

WHEN LOVE PASSED BY.

I was busy with my sowing. When Love passed by. "Come," she cried, "give o'er thy tilling; For thy soil thou hast but moiling; Follow me, where merrily I tread, Bloom unsway with rose and myrtle, Laughing to the sky; Laugh for joy the thousand flowers, Birds and brooks—the laughing hours All unnoted by."

Cupid on Runners

LITTLEWOOD PHILLIPS had been in love with Mildred Farrington for two years, ever since he first met her at the Hallowells' card party. He had no good reason to doubt that his love was returned, yet so fearful was he that he had misread her feelings, so much did he dread her refusal of his suit, that he had never hinted that she was more to him than any of the girls he had met at the church socials and card parties in Newington. Innumerable chances for a declaration of love had offered themselves, for he was a regular caller at the Farrington mansion, but he was no nearer the goal of his desires to-day than he had been when Cupid first aimed his dart at him.

So matters stood when a snowfall that brought sleighing in its wake visited Newington, and Littlewood became conscious of the fact that he had actually asked Miss Farrington to take a ride with him. Of course he must perform bring matters to a crisis now. He was afraid that Judge Farrington would be asking his intentions and it would be humiliating to have such a question come before he could refer him to the girl for an answer. No, beyond a doubt he must pluck up courage enough to ask her to be his wife or else cease calling upon her—an alternative that chilled his heart.

Littlewood handed Miss Farrington into the sleigh, stepped in himself, tucked in the robes, and chirruped to the horse. That intelligent animal did not move. A flush of mortification o'erspread the face of the would-be lover. A balky horse, and at the start! What chance would he have to deliver his precious message. He spoke again to the horse, but it stood still. "You might unhitch him, Mr. Phillips. That would help," said Mildred, in her sweet voice.

"Oh, yes—to be sure. I must have tied him. I—think I did hitch him." "There seems to have been a hitch somewhere," she answered. The frosty night seemed to have set a seal upon her lips, for as they sped over the crunching snow and left the town behind them she was silent.

"I must have offended her. I've probably made a break of some kind," said Littlewood to himself. "How unfortunate. But I must tell her to-night. It is now or never. This afternoon is too marked to pass as mere courtesy of the winter season. She knows I never took anybody but my mother sleigh riding before."

Then began a process of nerving himself to the awful "Mildred." And then he stopped. He had never called her Mildred before. "I have something of the greatest importance to say to you."

Did he imagine it, or did she nestle closer to him? He must have been mistaken, and to show that he was quite sure he edged away from her as much as the somewhat narrow confines of the sleigh would allow. "What do you wish to say, Mr. Phillips?" "Mildred! Mildred! Ah, then she was offended. To be sure, she had always called him that, but after his last remark it must have an added significance."

"I—do you like sleighriding?" "Why, of course, or else I wouldn't have come." "No, to be sure not. I—thought that was why you came." Mildred turned her brown eyes upon him. "I'm afraid I don't understand you."

That settled it. If she didn't understand him when he talked of nothing in particular, he must be blind in his utterance, and he could never trust his tongue to carry such a heavy freight as a declaration of love. No, there was nothing to do but postpone it. After all, her house was the best place for it. The night was ravishing, the sleigh bells jingled harmoniously, the horse swept on with steady, rhythmic stride, and under the influence of the sweet surroundings Mildred at last said pointedly: "Is it so that more people get engaged in winter than in summer? She blushed as she spoke. It was unmaidenly, but he was such a dear stupid. Now he would declare himself. But she did not know the capabilities for self-repression of her two-year admirer.

PRESIDENT DIAZ, WHOSE LABORS FOR PEACE REVEAL HIM AS A STATESMAN.



PRESIDENT PORFIRIO DIAZ of the United States of Mexico, who revealed himself anew as a statesman by the part he took in the Chilian peace compromise, is now in his seventy-third year, but is said to be possessed of a vigor and agility comparable with those of a man half his years. In the Pan-American congress, which compromised the Chilian objection to arbitration, the influence of President Diaz was powerful and fruitful. In all his strenuous labors with the Chilian delegates he was at one with the delegates from the United States. Although primarily the soldier and the man of camp and field, President Diaz has shown himself practically the very architect of Mexico's greatness as a nation, and while he is feared by the Mexicans he is loved by them likewise. His is the most stable of the Latin republics. For nearly twenty-five years he has ably and wisely guided the fortunes of his country, and his recent high endeavor for permanent peace in South and Central America are a notable testimonial to his sagacity and the soundness of his policies in general.

save for the hoots, and the runners, and the bells. "Oh, it wasn't of any importance. I meant it will keep. I—I was thinking of something else."

"I think you have gone far enough," said she innocently, looking over her shoulder in the direction of home. Maybe the return would loosen his obturate tongue.

"I think that we'd better go back," he said, and turned so quickly that he nearly upset the sleigh. "Your mother will be anxious?" "Yes, when one is accountable to one's mother one has to remember time. I suppose it is different when one is accountable to a—"

"Father?" said Littlewood stupidly. "No, that wasn't the word I wanted." "Aunt?" "Could Mildred love him if he gave many more such proofs of being an abject idiot? "No, husband is what I want."

Littlewood's brain swam. He had been tempted once too often. This naive girl had innocently played into his hands, and now the Rubicon must be crossed, even if its angry waters engulfed him.

"Pardon me, Miss—Mildred, if I twist your words into another meaning, but if you want a husband—do you think I would do?" A head nestled on his shoulder, a little hand was in his, and when he passed the Farrington mansion neither he nor she knew it.—Atlanta Constitution.

CARPET-WEAVING IN PERSIA. Finest Work Done by Boys from 8 to 12 Years Old. A replica of the famous carpet from the mosque of Ardabil, which is now preserved in the South Kensington museum, London, is being made at Tezpeh, Persia, the center of the carpet-making industry of that country. The flowering art of designing of this carpet are absolutely unique. A hand-painted design of the original has been furnished to the Persian weavers, and so skillfully is the work being carried out that it is stated by the English consul-general that when completed it will be equal in every respect to the original carpet, so faithfully is the work being reproduced, both with regard to coloring and detail.

The carpet is being woven by boys ranging from 8 to 12 years of age. They sit in tiered rows before their looms. Their method of procedure is to pull the wool from a reel suspended above their heads in their left hands and with a flat knife provided with a

crooked point in their right dash the thread with three movements through the web strings, hook it into the desired knot, cut off the surplus ends and start another knot. The work is carried out with such remarkable rapidity that it is almost impossible to follow the movements of the weaver. Before setting to work the weavers closely study the painted design which they have to reproduce and then depend entirely upon their memories to enable the work to be complete. Their memories are so reliable that it is very seldom that they will refer back to the painted design. When working upon time a complicated pattern the foreman of the loom—a boy about 14 years of age—walks up and down calling out in a curious monotone the number of stitches and the threads to be used.

Persian rugs and carpets are made by hand throughout, says the Scientific American, and none but vegetable or natural dyes are employed. It is to this fact that the longevity and durability of the Persian rugs are attributable, especially in connection with the colorings.

Garden Cities. A clever English writer has written a book setting forth the possible ideal for what he terms the future "garden city." He proposes an arrangement of a city's various types of activity in concentric circles—the outer circumference being the railroad lined with factories. Then would follow a belt of green, and within that the employe's houses. More strips of park and more houses alternate with churches and schools. The circle of retail stores is within these, and at the center a beautiful garden surrounded by the public buildings which serve the whole city, like the opera house, the library, the art museum, and the city hall. So attractive has this scheme proved that a garden city conference has been formed, and its annual sessions have brought together many prominent and forceful people. A few manufacturers have actually made a start toward the "garden city" ideal by taking their factories into the country and building up communities along new lines of topographical arrangement.

London's Underground Railways. The parliamentary committee having the matter in charge will sanction fifty miles additional underground railways within the limits of London. What has become of the old-fashioned man who chewed tobacco because it was good for his teeth?

WOMEN CARELESS IN DRESS. "Ventilation and sanitary dressing are two things that women do not understand," said a physician. It is not necessary to wear many clothes. It is only necessary to wear sensible ones. That the girls of the day do not do this, they bundle their throats in furs, despite the warning of specialists that such treatment makes them very susceptible to tonsillitis and all the other ills, and dress their feet in a way to make an Eskimo feel cold. The ubiquitous doctor says that exposed feet and ankles lead to so many ills that it would take an hour to mention them all. It is sufficient to say, to scare the timid, that appendicitis sometimes arises from thin stockings worn with low shoes in cold weather; also rheumatism and neuralgia. Not that this announcement will really scare the readers; for it will not. They have heard it all before, and, having escaped with slight ills up to this time, are willing to take their chances in the future.

But there comes a day when the weakened frame cannot longer resist, and then Mademoiselle has time to regret the imprudences of her youth. All that the most virulent of her critics ask is that a woman dress with some uniformity. It is not desired that she render herself unbecomingly with worsted stockings and disfiguring flannels; but, on the other hand, it is not enough that when she goes out that she smother her neck and hands in furs, leaving the front of her heavy jacket open so that the chill winter winds can penetrate to her chest through her cotton bodice.

A costume that one bright woman has designed for her cold-weather wear consists first of a union suit of silk and wool. It extends to her feet, but does not reach to her chin, because this woman wears evening dress a good deal, and to take off her "fannels" to put on a decolete frock would, she thinks, be suicidal. One skirt only does she wear, and this is a short one of dainty flannel. She wears lisle-thread stockings and high shoes when she goes out, and her chest is protected by her coat. Her bon is for ornament only, and she takes care that it does not hug her throat too closely. She declares that she does not feel bunglesome at all, and her complexion is lovely and her health perfect. She's a lovely and her health perfect. She's a lovely and her health perfect.

WONDERFUL TIDE CALCULATOR.



Uncle Sam has a wonderful clock at Washington, D. C., which represents the thought and effort of nineteen of the best years of the life of William Ferrel, to whom mariners owe as much, probably, as to any other man. The clock is a tide-predicting machine. Day after day a woman keeps turning a little handle, causing the hands on the center dial and the smaller ones at each side to revolve until they reach certain figures which indicate the time and height of the tide at all principal seaports on the North American coast. In like manner, the time of low tides is ascertained. At some seaports the tides rise higher and fall lower than the average, and the pressing of a handle makes the necessary connections for such places. To attempt to describe the intricate arrangement of this wonderful machine would be futile. Suffice it to say that in a day the woman operator can compute the tides for a month, and she will not have to add or subtract a number—simply take reading as indicated by the positions of the hands on the dial. So accurate is this machine that the measurements of the heights of the tides as they occur are generally within an inch of the figures announced, sometimes years in advance, while there is usually less than fifteen minutes difference between the forecast and actual times of occurrence of high and low tides. To verify the work of this calculator, a machine called a tide gauge is used, which requires no human assistance except to wind the clockwork. A pencil presses upon a roll of paper that covers a cylinder. The pencil is fastened to a wire, whose other end is fixed to a float on the water. As the water rises and falls, the wire tightens and slackens,

GOOD Short Stories

Sir Henry Roscoe, in a privately printed book of lectures, says that once when he and the German scientist Bunsen were traveling together in England, they met a lady who mistook Bunsen for his cousin, the Chevalier Bunsen. "Have you finished your book, 'God in History' yet?" she asked him. "No, madame," he replied; "I regret that my untimely death has prevented my doing so."

"The latest in 'yells,'" says the Kansas City Journal, "is that of the convicts in their way from the jail in the county in which they are sentenced to the penitentiary. A gang of fifteen of them from Buchanan County, the sheriff's guests on a special car, gave vent to this yell at each railway station they passed between St. Joseph and Jefferson City, a few days ago: 'Two years—five years—we will stay; didn't like St. Joe anyway!'"

Li Hung Chang had, beyond all doubt, an iron will and a very unselfish heart. Once, when he was viceroy of Chi-Li, a man who had tampered with a telegraph wire was brought before him. The man wrung his hands and begged for mercy, saying that he would never touch the wire again. "Don't be vexed, my good fellow," said Li, "nor trouble yourself any further about the matter. I shall take care that it does not happen again." Then he turned to the jailers and gave the order: "Cut off his head!"

The other day Mrs. Norma Adams and Samuel Gardner, who live on adjoining farms, began suit to determine the ownership of a brood of fourteen turkeys. The brood, headed by two old hens, a white and a bronze, had been running the fields of both farms all summer. Mrs. Adams owned the bronze hen and Mr. Gardner the white. Each claimed that their respective hen was the mother of the brood. One of the witnesses before the justice testified that he had once turned a dog upon the straggling band of turkeys. At the approach of the dog the young birds flew into a tree, the bronze hen ran into the woods while the white hen stood under the tree and gave battle to the dog, which she repulsed, then called the brood to her, and they marched off. After hearing this witness, the justice decided that the white hen was the mother of the brood, and gave the turkeys to Gardner.

In his autobiography, "The Making of an American," Jacob A. Rits tells the following anecdote of General Grant's clubbing by a New York policeman just after his second term in the Presidency: "He was staying at the Fifth Avenue Hotel, when one morning the Masonic Temple was burned. The fire-line was drawn half-way down the block toward 5th avenue, but the police were much hampered by the crowd, and were out of patience when I, standing by, saw a man in a great ulster, with head buried deep in the collar, a cigar sticking straight out, coming down the street from the hotel. I recognized him at sight as General Grant. The policeman who blocked his way did not. He grabbed him by the collar, swung him about, and hitting him with his club, yelled out: 'What's the matter with you? Don't you see the fire-line? Chase yourself out of here, and be quick about it.' The General said never a word. He did not stop to argue the matter. He had run up against a sentinel, and when stopped went the other way. That was all. The man had a right to be there; he had none."

McKinley's Consideration. I heard one of the best McKinley stories the other day that I ever listened to. When the late President and party went West not many months before he was shot Mrs. McKinley, it will be remembered, went too. While talking with Mr. Scott, one day, the man whose firm built the Oregon, Mrs. McKinley said: "Oh, do you play cribbage, Mr. Scott?" "Yes," was the great shipbuilder's answer. "Well, so do I," said Mrs. McKinley. "I wish you would play a game with me."

"I should be delighted to do so," was the reply. Later, as President McKinley and Mr. Scott were looking over the latter's big plant, Mrs. McKinley not being present, the President said: "Oh, by the way, Mr. Scott, didn't I hear you and Mrs. McKinley arranging to play cribbage some time?" "Yes," said Mr. Scott, "we are going to play."

"Well, what kind of a player are you?" asked the President. "Oh, pretty fair, I guess; I play a pretty good game."

"Well, so do I," said Mrs. McKinley. "But, do you know, it may seem strange, but it is a fact, that I have never been able to play well enough to beat Mrs. McKinley." As he said this he looked at Mr. Scott with a significant smile. Their eyes met. It was enough. Mr. Scott understood, and it was safe to say that he did not beat Mrs. McKinley.

I doubt if a better illustration of Mr. McKinley's constant consideration for the comfort and pleasure of his invalid wife could be found.—Boston Journal.

Czar's Love of Simplicity. A characteristic story of the Czar's love of simplicity has been going the rounds of St. Petersburg lately. A certain lieutenant who was in a perpetual state of impecuniosity was one day seen riding in a tram. The other officers of the regiment were furious at what they called an insult to the uniform, and instructed the culprit that he had the option of either sending in his papers or being cashiered, and the unlucky subaltern chose the former alternative. Before he had time to do so, however, the Czar heard of the affair, and without a moment's delay donned his colonel's uniform of the regiment in question and sauntering out of his palace, halted a tram and, entering it, sat calmly down till it stopped in front of the barracks. He desired the officers to be called, and when they were assembled addressed them thus: "Gentlemen, I have just ridden from the palace in a tram, and I wish to know if you desire me to send in my papers. I presume I have disgraced my uniform. 'Sire,' replied the major, nervously, 'Your Majesty could never do that.' "Then," replied the Czar, with an amused smile, "as I have not degraded the uniform, Lieutenant D. cannot have done so, and will thus retain his commission in this regiment, even if he, like me, dares to ride in a tram."

A Wise Dog. A farmer who had sold a flock of sheep to a dealer lent him a dog to drive them a distance of thirty miles, desiring him to give the dog a meal at the journey's end and tell it to go home. The drover found the dog so useful that he resolved to steal it, and instead of sending it back, locked it up. The collic grew sulky, and at last effected his escape. Evidently deeming the drover had no more right to detain the sheep than he had to detain himself, the honest creature went into the field, collected all the sheep that had belonged to its master, and to that person's intense astonishment, drove the whole flock home again.

Onto His Game. Clubb—My wife's going around with a chip on her shoulder to-day. Clubb—That so? Clubb—Yes; she found one in my pocket this morning.—Philadelphia Press.

His Interest. Farmer Wayback—Those pesky boys tied a tin pail to that dog's tail, and ran him eleven miles. I'll sue 'em! Mr. Cityman—Was it your dog? Farmer Wayback—No. It was my pail.—Somerville Journal.

stylish and as willowy as her friends who do not dress as comfortably. Sins of imprudent dressing invariably find the dressmaker out. This sounds like a very foolish doctrine; but ask the throat specialist and the general practitioner and see if they do not subscribe to it. It may not be until one is old and gray-headed that retribution comes, but that is soon enough to be racked with pain and crippled with lumbago.—Baltimore News.

RECENT JUDICIAL DECISIONS.

Contributory negligence, however slight, of a person injured by being struck by a street car, is held, in Tesch vs. Milwaukee Electric R. & Co. (Wis.), 53 L. R. A. 618, to preclude his recovering from the street railway company on the ground of negligence.

An ordinance prohibiting the granting of licenses for the sale of liquor in quantities less than four gallons in a single package, except at a regularly licensed saloon or dramshop, is held by the Supreme Court of Illinois, in the case of People vs. Harrison, Mayor (61 N. E. Rep. 99), to be void because of unjust discrimination.

Under a statute giving a woman an insurable interest in her brother's life, a sister who, with her children, is living with and supported by her brother, is held, in Sternberg vs. Levy (Mo.), 53 L. R. A. 438, to be entitled to the benefit of a statute permitting him, as head of a family, to expend a certain sum each year for insurance for their benefit free from the claims of his creditors.

A mistake in the Christian name of a defendant who is duly served with process is held, in Stuyvesant vs. Well (N. Y.), 53 L. R. A. 602, not to prevent the court from acquiring jurisdiction of him, if at the time the summons is served on him he is duly apprised that he is the person intended to be named therein, where the statutes provide for correcting mistakes in the names of parties as they appear in the summons.

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SUPPOSE WE SMILE.

HUMOROUS PARAGRAPHS FROM THE COMIC PAPERS.

Pleasant Incidents Occurring the World Over—Sayings that are Cheerful to Old or Young—Funny Selections that Everybody Will Enjoy.

"Say," queried Farmer Hayrix, "what dew they raise in them that roof gardens down town th' city?" "Peaches, uncle," replied the city-bred young man.—Chicago News.

Mutual Compassion. Mrs. Ruthven—It's a shame that reporters are permitted to put the names of society people in the papers. Mrs. Smythe—Indeed, it is, my dear. They always spell mine wrong.—The Smart Set.

Expected to Exchange It. Customer—I want to buy an umbrella. Dealer—Yes, sir; something for about \$5? Customer—No; something about \$1. I'm going to a party.

A Good Catch. Tom—When I went fishing down at the beach this summer I landed a twenty-pounder. Dick—Oh, I landed a 130-pounder there. Tom—What, a fish? Dick—No, a girl.—Chicago News.

In the Book Store. Josh Wayback—Gimme a lot of French novels I hear so much about. Mrs. Wayback—What do you want them for, Josh? Josh Wayback—Well, Mandy, we got a lot of space to fill in the new bookcase and they tell me them French novels is very broad.

Putting Him Right. Tommy—Mamma said you only come here on account of the lunch. Rev. Fiddle, D. D.—Hereafter, my dear child, I shall come for dinner, too.

IN THESE DEPARTMENT STORES.



Customer (at book department)—I want to get "The Last of the Mohicans." New Clerk—Well, I guess you'll find that at the remnant counter.

Ignorant, but Not Blisful. Miss Citybred (in country) — What kind of a tree is that? Uncle Hayrix—That's an apple tree. Miss Citybred—Why doesn't it blossom? Uncle Hayrix—It's a little too late. Miss Citybred—Oh, then I'll get up real early in the morning and see it blossom.—Chicago News.

The Truth of the Matter. Mr. Faintly—I wouldn't think of reading Christmas ghost stories to my children. Mr. Biggs—Why not? Mr. Faintly—Well, it might scare them, and—er—er—they make me nervous, too.

Most Assuredly. "Do you know that Tom kissed me last night?" "Well, I declare! I hope you sat on him for it." "Oh, I did! Most assuredly!"

Innocent Woman. He—They are making a lot of fuss about these "sweet shops." She—Indeed! I wonder if they'll make them close the Turkish baths?

Equalizing Matters. Knox—Don't you believe in telling your wife everything that happens? Proxy—Well—er—I can't say that, but I do believe in telling her some things that don't happen.—Philadelphia Record.

The European Plan. Landlord (after fair guest has faintly at sight of her bill)—Jenn, I have sent the boy for a glass of water for the lady, and I want you to see that 10 cents is added to her bill. Understand?—Flogedde Blaetter.

Its Origin. Redrick—I wonder who first originated "gamgee sales"? Van Albert—Probably some man who went to hunt for something in his bureau drawer after his wife had been through it.—Chicago News.

Dogs. Thoroughbred dogs are less intelligent than mongrels.

Wanted to Turn Her. "Lot's wife was turned into a pillar of salt," said the old colored citizen, "on de days of intruders wasn't pas' on gine I'd low my temper some day on ax de Lawd ter turn mine into a week's groceries!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Cause of His Sadness. Mr. Goodman—Your little playmate seems sad. Willie—Yes, sir. He had ter stay home from school yest'day.—"The Idea! And he's sad on that account?" "No, sir; it's because he had ter come back ter school ter-day."—Philadelphia Record.

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HEAVY RETURNS.

"What business brings the heaviest returns?" asked the man who wanted to know. "The literary business," sighed the struggling author, as he opened a two-pound rejected book manuscript.—Philadelphia Record.

Consoling. She—I believe you are marrying me for my money alone. He—Oh, no; that'll be gone soon.

The Aftermath. Husband—Come, sit on my lap, my dear, as you did in our old courting days. Wife—Well, I declare! I haven't received such an invitation for an age. Husband—And—er—bring a needle and thread with you, my love.—New York Weekly.

Didn't Give 'Em Away. Mrs. Justwed—Do you sell turkeys? Poultry Dealer—Well, I don't look like a philanthropist, do I? Answered the Purpose. Her Niece—And this, auntie dear, is a real old master. Aunt Tabitha—Don't you fret, child; it's just as good as some of the new ones.

A Suggestion. The Angry Father—What do you expect me to do—send you all the money you ask for, or calmly allow you to get into debt? The Son—You might do both.—Life.

Some Worth Cultivating. He—What do you think about the microbes in kisses theory? She (cheerfully)—I've heard that we couldn't get along without certain kinds of microbes.—Puck.

All in That Class. Sillicus—Have you noticed that most heroes are married men? Cynicus—Sir, every married man is a hero.—Philadelphia Record.

When Mark Twain Was Flunked. A few nights ago Mark Twain told to some friends a story about himself which he failed to incorporate in "Life on the Mississippi." On one occasion when he started on a trip down the river on a flatboat he was advised never to answer the questions asked by rivermen on other boats and never to bicker with words with them, as he would be sure always to come out second best. He followed the advice religiously for a time, but one day he thought he saw a chance to get the better of a river man who called out: "Hey that, what yer loaded with?" "Jackasses. Don't you want to come aboard?" yelled back Twain. "That's what I reckoned, seem as how they tell their biggest donkey hev their run of the deck," came back. Twain made a dive below, as all the rivermen in the neighborhood set up a derisive laugh at his expense.—New York Times.

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