A SONG.

When pallid Dawn comes up the sky,
And Day and Night for moments brief
Touch hands and lips, the waking Sea
Bethinks her of some ancient grief.

Haggard and wrinkled, gray and grim,
She moans the burden of her care,
The ghost of that wild thing that leapt
By day the wind's wild sport to share.

Belike the voices of the dead,
Tossed in her boundless charnel caves
Since man's first ship was drawn to death,
Haunt her above her beating waves.

Or else there presses on her heart
The weight of immemorial age,
Before the sun brings back to mind
Her youth's eternal heritage.
—New York Tribune.

Her Second Self.

I.

MRS. ST. GEORGE sat alone before her low fire, in her own cozy sitting room.

To-night, for the first time in her two years of widowhood, Mrs. St. George daid down the widow's cap which had for so long served to conceal the thick auburn braids so artistically coiled about the small head.

Eighteen years had passed since she and Leonard Grover had met. They had been lovers in that far-off time; but he was poor then, with no whisper in the air of the rich inheritance to which he afterward fell heir, just too late for it to bring happiness to either.

She had married very young. She was but 35 now. Would Leonard find her changed, she wondered—he whose coming she waited here to-night?

Simultaneously with the thought came the sound of carriage wheels and horses' hoofs on the graveled path.

She started to her feet, pressing both hands upon her fast-beating heart.

She was glad—oh, so glad!—that the room was dark, when she heard the quick, firm tread; so glad that he could not see the quick blush, which put her matronhood to shame, when the door was thrown hastily open, and three or four swift strides brought him to her side.

"Florence!"

Oh, how his voice thrilled her—half with pleasure, half with pain!

"Are you glad to see me?" he questioned.

She strove to answer; but her lips quivered, and no words came.

"Florence," he then said again, and he bowed his handsome head lower, "is it too soon to speak?"

"Oh, Leonard," she answered, "can I yet atone?"

And then the bridge of years was swept away, and she sobbed out her happiness upon his shoulder.

"Let me see you," he said at last. "I have not yet seen the face for which I have hungered all these years."

He struck a light, then turned and looked at her.

"My darling!" he said. "It is still my beautiful Florence. What have I done to deserve this hour?"

"Mamma, where are you?" called out a fresh, girlish voice at this instant.

The next moment a girl of scarcely seventeen summers sprang into the room.

"This is my daughter, Leonard—my only child. Maude, let me present you to one of your mother's oldest friends."

The gentleman indicated looked from one to the other—from the mother to the daughter—then back again. Now he could realize the lapse of time—now he could appreciate the changes years had wrought.

The daughter was a fair counterpart of the mother's beauty.

An uncomfortable sensation rose up in his breast—a dumb warring against the inevitable—an unacknowledged desire to retrace life's pathway and conquer time.

Meanwhile the girl pouted the full red lips, as she thought her mother's friend strangely absent; and when he at last forced himself into a few words of greeting, they fell upon dull, unheeding ears.

Then she had gone. The lovers were alone again; but he no longer opened wide his arms, but instead drew a chair to her side, that they might discuss more rationally.

II.

"You must teach Maude to love you," she said to him next morning. "I want first to reconcile her to my second marriage before startling her with its probability. Tell me—do you think her like me?"

"Your second self."

"Ah, I am so glad! You will love her, then, for my sake!"

To love, and to be loved! O'er easy task set by frail woman in her blindness. It was Mr. Grover who must be Maude's companion in her daily rides—Mr. Grover who must teach her to manage the boat—in these first early spinrg days.

Maude looked upon her guest as her property. She had long ago laughingly told him how unceremonious had been his welcome to her, and he had wooed and won absolution.

Sometimes Florence sighed as she watched them together, while she sat alone; but she gave to the sigh no name, and thought the tribute to be vanished years.

One day came her awakening. Maude and Mr. Grover had gone for their afternoon ride, but it had extended beyond its wont, and she had grown anxious and ventured forth to meet them, striking into the forest path which was their favorite way.

A half-mile from her home she met Maude's horse, riderless. Pale with terror, she hastened on, when suddenly she stopped, rooted to the spot.

Almost at her feet knelt the man her heart had loved always, and in his arms he held Maude's unconscious form.

"My love! my life!" he said, each word being borne distinctly to her. "Speak to me once—just once! Oh, Maude, are you hurt? My darling! my darling! Would that I might have given my life for yours!"

Then he stopped and pressed his lips to hers. A long, fluttering sigh escaper them.

"Leonard!" she whispered! "Leonard!"

"I am here, dear," he said.

And then he laid her down out of his arms, as though, with returning life, he remembered the duty it brought with it.

The mother sprang forward.

"Do not be alarmed," Mr. Grover said, gently, on seeing her. "Her horse threw her. I think there is no serious injury."

When a few hours later they knew that there was no need for anxiety on Maude's account, Florence shut herself up within her own room to fight her battle.

"I cannot give him up," she moaned. "He does not know his own mind. He will forget this child, and she—she cannot love him."

And, for the first time in her life, there came a feeling of bitter resentment, even against her daughter.

They were sitting together in the library as she entered.

"Leonard," she said, "I think it is time we told Maude the truth."

The man's face paled.

She could almost see him gird his soul for the conflict, and crush out his heart behind his honor.

Even Maude looked up, with a suspicion of coming trouble.

"It is only this, dear," she said, turning to her daughter. "Has not Mr. Grover told you that he is an engaged man?"

Then she saw that the steel had struck home. The girl answered nothing as she turned two wet, reproachful eyes to him, who dare not meet their gaze.

"I must congratulate Mr. Grover," she said, calling up all her woman's pride to her aid.

Then she hastened from the room to hide the burst of tears.

The two were left alone.

"Does she suspect, do you think?" Florence asked, gloating over his torture.

"She must know," he answered. "I am ready, Florence, to fulfill my bond."

"Release me, Leonard. I find I cannot marry you."

Five minutes ago she would have thought herself incapable of the sacrifice; yet there she stood quiet and calm, giving no outward sign of the inword whirlpool, nor the torture that wrung her as she watched the weight lift from his soul at her words.

A little later he came to her, Maude blushing, radiant with happiness, by his side.

"Will you give her to me?" he asked. "I loved her, Florence, because she was your second self."—New York Daily News.

OPENING OF THE HUNTING SEASON.

—Indianapolis Sun.

RUSSIA AT CLOSE RANGE.

Canonization of St. Seraphim Called Together Over 100,000.

The act of canonization of St. Seraphim on Aug. 1, 1903, was treated by the Russian authorities as a purely domestic concern. Diplomatic representatives were not invited. Few foreigners knew of the matter beforehand, and those who asked for permission to attend were informed that all the accommodations of the monastery had been assigned. Even the leading British advocate of union between the Anglican and Orthodox churches fared no better. An Englishman and myself were, as far as I know, the only foreigners that went, and we were made to feel that our presence was undesired. Notwithstanding this, and the discomforts we shared with peasants wearing sheepskin coats and birch bark footgear, we were richly repaid by the opportunity to study Russia at close range, and to witness a marvelous manifestation of the faith that expects and creates miracles.

The function of canonization called together a camp meeting of more than one hundred thousand people, a veritable nation assembled in faith, a theocratic witenagemot. Besides at least ten myriads of peasants, artisans and small tradesmen—Russian accounts say 350,000—the ceremonies demanded the presence of the imperial family, mobilized an army corps and no inconsiderable number of police, and attracted a host of civil and military dignitaries and clergymen of all grades. The complicated action and interaction of the autocratic, bureaucratic and hierarchic machinery of church and state were laid bare to an unusual extent. The Emperor and the court visited the haunts of the hermit, and drank and laved themselves with water from the miraculous spring beside which his hut was built. His uncorrupted remains were placed in a costly casket beneath a massive silver canopy of monumental proportions, both the gifts of his Majesty, and the monastery was proclaimed a seat of miracles, a Russian Lourdes.—Century.

INDIAN DICIPLINE.

Red Men Are Possessed of Much Natural Politeness.

No people are possessed of a greater share of natural politeness than the Indians, wrote Isaac Weld in 1790; they will never interrupt while another is speaking; nor, if one has told them anything which they think to be false, will they bluntly contradict him. They deem it highly becoming in a warrior to accommodate his manners to those of the people with whom he may happen to be. The following anecdote is told by Mr. Weld in "How Our Grand fathers Lived":

Our friend Nekig, The Little Otter, had been invited to dine with us at the house of a gentleman at Detroit, and he came accordingly, accompanied by his little son, a boy of nine or ten years.

After dinner a variety of fruits was served, and among the rest were some peaches, a dish of which was handed to the young Indian.

He helped himself to one with becoming propriety; but immediately afterward he put the fruit to his mouth and bit a piece out of it.

The father eyed him with indignation, and spoke some words to him in a low voice, which I could not understand, but which, on being interpreted by one of the company, proved to be a warm reprimand for his having been so deficient in observation as not to peel his peach, as he saw the gentleman opposite him had done.

The little fellow was extremely ashamed of himself; but he quickly retrieved his error by drawing a plate toward him and peeling the fruit with the greatest neatness.

Some drink to which he was afterward helped, not being by any means agreeable to his palate, the little fellow made a wry face, as a child might naturally do. This called forth another reprimand from the father, who told him that he despaired of ever seeing him a great man or a good warrior if he appeared thus to dislike what his host had kindly given him. The boy took the rest of his drink with seeming pleasure.

RIDDING DOGS OF FLEAS.

Troublesome Tormentors of Canines in No Danger of Extinction.

Did you ever undertake to keep a dog free from fleas, not a whining little toy dog, but a normal dog that runs about in the grass and leads a dog's life? It's a thankless job. Every day or two you have to sprinkle him with powder, the smell of which is distasteful to you, detestable to the dog and abhorrent to the fleas. Some of the latter are made deathly sick, some are maimed and many are killed outright, but, strange to say, their public punishment does not act as a deterrent on the fleas that are not caught. The latter continue to increase and multiply just as if a flea had never been brought to justice, and whenever they get the chance they bite a dog.

One dog furnishes sustenance for many generations of fleas, the most rigid police surveillance failing to discourage the young and active among them. In a given length of time you will find a given number of fleas on a given dog. The most vicious are the ones that have been sickened by the powder. They are also the hardest to kill, as they don't mind it so much the second time. In fact, after the third or fourth dose they seem actually to enjoy it. This is a condition, not a theory, as Mr. Cleveland used to say. No matter how great your sympathy for the dog may be you can't help him. You can't establish social settlements in fleadom; you can't kill all the fleas in the world.

It wouldn't be fair to kill all the dogs. The best way is to let the dogs and the fleas fight it out among themselves.

A Snob,s Grievance.

"Young man," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "I had to work for my money."

"Well, father," was the chilly reply, "enough people in our set are throwing that up to me without your talking about it."—Washington Star.

GOOD Short Stories

A young graduate in law, who had had some experience in New York City, wrote to a prominent practioner in Arkansas to inquire what chance there was in that section for such a one as he described himself to be. He said: "I am a Republican in politics, and an honest young lawyer." The reply that came seemed encouraging in its interest: "If you are a Republican the game laws here will protect you, and if you are an honest lawyer you will have no competition."

A "positively true tale" of Scotch pawkiness is sent us by a naval correspondent. He traveled up to Invernessshire with a Scotsman, on whose taciturnity he failed, after many efforts, to impinge. The Scotsman still stared dully, fixedly from the train. At last intelligence began to show in his face, and grew to ecstasy, and he shouted in his excitement: "Look here, look here, that's whaur it was." His companion rushed to the window. "In you wee town," continued the Scotsman, "I was charged saxpence for yin cup of coffee."

An English student tells that when he was attending school at Leipzig the feeling regarding the Boer war ran high, the Germans eagerly exulting over any news of British defeat. One of the university professors was the most rabid pro-Boer. One day he posted a notice announcing that there would be a meeting of the professorate to protest against the action of England in South Africa, and that the meeting would be held in the Zoological Gardens. An English student was bold enough to write under the notice: "And a very good place, too," but he had to leave the university on account of his wit.

At a children's party at Buckingham Palace the other day, a little incident occurred which furnished Queen Alexandra, who is very fond of children, with considerable amusement. One of the small people present, a 3-year-old son of Lady Lurgan's, has a passion for soldiers, and was showing his appreciation for the scarlet-colored military bandsmen who were playing in the garden by picking daisies and presenting them. Presently the Queen chanced to pass by, and graciously asked the small boy to give her a daisy. The youngster looked her majesty over, and compared her quiet gown with the gay uniform he admired, then firmly replied: "No. Grass for you," and handed the Queen a tiny handful of grass.

William T. Dantz, who was with President Roosevelt while he was a Western rancher, relates, in Harper's Weekly, an incident illustrative of the President's temper—although, he says, it is the only time he ever knew it to get away from him. It was during the last round-up of cattle, and Roosevelt and Dantz were saddle-comrades and bed-mates. It was a stormy night, and they went to bed—which consisted of tarpaulin-covered blankets on the wet ground—tired and hungry, the rain having drowned the cook's fire. "Hardly had we turned in," says Mr. Dantz, "when a night rider slashed a wet lariat across our bed, calling out: 'All hands turn out; cattle breaking away!' With a groan I slipped out sideways, and groped in the darkness for my pony's picket line. Suddenly I heard a burst of picturesque language, the gist of which was a general malediction on the country, the man who made it, the men who lived in it, and the 'blankety-blank fool that would leave God's country for such a blankety-blank wilderness'—but there are certain situations too sacred to be described."

FRIENDS OF THE HORSES.

Spiders in Stables Protect the Occupants from Insect Pests.

How many readers are aware of the value of a spider's web in the right place? The neat housekeeper would prefer other kinds of traps for ridding her kitchen of flies and even a star boarder might hold to the old-time mosquito bar when he lays himself down to sleep, but it is doubtful if anything so cheap, so simple and at the same time so effective has ever been utilized for the comfort of horses in a stable as the cozy parlor of the tiny threadmaker. A reporter was standing in front of Lloyd Grubbs' livery stable a few mornings ago when a hostler trotted out Dr. Lawson's mahogany bay. Like most men who have long lived in Texas, the scribe loves a good horse, and the animal referred to has a pretty build, a stylish step and claims to have aristocratic blood in his veins. He had been well groomed and his sleek coat of hair, pretty head and neck made a picture, but in spite of his rich blood and good looks he soon became restless. He squirmed and switched, stamped and fretted, though there were very few flies about him. Mr. Grubbs came out, fanned the pests off, after which the horse stood quietly enough, but gazed longingly into the stable. Half a dozen men were eyeing the animal and all interpreted the expression in the horse's eyes and action of his ears to mean he wanted to get back into his stall. Mr. Grubbs was quick to speak. He first called attention to the two long ranks of horses standing in stalls on either side of aisles that led entirely through the building.

"Notice," he said, "not a horse is switching his tail, nor is there the slightest noise, though on a wooden floor from stamping feet. You can turn any of those horses out of the stable and they would break right through this crowd to get back. Why is it?"

If any of the others were prepared to answer his conundrum they failed to speak out.

"Look at those cobwebs," Mr. Grubbs proceeded. "For years after I first went into the livery stable business I swept every stall fore and aft, overhead and on the sides. I could not tolerate spider webs, for I knew they gathered dirt and looked so untidy. An old Colorado miner dropped in here one day just as he was dragging out from under a pretty heavy jag. He claimed to have been a hostler for years on a stage line between Silver Plume and Colorado Springs. For a drink the old fellow offered to tell me how to rid my stable of flies and mosquitoes. 'Let the spider webs alone and when they get pretty thick about the upper part of the stalls they will keep off flies, gnats and mosquitoes.' He was gone before I had time to think how his face looked—whether he was trying to tell the truth or was simply working me for that drink, but I told the men about the stable that we would try it. Within a few months friendly spiders had filed pre-emptions and finished up a pretty good job above the stalls, and for years my stock has never been harassed while in the stall with flies, gnats or mosquitoes. You see the backs of the horses are not swollen or their hoofs split from pounding the hard floor with their feet, nor do their eyes run water, as do the eyes of all horses where gnats and flies haunt them."

There hung the dingy festoons, while forty or fifty horses sleeping peacefully testified to the truth of all that their owner had said about the value of spiders in a stable.—Denver News.

HOW TO BECOME WELCOME

Considerable Tact Required to Leave a Hostess Satisfied.

There is great art in impressing yourself favorably upon your host or hostess, whether a guest in a city or a country house. If you possess a tender conscience toward your hostess show it by never taking any liberties in her house with her belongings, her servants or her children. To become a welcome guest you must be keenly observant of family habits and little preferences. Come down very promptly to meals, and because you have owlish tendencies don't make the household another its yawns while it heroically attempts to entertain you. Never displace a chair, book or lamp without carefully replacing it just where you found it.

Don't leave your sewing, crochet work, novel or tennis racket lying about, as I knew one nice, careless girl to do in a house where the hostess was peculiarly tidy. Miss Blank eventually left her bag of golf clubs near a doorway, where the host stumbled over them in the dark and hurt his knee severely. Her balls of wool lay in sofa corners half the time or in a tangled mass on the parlor floor, and she appropriated to her own use a big, deep chair in the chimney corner that was the special property, pride and solace of the host's elderly rheumatic sister.

She meant no harm, of course, but her careless disregard of the particularities of others rendered her peculiarly unwelcome to her hostess and all the family in which she visited. They were as glad to see her as was another hostess who invited a young man friend of her husband to stop over the week-end in her dainty little home. He was a good fellow at heart, but the guest room he occupied for but two days was a wreck when he left it. He had tied the fresh muslin window curtains into hard knots in order to gain more light upon his shaving glass; he had dropped hot cigar ashes on the embroidered bureau cover and burned two big holes therein. Trying to move about the room in the dark, he overturned a vase of flowers and ruined a pretty rug and he coolly scratched his matches on the wall. Finally, he dragged a dainty chintz-covered chair out upon the guest room balcony and left it there all night in the rain.

BIRTHPLACE OF MONASTICISM.

Asceticism Came Into Existence in Fourth Century Before Christ.

It is easy to comprehend on these lonely, barren cliffs why Egypt has been the birthplace and nursery of monasticism. Recent discoveries have revealed the fact that this existed before Christianity, for there was a community of ascetics in the Serapeum of Memphis in the fourth century B. C. During the persecutions under Severus, Decius and other Roman emperors, what was more natural than that well-known Christians should fly from the populous towns and green fields of the Delta and Nile valley, to take refuge in mountain caves, near to some little oasis, placing many leagues of barren wilderness between them and their tormentors? Food might be scarce, but water was assured to them; and in those circumstances marriage, with the prospective care of young children, would be highly undesirable, or as St. Paul puts it, not "good for the present distress."

What was at first a necessity came to be looked on as a virtue; a false conception of God's character as that of a hard taskmaster was engendered; one of our Lord's sayings and certain passages of St. Paul's epistles, isolated from their context, were interpreted, without any reference to the rest of Holy Writ, as a prohibition of marriage to the followers of the Christ. Thus a new yoke, harder than that of Judaism, was fabricated; holiness was supposed to consist largely in outward observances; and mortification of the flesh was put on a level with sanctification of the spirit. Asceticism was taught to the Latin Church by Athanasius, the great Pope of Alexandria, during his six years' exile; in the land of his birth it took such deep root that in the fourth century a traveler named Rufinus found that the whole population of Oxyrhynchus had become monks and nuns, each sex occupying a separate quarter of the town.

The process of flight from the city to the caves must have been often repeated during the period of Moslem misrule; and to this we probably owe the preservation of many valuable manuscripts; for neither the most daring of Mameluke soldiers nor the most bloodthirsty of Mohammedan street mobs would have cared to follow the fugitives over a "black country" where food and water could be supplied to them only by an organized transport of camels.—Century.

Balanced.

"Some of your opponents, colonel, are accusing you of putting money into politics," said the plain citizen.

"Well, some of the others have been accusing me of taking money out of it," replied the colonel, "so things are about even up."—Philadelphia Press.

HUMOR OF THE WEEK

STORIES TOLD BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Odd, Curious and Laughable Phases of Human Nature Graphically Portrayed by Eminent Word Artists of Our Own Day—A Budget of Fun.

Husband—My dear, did you notice that gentleman who just got off the car?

Wife—Do you mean that dark, heavy-set man in the light-gray suit, brown derby hat and low tan shoes, wearing a turn-down collar with a narrow tie and diamond pin, carrying a book and silk umbrella with a heavy gold-mounted handle?

Husband—Y-yes, I guess——

Wife—No, I didn't notice him. Why?

Fair Warning.

Patient—It's up to you, doctor. If you fail to cure me you'll get nothing for your services.

Doctor—How's that?

Patient—I haven't money enough to pay both you and the undertaker.

Extreme Measures.

Mother—If I catch you chasing those hens again, I'll wash your face every day next week!

Exception.

Ernestine—He thought I wouldn't show his love letters. How foolish!

Jack—I should say so. There is only one class of girls that don't show love letters around.

Ernestine—And what class is that?

Jack—Those that never received any.

Too Many Wives.

"I hear you have discontinued the custom of giving your clerks a raise when they take a wife," said the visitor.

"I have, indeed," replied the great merchant.

"Why so?"

"Well, the last clerk was a Mormon, and came for a raise four times in a month."

Backhanded Politeness.

Ethel (breathlessly)—Oh, Jack, dear, what did papa say when you asked for my hand?

Jack—He said that I had annoyed him so long by being around the house so much that I'd grown to be a sort of necessary evil, and he'd miss me if I stayed away. So he invited me to join the family circle.—Detroit Free Press.

Lightened the Burden.

Several young women at the reception asked young Mrs. Wisley why she had discharged her hired girl.

"The reason is plain enough," she replied. "It is easier to do the work for Tom and me than for Tom and the hired girl and me."—Detroit Free Press.

Took to Her.

"I don't see how Mrs. Blank ever got anyone to propose to her, she has such a sour disposition."

"Why, Blank, you know, used to be given to temporary aberrations of the mind, and at the time he asked her to marry him he thought he was a lemon squeezer."—Detroit Free Press.

Quite Different.

Smith—What does Brown do now?

Jones—He is an artist.

Smith—I know; but what does he do for a living?

Between Friends.

Miss De Playne—I wonder if Mr. Shortleigh really wants to marry me for my money?

Miss Prettyun—Has he proposed?

Miss De Playne—Yes.

Miss Prettyun—Then how can you possibly doubt it, dear?

Point of View.

Mifkins—So your friend Enpeck claims to be a self-made man, eh?

Bifkins—Yes; but if you were to see him when his wife happened to be around you would think he was made to order.

Not a Bad Idea.

Little Willie—Say, pa, is the pen mightier than the sword?

Pa—So some people claim, my son.

Little Willie—Then why don't the Russians arm themselves with fountain pens?

Natural Deduction.

Askitt—What reason have you for thinking young Drillen has a grudge against humanity in general?

Knoitt—He is a student in a dental college.

Overheard in the Park.

Ernestine—Jack has a horrid stiff beard coming out. The idea of his kissing me last night.

Eva—Oh, I don't suppose he minds "scraping an acquaintance."

How It Happened.

"I heard you giggling in the parlor last night," said the stern parent. "I think you must have been beside yourself."

"Oh, no," said the pretty girl, blushing deeply, "I was beside Charlie."

Her Way.

Old Manager—So your prima donna has a bad cold?

Youthful Manager—Yes, she contracted it—

Old Manager—A contract, hey? She'll break it inside of twenty-four hours.—Detroit Free Press.

Mean.

Husband—My, but I wish I had your tongue.

Wife—So that you could express yourself intelligently?

Husband—No; so that I could stop it when I wanted to.—Detroit Free Press.

One of Many.

The Friend (who has been abroad)—And how is your wife, old man?

Ex-Husband—Oh, I haven't any wife now. She got a divorce last spring and is now on the stage.

The Friend—Ah, an actress, eh?

Ex-Husband—Oh, no; she's merely on the stage.

His Opinion.

"In some parts of Africa," said Mrs. Naggs, who was perusing the village weekly, "a man can buy a wife for a clay pipe and a string of glass beads."

"Well," rejoined Naggs, "I suppose there are some wives who are really worth all of that."

Never Refused.

Carnegie was thinking of his millions.

"After all," he sighed, "too much capital heaped on a man is punishment."

"Yes," said the common man, "but a great many people are in favor of capital punishment."

Quite Another Story.

Stern Parent—No, daughter, I will never consent to your marriage with a man who gambles like young Spotkins does.

Pretty Daughter—But, papa, he says he will return all he ever won from you on our wedding day.

Stern Parent—Why didn't you tell me that in the first place? The sooner you marry him, my dear, the better.

Another Fish Story.

"So you were out in St. Louis?" said the postmaster. "Did you see the big pike?"

"To be sure," drawled the village fabricator; then after a pause, "but it wasn't one inch bigger than the pike I caught in Hurly's mill pond last summer."

Indefinite.

"Getting any bites?" asked the inquisitive person of the lone fisherman.

"What kind of bites?" queried the l. f. "Fish, snake or mosquito?"

Proof in the Buying.

"Mammy, will pappie be home today?"

"Go 'long, chile; what yo' ask such foolish questions fo' when yo' seed me buy dat chicken."

Playing in Luck.

"We always treat our cook as one of our family," expialned the man who was looking for trouble in an intelligence office.

"That don't go with me," replied the applicant for the job, "but I'm willing to treat your folks as I would my own family."

And as that was far more than he had even thought of asking, he proceeded to close the deal then and there.

Natural Deduction.

He—That young woman who just left must be a book agent.

She—Why do you think so?

He—She spoke volumes.

Genuine Article.

Him—Did you ever see one of those slow matches?

Her—Do you refer to a Philadelphia courtship?

One Man's Idea.

Bleeker—What reason have you for thinking Homer crazy?

Meeker—He has been married three times.

An Insinuation.

He—Don't you think Miss Thirtyodd looks awfully sweet this evening?

She—Oh, I suppose so; but I never did care for preserves.

Its Own Reward.

Myer—What do you mean by saying an umbrella is like a virtue?

Gyer—I mean that it is folly to advertise for either if lost.

As Others See Us.

"I don't have to work for a living," said the shiftless individual.

"Of course you don't," rejoined the busy man. "If you did it's a safe bet that you wouldn't be living."

The Gentle Voices He Heard.

"Naomi," he said softly as he gazed at the moon above them, "isn't the evening beautiful? Do you know, strange fancies throng my mind on a night like this. Every zephyr seems to bear gentle voices, perhaps from the spirit world. Do you hear such voices?"

Silence for a moment.

"I think I do, George."

"What do they sound like to you?"

"They are very indistinct, but they make me think that papa and brother Henry are calling the dog."—London Tit-Bits.

Bad Results.

"Do you believe that mosquitoes are affected by the use of kerosene in the swamps?"

"Yes," answered Farmer Corntossel, "kerosene drives more of 'em from their homes, an' makes 'em crosser an' bloodthirstier than ever."—Washington Star.

When a young man leaves an odor of cigarettes in his trail, there develops a growing dissatisfaction with the girl who will agree to marry him.