

### WHY DO WE WAIT?

Why do we wait till ears are deaf  
Before we speak our kindly word,  
And only utter loving praise  
When not a whisper can be heard?

Why do we wait till hands are laid  
Close-folded, pulseless, ere we place  
Within them roses sweet and rare,  
And filices in their flawless grace?

Why do we wait till eyes are sealed  
To light and love in death's deep  
trance—  
Dear, wistful eyes—before we bend  
Above them with impassioned glance?

Why do we wait till hearts are still  
To tell them all the love in ours,  
And give them such late need of praise,  
And lay above them fragrant flowers?

How oft we, careless, wait till life's  
Sweet opportunities are past,  
And break our "alabaster box  
Of ointment" at the very last!

O! let us heed the living friend  
Who walks with us like common  
ways,  
Watching our eyes for look of love,  
And hungering for a word of praise!  
—New York Tribune.

### GRANNY AND THE GYM.

SAY we charge admission and use the money for some fun for this summer—camping or houseboat or something," said Bert Stone, folding his legs up comfortably on his toboggan cushion and looking triumphantly at his companions.

"Bully idea!" exclaimed "Shorty" Harris, who was very tall and very slim, and appropriately nicknamed by his crowd, "to try and hold him down," they claimed. They were talking about a toboggan carnival they were arranging to be held on the toboggan slide the boys had themselves built. They had all chipped in and bought the lumber and built the slide back of Bert Stone's home, as it had a wide and deep lawn that extended back to the next street. The big public slides were larger, of course, but they were some distance out of the center of the city; the Stone home was central and the grounds around gave them a slide that was a block in length. "Don't take till the queen's birthday to get back to the top," the boys cried, with pride and sat-



GRANNY WAS OVERCOME.

isfaction, when they had completed their work and surveyed the tall structure rising, airy but strong, above the snow. The "shoots" were carefully constructed and flooded till they glistened smoothly with solid ice. The inclined walk and stairs were solid and well railed, and the boys and many of the "grown-ups" had put in a lively winter with the slide. The long Canadian season had been up to the mark and not a thaw had come to spoil the fun. Now they were planning a carnival as a fitting climax before spring got in with her meddlesome fingers and spoiled their work.

"Gee! We might make enough to fit up a gym," cried Jack Carter, enthusiastically. "Punchin' bag and table, tyin' rings, turnin' pole—oh, wamma!" And we could all divvy up for the rest. I've got the boxing gloves and old Bob here has a pair of foils and the masks Christmas—"

"And we've got a daisy pad for the floor, that the gov'nor used to have," broke in Leo Jordan, excitedly.

"And clubs. Who—" "I have!" cried West Franklin, tripping over his toboggan and landing full length in front of Bob Ellis, who promptly sat on him. "Let me up, you elephant!" he added, indignantly.

"Say please, sir," prompted Bob gently.

"Please nothin'," said West, upsetting Bob with a sudden twist, then washing his face with snow.

"Time!" "Give it to 'im!" "Go it, Bobby!" yelled the boys as four legs and considerable snow flew in the air. Then there was a call for order. Stone thumped the struggling pair apart with his toboggan pad and the meeting came to order once more.

"Franklin has clubs and we've all got lots of stuff we could fix up with," said Stone. "And the gym seems about the best plan. What do you all say?"

There was a noisy assent. It was decided to charge admission, the proceeds to go toward fitting up a gymnasium for the use of those who had helped pay for and build the toboggan slide. Arrangements went forward gaily; the boys invited all their friends—schoolmates and "grown-ups"—adding that it would cost them a quarter to "get in the procession," and at last the night of the "carnival" came. It was clear and cold and sparkling. A big moon generously helped out by flooding everything in silver light, in which the long festoons of Chinese lanterns that decorated the toboggan slide gleamed rosily and bravely. Boys and girls fashed up and down; bright spots of color on the bright snow in their many-hued blanket coats, the woolen scarfs that bound their waists and their long tasseled toboggan caps flying in the air as they shot down the slide like some brilliantly dyed arrow, then out on the

long stretch of ice and snow that gleamed ahead.

Under the slide a good-sized shed had been built, in which hot coffee, sandwiches and crispy fried cakes were served to the hungry coasters, who came in laughing and noisy relays, being reminded constantly by their hosts to "stack yer toboggans outside, you duffers; there's no room in here. Do you want to upset the coffee? Quit crowdin' now!"

Cheeks glowed with the frosty night air and eyes sparkled brightly, while they joked and chaffed and all talked at once. It was generally known what the boys intended doing with the money taken in at their "carnival," and many questions were asked the busy and not over-patient cooks and waiters about the gym.

"No; it won't be for girls. Maybe we will have a ladies' day once in awhile," said West Franklin in answer to the anxious questions put to him by some of the long-haired tobogganers. "We can have a hop or something every few weeks that you girls can come to, but girls always get jealous over the other girls' togs and things and kick up ructions, and we ain't going to take chances."

And Mr. Franklin wiped his heated face with the tea towel and grinned, quite unmoved, while a shrill chorus of girl voices told him he was a hateful, selfish old thing and they wouldn't go to his old hops and they hoped he would just break his neck in his nasty old gymnasium; so there!

But the carnival was lots of fun and the grown-ups came in great force and money rolled in at the treasury while coffee and doughnuts rolled out of the kitchen.

Next afternoon the meeting was called to order at the foot of the slide, and "Shorty" Harris, the treasurer, was asked for his report. The treasurer arose, took a dignified attitude, cleared his throat, and in a solemn voice, suitable to the occasion, read this report, made out on the flyleaf of a very much battered algebra.

"Coffee, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Stone; sugar, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Jordan; cream, donated by Mr. and Mrs. Ellis; butter, donated by my folks; lanterns, donated by Hunter's stationery store; bread, ham, tongue, mustard, fried-cakes and dishes, donated by the club members' folks generally; club's expenses for carnival, none; balance left in treasury from box office receipts, \$47.50."

There was a Comanche howl of astonishment and delight that brought everybody in the neighborhood to their windows, and through the uproar Bert Stone's voice could be heard shouting for "Order!"

"Will you shut up, you Indians?" he exclaimed.

"Shorty, where in thunder did we get all that money?"

"Why, it was this way," said Shorty, modestly. I put a sign up at the gate where I took tickets, and it said: "I am too busy to give back any change. Just chip in your coin and slide." Well, the kids had their even quarters, but the grown-ups read the sign and laughed and went down into their pockets for big money. See? So we made considerable more than we expected."

The club's joyous appreciation of this business enterprise fell on Shorty's back with a hearty shower of boy thumps that landed him in a snow-bank, from which he arose snowy and indignant.

"That's all right," he cried, dodging behind the slide as they made another dive for him: "I'll take your word for it. You send me a valentine if you like, but cut it out just now, see!"

So the boys hugged each other and danced a few turns in the snow and pummeled each other delightedly, and then at last sat down to talk it all over. They finally settled how the money was to be spent, and the meeting was just breaking up as little Willie Summers came breathlessly running down the street and stopped at the gate to tell "the fellers" the news.

Old Granny Jenks—or "Whisky Jenks," as she was sometimes called—had just been burnt out. Her little shanty was near the schoolhouse and she was well known to the boys. Old granny was very poor, but she clung to her little tumble-down house and fairly refused to go to the poorhouse, and would sometimes use rather profane language when people would insist that it was the proper place for her. This gave her a bad name among the good people of the town and they would not have anything to do with her. But she liked the boys and told them many a long story about war times and Indians, while she puffed her little pipe. And the Toboggan Club boys carried their tobacco and things to eat at old granny's. And they knew how granny dreaded dying in the poorhouse. She had no rent to pay and gathered her own firewood, and with what the boys took her she seemed to get along somehow.

Now she was burnt out.

"Every stick and rag," cried Willie, with his eyes big. "And she's yellin' an' howlin'—my!"

The boys were silent and Willie looked surprised. Bert Stone stared down at his boots and whistled softly. Shorty Harris kicked the snow against the gatepost and thrust his hands deep in his pockets. Soon Stone looked up suddenly and met the eyes of the rest of the boys fixed on him anxiously.

"Poor old Whisky! It's kind o' tough, eh?" said Bob Ellis, softly. "Hain't we better—better—"

The boys all moved uneasily and then sighed. The sigh relieved the tension and they all seemed to agree suddenly.

"Yes, let's—the gym can wait—come on!"

Willie stared. The boys, with Stone and Shorty in the lead, sprinted down the street. And twenty minutes later

poor old Granny Jenks was gazing, open-mouthed and silent, at the sum of \$47.50 that lay in a little heap of crinkled bills and loose silver in her faded gingham apron.

But that wasn't the end of it. Granny Jenks said very little. She sheltered her gray head in another little shanty and settled down quite contentedly with her pipe. The boys brought her things to eat and wear as usual. She frequently "yarned" by the hour while they popped corn at her little stove. She did not mention the money, but she seemed so happy at not going to the poorhouse the boys were quite satisfied. And, like all boys, they hated being thanked for anything, anyhow.

Spring and summer came and passed. Old granny grew very feeble. Fall brought thoughts of trying some scheme again for the long-desired gym. And the boys talked of "another carnival, may be, when winter came." Granny would listen and nod her head and chuckle in her queer old way. But she would say little. And one day she said nothing. They found her asleep in the comfortable rocker the boys' money had bought her, before her little fire and with the stubby pipe in her quiet fingers. And when charitable hands prepared her for her last home, where there was no more dread of the poorhouse forever, they found hidden in her clothing a little roll of bills that amounted to \$270. It was wrapped in granny's will, which read: "For the boys that give me the munny w'en I burnt, fer ter bild ther Jim."—Chicago Record.

### RANGE OF THE HONEY BEE.

How the Distance Traveled by the Bees Can Be Determined.

The range of the honey bee is but little understood by the masses, many supposing that bees go for miles in quest of nectar, while others think that they go only a short distance. It may be curious to many to understand how any one can tell how far the bees may fly, but this is simple when understood. Years ago, when the Italian bees were first introduced in the United States, these bees, having marks different to the common bees already here, they were very easily distinguished, and after any bee keeper had obtained the Italian bees they could be observed and their range easily traced. If bloom is plentiful close where the bees are located they will not go very far, perhaps a mile in range, but if bloom is scarce they may go five miles. Usually about three miles is as far as they may go profitably.

Bees have been known to go as far as eight miles in a straight line, crossing a body of water that distance to land. It is wonderful how the little honey bee can go so far from its home and ever find its way back to its own particular hive. If, while the little bee is out of its home or hive, the hive should be moved some ten to twenty feet, according to the surroundings, when it came back to where its home was first located it would be hopelessly lost. If its home was in an open space with no other objects close, it might find its way home, but even should the hive be moved only a few feet, many of the bees would get lost.

So to move a hive, if done in the winter time, it would be all right, but if in the summer time it should be done after dark, or when the bees are not flying, and even then the bees should be stirred up some, and smoke blown in at the hive entrance, and a board or some object placed in front of the hive, so that the bees in coming out may mark their new location. Bees, no doubt, are guided by sight, and also sense of smell. They are attracted by the color of bloom, as if they are at work on a certain kind of bloom they are not likely to leave that particular kind of bloom for any other as long as they can find that kind. Again, bees are often attracted to sweets by their sense of smell, for they will go after sweets even if in the dark, if close. However, any kind of sweets may be placed in glass in plain sight, but if covered, so as not to emit any smell, the bees will take no notice of it.—Baltimore American.

### Bogged.

While traveling in Cornwall, in 1891, Rev. S. Baring-Gould came near being overwhelmed in a bog. He and his companion got lost, and at dusk found themselves in a bog called Redmire. Six bullocks had already been lost there that year. Mr. Baring-Gould's adventure is related in his "Book of the West."

All at once I sank above my waist, and was being sucked farther down. I cried to my companion, but in the darkness he could not see me, and had he seen me he could have done nothing for me. The water finally reached my armpits.

Happily I had a stout bamboo, some six feet long, and I placed this athwart the surface and held it with my arms as far expanded as possible. By jerks I succeeded in gradually lifting myself and throwing my body forward, till finally I was able to cast myself at full length on the surface. The gurgling had been so great as to tear my leather gaiters off my legs.

I lay at full length, gasping for nearly a quarter of an hour before I had breath and strength to advance, and then wormed myself along on my breast till I reached dry land. My companion, it turned out, had had a similar experience.

### A Tragedy.

She—if you had no idea when we could get married, why did you propose to me?

"To tell the truth, darling, I had no idea you would accept me."—Life.

Before marriage men and women argue; after that they dispute.

### BIRDS MARK MAPLE.

WOODPECKERS ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR BIRDSEYE.

In All Spots Where Their Sharp Little Bills Penetrate the Bark There Appear the Red Spots that Beautify the Wood.

After having spent more than sixty years and more than \$10,000 in hunting bears and studying the ways of wild creatures, Greenleaf Davis, of Paton, Me., has begun to raise tame woodpeckers with the purpose of using them to convert ordinary rock maples into the rare and costly wood known as bird's-eye maple. Mr. Davis is more than 80. Sixty years ago he inherited a mill property valued at \$10,000, which he soon sold and then he went to the woods under the side of Mount Katahdin. Here he built a log camp and spent much of his time on the trail of bears and Indian devils, of which he has killed more than any other man in Maine.

It has been Mr. Davis' belief that no creature should be kept in captivity more than a month. If the creature he caught chose to remain with him after that period they were welcome to such fare as he could afford to give. If they wanted to go the doors were open. In this way he has tamed squirrels, muskrats and woodchucks until they and their offspring nearly overrun his camp. With birds he has been less successful, because most of them went away south at the annual migrations, and when they came back, if any did come back, they were ungrateful enough to prefer their liberty to anything that Mr. Davis could offer. He has two crows, one of which is more than 30 years old, which have stayed by him and never sought the society of their kind. Two robins lived with him for three years, but perished one cold night when the camp fire went out. His great success has been won with woodpeckers, of which he now has nearly 100. They are of the hairy and the downy species in about equal numbers, but more than both of these in number and esteem are the red-headed sapsuckers, which pick round holes in the bark of trees, making them look like the bottom of an old-styled colander.

As these woodpeckers did not migrate Mr. Davis had company the year round. He put up boxes for them to occupy as homes and in a few years the maple grove back of his camp was filled with birds. The yellow hammer is the only species of the woodpecker family that will live without insect food, and after the sapsuckers grew very numerous Mr. Davis had much trouble to feed them. He dug up the ant hills and sifted the sand out to get the insects for his birds, but in spite of his labors the red-headed woodpeckers made sad havoc in his sap orchard, digging holes in his best maples and impairing the flow of sap, from which much of his living was derived.

It was impossible to kill the birds because of the company they afforded and it was equally impossible to live without the income from the sap orchard. The old man spent weeks in his grove, watching the result of the wounds which the birds inflicted on the bark. As the scars healed he noticed that there was a bright red spot left on the wood directly below the wound. If the tree was badly marked the red spots were more numerous than they were on trees which had suffered less, while on trees which the woodpeckers had not visited there were no traces of red.

About this time it occurred to him that as the beautiful markings of bird's-eye maple were due to the red spots in the wood, and as nobody had ever been able to account for them, it was possible that the variety of maple known as bird's-eye might owe its origin to the work of the woodpeckers. If so he had made a discovery that had baffled botanists for years. He had also learned how to make his colony of tame woodpeckers self-supporting.

By mixing the ants, which he sifts from the sand, with a paste formed from elm bark boiled down to a thick batter, he can smear the trunks of thrifty maples with such food as the woodpeckers require and while they are getting a meal from the bark their bills are boring new holes in the trees that shall transform ordinary maple wood, worth no more than \$12 a thousand feet, into bird's-eye maple that sells anywhere for \$50 and \$60 a thousand, and the dealers cannot get all they want at those prices.

### ORDERED A STRIKE FOR FUN.

How a Telegraphers' Tie-up on the Santa Fe Was Brought About.

"The recent strike of the operators on the Santa Fe," said an old telegrapher, "reminds me of the strike which took place in 1891. I had been down in Texas and by easy stages was working back toward this city, and was in St. Louis when I met Ramsey. I forgot Ramsey's first name. He was a good fellow. I knew him when he used to work on the L. & N., and then heard he had quit to study law. At that time he was practicing law in East St. Louis. Ramsey was the head of the O. R. T."

"He was a little fellow, full of grit, and a good talker. The boys put him in at the head because he was a lawyer and it was thought best to do things according to Hoyle in the organization. Like everybody else that comes out of Texas, after a siege of it I was anxious to get back to God's country and spend the balance of my ill-gotten gains among the people of my birth. When I met Ramsey he asked me if I was an O. R. T. man, and I told him I was. He told me there was liable to be a strike on the Santa Fe and asked me to stay about for a few days. You can always use a

strange face in a strike, and I was a soda card in a new deck, so far as St. Louis or Chicago was concerned.

"We were about St. Louis for a few days shaping things, and Ramsey was having conferences with persons in the offices of the company. A cipher had been arranged so that when the time came and it went over the line everybody could quit. Every man in the order knew the signal and was waiting for it or some announcement that the matter had been fixed up.

"After a harmony conference one day at noon everything on the Santa Fe quit working. The signal went out and there was not an operator from Chicago to Galveston, Texas, that cared to work. It was a complete tie-up. The railroad people blamed Ramsey and said he had acted in bad faith. He denied having given any order to quit. He called the men back to the keys, but the damage had been done. The story was a couple of days getting out.

"In Wichita there was a fat operator named Williamson, who refused to consider life anything more than a joke. It made no difference to him whether his name was Williamson, or Jones. He could change name with every job, and jobs after every pay day. He conceived the happy idea that the thing to do was to tie up the Santa Fe. The more he thought of it the fatter he thought it was, and finally he opened up and sent out the cipher order to strike. The result was that, believing the strike was on, many of the boys decided the thing to do was to become a grievance committee of one, and in two hours there was a string of operators from Illinois to Texas declaring their intention of never sending another word for the Santa Fe till the strike was won.

"Ramsey sent out a circular over the wire, and some of them returned to work. It took a couple of days to get them all to understand that some one had played a joke on the order and the road. The man in Wichita was black-listed by the roads and the order, and from that time on until to-day he has been kept busy changing his name. The last I heard of him he was on a branch of the Santa Fe, satisfied that he would be discharged as soon as the pay car came along and he was recognized as the man who ordered the fake strike."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

### RUSSIA'S GREAT FEAT.

Railway Ferry at Lake Baikal a Triumph of Modern Engineering.

The most interesting portion of Russia's great 4,900 mile railway is the steam ferry across Lake Baikal, in Central Siberia. The lake has an extent of over 13,000 square miles, and is more than twice as wide as the English channel at Dover. In places it is as deep as 4,500 feet, and parts of it have never been plumbed. It is surrounded by some of the hardest mountains which a railway engineer could encounter. The plan of the Trans-Siberian Railway includes a railway around the southern end of the lake to connect the two lake shore terminals, but the enormous difficulty and the expense, which is an important matter to Russia at the present time, of constructing such a line conspire to indefinitely postpone its completion.

To link the two ends with a steam ferry which would be able to break through the ice which covers the lake from the middle of December to May was doubtless suggested by the excellent work of the Yermak ice-breaker in the Baltic. Sir William Armstrong, Whitworth & Co., of Newcastle, were the constructors of the Yermak, and to the order of the Russian government they constructed a second and larger ice-breaker which was christened the Baikal.

The Baikal has three lines of rail laid upon her main deck to carry one passenger and two goods trains across the lake. The trains enter the ice breaker at the bow, which is run up against a pier. The rails are connected and the trains run into the vessel. With this load she will cut her way through three feet of ice at a speed of 13 knots an hour. A screw at the bow with a separate engine sucks away the water from underneath the ice at the bow which thus splits from its own weight; the two stubby-bladed propellers at the stern at the same time force the vessel through the broken ice sheet. The actual track of the Baikal measures thirty-nine miles.

### Renews Its Bark.

The cork tree is an evergreen, an oak, querous suber, about the size of our apple tree and grown largely in Spain for commercial uses. The bark is stripped in order to obtain the cork, which is soaked and then dried. The moment the bark is peeled off the tree begins to grow another cork skin, and each new one is better than the last, so the older the tree the better the cork. The trees are stripped about every eight years, and so strong does it make them that they often live to the age of 200 years. After the bark is stripped off it is trimmed and dried and flattened out. Then it is packed and shipped to all parts of the world.

### Moscow's Great Hospital.

The municipal hospital of Moscow, which was founded in 1764, has accommodations for 7,600 persons, and in the course of a year it receives 15,000 patients. The institution has on its staff twenty-six physicians and over 5,000 nurses. In 1812, when Napoleon was retreating from Moscow, he gave orders that this hospital be spared.

### Comfort.

Friend—It's a good thing you don't believe in reincarnation.

The pessimist—Why?

Friend—Just think of having existences without end, each worse than those which preceded it!—Puck.



Miriam—Jack Dunsmuir tried to kiss me five times last night. Mellicent—Lauded! What interrupted him?—Puck.

Cook—How'm I goin' to make mince pie when we haven't any mince meat in the house? Mrs. Feeden—Put some sugar in that cold hash.—Baltimore American.

"Is the boss in?" asked the stranger, entering the drug store. "No," replied the absent-minded clerk, "but we have something just as good."—Yonkers Statesman.

Clerk—Perhaps you'd like to look at some goods a little more expensive than these. Shopper—Not necessarily, but I would like to look at some of better quality.—Philadelphia Press.

Identified at Last: Assistant Editor—I've found out at last who "Vox Populi" is. Editor—Who? Assistant Editor—"Constant Reader" under a nom de plume.—Syracuse Herald.

The Difference—"Oh, well, you prude, I don't care for your kisses." "Sour grapes." "You needn't send me any over the telephone, either." "Sour currents."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Bill—Did you say that gun of yours would shoot 1,000 yards? Jill—That's what I did. "Well, it's marked to shoot only 500 yards." "Yes; but there are two barrels."—Yonkers Statesman.

To the Manner Born: Jaggles—When one is annoyed by conversation in a theater it is generally by the rich people in the boxes. Waggles—Another proof that money talks.—Smart Set.

Passenger (to station porter)—Now, it's 4 o'clock, and the time table says the train arrives at 3:14. Station Porter—Oh, well, you mustn't take the time table too seriously.—Pileague Blatter.

"Variety," said the man who never thinks for himself, "is the spice of life." "I envy you," said Miss Cayenne. "You envy me what?" "Your enjoyment of this climate."—Washington Star.

Mr. Goodbody—Ah, little man! Want to see the wheels go round? Waldo Beanes—Thank you, sir; but I'm perfectly familiar with the mechanism of the modern chronometer.—Harper's Bazar.

"I have compelled my wife to cease strumming on the piano," said Mr. Goldborough to Mr. Bunting. "How did you manage it?" "I insisted upon singing every time she began to play."—Judge.

Sympathetic Friend—Why haven't you exhibited anything this year? Artist—I refused all their offers—I simply can't sell myself to anyone. Friend—Hum! Something like your pictures!—Journal Amuseant.

Magistrate (severely)—How could you be so mean as to swindle people who put confidence in you? Prisoner—Well, yer honor, I'll make it worth something to ye if you'll tell me how to work them as don't.—Tit-Bits.

"What do you think of the Christmas magazines?" "Oh, I haven't paid any attention to their literary merits. What I object to is that so many of the advertisements are duplicated."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Come, children," said Mr. Widwer, introducing the second Mrs. Widwer, "come and kiss your new mamma." "Gracious!" exclaimed little Elsie, "if you took her for 'new' they stuck you, pa."—Philadelphia Press.

Mrs. Forrester—Seems to me that you would set your cap for Mr. Hall. He is evidently an easy catch. Miss Chorister—Easy catch is no name for him. He has been an epidemic in our set for ten years.—Denver News.

He—Just hear how the newsboys holler! Isn't it enough to drive one crazy? She—Why, Charles, are you sure it is newsboys? Really, it must be college boys giving their college yell. I think it is just lovely.—Boston Transcript.

"What's this?" exclaimed the Boer general, in a tone of annoyance. "More prisoners." "Dear me! I wish they would show some consideration for the fact that we are trying to conduct a war instead of running a boarding house."—Washington Star.

"Madame, are you a woman suffragist?" "No, sir; I haven't time to be." "Haven't time? Well, if you had the privilege of voting, whom would you support?" "The same man I have supported for the last ten years—my husband."—Modes and Fabrics.

"Don't smoke!" exclaimed the friend. "No," was the reply. "I always quit just before Christmas. I do it to oblige my wife." "But why do you select this particular season?" "It obliges her to select something besides cigars for my Christmas present."—Washington Star.

The beggar had approached the social reformer. "Why don't you go to work?" asked the social reformer. "I never thought of that," exclaimed the beggar. The next evening the social reformer delivered a lecture on "Simple Advice to the Poor."—Philadelphia Record.

Diner (to restaurant waiter)—What have you got for dinner? Waiter—Roast beef fricasseed, chicken stewed, lambshank and fried potatoes, cold lempingmilkteaandcoffee. Diner—Give me the third, fourth, fifth, sixth, eighth and nineteenth syllables.—Answers

Something Just as Good: "Have you Dickens' 'Tale of Two Cities'?" asked the occasional customer. "No, sir," replied the new salesman at the book store, after a glance at the shelves, "but I see we have a 'Romance of Two Worlds,' by Marie Corelli. Won't that do?"—Chicago Tribune.