THE OLD HOUSE.

nds in a desolate, weed-grown garden,
ere once the rose and the lilac grew,
the lily lifted a waxen chalice
catch the wine of the summer's dew.
grass creeps in o'er the mossy threshold,
e dust lies deep on the rotting floor,
the wind, at its will, is coming, going,
rough broken window and open door.

oor old house, do you grieve as men do,
r the vanished things that were
yours of yore?
a heart in which love was one time tenant,
e has gone away to come back no more.
ou dream of the dead as the days pass over,
the pang of parting and joy of birth
arts turned dust? Ah, that dust is scattered
winds of a lifetime to ends of earth!

Here by the path is a little blossom,
lifts to the sunshine a fragile face.
rings from a root that some dead hand planted
entury back in the dear home place.
thought they whom the old house sheltered
t life would fade as the leaves that fall;
had their day and are all forgotten—
little flower has outlived them all!
waukee Sentinel.

A SACRIFICE.

HE young man stood with his back to the fire and his hands thrust into his trouser pockets.
s. Langley sat on the lounge sobbing hysterically. Her husband, Colonel Langley, strode up and down the room, angrily displacing various chairs and tables, while the boy's cousin, for he was not much more than a boy in years, tried to pacify the trio.

"All right, sir; go your own way; go your own way and be ——." The last word was lost as the door slammed behind the irate Colonel.

"O, Ted! How can you be so foolish?" said Mrs. Langley, brokenly. "How can you dream of marrying a poor, uneducated dancer?"

"Mother," replied the boy, sternly, "I love Madge Baptiste, and whether she be a dancer or a duchess, a millionaire's or a retired shopkeeper's daughter, it can matter to no one but myself if I really love her."

The mother recommenced her hysterical cries. The cousin, a fair, pretty girl about his own age, went to him and rested her hand on his shoulder.

"Teddy, say no more now, but come with me. Let us think the matter over calmly."

The next evening Gwendoline stole quietly from the house and drove to the theater where Madge Baptiste danced nightly.

It was dusk when she arrived. She sent up her card, telling the commissionaire that her business was urgent. She returned with the information that Madge Baptiste would see Miss Harper in a few minutes. Then she found herself in a small and dainty dressing-room. Clouds of soft, silken petticoats here and there. A large jar of flowers stood on the mantelpiece, and a dressing table was covered with silver powder boxes, scent bottles, and "make-up" utensils. Photographs of actors, painters, and poets stood in every available corner; old programs in wooden frames and one or two etchings hung on the walls.

Before a large mirror stood Miss Madge Baptiste arranging her hair.

"Ah, come in, Miss—Harper. Excuse the untidy state of the room. I think I'll find a chair. Let me see, I don't think I have met you before—perhaps you are a journalist, or——"

"No, I haven't ever met you before," interrupted Gwendoline, "I—came—I think you know my cousin, Mr. Langley."

She felt her face growing red. She did not know why she blushed, but this vivacious, beautiful girl frightened her. She had expected to find a different woman—a vulgar, ill-bred woman.

"Mr. Langley? Teddy! O, yes, I know him well. So you are his cousin? I used to meet you—he is not ill, I hope?"

"No, he is not ill."

"O, that's all right. Ted and I are fond of each other, you know; in fact, I think of getting married soon—at least, he thinks of it. I didn't know he had a cousin, such a pretty cousin," with a laugh; "he kept that a secret."

"I really came to speak about it—about this marriage," said Gwendoline, nervously. "You know his people——"

"O!" Madge Baptiste turned sharply from regarding herself in the mirror. "I understand! They have heard—perhaps he told them; he said he would. They object—ah? And you?" She drew a chair opposite the girl, and sat down, and rested her arms on her knees with her face between her hands. "I am only his cousin—we have been friends always. I said I would see you, to tell you that his father and mother were angry; that he was merely a boy——"

"Yes, yes—I know—don't go on." She looked Gwendoline up and down. She envied her youth; she guessed the real reason of her visit. "Ted is a boy in years, I know, but he is a man for all that. He is 22 and I am 23. Besides, I am only a dancer, and he is Colonel Langley's son. Please understand I have—no—wish to—marry him—if his parents object. I will tell him he must go away and not see me again. I shall miss him at first, I expect. A dancer's life is a lonely one, you know. She has so few friends, and unless she—— Ah, there is the call boy. Well, good-bye—and if I don't see—Teddy—again—give good-by to him—for me."

But Miss Harper had risen, and was holding Madge Baptiste's hands in hers, while two tears ran down her cheeks. "O, don't, please! How cruel you must think me! I didn't mean to—really didn't. But his mother was so unhappy, and I thought you were a—mean. I didn't dream you really cared for him. He shall marry you! I know he loves you——" and then she burst out crying.

"Miss Baptiste! Curtain's waiting! Hurry up!" yelled a small youth at the door.

"Let it wait; can't come!" replied the dancer, curtly. Then in a soft gentle voice to Gwendoline: "Don't cry, dear, you have been ever so kind. I know you meant well in coming. But I don't think I had better see him again; you'll make a much better wife than I——" There was a suspicious break in her voice.

"No, no," said Gwendoline, between her sobs, blushing violently; "I never thought of that—I only care for him as a sister," but as she said it, she realized that she lied.

"Come, dry your eyes—why, I'm beginning now! What a pretty pair we are! Poor Ted! Why here are two girls each trying to make the other marry him——"

"You—you—will marry him. Promise! I shall never forgive myself—if you don't. I did not know you were so good and so beautiful——"

"Why, how do you know it now? Perhaps I am only humbugging you."

"You are not—I see it in your eyes. You will marry him—won't you?"

"What will 'father and mother' say?"

"O, I'll interview them," laughed Gwen, drying her eyes.

"Even as you interviewed me? Yes, I will marry Teddy if you really wish it, but not else. I couldn't hurt such a good little thing as you."

And then both women began to cry again, holding each other's hands.

The manager had to announce that Miss Madge Baptiste was unable to perform that night.

And Miss Gwendoline Harper also announced, in Colonel Langley's drawing-room, that Madge Baptiste and her cousin Ted were quite right to marry each other, and that she would help them through the ceremony.

And Ted kissed her and said she was a brick, and the Colonel hoisted the white flag.

And after it was all over, Gwendoline sat in her bedroom holding a photo of her cousin in her hand. And her tears splashed dismally on the faded portrait. "I hope she will love him—as much as I love him," she said softly.—Madame.

THREE NEW SHIRT WAISTS.

The new shirt waists show great variety of style. Many are cut with yoke, but almost as many are without. Some have the yoke both in front and back. The fashionable shirt waist is unquestionably the white one, both thick and thin ones, made in great variety. The plain shirt waist of madras or heavy linen has little fullness in front; some are made with pointed, some with plain yokes at the back, but the majority have no yoke at all. The waists are all made to give the long-waisted effect in front. The sleeves are a little larger than those of last year, and the fullness is arranged at the top to give the broad-shouldered effect.

The more elaborate waists are attractive, and most of them button in the back. They have lace collars, while the cuffs are finished with a little edge of lace and are really nothing but a band around the wrist. All kinds of stitching, tucking and fancy buttons are used.

EPICUREAN CHINAMEN.

Their Tables Have the Best the American Markets Afford.

The food bought by the Chinese living in America is often quite as expensive as that of the whites. Instead of living almost altogether on rice and chop suey, as is the general impression, Chinamen, being quite as fond of meat as Americans, buy pork, beef, and chickens. Chop suey is made to sell to curious white persons who visit Chinatown. In the vicinity of every large city where there is any considerable Chinese colony, there are truck gardens devoted to raising vegetables exclusively for Chinamen from seed brought from their native land. These vegetables are unknown to Americans. But the Chinese also consume large quantities of the finer kinds of American vegetables.

The Chinaman has a sweet tooth, also; and in the best Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, New York, Chicago, and other large cities, the best of wines are served to Chinese as well as American customers, together with the finest and most expensive foods. In the average Chinese restaurant in those cities good board can be had by the Chinese for from $15 to $20 a month, and these restaurants are largely patronized. As a rule, the Chinamen are compelled to lodge in mean quarters; but in New York and San Francisco there are a number of well-appointed homes occupied by the families of well-to-do Chinese merchants, which the American seldom or never sees. In New York there is an apartment-house, up-to-date in every respect, occupied by Chinese families. The Chinaman sticks as closely as he can to the traditions and customs of his country, which are strange to the Occidental, and, therefore, a subject for comment and often for derision.—Forum.

HE HAD NO CASE.

The Judge Gives Reasons for Ruling Against the Farm Hands.

Justice does not always frown, for now and then a judge will unbend and illuminate his decisions with the light of humor. Sterling B. Torrey, judge of the Circuit Court of Jefferson County, Kentucky, is such a magistrate. Here is the decision which he rendered in a suit brought by a farm-hand against his employer to recover damages for having poisoned himself with Paris green, which he was ordered to put on potato-bugs. It was a hot day, and the man had turned back his shirt at the throat, exposing his chest to the poison. The judge said:

The plaintiff exceeded the scope of his employment in sprinkling Paris green elsewhere than on the potato-vines, as his special and exclusive agency was to kill the bugs basking in the shade of said potato-vines; the plaintiff's act in allowing the defendant's Paris green to come in contact with his flesh, instead of with the flesh of the bugs, was unauthorized and ultra vires; the mental and physical suffering of which the plaintiff complains was the result of his own wrong in misapplying the defendant's Paris green to purposes other than those for which he was employed to apply it, and besides, is damnum absque injuria; the plaintiff, in opening his clothes and exposing himself to the Paris green, was guilty of contributory negligence; the plaintiff knew as well as the defendant that Paris green was poisonous. If he did not know that Paris green was a poison, this suit should not have been brought in his name, but by a guardian.

Milk Kept in Frozen Chunks.

There are but few cows in Labrador. No wonder. The natives procure their milk for the winter and then kill their cows. The milk is kept in barrels, where it freezes and never threatens to sour throughout the entire season. When one wishes any milk he has simply to go to the barrel and cut out a slice.

Jefferson Memorial Road.

Citizens of Albemarle County, Virginia, have organized the Jefferson Memorial Road association for the purpose of building a public boulevard between Charlottesville and Monticello, where President Jefferson lies buried. The road will be two miles long, and is expected to cost $20,000.

OSTRICH DRIVEN TO SULKY.

Ostriches can travel at great speech. This has long been known, and the day may not be far distant when ostriches will be seen in all large cities drawing sulkies and other light vehicles. The ostrich shown in this picture was trained in Florida and proved from the start very docile and intelligent. When he was backed between the shafts of a carriage he did not "buck" or kick, as many a young horse is apt to do, but stood stolidly, as though his ancestors for generations had been obedient to the bit and bridle. After he was harnessed it took a good while to impress on his mind the fact that he would not be allowed to speed as fast over country roads and streets as he would naturally do in a desert, but even this he learned in time, and now it is said this wonderful bird is fully trained and can draw a sulky for many miles at an extraordinary speed.

The achievement of this ostrich is of unusual interest to owners of ostrich farms, and some of them are preparing to train several of their young birds as this ostrich was trained. They argue that a race between ostriches, harnessed to sulkies, would be a most novel sight, and in view of the great speed of the birds, that such a sport would certainly become popular.

WHY THEY DID NOT GO

REASONS MEN GAVE FOR STAYING AWAY FROM CHURCH.

One Had a Grievance Against a Member and the Other Was Surfeited When He Was Young—Observations of a Country Minister.

He was a young minister whose charge is in the country, and he was talking about the decline in church attendance.

"It is we preachers in the rural districts," said he, "who have a chance to get at the real reasons why people stay away. Of course, we have no data that would help solve the problem as it presents itself in the cities, but, being privileged in the country to talk to one and all, we get reasons at first hand. Some of them are interesting and when analyzed they are more likely than not to resolve themselves into personal dislike to churchgoing or to some one in the church.

"There was an old farmer in one district where I preached who had the reputation of never going to church. He was a peculiar old fellow who seldom had much to say, but one day I went to see him, and in the course of the conversation asked why he never came to hear my sermons.

"He was silent for a minute, and then said: 'I did go to church once, and I wasn't treated right, and I ain't been there since. It was when they was havin' revival up in the white schoolhouse, and things were getting pretty warm. I went there one night and sat next the window. After awhile they got to the shoutin' part, and one old woman got to runnin' up and down the aisle, shoutin' and askin' everybody to come up and pray.

"'I sat there and looked on till I saw she was makin' for me, and then I looked for a way out. The window was open, and the first thing I knowed I was goin' out of it. As I struck the ground I heard old Elder Abbadusky, that sat right across the aisle from me, shout, "There goes the devil out of the window." Now I don't consider that a respectful way for one man to speak of another, and I never went back again, and I don't intend to till old Abbadusky goes to glory.'

"One day I went to see another man who was a very good man, but never went to church. He was a Scotchman and when I asked him why he did not attend he said: 'Young man, if you keep on going to church the way you do now all your life, and if you live to be 100 you will not have been to church as much as I have.'

"I asked what he meant.

"'My father was a Scotch convenanter,' he said, 'and when I was a little shaver we used to go to church in the morning and stay all day. I would sit on those hard benches and listen to sermons that I didn't understand. My legs would dangle over the floor till they ached.

"'If I went to sleep there was always a deacon or some one else to poke me in the ribs and whisperingly inquire if I wanted to go straight to hell. That was on Sunday.

"'Then there were prayer-meetings during the week and one or two extras of different sorts between. There was always more church and more sermons when I would have given my boots to be out hunting.

"'That thing went on from the time I was big enough to remember until I was 21. I made up my mind long before I reached the latter age that when it came there would be no more church for me, and there wasn't. I haven't been since. Now, really, dominie, do you wonder at it?'

"And," concluded the dominie, according to the New York Times, "I can't say that I did."

PASSING OF THE CASCO.

Ancient Filipino Craft that Lighters Will Soon Supplant.

"The march of progress is undoubtedly going to be a great thing for the Filipino one of these days," said a man who got back from the islands not long ago, to a New York Sun reporter. "But one of the prices he's got to pay for it is the gradual wiping out of picturesque customs and traditions of many centuries' standing. A good example is the passing of the Filipino casco before the improved and wholly unbeautified lighter of western commerce.

"The casco is a craft for coast and river commerce, and at the same time the permanent home of its crew and commander, or patron, the former living forward and the latter aft. It is a long, crude-looking structure, hooded or covered with bamboo, and under the manipulations of expert boatmen is capable of rather surprising agility. Manila is not a city of good wharves, nor is Manila bay a deepwater harbor, hence when big ships arrive their cargoes must be lightered ashore, and this has been the casco's work for ages.

The larger cascoes have a tonnage of from 20 to 100 tons and the smaller ones, or casquitos, of from 8 to 20 tons, and they range from 20 to 90 feet in length with a 12-foot extreme beam, and when loaded draw only 2½ feet of water. They are built of a light, tough wood grown in the province of Batam, which resembles teak and will last for centuries on land or water.

"Cascoes are usually propelled by a bamboo pole eighteen or twenty feet long, in the hands of the husky Filipino river men. The poles are spiked and padded so the crews may place them against their shoulders to give force to their pushes. The crews number from five to ten men, and they and their families live almost wholly on rice, fish, oysters, clams and shrimps. Their pay is a peso a day, about 50 cents. At night the bow is cleared and the deck spread with palm mats, and on these men, women and children lie down like sardines in a box."

HOT WATER FOR HEATING.

House Kept at a Uniform Temperature During Cold Weather.

The supply of hot water for public heating systems from a central station is growing in favor in smaller towns and it would seem to be the ideal and most economical method of heating, even in large cities. The hot water is returned to the central station after passing through the radiators of the consumers, with a comparatively small loss in temperature.

One occasion in an Ohio town, with over two miles of mains, finds that the loss in temperature is only 35 degrees when water is sent out at a temperature of 190 degrees.

The temperature of the water circulated is modified to suit the weather conditions. When it is very cold the temperature of the water sent out from the central station is made higher, and the pumps which force it through the mains are made to work faster. In this manner a uniform temperature is maintained at all times, despite marked changes in the weather. The company guarantees to maintain a given temperature within 2 per cent.

Of course the freedom from dirt, ashes and other fire troubles are also desirable features. As the water is used over and over again the central company, particularly if the system is conducted as an adjunct of a power station, can furnish the service at a comparatively moderate price. In the latter case, says the Philadelphia Record, the exhaust steam furnishes nearly if not all of the heat required.

LITTLE THINGS YOU CAN'T DO.

Feats that Seem Easy that Cannot Be Accomplished.

A man cannot rise from a chair without bending forward or putting his feet under the chair or outside of it. Many a man will back himself to give another a start of fifty yards in a race of 100, provided the man having the start hops all the way. But no runner, however swift, can give that amount of start to an ordinary man. For the first five yards they go at practically the same pace.

Therefore, the runner, to go ninety-five yards, would have to run more than twice as fast, and it would be a weak man who could not hop forty-five yards at a pace equal to twenty seconds for 100 yards and that would mean that the runner, in order to win, would have to beat all previous records.

If a man boasts that his penknife is particularly sharp, ask him to cue with one stroke of the blade one of those yellow ribbons, mostly of silk, which are around bundles of cigars. In 999 cases out of 1,000 the knife is not sharp enough to do this. It will cut through all the ribbon except the last strand and that will pull out long and the more he tries to cut it the longer it will pull out.

No one except a blind man, says the New York Herald, can stand without support of any kind for five minutes at a stretch, if he is thoroughly blindfolded, without moving his feet. If he does not move his feet he is pretty sure to topple over in about a minute.

WAS ALMOST A HERO.

Didn't Rescue Anybody, but Nearly Broke His Neck.

"I know how it feels to be almost a hero," said a young man with a black eye, an arm in a sling and a patch of court plaster adorning his features. "I live near the Barrett residence at 40th and Pine streets, which was burned out the other day. I happened to know that Mrs. Barrett was ill in bed, but I did not know that she had been quietly removed by the back way to a neighbor's house before I arrived on the scene.

"When I got there a colored servant girl was out in the street pointing frantically to the upper part of the house, shouting unintelligibly and generally acting like a crazy person. The interior of the house was already in flames and I immediately jumped to the conclusion that her mistress was in danger of losing her life. Without waiting to question the girl I rushed into the house and in groping my way through the smoke succeeded in pitching headlong down the back stairs. I had satisfied myself, however, that every one had gotten safely out of the house.

"When I reached the street again, choking for breath and pretty well battered up," continued the young man, according to the Philadelphia Record, "the servant girl was still wringing her hands and screaming at the top of her lungs. I asked her what she was carrying on that way for. Pointing to a window on the top floor she wailed:

"'See dat room up dere? Dat's my room, an' my two weeks' wages is in my trunk up dere burnin' up.'"

Death Came with the Song.

It is not often that a musical festival closes so pathetically as did an Eisteddfod at Colwyn Bay, Wales.

Welsh choirs were competing melodiously, as usual, and when the time came for his choir to make its effort, Henry Hughes, a quarryman, mounted a chair to lead it. In a few moments he tottered and fell. Ready arms carried him into an anteroom, and the choir, led by E. T. Davies, a clerk, sang on, continuing their melody amid a round of admiring cheers.

No other choir excelled the company of songsters whom Hughes had vainly attempted to lead, for they won the prize, and the sounding cheers broke one again.

It was these cheers of triumph that rang in the ears of the failing conductor as he lay in the anteroom, for he was dying. Every effort was made to save him, but in vain; and not the least sad accompaniment of this pathetic incident was the fact that the dying conductor's own son and daughter were singers in the victorious choir.

A gloom spread over the great audience as the sad news spread, and the Eisteddfod when the end was reached, closed with deep sorrow.

Fatality.

"When I began business," said the plutocrat, wearily, "I made a vow that whenever I had earned an even million I would quit."

"Why, you've done that many times over, long ago," said the other man, "yet you are still accumulating."

"That's the curse of it. Whenever I think I've made the even million I find on figuring it up it's either a little more or a little less, and I've got to renew the struggle."

People often wonder why a girl marries the most undesirable man of her acquaintance. If they knew he was the only one to propose they would no longer wonder.

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.

"I want a piece of blue ribbon that will tie nicely into a hangman's knot," said the sad-looking man, addressing the saleslady.

"This piece will answer your purpose, I think," replied the young lady. "How much do you require?"

"It is to adorn the neck of my wife's pet dog," replied the s. l. m., with a sickly smile, "so please cut it accordingly."

Saved by the Signal Service.

Longleigh—Then you didn't propose to Miss Gotrox, after all?

Shortleigh—No. My knowledge of the signal service code saved me from making a fool of myself.

Longleigh—Well, put me on.

Shortleigh—Just as I was about to commit myself she hoisted the cold-wave flag.

In A. D. 1905.

First Automobile Girl—Why do they have a wooden Indian outside of a cigar store?

Second Automobile Girl—I give it up! Why do they have a wooden horse outside a leather goods store?—Puck.

No After Results.

"Did the typhoid fever leave you with anything?"

"No; the doctor got it all."

Was Overweight.

"I wish I knew of a good way to raise bread," remarked the wife as she tackled one of her biscuits at the breakfast table.

"Why not try a derrick, my dear?" suggested the brutal other half of the combination.

Her Opinion.

Mr. Quinn—I never gazed upon such beautiful bric-a-brac as the Harwoods have in their parlor. And they've had it for years.

Mrs. Quinn (contemptuously)—Oh, it just shows that they can't afford to keep a servant. If they had a maid that bric-a-brac would never be there so long.—Chicago News.

The Octopus.

"What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?"

"Yes," answered the wife, soothingly, "it is the train that makes it so expensive."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again!"

The Reverence for Obscurity.

"What do you think of the new minister's sermon?" inquired Mr. Cumrox's wife.

"Well," he replied, "I guess it wasn't very good."

"Upon what do you base your opinion?"

"I understood every word of it and got really interested."—Washington Star.

"John! Didn't you swear off swearing the first of the year?"

John (who has just stepped on a tack)—I did, and I'm swearing off again now!

It Must Have Been.

Miss Fisher—Now, what would you say my age was?

Mr. Sharpe—Eighteen.

Miss Fisher (coyly)—How prompt you are. You speak as if you had certain knowledge.

Mr. Sharpe—Of course, I knew it was that—at one time—Philadelphia Press.

Where His Genius Shone.

"I tell you that poet is a genius."

"A genius? Why, his stuff is the worst I ever read."

"I know."

"But why do you call him a genius?"

"Because he succeeds in selling it."—Philadelphia Record.

At the Play.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the play, kind sir," she said.

"What do you there, my pretty maid?"

"Slander my neighbors, sir," she said.

Awful Possibility.

"Neither the wide ocean nor iron bars will keep me from you, my love!" he cried, fervently.

"But, Reginald," whispered the Judge's daughter, as she trembled with apprehension, "what if papa should issue an injunction?"

Behind the Scenes.

"Dear me!" exclaimed the soubrette, "I've broken one of my earrings. What shall I do?"

"Telephone for a glazier," suggested the low comedian.—Chicago News.

Up Against It.

Smith—What's the trouble, old man? You look as if a squall had struck you.

Jones—Worse than that, my boy. I've just been struck by two squalls.

Smith—Why, how's that?

Jones—Got twins at our house.

As It Should Be.

Biggs—A cousin of mine was married on the west side yesterday.

Diggs—That's queer.

Biggs—What's queer about it?

Diggs—Why didn't he get married on all sides while he was about it?

It Never Came Back.

"Take my advice. Don't lend Burroughs any money."

"I never did."

"Why, you used to, I'm sure, because——"

"No; I used to think I was lending it to him, but I soon discovered it was purely a gift."

Somewhat Different.

Hix—Windig evidently is not a man who hides his light under a bushel.

Dix—You bet he isn't. On the contrary, he considers himself the whole electric power house and imagines the town would be in total darkness if he happened to break down.

The Retort Courteous.

Elephant—What did the camel say when the monkey referred to his humps?

Giraffe—He said he didn't want any back talk.

None the Best of Him.

Blobbs—Bjones has a suit of clothes for every day in the week.

Slobbs—So have I. I've got it on now.—Philadelphia Record.

More Important.

"Yes," said the old doctor, you should try to have your own carriage, by all means. Because when you want to get to a patient quickly——"

"O!" interrupted the young M. D., "I don't think any patient who sent for me would be likely to die before I reached him."

"No, but he might recover before you got there."—Philadelphia Post.

Courtship Too Expensive.

Tess—You don't mean to say they have broken off their engagement?

Jess—Yes.

Tess—Why, I thought they were perfectly devoted to each other.

Jess—So they are. You see, they have broken off the engagement so that he may save enough money to enable them to get married.—Philadelphia Press.

"A Poor Excuse—"

"What is his excuse for not marrying?"

"Says he doesn't want to wear darned socks."

"Another fire caused by friction."

"How's that?"

"Aw, rubbin' a three thousand-dollar policy on a $2,000 barn!"

Ordinary Effort Wasted.

Clara—Is it true that Mabel is suing her husband for divorce?

Maude—Yes, and I don't blame her. She was handicapped right from the start.

Clara—Why, how was that?

Maude—Her husband had indigestion before they were married.—Chicago News.

The Sad Part.

Mrs. Hatterson—What! You've had fourteen cooks in three months!

Mrs. Catterson—Yes. And I didn't please any of them.—Life.

Justifiable.

Biggs—I see your friend Cutting has engaged in a new business. He advertises himself as a man milliner.

Diggs—Well, what of it? You certainly wouldn't expect him to pose as a woman milliner, would you?—Chicago News.

Other Uses.

Mendicant—Please, lady, will you give 10 cents to a poor man to keep him from starving?

Miss Flyte—Mercy no. I can't afford it! Why, I've got to get my spring suit this week.—Somerville Journal.

No Other Inference.

Sillicus—The secret of happiness is to marry one's opposite.

Cynicus—Then a man must be a fool to marry a brainy woman.—Philadelphia Record.

The Latter Part.

"What part of my sermons do you enjoy most?" asked Rev. Dr. Longwind.

"The conclusions you reach," replied Deacon Kandid.—Philadelphia Record.

The Higher Education.

"You believe in the higher education for women?"

"Well, I hardly know; but my daughter says that now-a-days a girl who can't play basket-ball and fence isn't in it."

Telephones Hurt Roads.

It is an odd fact, but true, that some steam railroads have complained of the harm done to their best class of passenger traffic by the long-distance telephone, while hotels in Western cities have also attributed a reduction of patronage to the same cause. Travel between this city and St. Louis, for example, is said to have been appreciably cut down by the telephone. Such a result would seem difficult to trace tangibly, although one meets people daily who, to avoid weary trips, have governed themselves on the injunction: "Don't travel; telephone." But the telegraph and the mail have also been deterrents, and if there is any validity to the alleged reason the high-speed electric travel of the future may restore the former conditions.—Chicago Chronicle.

With His Feelings.

"Does your neighbor's daughter play?"

"Play! Worse than that; she trifles."

Wings of riches are not strong enough to bear away the expensive tastes they bring.