

### ALASKAN GOLD.

A million years in the smelting pots  
Of the great earth's furnace core,  
It bubbled and boiled as the old gold  
Toiled  
Before it was time to pour.

A million years in the giant molds  
Of granite and mica-schist  
It cooled and lay in the self-made way  
That into their hearts it hissed.

A million years, and the clouds of steam  
Were rivers and lakes and seas;  
And the mastodon to his grave had gone  
In the coal that once was trees.

When the Master Molder raised his  
hand,  
He shattered the gray rock mold  
And sprinkled its core from shore to  
shore,  
And the dust that fell was gold,  
—Youth's Companion.

### In the Mirror.

THE soft lights of the quiet restau-  
rant brought rest to Boynton's  
tired nerves; he picked up the  
menu with a sigh of content.

"This isn't half bad," he mused, run-  
ning his eyes down the card, "though  
it favors unconsciously of poolroom  
bulletins; 'combination of Boynton's  
two-well,' with a smile at the  
conceit, 'recon I'll play combination  
seven—lamb chop, griddle cake, ly-  
onnais potatoes—a hungry fellow can't  
lose much on that—for sure. Hello!"  
his glance falling suddenly on a large  
Japanese screen, partially hiding one  
corner of the room, "there's an or-  
chestra, too; hope they are on a par  
with the rest of the appointments. By  
jove! they're girls."

In the mirror by the end of the  
screen a face had arisen, a laughing  
girlish face, and its owner, tucking a  
fat brown violin under her arm, and  
blissfully unconscious of Boynton's  
eager scrutiny, proceeded with much  
graceful poise and sundry deft and  
skillful jabs of a long, blackheaded pin  
to adjust a huge picture that upon her  
small and shapely head.

Evidently she of the merry counte-  
nance was trying it on, for she turned  
presently as if inviting an opinion  
from some unseen companion—and at  
that moment she caught the reflection  
of Boynton's admiring eyes staring at  
her in the mirror.

The smile vanished, giving place to  
surprise, annoyance and swiftly grow-  
ing resentment; but the look of utter  
chagrin that flashed over Boynton's  
face as he realized that he had been  
guilty of a rudeness was clearly too  
much for the young lady's sense of  
humor, for after a brief struggle, the  
stern lines at the corner of her lips  
melted into the suspicion of a smile;  
with a quick glance—half fun, half  
defiance—she suddenly thrust out her  
tongue, and with a saucy courtesy at  
the reflection of the discomfited Boynton—  
she disappeared.

"Well if she isn't a peach," thought  
Mark, gazing ruefully at the empty  
mirror, while a curious thrill tingled  
along his nerves. "What stunning hair  
she has. I wish I knew who she was;  
somehow she seems different from any  
girl I ever—"  
He dropped his knife  
and fork in astonishment, doubting his  
ears.

From behind the screen came the  
rattling notes of a familiar rag-time  
air, "Why don't you get a lady of your  
own?" remarked the violin, sarcastically.  
Mark grinned in spite of himself.

"I'll get even for that, young lady,"  
he remarked, "or my name isn't Mark  
Boynton—I am going to find out who  
you are."

During the remainder of his lunch  
Mark racked his brain to little pur-  
pose, but as he stepped up to pay his  
check an inspiration came to him.

"Eureka! he calculated.  
"Beg pardon," said the cashier,  
politely. "Why, certainly," she said  
presently, in answer to Boynton's in-  
quiry, "the violin player's name is  
Miss Sturm—of course you can engage  
her; she will be much pleased; a whist  
party at your sister's you say—please  
write her address. I assure you Miss  
Sturm will be on hand."

Mark departed, chucking, "Wonder  
what she'll say to-morrow night," he  
thought, "I'll ask her to play 'Why  
don't you get a lady,' as I'm a sin-  
ner."

"Awfully obliged for the orchestra,  
Mark," said Miss Boynton to her brother  
the following evening, "I never  
dreamed of having anything so swell  
as that for my whist; don't you think  
it a nice idea putting them behind the  
rubber plants?"

"Great, sis," replied Mark, "believe  
I'll go and ask them to play something  
for me. 'Here's where I take a trick,'  
he muttered, threading his way care-  
fully between the little tables.

"Will you kindly play, 'Why don't—'  
I thought Miss Sturm was to be here?"  
wound up Mark, leaning against the  
piano in surprise.

"But I vvas Miss Sturm," replied the  
stolid looking, round-faced violinist,  
gazing at dumfounded Mark in mild  
wonder.

"But I thought—that is—where is the  
young lady who plays at the restau-  
rant?" stammered Mark.

"I vvas her," said the German girl,  
impressively, "the cashier, she half gift  
me the Herr Boynton's card, and I had  
come to"—but Mark, with an incoher-  
ent apology, retreated.

"Trumped," he thought miserably,  
"What in the world can it mean? That  
Dutch girl is as utterly unlike her as  
darkness from light." It came over  
Mark all at once, in a great wave of  
disappointment, how much he had  
been looking forward to seeing the  
merry face that had haunted him all  
day. "I will find out who she is," he  
told himself, with vehement determi-  
nation, "if I have to search all over  
Boston—Great Scott! am I awake?"

At a table in the far corner, unoccu-  
pied, save for her dainty self, her  
hands lying idly with the score card,  
was sitting the girl of the mirror. It  
seemed an hour to Mark before he  
reached his sister's side, "Maud," he  
said eagerly, "who is that girl over  
there? I'd like to meet her?"

Miss Boynton swept the room with  
a deliberate glance. "That girl with



If possible use only filtered rain water  
in making a solution and you will be  
surprised at the much better results you  
will obtain.

Try rubbing around the edge of the  
plate, say one-sixteenth of an inch  
deep, with a piece of wax candle to pre-  
vent frilling.

Those who find difficulty in using a  
brush for spotting pinholes in negatives  
or prints, should try an ordinary wood-  
en toothpick sharpened to a needle  
point.

To dry plates in a hurry after fixing  
and washing, lay the plate in alcohol  
and let it remain two minutes. Rest  
plate on one corner when taking it out.  
It will dry in a few moments. Be sure,  
however, that it is thoroughly washed  
before putting in the alcohol.

An English amateur, who stands  
among the recognized leaders, has this  
to say on hand camera pictures that is  
interesting: "Under-exposed and over-  
developed" this is the true verdict  
which should be pronounced on perhaps  
three out of every four hand camera  
negatives. The error of over-develop-  
ment is to a large extent due to the  
widespread but very misleading notion,  
viz., that prolonged development will  
bring out the details. To put this fine,  
crusted, old delusion in other words, it  
is equivalent to saying that prolonged  
development compensates for, or is  
equivalent to, exposure. The hungry  
school boy is sometimes told that the  
thickness of the bread compensates for  
the thinness of the butter, a maxim  
which sounds all right, but is not easy  
to swallow."

All amateurs ought to do their own  
developing. It is really the most inter-  
esting part of picture taking. Any  
one with intelligence enough to go in  
when it rains can snap a shutter and  
then take the plates or film to a pro-  
fessional to develop. That is not learn-  
ing anything, and moreover it is expen-  
sive. Do your own work. Get intimate

the Auburn hair?" she said presently,  
"that's Edith Sinclair; haven't you met  
her yet?" She's a Conservatory pupil."

"My brother, Mark," said Miss Boynton,  
"Miss Sinclair."

A tide of red surged over Miss Sin-  
clair's perfect face as her eye met  
Mark's. "You!" she exclaimed, with a  
horrible little gasp, "the man who—"  
"Exactly," responded Mark, "the man  
who—thought he had hired you to play  
here to-night—and hadn't—evidently."

Miss Sinclair laughed. "You took  
me for Barbara Sturm, didn't you?"  
she said. "I guessed as much when  
she told me a gentleman had engaged  
her that evening. Miss Sturm had an  
engagement and couldn't find a sub-  
stitute, so for a lark I got leave from  
the 'Con' and took her place—but  
aren't you going to play whist?" dropping  
her eyes from Mark's intent gaze.

"I don't know," said Mark, in mock  
despair, "I haven't any partner—I never  
had a 'lady of my own,' you know,"  
audaciously.

The red flashed back into Miss Sin-  
clair's cheek, but she looked straight  
into Mark's earnest eyes. "Wouldn't  
I do," she answered, saucily, "for a  
partner?"—Indianapolis News.

### FRENCH FADS.

One Seems Altogether Without Reason;  
Another Is Reverse.

The women of Paris are just now en-  
gaged in rivalry in regard to who shall  
own the prettiest fox cub. Every so-  
ciety woman has one, with the result  
that the little creatures are valued at  
from \$20 to \$25. When they become too  
large to handle they are sent to the  
country and are there set free on the  
great estates of the rich. Fox cubs are  
very clever and very playful, but they  
never are quite tame, and hence are  
only temporarily safe house compan-  
ions.

When invited to spend the night at  
the home of a friend, it is now impera-  
tive to add to the nightrobe and the  
toilet auxiliaries a set of clean sheets.  
Really fastidious people do so. When  
the Czar and Czarina were invited to  
be the guests of Paris, their couches  
were fitted by France with linen from  
the stock of royal napery accumulated  
during the emperorship of Napoleon III.  
The imperial guests calmly and quietly  
directed their attendants to remove  
the French linen and substitute for  
it the pieces wrought with the arms  
of the Romanoffs. This, it was  
explained to their perplexed entertain-  
ers, was the Czar and Czarina's invari-  
able custom, and it seemed to them to  
be as imperative a piece of refinement  
as the owning of individual toothbrushes.  
Now all the smart set pretends to have  
been ever scrupulous in regards to indi-  
vidual bed linen, and napery are hap-  
pily because it increases the quantity  
and enhances the quality of their sales,  
since their patrons consider that only  
exclusively fine, monogrammed or  
crested sheets, ingeniously hand-  
stitched, are good enough for use when  
going a-visiting.

Not Good Good Ones.

"Why do some people think it's  
wicked to go to the theater?"  
"Well, I suppose it's because people  
who make a practice of going so often  
go to the bad."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Dried Peat For Fuel.

The Visland-Bolmen Railway, in  
Sweden, has made a satisfactory test  
of dried peat as fuel for locomotives  
without changing the fire bed.

The wife who talks the least has the  
best control over her husband.

Paris of recent years. Formerly, as  
ancient Casimir points out, the crea-  
tion of a new soup or sauce or dish  
was an event of equal importance with  
the production of a new play.

The grandest day in Casimir's life,  
says the New York Commercial Ad-  
vertiser, was that on which he invent-  
ed or discovered potato germiny, a  
soup made with the yolk of two eggs,  
cream and sorrel. The potato was  
prepared for a dinner given by the  
Marquis de St. George, author of the  
Mousquetaires de la Reine. Casimir  
was as nervous over the reception of  
his soup as a dramatic author or a  
composer on a first night. He had his  
reward when the marquis sent for  
him, and before the assembled guests  
pressed him to his bosom and ex-  
claimed: "Casimir, it is not a soup;  
it is a great work, a masterpiece."

A Cripple Creek Incident.

He was just in from the East, and  
the pattern of his trousers were such  
that even the dogs regarded him with  
suspicion. He was walking ahead of a  
fair girl, his Cripple Creek cousin, and  
as they climbed the hill he caught his  
breath and held it with an effort. The  
beautiful girl behind him was the first  
to speak. She had been debating  
whether to call him down for walking  
in front of her or heave a bowlder  
against his shoulder blade. Finally  
she took another course and got him.  
"This light air don't agree with you,"  
she observed, sweetly.  
"Perfectly," he gasped, using all the  
atmosphere he had on his person.  
"Is that so?" she gurgled, sarcas-  
tically. "Why, your pants are so loud I  
can hear them clear down here."  
The man started slightly, intending  
to freeze her with a glance, until it oc-  
curred to him that such a course might  
require air, and so, thinking, he dragged  
his lenden limbs skyward.—Denver  
Times.

Getting Even with Joe Jefferson.

On one occasion, just previous to  
opening in one of the large Eastern cit-  
ies, Joseph Jefferson discharged his  
property man, Bagley, for humiliating him  
before a number of friends by fa-  
miliarly addressing him as "Joey."  
Bagley got drunk right away and that  
night paid his way to the gallery to see  
Mr. Jefferson present "Rip Van Win-  
kle." The angry frau had just driven  
poor, destitute Rip from the cottage  
when Rip turned and, with a world of  
pathos, asked: "Den haf I no interest  
in dis house?" The house was deathly  
still, the audience half in tears, when  
Bagley's cracked voice responded:  
"Only 80 per cent, Joey—only 80 per  
cent."

A Judge.

Mrs. Noobridge—Mr. Whiteoak had  
some of my pie at the church fair last  
night and he said it was very good.  
Mr. Noobridge—Well, now, that opin-  
ion, coming from him, is worth some-  
thing; expert testimony, in fact. He's  
in the leather business, you know.—  
Philadelphia Press.

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### DANGEROUS TO LAUGH

ROYAL ATTENDANTS MUST COM-  
MAND THEIR FEATURES.

Officer of the Czar Lost \$12,000 a  
Year and High Position on Account  
of Inopportune Mirth—Kaiser Also  
Is Touchy in This Regard.

It was awkward for the Czar's confi-  
dential adviser, Baron Endloff, a few  
weeks ago, that he had not a quicker  
control over his features, for a laugh  
at the wrong moment lost him his high  
position and \$12,000 a year.

While the royal suite was at Com-  
plegne, soon after the arrival, the Czar  
was tired, and a little irritable, by the  
effects of the long journey. While go-  
ing through the big library, which was  
part of the great apartments prepared  
for him, he slipped on a woolsack mat  
that lay on the highly polished floor,  
made a wild attempt to save himself,  
and clutched at one of his attendants.

He nearly brought himself and his  
sheik in a panto, or one put in the end  
of a chest, a pall of water, a couple of  
pans, small red light, developer and  
hypo, and there you are.

There is a wide field from which the  
amateur anxious to do something can  
choose. Portraiture, perhaps, is at the  
top of the list; but undoubtedly the most  
difficult of all. Genre, hardly less exact-  
ing and more generally interesting as  
active human nature always is; land-  
scape with figures and figures with-  
out, and both requiring much careful  
study and thought, especially as to the  
suitability and placing of the figures.  
Street scenes as pictures of everyday  
life; marine subjects, with the ocean  
or the lake in all their moods, and the  
happy combinations of the always in-  
teresting fisher folks, and the, to some  
at least, equally interesting yachts and  
yacht racing. Architecture also offers  
great opportunities, although in this  
country not so great as in some others;  
and last, although perhaps not least,  
flowers and flora generally, although  
generally classed as the lowest phase  
of art, have brought fame to some and  
may do so again to those who really  
love and know how to arrange and pho-  
tograph them. Whatever phase may be  
selected it should be stuck to, and stud-  
ied in all its bearings. Especially should  
the artist make himself acquainted  
with all that he possibly can of what  
has been done before in that line; exam-  
ining and analyzing the work that  
pleases in our picture galleries and in  
the higher class magazines, not with a  
view to copy it, but to become so sat-  
isfied with it as to form a style of his  
own by which his work shall be recog-  
nized as unmistakably his.

But the Kaiser, on the whole, is the  
most dangerous person to laugh at, or  
before, and more than one person has  
been "done for" himself in this way. So  
did the unfortunate General Milbanke find  
it—the clever but bluff Scottish colonial  
administrator. It was he who used to  
command the Sultan Abd Din's troops  
and manage the Arabian finances.

The Kaiser took him up, four years  
ago, as a guest, with a view to mak-  
ing use of him in the new "expansion"  
policy of the German Empire, and had  
decided to give him a fine position in  
the East, to guard German interests in  
China, at a princely remuneration, of  
course. The Kaiser sees to these things  
himself, and anybody who becomes one  
of his right-hand men is pretty well set  
up for life.

At one of the audiences given him  
at Potsdam, Milbanke was giving the  
Emperor the benefit of his experience  
and receiving his orders, when the Kaiser  
made a rather absurd suggestion  
as to eastern diplomacy, proposing to  
win the confidence of the Japanese and  
Kurile Islanders with presents.

Milbanke, bursting into a guffaw,  
asked the Kaiser if he thought the  
Japanese were Congo negroes, who  
could be bought over with a few glass  
beads and a flint lock gun? The Kaiser  
froze at once, wished Milbanke good-  
night, and never reopened relations  
with him.

The moral is, when you are chatting  
with a king don't forget he is a king,  
and dig him in the ribs. A still more  
amusing case of this kind was the mis-  
take of another Scottish administrator,  
Duncan McVea, who was, next to Mc-  
Leay Brown, of Congo, the most fam-  
ous of "wandering" governors. Scot-  
land, by the way, supplies 80 per cent  
of the world's pioneer administrators,  
as well as its engineers.

McVea was dealing with that pleas-  
ant but touchy monarch, the King of  
Portugal, who had proposed to put  
the rather shaky government of the Cape  
Verde Islands into his hands, to set  
things going and pull the finances to-  
gether. This would have been a big  
step, and meant some \$25,000 a year to  
the famous adventurer; but he had too  
much of what Scotchmen are supposed  
to lack—sense of humor. At any rate, it  
was the ruin of the finest prospect he  
ever had.

The king became a little excited and  
irritated at the various common-sense  
objections that McVea, knowing what  
he was talking about, opposed to some  
of the monarch's plans, and though the  
king speaks admirable English as a  
rule, when excited it becomes a very  
odd mixture indeed. This, finally, so  
wounded McVea's feelings that he  
smiled audibly, with the result that he  
was promptly ordered away, and the  
Cape Verde still lack a Scottish gov-  
ernor to look after their affairs.—Lon-  
don Answers.

GEN. GRANT AND HIS FATHER.

Elder Gentleman, Visiting His Son,  
Was Entertained by Gen. Dickie.

On the authority of the late Judge  
Dickie, for some time chief justice of  
Illinois, and during the Civil War chief  
of cavalry under General Grant while  
Grant had his headquarters at Mem-  
phis, the Chicago Times-Herald tells a  
remarkable story. It shows how Gen-  
eral Grant once fulfilled his sense of  
honor in a matter in which he believed  
his own father was improperly concern-  
ed, without hurting his father's feel-  
ings.

While at Memphis Grant had re-  
ceived word that his father was  
coming to visit. His staff  
might have perceived that the pros-  
pect of this visit did not please him,  
but it passed without comment. One  
night very soon before the date set  
for his father's visit, General Grant  
summoned General Dickie to him, and  
said:

"I have sent for you as a personal  
friend. My father is coming to visit  
me, and what I have got to tell you  
about that visit is not pleasing to me;  
but something must be done. Some of  
the money sharks and cotton specula-  
tors have gained an unwarrantable  
influence over him, and he is really com-  
ing down here to use his influence over  
me to gain favors for them."  
"This cannot be. I do not wish to  
wound his feelings. I do not wish him  
to know that I understand the object  
of his visit. I have prepared a plan of  
action which I wish you to aid me in  
carrying out."

He then relieved General Dickie of  
duty as commander of the cavalry, and  
told him to devote himself wholly to  
Mr. Jesse Grant during his stay—to  
take him to his own tent and entertain  
him there, and above all to prevent the  
old gentleman from being alone with

his son, General Grant, for an instant.  
The general's father arrived, and was  
very much pleased to accept General  
Dickie's hospitality, not knowing what  
it involved.

General Dickie entertained him most  
hospitably, but stuck to him very close-  
ly. If the elder Grant found himself  
alone and hastened to see his son, there  
he found General Dickie.

Four or five days passed, and he had  
gained no opportunity for a private in-  
terview, and no chance to force one.

For nearly ten days he kept up the  
attempt, but had to go away at last  
without having accomplished his er-  
rand. When he was gone Dickie was  
restored to his cavalry duty. The sub-  
ject was never again referred to be-  
tween Grant and Dickie, but General  
Dickie, shortly before his death, told  
the story to a Chicago lawyer.

SURGERY OF BIRDS AND BEASTS.

They Evidently Have a Method of  
Treating Their Wounds.

That wild birds and animals possess  
a knowledge of surgery or something  
that answers the purpose is well known  
to those who are intimate with their  
habits.

An example of this in small birds was  
noted by an amateur naturalist last  
winter. He shot a specimen of the  
horned lark. On going to pick up the  
bird he was very much annoyed to find,  
as he thought, that he had shot off  
one of its legs. But on closer inspection it  
was developed that the loss was an old  
one, the right leg being cut from the  
joint. The skin seemed to have been  
drawn over the end of the stump and  
had healed perfectly. The loss of this  
leg must have inconvenienced the bird  
considerably while on the ground feed-  
ing, but it certainly did not hinder its  
flying ability, for it was bowling along  
in good shape when shot.

That a bird of this size should survive  
the shock and the attendant loss of blood  
of such an injury is nothing short of  
marvelous. And there is no accounting  
for it, except that they have some  
method of treating such injuries.

Another case bearing on this was  
that of a three-legged deer on Long Is-  
land. He had been known by his track  
for several years before his death  
(which, according to report, occurred  
last season, although it is only rumor)  
and many of the hunters had made  
special attempts to kill this buck. The  
loss of the limb did not seem to inter-  
fere in any way with his fleetness of  
foot, for he seemed able to distance the  
best dogs on the island.

No one seemed to know how he had  
lost his leg, but lost it he had, and any  
one with even a crude knowledge of  
anatomy must know that without treat-  
ment of some kind to stop the flow the  
animal would have bled to death.

It all goes to show, says the New  
York Times, that our feathered and  
furked friends of the woods have an ef-  
ficient Red Cross system of their own.

Sagacious Cats.

South of Fulton street in New York  
City, the cat is not a pet but a busi-  
ness investment, an insurance policy  
against the river rats. Yet, wild as  
some of these animals are, there is  
one man, says the Tribune, whom they  
regard with approval. That is the cat's  
meat man.

"I don't know all of them," he says.  
"No man could; and, besides, there are  
changes all the time. But if I don't  
know them they all know me, every  
last cat of them."

"And they're wise; cats are as wise  
as any beast that lives. Every cat on  
the block runs to meet me, but they  
are always on their good behavior."

"Now, here's a place where I leave  
meat for six cats. They all follow me  
in when I give it to the porter. They  
are the cats that belong here, and all  
the rest of the cats are waiting peace-  
fully for me to come out. Now, see  
those four cats run ahead and into the  
next place; they're the cats that belong  
there, and they line up to meet me."

"But that is a small part of the wis-  
dom of these cats. Five mornings in  
the week I get around my meat be-  
tween seven and eight o'clock, but on  
Saturdays I am always late, and never  
reach this block before nine. Well,  
on Saturday mornings the cats know that  
I'm late, and they don't put their  
heads outside the doors until it lacks  
only a little of nine.

"You see there are calendars hang-  
ing up in every office to tell the day  
of the week, and clocks, too, and there's  
nothing to hinder the cats from con-  
sulting them. If they don't find out  
that way, how do they know when it's  
nine o'clock Saturday mornings?"

Dowry of Brides.

In almost every country but America  
there are restrictive conditions in force  
with regard to the marriage of army  
officers. In Russia especially is this  
to be found, as no circumstances will  
permit the marriage of an officer under  
the age of 23, and not even between  
that and 28 years, unless the bride's  
dowry is a sum sufficient to allow him  
to keep his money for his personal use.  
The limit of this dowry is fixed by  
the government.

In the Austro-Hungarian army the  
number of officers authorized to marry  
is limited by a fixed proportion in each  
grade, and when these totals are  
reached further marriages are prohib-  
ited until vacancies occur in the mar-  
ried ranks. The Italian army regula-  
tions fix the limit of a bride's dowry,  
but the law is frequently broken, for  
it has been recently estimated that  
only about one-eighth of the mar-  
riages have occurred under the proper  
conditions. The other seven-eighths are  
attended with all the inconveniences  
of a marriage not recognized by the  
civil law.

In the Billville District.

"Who's that thundering down the  
road yonder?"  
"It's Johnson—coming with his shot-  
gun. Run and meet him half-way and  
tell him that his man's elected!"—At-  
lanta Constitution.

To Select From.

She—The angels sent me ma two twin  
babies last night.  
He—Has she picked out the one she  
wants yet?

The more reasons there are why a  
man should save money, the less likely  
he is to save it.

You just naturally hate to have some  
people "sell" you.

### SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM  
THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the  
World Over—Sayings that Are Cheer-  
ful to Old or Young—Funny Selec-  
tions that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"John," she said, "do you think you  
can afford a new gown for me?"  
He looked at her sharply.  
"Have you ordered it?" he asked.  
"Yes."  
"Then," he said, with a sigh of resig-  
nation, "I can afford it."—Chicago Post.

Ambiguous.

Bella—But why did you refuse him  
if you loved him?  
Dora—Well, you see, he said he  
couldn't live without me, and it aroused  
my curiosity!—Puck.

A Guarantee and a Promise.

"Do you guarantee this goods not to  
fade?"  
"Absolutely! And if it does we will  
sell you new goods to match the  
changed color."—Indianapolis News.

Prominent People.

"I understand that potatoes are very  
high in price," said Gummev.  
"I should say they are," replied  
Glanders. "My boarding house keeper  
never calls them anything else but  
pommes de terre now."

Sure to Come Down.

Tom Yes, we had quarreled, but I  
was determined to see her.  
Dick—How did you manage it?  
Tom—When I called I told the maid  
to say it was a society reporter who  
wanted to see her.—Philadelphia Press.

In New York.

"Is he rich?"  
"Mercy, no! I don't suppose the poor  
man could scrape up more than two or  
three million to save his life."—Chicago  
Record-Herald.

Her Idea.

Sally Gait—What is your idea of a  
hero?  
Dolly Swift—A man who doesn't need  
any mistletoe.—Puck.

Very Appropriate.

"What did he get \$500 back pension  
for?"  
"Oh, he was shot in the back."—The  
Smart Set.

The Superfluous Baby.

Bobby—Did he come from heaven,  
mamma?  
Mother—Yes, Bobby.  
Bobby—What's the matter; did he  
make too much noise up there?

The Usual Procedure.

"What is the usual procedure in mar-  
rying an heiress?"  
"Tell the lady how much you love  
her and tell her father how much you  
owe?"

Refreshing Modesty.

An