his place. The new post rider had brought his own letter to his wife. It was the first rural free delivery in Mansfield town.—Youth's Companion.

MAKES \$40,000 A DAY.

Senator Clark Said to Get That Income from His Copper Mines.

William Quigley, known familiarly among his numerous friends as "Colonel," formerly a resident of Cleveland, but now of Chicago, is at the Hollenden. As his first wife expressed it, "Colonel" Quigley makes money so easily that it looks simple, yet at the same time he is one of the most approachable men in the world.

"Colonel" Quigley turned his conversation onto the marvelous success and wealth of Senator Clark, the copper king, in the lobby of the hotel the other night.

"A good-size-up of Senator Clark," said Mr. Quigley, "is obtained when it is truthfully stated that he is a man who not only laughs at great trusts, but simply snaps his fingers in their faces. The powerful copper trust, known as the Amalgamated Copper Company, would like very much to get Senator Clark and his vast interests under their control. This man, however, not only repudiates all advances, but huris back defiance.

"He rolls in wealth that it would be folly to try to compute, and cares absolutely nothing for any man. His copper mines are the most wonderful in the United States, besides which the famous Calumet and Hecla mines feed into his treasury, and they net him an income of easily \$40,000 a day. He purchased this tract of land around Jerome, Ari., after it had been passed up as a poor investment by a number of mining experts.

"It has since developed to be literally a mountain of copper. The working shafts are now down over 600 feet, and a diamond drill sent into the earth shows that the copper extends to a distance of over 2,000 feet.

"There is no Jerome mining stock on the market, for Senator Clark owns the whole thing—mines, machinery, warehouses, and has his own railway. His possessions are enormous, and he is truly a great rival of Rockefeller and the Standard Oil Company, as far as wealth is concerned.

"Speaking about the value of the mines at Jerome, Senator Clark was approached in New York with reference to purchasing the Arizona claims. His reply was \$10,000,000, but it is doubtful if he would sell the mines for any where near that figure."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Comets of a Century.

During the nineteenth century 235 new comets were discovered, as against sixty-two in the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century also beheld a greater number of large and brilliant comets than did its predecessor. The finest of these were the comets of 1811, 1843, 1858, 1881 and 1882. In the year 1890 only one periodical comet was known, Halley's; now many are known, of which at least seventeen have been seen at more than one return of perihelion.

All from a Street Lamp.

In London they have a street lamp which provides a stream of boiling water and dispenses tea, coffee and cocoa. The heat of the lamp warms the water, and by dropping a cent in the slot a gallon of boiling water may be had. Two cents brings you milk, sugar, tea, coffee, etc. The light and heat are provided by the city, which co-operates with a private corporation that furnishes the rest.

An old colored woman was "taking on" yesterday afternoon over the death of her baby as she was going from the church to the back which was to take her to the cemetery. A white woman, who knew her, happened to be passing and said, sympathetically: "Which one of your children is dead, Aunt Eliza?" "The one in the bears," moaned the negress.

Every unmarried person is told at least ten times a day that he doesn't know what trouble is.

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.

"No," said Mr. Fosdick, decidedly. "I tell you once for all, my daughter, that I cannot think of letting you marry that young man. Why, he's nothing but a poor farmer."
"Poor farmer, papa?" repeated Miss Fosdick. "I guess you don't know that Reuben has ten acres of fine potatoes ready for the market."
"Heaven! You don't say! I withdraw my objections. My dear child, you will be rich beyond the dreams of avarice."

"Of Course He Did."



"What did your husband think of that \$25 hat you bought last week?"
"Oh, he just raved over it."

Cautious Wary.
Raggles—Wary's gittin' looney readin' them scientific patent medicine books.

Trotter—W'y, w'ats de row?
Raggles—Aw, he's a tryin' ter work er racket on de gang about indivjool tomattoer cans, cause he's fraid of dose backteery.

Under.
A dozen loaves, and each like lead, Fell down upon the baker's head; And it appeared, from what he said, That he was somewhat under bread.

Dear Boy.
"Isn't young Mr. Dolley a dear little thing?" asked Miss Dudge.
"Yes, he's such a womanly man," replied Miss Frockles.

Breath.
"An air trust will be the next thing, I suppose!"
"Gracious! Now, that would be enough to take one's breath away!"

My La'y's Hat.
Now in the wind her Gainsborough, Plume-laden, wildly flaps, Unhandy hats, 'tis plain to see, Are often handicaps.

Tie Easy Life.
"When I want a real, out-and-out mental rest I go South."
"Why?"
"Well, up North you have to keep your mind on judges, doctors, professors, captains, mayors, majors and the like; but down South it is safe to call every man 'Colonel!'"

Sidetracked.
Clara—Pa has been home a whole week, and he hasn't got to telling a thing yet about the Pan-American.

Laura—Why not?
Clara—Oh, everything he began to tell reminded me of something at the Chicago world's fair.

Her Barometer.

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Only Thing to Do.
"I am satisfied, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney, "that the prisoner really did not know the pistol was loaded."
"Yet he pointed it at his friend?" suggested the judge.
"Yes."
"And pulled the trigger?"
"Yes."
"And the friend is now carrying his arm in a sling in consequence?"
"Yes."
"Well," said the judge, "it was entirely unintentional. I do not see how we can very well send him to the penitentiary; but it seems to me we ought to have very little difficulty in putting him in an idiot asylum."—Chicago Evening Post.

Hidden Powers.
"I am perfectly amazed at Miss Barlow's brilliant conversation," said Merritt to Ricketts.
"But I thought you had known her for years?" said Ricketts.
"It is true that we have belonged to the same club for years, but I have never heard her talk."
"Impossible! What sort of a club was it?"
"Whist club."

An Emergency Master.
Mrs. Dash—Mrs. Rash's friends didn't come.
Mrs. Cash—Dear me! Her ice cream and cake were a dead loss on her hands.
Mrs. Dash—No, indeed. She rushed around in her own neighborhood and invited a lot of people she hadn't asked.

The Usual Thing.
Briggs—I suppose, now that you've got back from your vacation, you will take a good long rest.
Griggs—That's the worst of it. I spent so much money that I've got to work harder than ever.

For Love.
He—I understood she married him for his money.
She—No, it was for love.
He—Love, indeed?
She—Of course. Lové of his money.

Chance for Venetians.
Silmsom (angrily)—I have sent the editor of the Hightone Magazine forty-two of my poems, and he has returned every one of them.
Friend—Don't send him any more. He might get mad.
"Suppose he should? What could he do?"
"He might publish one of them under your real name."—New York Weekly.

Wouldn't Get Licked So Often.

Mamma (who has just whipped Bobby)—You know, Bobby, I love you, and when I whip you I do it for your own good.
Bobby (crying)—Well, I—I wish you didn't (boo hoo) think so much of me.

As Regards Age.
"Her fiancé? He look old enough to know better."
"Appearances are deceptive. He is, in fact, only old enough to be her father."

A Bright Outlook.

Clara—These autumnal days make me sad.
Clarence—Oh, cheer up, dearie; we've got half a load of coal left over from last year.

Gay Left-Over.

She makes a bright spot on this dismal sphere. Who wears the red waist that she had last year.

Nothing Personal.

She—When I marry I hope my husband will shuffle off this mortal coil without unnecessary delay. I want to be a dashing young widow.
He—How cruel of you to talk like that.
She—Oh, don't you care. You'll not be at the head of the funeral procession.—Chicago News.

Natural Inference.

Stubb—Our foreign cousin is getting more Americanized every day.
Pena—Ah?
Stubb—Yes. Every time he passed a well-paved block in Chicago he asked which city alderman lived there.—Chicago News.

Breezy Undertaking.

Blinks—I hear you are about to start a new paper. What are you going to call it?
Jinks—I had thought seriously of calling it the Bugle.
Blinks—Good! Just the thing if you have fully made up your mind to blow yourself.—Chicago News.

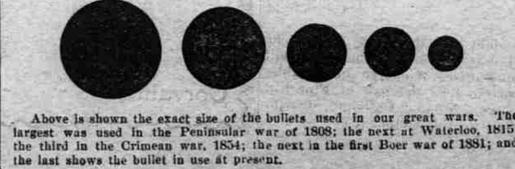
When the Stork Comes to Holland.

In some of the towns of Holland, especially those which in past time suffered much from Spanish invaders under King Philip II, there is prevailing the strange custom of announcing the birth of a child by hanging to the front door a rapper or knocker called "klopper," enveloped in linen, lace or cloth. This usage, which is still observed, particularly by the patrician families, is said to derive its origin from a Spanish ordinance according to which soldiers seeking quarters were forbidden to be billeted at houses where newly born children had arrived. A half-wrapped up "klopper" announces the birth of a girl, one wholly enveloped that of a boy. Modern fashion demanded costly lace, which in some cases is inherited from generation to generation, and again the lace to be employed to be wound round the mother's wedding bouquet is often used for this purpose. A rapper's head, shield, denotes the birth of a son; one-half red and half white, that of a daughter.

Don't name a daughter Florence;

she will inevitably be called Florence.

IS WAR BECOMING MORE HUMANE?



Above is shown the exact size of the bullets used in our great wars. The largest was used in the Peninsular war of 1808; the next at Waterloo, 1815; the third in the Crimean war, 1854; the next in the first Boer war of 1881; and the last shows the bullet in use at present.