

LAUGHIN.

Sing to something full of laughter;
Tune your harp, and twang the strings
Till your glad voice, chirping after,

Sing in ringing notes that mingle
In a melody that flings
Joyous echoes in a jingle

Like the laughing laughter gleaming,
From the meadow brooks and springs,
Or the river's rippling dancing,

THE MEDIOCRITY OF CHARTERIS.

The sounds died away into the walling
Of the wind about the ranch house walls,

The stranger in the deep arm chair
Across the room stirred slightly,

"I suppose you know you play magnificently,"

"Only so so," said Charteris, cheerfully,

"I don't see it," protested the stranger.

"You're not of the elect; you can appreciate but not appraise;

"You think they're pretty good?" he queried at last.

"I think they're uncommonly good,"

"I thought you would," laughed Charteris,

"Yes," he said, "you probably think me mad,

Charteris flung the dead cigarette beneath the stove,

"One day I realized that I had never done anything big,

The stranger ignored the suggestion.

"But surely," he said, "surely there was something else;

viction of yours was not all that brought you here?"

There was a pause, so prolonged that the stranger was on the verge of a hasty apology.

"Perhaps not," said Charteris, at last,

Charteris sank into the armchair, and gazed stonily into the glow of the huge box-stove,

They entered a tiny bedroom of the stucco-crown,

The stranger still examined it intently,

"Is this," said the other, without turning his head,

"Yes," said Charteris, "Good-night,"

THE FAINT WHINNY OF A HORSE.

Morning broke with the storm still raging.

"A three days' blizzard," commented Charteris at the breakfast table,

"It's very wonderful," he said, slowly,

"I must go," said the other, firmly.

"It would be madness," Charteris protested,

There was a set abstraction in the other's eyes.

"I know," he said, with quiet insistence,

Presently the stranger leant down from the saddle

"Good-bye," he said. "It is hardly likely I shall ever have a chance of repaying your kindness,

"We are on our way to Japan for the winter,

here, and made him stop off. I treated you abundantly,

Charteris sank into the armchair, and gazed stonily into the glow of the huge box-stove,

Charteris stood at the open door, heedless of the cold.

The faint whinny of a horse floated over the snow,

He sat for some time straining his eyes out over the snow,

In a wide circle round the tree a hard path had been tramped in the snow,

The man was alive but unconscious; the cold had penetrated to the brain.

Charteris shook him violently; buffeted him with his clenched fists,

"Wake up, man," he yelled, "If you hear, wake up!"

A dated comprehension came into the man's eyes,

"Ah, it's you, Charteris; stop, man—stop—you're hurting terribly!"

"Wonderful thing a blizzard," the other rambled on,

"You're played out," said the stranger,

"Can you stand?" said Charteris, "No—then don't get excited;

He lifted him with difficulty and thrust him into the Mexican saddle.

The town was asleep when they came to a steaming halt outside the hotel,

The manager in shirt and trousers ran his finger down the register.

Charteris, who was warming his mits at the stove, turned quickly towards the door.

"And the horses?" queried Charteris.

too, they were weak all right. Fifty per cent, I guess."

BOSTON BAKED BEANS.

The City Yearly Spends on This Edible Nearly \$10,000,000.

Taking the sale of beans by the wholesale dealers, the prices paid for them by people who bake beans in their own homes,

All the bakeries in the city turn out baked beans every day as part of their regular business,

The dwellers in Little Italy in the North End and the Jewish population of the West End take as largely and as kindly to baked beans as ever did a native son of New England,

PARIS THE MOST UNSAFE CITY.

Dog Police to Be Impressed to Suppress the Apaches.

The formation of a regular dog police force was decided recently by the municipal council,

IF the unpleasant truth must be told, Paris is the most unsafe of great European towns.

Even in the "safest" streets of Paris the police generally patrol in pairs.

There is an old-fashioned fower called "Bouncing Betsey,"

Returned.

A Literary Paradox.

Couldn't See It.

Yes, once.

Lord, I don't know!

The back yard of many a brownstone front looks like a junk shop.

SEA-WISE TAKE LOW BERTH.

Sailorsmen Subject to Seasickness the Same as More Landlubbers.

In the summer, from May to September, the weather, as a rule, is fine,

The difference between the seasickness of a mariner and a landlubber is that in the latter's case he or she is completely prostrated,

Typical Yankee Trick.

Blackthorn Shillelahs Grown in This Country Are Sold Abroad.

After a Fashion.

Wanted a Rest.

Recipe for Lame Back.

Length.

Excited Caller—Sir, in the Times to-day this morning you said my speech of the banquet last night was "about 2000 words long."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

Growing Suspicious.

Yes, answered young Mrs. Torlino.

Slum Diet.

Bouncing Betsey.

Returned.

A Literary Paradox.

Couldn't See It.

ONE OF THE OLDEST MEN IN AMERICA.

Says: "Peruna Has Been My Standby For Many Years."



ISAAC BROCK, 120 YEARS OF AGE. Mr. Isaac Brock, of McLennan county, Tex., is an ardent friend to Peruna and speaks of it in the following terms.

Out of the Dim Past. Erostratus had fired the Ephesian dome.

Partially Reformed. Police Justice—I ought to send you to jail for a year.

To Break in New Shoes. Always shake in Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder it cures hot, swelling, itching, swollen feet, corns, ingrowing nails and bunions.

After a Fashion. Rivers—Are you on speaking terms with Roggles?

Wanted a Rest. Wife—Would it please you, dear, if I learned another language?

Recipe for Lame Back. To one-half pint good whiskey, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound,

Length. Excited Caller—Sir, in the Times to-day this morning you said my speech of the banquet last night was "about 2000 words long."

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS. PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure all cases of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Prolapsing Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded.

Growing Suspicious. "You should remember that a police official is but a servant of his country."

Slum Diet. A certain father, who is fond of putting his boys through natural history examinations, is often surprised by their mental agility.

Bouncing Betsey. There is an old-fashioned fower called "Bouncing Betsey,"

Returned. "Figures don't lie," so we size up The slaty girl once more.

A Literary Paradox. A paradox it seems to me That when a story teller Has penned a tip-top story he Should bear it dubbed a "seller."

PISO'S CURE WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Tansy Compound, Use in time. Sold by Druggists.