

WHEN YOU WENT AWAY.

Two on a day like this, dear Heart,
You went away;
Though spring, a chill was in the air,
The sky was gray.
The earth before that sad, sad time
Had scattered light
And left the fragrant meadows green
In but a night.

But on the day you went, dear Heart,
A breath of snow
Fell from the whitening beard of time;
A sudden woe
Withered the joy within my life
And left it gray.
And made me old with sadness, when
You went away.

I cannot now be brave, dear Heart;
The sadness still
Speaks to me in mournful whispers
From wood and hill;
On the sky the autumn shadows
Trail their gray—
The sun can't shine, until to you
I go away.
—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Two Alternatives

AND now, Jack, what can I do?
He follows me everywhere,
He stands around and ogles me
with that delectable "baby stare" of his,
and—don't you're laughing, Jack!—you
are as mean as you can be to laugh
when I come to you for advice.

Escher stamped her foot. Jack Ormsby
leaned against the veranda railing
and watched her with amused eyes.
"I can't help smiling, Esther, but I
can appreciate the irritation poor Hal-
lowell must cause you."

"Irritation!" A world of emphasis
entered into the word. "And just be-
cause I was foolish enough to let him
propose to me!" she wailed.

"Well, of course," Jack said slowly,
"you must expect to have your scalp
cost you a little something, Escher."
"He doesn't say anything," exclaimed
the girl. "If he did, it would give me a
chance to let him know what I think of
his footstep everywhere."

"It certainly is a case of the villain
still pursued her," Ormsby said. "What
do you want me to do, Escher—call him
out and plug him full of holes?"

"Ugh! Don't be so vulgar! I don't
want you to do anything but tell me
what to do to get rid of him."

Jack was almost the only man she
knew well who had not proposed to
her. Men had fallen before her charms,
had said their little piece (and some
said it rather well, she had to admit
to herself), and gone their way, and
until now no man had really been able
to trouble her serenely.

"Do think of something, Jack," she
pleaded. "It's been three months now
since he—"

"Since he said the momentous words
which made him—not yours, eh?" And
Ormsby laughed, but his hands trembled
as he shifted the cane a little.

Ormsby had already leaned forward
to seize the reins. He glanced at the
colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol
is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

The man dropped Sultan's bridle.
Like a flash he threw up his head
and started.

The lines had not been quite within
Ormsby's grasp. His foot slipped from
the step. He made a leap to reach the
carriage, but Sultan swung into a long
stride on the instant and fairly snatched
the runaway from under his mas-
ter's grasp.

"The reins, the reins! Quick, Escher!"
Ormsby cried.

Thank God, she knew what he meant
and seized the reins before they slipped
over the dashboard to dangle about Sul-
tan's heels and drive him mad with ter-
ror. But the horse knew instantly that
an unfamiliar hand held the reins, and
he increased his trot to a gallop.

Escher told herself that she would
not be frightened and she drew the
lines in firmly and said, "Whoa!"

But Sultan saw no reason for "whoa-
ing" just then. There was a long stretch
of dusty, sunlit road before him, and
he seized the bit in his strong teeth, and
bolted. He flew by Hallowsell's mouth
with a rush and set that creature to
dancing. Hallowsell hung on to the
leather and stared with round eyes at
the runaway.

His astonishment was vastly increas-
ed when a second whirlwind reached
him. Ormsby went at him as though
he was snatching the bridle from Hal-
lowell's hand, and that young man was
sent reeling in the dust as Jack leaped
astride and set the now frightened ani-
mal after the bolting Sultan.

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He favored him with a frigid look.
"I beg your pardon, Mr. Ormsby," she
observed.

"Well, you needn't," he said quietly.
"You expect plain talk from people
whose advice you ask, don't you? No
man will ever ask a woman to marry
him if she doesn't give him the oppor-
tunity."

"That is different; but such remarks
as you are making now are hardly in
the nature of advice, Jack."

"Well, I don't see that there's much
you can do," he drawled, and his eyes
began to twinkle. "There seems to be
but two courses to pursue, and two
only—"

"Oh, here's your Sultan and the run-
away!" suddenly cried Escher, clasp-
ing her hands and springing up. "Are
you going to take me to ride, Jack?"

"Well, it's what I came around for,
but your tale of woe about knocked it
out of my head."

The negro from the stable leaped out
and held the big bay's head. Escher
ran down to the gate, forgetting the be-
ruffled parasol lying on the veranda.
Ormsby followed lazily.

"Feeling pretty gay, isn't he, Jack-
son?" he asked, pulling on a glove and
looking at Sultan, who danced charm-
ingly to the accompaniment of little
squalls of delight from Escher.

"Yes, sah; he do, sah."
"Hop in, Escher," Ormsby said, hold-
ing out his hand to assist her. Then,
he added, "Speaking of angels, there's
Hallowell now."

ARMY PRIVATE GETS RICH

Invented a Cooking Range
and Got \$200,000 Worth
of Government Contracts.



From the position of private in the regular army of the United States at a salary of \$13 a month to that of government contractor in transactions involving thousands upon thousands of dollars is a broad leap for a man to take in a few short years. Yet such success has been accomplished by a young man whose home is now in Chicago. His name is Francis H. Buzzacott.

Mr. Buzzacott rose from the rank of private to the position of an opulent contractor through the instrumentality of patents secured by him on a unique conception of cooking range for use by the army in the field. For years he fought and struggled against reverses and infringements, and is just now beginning to enjoy the fruits of his unique career. Within the last few days he closed a contract with the War Department for 800 of the ranges patented by him, and this deal involves returns amounting to \$27,000, a sum sufficient to round out a snug \$200,000 which the soldier-contractor has received from the government within the last two years.

The range which has been responsible for the remarkable rise of Mr. Buzzacott is an ingenious affair, popular with the War Department because it is compact, portable, extremely durable, and simplifies cooking in the field and open air. It is made of malleable iron, which can be beaten and pounded with sledge, but which will not break. When in transit the range forms a chest in which are packed the boilers, pans and other cooking paraphernalia for 100 men. It requires no packing, burns any kind of fuel, can be got ready for cooking in five minutes after being taken from a wagon or train, and as quickly taken down and loaded again if an emergency should arise. The range is made in three sizes. One for twenty-five men is intended for the medical department, another for six men is for officers and special detachments, while the third, with a cooking capacity of 100 men, is for troop, battery or company use.

A fresh faced young fellow entered by on a fine horse and lifted his hat seriously. A little way beyond he pulled in the animal, and dismounted as though he would come back to speak to the couple at the runabout.

"Do hurry up!" exclaimed Esther under her breath. "What shall I do to get rid of him, Jack? You said there were two ways. What are they?"

"Well, Ormsby buttoned the glove slowly and put one foot on the step of the runabout, "you might marry him to get rid of him."

"No, thank you," she exclaimed, point-
ing and tossing her head. Then she
started and looked toward the house.
"Oh, Jack—my parasol! I shall want
it."

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to seize the reins. He glanced at the
colored man. "Miss Dingley's parasol
is on the veranda, Jackson," he said.

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Science AND Invention

Human serum, contrary to expecta-
tion, has proven effective in counter-
acting effects of the tsetse fly bite in
lower animals, and feebly active as a
preventive.

The vibration of the diaphragm of a
telephone receiver is not easily meas-
ured, but the best calculation is said
to show a movement of about one
twenty-millionth of an inch.

By the new electrical apparatus of
Prof. C. W. Carmichael, pictures on any
opaque material are projected upon a
screen. Even a view from the object
itself, if the latter is not too large,
may be magnified and thrown upon the
sheet, without any lantern slide.

Wood yarn, as now manufactured in
Germany, is said to cost about half
as much as cotton yarn. It is supplied
in the natural gray state and does not
bleach well, but can be dyed almost
any color. It is claimed to be well
adapted for a variety of uses, such as
linings for garments, bed ticks, blinds,
crumb cloths, etc.

A new industry in Norway is the
manufacture of peat fuel as a substi-
tute for coal, the machinery being
driven and the peat dried and pressed
into briquettes by electric power de-
rived from waterfalls. Peat in its nat-
ural condition contains 85 per cent of
water. The heat needed to expel it
is obtained from electricity. There
is talk of introducing the system into
Ireland.

A self-lighting cigar is tipped with
a cap of ground glass, saltpetre, po-
tassium chlorate and gum arabic, and
a frictional igniter is placed on the sur-
face of the cap. On scratching the
igniter, the cap burns freely and cannot
be extinguished by an ordinary wind.

The cap is rendered incandescent and
the ground glass fused, so covering the
end of the cigar that no unpleasant
taste results.

Starless parts of the sky are not
dark. At the Lowell Observatory in
California Edgar Larkin states, "the
stellar floor," the background of the
visible universe, has been proven to be
a vast sheet of minute stellar points
of varying degrees of brightness, with
here and there a rift seeming to reveal
the blackness of outer space. It is
thought that the universe may be far
larger than is commonly believed.

A mysterious loss of water is often
noticed in boilers under steam but not
in use. The valves appear to be tight,
no escaping steam is seen, but in a
few hours it is necessary to introduce
more water. What becomes of the
lost steam is a problem that could be
thoroughly investigated with profit. In
one case it was stated the loss was
partly accounted for when windows
over the boiler were opened, the cold
air making visible a leak of steam from
every valve.

Recent discussion of the future ex-
haustion of the coal supply leads D. E.
Hutchinson, one of the government forest
officers in Cape Colony, to advocate the
plan of cultivating forest timber for
fuel. In Cape Town to-day, he says,
it is cheaper to plant a forest of quick-
growing trees for fuel than to import
coal. The eucalyptus is an excellent
wood for this purpose. Experiment has
shown that, when planted on tropical
mountains, it will produce fuel at the
rate of twenty tons per acre for each
acre.

But Mr. Hutchinson thinks it
would be possible to find some plant
which, in sunny latitudes, with plenty
of rainfall, would produce twice as
much fuel as that. This, he calculates,
would give the world the equivalent
of at least thirty times its present con-
sumption of coal.

NOT HEALTHFUL FOR BEES.
Plenty of Flowers There, but Other
Insects Objected to Interlopers.

"There were so many blossoms and
wild flowers around the Louisiana
quarantine's cabin that I asked him why
he didn't get a few swarms of bees
and go into honey," remarked a de-
trotter recently returned from the sun-
ny South.

"I don't tried 'em for five years
ago," he replied with a solemn shake
of the head.

"Sort of a calamity, huh. I got
three hives of bees, but they hadn't
been two days when the house flies,
hoss flies, hornets and gallinippers got
jealous. Hadn't never bin any bees
around yere before, and I reckon our in-
sects didn't like the smell or looks of
'em. Mobbed the bees was assy and
got up a row down in the swamp. How-
suever it was, the hornets and hoss
flies and so on gathered yere for ten
miles around to swallow them bees, and
didn't reckon on swallowin' them bees,
they begun the row one mawn-
in' befo' we was out of bed. Me and
the ole woman was woke up by a buzz-
in' sound like that made by the wheels
of an old clock when yo' loosen the
spring, and we got outer bed to find
millions of insects flyin' around. They
just fit and fit, and it was sundown
befo' the fout was over."

"And which side whipped?"

"Which side? Why, suh, that was
a hundred to one o' the flies and hos-
sies, and then bees didn't stand no
show than a coon with seven dogs
on top of him. They was stung and
bit and kicked to death to the very
last one of 'em, and if this hadn't bin
a mighty stout cabin me'n the ole wom-
an wouldn't hev lived to burn up the
hives."

"We got stung by bees," continued
the squatter, according to the Detroit
Free Press, "jabbed by the hornets and
bit by the gallinippers, and we had to
lay around in the mud of the swamp
for three or fo' days to get the pizen
out. I ain't sayin' this wouldn't be a
powerful good spot to raise honey, but
if anybody starts in with no' bees I
cwant to be ten miles away when them
hoss flies git their backs up and start
in to raise a row!"

SETTLED OUT OF COURT.
New Hampshire Judge Who Was
Was Little Less than Solomon's.

"Well, no, Judge Holmes admitted a
lawyer by profession," said Mr.
Flanders, "but he was one by consent
of the neighbors." He was a weaver
by trade, and made good pay in the
Chester mills. 'Twasn't till he was well

along that he come up here to New
Hampshire and bought the Hobbs place
and settled down. He wasn't no great
of a farmer, but 'twasn't long 'fore we
saw that we'd got a remarkable man in
our midst—yes, sir, remarkable." The
stranger expressed his interest, and
Mr. Flanders continued:

"He'd thought out things for himself.
His judgment was good on most any
subject, but when it came to law the
little, nice points seemed to come to him
by nature. We never went down to
Seymour to consult with Squire Phil-
lips after we knew what we had right
in our village. No, sir, we just took our
cases to Judge Holmes; he settled 'em
out o' court, and we 'bided by his ver-
dict. He had a big leather chair that
swung right and left and clear round,
and I tell you he set in it like a man
born to set in leather chairs."

"Do you recall any specially interest-
ing case that was submitted to him?"
asked the visitor.

Mr. Flanders' hand sought his strag-
gling white beard. "Yes," he said, af-
ter a moment's thought. "There was the
case of Hi Savage's cat. It was a tor-
tise-shell, and Hi's family set an awful
lot of it. One morning Hi found it dead
down along by his spring, and he de-
clared that Hen Eaton's dog killed it.
They was both pretty hot-tempered,
and they had it back and forth for some
time. Finally we got 'em to lay the case
before the Judge."

"Yes," said the visitor, encouragingly.
"We found the Judge playing croquet
on the common with some of his cron-
ies," continued Mr. Flanders, "but he
was soon sitting in his old leather chair,
and pretty high all the village crowd
into his little office."

"Well, sir, he got down to a verdict
in ten minutes! He heard what they
had to say; he twisted twice round, then
he laid his head back in that chair.
'Hen,' says he, 'it is highly cartilaginous
to kill a cat.' Yes, sir, that was just
what he said, inside o' ten minutes!"

The visitor wondered whether this
high-sounding judgment meant a heavy
fine or jail and hard labor, but he said,
"I'm not familiar with technical
phrases. Just what did 'the Judge'
mean?"

"I don't know that myself," said Mr.
Flanders, frankly. "We never picked
any of his verdicts to pieces. But every-
body understood that it was for Hi and
against Hen, so Hi went right out and
mopped Hen all over Sanborn's medder
lot."

FISH-SCALE FLOWERS.
An Old South American Industry In-
troduced in New York.

Domestic industries travel in a man-
ner that often astonishes the careful
student. The Indians of Venezuela and
northern Brazil have from time im-
memorial been skillful makers of fish-
scale flowers and leaves. The dentens
of the ocean in the tropics are notable
for the color and brilliancy of their
scales and fins, the range of chromatic
tints including pink, rose, scarlet, sky
blue, ultramarine, apple green, emerald
and olive gold, orange, gray, lilac
and purple. The scales are easily fanned
together or to wires with strong
fish glue, which is singularly durable
and permanent. The industry passed
to the West Indies, where it was adopted
by the Spaniards, and during the
Cuban war came over to the mainland
and found a home in Florida. In the
present year it has come northward
and now finds a habitation in New
York City.

One of the shops is not far from the
Waldorf-Astoria, and is presided over
by a clever, nimble-fingered woman,
whose work table looks almost as deli-
cate as a jeweler's. Her tools are a
pair of scissors, a needle and thread,
cloth or thread-wrapped wire, wire cut-
ters, glue pot and brush and some com-
pressors for changing the curvature of
the scales. The scales themselves are
usually flat when they reach the opera-
tor, and must be concaved or curled
in order to simulate petals, sepals and
many forms of leaves.

A finished flower possesses a fanta-
stic beauty which is unique, says the
New York Post. The shape and color
of the vegetable world are almost as deli-
cate as a jeweler's. Her tools are a
pair of scissors, a needle and thread,
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many forms of leaves.

In a translation of two folk lore tales
about Napoleon, one from the French
and the other the Russian, George Ken-
nan says that Napoleon is the Russian
pagan's name for the Emperor. It is
not quite clear why he has adopted
it. Possibly the final syllable der has
been added because, to the ear of the
peasant, Napoleon seems incomplete, as
"Alexan" would sound to us without
the "der."

The point of view of the two national-
ities differs amazingly. The French
peasant regards Napoleon as a great
leader and conqueror, aided, if not di-
rectly sent, by God, to show forth the
power and glory of France.

The Russian peasant, more thought-
ful by nature, as well as less excitable
and combative, admits that the con-
queror was sent to earth by God to il-
lustrate the divine nature of sympathy
and pity through the cruelty of war.
Both are convinced of his supernatural
origin. The Frenchman believes that
he was led by a guiding star. The Rus-
sian argues that he was created by the
devil, and that God, having given him
a soul, to punish the Russian people for
their sins, then made him a man by in-
spiring him with compassion.

Art for Revenue Only.
Struck by (showing his art collection)
—Ain't that bull fight picture a
beauty? I paid an artist \$2,000 to paint
that for me to order.

Cutting—Well! Well! It's surprising
what some men will do for money, isn't
it?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Seven Species of Salmon.
There are seven species of salmon in
the Taku river, Alaska. Each has its
date of arrival from the sea at the
spawning grounds.

A young man who takes the time at
noon to walk home with a pretty girl,
is making himself solid with the wrong
party; the girl, when it should be his
employer.

PIRATES OF LUZON.

Famous Malay Buccaneers Being Ex-
terminated by Uncle Sam.

As a result of the relentless warfare
waged by Uncle Sam's policemen in the
Philippines against piracy, there is im-
prisoned in the village of Legapi, on
the island of Luzon, a band of 34,
which it is thought
comprises the last
of the famous old
Malay pirates. The
particular charge
against this band is
an attempt to take
possession of the
steamer Dos Her-
manos while it was
at Virac. The attempt, however, was
thwarted by the policemen on duty
near that village and the pirates were
captured after a fierce battle in which
two of the buccaneers were killed and
three of the crew of the Dos Hermanos
were also slain.

The punishing of these men will be
the culmination of a crusade which
Uncle Sam has carried on against these
Malay pirates. Two days after the Dos
Hermanos incident a gunboat was sent
to Napiandian, with instructions to kill
or capture every pirate found there.
Napiandian is the last home of these
buccaneers. Here during the last cen-
tury they have lived as fishermen and
preyed upon the merchant vessels ply-
ing between ports in Laguna de Bay
and Manila.

While the Spaniards controlled the
Philippines no attempt was ever made
to exterminate these buccaneers. When
complaints were made against them the
Spanish officers would promise to in-
vestigate the affair, and there it would
end.

When Uncle Sam arrived at Manila,
however, things began to change. Vig-
orous warfare was waged against the
pirates, who had held undisputed sway
since the days of Magellan. The free-
booters at Napiandian found themselves
harassed so that they began to sepa-
rate and change their modes of attack.

Harder than the insurrectionists
themselves to capture are the Malay
pirates. They will ally themselves with
anyone who is willing to take a portion
of their booty and who is strong enough
to protect them in return. Much to
their dismay they have found that
Uncle Sam's agents will not accept any
of their plunder. Hounded constantly
by the constabulary, they are beginning
to seek other fields.

Some of them have gone to Samar,
Mindanao, and Negros, while others are
plying their trade on the Sulu archipel-
ago.

Long before civilization found its way
to the Philippines, piracy was actively
practiced there. It undoubtedly had its
beginning among the Moslems living on
the Sulu archipelago, who levied tribu-
te upon neighboring islands and rob-
bed Chinese merchantmen. When
Magellan started out to find a passage
connecting the Atlantic with the Pa-
cific ocean, his first landing near the
Philippines was at a group of islands
where the natives proved themselves
to be the most artful of artful dog-
gers.

Several of them stole a small boat
from Magellan's ship, and the great
navigator gave the name of Ladrones
(the Spanish word for thief) to the is-
lands.

After the Spaniards had settled in the
Philippines a piratical alliance was ef-
fected between the Sulu and Mindanao
potentates, and piracy was prosecuted
with great vigor by organized forces
equaling those of the Spaniards. For
over two centuries and a half Mus-
sulin junks ravaged every coast. Not a
single peopled island was spared. Pir-
acy became an incessant scourge and
it cost the Spaniards rivers of blood
and millions of dollars only to keep it
in check.

A Musical Alphabet.
A for Andante, which means rather slow.
B for Bar, we must count as we go.
C for Crescendo, get loud by degrees.
D for Diminuto, repeat if you please.
E for the Exercise, played day by day.
F stands for Forte, as loud as you may.
G for Grace, in soft singing style.
H the two Hands which we use all the
while.

I for the Instrument, skillfully made.
J for our Joy when we hear it well played.
K for Keys, black and white as you
know.

L for Largo, most solemn and slow.
M for Minus, just two in a bar.
N for the Notes, what a number there
are.

O stands for Opera, a musical play.
P for the Pedal, use cautiously, pray!
Q stands for Quaver, in a bar there are
eight.

R is a Rest, count one while you wait.
S is a Semibreve, to it count four.
T is a Trio, three voices, no more.
U Una Corda, or played all in one.
V for Vivace, a time full of fun.
W for Weber, whose music is fine.
X for Xcell, which just means to out-
shine.

Y is a Youth who can play some nice
things.
Z is a Zither, with many sweet strings.
—Chatterbox.

The Pen Paramount.
A Supreme Court Justice, a diplo-
matist and a writer were talking of the
extent of the influence wielded by each,
and the New York Times justly credits
the last laugh to the writer.

"I can govern by injunctions, as the
Populists put it," said the Judge.

"I can involve nations in war," said
the ambassador.

"And I could, if I would, make the
world laugh at both of you," said the
writer.

The Only Moisture.
Tess—I'm surprised that those stock-
ings should have proved satisfactory.
Jess—I just used them for bathing
stockings, you know.

Tess—Yes, but I thought moisture
would make the dye run.
Jess—Right then, you know, I don't
perspire at all.—Philadelphia Press.

Seeking Refuge in England.
Three properties in different parts of
Hampshire have recently been sold to
French religious communities who are
taking refuge in England.

The first day that a girl gets her new
pictures home from the photographer's,
she doesn't do anything but look at
them, and wonder if they are "good."

In addition to his age, an old man
becomes fearfully lonesome.



"But she used to be considered quite a
beauty." "That was before her father
died."

Strappes—Five pounds for a bonnet!
Madam, it is a crime! Mrs. S.—Well,
the crime will be on my own head.—
Glasgow Evening Times.

When you have a disagreeable duty to
perform it is best to do it at once and
get it off your mind. Another good way
is to get somebody to do it for you.

Mrs. Meek—But how do you know
that he is a married man? Did he say
he was? Mr. Meek—No; but he looked