

SKINS ARE STUFFED

Roosevelt's Trophies Are Being Prepared in Washington.

Taxidermists Are at Work With the Specimens and Carpenters Are Erecting the Mounts in the National Museum.

Washington.—In an obscure corner of the national museum, on the wall, in Washington, half a dozen men are preparing the skins of the animals killed by Theodore Roosevelt and his party in Africa. Carpenters are building the framework on which the hides of the mammals will be mounted and taxidermists are working with the skins under the supervision of government naturalists.

In the department given over to the study of comparative anatomy, where the skeletons of the largest animals are suspended from the ceiling, are two glass cases. In these are the trophies of the \$250,000 Roosevelt hunt. The collection consists of the skins of a lion, cheetah, reed buck, mongoose, leopard, zebra, hyena, horse-tailed monkey, rhinoceros, Grant's gazelle, Thompson's gazelle and field mice. In another case are the skulls of a rhinoceros, giraffe, hippopotamus, wart hog, African buffalo and an antelope.

Few of the hundreds of tourists that visit the national museum each day pay much attention to the Roosevelt collection as it stands, the guards on duty say, and seldom does a sightseer ask where the Roosevelt collection may be found.

"It's a funny thing to me," remarked one of the curators of the museum, "why those skins and skulls don't make more of a hit with the public. The exhibit is labeled, as you see, and the word 'Roosevelt' in big letters on that placard yonder ought to be an attraction alone. But it is not."

A number of the skins, those of haribests, elephants and hippos are still packed in hogsheads in which they were shipped from Africa. Brine is the principal preservative used, and the skins are in such good condition, taxidermists say, that they may be kept indefinitely. As rapidly as the skin of one animal is stuffed it is set aside, in the rough, and work is begun on another. The finishing touches are left to the naturalist and his work is important.

"Perhaps you never thought much about it," said an employe at the museum, who is a student of natural history, "but animals have a wonderful lot of expression—facial expression, I mean. They have their moods just as we do, and it is a knack coupled with a certain artistic sense, to build up a skeleton, clothe it with a pelt and make it appear as it did in life. Particularly in the case of our larger wild animals, the very kind we are working with now in getting together the Roosevelt collection."

"Lower classes of animal life are not so difficult to handle, birds and reptiles being comparatively easy to stuff and mount. It is in posing the subjects that the real difficulty is encountered. There are many details to be looked after. For example, it is a good day's work to select and fit the right kind of glass eyes for just such specimens as these now working with. It's not hard to pick out elephant eyes from those of a lion or an antelope, but it is a job to select the right shade and size and it is not altogether practicable to follow models too closely. Of course, the general contour of the specimen is the principal thing to pay attention to, but there are any number of little details to be looked after that makes the work tedious."

The Asiatic elephant and the African elephant, while they are first cousins and in a general way look a good deal alike, have distinguishing features. Almost everyone knows that their ears vary in size and shape and that their eyes differ in shape and often in color. It rests with the naturalist to put the finishing touches to a specimen after the taxidermist has done the rough work.

The larger animals that go to make up the Roosevelt collection will have their work by the first of the year, specimens will be on display in the national museum.

EFFICIENCY IS REQUIRED.

The order signed by President Taft placing in the classified service assistant postmasters and such clerks in certain classes of post offices as are not now within the civil service, does not take effect until December 1. An important feature of the order is that assistant postmasters who cannot present an efficiency record will not have the advantage of the order. The official text of the order is as follows: "It is hereby ordered that the position of assistant postmaster in post offices of the first and second classes and also the position of clerk of whatever grade, in post offices of the first and second classes, not hitherto classified, shall be included in the classified service, provided that no assistant postmaster or clerk appointed without examination prior to this examination shall be classified who fails to establish to the satisfaction of the post office department his capacity for efficient service in the position held, and Schedule A of the civil service rules is hereby amended accordingly. This order shall take effect December 1, 1910."

The civil service commission is not prepared to make a definite statement as to the number of persons who will be brought into the competitive classified service until a further analysis of the effect of the order has been made. There were on July 1, 1909, 2,106 assistant postmasters in first and second class post offices, and on the date named there were 614 second class post offices in which city free delivery had not been established, in which there were employed 1,746 clerks who were unclassified. A considerable number of these second class offices have since been classified by the establishment of city free delivery, thus reducing the number of clerks who are classified and who will be affected by the present order. It is probable,

however, that the total number of persons affected will be in the neighborhood of 3,000.

Some regret is being expressed by civil service reformers that the president did not accompany the new order with one covering all the fourth class postmasters in the country into the classified service. At present the fourth class postmasters of 14 states—the territory east of the Mississippi river and north of the Ohio river—are in the classified service. The number of fourth class postmasters in these 12 states is about 24,000. The total number of fourth class postmasters in the country is 52,942, so as will be seen, not quite half the postmasters in this class are in the classified service.

It was said at the civil service commission recently that the policy will undoubtedly be to fill the places of assistant postmasters by the promotion of postoffice employes already in the classified service. Postmaster General Hitchcock desires that this policy shall be pursued rather than a policy under which men unfamiliar with the duties of the office would be brought in through competitive examinations, and the civil service commission supports the postmaster general's view.

WANT U. S. TO BOOST GOOD ROADS

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture has received a petition signed by eight American delegates who attended the recent international road congress at Brussels requesting that his department consider the advisability of the United States government becoming a member of the Permanent International Association of Road Congresses. The office of public roads is a part of the department of agriculture, and for this reason the matter was put up to the secretary for his consideration.

The special significance of the petition is that it discloses the fact that the United States, which has the most extensive system of roads of any country in the world, has been one of the three slowest nations to join the International Road association now formally adhered to by 26 governments. Italy and England are the only other large countries which have not joined.

The nations of Europe have gone a long way ahead of the United States in road work, particularly in the matter of administration and road maintenance, and experts say that for this reason this country will benefit immensely in the advantage of collaboration made possible by membership in the international congress. France, for instance, with its almost perfect system of roads, sends one and one-third times as much freight over her public highways as is carried by the railroads. The freight traffic on the roads of other European countries is almost as heavy. In this country conditions are reversed and it is estimated that the railroads carry nearly four times as much freight as the public roads. Yet railroad development depends, engineers say, on the good roads which open up and make accessible the country adjacent to the lines.

The department of agriculture now has the petition under consideration and, if approval is given, congress will be asked this coming winter for the small appropriation necessary for this country's membership dues.

RENOVATING THE CAPITOL.

The capitol has recently undergone a thorough house cleaning and renovating. Over 200 workmen have been laboring with paint brush, mallet and chisel for months to improve the building. Among the numerous big changes is that of using the power plant of southeast Washington, which will transmit heat and light through more than a mile of tunnel to the capitol, the office building and the congressional library.

All the rooms, stairways, etc., have been painted and varnished. For year after year paint and varnish have been put on the walls and stairways until it will no longer stick, but peels off, leaving unsightly spots. This year the cleaning went so deep that all of the old paint was sandpapered off and the new coats put directly on the walls. The painting of the dome and capitol combined has been an enormous task. It has been estimated that if one man only were to tackle the job it would take him about five years to complete it.

MOONSHINERS IN THE CAPITAL.

An illicit whisky still almost in the heart of the national capital! Now, what do you think of that? The revenue officers made it discovery a few days ago that in the southwest section of the city is an illicit still with a capacity of 100 gallons of whisky a day, and it has been there for nearly a year. Some important arrests have been made, and it has been discovered that several of the wholesale liquor houses in this city were getting their supply of whisky from this still.

WHITE HOUSE CLEANED UP.

The White House was all fixed up spick and span for the arrival of the president from his summer vacation. The floors had been beautifully cleaned, all of the woodwork has been whitened up again, the wonderful chandeliers were all given a bath and everything made to look just as nice as new. All the carpets and hangings in the red, blue and green parlors have been put back, also the yellow damask hangings in the east room and the big, old-fashioned house again looks quite habitable.

OCCUPIES FIRST PLACE.

There is in the United States treasury department a very fine painting of Alexander Hamilton, first secretary of the treasury and organizer of that department. The secretary of the treasury has ordered that this painting be built into the mantel piece in the secretary's private office. Above the painting, which is a copy of the original, a wooden eagle will be carved. Paintings are kept in the wing of Hamilton always has occupied treasury department of every secretary of that department, but this painting first place.

THE PHOENIX

By Izole Forrester

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"What is a phoenix—I mean definitely?" Jess's tone was full of perplexity as she leaned forward on her desk her pencil balanced, waiting for some answer. "The bird that rose from some ashes, wasn't it?"

"Why?" Phyllis, her sister, stopped petting the Persian cat to listen. "I don't remember myself."

"It's the subject of Rory Latimer's new painting," Jess went on. "And they say it's found on his own career."

Phyllis hardly caught the words. She was accustomed to her sister's researches, and was vaguely interested in them, but tonight she frankly did not want to be bothered over ancient history. She had seen Rory Latimer's name so many times the past month that it almost annoyed her. But so far she had not run across him, and the future held a strange sweet uncertainty that she could not have expressed even to herself.

Three years before her father had been killed in a motor accident abroad, and the mother had followed within a year. The two Newell sisters found themselves with a fortune invested for them and a quiet, lovely old mansion on Montague terrace, whose windows swept the harbor view for miles.

Mrs. Newell had been a Kentucky belle, and in Phyllis one found all of the charm and beauty loving, generous nature that had made the Dunderdales of Lexington famous for generations. She loved music passionately, and her horseback riding,



pictures, art in all its interpretations, and, as Jess said ironically, it was natural she should love Rory Latimer, for Rory was an incarnate interpretation of art.

It has been Jess's fault, their meeting at all, and she took the full responsibility of it with a stoicism that was admirable, considering Rory. There had been an entertainment at the settlement, a Greek dance for the children, and a little play that Jess had written for them, full of pastoral beauty and tender charm.

"I want to try and bring some of that old world glamour into their poor lives," she had told Phyllis. "Oh, I know what you want to say, that they will make a mess of it all, but they don't care. They may live in squalid tenements and live on rye bread and coffee, but they recognize art when they see and hear it. These babies of Italy, who have been bred on song and sunlight and color back home. And, besides, I have engaged the interest of Latimer over the 'phone, and he has promised to help."

Phyllis sat in the big armchair opposite, listening idly and smiling, but at the name, she leaned quickly forward, her gray eyes suddenly darkening.

"Rory Latimer, Jess?"

Jess added absently as she ran her fingers over an index file: "The artist, dear. He does mural stuff, don't you know? All old Greek scenes. You liked one called 'Springtime in Melos.' A lot of little children throwing pink blossoms at some mermaids or dolphins. He's a nice sort of a boy. I thought he was still abroad, and 'phoned to his studio on a chance of finding him there."

"Has he been abroad since—I mean very long?" Phyllis asked in a low tone, bending over to stroke a huge Persian cat that leaned lovingly against her velvet dinner gown. Phyllis always dressed for dinner. It was part of her own little personal creed of right living.

"Three years, I think," Jess answered briskly. "He was a perfect cub then. A big, placid boy, with a wonderful opinion of his own powers. He'd been earning fabulous salaries at comic illustration—yes, dear, comic—and then he went abroad to pick up the foreign touch. And nobody knows just what happened, but all at once he threw up every comic order and contract and pitched head over heels into real art. Turned picturesque tramp, and did all the dead cities and the half dead and the merely slumbering ones. And now he has come back home, and is a serious, dear sort of a boy, with nearly all his hopes come true. And he doesn't do any comic stuff any more."

"Doesn't he?" Phyllis' eyebrows lifted ever so slightly. "I believe you know him." Jess turned on her suddenly. "Oh, I know him, indeed. A little." "You had better retain a favorable impression, dear," Jess' arms were laid with a quick impulse around her sister's bare soft throat, her cheek pressed close to hers.

"I have retained a very favorable impression," laughed Phyllis, flushing. "And I am glad, so glad, that his hopes have nearly all come true."

They both paused as a step on the bare polished floor of the broad hallway caught their hearing, and Rory

Latimer came in, boyish, courtly as always, showing not a whit in his face or manner whether he had heard their talk about him or not.

"For nearly an hour he talked with Jess over the plans for the earnestly met, talked together earnestly, merrily, as the subject changed, and with an air of rare friendship and understanding that carried its own message to the heart of Phyllis, sitting somewhat in the shadow from the yellow glow of the broad, low mission library lamp. Vividly she recalled that joyous spring in Paris, when she and Rory and all the world had seemed so young together."

She had always been idealistic. His work as a comic artist had seemed the very degradation of art to her, even if his salary did count up to three and five hundred a week. The color rose even now in her cheeks as she remembered the quick, burning words she had said to him, words that scorched his ambition dead, and left only the vague hope of possible phoenix that might rise through love.

It appeared from later results that the phoenix had risen. One of his unanswered letters forwarded from Paris after the motor accident had said something about the ashes of dead hopes being an excellent pigment if properly mixed and applied.

And it had been her love and pride in his future that had wrought the miracle.

When Jess rose to leave the room she turned her head to meet his gaze, with a curious sense of relief and fulfillment. Her belief in his possibilities had borne the spur. He must have known how she loved him, even though a large part of the love was dependent on his success.

"It's simply bully to see you again," Rory began happily, as he moved to a seat close to her. "You'll never know what a real help you were to me back there in Paris, Miss Phyllis. I've learned a good deal of things as they are since then, quite a good deal. And while I've laughed at my terrible spell in love, still, at least, it brought me the first thorough criticism I had ever had, and it put me on the right track. I never heard whether a broken heart spoiled a racing horse or not, have you?" He laughed, laughed altogether too cheerfully for anybody with a broken heart, Phyllis thought.

"I am very glad that I helped you any, Rory," she said, softly. "I've always believed so in you, you know, and wanted you to be your real self."

She lifted her long lashes and looked at him, but Rory failed to respond.

"I knew it," he exclaimed, eagerly. "That's just what I told Jess. She seemed to take up the work where you left it. I mean since I came to New York, I've been successful, but I've had few friends, and none like her."

He paused a minute, and asked boyishly: "Do you think I will make a good brother-in-law, Phyllis?"

For a moment her head dropped, and she closed her eyes, her hands, crushing the thick fur of the Persian cat in her lap. Jess came down the broad staircase beyond the velvet portieres humming under her breath a gay little tune the street pianos were ripping out these Indian summer days. It suddenly dawned upon Phyllis the new life that had transfigured Jess.

"Isn't it lucky you didn't take pity on me, sister?" laughed Rory, rising and looking down at her in brotherly fashion.

"Very, very fortunate," said Phyllis gamely, with a slow smile. "For us both, Rory."

An Amateur of Wives.

Luther Burbank, at the cactus dinner that he recently gave in Santa Rosa, said:

"As we all see, the fruit of the cactus is not bad. Some people, though, would turn from cactus with horror. Tastes differ. One man, such a man as myself, for instance, finds a single cactus close to his eyes, and he'll crush the thick fur of the Persian cat in her lap. Jess came down the broad staircase beyond the velvet portieres humming under her breath a gay little tune the street pianos were ripping out these Indian summer days. It suddenly dawned upon Phyllis the new life that had transfigured Jess.

"When Wolsley conquered Ceteaway, he took nearly all his wives away from him. I believe he left the monarch only a half-dozen or thereabouts."

"Ceteaway, day after day, sent pitiful messages to Wolsley, pleading for the rest of his wives, but the British soldier refused sternly."

"When Wolsley came to leave the country Ceteaway, in desperation, sent me a message: 'If you will not send me any more wives, will you not, at least, be enough of a gentleman to exchange the six I have for six others?'"

A New Orleans man tells of an interesting exchange of greetings between two darkies on the streets of that city. "How yo' gettin' on, Joe?" asked the first, a light mulatto. "I ain't done so bad," answered the other, who was as black as the proverbial ace of spades. "Yo' looks pretty well, Joe," assented the mulatto. Then, condescendingly, he added: "Yo' shore holds yo' color well dis hot weather, Joe."—Lippincott.

The Same Old Moon.

William was on his way east to visit his grandparents. He lived in a western state and they had traveled all day in the car and far into the night. He awoke from a long nap to discover the moon shining brightly through the car window. Putting his face to the glass, he gazed a long time at it and then, turning, said: "Mamma, that looks just like the moon we have at home!"

Pennsylvania Snake Story.

The latest snake story comes from Ellitsburg, Perry county. Samuel Foose had been missing turkey eggs for some time and finally the china nest egg disappeared. A few days ago an old tree was cut down, destroying the home of a six-foot black snake, which was killed. A post mortem resulted in the discovery of the nest egg.—Philadelphia Record.

The "Submerged Tenth."

The experience of all schemes for the relief of distress due to unemployment clearly proved that the great majority of the unemployed, or at least those who sought relief from distress, were very markedly inferior both as regards their industrial capacity and their physical and moral qualifications to the average employed workmen in the same trade.

FAVORS NOT APPRECIATED

Gratitude Not Shown to Helper—People Do Not Feel Honest in Getting Something for Nothing.

It is a strange phase of human nature, which does not quite appreciate or feel the proper gratitude for favors. I have hardly ever known a boy whose way was paid through college, for example, by some one interested in him, to show the proper regard for his helper, or to quite respect the one who boosted him—who furnished crutches for him when he might have had to use his own legs.

As a rule, the things that we are helped to are never fully appreciated. We experience a satisfaction when we have honestly earned a thing which we do not feel when it is given to us. There is something within which rebels at being helped, because help from others tends to kill self respect. We do not think quite so much of ourselves after having accepted favors or a position which we have not earned, as we did before. The sense of justice in us is violated. We do not feel quite honest in accepting something for nothing.

The man who tries to get along without satisfying his sense of justice is always placed at a disadvantage. He may try to be grateful for unmerited help, for the assistance in getting that which he has not earned, for being given a position far above his merits, through a "pull," but he never feels quite right about it. The man who has been lifted above others because he was a son or a relative, or because his father owned controlling interest in the concern, never quite respects himself when he goes around among the employees and sees those who have struggled for years and have worked over hours for the position he occupies, and who in fact have developed the strength to maintain the position after they get it. His sense of fairness is violated. He knows that it is not right to take the place which somebody else has honestly earned, and who according to merit should have it. He is conscious, too, that he is not equal to the demands of the position into which he has been boosted.

Failed to Introduce New Clock Idea.

About a year ago all America and England were talking about the new clock idea—turning the clock an hour ahead in summer and back again in winter, so that the whole country would sleep when it was dark and work when it was light. Thus, we would rise at what was really 5, but the clock would call it 6, and retire at 9, but the clock would say 10. Therefore, without changing our daily habits, we could get the benefit of the daylight and save illumination.

The idea was introduced into the British parliament, but failed to become a law. Two cities, however, adopted it—Birmingham, England, and Cincinnati, Ohio. Both tried in vain to enforce it on the people, but public opinion was against it, and now it has been wholly abandoned. It is rather a shame, for it was a good plan, and in time the public might have been brought to see its utility.

However, here it rests in "innocuous desuetude" until some progressive reformer brings it up again.

Witness Turns the Tables.

Samuel Kallsch tells the following story of a famous lawyer he knew several years ago: "This lawyer," said Mr. Kallsch, "had a fashion of brow-beating every witness that came on the stand for the opposite side in the case. Once he was examining a rather meek looking man who steadfastly refused to give a plain answer to any of the lawyer's questions. At last in reply to one question the witness answered that he was unable to say either yes or no."

"Now, that is a ridiculous answer," said the lawyer. "Do you mean to tell me that you could possibly ask me a question to which I could not answer yes or no?"

"Well," said the witness, as he leaned forward and looked at his tormentor, "will you please tell the court, by answering yes or no, if in your estimation you are really as stupid and foolish as you look?"—Newark Star

Cats Become Semi-Wild.

Domestic cats soon revert to a semi-wild state when once they take to the woods, and are terribly destructive in the coverts. They destroy pheasants, partridges, leverets and rabbits. The life of these wild tabbies is wild indeed. Every dormant instinct is aroused; each movement becomes characteristically feline, and when these creatures revert to life in the woods it is impossible to reclaim them. Climatic influences work remarkable changes upon the fur, causing it to grow longer and thicker, and the cats take up their abode in stony crevasses or hollow trees. In summer, when kittens are produced, the destruction of game is almost incredible.

What Did He Mean.

Doctor—You must be operated upon directly! Not a day's delay! Jones—Hold on, doc! Stick to your automobile! Don't begin thinking about a flying machine!—Puck

Genius, Past and Present.

"You must admit the greatness of the men who painted the pictures you are so anxious to acquire."

"Oh, yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax. "Although I can't help thinking of what a lot of respect those old masters would have for the men who are now able to buy their works."

Disadvantages of a Fair Voyage.

Passenger (on liner)—Steward, I seem to me you don't serve as good fare on this steamer as you used."

Steward—No, sir. You see, everybody's eating. Nobody's seasick. Have to cut down expenses, sir.

One or the Other.

Hewitt—There is one thing about it, Jewett—And what is that? Hewitt—Either I must get elected to the legislature or take a correspondence course in grafting.

Surely a Success.

"Was you chaffing-dish party a success?"

"Great. We spoiled all the food early in the evening and then went to a regular restaurant."

QUEER COINCIDENCE

ODD CONCURRENCES ALWAYS TICKLE OUR ASTONISHMENT.

Blind Luck by Which the Number on a Typewriter and That on the Lottery Ticket Were the Same.

There is something about a coincidence that never fails to tickle our astonishment. We all know that when there are a hundred chances to one that a thing won't happen there still remains one chance to a hundred that it will. Yet when that one chance turns up we gasp with undigested amazement and refuse to believe that it is a coincidence at all. "Ah, ah!" we say at once. "There is more in this than meets the eye."

Coincidences should be narrated always. Passed on from friend to friend "wotto voce" of a summer evening while the electric fan whizzes and the cracked ice tinkles. Coincidences should be prefaced always with such remarks as this: "Of course you can't be expected to believe this, but it actually happened. On my word, it did." Or: "On my honor this is actually the truth." Or: "You can believe this or not, as you choose, but—"

After this fashion they have told already in a certain neighborhood set down on Long Island the story of the man who bought a lottery ticket at the French exposition. His mother-in-law was a good soul. If there was one thing on earth she abhorred it was lotteries. She used to write the governor of Louisiana once every year and suggest he suppress the lotteries in New Orleans. Well, as luck would have it she strolled into John's office and found that lottery ticket, not so long after he had reached home from Paris.

"What is this thing, John?" she asked, adjusting her spectacles. John knew that she knew, but he did what he could, and the outcome should be a lesson never to give way to discouragement.

"That," said John, "is the secret number on the inside of my new typewriter." John's mother-in-law turned up the typewriter and looked. John braced himself and waited.

"Why, I do beg your pardon," said John's mother-in-law. After she had gone John went over to the desk, turned up that typewriter himself, and looked. "Of course you won't believe it," says the Long Islander; "I shouldn't myself, but the truth is those numbers, the French lottery ticket and the inside number on John's new typewriter, were the same—the same—the same! All but one figure, and that was an eight on the typewriter that was blurred to look like the six on the lottery ticket. And you can't beat that," said the Long Islander, and passed the chipped ice.—New York Sun.

Number of Animal Species.

In 1830 Bunter made a list of all the known animal species. In 1881 another list was made and the two lists were compared. In 1830 there were about 78,588 species; in 1881 the number had increased to 111,652. And the minimum yearly increase since then has been 12,000, about 600,000 are known at the present time. This is a large figure, but it is probable that it is insignificant compared with figures of the species as yet undiscovered.

The world of the lower animals is teeming. In 1905 the naturalist Sharper listed a quarter of a million insects and expressed the belief that a quarter of a million was only a tenth part of the number of the species of insects on earth.

The Japanese Policeman.

Japan has a police force modeled after the French system. In various places throughout Tokio there are small "kabancho," which resemble sentry-boxes, but are larger. Three men are attached to each box daily. One remains inside resting, while another stands at the door, and the third patrols a beat, returning, at regular intervals to the box. Twenty-four hours work the three officers are given the same time to rest, and three other men are sent to the box.

During their "off" days the men are employed taking census returns, making reports regarding the condition of streets, bridges, embankments, drains and cemeteries. They also report weddings, births, deaths, theatrical performances and the presence of suspicious persons.

A Little London Financier.

An East End clerical man tells a moving tale of innocence. A frail little girl came into a public house with a jug to fetch her parents half a pint. When the jug was filled she nervously put down two halfpennies on the counter and made for the door. The barman, though he hardly liked to frighten the poor, little thing, called after her, in a gentle voice: "You're a halfpenny short."

"No, you're a halfpenny short!" she answered, and disappeared.—London Globe.

No Better Than a Dictionary.

Boss—Does the city directory give Weaver's occupation? Clerk—Yes, sir; it says he's a "manufacturer."

Boss—A manufacturer? Great Scott! A dictionary would have told you that much.

Gait to Strike.

"Indeed, papa, do you not sufficiently appreciate Willie. Everybody says he is a coming man."

"Well, you tell him he will be much more popular with me if he is more of a going one."

Impossible.

"You say you cannot write me on a reference?"

"No, I haven't a thing in the house to write with but a pencil my wife sharpened."

The Vegetarian Florist.

Beanlers—Is Weedery a florist? Beetlam—Yes, he's a vegetarian florist; he raises cauliflower.

ONE HINT THAT DIDN'T WORK

Story of Man Whose Life Was Saved by Latch-Key in Pocket Falls to Produce Desired Result.

"The other night," remarked Mr. Timmins deferentially after he had waited two hours for an opening, "Brown was going home, when he was shot at by a footpad."

"Well," said Mrs. Timmins sternly, "would you expect him to be shot by a policeman or a clergyman?"

"No, no, my dear," said Timmins; "but he'd have been killed if the bullet hadn't struck a latch-key in his vest pocket."

"Indeed!" said Mrs. Timmins. "I happen to know that he is insured for \$5,000, and if he hadn't had that key his wife would be a rich woman today. If you're hinting for a latch-key, Timmins, you'll have to give me a better reason than that. Now, I'm going to bed, so if you want to read you'll have to sit by the kitchen fire; but don't with a sigh he resumed the article he had been reading, "How to manage a wife."

Contrary Opinions.

"Aren't some people funny?" "What's the matter now?" "The row those officers at West Point are making, when lots of neighborhoods would give the eyes out of their head to have college students give them the 'silence.'"

His One Regret.

"There's no use trying to deny it," remarked Mrs. DeFlatt, "this is the worst cook we've had yet. There positively isn't a decent thing to eat on the table."

"That's right," rejoined DeFlatt. "But," continued his wife, "there's one thing in her favor. She can't be beat when it comes to washing."

"Pity we can't eat the washing," sighed the hungry husband.

Literal Hospitality.

"In this charming suburb do you welcome the stranger within your gates?"