Her Perch.

"Did he propose to her on his knees?"

"No, but she accepted him on them."—Houston Post.

Still Cutting.

The stranger returned to the village after a long absence.

"And what has become of the village cut-up?" asked the stranger.

"Oh, he is grown up now," drawled the old postmaster.

"And is he still a cut-up?"

"Oh, yes. He is one of these here appendicitis doctors?"—Chicago News.

All For Him.

Jigley—Your fiancee seems to have a will of her own.

Markley—Yes; and sometimes I half regret that I'm not the sole beneficiary.—Philadelphia Press.

Modified.

"One-half the world," remarked the man with the quotation habit, "doesn't know how the other half lives."

"And it may also be stated without puncturing the truth," rejoined the wise guy, "that three-fourths of it doesn't know how it lives itself."

Good Fellow.

"George, dear," said young Mrs. Maryat, "I got a recipe for a fruit cake to-day that will keep for a year."

"Oh," replied the husband, "you ought to keep it longer than that."

"What? Keep fruit cake longer——"

"No, the recipe. Mislay it somewhere."—Philadelphia Press.

He Stays.

It was the traveler's first visit to Butte.

"I've always wanted to see this city," he said. "It interests me in many ways. I think I know nearly a score of actors that came from here."

"Yes, sir," commented the resident knocker. "I reckon they went from here because they wanted to get out of the durned town."—Chicago Tribune.

Underestimated His Powers.

"Yes, I was out in all that storm. My rain coat was soaked, and——"

"But you can't soak a rain coat, you know."

"I can't, hey? Here's the check for it."

Sad Mistake of an Actor.

An actor without fund managed in some way to get a second-class ticket on a line of steamers running between Seattle and San Francisco. The voyage between these two points consumed the better part of three days and in view of the fact that his finances were at low ebb he solved the question in this way:

The first day out he slept all day to keep from eating, and remained up all night to keep from sleeping. The second day he took physical culture exercises. On the third day he could not stand the strain any longer and went down in the dining room and ordered the best meal on board the boat.

While eating this meal he could see in his mind's eye a picture of a cell in the bastile in San Francisco. After finishing his meal he said to the waiter: "How much do I owe you?"

"Nothing," replied the waiter, "your meals were included in your ticket."

Failed in Small Things.

There is a certain Congressman who, whatever authority he may hold in the councils of state, is of comparatively minor importance in his own household. Indeed, it has been unkindly intimated that his wife is "the whole thing" in their establishment.

Representative and Mrs. Blank had been to Baltimore one afternoon. When they left the train at Washington, on their return, Mrs. Blank discovered that her umbrella, which had been intrusted to the care of her husband, was missing.

"Where's my umbrella?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I've forgotten it, my dear," meekly answered the Congressman. "It must still be in the train."

"In the train!" snorted the lady. "And to think that the affairs of the nation are intrusted to a man who doesn't know enough to take care of his wife's umbrella!"—Success.

Branded as a Deserter.

An army pension has just been granted to J. Tomlin, of Nottingham, England, who is now 81, and his medals, granted for Sevastopol, have been replaced.

It seems that he was invalided home from the Crimea and granted a month's furlough. While enjoying his rest he was stricken with typhoid fever, but, being unable to rad or write, did not acquaint the officers of his regiment with his misfortune or ask a friend to do so. The consequence was that when his furlough expired he was posted as a deserter, and while on his way to rejoin was arrested.

At Aldershot he was tried by court-martial and sentenced to be branded with the letter "D."

Deaf Mutes Only.

Over on the West Side a prosperous merchant engaged in the bottling industry makes a specialty of employing deaf mutes in his establishment. These silent hands are reported to be more industrious than is usually the experience with unafflicted labor. On an average, the deaf mute bottler earns higher wages than his fellow workman, and he is generally more economical than the latter. Both in perceptive and receptive faculties the deaf mutes are said to excel as compared with those not so handicapped. In point of sobriety, the non-hearing, non-speaking brother is reputed to set an enviable example.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

No Chance at All.

"That Martel is really a terrible bore. He talked last night for hours and only stopped to cough."

"Well, I suppose you could get a word in edgeways then?"

"Rather not, for while he was coughing he made signs with his hands that he was going on afterwards."—Nos Loisirs.

Time to Move.

"They're putting out an awful lot of good songs these days," said Mr. Staylate.

"Yes?" queried Miss Patience Gonne, with a yawn.

"Yes; there's a new march song that's great. It's fine to march to——"

"Indeed! I wish I had it. I'd play it for you."—Philadelphia Press.

Civic Pride.

"My town," said the first traveler, "is Greater New York."

"Glad to know you," cried the other; "I'm from Chicago, too."

"I say my town is Greater New York."

"O! I thought you said greater than New York."—Catholic Standard and Times.

"Miss Smith has written a problem novel, hasn't she?" "Yes." "What is the problem?" "How to make it sell."—Life.

Dramatic Critic (during the second act)—Some persons are born lucky. The author of this play died before it was produced.—Puck.

"Life is so uncertain," she said. "I know it," he replied. "Let's get married. One of us may die within a few years."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Wiggs—Why do you always regard him with suspicion? Waggs—Well, every time I see him he has a different umbrella.—Philadelphia Record.

Teacher—Miss Badger, what do you understand by "the privileged classes?" Coed—The botany class. They can go out in the woods once in a while.—Chicago Tribune.

Suitor—I have the honor to ask for your daughter's dowry. Irate Pa—I beg your pardon, sir! Suitor—Excuse me; of course I meant your daughter's hand.—Vie Pour Rire.

"Marie, if James asks you to marry him to-night, tell him to speak to me." "And if he doesn't, mamma?" "Tell him I want to speak to him."—Woman's Home Companion.

"I see, Katie, that New York is to have one policeman to every 521 inhabitants," said the lady of the house. "Well, ma'am, I've got mine," was Katie's reply.—Yonkers Statesman.

Newlywed—My wife only allows me three hooks in the closet to hang my wardrobe on. Oldtimer—Don't worry. Before you've been married long one hook will be enough for all your wardrobe.—Stray Stories.

"Biggins says that when he went to school he was one of the brightest boys in his class." "Yes," answered the sporting man, "that's where so many of us fall down—getting out of the class."—Washington Star.

Mr. Wholesale—My boy, I hope you save something out of your weekly salary of $3. Boy—Yes, sir; I save $1 a week. Mr. Wholesale—Ah! I knew I was paying you too much! After this I'll give you two!—Boston Post.

"Papa says," remarked the heiress, "that you're a more fortune hunter." "Well, now, my dear," replied the shrewd fellow, "that's more or less true. Your face is your fortune, and that's what attracts me."—Philadelphia Record.

"Oo-oo my!" exclaimed little Tommy, hearing a church organ for the first time, "what's that?" "Sh!" whispered his mother, "that's the organ." "Goodness! It must be an awful big monkey that goes with that." — Philadelphia Press.

Magistrate (to prisoner)—What, you here again? I hadn't seen you lately, and hoped you were reformed. How is it that you have again gone back to your old ways? Prisoner—Because I am only just out of prison, sir.—Bon Vivant.

"Deary me, John, here's another poor feller runned over by one o' these 'ere autymobubbles!" "That ain't nothin', mother. They do say as in Rooshia thousands o' poor folks are killed in the streets along o' this 'ere autocarcy!"—The Bystander.

Cynic (savagely)—They say the fashionable mother of to-day recognizes her baby only by looking at the nurse. Fashionable Mother (unmoved)—How extraordinarily clever, when one changes nurses so often! I always tell ours by the mail cart.—London Tid-Bits.

"I took out life insurance in order to put something by for a rainy day." "Yes," answered the cynical citizen who has been following the life insurance investigation, "but you know how little conscience some people have about another man's umbrella."—Washington Star.

Kind Lady (to little boy with big swelling in his cheek)—Poor little chap, he has evidently got a bad gumboil. Here are two sous; does your tooth ache badly? Little Boy (removing the "gumboil")—Oh, no, ma'am; I was just sucking a big piece of taffy.—Nos Loisirs.

"Where are you off to in such a hurry?" "To the doctor for my husband." "What's up with him?" "He tells me he has got hepatitis, dyspepsia, rheumatism, enteritis, gastritis, appendicitis, nephritis and cerebro-spinal-meningitis." "Holy terrors! Where did he get all that?" "Why, a man induced him to buy a medical dictionary, and he's just begun reading it."—Brooklyn Citizen.

Making Base Ball Bats.

What becomes of all the baseball bats? is quite like the old inquiry of "What becomes of all the pins?" At any rate, big factories are running all the year round, turning out nothing but bats. When one considers the 10,000,000 small boys in this country and that each one averages four bats during his early baseball days, the problem is reduced to figures which account for the demand, says Popular Mechanics. Bats are no longer whittled out of a piece of board, as was done forty years ago, but are made on machines which turn out their thousands daily.

The process is simple but slow. First the logs are cut into "bolts" of from thirty-two inches to forty-two inches long and the bolts sawed into billets two and a half inches or three inches square at the ends. Three years' seasoning is required for the best bats, either in the log or billet. The kiln-drying process is rapid, but not considered as good. The billets are placed in an automatic lathe, which quickly transforms the stick into the graceful form of the bat.

The bat is then smoothed and polished by being held against a rapidly moving horizontal belt which is covered with sand. It is then ready for its coat of oil, varnish or paint, as the case may be.

EVILS OF SUNDAY "REST."

Physicians More Patronized on Monday than Any Other Day.

"Monday is the busiest day of the week for me," said a New York physician to the man who had been waiting half an hour to see him. "I won't try to put up a bluff and tell you that my office is so crowded every day in the week, for it isn't; but I get a grist of office patients nearly every Monday. Every physician of any reputation has the same experience. Why? All on account of Sunday. People do all sorts of foolish things on that day, because they have time to, and they pay for it. In the first place, people eat indigestible, rich food on Sunday that they would not think of eating on any other day. They eat too much, also; in fact, some people nibble away all day. In consequence they have indigestion—for no one has indigestion so quickly or so acutely as the person who is used to regular, wholesome living and once in a long while tries the unwholesome food—and a trip to the doctor's is always in order Monday. Then again, Sunday gives a person more time to think of his ills. A man who will stoically bear a pain on working days, and drive it away by his very snubbing of it, will get frightened at the slightest ache on Sunday. He gets to thinking about it and comes to the conclusion that it is a serious symptom. So he goes in to see a physician Monday.

"A man will attempt work around home Sunday, a little tinkering up of things, and as he is not used to tinkering he is likely to smash his fingers, overstrain himself, lame himself. A woman often spends Sunday getting elaborate meals for a bunch of relatives and Monday she is all beat out, and chases to the doctor's for something to tone up her nervous system. Then, of course, the pleasures which people take on Sunday mean business for the physicians. They go off on picnics, car rides, automobile trips, tramping expeditions, etc., and if they don't meet with an accidently they're very likely to come back done up in some way or another."

ROOSEVELT ON HORSEBACK.

Though an Experienced Rider, He Looks Ungainly in the Saddle.

President Roosevelt on horseback seems a quite different personality than when afoot. While decidedly a daredevil rider, not even his most ardent admirer can call the President graceful astride his horse. When walking or standing his muscular system is taut and strained, fitting his intense mentality. When riding horseback, however, all the muscles in his well-knit body seem to loosen almost to the point of flabbiness. There is scarcely perceptible a bend of his knees and his legs dangle and jostle with the movement of his steed. While a cowboy on the plains he acquired the habit of camming his feet completely through the stirrups, with the heel of his shoe touching the edge of the stirrup. The result is that he sits full and flat in the saddle, his body slightly inclined forward, and loosely he holds the reins in both hands. When riding with a companion the President keeps up a rattling fire of conversation and manages to do nearly all the talking. It is only when his horse is going at a lively gait that the Presidential muscular system is rigid and the Presidential knees are bent. Then he hugs the horse's body tight with his legs, holds the reins in one hand and keeps the other arm free. He seldom carries a whip and lays down the dictum that a horse that needs a whip is not only a dangerous nag, but is not worth riding. In his horseback rides around Washington the President generally is accompanied by two or three friends and close behind the cavalcade is a cavalry corporal in khaki. Concealed under the soldier coat is a big pistol and it is said that the chief magistrate also goes armed on such occasions. Mrs. Roosevelt frequently accompanies her husband on these rides and she sits on her horse gracefully, although she has acquired the riding habit only recently. The President's two most frequent companions are Senator Lodge and Civil Service Commissioner John A. McIlhenny, one of the numerous rich young men who enlisted in the President's famous regiment of Rough Riders.

Mighty London.

The 6,500,000 people in Greater London live in 928,008 houses. The population 100 years ago was just one-fifth what it is now. Though the number of births was nearly double the number of deaths in 1904, the birth rate is steadily declining. The postal figures show that in 1905 there were 1,028 post-offices in London and 2,435 public telephones working. The total imports at London in 1904 amounted to $840,086,000, and the total exports to $462,290,000. Some idea of London's wealth is shown by the assessed income tax value in 1904 in the administrative county: Houses representing $219,264,000, trades and professions $364,045,000, profits of companies and other interests $698,511,000, salaries (corporate bodies) $115,044,000, salaries (army and navy) $103,674,000.

Slow at Finding Him Out.

"That fellow Simms you introduced me to last night is an impudent cub. We hadn't been talking more than five minutes before he as good as called me a liar."

"Five minutes, eh? Simms is a little slow."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

How He Caught Him.

"What became of the spotted man?"

"He learned there was a detective following him so he washed off the spots."

"Did he escape?"

"Nope. The detective spotted him just the same."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Boston Newsboy.

New Yorker (in Boston)—I say there, boy! Have you an extra?

Boston Newsboy—I have an especial edition issued at 12 o'clock meridian, sir!—Yonkers Statesman.

It is not enough to disapprove of gossip; you, yourself, must keep from gossiping.

"DONALD."

A regimental pet or a company "mascot" plays a worthy and wholesome part in army service. It provides an object on which the soldier can expend affection and personal care, and binds the men in a common interest. In the long list of the various animals devoted to the camp and barracks, "Donald," the deer, holds a gallant place. Archibald Forbes gives his history in "The Black Watch."

Donald was adopted by the Royal Highlanders when they were ordered to Edinburgh Castle in 1836. He was a youngster with tiny antlers, which did not have to be cut then, as they were later.

When the regiment went to Glasgow, Donald marched with them. Soon he began to develop mischievous propensities. He objected strongly to intruders when the company was exercising on Glasgow Green.

In 1838 Donald discovered his true role. Without any previous training he took his place at the head of the regiment, alongside of the sergeant-major. Whether marching for exercise, out-marching in winter, or at guard-mounting, Donald was never absent. He accompanied the regiment on all garrison field-days, roaming off to feed while the manoeuvers were going on; wandering sometimes a mile away, but always back at his post in time for the march, except on one occasion.

He mistook his regiment, and trotted along ahead of the 79th. He presently discovered his error, and became uneasy and arrogant. When the company turned off to their barracks Donald refused to accompany them, and the colonel ordered six men to hand their muskets over to their comrades, and to escort the deer back to his own Royal Brigade. He never made a similar mistake.

When the regiment was on guard duty at the castle Donald always went with it, making his way easily through the crowd in the streets. If any one interfered with him he gave chase.

One sad day Donald's regiment went abroad, and the deer was handed over to a new company. These successors did not understand him. They did not give him litter for his bed or oats for his dinner, and he soon declared war against the whole regiment. A brigade trooper hardly dared cross the square if Donald was in sight. At last he became so ill-tempered it was decided to turn him loose in a park. His lordship who owned the estate promised to look well after Donald's comfort.

Twenty-two years later the lieutenant-colonel of Donald's old regiment returned to Glasgow, and one of the first things he did was to inquire after the company's deer. The story which was told him was a melancholy one. From the day he was set free in the park he declined to have anything to do with man or beast. He became so fierce, and so many complaints were entered against him, that at the end of two years he was shot.

WILD MUSTARD AND CRESS.

Pungent Plants of Woodlands and Meadows in Springtime.

Nature's vegetable antidote for spring fever is the mustard tribe, which plays an important role in the spring flora and furnishes a tonic to systems wearied with the monotony of winter fare. To this fiery family belongs the first spring blossom of our middle States—the little whitlow grass whose tiny white flowers speckle the brown turf of old fields in March.

Better known to the average country rambler is that companion of the hepatica in rich woods—the pepper root, whose drooping white or rose-colored bells are among the loveliest of all our early spring flowers. This plant has a tuberous, creeping root, contracted at intervals so as somewhat to resemble a short necklace.

The peppery quality of the root, which is tender and delicate like a young radish, gives to the plant its common name, and no spring picnic in the backwoods is complete without its salad of fresh-pulled pepper root. One species found in mountainous districts has knotted root stocks a foot long and is sometimes called crinkle root.

Another of the wild mustard tribe with beautiful flowers is the bitter cress, of which several species are native to our wet meadows and brooks. The commonest blooms from April to June, its clusters of large, white four-petaled blossoms making irresistible posies about cool springs and along field runnels.

The European cuckoo flower is a species of bitter cress, but while indigenous to some northern States is rather rare. Its snowy flowers, like miniature white smocks hung out to bleach—as was the annual spring custom among rustic maids of Shakespeare's day—are responsible for the name of "lady's smock," by which the plant goes in old English literature.

The familiar pepper grass plucked for canaries is a wild mustard, too, and is nibbling not to be despised by the human lover of pungency. So, also, is shepherd's purse, that humble denizen of every waste lot and neglected back yard—a plant which, according to Gray, enjoys the distinction of being the commonest of weeds.

Fact and Fiction.

"Don't you think," said the fox terrier to the author, "that all the narratives about me ought to come under the head of 'Short Stories?'"

"Why that name?" asked the author.

"Because," replied the terrier, "as a breed we are all examples of abbreviated tails."—Baltimore American.

He Felt 'Em.

Bacon—They say there are over a million species of insects in the world.

Egbert—That's no news to me. Don't you suppose I ever went to a Sunday School picnic in the woods?—Yonkers Statesman.

The game of whist a woman plays is not a reliable index to her useful accomplishments.

After the Floods.

"I hear that you bought a home in the suburbs, Harker?" interrogated the city friend.

"Yes," sighed Harker, as he took a firmer grip on the lawn mower and basket of seeds.

"And I also heard that it is right up to date. Why, they say it even has subcellars."

"No, submarine cellars. They are under water most of the time."

Biff!

Cutting—I suppose it did make you feel mean.

Dubbs—Well, I should say! Why, I felt like a plugged nickel.

Cutting—Ah! but what a blessing it is that we never feel quite as bad as we look.—Philadelphia Press.

Reason for Suppression.

"'The Mikado' was suppressed in London out of deference to the feelings of the Japanese; wasn't that silly?"

"Oh, I don't know; perhaps a bunch of amateurs were playing it."—Houston Post.

Too Informal.

Johnny—The doctor says Uncle Humphrey has Bright's disease.

His Mamma—The doctor may call it that if he pleases, my dear, but you could say Mr. Bright's disease.

Not a Circumstance.

"Didn't the thunder storm disturb you last night?"

"Thunder storm? I didn't know there was one."

"You didn't? Where on earth do you sleep?"

"Nowhere on earth. I sleep within three feet of an elevated railway track."

His Near Profanity.

"Grandfather," asked little Clarence, "did you ever swear?"

The venerable dominie became reminiscent, and his eyes assumed a dreamy, pensive, far-away expression.

"No, my child," he answered; "I never really swore, but in a moment of excitement, and under strong provocation, I once so far forgot myself as to utter a fearful imprecation. I said to a man who had tried my patience beyond endurance, 'Corncobs twist your hair!'"

Not He.

"You seem to wear pretty good clothes for a man who is looking for work, Sam?"

"I's not looking for work, boss. My wife does dat!"—Yonkers Statesman.

A Bond of Sympathy.

While the new maid tidied the room the busy woman kept on writing.

"Do you make that all out of your own head?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said the busy woman.

"My," said Jane admiringly, "you must have brains!"

"Brains!" sighed the woman despondently. "Oh, Jane, I haven't an ounce of brains."

For a moment Jane regarded her with sincere commiseration.

"Oh, well," she said presently, "don't mind what I say. I ain't very smart myself."—New York Press.

Confidential.

Husband—But, my dear, if Mrs. Nextdoor told you in strict confidence you shouldn't tell me.

Wife—Oh, very well; if you don't care to hear it I can tell it to somebody else, I suppose.—Chicago News.

Tired of Fiction.

Married Man—I want to get a book for my wife.

Clerk—Something in the way of fiction?

"No; I've given her lots of that, but she doesn't seem to care for it!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Two Kinds.

"Political success," remarked one statesman, "depends a great deal on your platform."

"Yes," answered the other; "the party platform of artistic success and the lecture platform for financial success."—Washington Star.

Relieved.

Physician—Your boy will pull through all right. He has a wonderful constitution.

Mr. Tyte-Phist—I am glad to hear it, doctor. In making out your bill, of course, you will not make me pay for what his constitution has done in pulling him through.

Invention Worth Money.

"Have you invented anything recently?"

"Yes," answered the sensational scientist. "I have invented a new way to get to the north pole."

"Is it good for anything?"

"Certainly. It is good for ten pages in a magazine."—Washington Star.

A Distinction.

"I thought you told me Miss Screamer couldn't sing?"

"So I did."

"But I have heard her at social gatherings myself a number of times."

"I said she can't sing; I never said she doesn't."—Baltimore American.

Heard at the Circus.

The "perfessor" was assuring his auditors that the strange animal they now beheld was the only one of its kind in captivity. A mild-mannered man edged his way to the front and waited for a pause in the oratory.

"Is this an amphibious animal?" he asked, timidly, when his chance came.

"Amphibious?" retorted the "perfessor." "Amphibious nothing. Why, he'd bite you in a minute."—Kansas City Times.

Just a Complaint.

"Your complaint, madam," said old Dr. Gruffly, "is very serious——"

"There now!" triumphantly cried the fussy woman, "I knew it——"

"Yes, madam, your complaint is chronic and there isn't the slightest ailment to excuse it."—Philadelphia Press.

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