

CHILDHOOD'S LOST WISDOM.

I once knew all the birds that came
And nested in our orchard trees;
For every dower I had a name—
My friends were woodchucks, toads
and bees;
I knew what thrived in yonder glen;
What plants would soothe a stone-
bruised toe—
Oh, I was very learned then—
But that was very long ago.

I knew the spot upon the hill
Where the checkerberries could be
found—
I knew the rushes near the mill
Where pickerel lay that weighed a
pound!
I knew the wood—the very tree—
Where lived the poaching, saucy crow,
And all the woods and crows knew me—
But that was very long ago.

And pining for the joys of youth,
I read the old familiar spot
Only to learn this solemn truth:
I have forgotten, am forgot.
Yet there the things I used to know.
Knows all the things I used to know.
To think I once was wise as he—
But that was very long ago.

How Ted Managed.

MAUD, why do you refuse to
go? One moment you look
and act like an angel and
the next—well, bitterly, "you are a
conundrum that I can't understand, so
must give up."

Neither of them saw the boyish
glance with the mischievous face peep-
ing between the portieres, or heard him
as he turned away chuckling: "Like an
angel! Junior! He did not get the
whack I did this morning, or he'd
never call her an angel. Now, if he'd
said that to you, Nell, apostrophizing a
nut-brown maiden seated on the
couch in the back parlor.

"Said what?" queried Nell.

"Oh, nothing! I hear," la-
conically, and Ted glanced demurely
around.

Just then the street door opened and
closed and Maud swept like a whirl-
wind into the room.

"See here, mamma, these actions of
Ted's must be stopped. I'll not endure
his vulgar tricks any longer; I'll pun-
ish him myself if you don't," and
Maud's figure quivered with sup-
pressed rage, as she darted a fiery
glance in the direction of the culprit.

"You don't say so," drawled irrepress-
ible Ted. "Now, mamma, mimicking
her, 'I hope you will no longer neg-
lect—'

"Shut up, you impudent little mon-
key," and Maud vented her anger in a
resounding slap on Ted's ear.

"Why, children," broke in Mr. Mon-
terey's calm voice, "what is all this
about?"

"What about, indeed! Why, last
night when Lawyer Avery called, the
chair in which he invariably sits had
been so arranged that when he lean-
ed back over his head, and not only
did the Battenburg tidy on the
cushion had a sheet of sticky fly paper
under it, and when he got up fly paper
and all was fastened securely to his
coat. Oh, I thought I should die! I
knew he'd never call again. Then
tonight when Eugene called that same
chair was literally covered with tacks
and he sat on them," finished Maud,
chokingly.

"Oh, gee!" came from the corner. "I
thought it was old Avery again."

"Old Avery? Do you hear that, papa?
Are you never going to teach the boy
anything?" shrieked Maud, as a titter
fell on her ears. She turned wrath-
fully, but Ted was gone.

"Well, Maud, don't excite yourself.
I'll attend to the boy," and Mr. Mon-
terey walked from the room with a
grave face, but a suspicious twitching
around his mouth and a twinkle in his
eye.

Calming herself, Maud sank down
beside Eleanor and remarked: "One
could not picture a more charming
night for the carnival. Are you going,
Nell?"

"I was not intending to. I thought
you and Eugene were going."

"I did promise to go," returned
Maud complacently, "but Eugene is so
terribly attentive he bores me at
times, he is so painfully in love."

"Oh, Maud, how can you?" burst
from Nell.

"I really prefer Mr. Avery," Maud
mused calmly, "if it were not for his
thousands being in the minority."

"Shame on you, Maud," and Eleon-
or's dusky eyes flashed dangerously.
"To compare that old dotard with Eu-
gene, who is all that is handsome and
noble."

"You silly child," And Maud raised
her perfect eyebrows scornfully. "One
would think you were in love with him
yourself. But to come to the point.
Eugene was angry at my obstinacy
and is going alone. You see," con-
fidently, "I have the finest suspicion
that in my absence he flirts with Beat-
rice Lee. So, wear my costume, go to-
night and, 'knowing,' 'use your eyes.
He'll never notice you more than once
or twice."

Accordingly Nell went and evidently
used her eyes to some purpose, for late
in the evening as Maud sat by the
window two figures sauntered slowly
down the street. "Ah," thought
Maud triumphantly, "he has a fine
excuse for returning." But instead
of turning in at the gate they kept
straight on in the crisp moonlight.
Such a time elapsed before they again
appeared, and then raising his hat Eu-
gene walked slowly on.

Maud was furious. Ted, always
around when not wanted and knowing
Maud's tantrums of old, darted out
muttering, "Now I'll pay her back for
dad's lecture." Down the street he
few breathlessly. "Come back a min-
ute, Mr. Lattimer, Maud wants to see
you." The wonderment in Eugene's
eyes changed to consternation at the
sight of that met his gaze.

"There's your angel," came from
Ted.

CURIOUS AMERICAN STRUCTURE.



Probably the oldest dwellings in our country are those curious bark wigwams occupied by the Indians of the Northwest. The picture shows a typical dwelling house among the Ojibway or Chippewa tribe. It is built of mud, covered with pieces of birch bark, the whole supported by braces made of stout wood and fastened together with leather thongs. A bright Indian blanket serves for a door, and a hole in the roof lets out the smoke. These dwellings consist of one room, occupied by families of ten or twelve. The Indian brave is gone most of the day, and the women either sit complacently smoking a pipe or are busy with the household duties. Frequently the air inside is stifling, but sickness is almost unknown. These old wigwams are considered much more elegant than the tepee, and rank among the Indians much as a brownstone palace would with a one-story cottage. It is rarely one can get a photograph of these queer dwellings, for, according to an old Indian legend which has taken deep hold on the various tribes, if a wigwam or Indian is photographed death will fall upon some member of the family within the ensuing year.

How Ted Managed.

Nell's brown eyes were large and
bright, while her form was fairly con-
vulsed with laughter. Maud stood like
an accusing angel (or demon), hurling
epithets at her.

"You wicked, deceitful, little vixen,
I always knew you were in love with
him. Well, anyway, I never could en-
dure him. Young men are always
idiots."

"Easy, Maud," and Ted with a
grimace slid into the room. There was
no escape; Eugene comprehended the
situation, but in spite of himself had
to smile at the ridiculous cause of it
all. Maud stood transfixed for a sec-
ond, then, speechless with rage, swept
out with the air of a tragedy queen.
Poor Nell, the laughter died from her
face, and deep concern took its place
as she turned her eyes toward Eu-
gene.

"Oh, I shall die! Believe me, I never
dreamed Maud would act like that."
"Poor little girl," and Eugene stroked
the brown curls; "it was all my
fault, too—but then," teasingly, "what
can one expect of an idiot? At any
rate I have your sister's candid opin-
ion at last."

"Oh, Mr. Lattimer," in a shocked
voice, "how could she?"

"Well," roguishly, "I believe she is
half right. My actions in the past
merit such an opinion."

"Your behavior is quite natural;
when one is in love—"

"One is not accountable," finished Eu-
gene. "But is it possible to rise from the
depths to the surface so easily? In-
stead of being miserable I never felt
happier in my life."

Nell, with averted eyes, remained sil-
ent.

"Tell me, Nellie, may I hope your
sister was right, and that you would
not treat me so?"

Still no answer. Eugene drew near
and peered into the downcast face.
"I know it's taking an unfair ad-
vantage, but," persistently, "answer
me, Nellie."

"Not to-night," unsteadily, "think
what you are saying and ask me again
some other time."

DOING UP STORE BUNDLES.

An Old-Time Fine Art That Has Very
Nearly Disappeared.

Somewhere and somehow the world
of trade has lost the art of tying up
bundles in grocery stores, dry goods
houses, hardware stores and even in
the drug stores.

The paper bag seems to have been
the beginning of it. Before its coming
even a crossroads grocer could lay a
double thickness of brown paper on the
counter, empty a dollar's worth of
"Coffee A" sugar upon it out of a brass
scoop and tie the package up as smooth
and tight as a block of plumed wood.
How many clerks in a Chicago corner
grocery could do it now?

In the old days in some of the small-
er towns the purchaser carried his
sugar home on his arm, and in consid-
eration of this the brown parcel would
be rewrapped in a thinner, lighter
sheet of paper, which was supposed to
make a more comely package.

It was remarkable what a neat-looking
bundle a grocer or hardware dealer
could make of several odd-shaped bun-
dles or packages. In some of the "gen-
eral" stores a coffee can be tied into a
paper bag so skillfully that a neighbor
across the street seeing the head of the
house come in with it would be left in
deep wonderment as to whether it was
a new suit of clothes or a bolt of "do-
mestic."

With the perfecting of the paper bag,
however, slovenliness began to mark
the wrapping in stores. At first a bag
was filled, the top folded into place
neatly, and tied as if it were open pa-
per. The grocer, especially, compro-
mised by twisting up the mouth of the
bag and rolling it down onto the con-
tents, using no string whatever.

To-day wrapping up bundles is a lost
art. Nobody carries neat bundles any-
where. An ordinary package of some
solid object is laid down on a piece of
paper, and as it is rolled up the ends
of the paper are tucked into the bun-
dle, leaving the wrapper to tie a string
around the center of the roll. With
many small objects no string is used,
and a person with several of these
bundles, starting home from down
town, is not likely to get there.

In many things the druggist still
does neat wrapping, as in the case of
bottles, packages, and even powders.
But to buy from his general stock of
toilet articles and kindred goods he
makes as ugly a bundle as the grocer.
In most cases, too, he uses some hide-

How Ted Managed.

ously colored wrapping paper which
simply flares with the "intelligence"
to the public that you or some of your
family is sick.

GOV. S. R. VAN SANT.

He Gained Notoriety by Slapping
Prince Henry on the Back.

One of the incidents of his tour of
the United States which will not soon
be forgotten by Prince Henry was his
meeting with
Gov. Van Sant, of
Minnesota. The
latter presented
the prince with an
address of wel-
come, on behalf of
50,000 German citi-
zens of St. Paul,
in which they not
only extended a
welcome to the
prince, but asked
that the latter
convey to the Em-
peror an assur-
ance that these
German citizens
of St. Paul ever think of their father-
land with the deepest love and pray to
God to unite the old fatherland and
the new home in firm bonds of friend-
ship. After the reading of the address
the prince expressed his appreciation
and intimated his desire to meet the
members of the Governor's staff. This
so pleased the Governor that he slapped
the prince and invited him to step
forward.

Gov. Samuel R. Van Sant, who has
this come into temporary notoriety, is
a typical westerner—the son of an il-
lustrous Dutch ancestry and of revo-
lutionary forefathers. He was born at
Rock Island, Ill., in March, 1844, and
was educated at Knox College, Gales-
burg, Ill. For three years he fought
in the civil war as a member of the
Ninth Illinois Cavalry and after the
war was engaged in boat building on
the lakes and the Mississippi river. In
1871 he went into the towing business
on the Mississippi and is still engaged
therein. He has been a member and
speaker of the Minnesota Legislature,
was prominent in G. A. R. and frat-
ernal circles and is now Governor of
his State.

PARISIANS NOW SMOKE COFFEE.
Leaf of the Tree Made Into Mixture
for Nontobacco Users.

Coffee cigarettes are the newest sort
of smoke here, says the Paris corre-
spondent of the London Telegraph.
They have been invented by intending
benefactors of the human race, who
consider that nicotine is deteriorating
the modern man, and wish to cure him
of the supposedly nefarious habit. It
should be explained that the new
cigarettes contain not a compound
made of the ground bean, as might be
imagined, but of the leaf of the tree,
fine, coarse or navy cut, or manipulat-
ed after the bird's-eye method, accord-
ing to taste. Coffee-leaf smoking is said
to be not only perfectly harmless, even
if indulged in to the wildest excess,
but to possess the property, deemed by
the inventors an unquestionable ad-
vantage, of imparting to those who
practice it an intense and lasting dis-
like for the flavor of tobacco.

Your correspondent, while freely ad-
mitting that perseverance with the
new weed may very possibly breed dis-
taste for the old, has not made suffi-
ciently prolonged experiments in coffee-
smoking to pronounce from personal
knowledge on the question, but can at
all events vouch for the fact that the
hygienic cigarette is not unpleasant.
It draws satisfactorily, and can be
smoked with comfort, if not with in-
tense delight, to the end. The scent
and flavor are sul generis, though
difficultly if an intense of some Belgian
tobacco. The owner of the chemist's
shop where the coffee-leaf cigarettes are
to be had says that there is quite a
run upon them, and that he had some
difficulty in keeping abreast with the
demand. The fact that the new smoke
is chiefly favored by women, however,
hardly points to the conclusion that
the most abject slaves of "my lady nicot-
ine" have yet entirely fulfilled the ex-
pectations of the inventors by welcom-
ing thankfully the coffee cigarette as
an instrument of deliverance from their
bondage.

Hemp Used as Anaesthetic.
A simple decoction of hemp was used
in China 1,700 years ago as an anes-
thetic in surgical operations, according
to a newly discovered Chinese manu-
script in a Paris library.

Germany Imports Apples.
Germany has imported as much as
\$10,000,000 worth of apples in one year,
and \$2,500,000 worth of pears.

HOW ARMY CIPHER MESSAGES ARE SENT.

When sending messages in the army
it is necessary to use a cipher, so that
unauthorized persons cannot read them.
A keyboard and letter is agreed upon
by the general and the cipher, and any
one ignorant of these two things is un-
able to read the message. The instru-
ment used, which we illustrate, is called
the "cipher wheel." It consists of an
outer circle, round which the letters of
the alphabet are placed in the usual
order, and an inner circle, having the
letters in the reversed order.

The disc upon which the latter are
inscribed is pivoted at its center; the
arm A is fixed to this disc at any letter
chosen by the generals arbitrarily, say
A. This disc is turned round by work-
ing the millhead B.

In the cipher wheel the letters of
the keyword and those of the true mes-
sage are taken from the outer ring,
the letters of the cipher message being
read in the reversed order.

Take the famous message sent by
Sir Redvers Buller to Sir George White
at Ladysmith. Suppose that the key-
word is "March," and that Sir Redvers
said, "I have been repulsed," which it
now appears were not his words. First
write the words of the true message,
next the keyword, repeated as often as
required, as below:

MARCHMARCHMARCHMARCH—Key-
word.
ETRHDLWNPQLKXRPX—Cipher.
The cryptogram is obtained in this
way: Set the arm of the cipher wheel
at A in the inner wheel and at the first

LIVING IN POVERTY.

Luther Tibbets, Who Introduced the
Navel Orange Industry.

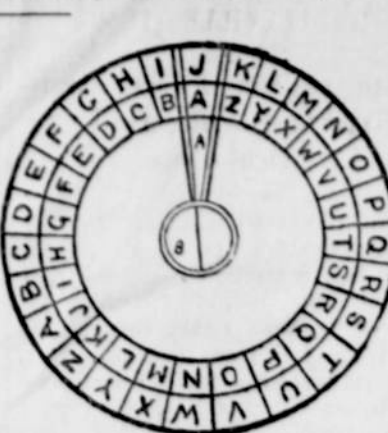
The man who introduced the seedless
navel orange tree into California is an
aged, luckless, forlorn citizen charge at
Riverside, Cal. He

whose little tree
of seedless oranges
have revolutionized
the orange industry
of the world; who,
more than anyone
else, has made pos-
sible the invest-
ment of millions of
dollars in orange
growing, and who
has demonstrated
how once arid val-
leys in southern California might be
converted into the most lovely orange
groves and to blossom as the proverb-
ial rose, is old, neglected and forgot-
ten. Very many large fortunes and a
multitude of small ones have been
made by the success of the navel or-
ange. A half dozen of great attendant
industries have been created by the
wealth production in navel orange
groves. Several cities have grown
from sleepy pueblos and a score of
towns have sprung up in treeless val-
leys because of the impetus of prosper-
ity in growing the seedless navel or-
ange. Nothing has altered the topog-
raphy of southern California so much
as the golden navel orange. The third
greatest horticultural industry in the
United States is now orange growing.

All this is due to the fact that Luther
C. Tibbets, formerly of New York,
when he settled in California with the
hope of improving his health 27 years
ago, foresaw in the climate of the
southern part of the State immense
possibilities in the way of orange grow-
ing. He applied to Washington for aid
and the government horticulturist sent
him three tiny rooted shrubs of orange
trees which had been found in the
swamps of Brazil by the United States
Consul at Bahia. The latter had for-
warded six of these to Washington
with the statement that seedless or-
anges grew thereon. Three of them
perished and the others would have
done likewise had not the thought
struck the official at the horticultur-
al station that Tibbets might develop
them. He accordingly sent them on.
The latter was interested and assidu-
ously watched his plants. One of them
was chewed up by a cow, but the other
two were cared for through a pe-
riod of five years. Then each tree bore
two oranges. It was the summer and
fall of 1878. A fence was built about
the trees to protect them from the
wind and trespassers, and Mr. and
Mrs. Tibbets anxiously waited while
the fruit developed from green bullets
to great, golden, juicy, pungent globes
—the first navel oranges ever grown
outside the swamps of Bahia. On Jan.
22, 1879, two of the new oranges were
cut open and critically tasted by a lit-
tle company of orange growers at Riv-
erside. A new star of first order rose
that day in the horticultural firmament.

The following year the wonderful
new trees bore a half bushel of oranges
and the name of the Tibbets seedless
fruit went throughout southern Cali-
fornia. Other people became interest-
ed. Sprouts were purchased and small
groves planted. When the fruit was
sent out it immediately became popu-
lar. Sheep and cattle ranges were
transformed into navel orange groves
and are long towns like Pomona, Red-
lands, Ontario, Tustin, Sierra Madre
and others in the orange-growing local-
ities which before 1885 were unknown.
The growth of the industry has known
no abatement. To-day \$45,000,000 is
invested directly in the growing and
marketing of oranges in California, and
this season's crop amounts to 12,000
carloads, worth to growers over \$3-
400,000. Of this sum more than 90 per
cent. is from navel oranges.

In the intervening years Tibbets
guarded the two orange trees, whence
came all the buds of navel orange
trees, with jealous care. Buds from
the genuine Tibbets tree were in enor-
mous demand, and fancy prices were
offered for buds from the parent stock.
Sales of buds amounting to \$900 a
month were not uncommon for a few
years. Speculators offered \$10,000 for
the two original trees for budding pur-
poses. But Mr. Tibbets not only de-
clined the offers, but he refused to sell
anything but genuine first buds from
the trees. Had he sold second buds—
that is, buds one move from the par-
ent stock—he might easily have made
tens of thousands of dollars annually
for half a decade. His correspondence
was stupendous and he had letters



letter of the keyword in the outer
wheel. Take out at once for the whole
message the cipher letter of the inner
wheel corresponding to the true letters
on the outer wheel which appear above
the first letter of the keyword when-
ever it occurs.

For instance, the first letter of the
keyword is M. Above all the M's will
be the letters I H E E W U M, and
it will be found that by setting the arm
at A in the inner wheel the correspond-
ing letters on the outer wheel will be
E L I I Q S S F. Then, by turning the
outer ring to A (the second letter of
the keyword), another set of cipher
letters is obtained.

Continue the same with all the let-
ters of the keyword, and the cipher
as in the third line will be obtained.
Thus no person could decipher any
message unless in possession of the
keyword.—Montreal Star.

from horticulturists all over the world.
He built a beautiful home, erected a
slightly barn with towering cupolas and
an elaborate bay window. He had an
expensive fence built around the origi-
nal trees. Then he became involved
in law suits regarding his irrigation
water rights, and he has spent a for-
tune in court expenses and lawyers.

Then came the illness of his wife,
which lasted through several years.
Abandoning all else he gave his whole
time and remaining fortune to pro-
longing her life. Last July she died.
In the midst of his bereavement a
mortgage became due on his place, and
he was driven from the old home and
the two original navel orange trees,
which had become a veritable part of
his life. He is now nearly 80 years
of age and while others are making
large sums of money in the industry
which he created, he occupies a little
cheap house and receives financial aid
from Riverside County. Only a few
trinkets and keepsakes of his prosper-
ous days remain to comfort him in his
last days.

ANECDOTE OF WHITMAN.

Found a Friendless Boy and Tried to
Cheer Him Up.

One day I was stopped on Washing-
ton street, says J. T. Trowbridge in
the Atlantic, by a friend who made
this startling announcement: "Wait
Whitman is in town; I have just seen
him!" When I asked where, he re-
plied, "At the stereotypy foundry, just
around the corner; come along! I'll
take you to him." The author of
"Leaves of Grass" had loomed so large
in his imagination as to seem almost
superhuman; and I was filled with
some such feeling of wonder and aston-
ishment as if I had been invited to
meet Socrates or King Solomon.

We found a large, gray-haired and
gray-bearded, plainly dressed man,
reading proof sheets at a desk in a lit-
tle dingy office, with a lank, unwhole-
some looking lad at his elbow, listless-
ly watching him. The man was Whit-
man, and the proofs were those of his
new edition. There was a scarcity of
chairs, and Whitman, rising to re-
ceive us, offered me his; but we all re-
mained standing except the sickly look-
ing lad, who kept his seat until Whit-
man turned to him and said, "You'd
better go now; I'll see you this even-
ing." After he had gone out, Whit-
man explained: "He is a friendless boy
I found at my boarding place. I am
trying to cheer him up and strengthen
him with my magnetism." A practical
but curiously prosaic illustration of
these powerful lines in the early
poems:

To anyone dying, thither I speed and
twist the knob of the door.
I seize the decedent man, I raise him
with resistless will.
Every room of the house do I fill with
an armed force, lovers of one,
battlers of graves.

Old-Time Coaching.

On Dec. 21, 1843, the "Prince of
Wales," the last of the coaches run-
ning between London and Bristol, was
taken off the road. The decay of coach-
ing had set in about four years earlier,
and one by one coaches had given place
to the railway, after enjoying palmy
days lasting about twenty years. It
was on the Bristol road that the first
mail coach was driven, the institution
being due to the enterprise of Mr. Pal-
mer, M. P. for Bath. The coach start-
ed from London on Aug. 8, 1784, at 8
a. m., and reached Bristol at 11 o'clock
in the night; the coaches previously
driven taking from Monday to Wednes-
day to reach Bath. Other routes were
opened in the following year, and the
regulation pace of six miles an hour
gradually increased to ten when the
railway entered into competition, car-
ried the first mail in 1838, and killed
coaching.—London Chronicle.

The Inevitable.

Wife—I had to spend fifty of that five
hundred for some necessary things.
Husband—Well, what are you going
to do with the four hundred and fifty?
Wife—Oh, that goes for luxuries.—
Judge.

It's Blind, All Right.

"Do you believe that love is blind?"
"Well, I didn't see her father the other
night until he was close enough to
kick a goal."—Baltimore American.

Cancer in England.

In England the mortality rate from
cancer has risen from 3.5 per 10,000 in
1864, to 8.4 in 1900.

When there is sickness in the house,
some one is always throwing out some-
thing in a cup or glass, which causes
others to scream that that was "medi-
cine."

OUR BUDGET OF FUN.

HUMOROUS SAYINGS AND DO- INGS 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.

Gasaway—Hello, Crabbe, what are
you going to do with the camera?
Crabbe—Going to bore an artesian
well in our sitting room with it. Didn't
suppose I was going to take pictures,
did you?—Catholic Standard and
Times.

An Interloper.
"Now, then," cried the deep-voiced
woman, "what has made female suffrage
possible?"
"Male suffrage," replied the rude
man, who had no business to be there
at all.—Philadelphia Press.

One to Each Person.



Prospective Buyer—Now, as to the
death rate in this place. What is that?
Real Estate Agent—We only allow
one death to each person.

Remarkable, Indeed.
Teacher—Can't you tell any remark-
able fact about George Washington?
Tommy—He was never caught in a
lie.—Life.

Naturally.
"Josiah," asked Mrs. Chugwater,
"what is a bucket shop?"
"It's a place, I suppose," replied Mr.
Chugwater, looking impatiently up
from his newspaper, "where they em-
pty the water out of stocks."—Chicago
Tribune.

The Question Pertinent.
"When I was your age I never told a
falsehood."
"Boo—wh—when did you begin—
boo—hoo?"—Moonshine.

The Gotflac.
"I had a terrible time last night. A
crank called at my house and I had an
awful time getting him to go away."

Threatening, was he?
"Yes; he threatened to tell me all
about his exploits on the links."—Phil-
adelphia Press.

Doing His Duty.
First Microbe—Hello, Bill! What are
you doing on that doorknob? Why,
you'll starve to death!
Second Microbe—I know it. But the
scientists say I live here; so of course
I do!

A Poor Sort of Heaven.
Fair Arrival—May I have a crown of
the latest style?
St. Peter—Fashions never change
here.

Fair Arrival—Dear me! I have made
a mistake and come to the wrong place.
I thought this was heaven.—New York
Weekly.

Rather Indefinite.
Muggins—That girl from South Amer-
ica says she is a Daughter of the Revolu-
tion.
Buggins—Which one?

Not What It Was Claimed to Be.



"Durn my buttons, Rachel, if I haven't
had to put coal inter that stove
every day since I bought it, and the
man that sold it to me said it was a
self-feeder."

Ingenuity in a Plat.
Alyce—What a lovely, cozy corner,
Mayme—such a pretty couch!
Mayme—Isn't it? It's made out of
five trunks and a hat-box, seven pil-
lows, two bolsters and an old piano-
cover.

It All Depended.
"So you want to marry my daugh-
ter?" said the wealthy parent. "What
are your prospects?"
"Good," replied the nifty suitor, "if
you consent."—Philadelphia Record.

Reciprocity.
"I understand that King Edward will
treat like monarchs all presidents who
attend his coronation," remarked Cum-
so.

That's all right," replied Cawker.
"President Roosevelt will treat like
presidents all kings who visit Amer-
ica."

More Guess-Work.

Harry—I wonder who said that mon-
ey is the root of all evil.
Harriet—Oh, some unhappy man who
tried to marry for money and couldn't.

Passing Strange.

Jaggies—What was peculiar about the
pair of slippers your wife made for
you?
Waggies—They fitted me.—Judge.

A Misunderstanding.
Hicks—I thought you said there could
be no question as to Browne's veracity.
Wicks—Well, there can't. He is an
unmitigated liar.—Somerville Journal.

The Costly Keep.
"I have had built no fewer than four
steam yachts," exclaimed the Trillion-
aire. "The first sank when she was
launched; the second blew up on her
trial trip; the third was run down by
a ferry-boat the first time she went to
sea; the fourth has just burned at the
dock before her machinery was fairly
installed!"
"Well?" said L.
"If I can't keep a steam yacht, of
course I shall die rich!" said he, the
tears trickling down his furrowed
cheek.—Puck.