

AN AUTUMN SONG.

Again the old heraldic pomp  
Of Autumn on the hills;  
A scarlet pageant in the swamp;  
Low lyrics from the hills;  
And rich attire in the air  
That Orient morn distills.

Again the tapestry of haze  
Of amethystine dye  
Enchaining the horizon ways;  
And from the middle sky  
The litanies, reverberant call  
Of wild geese winging by.

Again the viols of wind  
Attuned to one soft theme—  
Here, every burden left behind,  
Oh, love would it not seem  
A near approach to paradise  
To dream and dream and dream!  
—Woman's Home Companion.

A NATURAL SEQUENCE

A LITTLE girl stood in front of a  
rose-covered cottage pensively  
trying to bore a hole through her  
straw hat with a small fore-  
finger. Opposite her stood a tow-haired  
boy, perhaps a year older,  
"I'm going away to-morrow, Blossom,"  
announced the boy mournfully.  
"Are yer?" said the girl soberly.  
"Yep. It's an awful long way—most  
200 miles, pa says." Then, after a  
pause: "Don't see how I'm goin' to  
marry yer when I'm away down in  
New York."  
"O, soldiers is sent everywhere," said  
the girl wisely, "and nurses, too. I'm  
goin' to be a nurse when I grow up."  
"Well, I'm goin' to be a soldier, sure,  
cause pa said I might, and when I'm  
a major or a colonel I'm comin' back  
with a regiment to get yer and—"  
"There's ma callin'. It's time to go  
Eddie."  
"Good-by, Blossom."  
There was a timid kiss and two heavy  
little hearts wended their way home-  
ward.

It was a terrible day. The hot Cuban  
sun beat mercilessly down upon the  
group of tan-skinned "Americans" lying  
fat on their stomachs, creeping, creep-  
ing, ever nearer and nearer the thicket  
where the Spanish sharpshooters lay  
hidden.  
"Easy boys," whispered the captain;  
"Jenkins' company will draw their fire  
in a minute."  
With a sigh of relief the men lay flat.  
The long rank grass cut their faces and  
the yellow sand filled their eyes and  
added fresh agony to their already  
parched throats. Down at the end of  
the line a man was cursing because a  
sharp stone had bruised his leg.  
"But their rest was only for a moment.  
Far in the rear they heard a hoarse  
cheer. Then a volley of bullets flew  
high over them, and was answered by  
the crack, crack of the Spanish Mous-  
cers.  
"Now, boys," whispered the captain  
again. Over their heads the firing was  
fast and furious, but the little group  
kept on, almost to the very fringe of  
the thicket.  
"Now! at 'em, boys," roared the cap-  
tain. The whole command rose to their  
feet. With a wild cheer, they rushed  
forward. With hoarse oaths they threw  
themselves on the sallow group of  
sharpshooters. There was the rapid  
firing of heavy revolvers, answering  
shrieks of wounded men, groans and  
prayers. Out into the open air ran the  
enemy, only to be shot down by Jenk-  
ins' men in front.  
In five minutes it was all over, and  
the Americans were gathering together  
to count their numbers.  
"That was quick work," grunted the  
lieutenant, as he wiped the powder  
stains from his face. "Where's Mas-  
on?"  
"Where's Capt. Mason?" shouted the  
sergeant.  
"Here he is," answered a hoarse  
voice, and a burly private appeared  
with his arm around the captain, al-  
most dragging him along.  
The officer's face was white, and he  
said, as he clenched his white teeth to-  
gether: "I guess they've done for me,  
Tom, this time."  
"Nonsense," said the lieutenant,  
roughly. "Up with him, boys; easy,  
easy," and as four of the privates lifted  
him to their shoulders they retraced  
their way back through the long grass  
to their own lines, and there, in the  
shade of the hospital tent, they tenderly  
laid down their burden and left him  
to the care of the surgeon.  
All night long they worked over him  
—the doctor and a sweet-faced woman  
with a red cross on her arm. As the last  
bandage was fastened and the doctor  
rose to go his rounds he said: "He  
won't last till to-morrow." The nurse  
said nothing, but as the tent door flap-  
ped behind him she muttered rebel-  
liously: "He will last till to-morrow,  
and a good many more to-morrows."  
Early the next morning the wound-  
ed man opened his eyes, to find a woman  
bending over him. He looked up  
weakly and would have spoken, but she  
put her hand over his mouth, and said,  
quite calmly: "It's only Blossom.  
You're hurt, and I'm going to take care  
of you. I told you I was going to be  
a nurse."

He smiled faintly, and fell into a gentle  
sleep, with her hand clasped tightly  
in his.  
Two days later as the fussy little doc-  
tor came his rounds he announced,  
with a considerable degree of self-sat-  
isfaction: "Mason is going to live, Miss  
Carvill. Didn't think I could pull him  
through, but I did after all."  
The nurse smiled inscrutably, but  
said nothing.  
They were sitting just inside the tent  
door waiting for orders to embark on  
the transport.  
His right arm was still in a sling, but  
his left hand vainly sought to rest on  
hers, which she promptly removed.  
"What are you going to do when you  
are mustered out, Blossom?" he asked.  
"I'm Miss Carvill, now people are  
well again," she observed, speaking to  
no one in particular.  
"But I am not well yet," he objected.  
"You are going to be. What's the mat-  
ter? Aren't you glad?" she demanded,  
as his face fell.  
"I don't know; that depends," he said,  
significantly.  
As the girl made no answer, he went  
on remonstrantly: "Do you remember

MRS. GROVER CLEVELAND AS SHE LOOKS TO-DAY.

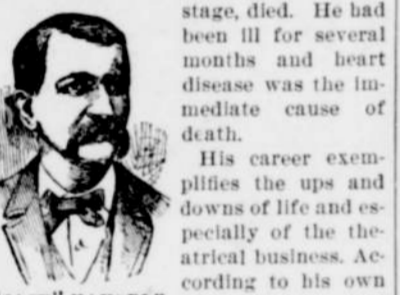


The above picture is from the latest and one of the best photographs of Mrs. Grover Cleveland, who for two terms was mistress of the White House and recognized as the most beautiful woman in the national capital. This picture shows that Mrs. Cleveland still has remarkable beauty, although she has changed considerably in appearance since she was first lady of the land. She has grown stouter and her features are fuller than her former photographs represent. However, the change has in no way detracted from the beauty of the ex-President's wife. She retains the beauty which made her conspicuous during the years she was the leader of official life in Washington, and to-day she looks younger, and if anything more beautiful, than ever before.

the day I left for New York? You said  
we would be sure to meet again. I sup-  
pose we ought to get married. We've  
been engaged most fifteen years."  
"Well, I like that," gasped the girl.  
"So do I," said the man placidly;  
"there might have been some one else  
to marry if I had not promised you  
first."  
The girl's eyes twinkled. "You said  
you were going to come for me with a  
regiment," she suggested.  
His good arm had slipped around her  
now. "So I did," he said, meditatively.  
"Well, I suppose I shall have to if you  
won't come any other way." Then, as  
he drew the sun-tanned face close  
down to his own, he said: "But don't  
you think it would be most embarrass-  
ing under the present circumstances?"  
And Blossom thought it would.—In-  
dianapolis Sun.

"JACK" HAVERLY IS DEAD.  
Kind and Generous and Famed as a  
Theatrical Manager.  
In St. Mark's Hospital, Salt Lake  
City, "Jack" Haverly, one of the most  
interesting characters of the American  
stage, died. He had  
been ill for several  
months and heart  
disease was the im-  
mediate cause of  
death.  
His career em-  
braces the ups and  
downs of life and  
especially of the  
theatrical business. Ac-  
cording to his own  
statement he had  
been rich and poor  
several times. "A  
man ought to be ashamed to go broke  
the seventh time, now oughtn't he?"  
he was wont to say.  
About 1845 he was born at Belle-  
fonte, Ohio, and had to fight the battle  
of life alone from the start. As a boy  
he sold newspapers, bananas and pen-  
cils on trains running out of Chicago.  
When 18 he conceived the idea of start-  
ing a show and had the money to back  
his scheme. His first attempt was at  
minstrelsy with "Happy" Cal Wagner  
as the star. Success followed and Haverly  
adopted the policy of securing the  
best talent regardless of price. His  
headquarters were in Chicago, but he  
owned and controlled theaters in other  
cities. At one time his salary income was  
between \$10,000 and \$20,000. At va-  
rious times his fortune was estimated  
at half a million. At the time of his  
death he was engaged in a mining en-  
terprise, but it is believed was pos-  
sessed of little, if any, wealth.  
He made money rapidly and in addi-  
tion to being generous and a princely  
liver, was always devoted to his wife,  
and was noted for his sterling hon-  
esty.

TOM REED TOOK A CARRIAGE.  
Intended to Walk, but the Driver's  
Humor Caught Him.  
A tall, portly, dignified citizen arrived  
in New York the other day, and having



CHOLMONDELEY  
Marquis of Cholmondeley Will Manage  
King Edward's Household.  
King Edward has appointed George  
Henry Hugh, Marquis of Cholmondeley,  
to the office of Lord Great Cham-  
berlain, subject to  
the decision of the  
House of Lords in  
the controversy as  
to who is entitled  
to the office, there  
being several  
claimants by right  
of inheritance. If  
the House of  
Lords confirms  
King Edward's ap-  
pointment, as it is  
believed it will,  
the Marquis of  
Cholmondeley will  
be one of the most  
important men in  
London next year, for as Lord Great  
Chamberlain he will have charge of  
the coronation ceremonies in Westmin-  
ster Abbey, including the invitation  
list.

He Felt Safe.  
Mrs. Slinson—Don't you know, Wil-  
lie, if you are naughty you won't go to  
heaven?  
"Oh, I don't know. Uncle Jake was  
the meepest man I ever heard of, but  
you say he is in heaven now."—Life.

Many a man looks insignificant when  
his wife is with him.

WHAT PEOPLE OF VARIOUS NATIONS SAVE.

As far as banking capital is concerned the United States leads, but in the  
matter of savings we do not show up so well. The amount at present invested  
in British banks is \$16 per capita. Denmark's savings work out at an average  
of \$52 per head. Switzerland comes second with \$30. Norwegians are third with  
\$26 a head, and then comes the German with \$25. The richest nation of all,  
the United States, takes fifth place with \$22. Austrians are  
less economical than Americans, having \$16 apiece to their  
credit. At the lowest extreme of the scale come, as might  
be expected, Russia and Spain, with the  
miserable totals of 90 cents and 50 cents  
respectively.



Shrubs growing in a poor soil seldom  
produce bright, high-colored flowers.  
Iron filings and scales collected about  
a blacksmith's anvil have a tendency  
to intensify the color of many plants,  
if dug into the soil about their roots.

The flowering of potatoes has been  
found by Mr. M. Michalet to withdraw  
much starch from the tubers, and ex-  
periments in France have convinced  
him that the product of the plants may  
be improved by removing all blossoms.

There has been a marked decrease in  
the population of French India of late.  
In five settlements, with a total of 273,  
185 inhabitants, there has been a de-  
crease of more than eleven thousand  
in the last ten years, though they have  
been free from famine and plague.

Beginning with the present year,  
Spain has adopted Greenwich time in  
the place of Madrid time, which was  
previously used as the Spanish stand-  
ard. Madrid being west of Greenwich,  
the change involved the setting of  
clocks 14 minutes and 46 seconds  
ahead.

The labor cost of scientific research  
is not easy to realize. A British ento-  
mologist has just shown a series of  
about thirty pictures illustrating every  
stage in the metamorphosis of a drag-  
on-fly from the nymph to the perfect in-  
sect, and relates that he took over one  
thousand photographs before getting his  
complete set. Constant watching was  
necessary, as after the first indica-  
tion of change the dragon-fly might  
emerge at any time within the next  
three days, the emergence being so rapid  
that three pictures were taken in six  
seconds.

H. F. Witherby, a recent traveler on  
the White Nile, describes the sacred  
bird of ancient Egypt, the ibis, which,  
he says, very few travelers in that  
country ever see, because it only visits  
Egypt during the period of inundation;  
but the dragomans, knowing the desire  
of all foreigners to see the famous bird,  
point out to them, as a substitute, the  
buff-backed heron, which is really to-  
tally unlike the ibis. The head, neck  
and legs of the latter, all bare of feath-  
ers, are jet black, in sharp contrast  
with the pure white plumage of the  
body. "The wings are edged with black  
like a mourning envelope, and from  
each shoulder droop green-black feath-  
ery plumes. When flying toward one  
the bird seems to be streaked with  
blood, for the wing bones are bare of  
feathers on the under side, and the skin  
which covers them is of a rich vermil-  
ion color."

The unusual optical phenomenon of  
a rainbow produced by the sun shining  
not on raindrops, but on particles of  
sand suspended in the air by wind, was  
witnessed over a part of the Great Salt  
Lake recently by Prof. James E. Tal-  
mage of the University of Utah. The  
colors were very brilliant, and there  
was a secondary bow visible. The main  
bow was fully double the width of an  
ordinary rainbow. Only a segment of  
it was seen. The sand was colitic,  
consisting of calcareous spherules of  
fairly uniform size, ranging between  
the limits of No. 8 and No. 10 shot,  
which are polished and exhibit a pearly  
luster. Prof. Talmage points out that  
the production of the bow must be due  
to reflection from the outer surfaces of  
the spherules, and cannot be explained  
on the principle of refraction and total  
reflection, generally applied to the ex-  
planation of the rainbow.

BABY LEGALLY CHRISTENED

Justice of the Peace Formally Swears  
Parents and Child.  
"There used to be some funny ones  
down by the Rio Grande," remarked  
the tall, broad-shouldered Texan, when  
it was his turn. "Yes, there were some  
mighty funny ones. I remember partic-  
ularly an old justice of the peace  
down there, who performed all sorts of  
offices, particularly those of a religious  
or semi-religious nature, in the absence  
of a minister. He made some awful  
breaks in his time; but he didn't reach  
the height of his originality until the  
day he christened the newly born child  
of a cowboy named Wilson. I'll tell  
you about it."  
"In these days we never worried much  
about christenings and such in Texas.  
We simply slapped a name on a kid  
and if a minister happened along we  
had him go through the regular form;  
if not, we let it go at that and the kid  
never knew the difference. This Wil-  
son, however, was strong on religion,  
though I reckon he didn't know so very  
much about it, and when his pretty lit-  
tle wife presented him with a son he  
set about to have the child regularly  
baptized by some one in authority.  
There was not a minister within ne-  
gotiable distance, and so he brought  
the child, accompanied by its mother  
and the intended sponsors, to our Jus-  
tice of the Peace and asked him to per-  
form the ceremony. Now, old 'Bill'  
Scruggins—that was the justice's name  
—had never witnessed a christening.  
He remembered having seen a book  
about the house years before with a  
form of christening in it; but where  
it was he could not remember. A man  
with less nerve would have faltered;  
but not the justice.

"Hats off in the presence of the  
court" he commanded.  
"All being uncovered, he said: 'I'll  
swear you in fast. Hold up yer right  
hands.'"  
"Is that?" asked the sponsors.  
"Of course," said the justice. "All  
witnesses must be sworn in."  
"Then, looking at them all with com-  
placent dignity, he began the strangest  
christening ever performed; 'You an  
'each one of you do solemnly swear  
that the evidence you shall give in this  
case, shall be the truth, the whole truth,  
an' nothin' but the truth, 'elp you  
Gawd!'"

"You, John Wilson, do solemnly  
swear that to the best of yer knowledge  
an' belief, this yer child is yours an'  
yer wife's to have an' ter hold for per-  
self, yer heirs, executors, administrators,  
an' assigns, for yer an' their use  
an' behoof forever?"  
"I does," answered the father.  
"You, Mary Wilson, believe this an-  
ny boy to wit, John Wilson an' son,  
to be yer husband an' child; an' you do

swear that to the best of yer knowl-  
edge an' belief, this yer child is yours  
an' yer wife's to have an' ter hold for  
per-self, yer heirs, executors, adminis-  
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"You, Mary Wilson, believe this an-  
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to be yer husband an' child; an' you do

LET US ALL LAUGH.

FROM THE PENS OF VA-  
RIOUS HUMORISTS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the  
World Over—Saying that Are Cheer-  
ful to Old or Young—Funny Selec-  
tions that You Will Enjoy.

"Why, may I ask," said the contribu-  
tor, "do you always put my name to the  
verse I write and never to the prose?"  
"Well, you know," smiled the editor,  
"we can't be responsible for your po-  
etry."—Judge.

Life-Saving Exertion.  
"Don't you pay any attention to sum-  
mer athletics?"  
"Oh, yes; I often run a few blocks  
after the leeman when he has gone by  
without leaving us any ice."—Detroit  
Free Press.

New Version.  
Mother—Well, Reginald, and what  
was the minister's text in church to-  
day?  
Reggie—Ye cannot serve God and wo-  
men.

DESICCATED VEGETABLES.

Dried Garden Truck Will Be Used by  
The Army's Soldiers.  
Dedicated vegetables are coming on  
the market, for use especially by pro-  
prietors and hunters, who are obliged to  
economize every ounce in the weight of  
the provisions they carry. Necessity  
compels them to select such foods as  
combine the maximum of nutriment  
with the minimum of bulk and avoid-  
duplicates. This implies water-free sub-  
stances, and dried fruits and vegetables  
are especially adapted for the purpose.  
Of late the War Department has been  
experimenting with products of this  
kind; it has found them wholesome and  
in all respects desirable, and is likely  
to use them largely in future years.

White potatoes, carrots and sweet  
potatoes have been found particularly  
available for desiccation. The sweet  
potatoes are cut up into little cubes,  
while the white potatoes and carrots  
are sliced. When wanted for use, they  
have to be soaked in water before cook-  
ing them; as sold, they are supposed to  
be absolutely water free. What a sav-  
ing in weight and bulk they represent  
will be realized when it is understood  
that fresh white potatoes contain 80 per  
cent of water and fresh carrots 90 per  
cent.

Experiments have proved that the  
drying process causes no loss of nutri-  
ment and that the product furnishes a  
most valuable addition to the food of  
people who are unable to get fresh  
vegetables. The desiccated white po-  
tatoes are as rich in muscle-forming  
element as the best wheat flour, though  
consisting mainly of the starchy ma-  
terial which is so useful as fuel for the  
body machine. The same thing may  
be said of the carrots and sweet po-  
tatoes; but a notable fact is that dried  
eastern vegetables are richer in starch  
and poorer in muscle-forming material  
than those grown in California.

In a Garden.  
A Punch prodigal finds garden litera-  
ture so easy, compared with novel writ-  
ing, that he tries his hand to this ef-  
fect: "Close by the greenhouse, four  
feet from the gooseberries, and two-  
feet-six from the second-best honey-  
suckle, I have dotted in a clump of dan-  
delsions. Such brave flowers, so sturdy  
and self-reliant! Oddly enough, they  
have all turned out yellow with me.  
Why are none of them purple? Per-  
haps it is the soil."  
12 o'clock; "noon." In the quaint old  
Anglo-Saxon phrase, a sparrow has  
just hopped across the lettucees—a  
sweet little bird, with two eyes, two  
feet, and one beak. But the early  
worm has left some hours ago on press-  
ing business. Ah, dearest reader the  
saddest words in the language. Too  
late! Too late! Oh, the bitterness of  
it all. . . . But I must be brave.  
I must water the geraniums. (Plant  
out early in May, in a south aspect, and  
mulch freely.) Yes, I must water the  
geraniums. So do the pretty, insistent  
duties of life break in upon our most  
spiritual moods.

Too Literal.  
They seldom gave dinner parties, and  
what they gave were small. But they  
liked things done decently and in order,  
and generally had the best. On the in-  
fernoon of one of the little parties the  
host summoned the boy in buttons and  
said to him: "Now, John, you must be  
very careful how you hand round the  
wine."  
"Yes, sir."  
"These bottles with the black seals  
are the best and these with the red  
seals the inferior sherry. The best  
sherry is for after dinner; the inferior  
sherry you will hand around with the  
cock and soup. You understand—cock  
and inferior sherry after soup?"  
"Yes, sir, perfectly," responded the  
boy in buttons.

The evening came, and with it the  
guests. Everything went on swim-  
mingly till the boy went round the  
table asking each of the guests, "Cock  
or inferior sherry?"—London Tit-Bits.

The Troubles of Her's Williams.  
"De ways er providence," said  
Brother Dickey, "is past findin' out.  
Take Her's Williams, for instance: Fer  
six days en dat number er nights he  
constant prayed for rain, en w'en de  
rain come hit drownded de only mule  
he had en washed his house sideways;  
Den he lit in ter pray fer dry, en  
de sun shine so hot dat his co'nie  
wuz burnt ter a frazzle, en de new  
mule what he bayed on a credit wuz  
sunstroked, en what wuz lef er his  
house ketchef fire, en sence de water  
dried up he didn't have no way  
ter put it out. Den he got so mad he  
gone off in a corner ter swear in pri-  
vate, en de preacher, comin' dat way,  
hearin' 'im swearin' en had 'im up befo'  
a seshual committee, en turned 'im out  
de church! En de las' time I seen 'im  
he wuz settin' in de place whar his  
house use ter be readin' er de book of  
Job!—Athlanta Constitution.

Chinaman's New God.  
I asked a Chinaman the other day  
what they would do now, as the idols  
were getting so scarce. What would  
they worship? "Mexican dollars," he  
replied, without a moment's hesitation;  
"and," he added, "it's genuine worship,  
too, mister."—North China Herald.



Hark—Why does that old cow of  
yours look at me so closely when I  
pass?  
Greta—She may suspect you are one  
of her long lost children.

A Real Calamity.  
The Father—You have rescued my  
daughter from drowning, sir. What  
shall be your reward?  
The Stranger—Don't mention it. I'll  
send you a bill. I'm a specialist from  
New York.  
"Good heavens! I'm ruined."—Life.

A Sense of Fitness.  
Lady of the House—You needn't ask  
for a cup of coffee; our gas stove has  
been turned off for hours.  
Tramp—Coffee, madame, is out of the  
question. Have you any left-over sher-  
bet or yesterday's lemonade in the ice  
chest?—Detroit Free Press.

In the Year 2300  
"I tell you this literary controversy  
is becoming fierce."  
"What literary controversy?"  
"Why, over the question which was  
the best advertised novel of the twen-  
tieth century."—Puck.

Microscopic Metaphysics.  
Mrs. Hoyle—I can read my husband  
like a book.  
Mrs. Hoyle—You must have good eyes  
to read such small type.—The Smart  
Set.

His Admission.  
"I hear that you are engaged, Gold-  
throp," said Sterlingworth. "Is it time  
for congratulations?"  
"Well, I won't acknowledge that,"  
replied the happy young man, "but I'm  
about to confer upon a certain young  
lady the right to select my neckties for  
me."

Of No Consequence.  
Husband—You are as gloomy as an  
owl. Sulking because I can't get you  
that new bonnet, I suppose.  
Wife—No, I was only going over  
some old letters, that's all. It's nothing  
of importance. Only a bit of the blues.  
"What letters?"  
"Love letters."  
"Some I received."  
"Oh, mine, eh?"  
"No, some I received before I met  
you. It's of no consequence. None  
at all. How is your cold?"—New York  
Weekly.

To Avoid a Train.  
"Feeling blue, are you, Mr. Light-  
wayne?" said Miss Jimplecute, sympa-  
thetically. "You ought to do something  
to occupy your mind."  
"I don't mean," she added, after a  
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hard at anything."—Somerville Journal.

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moment, "that you ought to work very  
hard at anything."—Somerville Journal.

Highly Colored Reply.  
Howdier—Say, old man, what makes  
your nose so red?  
Rowdier—It's blushing for all the  
other noses that go poking into their  
people's business."—Philadelphia Rec-  
ord.

Philosophical.  
Here the man married; for he was  
aware of working.  
"A better half is better than no loaf  
at all," he observed, not unphilosophi-  
cally.

As Regards Age.  
"Her fiancé? He looks old enough  
to know better."  
"Appearance is deceptive. He is,  
in fact, only old enough to be her  
father."

The Poor Carthorse.  
Patron—On what plan is this meal  
served?  
Walter—A la carte, sir.  
Patron—A la carte, eh? That ac-  
counts for this steak. It's horse meat,  
sure.—Philadelphia Press.

Untrustworthy.  
"But Jones gave you his word, didn't  
he?" said Frisbie.  
"Yes," replied Perkaste, "but I don't  
like to take Jones' word. He won't  
ever keep it himself."

Out of Politics.  
He—This author should be ashamed  
of himself. A married man, too!  
His Wife—What does he say?  
He—He says that a man's wife "gazed  
at him in speechless astonishment."  
Why, such a thing is unknown in matri-  
mony!—Tit-Bits.

A Hustler.  
Madge—Why did she insist on going  
to South Dakota to spend the honey-  
moon?  
Marjorie—So that in case they failed  
to agree the month could be counted in  
with the time necessary to secure a re-  
sidence when she sued for a divorce.—  
Judge.

Beating Dame Nature.  
Drummer—It just bents all. I'm  
traveling in a umbrella house, and every  
place I've struck has been suffering  
from drought.  
Inventor—I am traveling with a rain-  
producing apparatus, and every town  
I've struck was knee-deep in mud.  
Drummer—I say, let's travel to-  
gether.—New York Weekly.

Recognized the Breed.  
Hark—Why does that old cow of  
yours look at me so closely when I  
pass?  
Greta—She may suspect you are one  
of her long lost children.

A Model Nice Boy.  
"First of all," said the merchant to  
the youthful applicant, "we'll have to  
test your ability as a whistler. Sup-  
pose you try."  
"I'm sorry, sir," said the boy, "but  
I can't whistle at all."  
"Hang up your hat," cried the mer-  
chant, promptly, "you're the boy we're  
looking for."—Philadelphia Press.

Proof Conclusive.  
Lida's new pictures flatter her like  
everything.  
"Why, I thought you hadn't seen  
them?"  
"I haven't; but she told me she had  
ordered four dozen."—Philadelphia  
Bulletin.

Widening the Breach.  
"I wish you and May would become  
friends again," said the would-be  
peacemaker.  
"Well," said Fay, "if she'll make up,  
I will."  
"I told her you had said that, and  
she said: 'The idea! It's easy for her.  
I never saw her when she wasn't made  
up.'"—Philadelphia Press.

The Right Man.  
First Politician—Well, they're going  
to nominate Mr. Miller. Has he a clean  
record?  
Second Politician—Clean as a whistle.  
Never was known to refuse a cash of-  
fer.—Life.

Would Carry Conviction.  
Prisoner—Wouldn't it be better to let  
me tell my own story? Don't you think  
it would be believed?  
Lawyer—That's just the trouble. It  
would carry conviction.—Philadelphia  
Record.

Could Stand the Loss.  
A moneyed man of Detroit was sur-  
prised to receive a call from a rather  
seedy-looking chap—an entire stranger  
—the other day. Having satisfied the  
guards that he was not a book agent,  
he was allowed to enter and state his  
business, which he had insisted, in or-  
der to gain admittance, was import-  
ant.

"Well, sir," said the wealthy man,  
expectantly, as the worthy stepped in.  
"Why," was the unabashed reply.  
"I'd like you to endorse this note for  
me."  
The man of money examined the note  
critically, as he observed: "Why do you  
come to me? I don't know you from  
Adam. Why don't you go to some one  
you know?"  
"Well," was the cool reply, "I came  
to you because I knew you could stand  
the loss better than anyone else I know  
of."  
The millionaire endorsed the note,  
after securing the name of the nerve-  
tonic his caller is using.—Detroit Free  
Press.

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