ON A ROMAN COIN,

Here is an old denarius from Rome—
Some Caesar's head half buried in green rust—
That in this polished case hath found a home.
Secure from any tarnish more, or dust.

I call it "rust," this green and purple stain
Upon the ancient silver coin—but, nay!
'Tis but the copper driven out, as pain
And sorrow purge from us the dross away.

Pure, ah! how pure this precious disk, refined
By ages' testing!—purer than the hour
When first in the great Emperor's mint it shined,
The glistening type of all his pomp and power.

So we, all scarred and stained by life's long test,
Are we not purer than the soul untried,
Whose coarse alloy doth still abuse its best—
A coin that shines, but is unpurified?
—James Buckham, in Philadelphia Times.

PERFECT LOVEMAKING

DEAR MISS RAYMOND — The Magpie Dramatic Club, of which, as I think you know, I am a member, has been placed in a very awkward position by the sudden marriage of its leading lady. Will you help us out of our difficulty by taking her place in the approaching performance of "A Golden Heart?" The part of Sybil would suit you splendidly. Perhaps you will let me come and talk the matter over with you to-morrow evening. If I do not hear from you by the morning I shall conclude I have your permission. Believe me, yours truly, ROBERT MORE.

Marjorie aRymond looked at the letter with an expression half of pleasure, half of alarm on her pretty face.

"What shall I do, dad?" she asked, appealing to her father across the breakfast table.

"Whatever you like, of course, Madge. You always do, you know."

"I'm not sure what I want to do," said Marjorie, ignoring the latter part of the sentence. "The worst of it is, I've got to make up my mind at once, because—let me see, what is it he says? Oh, here: 'If I do not hear from you by the morning—' the morning! Why, that's to-day—now—this very minute!"

"H'm! Let me look at the envelope. Why, that letter was only posted at midnight, so you couldn't possibly have got it before this morning."

"Consequently, I couldn't possibly let him know in time if I didn't want him to call this evening. He might have thought of that. How stupid of him!"

"On the contrary, Madge, it was rather clever of him," retorted Mr. Raymond, regarding her humorously.

Miss Raymond attempted a frown, but only achieved a smile.

"But I don't know that I care about stepping into Miss Montgomery's shoes," she said. "She was quite a star, you see, and all the male Magpies are such shining lights; I shall feel like a farthing dip in comparison."

"Why not talk it over with More to-night?" suggested her father. "Anyhow, you needn't make up your mind till then, you know, Madge. The pressing question of the moment is, what are you going to have for breakfast?"

* * * * * * *

"It's awfully good of you to come to the rescue, Miss Raymond," were More's first words to Madge that evening.

"But I hven't said 'Yes' at all yet," she protested, "and I'm not sure that I am going to, either."

"Then you're far more stony-hearted than I took you to be. Just think of my position! Why, I've as good as promised the Magpies to get you for Sybil."

"You know very well you'd no business to do so. Why, you've never even seen me act."

"Now, remember what an infallible physiognomist I am. You've got an acting face; that's quite sufficient assurance for me."

"What nonsense! I'm only a feeble amateur—that's what Tom calls me—and Sybil is quite beyond me, I'm sure."

"At least, why not have a shot at it? It's a capital part, and you ought to play it well. Just think of that exquisite scene in the third act between Jack and Sybil. Doesn't the thought of that tempt you?"

"On the contrary, it appals me. I hate those sentimental bits. They don't appeal to me in the least. I'm such a frightfully prosaic creature myself, you know."

"So much the beter; then you needn't be afraid of letting the part run away with you. Come, you're not going to be so cruel as to disappoint us?"

"Well, if you put in that way—I don't want to be disagreeable. But, I warn you, I shall never be able to do that love scene properly."

"You will, with practice. We can have lots of private rehearsals, if you like. My evenings are quite at your disposal."

"Why, you don't mean to say you're cast for Jack? Oh, how funny!" And Miss Raymond burst into a peal of laughter.

More looked a trifle hurt.

"I don't consider the situation so very humorous," he said. "However, I'm glad if it amuses you."

"Oh, I really beg your pardon!" cried the girl. "I know I'm frightfully rude; but if there is one person in the world more prosaic and matter-of-fact than myself, I believe it's you, Mr. More. And the idea of us two impersonating a love-sick couple! It's really too absurd!" And the speaker gave vent to fresh peals of merriment.

"Yes, of course, I see it now. Ha, ha! It's awfully funny!" retorted More, and joined in the laugh with a gusto that did him infinite credit. But then, of course, More was a prominent member of the Magpie Amateur Dramatic Club.

* * * * * * *

"And you honestly think I shall do?" asked Madge, on the day following the first full rehearsal of "A Golden Heart."

"You'll do first-rate," More responded, heartily. "Hartley is delighted with you, I know. Of course, it's against his traditions as stage manager to wax very enthusiastic over anything."

"But that terrible third act scene! I shall never rise to the occasion there!"

"The great thing is to remember that you've got to persuade a skeptical audience that you're in love with me."

"It's very difficult."

"I dare say."

"But you've got to persaude them, too, that you're in love with me, and you do it much better than I. However do you manage it?"

"I—I really don't know."

For a man who prided himself on his self-possession, More looked a trifle awkward.

"I suppose those things come more naturally to some people than to others," Madge remarked, innocently.

"Well, suppose we have another go at that scene now," said More.

"Very well. Do you remember our positions?"

"Yes. You're sitting on the garden seat—there, that settee will do—and I'm standing just behind you. Now, are you ready? Jack says: 'I love you, Sybil!' "

"Oh, do you think we need go through all that again? You do it so well and there's nothing for me to do except to cast down my eyes, so I can't very well go wrong."

"Just as you like. We'll go to the end of Jack's little speech, then: 'Say you hate me, Sibyl, and put me out of misery.' "

"'Is it such misery?' Let me see—does the embrace come there?"

"Not yet. Jack replies: 'To know that I have made you wretched and myself ridiculous!' And then Sibyl says: 'To know that you have made me very proud and very happy.' That's where you rise and come up to me, taking both my hands. Jack says: 'My darling!' And then we do the embrace. Go on."

"Wait a minute. I can never get that embrace properly," interrupted Madge. "Now tell me exactly, after I've taken hold of your hands, what ought I to do?"

"Simply put your head on my shoulder."

"Which shoulder?"

"The left—the one nearest to you. That's always a safe rule. Now, then, shall we try that again?"

"All right."

And Madge went through the ceremony of embracing her companion in a business-like fashion.

"There," she said, "that was better, wasn't it?"

"Beautiful," replied More, gravely. "But, forgive my saying so, couldn't you manage to put a little more feeling into those words: 'To know that you have made me very proud and very happy?' You see, the audience doesn't know that Sibyl loves Jack, and you have to make it as plain as possible to them."

"Oh, dear, it's so hard!" sighed the girl. "I feel I don't say those words properly. Tell me frankly, what's wrong with me, do you think?"

"Frankly then, you are too self-restrained. You won't let yourself be carried away with your part."

"Why, you said the other day that it was a good thing not to be carried away with one's part!"

"Oh, you're not going to remember what I said more than a week ago, surely! Besides, I merely used that argument to induce you to accept the part. The end justifies the means."

"I'm annoyed with you, all the same. You might have saved me a week's misery. I've been so afraid of letting the part run away with me that I simply wouldn't let myself go. I didn't want to be inartistic."

"Please forgive me," said More, humbly. "I'm horribly penitent. I had no idea——"

"But now I'm simply dying to try that scene again!" interrupted Madge, excitedly. "Come, let's begin at the very beginning, so that we can get worked up to the climax!"

* * * * * * *

"Bravo, More! Bravo, Madge! I had no idea you could act like that." And Tom Raymond regarded his friend and sister with an air of profound admiration.

"I—I didn't know anybody was listening," said Madge, looking a trifle flushed.

"Oh, I only came in a minute ago."

"I'm glad you liked it," remarked More.

"Liked it!" cried Tom. "My dear boy, it was superb."

"Awfully good of you to say so," said More, with elaborate politeness.

"Not at all. I assure you, I mean every word," retorted Tom, calmly. "Why, if I hadn't known you were acting, that stage kiss of yours would have deceived me completely!"

"By the way, More," added Tom, turning suddenly upon his friend, "the girl's name is Sibyl, isn't it?"

"Yes, of course."

"H'm. You got a bit mixed at times, that's all. So did Madge. Well, so long! I dare say that scene wants all the rehearsing you can give it?" With which parting shot Master Tom took a hurried leave.

Then Madge said, "How absurd of Tom!"

"It wasn't so very absurd!" More retorted. "Why, I noticed it, too."

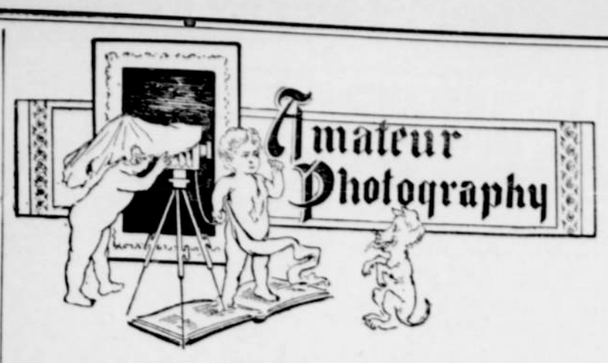
"Noticed what?"

"That you said 'Robert' once or twice instead of 'Jack.' "

"You know very well you made the same mistake," she added hotly. "You called the girl 'Madge' every time!"

"It wasn't a mistake on my part," said Robert. "I meant it." It was a full minute before he dared to look at his companion. When he did so he discovered that she was laughing softly.

"I'm glad you meant it, Robert," she said, "because I meant it, too."—Woman's Life.



The amateur photographer who wishes to make a name and reputation that will be worth something to him must make a specialty of some one line and stick to it. Think the thing over and study the particular subjects that best suit your temperament and the surroundings, and in which success can best be won. George Horace Lorimer, editor of the Saturday Evening Post, says the condition of affairs is such now that the man who makes a study of and best understands some one subject, even if it be no more than huckleberry puddings, will make a better success than the one with a general knowledge of a variety of things. Go slow and sure. Put away some of the pictures you think all right and in a week or two look at them again. Defects will appear, not apparent at first, and points where an improvement could have been made will suggest themselves. Get some friend who is capable of doing so to criticise your work honestly. This does not mean to tell how good it is, and what a great photographer you are, but to say wherein he thinks it could be made still better. Discussion along this road is worth a great deal.

If you are troubled with your negatives frilling, give up using your alum bath which at best is rather troublesome, and try rubbing a little vaseline on the outer edges of the plate, and your troubles will cease. Do not put too much on, however, or it will become mixed up with the developer.

If one's hands become stained with developer, pour a few drops of muriatic acid in a minim measure, and fill up with water. Dip your fingers in this and then wash them with hot water and soap, and the stains will disappear. The juice of a ripe tomato well rubbed in to the hands will also remove the stains.

Do not use old hypo. New is cheap enough and when a fixing bath is used too long, it becomes highly charged with a deposit of nitrate of silver, and is very apt to stain the film.

HISTORIC BATES HOUSE, OF INDIANAPOLIS, A MEMORY.

The historic old Bates House, Indianapolis, will be removed to make way for a modern hotel. The old Bates will be wiped out wholly, even to its name. For fifty years the Bates was the most noted hotel in Indiana, and for a long time it has been one of the most famous hotels in the country. The house was built in 1852 by Harvey Bates, Sr., in whose honor it was named. Its first cost was $90,000, a goodly sum for an investment of this kind in a small Western town. A few years later improvements and additions to the cost of $75,000 were made. Under its various ownerships the hotel entertained many eminent men. Lincoln stopped there before the Civil War, President Johnson spoke from its balcony, Stephen A. Douglas was a guest within its walls, and all the noted Indiana statesmen honored the hotel with their presence at one time or another. Another national event in which the Bates figured was the funeral of the late Vice President Hendricks, whose home was in this city, and to whose obsequies eminent men came from all parts of the country. Other famous people whose faces gladdened its corridors are Calve, Patti, Irving, Edwin Booth, John McCullough and other artists and actors of distinction.

A, B, C AND OTHERS.

A LOOK INTO THE ORIGIN OF OUR ALPHABET.

Our Letters Are Mainly the Same as Those Used by the Romans—Earlier Derived from Greek and Phenician—Short Study of Interesting Subject.

Our letters are mainly the same as those used by the Romans, and their alphabet was one of several derived from the Greek, which was formed from the Phenician. And back of that is a good deal of guesswork. Very likely the Egyptian hieroglyphic and hieratic characters formed the base of the Phenician letter-making. A is the first letter in all the alphabets that came from the Phenician, and in that language it signified "ox"; the Greek "alpha" means the same thing, though its Egyptian hieroglyphic equivalent was a bird somewhat like the vulture in outline.

"B" was also the second letter in the Phenician, as in the Greek. The name of the character was "beth," meaning house. It has less variety of use than any other, being more frequently silent, as in "dumb," or "debt." In the original Indio-European or Aryan languages "b" was rarely found.

"C" in the Phenician and Greek had the value of a hard "g," as in "go," and was similar in the enunciation of "k" as "g" is now. For a long time the Latins made "c" do service for both "k" and "g." No word containing "c" pronounced as "s" is of Anglo-Saxon origin, except a few misspelled words, as "cinder," which was originally "sinder."

In the English "D" has the same place—fourth letter and third consonant—as in the Roman, Greek and Phenician, and is singularly uninteresting as a study.

"E" is an unchanging and aristocratic conservative. Its form was always pretty nearly the same as at present. Its name in Phenician was "he," which most scholars say signified a window. In its two quantities, as it "met" and in "they," it constitutes about 5 per cent of English utterance.

"F" in the Phenician meant peg or hook, and its value was that of the English "w." This "w" sound gradually went out of use in Greek, and the sign with it. In the adaptation of the alphabet to Latin use the sign was resurrected, and first received the value we give it.

"G" is a sign of Italic origin, having been fabricated by the Romans by adding a tail or drop to the "c"—a transition very easily detected. It never occurs at the beginning of words of Anglo-Saxon origin. In medieval Roman it stood for 400, and with a line over it for 400,000.

"H" came from the Phenician, and has had a curious history, in which the cockney inability to manage it may be traced. "H" meant 200 in medieval Roman.

"I" may be traced to the Egyptian. The Phenicians represented it rather as a consonant, but it was converted to vowel value by the Greeks, and the Romans gave it both consonant and vowel duty.

"J" is but another form of the same letter. They were used indifferently until about 1630. As a numeral it had the same value as "i," but was used only at conclusion, as "viij," for eight.

"K" is Phenician, and still earlier Egyptian. It was little used in classical Latin, and is of rare occurrence in languages derived from the Latin. As a numeral it represented 250.

"L" was a lion in the Egyptian hieroglyphic, a figure 6 in the Phenician, and about its present form in the Greek and the Latin. It is the most sonorous and continuous—the most purely consonant—in sound of all our letters. As there are "three R's" in land colloquialism, so there are three "Ls" in nautical phrase—"lead, latitude and lookout." It is a conservative, changing little.

"M" is an "ancient and honorable." Its hieroglyphic equivalent, away back in Egypt, was almost a fleur de lis in the oval outline of a bird's head—a fleur de lis minus the central branch. As a Roman numeral it denotes 1,000. Formerly the brand of "M" was impressed on the person of one convicted of manslaughter. In flagrant cases the brand was applied to the forehead. In printing it is the square, the quadrate, the unit of computation in any body of type.

"N" is as old, and the value of its character has been the same through the whole history of its use. The sign has no variety of sounds, and there is no possible substitute. As a numeral its value is 90, which becomes 90,000 when a line is drawn above the letter.

"O" in the Phenician alphabet represented a peculiarly and—to us—unpronounceable guttural, but the Greeks made a vowel of it, though they changed its form to a square instead of an oval. It stood for 11 in the Roman numerals of medieval times.

"P" was evolved from the hieroglyphic age, and in all alphabets it has stood for the one unvarying sound. It has no varieties save that it is silent at the beginning of a few Greek words, as psalm and pneumatic. It is 400 in medieval numerals, and an abbreviation for many things.

"Q" is an ancient also. As a sign it was abandoned in Greek. The Latin preserved it, though its value was the same as that of "k." In English, as in Latin, it is always followed by "u." It meant 500 in medieval Roman numerals.

"R" looked like a capital "A" in the Phenician. In some languages it is used as a vowel. In Anglo-Saxon times "R," if the initial letter, was given such force as to need an "h" in expressing it, and was rolled to a double, so that the form survives in such spelling as hemorrhage, catarrh; but now, "in many localities, even among the most cultivated speakers, no 'R' is ever really pronounced at all. It was 80 as a numeral. Sir William Curtis, an eminent but illiterate lord mayor of London, said, in 1825, when asked for a toast: "I will give you the three R's—Riting, Reading and Rithmetic"; and he was serious, too.

"S" has lived from the beginning. It looked like "w" in Phenician. It answers many demands and has many values; was 7 in the numerals, and is a common abbreviation.

"T" was the twenty-second and last letter in the Phenician alphabet. Its value has ever been the same. It was 160 as a numeral, and was formerly branded in the hand of a convicted thief.

"U" was added by the Greeks, and was written as V or as Y. In the printers' case its place is supplementary, like that of "J," and not in order. "V" is older, and long represented the same value. It was 5 as a numeral, and so remains.

"W" is both consonant and vowel. "X" comes to us from the Latin, and was a superfluous sign there, as it was in the Greek and is with us. It denotes no sound which is not fully provided for otherwise. "Y" is an evolution from "U," has both vowel and consonant values, and meant 150 in medieval Roman numerals. "Z" dates from the hieroglyphic age. It is the rarest of our consonants. Except in initials, its every value could be supplied—or is supplied—by "s."—Chicago Times-Herald.

WHERE MONEY IS LOST.

Soiled Linen at the Laundry Often Contains Large Sums.

"It is astonishing how careless people are about sending clothes to a laundry without first searching them for money and jewelry," said the manager of a laundry the other day, according to the New York Mail-Express. "Yesterday a woman sent a bundle of dresses here, and in the pocket of one was $190 in bills. We never search clothing for valuables. The dresses were put in the washing machine, soap and water put in, and after the machine had been running half an hour it was opened, and the man in charge was astonished to see paper money floating around on the water. The bills had in some manner worked out of the pocket of the dress, and, strange to say, not one of them was torn. We ran the money through the drying machine and then ironed each bill carefully. After we got through you could not have told that the money had been in a laundry washing machine for half an hour. We sent for the woman, and when she came to the laundry she had not yet missed her money.

"Not long ago a man sent some shirts to our laundry from the bosom of one of which he forgot to remove a diamond stud worth $150. Our people did not see the diamond, and we did not find it until he called us up and made known his loss. Then I put my men to searching, and we found the diamond in the catch basin in the sewer."

A Whistling Spider.

H. A. Peters, one of the owners of the Lashaway dairy farm, on the Spencer road, while on his way to Spencer, Mass., captured an immense spider of unknown species. When Mr. Peters first saw the spider, which was making a bee line over the public highway for East Brookfield, he was so amazed at the sight that he rubbed both eyes several times before he could realize that the monster was a reality. Then, hastily grasping an empty glass milk jar, Peters jumped from the wagon and was about to make the stranger a prisoner when he was startled by a distinctly-audible whistle emanating from the insect. Instantly a flock of minute facsimiles of the peculiar spider came rushing from all directions, clambering up the legs of the big spider, and hid themselves in the fuzzy hair on its back. After securing her young Mrs. Spider assumed a defensive attitude. Peters thrust the mouth of the jar over the whole family of spiders and made them prisoners. Hundreds have since viewed the monster and its offspring and all are puzzled. The body of the large spider is one and a half inches in length. The body is black and is supported by eight powerful legs, each two inches long. The head is supplied with powerful-looking jaws, from which two feelers half an inch in length protrude. The beady eyes are jet black.

A Clever Scheme.

An amusing scene was witnessed recently on one of the mail boats running from France to England. The sea was rather rough. A young woman, pretty and nicely dressed, appeared to be suddenly taken very ill with sea-sickness. She groaned and screamed in apparent agony for some little time. At length a person who appeared to be a stranger to her approached and asked whether she would like to take a lozenge, which he guaranteed would ease her of her pain. He had often tried it, he said, on people, and always with the most marvelous results. The young lady demurred a little at first, but finally accepted the offer. Never was cure so instantaneous. Hardly had she swallowed the lozenge when the fair patient was sitting up all smiles and ordering ham sandwiches of the steward. Some passengers were so struck with the incident that they inquired what was the remedy that had such a wonderful result, and the gentleman, who, as he said, was the agent for the sale of the lozenges, disposed of a considerable number of boxes of them at eight shillings apiece. What was the surprise of the purchasers when they saw the young lady and her preserver go off arm in arm on the vessel reaching England! The boxes contained common jujubes.

Fitted to His Position.

Sir Harry Poland, a British magistrate noted for his brilliancy, is careless in his dress. Once his family persuaded him to go to Poole and order a fashionably cut suit. To the chagrin of the household Sir Harry looked more outlandish in the new clothes than in his old ones. His brother-in-law went to see Poole about it. "It is not my fault, sir," the tailor assured him. "Every care was taken, but how could we fit a gentleman who would insist upon being measured sitting down?" And the only satisfaction that could be obtained from Sir Harry Poland himself later on was the dry comment: "Well, it's my business, and not yours. I like to be comfortable. I spend three parts of my life sitting down, and I prefer to be measured so."—New York Tribune.

Too Slow.

Almost the last reminder of the romantic past, the prairie stagecoach, is doomed. Automobiles are to be built for prairie travel, the coaches being too slow for modern travel.

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.

First Shirtwaist Girl—So you are going rowing with Mr. Floorwalker? His trick is to threaten to rock the boat unless you give him a kiss.

Second Shirtwaist Girl (naively)—Well, mother said she wasn't afraid to let me go with him, as all the girls say he never rocks the boat.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Room for Doubt.

Experienced Servant — Gentleman wants to see you, sir.

Mr. Richman—Who is he?

Experienced Servant—I couldn't find out, sir; but, judgin' by his clothes, he's either a beggar or a millionaire, sir.—New York Weekly.

Chance to Begin.

Old Gent—My boy, I'm seventy-five years of age, and I have never smoked a cigar in my life.

Boy—Well, if yer likes ter foller me you can 'ave this butt when I'm done with it."—Ally Sloper.

A Hot Retort.

Deacon Scrouge—No, parson, I don't rightly think we ought to give you a vacation. You know, the devil never takes one.

Parson Snappeigh—He would, Deacon, if you didn't keep him so busy.—Baltimore American.

May Sometimes Do.

Sillicus—Figures never lie.

Cynicus—Nonsense! Did you ever see a girl in a tailor-made gown and then size her up in a bathing suit?—Philadelphia Record.

A Constant Reminder.

Dunlap—I see you call your naphtha launch after your wife.

Bertwhistle (working over launch engine, perspiring)—Yes; because whenever I want to go anywhere with it, it takes so long before it gets ready to start.—Puck.

Legendary.

"What was it Pandora did?"

"She opened a box and let flies out in the house before Epimetheus got the fly screens in."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Too Bad.

"Do you know, Miss Frisble," said the large-headed young author, "my most brilliant thoughts come to me in my sleep?"

"It's a great pity that you are troubled with insomnia," added the pert young lady.

Education.

"These Indians who have been educated at college seem quite like the others, do they not?"

"Except for their 'Rah! rah!' at each end of the war-whoop, yes."

Blasted Hopes.

Tommy Tuff—Sham, Mam, the boys all say that if I handle the stick in the base-ball game this afternoon we'll beat the Hilltops 14 to 1.

His Mother—I don't doubt it, but you are going to stay at home this afternoon and handle the stick for me, and we'll beat the carpet worse than that.

Speech.

"But speech is what differentiates man from the beast!"

"Yes, showing how much less sense he has, in the long run!"

It Did.

Grogan—I made up my mind I wouldn't stand it any longer; so I just put my foot down.

Timility (glancing at Grogan's No. 11)—And that, of course, covered the ground.—Boston Transcript.

Within Bounds.

Clubberly—Have you ever been so desperately in love that you felt as if you couldn't control it?

Castleton—No. All the girls I've been in love with have been only moderately well off.

Against Vivisection.

Mr. Woodwed—Your papa is such a joker.

Miss Willin—Why?

Mr. Woodwed—Because, when I asked for your hand he refused me, saying he didn't want any mutilated members in his family.—Boston Post.

No Doubt About It.

Citizen—Do you believe the constitution follows the flag, my man?

Soldier—My constitution followed the flag to the Philippines and it's there yet.—Chelsea Gazette.

Fortune.

"And you will not smile upon me?" faltered the Man.

"No," answered Fortune sadly. "For if I do I shall get myself disliked by the women who have refused to marry you!"

When Surgeons Are of No Use.

The driver of the stage, which was rolling down the Rocky Mountains as fast as six mules on the gallop could keep ahead of it, may have noticed that I was, writes a correspondent, a little nervous, for after a bit he soothingly said:

"No use to grip that railing so mighty hard, stranger. We shan't come to the danger p'int for half an hour yit."

"Then it's on ahead?" I queried.

"Yes, three miles ahead, and I may say fur your benefit that hangin' on won't do any partickler good."

"But I don't want to slide off."

"And you won't. If anythin' goes it'll be mewls and coach and the hull caboodle altogteher, and as the drop is plump 300 feet you won't have no use for arnica or sticking plaster afterward."—Boston Courier.

To Be Perfectly Frank.

A gentleman who is no longer young, and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present. The youngster made no reply.

"Well, so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?"

"'Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.—Tit-Bits.

Knew His Pa.

"Now, Tommy," said the teacher, "if your father had ten one-dollar bills and your mother asked for half of them, how many would he have left?"

"He'd still have the ten," replied the wise child.—Philadelphia Record.

His Pleasure Marred.

Friend (calling)—Did you have a good time the week you spent at the seashore, Willie?

Willie Boerum (gloomily)—W-Well, pretty good. Only mother wouldn't let me go swimming until two hours after I ate anything, so I couldn't very well eat things between meals.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Dead Silence.

"Nothing from my poor husband?" said the widow to the medium.

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message stating that the fire is out!"—Atlanta Constitution.

To Be Consistent.

Von Blumer—The doctor thinks I ought to go on a fishing trip.

Mrs. Von Blumer—But, of course, you don't believe him.

Von Blumer—Why not?

Mrs. Von Blumer—Well, you didn't have any confidence in him when he told me I ought to go.—Harper's Bazar.

"Say, why don't you wear yer hair in a psyche knot? Yer too old fer plats."

Medical Assistance.

Specialist—Your nerves are affected; you need exercise; walk to business every day.

Sick Man—I do walk to business every day.

Specialist—You do? Well, you ought to have more sense—that's what ails you—overstrain. Now, behave yourself rationally and ride every day—$10, please.—Chicago Record-Herald.

How About It?

"It's funny that you should be so tall. Your brother, the artist, is short, isn't he? "

He (absently)—Yes, usually.

Some Things Are Thought Over.

"You're a likely looking girl," said Mrs. Hiram Offen, who was questioning a greenhorn girl. "How were you trained across the water?"

"'Tis jokin' ye are, mum. There does be no trains. I was shipped across."—Philadelphia Press.

The Past.

She—You were a long time in the Philippines, weren't you?

He—Oh, yes. Ever since the first time the war ended.

A Testimonial.

"Dear Doctor: When I began using your hair medicine three months ago you assured me that my hair would not trouble me much longer. I take pleasure is stating that you spoke the truth. Could you give me the address of a good wig maker?"—Baltimore American.

The Kissing Bug.

"What was that?" asked the old gentleman, suddenly appearing in the doorway.

"I—I guess it was a kissing bug," she answered hesitatingly, while the young man tried his best to look at ease.

The old gentleman looked at them both sharply.

"Does the kissing bug make people blush?" he demanded.—Chicago Post.

Seeking for Pearls.

The history of pearl seeking has about it so much of the glamour of romance and possible gain that the difficulties and risks of the quest are well-nigh forgotten. Men love a pursuit that entails much danger and much knowledge of men and elements. Long before the Roman conquest men were hazarding the dangers of newly-discovered rivers in search of the elusive gems, and one of the prime reasons for undertaking the expedition into Great Britain was to obtain the fair "congealed dewdrops pierced by sunbeams" which poets and philosophers in all ages have made the emblems of purity and worth and which the Roman women so much coveted. There is scarcely a sacred literature in existence in which pearls do not bear reverent meaning, and no nation where place and favor have not been bought by the beautiful, lustrous products of the sea.—Lippincott's Magazine.

Why an employment bureau is called an intelligence office is an unsolved mystery.