Spindle Top Heights is the name given to the location of the first of the great gushing wells of petroleum that have made Beaumont, Texas, famous. The first well at 10:30 a. m., Jan. 10, 1901, suddenly shot out a great volume of water, sand, rocks, gas and oil, breaking the derrick and hurling fragments for hundreds of feet. It was nine days before the flow could be controlled. It soon changed to be a great jet of crude oil of purest quality, going to waste at the rate of 70,000 barrels daily. Since that time Beaumont, then a small Texas town, has become a city of 20,000 inhabitants and the number of gushers in its vicinity has increased to nearly 60, with more in prospect.

The 50 Beaumont gushers are capable of producing in ten days as much oil as the wells of West Virginia, Cali-

fornia, Indiana and Ohio have in the last fifty years. The actual cost of producing this oil is one-fifth of a cent per barrel, while the ability of the producers to handle it cannot be crippled by hostile combinations of capital, because of the proximity of the field to the deep water ports of the Gulf of Mexico.

ASTERS.

Walled in with fire on either hand I walk the lonely wood-road thro'; The maples flame above my head, And spaces whence the wind has shed About my feet the living red,

And crowding close along the way The purple asters blossom free; In full profusion far and wide, They fill the path on every side, In loose confusion multiplied To endless harmony!

The autumn wood the aster knows, The empty nest, the wind that grieves The sunlight breaking thro' the shade, The squirrel chattering overhead, The timid rabbit's lighter tread Among the rustling leaves,

And still beside the shadowy glen She holds the color of the skies; Along the purpling wayside steep She hangs her fringes passing deep, And meadows drowned in happy sleep Are lit by starry eyes! -Vick's Magazine.

*********** "There's Many a Slip."

G LEN ECHO possessed a fascina-tion for Eleanor Wade which was hard to resist, and every opportunity which afforded itself found her either on her way to that beautiful little park, or seated upon a rustic bench in some secluded nood. Usually

she had a book or magazine with her, but it would often lie for hours en tirely neglected upon the seat, while her gaze was fixed upon the magical and ever changing hues of the Virginia hills on the opposite side of the Potomac River.

To Eleanor, this spot was far more beautiful than any cultivated park in



SHE NOTICED A BEAUTIFUL CLUSTER

the world. Here Nature asserted her rights to the full, and where Art played a part, it was only to enhance the beauty of the wonderfully picturesque scenery. There were pretty rustic bridges over the narrow chasms; there were artistic stairways built down the steep sides of the cliffs, and innumerable benches and chairs of fantastic shapes were placed in delightfully cool and shady nooks, or out upon ledges of rock, overhanging deep ravines.

To one of the latter Eleanor always came, and if she found it already occupied, her disappointment was keen. That particular seat ("our bench," they had called it), was sacred to the memory of many hours of happiness, and to-day the young girl's thoughts dwelt lovingly upon them. She remembered a thousand and one little incidents. time, but now, delightful to look back upon. The future without Hal Burton loomed up before her blankly. Her eyes filled with tears; and there was a pain in her heart which she found it impossible to assuage.

It was in vain that she tried to become interested in the beauty of the scene before her. Down at the foot of the steep banks, she saw the boats passing up and down the sluggish canal. Then she looked beyond, over the pretty little wooded island, where the roof of the Pleasure Club hous could be seen between the trees, to the many rocks in the river, around which waters of the Potomac eddled and whirled unceasingly, making a picture far too difficult for the brush of mortal

"Ah, yes, Hal could paint that water!" Eleanor declared mentally. Among her most highly prized trea sures was a sketch of the river and a glimpse of the Virginia hills, which Hal had been making on the day her party had accidentally come upon him in this very spot. It was here be had been introduced to her; here, some time later, he had asked her to be his wife. Here it was, she promised, and then had followed those many delightful months. To-day the thoughts of the unhappy girl continually drifted back over the hours, oh, such happy times, spent in these woods and the Chautnuqua grounds adjoining, where she and her lover wandered like two children. finding "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and

good in everything." Alas! it was here they had quarre ed; what it had all been about the girl could scarcely remember. Both were foolshily quick, both proud. To who was at fault, Eleanor now gave no ight; she would have taken the blame and asked forgiveness for her hasty words fault or no fault, if he had but come to ber; but he did

not, and she could not seek him. Not drew the girl closer to him. "Eleanor, long afterward she had gone abroad sweetheart, I have been the most with her parents, and when she returned to Washington, it was only to learn that Hal had left the city.

She caught her breath sharply and pressed her hand against her heart as if to quiet its violent throbbing, when a sudden thought flashed into her mind. Perhaps he did not care; perhaps his was merely a fancy. No, no! back to Washington at once, arriving She felt that he had suffered, too, for he loved her; of that she was convinced, and as she sat thinking of the I came here and found our bench ochappy past and the dreary future with- cupied, I was greatly disappointed, and out him, she vowed to herself that if she ever saw him again she would speak to him and explain, even if he think, sweethears, it was you all the dld not come to her. But where was time!" he? Would she ever see him again-

ever have an opportunity to explain? Sitting thus dejectedly, she allowed her eyes to wander restlessly from object to object, scarcely heeding what she saw, until, on the opposite side of the narrow ravine, over which the ledge of rock projected, she noticed a beautiful cluster of early autumn flowers. They seemed almost within reach, and she decided to gather them as a souvenir of this visit to Glen Echo. Perhaps it would be the last. for each succeeding visit only served to make her more lonely than before. Then, beside, "Autumn, laving here and there a flery finger on the leaves." told only too plainly of approaching

winter, when this loved spot would be robbed of many of its beauties. Stepping from the rock, Eleanor climbed up a tew feet and steadying you." herself by clutching the ferns and bushes at her side, reached out over the narrow space toward the coveted blossoms. Closing her hand around them, she gave a quick jerk to pull them from the stem, but at that instant the moss covered stone upon which her weight rested moved slightly, and she felt herself slipping down the bank. She frantically clutched some bushes growing directly before her, but in her eagerness caught them too near the tops, and the branches

only the leaves in her hand. A second attempt caused her to los her balance altogether, and she half slipped, half rolled, some distance down the bank, carrying with her. in the descent, a shower of dirt and small stones. An instant later she found herself sitting upon a ledge of rock jutting out from the hillside, upon which was a bench similar to the one upon which she had been seated.

Making no attempt to rise, Eleanor eaned back against the bench, undecided whether to laugh or cry, and thinking how ridiculous she must appear, and thankful, indeed, that no one had witnessed her undignified fall. She was shaken and breathless, but uninjured, and she laughed as she thought how fortunate it was Hal was not with her this time. She was startled by a slight excl came a hurried footstep, and a voice said:

"Are you hurt? Let me assist you." Instinctively Eleanor drew her feet toward her sideways, smoothing out her skirt with one hand, while with the other she tried to put back her hair, which had become loosened by the fall. Again the voice spoke. "Tell me-are you hurt?"

The girl glanced up quickly, then, with a surprised little "oh!" covered her crimson face with both hands. As she turned toward the speaker he sprang back, exclaiming, "Eleanor!" and the next instant was on his knees at her side.

With one arm about her, he gently took her hands away from her face, and kissed away the tears of humiliatrivial events, of no importance at the tion which started into the blue eyes. "Eleanor, my darling, what has hap-

pened?" asked the young man, as he raised the girl and put her upon the bench, still keeping his arm about her. "I wanted a flower which was a little above-'our bench'-and I fell from the ledge above," she answered.

"You fell from the ledge above," he repeated, glancing upward, then at the a little, he doesn't keep a job very dark ravine below. He shuddered and long?

wretched man in the whole world for many months. I would have come to beg you to forgive my thoughtless words long ago, but I did not know where you were. I went abroad solely for the purpose of finding you, but I missed your party continually. At last I heard you were at home, so I came only this morning. I intended calling upon you this evening. To-day, when was coming down to this seat to wait until the other was vacant. And just

"Yes. Hal." Eleanor said. "As I sat there I made up my mind to go to you, and explain away our little-misun derstanding-if ever I had the opportunity; but really I did not intend to throw myself at your head in this

fashion," she added, with a smile. "Well," he said, with mock gravity, your coming to explain was rather sudden and entirely unexpected, but since you are not hurt," he continued, tenderly, "I bless the fortunate slip

that brought you back to me." Both laughed happily, and the young

man said earnestly: "I did not expect to find my sweetheart here, at Glen Echo, where we first met. Eleanor, dear, let us go and be married in the little chapel in the Chautaugua Park-now-to-day. I cannot run the risk of again losinsg Jebb, Sir Lewis Morris, Frederick Har-

"No, no, Hal," protested Eleanor, "not to-day-but-a month from today."-Waverley.

Her Reference.

One servant girl on Long Island has reference that should readily secure her employment if she ever decides to leave her present position. But she bery and Goschen and Mr. John Morwon't decide to leave, if the family she ley. now works for can help it.

One afternoon a few days ago when her master was in the city and her misslipped through her fingers, leaving tress was visiting neighbors, a man house. When the maid told him she Sir Henry Irving. was out he seemed greatly disap-

> "It's really very important," he explained. "Could you get me paper and a pencil? I'd like to leave a note." "Certainly," said the maid. She

this gentleman," said the maid. The man wrote his note and sealed it. After telling the maid to be sure to see that her mistress got it the minute she handed it to her maid.

this. It may do as a reference some

This is what the man had written: "Dear Madam: Your mald is no fool."-New York Sun.

Not Customary.
One morning I told an old colored man who lived near that our school had grown so large that it would be necessary for us to use the henhouse for school purposes, and that I wanted him the next day to help me give it a thorough cleaning. He replied in the most earnest manner: "What you mean, boss? You sholy ain't gwine clean out de henhouse in de daytime?"-From Booker T. Washington's "Up from Slavery."

Britons Growing Taller.

It is affirmed that no nation is increasing so rapidly in height and weight as the British. In fifty years the average beight has risen from 5 ft. 71/2 in. to 5 ft. 81/2 ins. The average height of the criminal class is but 5 ft.

Ever remark that if a man can sing

LET THIS BE A WARNING.



LUCK OF FIRST-BORN.

OCCASIONALLY A LATE COMER ACQUIRES FAME.

The Majority of the World's Disting that when disturbed they are apt to fions Are Shared Between the First and Second Sons, the Lion's Share Going to the First-Born.

The law is by no means alone in favoring the first born of a family and comparatively neglecting later comers, for a careful examination of the blographies of our most eminent men will prove that quite a preponderating number of them owe their fame largely to the fact that they made their entry into the world in advance of their brothers and sisters, says London Tit-

To such an extent does this appear to be the case that if a dozen names of distinguished men are taken at random, it would be quite safe to assert that four of them (or possibly five) are first sons; of the remainder three are second sons, while younger sons, ranging from number three downward, must be content with dividing the small amount of celebrity among them.

Occasionally a very late comer ac quires fame, but the odds are all against him. Thus, Benjamin Frankthe great natural philosopher and olitician, had no fewer than thirteen brothers and sisters in front of him. Sir Richard Arkwright, the famous inventor, was the thirteenth child of his parents, and Sir Joshua Reynolds was umber seven in his family ...

But by far the majority of the vorld's distinctions are shared between first and second sons, the lion's share going to the first born.

Fame in the world of letters has gone in quite undue proportions to the eldest born. If we may take Dante, Goethe, Shakspeare and Milton as the four greatest names in the history of the world's literature we shall find that all four, with the exception of Shakspeare -the greatest, it is true, of them allwere eldest sons.

This privilege of the first born is claimed for Shelley and Byron and Heine, and in modern times, to mention names without regard to relative merit, by Ruskin, Max Muller, Lecky, Prof. rison, Sir John Lubbock, Sir George Trevelyan, Mr. Pinero and others far too numerous to mention.

Confucius and Mohammed, Talleyrand, Rossini, Charlemagne, Luther and Raphael were all eldest sons; as also are such eminent statesmen of today as Mr. A. J. Balfour, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. Broderick, Lords Rose-

Among the great soldiers we have Lord Wolseley and Lord Kitchener; among lawyers Sir Francis Jeune and Sir Edward Clarke; in the church, the called and asked for the lady of the late Bishop of London, and on the stage

Of famous second sons the list is distinguished if comparatively short, for we find such glants of the past as Michael Angelo and Beethoven; the Pope, Garibaldi and Pascal; Wallace and Sheridan; John Wesley and Monstepped out on the stoop and rang the taigne. Of famous statesmen of our front door bell. The cook came to the own time we have Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Asquith, as well as Lord "Paper, an envelope and a pencil for Salisbury, to mention only three names.

The list of second sons contains a great soldier in Sir Redvers Buller, an eminent Judge in Lord Alverstone, still returned he left. That evening, when better known as Sir Richard Webster; the woman of the house had read the a clever actor in Mr. Beerbohm Tree; note and heard the circumstances under an artist in Mr. Phil May, and men of which it was delivered, she smiled and letters in Grant Allen and Sir Edwin Arnold.

Nor are the third sous by any to be despised in point of quality, although the number is relatively very small.

They include the greatest soldier of modern times, the Duke of Wellington; the greatest author of any time, Shakspeare, and the most famous fiction writer of the last century, Sir Walter

Voltaire was a third son, and so were C. J. Fox, the famous statesman and orator, Lord Lytton and Sir Robert Walpole, while Lord Halsbury has proved that a third son can fill with distinction the highest place in the law. and the late Sir Walter Besant that he can win laurels in the field of letters.

GREAT BRITAIN'S SNAKES.

Only Three Kinds in the Islands and

Only three kinds are generally recognized in the British islands—the smooth snake, the ringed snake and the adder. Ireland, indeed, has always claimed, by favor of St. Patrick, to be free from these reptiles, though last autumn two specimens of the ringed snake were actually found in County Wicklow. Probably they had been imported, and as they were killed, the saint's bar, after all, may have driven them to their doom.

Of the three British species, one, the smooth snake, named by zoologists coronella austriaca, is rare. In fact, it was not observed until 1853 and has seldom been found except in Hampshire, Dorset and Surrey, perhaps most frequently in the Bournemouth dis-trict. When full grown it is about a couple of feet long and might at the first glance be thought an adder. The ringed snake is less likely to suffer from mistaken identity, for its markings and general tints do not resemble those of the latter. Indeed, it deserves ncouragement, since it has been known to swallow an adder, though toads, with the eggs and young of birds, form its usual diet. It is the largest of our snakes, for specimens a yard long are not uncommon, and a dant of its kind, measuring five feet eight inches, was once captured in the New forest. In September of last year house at Cefncaeau, near Llanelly, was said to be suffering from a plague of snakes. The story has been carefully investigated.

In one house no fewer than twenty-two were found, which, however, were all small. But very soon there have been many more, for in an old back wall from which they had been een to issue about 1,200 eggs were discovered, each containing a young ringed snake just ready for batching. The hunt was then carried further

be extraordinarily abundant in an old quarry a short distance from the gar ens behind the house. They are not the kind of visitors timid people would welcome, although, whether big or little, they are perfectly harmless, and the only serious objection to them is

emit an ill-smelling fluid. The adder, however, says the London Standard, has teeth fitted with poison glands and is really dangerous. It does not use these to secure its ordinary food, but only if the prey is larger than usual, or in self-defense, as, for instance, if it is trodden on. The venom is frequently fatal to dogs, not seldom to sheep, and it his been known to kill a bullock. The cause of death in such cases is fallure of the heart, but if that is averted rather severe loca blood poisoning may ensue. Grown persons do not often die from the effects of a bite, though a few such cases are on record; but the poison causes considerable suffering, and recovery may not be complete for some weeks. With children the danger is, of course, greater. "The bright day brings forth the adder-that craves wary walking." It is smaller than the ringed snake, for its length seldom exeeds a couple of feet.

WHY HOWARD DIDN'T DROWN.

Experience of an Old-Time Reporter

"I remember a story about Phocian Howard," says Senator Mason, "which has never been printed, and which I have always thought good. The city of Shawneetown was undergoing its periodical inundation from the floods of the Ohio River, and Phocian Howard was sent down by a Chicago paper to write up the calamity. This is the story as Phocian tells it:

"'I found everything under water, and I hired a one-legged, stuttering boatman to row me over the town. We got along all right until we came to the cemetery. Then, in trying to read the inscription on a monument, I leaned over so far that I lost my balance and tumbled into the water. Down I went and came up again, and struggled to reach the boat. I could not swim a lick, and the boat was out of reach. I saw the boatman waving his wooden leg and struggling to say something. I went down again, thinking to myself, "Here I am, a first-class man in a second-class town, drowning in a thirdclass graveyard. Too bad." I came up again, still out of reach of the boat. I knew that I was sure to drown if I went down again, so I made a desperate struggle. The boatman was still flourishing his wooden leg and wiggling his mouth, trying to say some thing. This was kept up till just as I was going down again, when he broke the puckering string and shouted: ""St-st-st-stand up." I stood up and

found that the water came about to my GOULD MET THE TIGER.

Foss Croker's Little Tiff with the Cap-Italiat and the Result.

The Manhattan Elevated Railroad Company, into which were merged in 1879 both the New York and the Metropolitan elevated railroads, says R. R. Bowker in the Atlantic, enjoyed many facilities through a good understanding with "the powers that be," until its president, George J. Gould, declined to concede to Richard Croker for his Auto-Truck Company the privilege of laying pneumatic tubes along the elevated structure.

A picturesque account of an interview between Mr. Gould and Mr. Croker was made public, and a simultaneous and concentrated cross-fire from the city authorities upon the company began. The park commissioners notified the company to remove its structure from Battery park; the health department discovered that the supports were in an unsafe and dangerous condition; and ordinances proposed in the municipal assembly required the company to inclose its stations in glass and place drip pans under its structure, to operate trains on five-minute headway throughout the twenty-four hours, under \$100 penalty for each omission, and to give up its revenues from newspaper stands and advertis-

A renewal of friendly relations avert ed the threatened dangers; but effective notice was given to other com panies of the treatment to be expected in case they failed to conform with the desires of the ruling powers.

Cow Sported False Tail.

A cow with a false tall figured the other day in a suit for damages before Ald. William A. Means, and because the tall was bogus the suit was withdrawn and the costs were paid by the

Charles Campbell, of Mohler street, entered suit against Henry Meller, of Wheeler street, for damages alleged to have been caused by the ravages in Campbell's garden by a cow, which was said by neighbors to belong to Meller. It was Campbell's own cow, ing hard luck stories,-Philadelphia but he did not recognize it without the Record. tail. The case was to have come to a hearing one morning, but at the appointed hour Campbell appeared, withdrew the suit and paid the costs. He then explained the reason to Ald. Means.

Early in the week Campbell bought a cow from John McGuire, who, he said, lives in Frankstown road. He brought the cow home and turned her loose in his garden, but was astonished Thursday morning to find what appeared to be a strange cow in his patch. mice and voles, water newts, frogs and | The animal had no tail. He was told by some neighbors that the animal belonged to Meller, and the same morning he entered suit before Ald. Means. He also chased the cow out. Wh returned to figure up the extent of damage done in his garden he found a cow's tall with bits of rawhide sticking to it. This and other information convinced Campbell that the cow was the one he had bought and which had switched off her tall. For this reason he withdrew the suit. - Pittsburg

Mighty Loans. raised for Great Britain \$1,000,000,000, for Austria \$250,000,000, Germany \$200,000,000, Italy \$300,000,000, and large sume for other countries.

affeld, and those reptiles were found to OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO. INGS HERE AND THERE

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Suppo to Have Been Recently Born-Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughabls-The Week's Humor.

There is encouragement, if not poety, in the following from a Georgia singer: I struggled up the mountain.

But fell to earth, ker-flop! said in pain, "I'll try again, And finally reached the top! Atlanta Constitution.

Out in Kausas. Visitor-Only one mattress in the house? Why, what am I to sleep on? Child-Oh, maw is going to make one

Visitor-How long will that be? Child-Just until paw can have his rhiskers cut.—Chicago News.



"I've a deuced headache, old chap." 'Why don't you have it filled?"

The Infant History Class. What did the Greeks row their gal leys with? First little boy." "Brooms."

"Brooms! Doesn't the lesson say that it was sweeps?" brooms?" - Cleveland "Ain't them Plain Dealer.

Proof.
Mr. Crimsonbeak—Do you believe the world is getting better? Mrs. Crimsonbeak-I certainly do.

"What makes you think so?" "Well, here's a paragraph in this pa per which says the postal receipts this year will reach \$111,000,000. In 1890 they were only \$60,000,000." "What's that got to do with it?"

"A good deal. It shows that there are fewer husbands now who forget to mail their wives' letters."-Yonkers Statesman. Symbolic. The Cheerful Idiot-I notice our land-

lady is up on football. The Gloomy Sage-How so? The Cheerful Idiot-Why, she serves her ple in "hollow wedges."-Brooklyn Eagle.

All Actors Want It. "There's a man out in the waiting room," said the great man's Secretary. 'I think he's a bum actor."

Why do you think so?" "He says he's anxious to get an audience."-Philadelphia Press.

Tertian Stage. Edith-Why did you break off your engagement with Mr. Goodheart? Blanche-Oh, he got into that state that he'd rather sit at home and hold my hand than take me to a theater.

Never Made the Effort. Muggins-Do you believe that a womin can't keep a secret? Buggins-I don't know. I don't beleve a woman ever tried.—Philadelphia Record.

An Attractive Field. First Politician-It seems that Porto ico has no bonded or floating debt. Second Politician-You don't say so? used to make."-Philadelphia Bulletin. Porto Rico has a great future before it!-Puck.



"Sav. Billy, it ain't de proper ting t venr a coat like dat wid a silk hat." "I know it ain't, Jimmie; but some body's got to set de style, ain't dey?"

A 'atural Inference. "Her first name is Lily." "Good gracious! Is she as fat as all that?"-Harper's Bazar.

Finds Us Out. When fortune knocks at our door we are too often over at our neighbor's tell-

In Great Luck. "So you went hunting?" "Yes."

"Have any luck?" "Some. I didn't get shot by any of the other people who were hunting with me."-Washington Star.

'n the Year 2000. First Citizen-It's a shame that these airship companies haven't more regard for public comfort. Second Citizen-Yes, indeed! They should at least put on more airships during the rush hours .- Puck.

Couldn't Use Him Cholly-So you think I am too slow for any use? She-Yes. You don't even make the other young men jealous.-Smart Set.

All by Himself. "Mr. Johnsing, yo' play classical "No, sah, I don't play in no class; I

plays solos."-Brooklyn Life, Couldn't Be Expected. Howell—No, I won't give you a cent. gave you s nickel yesterday. Beggar—I know you did, sir, but I

Neatly Trapped. She-They used to say marriage was lottery, but Uncle Sam doesn't seem to look at it in that way.

He-Why? She-He doesn't bar it from the

mails. Then there was absolutely nothing left for him but to propose.-Chicago Record-Herald.

They Had It.
Towns—Do I understand you to say that Spender's case was really a faith

cure? Browne-Yes. You see, the doctor and the druggist both trusted him .-

Philadelphia Press. His Courtesy. "So you won't chop the wood?" "I'm afraid,' replied Meandering Mike, "dat de exercise would start an appetite dat 'ud trespass on your hos-

pitality."-Washington Star. Life's Little Frictions. "Are you getting ready for winter?" "Oh, yes; we've had our last scrap

with the ice man and have begun to

quarrel with the coal man."-Detroit Free Press. His Occupation Gone.
"Dis 'Strallan ballot system her tetotally ruint me," said the colored cam-

paigner. "How is that?"

"I wuz de champion voter in the county!"-Atlanta Constitution.

Conldn't Sell to Him. "I have my opinion of you," sarcas-Heally remarked the lawyer. "Well, you can keep it," hotly retort-

ed the client. "The last one I had of

you cost me \$5."-Philadelphia Record, An Acknowledgment, "A man sometimes attaches a great deal of importance to himself," re-

marked Mr. Meekton's wife. "Yes," answered Leonidas, with a Chesterfieldian air, "especially when he gets married."-Washington Star.

He Knew That. Father-What! You've resigned your

Son-Yes, sir; it was too hard. "Too hard, eh? Don't you know that no job is perfectly easy?" "Yes, sir: that's why I want no job."



"Pa, why do widows wear mourn-"To let men know they are single

again." That May Be It. Hunker-Why is the Horse Show so

popular with the girls? Spatts-It is so suggestive of bridals. -Philadelphia North-American.

Why She Complains. "She finds fault with her husband's salary, they say." "Yes, she says it isn't like her father

A Tip in Time. He-Do you know, I am fixing to fall in love with you? She-Well be careful. The man I marry will have to be pretty well fixed.

-Smart Set. Carte Blauche. His Daughter-I can't go therewithout a chaperon.

Mr. Struckoyle-Well, you get it, whatever it is, and let 'em send me the bill.-Brooklyn Life. In the Bake Shop.

"Dear me," sighed the bread dough,

'I would like a raise."

"All right," said the yeast cake, wait a minute and I'll set you to work."-Philadelphia Bulletin. Ftrictly Classical "Yas, indeed, Mistah Thompson is

very musical. He's jest jined de new drum corps dat dey've orgumized down to de Hollow."-Cleveland Plain Dealer. Would Rather Lose than Win. He had bet on the race and won.

"Baw Jove!" he said as he looked at the money; "ye know I'm sorry about "What's the matter?" he was asked. "Why, cahn't y' see," he asked, "that when a fellah bets and loses it's a gen-

tleman's sport, but when he bets and wins it's too much like business, don't y' know."-Chicago Post.

Heavy Rainfall.

It is the greatest rainfall in the world which pours down in torrents upon the southern sides of the Khasi Hills, in Assam. No wonder that their southern slopes are fertile. The rains begins in June, and last through August and September. Israel Savory writes of these rains in "A Sportswoman in India:"

At Cherra Punil 523 inches of rain fall annually.. The yearly rainfall in London is about two feet; at Cherra Punji it is forty feet, or enough to float the largest man-of-war; while in one year sixty-seven feet of water once fell from the sky.

When the rains set in we had thuner-storms on a large scale. We, in the innocence of the uninitiated, began by trying to time a peal of thunder, but when it had lasted over half an hour, gave it up. Storms were on all sides, one long-rolling peal crashing and vibrating among the distant mountains

In this town there is a mother who is very proud of her daughter, but the find it's simply impossible to live on daughter is always saying to her inti-less than two and one-half cents a day. mate friends that her home folks are I'm broke again.—Philadelphia Record. mighty tacky.