AN HUMBLE EFFORT.

De ol' leaf hung upon de tree
When summer days was pas',
"I guess," says he, "it's up to me,
I's all dat's lef' at las';
De blue and red of de posy bed
Is fadin' fas' away.
I nebber 'mounted to much," he said,
"But I's all dat's lef' to-day."

An' de gold and scarlet handsomeness
Dat he done hang out dat day,
Dey kind of lessened our distress
Foh the flowers dat went away.
An' we didn't chide him, wif joys so few
An' say dat he wan't no good;
But we kinder thanked him, jes' a few,
Foh doin' de bes' he could.
—Washington Star.

TONIETTA'S QUESL.

I SHALL go to America! All Americans are rich! Why need we starve here, when plenty is waiting?" the angry words rang ever in little Tonietta's ear, and she could shut her eyes and see again the father stern and forbidding; the mother, pleading and tearful, and the handsome, dark-eyed brother, who had gone from their door in far-away Italy, that summer's day, and from whom they had heard no tidings.

That was long years ago, before they, too, had come to America, this land of golden promise, in search of him. Tonietta had been but a babe then; now she was quite a little woman. And Mariano, the lost one, would be 20 years old, a man, indeed. At first they had looked eagerly into every boyish face they met, sure that they would soon find him. But the days grew into weeks, the weeks into months, and now the months had counted off one whole year, and still no trace of him. They had questioned their countrymen wherever they went, but it was always the same doubtful shaking of the head, and some had even laughed. It was like searching for a grain of sand upon the ocean's shore. Even were he in this great, crowded, bustling New York, it was a hopeless task. And then the little sad-faced mother began to lose even the slender thread of hope to which she had clung so long, and sometimes she would say, "My Mariano is dead. I

"WHY DO YOU SING THAT SONG? WHO ARE YOU?"

know he is dead!" then fall to weeping *bitterly*.

The little fruit store which the father had placed on the corner of a busy street was doing fairly well, and they might have been so happy had it not been for this dark day cloud that hung over them, and each grew darker; for soon the sad-faced mother lost all pride in the pretty cottage she had loved so well. She no longer sat before the door, with busy needle flashing in and out some snowy linen, but with hands folded idly before her she watched all day down the busy street, or wandered aimlessly about the little garden-plot, humming over and over again a plaintive Italian lullaby:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesora,
Vi mio d'amor, parla ancora!

"Dear mamma, why do you sing the same little song?" Tonietta would ask.

"Because it is the one my Mariano loved best of all," the mother would reply. "If he is out there in the great world, I am sure its sweetness will some day reach his heart and bring him back to me."

It was but the foolish fancy of the yearning mother-love, perhaps, yet who can say that a kind heaven did not send it? And then there came an evening when little Tonietta, from her seat on the tiny doorstep, heard one from a group of kindly neighbors, who had paused before the gate, say pityingly:

"Poor woman! She is breaking her heart for the son that was lost. She will surely lose her mind unless he is restored to her, and it is more than likely that he has gone back to Italy."

"To Italy! To Italy!" the little girl started to her feet. Ah, why had she not thought of that before. "To Italy!" Yes! yes! It must be so, for he had said he would come again, when he was rich like the rest of the Americans; and she must go to-morrow and tell him that the little mother wanted him—so so badly, and he must come home with her, and then they would all be happy once more.

Her childish mind had forgotten all the long ocean voyage, and she could hardly wait next morning until the tiny lunch basket, which she always carried to kindergarten, was packed, and she could start. She had made up her mind not to tell her secret. It was to be her own, until the happy moment when she would return, leading her brother by the hand. She took from its place on the clock-shelf the little iron bank where she had hoarded all her savings, shook out a handful of pennies, then kissed her mother fondly and started on her journey. At the corner she climbed into a waiting car, and when the kind-faced conductor paused before her, she held out the little brown hand "To Italy, please," she said.

"To Italy?" he asked, in wonder. Then, "Oh, you mean Little Italy; but that's just 5 cents. You mustn't give me all your money."

And then she sat, with her great eyes very wide at the strange sights and sounds as they whirled swiftly away across the great city. She had never been so far from home before, so it was all new. At last the conductor came again.

"Here you are, little one," he said, as the car came to a stop. "Better run right home to your mother," for he thought, of course that she lived here in the Italian quarter, or Little Italy, as it is called.

For just one moment the little girl hesitated and looked about her, half-frightened at the noisy, crowded street, but in the thought of the sorrowing mother at home all fear was forgotten and bravely she started on her tramp. Ah, the terrors of that weary day and of the weary days that were to follow. Patiently she wandered through the busy streets singing over and over again the little lullaby that was to bring him back to them:

O, che cari l'adora, che 'il mio tesora,
Vi mio d'amor, parla ancora!

Each evening she returned, so tired she could scarcely drag her weary feet, but with the morning hope and courage came again and the thought, "Surely to-day I must find him."

Passers-by wondered at the strange child who sang over and over again the same little song. The kind-faced conductor greeted her each day with a questioning smile, but Tonietta did not heed, for she thought only of her strange quest, and of the poor little mother who was growing paler and paler, until she was but a frail shadow of her former self. Very often a mist would come before the child's dark eyes and sobs would drown the faltering tones, but she could not give up. She must find her brother. It meant so much to them all. And it was through her tears, at last, that she saw him, although she did not know. It was the faltering tones that made him start from his seat on the door-step, where he sat, heartsick and alone, gazing before him into a future that was dark indeed.

"Why do you sing that song? Who are you? What is your name?"

He caught her arm almost fiercely. Tonietta drew back in alarm. She had been looking for a handsome, well-dressed, happy Mariano, yet here, a ragged, sad-faced boy bent over her, a boy with a "something" in his dark eyes that made her answer, in spite of her fright, "My name is Tonietta. It is the little mother's song."

"My little mother! My little sister!" he cried. "Ah, Tonietta, don't you know me? Am I so changed?"

"Mariano! My brother!" She flung her arms about his neck and almost sobbed for joy. "Come—you must come home with me, for the little mother is waiting for us."—Detroit Free Press.

UNINVENTED INVENTIONS.

Great Problems for Which Solution Is Eagerly Sought.

Every home and workshop teems with profitable suggestions to the man with open eyes and mind, says a writer in Everybody's Magazine.

The fortunes of Mr. Carnegie, the Rockefellers, the Armours and all their associates were founded on just such observations. The cost of refining kerosene oil is paid to -day from the despised sludge acid which used to foul our rivers and harbors. The old waste of the slaughter houses brings in as much to-day as the flesh of the animals killed.

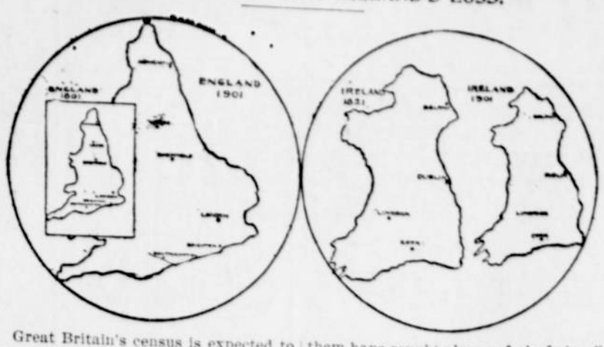
Nature has waste products still waiting for use. Prairie wire grass is one of these. It is now made into handsome furniture and furnishings. Cornstalk pith is made into fillings for warships' hulls, to close watertight the holes made by an enemy.

Find a substitute for the elastic Para rubber and your fortune is made. Celluloid and oxdized linseed oil are fair substitutes for some purposes, but nothing has yet been found that possesses the true elastic properties of rubber from Para. There is still "nothing like leather" for shoes, but the inventor may find a substitute to his profit.

The automobilist is waiting anxiously for a satisfactory power to drive his carriage. The same power would solve the vexed question of cross-town cars in New York. The Metropolitan Street Railway Company is spending thousands in experimenting with compressed air and storage battery cells, but these are only makeshifts. Steam railroads need a similar power to operate independent cars for suburban service.

Liquid air and acetylene gas both offer new fields for the inventor. Although liquid air can be made for perhaps 5 cents a gallon, as yet not a single commercial use has been found for it. Mr. Pictet, of Geneva, a pioneer in the liquefying of gases, has proposed to use the process for separating the nitrogen and oxygen of the air, and marketing each of these for special purposes. A factory in New York has the same objects in view. Carbonic acid gas, frozen out of the atmosphere, would also be a product of the process.

ENGLAND'S GAIN AND IRELAND'S LOSS.



Great Britain's census is expected to show a total population in England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales of 42,000,000. This expectation is based upon the average decennial rate of increase shown during the last half of the century. The figures contrasting the population of these divisions of the empire a century ago and as estimated to-day is interesting:

	1801.	1901.
England (including Wales)	9,334,549	33,000,000
Ireland (first counted in 1821)	6,801,827	4,250,000
Scotland	1,608,420	4,350,000

Most remarkable showing of all—if one excepts the decline of Irish population—is the gain of London, first city in the world in size and financial power. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the imperial city had a population of 864,845. This has grown to more than 6,200,000 at the beginning of the twentieth century.

The rate of increase in most of the divisions of the empire have steadily declined since 1850, and the rate of loss in Ireland has also fallen correspondingly, a hopeful sign for the Emerald Isle. The losses are due almost entirely to emigration. In the case of the English emigrants the colonies have been the gainers mainly. Most of the Irish who left their island have come to America to make homes, though a considerable number of the millions who have put the dust of Erin behind them have sought places of abode in all the far portions of the world drawn under the protection of the British flag.

The population of London, roughly speaking, doubles itself every four decades. In 1801, out of every ten people in England and Wales one person lived in London. To-day one out of every seven persons in England and Wales lives in London. This growth, it is scarcely needful to point out, has not taken place in central London, where the population has been diminishing by about one-twelfth in each of the last three decades. The increase is in the suburbs, where the small house never ceases to encroach and multiply. In the central area, which includes the districts of St. George's, Hanover Square, Westminster, Marylebone, St. Giles', the Strand, Holborn, the City, Shoreditch, Whitechapel and St. George's-in-the-East, the number of houses which cease to be inhabited, or are transferred to the category of "houses not occupied at night," amounts to more than 1,000 each year."

The fourteen largest provincial towns in England—Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Leeds, Sheffield, Bristol, Nottingham, Bradford, Hull, Newcastle, Salford, Leicester, Oldham and Portsmouth—do not amount in joint population to the figures of London, even if the growing Outer Ring of suburbs be excluded.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Eccentric Poet and Playwright, with Impressive Personality.

In the death of Robert Buchanan in London, the career of an eccentric poet, novelist and playwright came to a close and a man of impressive personality was removed from the world of letters.

ROBT. BUCHANAN.

Mr. Buchanan was of pure Scotch descent and was born at Caverswall August 18, 1841. He was educated at Glasgow University, graduating when 19 years of age. Immediately he determined upon a literary career and went to London. Three years later he produced his first volume, which was well received. Soon he became one of the most voluminous of authors, poems, novels, plays and criticisms coming from his pen in startling profusion. His writings ranged from the very good to the very bad, but his successes were more frequent than the failures. His dramatic ventures were almost without exception most pleasing to the public, his success being attained by clever anticipation of the popular taste. His career marked him as a man of rugged force and honesty who, from excellent and even lofty motives, was continually blundering into indiscretions which drew ridicule upon him.

In America he became known principally by reason of his championing Walt Whitman and calling America to account for its failure to recognize and crown the "good gray poet" as its representative genius. The letter, which was widely discussed, was resented not only by the American public but by Whitman himself.

WILL BE USED AS A HOSPITAL.

San Francisco Mansion of the Late Collis P. Huntington.

The San Francisco mansion of the late Collis P. Huntington, which is soon to be converted into a charity hospital by gift of Mrs. Huntington, stands on Nob Hill, the aristocratic residence place of the town, in a cluster of houses the owners of which are known to fame as California's wealthiest men. The Huntington house is a three-story residence, occupying an entire block. It is built of marble, and its simple stately appearance gives it a charm which attaches to very few of the palaces of California's millionaires. Its color is pure white and its general architectural plan is modeled after the Pitti Palace in Italy. Its neighbors are the house of the late Charles Crocker, of Mrs. Hopkins-Searles, the Flood mansion and the old home of Governor Stanford.

THE HUNTINGTON MANSION.

Laughs of European Nations.

An American traveler in Europe remarks the Italian laugh is languid but musical, the German as deliberate, the French as spasmodic and uncertain, the upper class English as guarded and not always genuine, the lower class English as explosive, the Scotch of all classes as hearty and the Irish as rollicking.

Cost of Printing Bank Notes.

It costs almost exactly a cent apiece to print Bank of England notes.

Science AND Invention

The American Museum of Natural History in New York has recently secured specimens of the huge Alaskan moose, which is described as the largest representative of the deer tribe. It is larger than the moose of Maine and Canada, darker in color, and possessed of much larger antlers.

Experiments with transparent tubes made of vitrified quartz show that they possess many remarkable advantages over glass tubes. They can be plunged suddenly into an oxy-gas flame without injury, as their substance remains practically solid up to a temperature of 2700 degrees Fahrenheit. They do not break if plunged into cold water, or even into liquid air. It is believed that such tubes can be employed for thermometers intended to measure very high temperatures, tin, or some other metal, in a molten state, being substituted for the mercury of ordinary thermometers.

A curious preference of certain pigeons for the use of metallic objects in building their nests is noted by M. Maurice Dusolier in the Revue Scientifique. He asserts that several pairs of these birds that he has observed in Paris have raised their young in nests made entirely of hairpins. These articles they collected in the paths of the Luxembourg. The young pigeons grew up normally as they would in a softer nest. M. Dusolier believes that there is a useful suggestion in this for pigeon fanciers, who are often overanxious, he thinks, to see that their charges have soft material for their nests.

From the known latitude of a station it is possible to calculate the number of hours that the sun is above the horizon during a year. The observations at the various stations of the United States weather bureau give the actual number of sunlit hours. A comparison of the two numbers gives the percentage of sunlit hours at the station. From the last report of the bureau the following data are selected: Chicago has 53 per cent; Atlanta, 53 per cent; Baltimore, 66 per cent; Boston, 52 per cent; Buffalo, 54 per cent; Charleston, 55 per cent; Indianapolis, 49 per cent; New Orleans, 49 per cent; New York, 52 per cent; Philadelphia, 58 per cent; St. Louis, 62 per cent; Washington, D. C., 58 per cent.

R. J. Stordy, an authority in veterinary science, urges the domestication of the zebra as a beast of burden in British East Africa and the Uganda protectorates, where these animals exist in enormous numbers. The zebra is immune to the poison of the tsetse fly, and Mr. Stordy predicts that if the British Government should undertake a scheme of domestication a supply of trained zebras would soon be available not only for service in Africa, but for army transport work at home and in India. Adult zebras are domesticated with great difficulty, but by confining the animals in large kraals and selecting only the young for training, it is believed that the object could readily be attained.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S TALE.

How a Chance Word Spoiled a Promising Hold-Up.

An individual of somewhat shabby exterior, but whose every movement betrayed the fact that he had once been able to pay for a 50-cent dinner, was walking along the highway at night with his shoes in his hand and the moonlight whispering through his hair when an object suddenly sprang out of the bushes and cried at him:

"Avaunt—that is, stop in your tracks! Your money or your life!"

The object was a young and tender man and there was grace in the way he swung a cudgel around his head.

"Just repeat that first word again, will you?" asked the traveler, as he leaned up against a huckleberry bush.

"Avaunt! Blood! S'death!"

"I thought it had the old familiar sound. Romeo, how art thou?"

"Busted all to smash. And how fares it with thee?"

"Stone broke. I was the leading man in the Great Hot Wave Comedy company."

"And I the heavy in the Sea of Ice Dramatic Strollers. It's our third bust this summer."

"Same here. Dost fare to New York to try again?"

"'Tis so. Nothing can discourage true talent."

"Then let us fare together and if, perchance, we come across the juvenile of our company, who had two plunks when I saw him last, we will cry halt and despoil him to our betterment."

GERMAN ETIQUETTE.

The People Are Great Sticklers for the Dignity of Station.

The visitor in Germany is often embarrassed by the superfluity of titles, which seem to be showered indiscriminately. The Germans are great sticklers for the dignity of station, and William H. Dawson in "German Life in Town and Country" shows how actions of law have been instituted because of the withholding of titles rightfully acquired.

Mr. A. must be spoken of as Mr. Court Councilor A., Dr. B. as Mr. Privy Councilor Prof. Dr. B. And wives must share their husbands' privileges, and be addressed as Mrs. Court Councilor A. and Mrs. Privy Councilor B.

The English "reverend" has no equivalent, but the clergyman becomes Mr. Pastor So and So. Mr. Brown, the editor, is addressed as Mr. Editor Brown, and on the same principle we have Mr. Stamp-Collector Jones, Mr. Postmaster Robinson, Mr. Road-Inspector Smith, and so on.

You address a lady whom you know but slightly as "Gracious lady" or "Gracious mademoiselle," as she may be married or single. "Obedient servant" is still a gallant greeting where the acquaintance is slight or where a lady is saluted; and it should be remembered that to salute first in public is not the prerogative of the German lady.

The superficial side of courtesy as seen in letter-writing is simply allowed to run riot. Here is the beginning of an official letter which a person of educated rank may any day receive, to his lasting edification:

"To his highly well-born Herr Doctor (for the doctor may be taken for granted). The undersigned permits himself devotedly to inform your highly well-born self that your honored writing has received, and so forth." And the writer may in conclusion assure the highly well-born recipient of his "most excellent high esteem," and subscribe himself as "highly respectful and most obedient."

Most people insist on receiving the exact degree of respect which they deem to be due to their position, as the pronouncement of a Berlin jury indicates. A lady accused a tradesman of an intended insult in that he had only signed himself in a letter "Most humbly" and not "Respectfully and most humbly," and the court took the complainant's view and fined the offender.

NOVEL REQUISITE IN SAILORS.

Those Who Can Sing or Dance Gets the Best Berths.

"Can you sing or dance?" was the astonishing question asked of a young man who was trying to ship as a sailor on a lumber schooner bound for a long trip on the lakes.

"What's that got to do with my ability as a sailor?" the young man gasped in reply, overcome by the novelty of the question. "I can furl, reef and steer; isn't that enough?"

"Not much," was the mate's answer. "Our lake trips are long, and not very exciting. Sailors are a lot of grumblers under the best of conditions, and I make it a practice to have one or two men in my crew who can entertain them."

"I'm no vaudeville star," asid the young man as he walked away in disgust.

"I think the idea came to the lakes from the coast of Australia," said the mate in reply to a question by a Chicago Inter Ocean man. "In the South seas no man can ship before the mast unless he is blessed with dramatic instinct. He must be able to sing a song or do a dance, in addition to being able to do all the work that sailors are called upon to do. Well, it isn't as bad as that on the Atlantic Ocean. It is possible for a man to get a job on the tramp steamers and on the liners without being a vaudeville star, but here on the lakes the more you know about songs and dances the better chance you stand of getting your name written on the sailing list, and later on the trip of getting some of the mate's vocabulary of profanity. Take the lumber, the ore, and the grain carriers. They don't go very fast, and the men have to have something to pass away the time. There is nothing that goes better on shipboard than a song or a dance, and the better article of these you can furnish the better sailor you are.

"The songs that are sung? Well, now, you might think that the sailors don't know good songs when they hear them, but they do. I've heard hymns sung without anybody getting killed, and the high-class songs from the vaudeville houses never get hissed. Songs with 'mother' in them are always a go, and you can't give sailors too much of the song of the sea. The old sea ballads are always good, and if you ever go sailing and want a first-class berth, tell them you can sing and dance. It will certainly help you get the job."

VERY METHODICAL.

Only Thing She Forgot When Going on Journey Was Her Ticket.

The young woman was getting ready to go for a short trip, and was holding forth to some friends, as she made her arrangements upon "the way to travel without luggage."

"I'm very methodical, you know," she remarked airily, "and I do congratulate myself that there are few feminine creatures who have the science of packing down to as fine a point as myself." With this she wrapped her toothbrush up in a bit of white paper, secured it with elastic bands and tucked it in her shirt waist. Then she put three or four extra handkerchiefs in the crown of her hat, donned it and pronounced herself ready to start.

"I feel as if I had forgotten something," she said, pausing at the door to give a backward glance into the room.

"Your purse?" asked one solicitous friend.

"No, I have that," replied the young woman.

"A book to read on the train?" "Surely not your box of chocolates?" "Not your veil?" chorused the others.

No, the woman had these, but all the way down to the trolley car she was oppressed with the idea that, despite her boasted experience as a traveler, she had left something behind. As soon as she entered the station and found that she had but three minutes in which to make her train, she remembered what it was.

"I've forgotten my ticket!" she gasped.

"Now you haven't," asked the man with her, disgustedly.

"I have, indeed!" she wailed. "I bought it yesterday, so I wouldn't have any trouble, and now I've come away and forgotten it, and I'll have to take the next train, which will put me in my town at midnight, and I think it's a great pity that some one couldn't have thought enough to ask me whether I had it or not, for goodness knows it's more important than chocolates, and everybody remembered them. I hope you'll have more consideration hereafter."

Then she paused for breath, and as the man only laughed immoderately she rode all the way home in scornful silence. But when she went to the station the next time she had her ticket clasped firmly in one hand and she yielded it reluctantly even to the gatekeeper.

Giving a Lucid Explanation.

"John," she said, "what do you men do at a stag party?"

He was thoughtful for a moment before replying.

"Well, Maria," he said at last, "you know what you women do at a sewing society meeting?"

"Yes."

"Well, what we do at a stag party is just about as different from that as it well can be."

"Oh!" was her somewhat puzzled exclamation.—Chicago Post.

The man who wants only one side of the story is a funny creature.

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DOINGS HERE AND THERE.

Jokes and Jokelets that Are Supposed to Have Been Recently Born—Sayings and Doings that Are Old, Curious and Laughable—The Week's Humor.

Warwick—Now, on what basis do the powers ascertain the indemnity China is to pay each of them?

Wickwire—Well, as near as I can make out they charge about $500 for every Chinaman they killed.—Puck.

There Are Others.

He—Why, the professor has spent years investigating sun spots.

She—Goodness! And people say women are inquisitive!—Puck.

No Harm Done.

She—Papa has had some trouble with the gas company, and they have threatened to turn off the gas.

He—How unfortunate.

She—Yes, but I told him it didn't make any difference to me.

Weary's Latest.

Weary—Don't you remember a lovely, blue-eyed, curly headed little chump wot you uster kiss and give pie to some years ago? Well, I'm him.

Mashed.

"Why is it," complained the German Fried Potato, "that you are more generally esteemed than I am?"

"Perhaps it is because all the world loves a lover!" replied the Mashed Potato, being more modest than logical.

An Advance in Art.

"Mrs. Dash, what is your club doing to help beautify the city?"

"Oh, we are working hard to get the clothing houses to use the word 'trousers' instead of 'pants' in their advertisements."

Everything Goes.

Little Willie—Say, pa, what does "carte blanche" mean?

Pa—It is a term used to explain the actions of a man who has $50 in his pocket and his wife is spending a week in the country.

Before They Ripen.

Sue Brett—Where did you spend your vacation?

Ham Lett—In the country.

Sue Brett—Have a good time?

Ham Lett—Sure. It was a genuine pleasure to find a place where there were only fresh eggs.

Says Mr. Sourdrop.

"Yes, it's mostly bill and coo during the honeymoon," growled Mr. Sourdrop, helping himself to the best piece of chicken, "but after that I've noticed that it is pretty nearly all bill."

Whereupon the young dry goods clerk was seen to look thoughtfully in the direction of the school teacher.—Baltimore American.

Slightly Changed.

Catherine—Did you ever see "lovers' row" in Lincoln Park?

Grace—Oh, yes.

Catharine—Well, George and I quarreled there.

Grace—Then it must have been lovers' row.

"Oh! how bitter it is to sell newspapers when me soul is a-cryin' fer art!"

It Was a "Not."

"Why do you wear a lover's knot as a scarfpin?" asked Mrs. Hardcastle of her bald and cranky bachelor brother.

"Because I am not a lover," replied he, snappishly.

Fulfillment.

He—These beastly summer hotels!

She—I know it! What did we ever leave home for, any way?

"Well, we wanted the debt and the unrest."—Life.

Troubles and Trials.

"I tell you, sir," said the clergyman, "the trouble lies in the fact that we have too many lawyers."

"There is where you are away off," remarked the judge. "The real trouble is due to the fact that there aren't half enough clients."—Chicago News.

Pleasant Anticipation.

Overheard at Atlantic City:

"My vacation ends to-morrow."

"What a relief it must be to be able to go back to the office and take a rest."—Philadelphia Record.

Their Advantage.

"But," said the young mosquito, "is not man much stronger than we?"

"He is," responded the fond parent; "but we may venture to attack him on account of our superior mobility.—Puck.

The Glamour of Effort.

Julia—Julius, why don't you try to get something to do?

Julius—I have tried; but even when I try and fail I feel such a virtuous glow that it unfits me to try again for a long, long time.

Some Grounds.

"What's wrong with the expression, 'tempest in a teapot?'"

"It is not true to fact. Now, if it were 'tempest in a coffee pot' there'd be some grounds for it."—Philadelphia Times.

Doesn't Seem Possible.

Girls are more or less peculiar,
And something's wrong with the miss
Who really means it when she says
That she doesn't care for a kiss.

Dead Silence.

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

"No, ma'am," was the reply; "not even a message saying that the fire is out!"

Everybody Against Him.

"Mr. Boobleby isn't very popular, is he?"

"No. The poor fellow seems to have fewer friends than a fat man in a crowded street car."—Harper's Bazar.

His Condition.

Willy Littleboy—Papa, what is a czar?

Papa—A czar, my son, is a Russian potentate almost entirely surrounded by assassins.

Life's Little Frictions.

"Are you getting ready for winter?"

"Oh, yes; we've had our last scrap with the iceman, and have begun to quarrel with the coal man."

An Energetic Plea.

She—You don't put much fervor into the love letters you write me.

He—Don't I? Well, perhaps I used myself up on that love letter I had to write your father.

Adulterated.

"They say that apple butter is adulterated a great deal now," said Mrs. Cumso.

"Yes, much of it is only apple butterine," added Mrs. Cawker.

The King's English.

"They say that Edward VII. is very careful of his speech and often corrects an error in language made by others."

"Well, he is the natural guardian of the king's English, you know."

Long Distance Cheer.

There's comfort in autumn—let joy have its fling—
With winter before us we're headed for spring.

Wild Western Buffalo Ways.

Dick—See anything new at the Pan-Am?

Tom—Yes; the restaurant waiter brought ice for my iced tea in the palm of his hand.

"Bobby, I'm surprised. This note from your teacher says you're the last boy in a class of twenty-one."

"Well, it could be worser."

"I don't see how."

"It might have been a bigger class."

Beyond His Reach.

Harry—Did you hear about thaw tewwible fix I was in?

Gussie—No, dear boy.

Harry—You know my shirt waist buttons down thaw back, and when my bloomin' valet went out and got intoxicated I had to sit up all night.—Chicago News.

Disturbed Slumbers.

"Where are you going?"

"I am going to notify the police not to pay any attention to noises emanating from our boarding house to-night."

"What's up?"

"Why, we had Welsh rarebit for supper and every boarder is bound to have the nightmare before midnight."

Envy.

Jimmy—Say, Billy, some spiders have a dozen eyes.

Billy—Gee! I'd like to be a spider on baseball days. I could cover every knothole in the fence.

Great Uncertainty.

"But how are we going to leave town?" anxiously inquired the tragedian, after he had learned that there were no railroads.

"Well, that depends on the show," responded Amber Pete. "If the boys get their money's worth you'll ride on the coach; if they don't, you'll ride on a rail."

An Experienced Bean.

Jimmy—Look! Dere goes Mamie Mulberry with Nibsy Murphy, an' she's hangin' on his arm fer dear life. D' yer s'pose she's doin' dat ter show she loves him?

Petey—Naw; it's ten ter one she's doin' it ter make him feel foolish.—Puck.

Smile Gave Her Away.

Mistress—Did Mrs. Brown leave any message when you told her I was out, Norah?

Servant—No, mum; she didn't say anything, but she looked kind o' pleased like.—Boston Herald.

Gen. De Wet's Ancestors.

The Dutch antiquarian Peter van Meuvs gives some information about the De Wet family. It appears that the most eminent predecessor of the famous military leader in the South African "Orange-Vrystatt" was a painter of considerable note in his day. Jacobus Willems De Wet lived in Haarlem at the end of the 16th century and the beginning of the 17th. The name of the artist stands first in the family registers of the old Kaapland families. A Jacobus De Wet, his descendant and namesake, settled on the River Liesbeck in South Africa, where he married a Jesina Pretorius, and died there in 1711, leaving five children.

Soap for Cancer.

If we are to believe J. H. Webb, M. R. C. S., England, who has made a statement to the Intercolonial Medical Journal of Australia, the cure for cancer is to be found in a very simple remedy. He has made some experiments upon cancer patients. He asserts that they have been cured, and that the agent in this recovery has been soap!—Sanitary Record.