

AT BABY'S BEDTIME.

This is baby's bedtime: My little one comes to me In her snowy little nightgown...

Then I lift up the little one, clasping Her close to my loving heart And give her warm good-night kisses...

A HALITUE OF "THE FOLLY."

It was not a cheerful cafe, but it was near the entrance to The Folly, so I paused and peered through the steaming glass...

was gone to the pockets of his children were light. I had enough for an annuity of £50. I sunk all my capital to make it certain.

"England," he said, "and particularly London, did not suit my chest. I couldn't work; I simply dragged on for ten years. On a fraction under a pound a week a man can only be a spectator. I watched life and learnt my philosophy."

"You have had what people call bad luck," I said. His eyes shone, and he waved his hand again.

"Not at all," he said. "Indeed, I've had the best of luck." I involuntarily glanced at the steaming windows, the speckled linen, the polyglot waiter.

"You doubt me," he said; "but I've not quite finished. I fear my story must stop now. I must go."

"I, too," I said, "must make a move." "May I ask," he said, "whether you are going to be here later on?"

"I'm afraid not," I said; "I'm just going to look in at The Folly." Then he did grasp my hand: "I'm going there, too," he said. "My story can keep for a time."

We went out together. I noticed that the attendants passed him in. He was evidently known at The Folly.

The performance was such as I was wontly acquainted with. The same tricks of voice, the same dead level of humor, the same atmosphere of musk and stale tobacco smoke. My companion affected no interest; he sat, for the most part, with his eyes closed.

But when the sixteenth turn came he pulled himself together and laid his hand upon my arm.

"Now," he said, "you'll see something really graceful—the true artist at work." I glanced at my programme. The name of the lady was entirely unfamiliar to me.

She came on to the jiggling of the orchestra. She sang a little sentimental song in a voice that had some sweetness, a song that was not vulgar. The audience applauded the dance, and insisted upon an encore. My friend leaned over to me, shaking with excitement.

"That is my wife," he said. "I married her when I was at the end of everything. She knew me at my worst and married me in spite of it. I come here every night to watch her. She knows I'm here and it gives her courage. It's a hard life. You understand now why I'm happy?"

"I do," I said. "I understand perfectly." I ceased to pity him. If I envied him it was a painless envy. The conditions of his life passed beyond the commonplace. I doubt if London contained a happier man.—C. K. B., in Black and White.

GREAT ANTI-FAT REMEDY.

Adipose Philadelphian Climbs Stairs to Reduce His Weight.

Not so very long ago The Saunterer got off at the twelfth floor of a big office building not 1,000 miles from city hall instead of the eleventh, as he had intended. As it was a case of going down instead of up, he concluded to walk back to the floor he wanted instead of waiting for the elevator.

At the foot of the stairway he almost ran into an acquaintance, whose office is on the twelfth floor, and whose weight very nearly approaches 300 pounds. The acquaintance was puffing and blowing as he prepared to ascend the flight of steps leading to the floor above.

"Makes you blow to climb a flight of stairs, doesn't it?" remarked The Saunterer.

"Climb a flight of stairs?" disdainfully rejoined he of the 300 pounds between puffs. "Why, young man, I've just climbed eleven flights and I'm going to do another."

"Mean to say you've walked all the way up here?"

"That's just what I mean. Elevators are running, too."

"I know that. Came up in one myself a few minutes ago. But how on earth do you account for doing all this climbing? You don't look crazy."

"Neither am I. Never was more sensible in my life. Just made a new discovery, that's all. Realized how fat I've been getting the last two or three years."

The Saunterer nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, it was in spite of everything I could do to stop the accumulation of tissue. I was afraid I'd soon do for the fat boy act in a side show until one of my friends bet me a bottle of—of ginger ale that I couldn't climb three flights of stairs in this building. I won the bet, and in doing so discovered when I weighed myself a few minutes later that I had lost nearly a pound in weight. That gave me a tip and the next day I climbed five flights, the next day six, and—well, now I do the whole blamed twelve every day, and I'm losing flesh so rapidly my clothes have to be taken in once a week at least. It's a great scheme and it isn't patented, either, so if you know any other fat men in town I don't mind your letting them into the secret."

The Saunterer hereby lets them in.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Occasionally you will find people so sure that they are welcome anywhere, that they would break in on a newly married couple.

What has become of the old-fashioned man whose letters contained many messages to "tell" some one "howdy" for him?

NOT AS SAID, BUT AS MEANT.

Common News Items Which Might Have Been Made Clearer.

The following news notes may or may not be genuine, but they show the necessity of exercising care in the clear expression of one's thoughts as well as the use of the comma.

Nathan Price who was shot in the suburbs last Wednesday is now able to be around.

Thomas Merrill's property is for sale. It consists of a cottage containing seven rooms and an acre of land.

Edward Jones has opened a shoe store on Front street. Mr. Jones guarantees that any one can have a fit in his store.

The firm of Smith & Thorndyke is once more carrying on business at the old stand. The concern now wants a man to sell on commission.

Mrs. Walter Darrell would like to hear of a good nurse for her child about 30 years of age and with good references. None other need apply.

of 1825 it was announced in Ireland, where Wellesley was Lord Lieutenant, that he was engaged to her, and it was noted in the United States as a curious coincidence that while one American girl had married the brother of Napoleon, another, and she her sister-in-law, should marry the brother of Napoleon's conqueror.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER.

A Campaign Story About the Premier of the Canadian Government.

Sir Wilfrid Laurier, who has recently been returned to power in Canada with a big majority of Liberals at his back, is scarcely the steady campaigner of the Roosevelt or Bryan type, although he made a tour of the province of Ontario, and on one day, just previous to the elections, made fifteen speeches from his special train.

It was while in opposition that Sir Wilfrid did his hardest campaign work, and, just previous to the elections of five years ago, he made an average of three speeches a day. Senator Dan-

ster to make an immediate triumph in art, to study which she went to New York. She realized in the great city, as she never could have in her rural Southern home, that talent for art is too general to leave much hope for special distinction, and wisely concluded to turn to something that would bring more speedy results. Being an observant young woman, Miss Cartledge noticed that holly and mistletoe brought extremely high prices, and bethought her that on the 500 acres at home in Georgia both grew in wild abundance. She returned home, and she and her sister began to prepare for making the neglected luxuriance of marketable value. In the months of January and February following they set out ten acres of young holly trees with their own hands. Their colored farm-hands would not plant a holly tree for worlds, as they believe that if they did they would die as soon as the tree became tall enough to cast a shadow the measure of their graves. Last Christmas the sisters gathered the trees so grown

ATCHISON 'GLOBE SIGHTS.

Comments on Everyday Matters by an Original Genius.

Those who don't impose on you, don't fault with you.

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People have not outlived the age of romance so long as it is still possible to fool them.

What a great lot of good space for advertising on the back of tombstones that is never used!

Sympathy is easy to get, but when you need help, you will find that it is a different question.

You talk a great deal about the importance of truth. Do you know the truth about yourself?

People have so few occasions to be proud of kin that they overdo it when they do get a chance.

During the progress of every breach of promise case it occurs to us that all love letters are much alike.

The women talk of the difficulty of catching up with their work, as if their work ran like a scared wolf.

There isn't anything in a druggist's perfume case that smells as good as chili sauce when it is cooking.

When a mother admits a fault in one of her children, she is reminded that it "takes some after its father."

When an old pastor resigns, and a new one preaches his initial sermon, the attendance is always large.

When a man stays up late these nights, he tries the excuse on his wife that he was kidnapped, and got away.

A man takes off his coat when he wants to whip his rival; a girl makes the strings of her corset a little tighter.

It is every woman's complaint that her husband gives the most desirable part of the chicken to the wrong guest.

Up to the time a girl is 20 she hasn't fully decided if she will be a frozen statue, or a coy and clinging woman.

Every time a doctor cures a woman patient he is assured of one drummer who will work for him forever without charge.

There never was a woman's resolution to work hard that could resist stopping to eat peanuts or look at a love story.

When a married couple starts out to do light housekeeping, it means that they expect to get half of their living at "mother's."

The guests after a wedding are not raving over the bride, as she imagines; they are all grumbling. "I don't see how they can afford it."

It is a mistake, from a woman's standpoint, to make the dining room table too long for her to reach her husband's legs under it with her foot.

Parson Twine says every gentleman is smart, without exception; a man can't be a gentleman unless he is smart. Every lady will also be found intelligent.

When a woman is away from home she does not care particularly for long letters from her husband, but likes to receive them as an evidence of good faith.

We have noticed that kidnapers never carry off a married man; probably they realize that no one would give a quarter to have a married man brought back.

Whenever the women see a woman in a carriage at a funeral who has to be fanned, they are perfectly satisfied that she was a good wife, and that her grief is sincere.

Railroad men say a leg or an arm off does not count with a railroad man in throwing dice. But if the railroad man has one or more fingers off he can always throw high dice. If a railroad man has nothing but a thumb, nothing can beat him, although a man with a thumb and one finger is a close second.

Taffy's Mistake in London. A Welshman who was in London when extensive sewerage operations were in progress lost his watch. He reported the matter to Scotland Yard, and the officials said they would leave no stone unturned to find the missing timekeeper. Shortly afterward Taffy again visited the metropolis, and saw street after street turned up. He was told in all thirty-six miles of road were in the same condition. He rushed down to Scotland Yard and exclaimed to the wondering inspector: "I didn't think I was giving you all that trouble. If you don't find the watch by Sunday, I wouldn't break up any more streets."—Pearson's Weekly.

Two Natural Fires. Water will extinguish a fire because the water forms a coating over the fuel, which keeps it from the air, and the conversion of water into steam draws off the heat from the burning fuel. A little water makes a fire fiercer, while a larger quantity of water puts it out. The explanation is that water is composed of oxygen and hydrogen. When, therefore, the fire can decompose the water into its simple elements it serves as fuel to the flame.

Effects of the Chafing Dish. A manufacturer of chafing dishes recently made the statement that he believed gas and coal consumption in New York would soon be very materially reduced by use of that convenient means of cooking light meals. "Where one was sold a year ago scores are sold now," he said, "and the demand is increasing at a remarkable rate."

It is the experience of fathers that they get more enjoyment out of daughters who are not the popular craze with young men.



John Bangs who will sail for Europe Saturday would like to find a purchaser for his valuable bulldog. The animal is no care and will eat anything and is very fond of children.

A touching incident was noted at the union station yesterday when an aged couple bade each other good-by. The old lady kissed her husband fervently several times and he kissed her back.

Dr. Franklin White has returned from a trip to Switzerland. Speaking of the robust health of his peasantry, the doctor says: "The strength of the Swiss woman is remarkable. It is nothing unusual for her to wash and iron and milk several cows in one day."

AMERICAN QUEEN OF IRELAND A Baltimore Belle's Shared the Vice-Royal Throne of Dublin Castle.

Writing of Mary Coton Patterson, in the Ladies' Home Journal, William Perrine recalls that "the Americans read with wondering eyes the stories which came from Ireland of the regal magnificence with which one of their countrywomen was dazling the British people; how she had become the wife of the brother of the Duke of Wellington, and how the court of the newly wedded pair at Dublin Castle rivaled the brilliancy of royalty itself. She was called 'The American Queen of the Irish Court,' and in no capital of Europe would her flatterers allow that there was a woman who surpassed her in the elegance of her bearing and in the accomplishments of a sovereign. Indeed, she was only one of a group of sisters whom Europeans hailed as 'The American Graces.' Their mother, a daughter of Charles Carroll, had married Richard Coton, a poor English gentleman of handsome face and presence, who settled in Baltimore. Mary, the most famous of the three daughters, married Robert Patterson, a brother of Hetsy Patterson, the first wife of Jerome Bonaparte. After the death of her husband, in 1822, the Baltimore belle revisited Europe. Hardly less eminent than the Duke of Wellington before the battle of Waterloo had been his brother, the Marquis of Wellesley. In the spring

of 1825 it was announced in Ireland, where Wellesley was Lord Lieutenant, that he was engaged to her, and it was noted in the United States as a curious coincidence that while one American girl had married the brother of Napoleon, another, and she her sister-in-law, should marry the brother of Napoleon's conqueror.

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