

FRIENDSHIP.

What is the best a friend can be
To any soul, to you or me?
Not only shelter, comfort, rest—
Inmost refreshment, unexpressed.
Not only a beloved guide
To thread life's labyrinth on our side,
Or with love's torch lead on before,
Though these be such, there yet is more.

The best friend is an atmosphere
Warm with all inspirations dear,
Wherein we breathe the large, free breath
Of life that hath no taint of death.
Our friend is an unconscious part
Of every true beat of our heart;
A strength, a growth, whence we derive
God's health, that keeps the world alive.
—Lucy Larcom.

Love's Reward.

PHILIP had known her ever so long, ever since she came here, a little, rose-lipped child. He drew her to school on his little cart, he taught her to ride when older, and when her favor was no longer to be won by snowy kittens or sugared sweetmeats he had laid at her feet a man's strong love, a heart that was brave and loyal and true as steel.

And she—she thought of the face she had seen for the first time but one short month before, the dark, handsome face that had lighted into a look of involuntary admiration at sight of her, the face of the wealthy city stranger—Edgar Reynolds.

Only one month ago, and already the lustre of his eyes had learned to watch for his coming, already the girlish heart had learned to throb at his voice.

And he? No wonder he was fascinated by that fresh young face, and as the days went by he smiled to see how the love of the woman crept into the innocence of the child. And so when Philip Howard asked her for her love she had no heart to give him. She told him so with womanly tenderness and pity, and he had left her presence a very sad, very silent man.

The following day broke fair and bright, with golden sunlight on the hills and June-time mists in the valley. Along the white, winding road leading to the village, in the coolness of the dewy morning, walked Florence Thorne.

The birds are singing their matins in the tree tops; the brook is laughing as it ripples o'er its pebbly bed. In the midst of all this glorious sylvan beauty the elasticity of youth reasserts itself, and the girl's step grows lighter, her heart happier, till she almost forgets her little troubles.

In the village she posts her letters and turns to retrace her steps. She meets many laborers on their way to work, and each man touches his hat and smiles pleasantly on seeing the bright, pretty face, for, young as she is, she has spent many hours helping with kindly offices and gentle pity their wives and little ones.

Coming home, she passes a house that stands in its own grounds—a house with snowy curtains, stretching verandas and a well rolled tennis ground attached. It is far more pretentious than her own cosy house. And well it may be, for it is the boarding house of this rustic little village. It is filled with fashionable just now who have fled from the crush and heat of the city, and, among others, Edgar Reynolds.

At the gate a sudden thought strikes her. The housekeeper's little child is very ill. She will go in and inquire for her. No one save the servant can be up yet. She pushes open the gate and noiselessly flits up the garden path to the rear of the house.

She accomplishes her mission and is returning, when she sees fluttering on the path before her a sheet of creamy note paper. She picks it up and glances around. It must have blown from a window left open on retiring. Yes, there is one directly overhead.

She is about to take it to the housekeeper to return to its owner, when her eyes chance to fall on two words written in a firm, bold hand, "Florence Thorne." It is but a short letter, and the girl, forgetting all honor in the intensity of her surprise, reads every word of it almost before she knows what she has done. It runs:

"Dear Will—Expect me back on Thursday. Am tired of rustication. It would have been an unbearable bore were it not for an awfully pretty girl, flirting with whom has helped to pass the time. She is the daughter of Allen Thorne, the millionaire's brother, you know. Made a fool of himself by marrying a school teacher's daughter years ago. Florence Thorne is a shy, wild rose—poor, pretty and proud as a princess—but I couldn't afford to ruin my prospects for her, you know. Much as I could do to keep from losing my heart in earnest. Had her a mind to throw over Agatha Vere's thousands, but—pshaw, the bank account carries the day."

There is little more relating to business matters, then the letter closes with the hastily scratched signature, "Edgar Reynolds."

The girl stands stiff and rigid in the bright morning sunlight, a great startled horror in her eyes. At the pretty, childish beauty dies in the strained intensity of that gaze.

Hark! Is that some one coming? For a moment she lifts her hand to her head in a confused, helpless way. Then, crushing the letter into her bosom, she turns and flies fast as her leaden weighted feet will bear her down the path, through the gate, along the dusty highway—home.

Her uncle came to her on receipt of Philip Howard's letter, stating how ill she was, his lonely old heart warming with love toward his brother's orphan child. As for Edgar Reynolds, he had heard of her illness with his usual well-bred indifference.

"Poor little thing! Perhaps it's the best way it could have ended after all," he said, and so, congratulating himself, he had gone back to town, while Philip Howard, far out on the broad Atlantic, a self-made exile from home and friends, carried in his heart of hearts the picture of a lovely, wistful, girlish face, with shyest pensive smile eyes.

Three years afterward James Thorne's palace home is a blaze of light.



Oil cloth trays may be considered a cheap and sloppy substitute for the real thing, but if you will try them once when making bromide or velox prints you will continue to use them for that purpose. Apart from the small cost which enables one to have as many trays around as solutions used, there is the cleanliness. Stains on prints are common annoyances when one tray is used for various purposes. Procure a few rough wooden frames about three inches deep and as large as desired for the size you work, a yard or two of white oil cloth and a few tacks is all that is necessary. Take a piece of the oil cloth four inches larger each way than your frame and tack it around the outside edge and a half inches from the edge. The surface is not so liable to scratch your prints, and it is easy to clean when through with.

In his address before the convention of the Photographers' Association of America, Lucius W. Hitchcock said the following, which is excellent advice for any amateur: "Get your impressions from nature, and don't try to manufacture them in cold blood. Art is largely a matter of seeing. It is the same old story of a young student starting out with his sketching outfit, and walking four miles to find something to paint, and the master doing beautiful things in his back yard. Not that everything is beautiful, and worth painting, for it isn't but there are lots of beautiful things that you will pass every day because you have not the eyes to see them. Keep on the alert for beautiful combinations and arrangements all the time. You are just as apt to see them in the street cars as anywhere else, and if you store up a reserve of souvenirs of this sort you will do more original and better pictures. It is far better than copying what another fellow sees and does before you."

There is a wide difference of opinion as to what is the perfect negative. Of course, the experienced worker will make a negative for a certain paper and with a certain object in view, that

light and beauty. The massive doors are flung open; the perfume of the flowers floats out on the night air. The soft, brilliant light from the chandeliers, through curtains of amber satin and creamy lace, streams forth on the street below.

She has received them all with a sweet, imperious grace wholly her own, and is walking away, on a partner's arm, when she looks up and sees before her a late arrival—Edgar Reynolds.

The dark, debonaire face is handsome as of yore, and it brightens as if with new life when he sees her.

"Florence—Miss Thorne!" He has sprung forward eagerly, and, regardless of the presence of others, held out both hands.

Florence Thorne looks up at him in calm surprise. She does not smile; she does not cry out. No tinge of the rose flush dies from her face. The pensive purple eyes do not droop; the lily hands do not tremble. So she lays her hand a moment in his, coldly, courteously.

"Have you come back at last—at last?"

"Yes, we returned a fortnight ago," rings out the clear, silver voice. "Captain Arthur, will you take me to the ballroom?"

She bows a trifle haughtily to Edgar Reynolds, and leaves the drawing room on her partner's arm.

The night goes by with the ripple of laughter, the crash of music, the tread of dancing feet.

Everywhere admiring eyes follow Florence Thorne, and her uncle looks fondly on and smiles to see the world bow down before his darling.

"Such wit, such repartee, such matchless grace!" they say. "She is the beauty of the season."

"One dance, only one," pleads Edgar Reynolds, "for the sake of old times."

She laughs, that clear, happy laugh of hers, and leaves him.

He stands where she has left him and looks after her with hot, angry eyes.

He has staid single and let Agatha Vere's bank account slip through his hands for the sake of this girl and James Thorne's wealth.

Oh, now—now for one hour of the old dominion.

If it suits his purpose is a perfect negative, although it may be useless for other papers. But it is to dispel the idea in the mind of the beginner, that a perfect negative must be crisp and clear, black and white. As most amateurs make "snap shots" and these are as a general rule under-exposed, they are especially liable to turn out black and white negatives, more especially if they use prepared developers, which are mostly hydrokinone, on account of its keeping qualities in solution. Now hydrokinone is a harsh developer and only suitable for negatives that have received ample exposure.

Ortol is a good all around developer for snap shots, where pyro is disliked, but, with all its staining qualities, pyro can be excellent. Pyro and metal in combination is a developer that can be adapted easily to long or short exposures by diluting the developer and a much under-exposed negative can be made to yield a fair print by leaving it in a diluted pyro-metal developer until well stained through the film. Such a negative is a disappointment to look at, but the print is better than the negative in detail and contrast.

The amber color of a pyro developed negative, although thin, makes it a denser, black and white negative developed in hydrokinone, metal, amidol or rodinal. In the perfect negative there should be only absolute opacity in the very highest lights, such as the glancing of the sun on the crest of the waves, and absolute transparency only where the lines require to be pure black. Between these two extremes there must be even gradations through all the tones and half tones. Over-exposure tends to produce the middle tones at the expense of the lights and shadows. Under-exposure gives the extremes at the loss of the half tones. Thus in a known case of under-exposure the pyro developer by its stain retards the printing and tends to bring out on the paper every bit of detail that is in the negative, while black and white negatives, although rapid printers, do not do themselves justice on paper.—Camera and Dark Room.

It room tilt, parting the velvet curtains at the end, she enters a cool, dim, shadowy alcove.

He is just behind her, but draws back quickly in the shade of a tall, flower crowned pillar as he sees a man turn from the marble mantel at the farther end of the room against which he had been leaning—a man bearded and bronzed and travel stained.

"Oh, Philip!"

The girl sprang forward, a gleaming light in her eyes, a vivid color in her cheeks.

"Little Flo!" he says softly.

It was the old pet name for her when she was a little child. When she grew up a "fair girl graduate," with golden hair, she was "Miss Florence." Now the old name sprang first to his lips.

Both her slender white hands rest in his own—not reluctantly now. The man in the shadow of the velvet portiere looks on with compressed lips. Ah, he recognizes him now—his rustic rival of three years ago.

"Little Flo," he says again, and this time his eyes are suspiciously moist. With a woman's quick perception she sees it and withdraws her hands.

For a moment she is a shy girl again, for she knows how, in spite of wealthy suitors and a countless coronet, she has faithfully guarded the love awakened three years ago—the true love that flourished when the false love died.

"Have you no better welcome, Florence—no gift of love? Have I loved and waited in vain? Oh, my darling!"

"Silence! This lady is my promised wife."

It is Edgar Reynolds, white with rage, who speaks, but Florence turns to him with her calmest, sweetest smile.

"You are mistaken, Mr. Reynolds. A pretty girl with whom you flirted three years ago helped to pass the time, but she was only a shy, wild rose, and you could not afford to ruin your prospects for her, you know."

As she speaks she draws from her breast and hands him a sheet of crumpled paper.

Then she turns to the lover of her childhood, girlish, womanhood, and lays her hands in his, and he clasps the figure in his trailing satin robes close in his strong arms as "Little Flo" cries out in alarm:

"Oh, Philip, you have crushed my flowers!"

And Edgar Reynolds goes forth from the room and forth from their lives, and for once true love has its royal reward.—Waverley.

SOCIAL INSTINCT OF ANTS.

Insects Who Preferred Duty to the Call of Pleasure.

A swarm of formica pratensis was closely pressed in its nest by an army of the same species, and crowds of alarmed defenders issued from the entrance in the fight. Like Satan, the tempter of old, I placed near them a drop of honey on a piece of paper, says a writer in the International World.

At any other time the honey would have been covered in a few instants with ants gorging themselves, but this time numerous working ants came upon it, tasted it for scarcely a second and returned to it restlessly three or four times. Conscientiousness, the feeling of duty, invariably prevailed over gourmandism, and they left the honey to go and be killed while defending the community. I am bound to own, however, that there are ants less social in whom gourmandism does prevail.

Compared to the manner of other social animals, and especially to those of man, the manner of ants exhibits a profound and fundamental aggregation of facts of convergence due to their social life. Let me mention devotion, the instinctive sentiment of duty, slavery, torture, war, alliances, the raising of cattle, gardening, harvesting, and even social degeneracy through the attraction of certain harmful means of enjoyment. It would be ridiculous and erroneous to see in the fulfillment of this series of acts individual reasoning, the result of calculated reflection analogous to ours. The fact that each is fixed and circumscribed within one species, as well as the fatalistic character it has in that species, proves this superabundantly. But it would be as grave a mistake to refuse to recognize the deep natural laws that are concealed under this convergence. Is the case different as regards our actions, though they are infinitely more plastic and more complex individually? I do not believe it.

I have been unable to give more than a short sketch of the social life of ants. Let each one study it for himself and he will experience in doing so the deep enjoyment that comes from sounding the secrets and laws of nature, while at the same time he will enjoy the most delightful satire upon human wretchedness, and will perceive at least the main lines of a social example that we ought to be able to imitate, though we cannot do so on account of the too large dose of egotistical and ferocious instincts that we have inherited from our ancestors.

DOCTOR WAS TOO CLEVER.

An anonymous physician who has written some "confessions" for the Independent tells this story about himself: "I received a request to call from an old patient who was afraid she was taking scarlet fever. I responded at once. The patient was one of two elderly sisters whom I had attended for many years. I greeted her in the sitting room and noted her pulse while in the act of shaking hands with her. By some witty remarks I contrived to make her laugh, which enabled me to see her tongue. Then I said in a playful tone: 'If you will get me a glass I will treat you to some of my patent soda water.' She did so, and I put a tablet in the water, and she drank it. I want you to know that I take pride in my original methods. I try to educate my patients to like, and not to dread, the visits of the doctor. In this case all of my work had been done without the direct knowledge of the patient, and I felt very good over it. So I bade my patient good-bye with extreme cheerfulness. She looked surprised and then said: 'Of course, you will come upstairs and see my sister?' 'Not today,' I said. 'Give her my respects.' 'Why,' she said, looking mystified and startled, 'how strangely you talk!' 'Strangely?' I echoed. 'Why?' 'Because I sent for you to prescribe for my sister and you decline to see her.' I flashed over my mind in an instant. I had prescribed for the wrong sister. I was entirely too clever."

Johnnie's Checker Story.

Paw he got 't checkerboard.

An' says, 'Now, come here, son, We'll spread 't pieces on 't squares An' show you how it's done.' So I set down, an' he moved first, 'Nen I give him a man.

'Nen he jump me, an' chucked out, 'Jest beat 't of you can.'

'Nen I moved one, an' he took that, An' said not to feel sore. Jest then I seen a zigzag line, 'Nen jumped—an' I took four! My paw—he rubbed his chin, an' thought, 'An' says, 'Um-m-m, lemme see.'

'Nen he moved, I saw my jump, An' that time I took three.

'Nen paw he moved another man, An' hatched up to me, while paw looked on, I took that, too, while paw looked on, 'An' says, 'You jest roared! 'Nen paw—'t king-row's where he wants to get, like anything, But 'fore he knows where I am at, I says, 'Paw, crown that king.'

'Nen I jest moved the way they do Down there at Griggies store, An' first thing paw knows he ain't got No checkers any more.

'Nen paw gits up, an' slams the board! I can't say what he said— 'Twas some 'bout 't smart Aleck kids, 'Nen he sent me to bed! —Woman's Home Companion.

Tree Turned Into a Newspaper.

A foreign paper tells of an experiment. It was made to see how quickly a tree could be turned into a newspaper. At 7:35 a. m. a tree was sawed down. Just two hours later it had been converted into pulp and paper. At 10 o'clock the first printed and folded copy came from the press. In 145 minutes the tree had been turned into a newspaper. It now becomes the Yankee to beat that record. Perhaps it has been beaten, for something of the sort was done in New York several years ago.—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Plainly Stated.

Mr. Yerning if you will only marry me, I promise you I'll make you a good husband.

Miss De Terminus—Never fear! If I decide to marry you I'll make you that.

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KING'S ODD RIGHTS.

EDWARD VII. RETAINS IMPORTANT PREROGATIVES.

Can Neither Die Nor Err—Is Not Subject to Law and Is Only Person in the Empire Who Cannot Arrest a Felon.

The prerogatives of the king of England, though considerably curtailed by a long series of enactments, are still of great extent and of vast importance. The theory of English law, as to the prerogatives of the monarch, is entirely inconsistent. The law recognizes him as an irresponsible being, and yet the same law defines his powers. In consequence of this position, the courts have from time to time interpreted what constitutes his prerogatives. For a clearer conception of these various "privileges," they have been divided into four principal classes—viz., personal, political, judicial and ecclesiastical.

However ludicrous it may appear to the untutored American, it is nevertheless a fact (according to British statutes) that among the many rights which have been taken from the sovereign are that he can neither die nor make mistakes (?), but there may be a demise of the crown, and thereby a transfer of authority. Neither can he be under age, and if so, a protector is appointed for administrative purposes. He is personally irresponsible for crime or tort, and should injury be inflicted at the hands of the king it is attributed to the blunders of his advisers.

A curious consequence of the entire exemption of the monarch is that he is the only person in the realm who can not, under any circumstances whatever, be brought against the crown. The king is also exempt from taxation, because, as the revenues are one of his prerogatives, it would be useless for him to tax himself, yet the lands purchased from the privy purse are taxable. No matter what debts he may contract he can not be arrested or his goods restrained or taken in execution. This privilege of being exempt from taxation applies to the palaces and all public buildings of state. No judicial process can be served in royal residences, but this immunity does not extend to buildings when not used as a royal dwelling, such as Hampton Court House. Holyrood House is still a sanctuary from civil process.

The king is the supreme executive and co-ordinate authority, and is paramount to parliament, which body he can dissolve or prorogue at his pleasure, but he can not prolong the sessions beyond seven years. In theory, parliament exists only at the will of the sovereign, and a vote for a member is merely a franchise granted through the graciousness of the monarch, and is an inherent right of the subject.

The king can refuse to assent to a bill passed by parliament, though it can be said that this right has not been exercised since Queen Anne's reign, when that sovereign refused to sign the Scottish militia bill. The ruler is not bound by any act of parliament unless he is named therein, and likewise, any proclamation issued by the king is only binding when founded upon and conforming to the common law; neither can he create any new offense.

The right of the crown to grant letters of denization has been preserved, as has also the valuable power to grant peerages at will, when not restrained by act of parliament. The right of the king to have supreme command of the army and navy was contested by the long parliament. Parliament has not, as yet, sought to deprive the king of his commercial rights, which consist of the coining of money, regulating weights and measures, establishing markets, fairs and seaports. He is the sole power in constituting corporations. Some of his prerogatives, such as being the "parent of infants, idiots and lunatics," are exercised through ministers and a board of trade.

His judicial prerogatives proclaim him to be the "Fountain of Justice." A learned commentator has said that in being the "Fountain of Justice" it is not considered that the king is the author, only the distributor—"not the spring only the reservoir." As supreme judge, the king can appoint all the judicial officials (except in certain lower courts) who act as his deputies and, as "supreme conservator of the peace," through the lord lieutenant in counties and the lord chancellor in cities and boroughs.

The king is the head of the church. By virtue of this prerogative he convenes, dissolves convocation, nominates the bishops and other church prelates. He is the supreme court in all ecclesiastical affairs, though this appellate court is now vested in a judicial committee of the privy council with archbishops and bishops as assessors. The dean and chapter of the cathedral cannot proceed to the election of a bishop without the king's permission to elect. When any benefice is vacant by the promotion of the incumbent to a bishopric, other than a colonial bishopric, the king has the privilege of appointing. Whenever a new bishopric is created it is under the power of an act of parliament.

It seems to be as head of the church, says a writer in the New York Times, that the king grants licenses to hold in mortmain, though the right now extends to lay as well as to ecclesiastical affairs.

NEW PIPES FOR SMOKERS.

Come from Philippines and Some Useful for War Clubs.

The increase in the number of tourists to the Philippine Islands has flooded New York with various styles of pipes that are new to local dealers. They are in the main unique and are more valuable as ornaments and additions to collections than for the actual satisfaction obtained from smoking them. Yet pipe smokers who always are on the lookout for something novel have grabbed them up and wouldn't trade an old red stem and cobble bowl for the finest meerschaum in town.

The large Morro pipe, which is intended to serve as a war club when not otherwise in use, is by far the most novel

of the recent importations from the Philippines. It has an immense stem, covered with short barbs, and the bowl is of sufficient weight to make it a dangerous weapon when wielded by a native Filipino. There are several of these Morro pipes in this city, and smokers have taken to them with alacrity simply because they are queer.

One pipe smoker is the owner of a highly prized specimen that was carved out of a steer's horn. A bowl of briar was inserted at the end and connected with a reed stem tipped with amber. He spends his evenings smoking his pipe and couldn't be induced to try any other. It is heavy and hard to handle, but he likes it, nevertheless.

Some curious designs are to be found in the collections of pipe smokers who appreciate carving. One man who consumes a pound of tobacco every week smokes from a snake's head ingeniously worked out of French briar. Another finds satisfaction in a bowl representing a dog's foot. The human skull has also been counterfeited to meet the fancy of the pipe smoker.—Philadelphia Ledger.

HE GOT THE HALF-DOLLAR.

One of the best dog stories which has been told in a long time is related in the Nashville Banner. The narrator of the anecdote was driving in a town in Mississippi with the owner of the dog. To show the animal's cleverness he got out of the dog's nose, and then taking therefrom a half-dollar, hid it under a large rock. The men drove on for a half mile, and then the dog was commanded to fetch the half-dollar.

The animal, without the least hesitation, started back on a run, and my friend explained that as the rock was heavy the dog would be unable to turn it over, so would have to scratch under it to reach the piece of money, and it would naturally take him some time. It did, for he had not appeared when we retired, about 10 o'clock.

Early the next morning we heard a sharp bark at the door. When the door was opened in rushed the dog, dragging with him a pair of trousers which he dropped on the floor.

Of course we were mystified, but the explanation soon came in the shape of a neighbor who lived several miles distant. He rode up on a mule, and inquired if a dog with a pair of trousers in his mouth had come into the house. Just then the pointer walked out on the porch, and the man exclaimed, "Why, there's the dog now."

The caller said that late in the afternoon of the day before he found the dog scratching under a large rock near the road, and thinking he was after a rabbit, stopped and lifted the rock up, and to his surprise found a half-dollar underneath. He put the money in his pocket, and the dog followed him home. The dog appeared to be friendly, and the man petted him and gave him his supper.

At night when the family retired the dog was put out of doors, but he kept up such a racket that no one on the place could sleep, and when the man opened the door to drive the animal away he rushed into the bedroom and lay down near the foot of the bed and slept there all night.

Early in the morning, the man said, he got up and opened the window, and the instant he did so the dog seized his trousers, and jumping out the window fled with them. The man followed as soon as he could get his mule.

Of course my friend searched the pockets of the trousers which the dog had brought, and there found the half-dollar.

The Quiet Man in the Corner.

I lingered o'er a checker game a night or two ago;

The one who played against me seemed to have no ghost of show;

I had a bunch of lousy kings that strutted all about;

And bullied my opponent's men, who dared not venture out.

'Way over in a corner shrunk a timid little man

Who staid right in his station ever since the game began.

He watched my crowned heads marching by with banner and with song, And seemed to be discouraged over standing still so long.

But pretty soon an opening occurred two blocks away,

And not another moment did that little fellow stay.

He headed o'er the board and took three kings in one fell swoop,

Then landed in my king-row with a wild, ecstatic whoop.

You've known these quiet fellows that just sat around and thought And never made a noise while the others raged and fought;

The whole community had come to think of them as dead,

Or else so very near it that their hope of fame had fled.



She—He declares he loves the very ground I tread upon. He—Ah! I thought he had his eyes on the estate. —Harvard Lampoon.

Suburban—Why are you sneaking into the house so quietly? Commute—Sh—h! The cook has company, and I do not wish to disturb them.

"I can safely say that no man ever attempted to bribe me, gentlemen." "Don't be down-hearted, old chap; your luck may change."

Citizen—I see you raise your own vegetables. Suburbanite—No! I simply plant a small garden so as to keep the chickens at home.—Life.

The Lawyer—I really hope I don't annoy you with all these questions. His Fair Client—Not at all. I'm used to it. I have a 6-year-old son.

He—I fancy men believe in friendship rather than women do. She—Possibly, but the great trouble is it's generally their own friendship they believe in.

Wisdom—Honestly, now, did you learn anything while you were in college? Graduate—Um-m—well, I learned how to state my ignorance in scientific terms.

"Is your family fond of cereals, Mr. Jump?" "Oh, yes!" were reading several in the Parlor Portfolio now, and can't hardly wait from week to week."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Cassidy—Shut kicken! about yer hard luck, man! Some mornin' ye'll wake up an' find yerself famous. Casey—Faith, O'll bet yer whin that mornin' comes 'twill be me luck to oversleep meself.

Mrs. Hiram Offen—I hope you washed the fish thoroughly before you put it on the broiler, Della. Della—Shure, what would be the use of that, ma'am? Hasn't it been livin' in the water all its life?—Philadelphia Press.

"Oh, well, my dear," observed he to his wife, "you will find that there are a great many worse men in the world than I am." "How can you be so cynical, John?" replied his wife reproachfully.—Syracuse Herald.

Silas—So Zeke won't have anything but first-class literature? Cyrus—No. Why? He wouldn't even subscribe to a magazine because he saw "Entered as second-class matter" on the front page."

Superintendent—It is our usual custom to let a prisoner work at the same trade in here as he did outside. Now, what is your trade? Shoemaker, blacksmith or — "Please, sir, I was a traveling salesman."

Constance—I am going out in Algy's launch. Penelope—But naphtha launches are very dangerous. Constance—I know it. But Algy gave me the choice of either going out with him on his naphtha launch or his sailboat.

"I see a crank out of a Western hat for ladies that will shut up when the curtain rises." "If he'd only invent a box party that would do that he'd deserve a medal."—Philadelphia