Twice Rejected.

Wederly—Was that your sister I saw you with last evening?

Singleton—Yes; one of them.

Wederly—Why, I wasn't aware that you had more than one of them.

Singleton—I have three. One by birth and two by annexation.—Chicago Daily News.

His Stories.

"Bunkins takes life very easily."

"But he is always telling hard luck stories."

"Yes; but that shows his shrewdness. If he put in all the time telling funny stories people would say he was loafing.—Washintgon Star.

His Market Was Brooklyn.

"No sir!" exclaimed the loud mouthed drummer in the smoker. "I'm proud to say that no house in the country has more men pushing its line of goods than ours."

"What do you sell?" asked a curious one.;

"Baby carriages."—Syracuse Herald.

Another Reason.

"I thought Biffkins said he was going to church this morning."

"No. The minister asked him to give his reasons for not going, and he is staying at home to write them."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The Ones to Avoid.

Old Man—If you would select a good wife, my young friend, you must avoid the descendants of a ceratin famous woman.

Young Man—I shall certainly heed yoru advice. Who was she?

Old Man—Eve.—N. Y. Weekly.

Out of a Knothole.

He (just introduced)—What a homely person that gentleman is near the piano, Mrs. Black.

She—Isn't he. That's Mr. Black.

"How true it is, Mrs. Black, that the homeliest men always get the prettiest wives."—Tit-Bits.

LOST IN A CRATER.

Explorer Has an Interesting but Perilous Experience in Arizona.

Joseph Burkam, a Minnesota lumber dealer, had, if a Western newspaper is to be believed, an experience in an extinct crater in Arizona which nearly cost him his life, and has all but destroyed his health. Mr. Burkam is an enthusiastic explorer. One day he came upon the crater of an extinct volcano, and climbed about it for an hour without a mishap. Then he discovered a hole about as large as a barrel, and started to crawl in. Suddenly he slipped, and slid a long distance, striking his head against a ledge of lava. When he came to he was in total darkness and absolute silence.

He had nine matches. These he struck one after the other, holding each one until it burnt his fingers. He groped along the passage, thinking he must soon see daylight. Suddenly it came on him that he was not finding the entrance as soon as he ought to.

Then fear seized him. He sprang forward like a crazy man up the passage, struck a projection and fell. When he recovered he moved on again, cutting his hands and bruising his head and shouders against the lava.

Sometimes he lost consciousness for hours. Then finding strength again, he struggled on.

Once a luminous spot led him on overjoyed. He struck with awful force against a phosphorescent wall, which had deceived him. By rubbing it, he was able to mark better progress for the next few rods.

Without warning he pitched headlong into a pit of thick fluid. It was sulphurous and choked him. He struggled out and lay down to rest.

When he looked around again he saw several pairs of gleaming eyes. Shrill squeaks told him that they belonged to rats. The rats made a dash at him, but were kept off, fortunately, by the sulphur, which was too strong for them. Otherwise he might have died a horrible death.

He turned a corner in the passage, followed by the rats. A growl sent them scampering, and two larger eyes glistened at him.

Then he saw a streak of daylight, and pushing toward it, fell senseless into the open air.

When he recovered his senses and straightened up, a wildcat was sitting near him with an army of rats behind her. She was keeping them off, intending evidently to have the prey to herself.

Mr. Burkam and the wildcat stared at each other, the latter apparently wondering whether the man was weak enough to conquer. Summoning all his strength, he threw up his hands and rushed at the cat, which fled. Then Mr. Burkam scrambled up the lava bank to the surface of the earth once more.

MOOSE AND BEAR.

Timid Animal Fought Bravely in Defense of Her Young One.

The cow moose is regarded as a timid animal, but like most timid creatures she is brave in the defense of her young. A story is told by Mr. Jones in his "Habits, Haunts and Anecdotes of the Moose" illustrating this trait in the moose mother.

While paddling on Chesuncook Lake one day, our guide saw a cow moose and her calf come down the bank and enter the water. He watched them until they had waded some distance from shore, when his attention wa. arrested by another animal coming out of the woods near them.

It was a black bear, and had not been discovered by the moose. Bruin slipped easily into the water, and waded toward the cow and calf. Presently he got beyond his depth, his legs being much shorter than even a calf moose's, and he had therefore to swim. He swam directly for the calf, and was rapidly nearing it when the cow saw him.

The ungainly beast turned with remarkable quickness toward the bear, whom she attacked with her forefeet. Rising on her hind legs, she struck with her sharp hoofs on the bear's back. He tried to escape, but turn which ever way he would the cow struck him. There was a tremendous splashing of the water, and the moose and her calf finally swam off, leaving the bear hors de combat.

Watching bruin for a time, and noting that he made no effort to swim away, the guide ventured to approach him, and found that his back had been broken by the powerful blows of the cow's forefeet. The guide mercifully dispatched the bear, and to-d y shows the skin when he tells the story.

Stunted Trees.

Hitherto the stunted trees and shrubs of the Japanese have been the wonder and envy of gardeners the world over. But a German chemist now comes along and does something which even the Japanese could hardly be expected to do. He has prepared a fluid that has the power, when injected into the tissues of a plant, near its roots, of anesthetizing the plant. As a result of this injection the plant does not die, but stops growing, maintaining its fresh, green appearance, though its vitality is apparently suspended. Changes in temperature seem in nowise to affect the foliage, for the plant blooms in the open as well as in the most carefully constructed hothouse. As might be expected, the composition of the fluid is shrouded in the greatest mystery.

Punishment in German Army.

Two German non-commissioned officers have been sentenced to imprisonment for one year and nine months, respectively, for maltreating a private with such persistency that he committed suicide to escape their persecution.

The tastes of a millionaire are often imprisoned in a pauper's purse.

A Stretch.

Broncho Bill—So you've lynched th' wrong feller?

Rough Rube—Yes. We imagined he was th' feller that stole th' hoss, but he wasn't.

Broncho Bill—Huh! You should be careful how you stretch your imagination.—Life.

As Mr. C. Understands.

Mrs. Crimsonbeak—Before she was married, I understand, she used to dance for money.

Mr. Crimsonbeak—And now, understand, if she don't get money, she makes her husband dance.—Yonkers Statesman.

His Turn Next.

Kind Gentleman—Why are you crying, my little man?

Little Boy—Because my ma is lickin' my little brother for something wot I done.

Kind Gentleman—What a conscientious little gentleman.

Little Boy—But my brother'll tell her it wuz me, and then I'll ketch it. Boo-hoo.—Ohio State Journal.

Needed Invention.

The man who had reached the pinacle of wealth by a sudden spurt drew the typewriter salesman aside and said: "Er—haven't you some kind of a machine that will help a man who has been careless with his spelling?"

"Oh, yes," responded the salesman; "here is one that will blur any word when it is doubtful; all you have to do is to press the key."—Chicago Daily News.

At the Pecks.

"Humph!" said Mrs. Henry Peck, "this paper has a lot of alleged jokes about women giving their husbands cigars for Christmas presents. I think that any woman who is fool enough to give her husband a box of those vile things ought to—why, where has Henry gone?"

But Henry was out in the hall shaking hands with himself.—Baltimore American.

A Kansas Obituary.

A Kansas editor wrote this obituary notice: "He was born May 3, 1875, and therefore escaped this earth in time to celebrate his 27th birthday in the house of his eternal abode beyond the archin skies, leaving terrestrial land on Friday, March 19, 1902, at 9:30 p. m., central time.

NEW SUMMER SHOES.

There is a tendency toward slightly more pointed shoes, but otherwise little change in the models for summer. The flat last will continue to be the smart sole for all shoes, whether they are of patent leather, calf or tan, and should be of the extension kind and fairly thick.

The Colonial shoe is the very newest for summer wear and comes in both the high and low models, and also in slippers. The low Colonial will be the most popular, as it has the Spanish heel and makes a very comfortable walking shoe.

The slipper of this style is very styl-

STYLES IN NEW SHOES.

ish and dainty with summer gowns and for evening wear. All of the Colonial shoes have the large gold or silver buckle on the vamp. The regulation low shoe is just as popular as ever, and comes in no end of different styles. Patent leather continues to be the correct thing for dress, and there is really nothing that can take its place.

The new street shoes are extremely sensible, with medium soles and heels and a good broad last. A woman cannot display poorer taste than to wear high heels on the street.

TALKS ON ADVERTISING

John Wanamaker pays over $1,000 a day for advertising his Philadelphia store. He uses a page a day in five daily newspapers in that city. They are as follows: Press, $60,000; Ledger, $60,000; Times, $50,000; North American, $75,000; Evening Telegraph, $50,000.

The newspaper sages who wonder at the magical spread of a craze such as that for table tennis, or pingpong, do not seem to take account of the immense advertising force that is behind it. With as much publicity behind any novelty, or one-quarter as much, it would be possible to spread it over the habitable globe.—Printers' Ink.

There is a common saying that the man who advertises never is sold out by the auctioneer. This scarcely is true, but it is true that the careful man of business who advertises judiciously does not fail in business, has no receivers appointed to close out his affairs, and has no occasion for the services of the auctioneer.—National Advertiser.

Twenty-five years ago there were any number of business men to be found who said that advertising does not pay. But these have disappeared utterly from the larger marts of trade. They either failed in business or they died of envy and grief, the former because of the success of their rivals who did advertise or the latter because they realized that their own business was going to the "demnition bow-wows," as Mr. Mantalini would say. The few that survive are restricted to the small towns, and these are too lazy to wait upon the few customers who enter their place of business. In geometry one finds what are termed axioms which need no demonstration, for the reason that they are self-evident truths. It is axiomatic that advertising does pay. This means practical, common sense, business advertising—judicious, wholesome advertising.—National Advertiser.

Division of Labor.

Helene—How long did you stay in Paris on your trip to France?

Emma—Oh, a week altogether.

Helene—But, surely, you could not take in everything in such a short time!

Emma—But we did all the same. You see, there were three of us. Mamma took in the picture galleries, I studied the shops and things, and papa examined the local color in the cafes.—New York Times.

Horse Meat in Vienna.

The horse-meat butcher shops of Vienna, of which there are no less than 185, present a clean and attractive appearance, and are in no way distinguishable from the shops where the usual kinds of meat are sold, save by the sign announcing their specialty. Restaurant keepers who serve horse-meat must designate this fact in a special column on the bill of fare offered to patrons.

Salt Mines in Switzerland.

Switzerland has at Bex salt mines which have been worked for 248 years. The galleries are twenty-five miles in length and the profit $75,000 a year.

One of the surest signs of modest worth, is failure to attract attention.

What He May Have Meant.

Miss Smith—The doctor told mother that I'll never see forty. Do you think that he means that I have a fat malady?

Miss Judson—Not at all; he means that you'll never get through being thirty-nine.

The Neighborly Quality.

Mrs. Ascum—She is a very neighborly woman, isn't she?

Mrs. Snappe—Yes; she's forever poking into other people's business.—Philadelphia Press.

A Keeper of Secrets.

Lady—(to the dressmaker)—Did you tell Mrs. De Peyster Burlingame what my costume for the ball was to be?

Modiste—Oh, no, madam! I never divulge professional secrets.

Lady—What is hers like?

Modiste—It's in colonial style, madam.—Boston Herald.

Quieting Suspicion.

"My dear," said the Suspicious Wife, "this sealskin jacket you gave me for Christmas has the odor of gasoline."

"Very likey," answered the Crafty Husband. "But you know Santa Claus is using an automobile now."

Nevertheless, she had her doubts about it, fearing he had purchased the garment second-handed of a cleaner.—Baltimore American.

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