AN HUMBLE EFFORT.

De ol' leaf hung upon de tree
  When summer days was pas',
"I guess," says he, "it's up to me,
  I's all dat's lef' at las';
De blue and red of de posy bed
  Is fadin' fas' away.
I nebber 'mounted to much," he said,
  "But I's all dat's lef' to-day."

An' de gold and scarlet handsomeness
  Dat he done hang out dat day,
Dey kind of lessened our distress
  Foh the flowers dat went away.
An' we didn't chide him, wif joys so few
  An' say dat he wan't no good;
But we kinder thanked him, jes' a few,
  Foh doin' de bes' he could.
—Washington Star.

TONIETTA'S QUESL.

I SHALL go to America! All Americans are rich! Why need we starve here, when plenty is waiting?" the angry words rang ever in little Tonietta's ear, and she could shut her eyes and see again the father stern and forbidding; the mother, pleading and tearful, and the handsome, dark-eyed brother, who had gone from their door in far-away Italy, that summer's day, and from whom they had heard no tidings.

That was long years ago, before they, too, had come to America, this land of golden promise, in search of him. Tonietta had been but a babe then; now she was quite a little woman. And Mariano, the lost one, would be 20 years old, a man, indeed. At first they had looked eagerly into every boyish face they met, sure that they would soon find him. But the days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and now the months had counted off one whole year, and still no trace of him. They had questioned their countrymen wherever they went, but it was always the same doubtful shaking of the head, and some had even laughed. It was like searching for a grain of sand upon the ocean's shore. Even were he in this great, crowded, bustling New York, it was a hopeless task. And then the little sad-faced mother began to lose even the slender thread of hope to which she had clung so long, and sometimes she would say, "My Mariano is dead. I

"WHY DO YOU SING THAT SONG? WHO ARE YOU?

know he is dead!" then fall to weeping bitterly.

The little fruit store which the father had placed on the corner of a busy street was doing fairly well, and they might have been so happy had it not been for this dark day cloud that hung over them, and each grew darker; for soon the sad-faced mother lost all pride in the pretty cottage she had loved so well. She no longer sat before the door, with busy needle flashing in and out some snowy linen, but with hands folded idly before her she watched all day down the busy street, or wandered aimlessly about the little garden-plot, humming over and over again a plaintive Italian lullaby:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesora,
Vi mio d'amor, parla ancora!

"Dear mamma, why do you sing the same little song?" Tonietta would ask.

"Because it is the one my Mariano loved best of all," the mother would reply. "If he is out there in the great world, I am sure its sweetness will some day reach his heart and bring him back to me."

It was but the foolish fancy of the yearning mother-love, perhaps, yet who can say that a kind heaven did not send it? And then there came an evening when little Tonietta, from her seat on the tiny doorstep, heard one from a group of kindly neighbors who had paused before the gate, say pityingly:

"Poor woman! She is breaking her heart for the son that was lost. She will surely lose her mind unless he is restored to her, and it is more than likely that he has gone back to Italy."

"To Italy! To Italy!" the little girl started to her feet. Ah, why had she not thought of that before. "To Italy!" Yes! yes! It must be so, for he had said he would come again, when he was rich like the rest of the Americans; and she must go to-morrow and tell him that the little mother wanted him—so so badly, and he must come home with her, and then they would all be happy once more.

Her childish mind had forgotten all the long ocean voyage, and she could hardly wait next morning until the tiny lunch basket, which she always carried to kindergarten, was packed, and she could start. She had made up her mind not to tell her secret. It was to be her own, until the happy moment when she would return, leading her brother by the hand. She took from its place on the clock-shelf the little iron bank where she had hoarded all her savings, shook out a handful of pennies, then kissed her mother fondly and started on her journey. At the corner she climbed into a waiting car, and when the kind-faced conductor paused before her, she held out the little brown hand "To Italy, please," she said.

"To Italy?" he asked, in wonder. Then, "Oh, you mean Little Italy; but that's just 5 cents. You mustn't give me all your money."

And then she sat, with her great eyes very wide at the strange sights and sounds as they whirled swiftly away across the great city. She had never been so far from home before, so it was all new. At last the conductor came again.

"Here you are, little one," he said, as the car came to a stop. "Better run right home to your mother," for he thought, of course, that she lived here in the Italian quarter, or Little Italy, as it is called.

For just one moment the little girl hesitated and looked about her, half-frightened at the noisy, crowded street, but in the thought of the sorrowing mother at home all fear was forgotten and bravely she started on her tramp. Ah, the terrors of that weary day and of the weary days that were to follow. Patiently she wandered through the busy streets singing over and over again the little lullaby that was to bring him back to them:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesora,
Vi mio d'amor, parla ancora!

Each evening she returned, so tired she could scarcely drag her weary feet, but with the morning hope and courage came again and the thought, "Surely to-day I must find him."

Passers-by wondered at the strange child who sang over and over again the same little song. The kind-faced conductor greeted her each day with a questioning smile, but Tonietta did not heed, for she thought only of her strange quest, and of the poor little mother who was growing paler and paler, until she was but a frail shadow of her former self. Very often a mist would come before the child's dark eyes and sobs would drown the faltering tones, but she could not give up. She must find her brother. It meant so much to them all. And it was through her tears, at last, that she saw him, although she did not know. It was the faltering tones that made him start from his seat on the door-step, where he sat, heartsick and alone, gazing before him into a future that was dark indeed.

"Why do you sing that song? Who are you? What is your name?"

He caught her arm almost fiercely. Tonietta drew back in alarm. She had been looking for a handsome, well-dressed, happy Mariano, yet here, a ragged, sad-faced boy bent over her, a boy with a "something" in his dark eyes that made her answer, in spite of her fright, "My name is Tonietta. It is the little mother's song."

"My little mother! My little sister!" he cried. "Ah, Tonietta, don't you know me? Am I so changed?"

"Mariano! My brother!" She flung her arms about his neck and almost sobbed for joy. "Come—you must come home with me, for the little mother is waiting for us."—Detroit Free Press.

UNINVENTED INVENTIONS.

Great Problems for Which Solution Is Eagerly Sought.

Every home and workshop teems with profitable suggestions to the man with open eyes and mind, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine.

The fortunes of Mr. Carnegie, the Rockefellers, the Armours and all their associates were founded on just such observations. The cost of refining kerosene oil is paid to -day from the despised sludge acid which used to foul our rivers and harbors. The old waste of the slaughter houses brings in as much to-day as the flesh of the animals killed.

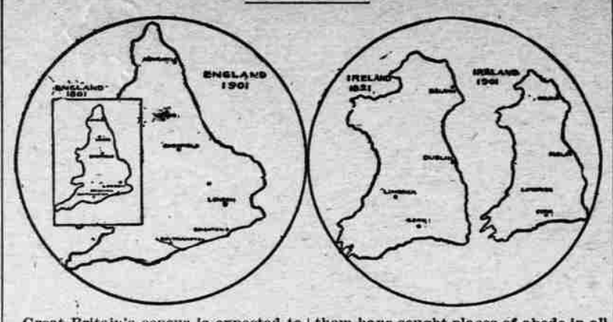
Nature has waste products still waiting for use. Prairie wire grass is one of these. It is now made into handsome furniture and furnishings. Cornstalk pith is made into fillings for warships' hulls, to close watertight the holes made by an enemy.

Find a substitute for the elastic Para rubber and your fortune is made. Celluloid and oxdized linseed oil are fair substitutes for some purposes, but nothing has yet been found that possesses the true elastic properties of rubber from Para. There is still "nothing like leather" for shoes, but the inventor may find a substitute to his profit.

The automobilist is waiting anxiously for a satisfactory power to drive his carriage. The same power would solve the vexed question of cross-town cars in New York. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company is spending thousands in experimenting with compressed air and storage battery cells, but these are only makeshifts. Steam railroads need a similar power to operate independent cars for suburban service.

Liquid air and acetylene gas both offer new fields for the inventor. Although liquid air can be made for perhaps 5 cents a gallon, as yet not a single commercial use has been found for it. Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, a pioneer in the liquefying of gases, has proposed to use the process for separating the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, and marketing each of these for special purposes. A factory in New York has the same objects in view. Carbonic acid gas, frozen out of the atmosphere, would also be a product of the process.

ENGLAND'S GAIN AND IRELAND'S LOSS.



Great Britain's census is expected to show a total population in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales of 42,000,000. This expectation is based upon the average decennial rate of increase shown during the last half of the century. The figures contrasting the population of these divisions of the empire a century ago and as estimated to-day is interesting:

	1801.	1901.
England (including Wales)	9,334,549	33,000,000
Ireland (first counted in 1821)	6,801,827	4,250,000
Scotland	1,008,420	4,350,000

Most remarkable showing of all—if one excepts the decline of Irish population—is the gain of London, first city in the world in size and financial power. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the imperial city had a population of 864,845. This has grown to more than 6,200,000 at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The rate of increase in most of the divisions of the empire have steadily declined since 1850, and the rate of loss in Ireland has also fallen correspondingly, a hopeful sign for the Emerald Isle. The losses are due almost entirely to emigration. In the case of the English emigrants the colonies have been the gainers mainly. Most of the Irish who left their island have come to America to make homes, though a considerable number of the millions who have put the dust of Erin behind them have sought places of abode in all the far portions of the world drawn under the protection of the British flag.

The population of London, roughly speaking, doubles itself every four decades. In 1801, out of every ten people in England and Wales one person lived in London. To-day one out of every seven persons in England and Wales lives in London. This growth, it is scarcely needful to point out, has not taken place in central London, where the population has been diminishing by about one-twelfth in each of the last three decades. The increase is in the suburbs, where the small house never ceases to encroach and multiply. In the central area, which includes the districts of St. George's, Hanover Square, Westminster, Marylebone, St. Giles', the Strand, Holborn, the City, Shoreditch, Whitechapel and St. George's-in-the-East, the number of houses which cease to be inhabited, or are transferred to the category of "houses not occupied at night," amounts to more than 1,000 each year."

The fourteen largest provincial towns in England—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, Bradford, Hull, Newcastle, Salford, Leicester, Oldham and Portsmouth—do not amount in joint population to the figures of London, even if the growing Outer Ring of suburbs be excluded.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Eccentric Poet and Playwright, with Impressive Personality.

In the death of Robert Buchanan in London, the career of an eccentric poet, novelist and playwright came to a close and a man of impressive personality was removed from the world of letters.

ROBT. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan was of pure Scotch descent and was born at Caverswall August 18, 1841. He was educated at Glasgow University, graduating when 19 years of age. Immediately he determined upon a literary career and went to London. Three years later he produced his first volume, which was well received. Soon he became one of the most voluminous of authors, poems, novels, plays and criticisms coming from his pen in startling profusion. His writings ranged from the very good to the very bad, but his successes were more frequent than the failures. His dramatic ventures were almost without exception most pleasing to the public, his success being attained by clever anticipation of the popular taste. His career marked him as a man of rugged force and honesty who, from excellent and even lofty motives, was continually blundering into indiscretions which drew ridicule upon him.

In America he became known principally by reason of his championing Walt Whitman and calling America to account for its failure to recognize and crown the "good gray poet" as its representative genius. The letter, which was widely discussed, was resented not only by the American public but by Whitman himself.

WILL BE USED AS A HOSPITAL.

San Francisco Mansion of the Late Collis P. Huntington.

The San Francisco mansion of the late Collis P. Huntington, which is soon to be converted into a charity hospital by gift of Mrs. Huntington, stands on Nob Hill, the aristocratic residence place of the town, in a cluster of houses the owners of which are known to fame as California's wealthiest men. The Huntington house is a three-story resi-

THE HUNTINGTON MANSION.

dence, occupying an entire block. It is built of marble, and its simple, stately appearance gives it a charm which attaches to very few of the palaces of California's millionaires. Its color is pure white and its general architectural plan is modeled after the Pitti Palace in Italy. Its neighbors are the house of the late Charles Crocker, of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, the Flood mansion and the old home of Governor Stanford.

Laughs of European Nations.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh is languid but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Cost of Printing Bank Notes.

It costs almost exactly a cent apiece to print Bank of England notes.

WISDOM OF THE ANT.

WONDERFUL INSTINCTS OF THIS INSECT.

Provides for Itself in All Emergencies, and in Doing So Develops a Specialism Much More Complete than That of Man.

Man looks entirely to the outside world about him for the means of accomplishing his purposes; insects, on the contrary, drawing upon the resources of their own natural constitutions, often adapt themselves to the conditions and requirements of their lives by structural modifications.

For instance, men make the tools they require for carving or for digging, insects grow them; vessels being needed as receptacles for liquid food, man learns the art of the potter, but the curious honey ants transform themselves into living bottles, to which the working members of the commune resort for refreshment.

The tools of insects, exquisitely fashioned and finished, are much more perfectly adapted for the purpose they serve than are any contrived and manufactured by human beings, but there is a disadvantage connected with them—they cannot be laid aside. The tools dominate the tool-bearers, and check development in any direction not connected with their use.

This leads to the extreme specialization we find among insects. The egg producer, the queen of the termites, although she possesses the usual number of limbs belonging to her species, is totally incapable of locomotion, as are the living bottles of the honey ants. The queen lays eggs, she can do nothing else; the living bottles store up and yield food to other members of the formicary, and are as incapable of performing other uses as if they were mere lifeless cells in a honeycomb.

Among the ants this tendency to specialization has resulted in establishing species limited to particular industries or to particular methods of living. Some species of slave-making ants, for instance, confine themselves so entirely to military affairs, and have so entirely lost the arts of peace and efficiency in domestic affairs, that they are not only obliged to depend upon their slaves to care for the young in the formicary, but to have the food placed in their own warlike mouths, and would starve in the midst of plenty were this not done.

The mandibles of these ants are entirely unfitted for work. They can neither crush, cut, nor saw, but, being sharply pointed and curved, they make most serviceable weapons.

The workers of the East Indian pheidologeton diversus have among them gigantic soldier ants, a hundred times as large as themselves, and it would naturally be supposed that these big creatures with enormous heads would prove formidable defenders of the formicary while the truth is that, so far from this being the case, they cannot bite at all, even when provoked to do so.

And yet the smaller members of the pheidologeton commonwealths find a use for the great creatures. Numbers of them may often be seen riding about, as human beings do upon elephants, upon the heads and backs of their gigantic confreres.

But the Colobopsis ants, which burrow in branches, seem to have discovered how to profitably employ the big heads among them. They are placed at the entrances of the formican dwellings, their great heads fitting in and filling the doorways.

As a worker belonging to the household approaches she is recognized by "the animated and intelligent front door," which draws back sufficiently to admit the entrance to its friend and then resumes its double office of sentry and barrier.—Scientific American.

CALLED HIMSELF IMPOSTOR.

Mark Twain's Opinion Given in the Strictest Sense.

Sometimes on a sunny afternoon Mark Twain strolls up and down that part of Fifth avenue and Twenty-third street where art and book stores are frequent. The humorist seems to find certain rest in peering into windows of these, though he rarely crosses their thresholds. He was about to turn away from the window of a shop when his eye was caught by what seemed to be an etching of himself. He was staring blankly at his likeness when he was joined at the window by one of those chatty individuals always ready for a street-corner exchange of opinion.

"Pretty good likeness of the old man, isn't it?" said the chatterer, without seeing the writer's full face, which was partly in shadow.

Mark said it was.

"Say, what do you think of that fellow's work, anyway?" went on the chatterer.

"I think," said Mark, still without turning his head, "that he is the greatest impostor the American people ever refused to take seriously."

"How so?"

"Well, because he really is serious and because nobody'll believe him; he passes for being humorous." With that Mr. Clemens faced his questioner.

"Well, I'll be switched!" ejaculated the chatterer.

The face of the humorist became deeply concerned, says the New York Times. "For heaven's sake, don't tell any one I told you. It would ruin me with my publishers," he said, starting up the avenue.

Bu the chatterer went home and told his friends.

MAY HAVE GLASS HOUSES.

Recent Inventions Makes Possible Residences of Vitrified Material.

If the visions of a French savant are realized we shall all be living in glass houses before very long. The foundations and the walls would be constructed of a variety of glass recently invented called "stone glass," which has already successfully withstood the severest tests. The walls would be built of glass, held together by angle irons, so as to permit of a hollow space through which pipes could pass (the pipes themselves being glass work) conveying hot air, hot and cold water, gas, electric wires, drains and everything needed for the health and comfort of the inhabitants. Stairs and balustrades, ceilings and wall decorations, mantelpieces and fireplaces, would all be constructed of glass.

Our chairs and tables, in the new glass age, will be made of vitrified material, toughened to the strength of oak and mahogany. Our cooking utensils, our plates and cups and saucers will be made of the same substance. Even our knives and forks will have glass handles if not glass blades. The new glass house will be absolutely clean and practically indestructible. The whole of its surface can be washed from the top story to the basement without a trace of humidity being left. Dust cannot collect on its polished surface, and the spider will find no place on which to hang its cobwebs.

They have already begun to pave the streets of Paris with glass, and it is found that the substance, while practically indestructible, is admirably suited to the feet of both men and beasts, and, as it neither holds nor makes any dirt, it is absurdly easy to clean. Its only fault is that it somewhat increases the noise of the traffic, but even this might by and by be overcome. Perhaps it might be possible, in connection with one of the many projected exhibitions, to construct on a modest but sufficient scale a dwelling of the kind M. Henrivaux describes. People would then be able to experience the actual sensation of walking along glass floors, of climbing a glass staircase, of being surrounded by glass walls, of sitting on glass chairs at glass tables, drinking tea out of glass cups and stirring it with glass tea-spoons. How far this could be accomplished with due avoidance of monotony it is hard to say.

WATER-DRINKING.

Declared to Be Beneficial to the Health in Various Ways.

When it is considered that the body is made up very largely of water it can readily be understood how important to health is a constant supply of this fluid. Many people have a notion that the drinking of water in any amount beyond that actually necessary to quench thirst is injurious, and acting on this belief they endeavor to drink as little as possible. The notion, however, is wide of the truth. Drinking freely of pure water is a most efficacious means not only of preserving health, but often of restoring it when failing.

All the tissues of the body need water, and water in abundance is necessary also for the proper performance of every vital function. Cleanliness of the tissues within the body is as necessary to health and comfort as cleanliness of the skin, and water tends to insure the one as truly as it does the other. It dissolves the waste material, which would otherwise collect in the body, and removes it in the various excretions.

These waste materials are often actual poisons, and many a headache, many rheumatic pains and aches, many sleepless nights and listless days, and many attacks of the "blues" are due solely to the circulation in the blood or deposit in the tissues of these waste materials, which cannot be got rid of because of an insufficient supply of water.

Water is accused of making fat, and people with a tendency to corpulence avoid it for that reason. But it is not strictly true. It does undoubtedly often increase the weight, but it does so because it improves the digestion, and therefore more of the food eaten is utilized and turned into fat and flesh. But excessive fat, which we call corpulence, is not a sign of health, but of faulty digestion and assimilation, and systematic water drinking is often employed as a means of reducing the superfluous fat—which it sometimes does with astonishing rapidity.—Youth's Companion.

Water Polo.

Water football would seem to be a more appropriate name for the game known in England as water polo, since neither ponies nor sticks are used. Two goals are placed a hundred feet apart, and six men are the complement on each side. The players stand, or rather swim, in the center, and the referee at a signal throws the ball between them. Then comes the tug of war, scrambling, wrestling and fighting to push the ball, which is of inflated rubber, seventeen inches in circumference, to the goal. Thtere are no particular rules of play, and the players must be expert swimmers, as the game is played in deep water, and it is nothing unusual for eleven players to pile on one, and the entire twelve then go to the bottom. It is a common thing to see a violent antagonist suddenly disappear from view, as if seized by a man-eating shark or alligator, but in this case by merely a pair of hands about the swimmer's ankles. The ball must be kept in the water and shoved, not thrown, between the goals. This leads to desperate measures in front of goals, and frequently the entire inning of fifteen minutes is played within a few feet of the desired point without any result. The innings continue fifteen minutes and the best goals out of three constitute a victory. It looks like a rough game to the onlookers, but it really is much less dangerous than the ordinary game of football, and is certainly more enjoyable.

Bullion and I.

Bullion has a million dollars,
  Fifty cents have I;
Bullion, sitting in his carriage,
  Swiftly travels by;
Bullion has a marble palace
  Whose white walls are high;
As for appetite, he has none,
  But a horse's I.

Bullion's going out to luncheon,
  Ah, well, so am I;
He will taste a crust and drop it
  With a weary sigh;
I will hungrily devour
  All that I can buy—
He can't even eat a doughnut
  Or a piece of pie.

Things are often badly managed
  Here below the sky;
Bullion ought to have my stomach,
  Or, still better, I
Ought to have his wad of money—
  See the poor old guy—
All he wants is toast for luncheon,
  Steak and onions I.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Any man who has time to think of his troubles has entirely too much spare time on his hands.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Warwick—Now, on what basis do the powers ascertain the indemnity China is to pay each of them?

Wickwire—Well, as near as I can make out they charge about $500 for every Chinaman they killed.—Puck.

There Are Others.

He—Why, the professor has spent years investigating sun spots.

She—Goodness! And people say women are inquisitive!—Puck.

No Harm Done.

She—Papa has had some trouble with the gas company, and they have threatened to turn off the gas.

He—How unfortunate.

She—Yes, but I told him it didn't make any difference to me.

Weary's Latest.

Weary—Don't you remember a lovely, blue-eyed, curly hea'ed little chump wot you uster kiss and give pie to some years ago? Well, I'm him.

Mushe'.

"Why is it," complained the German Fried Potato, "that you are more generally esteemed than I am?"

"Perhaps it is because all the world loves a lover!" replied the Mashed Potato, being more modest than logical.

An Advance in A't.

"Mrs. Dash, what is your club doing to help beautify the city?"

"Oh, we are working hard to get the clothing houses to use the word 'trousers' instead of 'pants' in their advertisements."

Everything Goes.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does "carte blanche" mean?

Pa—It is a term used to explain the actions of a man who has $50 in his pocket and his wife is spending a week in the country.

Before They Ripen.

Sue Brett—Where did you spend your vacation?

Ham Lett—In the country.

Sue Brett—Have a good time?

Ham Lett—Sure. It was a genuine pleasure to find a place where there were only fresh eggs.

Says Mr. Sourdrop.

"Yes, it's mostly bill and coo during the honeymoon," growled Mr. Sourdrop, helping himself to the best piece of chicken, "but after that I've noticed that it is pretty nearly all bill."

Whereupon the young dry goods clerk was seen to look thoughtfully in the direction of the school teacher.—Baltimore American.

Slightly Changed.

Catherine—Did you ever see "lovers' row" in Lincoln Park?

Grace—Oh, yes.

Catharine—Well, George and I quarreled there.

Grace—Then it must have been lovers' row.

"Oh! how bitter it is to sell newspapers when me soul is a-cryin' fer art!"

It Was a "Not."

"Why do you wear a lover's knot as a scarfpin?" asked Mrs. Hardcastle of her bald and cranky bachelor brother.

"Because I am not a lover," replied he, snappishly.

Fulfillment.

He—These beastly summer hotels!

She—I know it! What did we ever leave home for, any way?

"Well, we wanted the debt and the unrest."—Life.

Troubles and Trials.

"I tell you, sir," said the clergyman, "the trouble lies in the fact that we have too many lawyers."

"There is where you are away off," remarked the judge. "The real trouble is due to the fact that there aren't half enough clients."—Chicago News.

Pleasant Anticipation.

Overheard at Atlantic City:

"My vacation ends to-morrow."

"What a relief it must be to be able to go back to the office and take a rest."—Philadelphia Record.

Their Advantage.

"But," said the young mosquito, "is not man much stronger than we?"

"He is," responded the fond parent; "but we may venture to attack him on account of our superior mobility.—Puck.

The Glamour of Effort.

Julia—Julius, why don't you try to get something to do?

Julius—I have tried; but even when I try and fail I feel such a virtuous glow that it unfits me to try again for a long, long time.

Some Grounds.

"What's wrong with the expression, 'tempest in a teapot?'"

"It is not true to fact. Now, if it were 'tempest in a coffee pot' there'd be some grounds for it."—Philadelphia Times.

Doesn't Seem Possible.

Girls are more or less peculiar,
  And something's wrong with the miss
Who really means it when she says
  That she doesn't care for a kiss.

Dead Silence.

"Nothing from my poor husband?" said the widow to the medium.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message saying that the fire is out!"

Everybody Against Him.

"Mr. Boobleby isn't very popular, is he?"

"No. The poor fellow seems to have fewer friends than a fat man in a crowded street car."—Harper's Bazar.

His Condition.

Willy Littleboy—Papa, what is a czar?

Papa—A czar, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.

Life's Little Frictions.

"Are you getting ready for winter?"

"Oh, yes; we've had our last scrap with the iceman, and have begun to quarrel with the coal man."

An Energetic Plea.

She—You don't put much fervor into the love letters you write me.

He—Don't I? Well, perhaps I used myself up on that love letter I had to write your father.

Adulterated.

"They say that apple butter is adulterated a great deal now," said Mrs. Cumso.

"Yes, much of it is only apple butterine," added Mrs. Cawker.

The King's English.

"They say that Edward VII. is very careful of his speech and often corrects an error in language made by others."

"Well, he is the natural guardian of the king's English, you know."

Long Distance Cheer.

There's comfort in autumn—let joy have its fling—
With winter before us we're headed for spring.

Wild Western Buffalo Ways.

Dick—See anything new at the Pan-Am?

Tom—Yes; the restaurant waiter brought ice for my iced tea in the palm of his hand.

"Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your teacher says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-one."

"Well, it could be worser."

"I don't see how."

"It might have been a bigger class."

Beyond His Reach.

Harry—Did you hear about thaw tewwible fix I was in?

Gussie—No, dear boy.

Harry—You know my shirt waist buttons down thaw back, and when my bloomin' valet went out and got intoxicated I had to sit up all night.—Chicago News.

Disturbed Slumbers.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to notify the police not to pay any attention to noises emanating from our boarding house to-night."

"What's up?"

"Why, we had Welsh rarebit for supper and every boarder is bound to have the nightmare before midnight."

Envy.

Jimmy—Say, Billy, some spiders have a dozen eyes.

Billy—Gee! I'd like to be a spider on baseball days. I could cover every knothole in the fence.

Great Uncertainty.

"But how are we going to leave town?" anxiously inquired the tragedian, after he had learned that there were no railroads.

"Well, that depends on the show," responded Amber Pete. "If the boys get their money's worth you'll ride on the coach; if they don't, you'll ride on a rail."

An Experienced Beau.

Jimmy—Look! Dere goes Mamie Mulberry with Nibsy Murphy, an' she's hangin' on his arm fer dear life. D' yer s'pose she's doin' dat ter show she loves him?

Petey—Naw; it's ten ter one she's doin' it ter make him feel foolish.—Puck.

Smile Gave Her Away.

Mistress—Did Mrs. Brown leave any message when you told her I was out, Norah?

Servant—No, mum; she didn't say anything, but she looked kind o' pleased like.—Boston Herald.

Gen. De Wet's Ancestors.

The Dutch antiquarian Peter van Meuvs gives some information about the De Wet family. It appears that the most eminent predecessor of the famous military leader in the South African "Orange-Vrystatt" was a painter of considerable note in his day. Jacobus Willems De Wet lived in Haarlem at the end of the 16th century and the beginning of the 17th. The name of the artist stands first in the family registers of the old Kaapland families. A Jacobus De Wet, his descendant and namesake, settled on the River Liesbeck in South Africa, where he married a Jesina Pretorius, and died there in 1714, leaving five children.

Soap for Cancer.

If we are to believe J. H. Webb, M. R. C. S., England, who has made a statement to the Intercolonial Medical Journal of Australia, the cure for cancer is to be found in a very simple remedy. He has made some experiments upon cancer patients. He asserts that they have been cured, and that the agent in this recovery has been soap!—Sanitary Record.