A DEEP-WATER MAN.

Captain Coomers had sailed over all the seven seas and the mighty bay of Penobscot. Therefore he felt only contempt for the little bug-shaped steamer that carried passengers from the mainland to the island resorts which at that time were just beginning to have a summer population. This was in the days when all good sailing men looked on steam craft as mere landsman's toys. Their contempt was warranted by the habits of the Belle of breaking down in mid-channel, of steering off her course in a wind, and of staying at dock discreetly when there was any "considerable breeze of air."

On one passage across the bay she fell foul of a current that pushed her upon a sandbank. The passengers began to run for the boats and hunt in impossible places for life-preservers. Captain Coomers sat on deck, his big frame supported by a camp-stool and his "game leg" stretched out on another camp-stool. He sat still while the others, crew and passengers, were rushing about in futile activity. He looked at the strip of island, then out at the bay, then at the sky. Then he rested his chin on his chest and studied the deck planking.

A passenger ran up to him and cried. "O, captain, we are wrecked!"

"Hum?"

"We are wrecked."

"Be we?"

"Is there any danger?"

"Hum?"

"Are we going to sink?"

"Not fur in this water."

"Are you sure? I'm afraid we—we shall all be drowned!"

"Not if you're more'n four feet high."

The passenger seemed satisfied at last, and went away. Captain Coomers resumed his gaze at the deck. Presently another passenger saw him.

"O, captain, I'm so glad you're here!"

"So be I."

"Think there's any danger?"

"I ain't seen any."

"Of course we—we aren't far from shore?"

"No. We're as nigh as two lovers on a slopin' sofa."

"You take it coolly!"

"Well, you see I've been wrecked off Cape Horn and I was in a boat that was chawed by a whale. I don't puppus to get my boots wet out o' any sech land vehicle as this here."—Youth's Companion.

A Confusing Advertisement.

A London editor has received from Berlin a printed notice of a new hair dye, described in English. "I deliver the hair dye from the fair to the deepest dark," the Berlin man says. Then, with a burst of candor, for which he cannot be sufficiently commended, he adds: "It produces a natural color and is thoroughly injurious."

K8.

There was a maid whose name was K8,
And she was always tempting f8;
She'd jilt a beau
The least bit sleau,
But now for beaux she has to w8.

This maiden dearly loved to sk8,
But was of such enormous w8
That when she tripped
And slid and slipped
The ice was in an awful st8.
—Chicago Chronicle.

For 1905.

Father Time was observed getting his hair clipped.

"What is that for?" asked the friend.

"Why, people are going too rapidly these days," explained Father Time, "and I want to fix it so they can't take me by the forelock."

Seven plum puddings hung in a kitchen at Etalham, England, recently, when a donkey walked in and ate five of them, cloths and all.

FLASHES OF FUN

Clara—Did he propose to you before or after he kissed you? Maud—I can't tell. During the excitement I forgot all the details.—Life.

Husband—You are always looking for bargains. Was there ever a time when you wasn't a bargain hunted? Wife—Yes, dear; when I married you. —Scissors.

Mrs. Chatterson—It was such a relief to have my husband fail. Mrs. Chipway—How so? "Oh, I was so afraid we would have to pay all those bills."—Life.

Cyril—You may spurn me, cruel one, but remember, I shall not always be a clerk at $9 a week. Marie—That's just the trouble. You may lose your job at any time.—Chicago News.

Parent (angrily)—Those "school shoes" I bought here for my boy did not last two weeks. Dealer (with surprise)—He must have been wearing them out of school.—Washington Life.

Teacher (in spelling class)—Johnny, spell "fail." Johnny—I can't. Teacher—You can't spell that simple word? Why not? Johnny—'Cause you told me there was no such word as fail.—New Yorker.

Pansy (who enjoys having her mother read to her)—Wead some more, mamma. Mamma—I cannot, dear; my eyes are too tired. Pansy (with fine scorn)—But wead wiv oo mouf, ma.—New York Times.

"Is your husband up yet?" inquired the early morning caller. "I guess he is," replied the stern-looking woman. "I'd like to say a few words to him." "So would I. He hasn't come home yet."—Catholic Standard.

Ernestine—I don't see why your chaperon should have been offended because Jack played the piano. It was certainly better than lovemaking. Moyrtilla—Yes, but he insisted upon playing "Always in the Way."—Chicago News.

Tom—I don't see you automobiling with Miss Giddyun any more. Jack—No; I weighed her in the balance and found her wanting. Tom—Wanting what? Jack—Well, wanting to face the parson with me, for one thing.—Chicago News.

Little Johnnie—When Miss Nextdoor got married, her mother threw an old slipper after her. What was that for? Little Ethel—Oh, they always do that. That means that her mamma isn't never going to spank her any more.—Smith's Weekly.

"This servant-girl problem will make me old before my time!" "Bothers you too, does it?" "Indeed it does. If I have an ugly maid my husband is away all the time, and if I have a pretty one he is at home all the time, and I daren't go away; so there it is." —Houston Post.

Mrs. Woodby—You don't mean to say you paid my milliner's bill to-day! Mr. Woodby—Of course. The bill reached me yesterday, and I thought the milliner might need the money, so— Mrs. Woodby—Simpleton! How do you expect us to be considered real swell if we pay our bills promptly?—Philadelphia Ledger.

Maude—Did you read that magazine article in which a physician advocates yawning as a means of stopping the disagreeable buzzing in one's ears? Clara—Yes; and he is right, too. I tried it on young Borum the other evening after he had talked continuously for an hour or more, and he took the hint and left.—Chicago Daily News.

The following notice was recently found tacked on the door of a church: "There will be preaching in this house a week from next Wednesday, Providence permittin', and there will be preaching whether or no on Monday following upon the subject, 'He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved ,and he that believeth not shall be damned at 3:30 in the afternoon.'" —Clinton (Mo.) Herald.

A traveling man who drove across the country to a little town in western Kansas the other day met a farmer hauling a wagon-load of water. "Where do you get water?" he asked. "Up the road about seven miles," the farmer replied. "And you haul water seven miles for your family and stock?" "Yep." "Why in the name of sense don't you dig a well?" asked the traveler. "Because it is just as far one way as the other, stranger." —Denver Republican.

Mrs. Potts was filled with nervous alarms whenever she traveled, and Mr. Potts always had his hands full in trying to quiet and reassure her. "Algernon," said Mrs. Potts, wakening her husband from a sound sleep in a southern railway car. "Algernon! I want you to find out why we are going at this fearful speed. The car is bumping and swaying till I can scarcely see out of my eyes." Mr. Potts sat up and looked out of the window at the moonlit landscape. "See that bridge ahead on the curve?" he asked, sleepily. "Well, we have to go over that in a minute, and probably it isn't very strong, and they want to go over it with as little strain and as quickly as possible. Now go to sleep."—Youth's Companion.

Both Sides of It.

Giles—So you've got a place in that banking house? I suppose it was because you knew the president? Harris—Partly that and partly because he didn't know me.—Exchange.

The breath of suspicion is often flavored with cloves

An Insinuation.

Diggs—I hear you have sold your restaurant. Wasn't it a moneymaker?

Biggs—Yes; I was making $50 daily.

Diggs—Then what was your reason for disposing of it?

Biggs—Oh, I was compelled to sell it on account of poor health.

Diggs—Huh! Why didn't you take your meals somewhere else?

Last of the Mohicans.

When the days are cool and clear the tuberculosis patients on North Brother Island wrap themselves in the blue blankets furnished by the city and sit in the open air for a sun bath.

A short time ago, says the New York Sun, the health commissioner conducted a party of peace delegates to the island. They were from England, and had seen pictures of the North American Indian.

"How interesting!" remarked one visitor, as the boat was about to land. "See how peacefully they sit. Are they the last of the Mohicans?"

To Supplement Our Civilization.

As a result of observation and reflection during a long life touching public men and measures in wide variety, I would desire for my country three things above all others to supplement American civilization; from Great Britain her administration of criminal justice; from Germany her theater; and from any or every European country save Russia, Spain and Turkey, its government of cities.—From Andrew D. White's "Impressions of the German Emporer," in the Century.

People Killed in Railroad Wrecks.

A report recently issued by the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the total number of casualties to persons on railroads in the United States, during the fiscal year ending June 30, 1904, was 55,130, comprising 2,787 killed and 51,343 injured. This shows a large increase over any other year. It is a large total, and, in comparison, may be said to be similar to the complete destruction of any one of such cities as Salt Lake City, Utah; San Antonio, Texas; Racine, Wis.; Topeka, Kan.; Waterbury, Conn.; Wilkesbarre, Pa., or Augusta, Ga., neither of which has anything like 53,000 inhabitants. In both the American and British armies, Sept. 19, and Oct. 7, 11, and 12, 1777, in the series of fights and movements around Saratoga, as included by E. S. Creasy, in his "Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World," there were less than 20,000 men; while the highest total given by C. K. Adams in Johnson's "Cyclopaedia," of the killed, wounded, and missing on both sides at Waterloo, one of the greatest battles of all time, is 54,428 men—not so many by 702 as last year's total of United States railroad casualties. The number of collisions and derailments during the past year was 11,291, involving $9,383,097 in damages to rolling stock and roadbeds. This gives the astounding increase of 648 collisions and derailments over 1903—astounding but for the reduction of employes, in 1904, by 75,000.—Frederick Upham Adams, in Success Magazine.

An Old Cure for Scurvy.

Scurvy used to be regularly treated when it was possible by burying the patients up to their necks in fresh earth, a practice officially recommended in the British navy less than a century ago. Twenty of the crew of the frigate Blonde were so treated on the shore of Donna Maria Bay, Santo Domingo. Holes were dug in the softest soil on the beach. Into each of these a man was put and buried to his chin, while a detachment of their shipmates was told off to keep the flies from their faces. They were kept in this position for two hours, and the treatment was so effective that four days later all the sufferers were able to rejoin the frigate.

How It Began.

Representative Hay of Virginia tells of an altercation in a colored club in Richmond that resulted in nearly all the members being haled before a police magistrate.

"You were present during this trouble?" asked the magistrate of a witness.

"Yes, yo honah."

"Then tell us, in a few words, just how the difficulty began."

"Well, yo' honah," replied the darky, with much gravity, "I think it was when the chairman of de entertainment committee swatted de secretary ovah de head wif de lovin' cup."—Collier's Weekly.

In Jail for Sneezing.

As one of the good, kind ladies was walking along the tier after the church was over, saying kind words to the unfortunate sons of Adam, she stopped in front of cell 602 on the sixth floor.

She said, "My good, kind man, what in the world ever put you in here?"

He said, "Sneezing."

She said, "My goodness! How in the world could they put you in here for sneezing?"

He said, "I woke the gentleman up." —Cook County Jail Journal.

Across the Footlights.

"Ha!" exclaimed the stage heroine as the lime light was suddenly turned upon the heavy villain, "I have discovered your secret at last. Your face betrays you."

"Explain your talk, woman," said the villain, as he calmly lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Your mug looks like a Japanese war map," she replied. "So you evidently shave yourself with a safety razor."

Nobody Does.

"I assure you, I'm always willing to acknowledge my faults when I see them."

"That's all right, but I'll bet you never acknowledge them when your neighbor sees them."—Philadelphia Press.

Rather One-Sided.

Dixmyth—How do you like your new boarding house, Biffkins?

Biffkins—By reversing the order of things it could be made an ideal home.

Dixmyth—How's that?

Biffkins—What it requires is less hair in the butter and more in the mattress.